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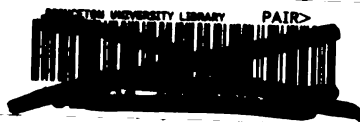
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INDEX TO VOLUME XIV.

Adirondack Adventures, 754.
Agatha Stoddard (Edgar Fawcett), 101.
America seen with Foreign Eyes (VIII.) (E. H. L.), 17.
Anecdotes, A Few Fresh, 144.
Angelo, Michael (Geo. M. Towle), 362.
Artist's Adventure, An (M. E. W. S.), 583.
ARTS, THE:
New Architecture in Cambridge and Boston; Plan to aid the National Academy Schools; Notes, 24.
Exhibition of Drawings from Massachusetts Public Schools; Millet's "Sower;" National Monument in Germany; Notes, 56.
Household Art; Decorative Art; Oriental Art; Notes, 121.
Summer Sketching; "The Falconer" at Central Park; Statue of Lafayette; Notes, 152.
New Architecture; The National Academy; Sarony's "Henry V.;" Notes, 185.
Art-Features of Natural Scenery; Wilmarth's "The Target Excursion;" Need of Statues to Americans in Central Park; Artists as Scene-Painters; Notes, 216.
Corot's "Dante and Virgil;" Hunt's Portrait of Freeman Clarke; Pictures in the Boston Galleries; The Art-Students' League; New Pictures by J. H. Beard; Landscape by William Hart; Notes, 249.
The September Art Exhibition at Chicago; Models for the Sumner Statue; New Pictures at Goupil's; The New Museum Buildings; Notes, 279.
Architecture in Boston; New Picture by S. J. Guy; M. Barye; *The Art Journal*, 312.
Inness and the White Mountains; The Metropolitan Museum of Arts; Vaini; The Harvard Collection of Portraits, 375.
George Inness, Jr.; Woman's Art-School of the Cooper Institute; Brooklyn Art Association; Art Exhibitions in the West; Notes, 408.
Boston Museum of Fine Arts; Rinehart's Sculpture in Baltimore; Bust of Mr. Everts; The Artist W. O. Stone; Statue of Governor Andrew; Bust of Goethe; Bust of Sumner, 440.
Vedder's Pictures; Artistic Furniture; Merle's "Old Woman's Story;" Landscape by Kokan; Cabanel's "Angel of Sorrow;" Constant Mayer's "Song of the Shirt," 471.
Titian's Portraits; English Decorative Art; James M. Hart; Bricher's "Bishops' Rock;" Painting by Hubbard; Notes, 505.
Moorish Tiles; New Pictures at Goupil's; New Painting by Church; Chickering's New Building, 538.
Paintings by Fortuny; New Paintings by Thom; New Picture by Rinehart; Wood Paneling; Notes, 569.
Pictures in Mr. Stewart's Collection; Photographs of Old Masters; Winslow Homer's Studies; Bristol; Frank Waller's Studies; Notes, 601.
Makart's "Abundantia;" Foley's Statue of Stonewall Jackson; William Hart; J. G. Brown; R. W. Hubbard; Statue of General Lee, 633.
Pictures at Goupil's; Bridgman's "Nubian Fortune-Teller;" New Subject by De Haas; Herr Wachtel; Notes, 666.
The Taste for China; Mr. Perry's New Rural Pictures; George H. Story; Mr. Booth's *Richard II.*; "Caste" at Wallack's; Notes, 697.
New Pictures from Abroad; Julian Scott; C. H. Miller; Notes, 729.
Von Bülow; Colman's Paintings; Ideal Busts; Note, 762.
Gifford's New Paintings; School Drawing; New Structure for the New York Hospital; T. W. Wood's New Pictures; Note, 794.

ARTS, THE (Continued):

New Pictures at Snedecor's Gallery; Pictures at Schaus's Gallery; The Water-Color Society Exhibition; The Crawford Monument, 826.
Attractive Houses (Nora Perry), 818.
Basil's Faith (by the Author of "Bitter Fruit"), 488, 521, 552.
Bitter Fruit, 264, 297, 328, 359.
Bow-Shooting with a Hermit (Maurice Thompson), 558.
Brunswick, The Late Duke of, 655.
Caoutchouc and its Gatherers (illustrated), 1, 33.
Charlotte of Brunswick (George Lowell Austin), 45.
Convulsive Religion (Albert Rhodes), 749, 778.
College Anecdotes, 785.
Correspondence, 57, 412, 438, 791.
Cruelty toward Animals in Damascus, 177.
Cuban Literature (George Lowell Austin), 204.
Curious Old Book, A (M. E. W. S.), 623.
Curious Wills, Some (John Proffatt), 594.
Dueling Clubs, German University, 333.
Duke of Brunswick, The Late, 655.
Dumas, A Day with (from the French), 209.
EDITOR'S TABLE:
The Centennial of July 3d—Washington's Character; Popular Appreciation of Art; "The Strangest Things in Life;" Social Changes in England; College Commencements; Ideas of America Abroad, 19.
Mr. Beecher's Innocence; His Errors and Faults; Tidiness in Dress; English Reception of the Sultan of Zanzibar; Art-Exclusiveness; The Albemarle Club; Shutting up Juries; Objects of American Travelers Abroad, 51.
American Art and Native Critics; Reason for our Interest in Criminal Trials; Victor Hugo as a Politician; Charles Reade as a Reformer, 83.
Governmental Borrowing; How Street Pavements should be paid for; English Criticism on American Manners; Office-Seekers; Gambetta's Refusal to fight a Duel; Angling, 116.
American Prejudice against Culture; Our Poets as Dramatists; Copyright; Opium in China; Cruikshank; English and American Railway-Cars; Radicalism in England, 128.
Peculation in England in Former Times—Hope for our own Country; Force of Usage; Vacations; The English a Dining People; Stamina of Factory-Children.
British Justice; Can we control the Weather? Ferret Preaching; The Common Law of Literary Property; From a "Country Doctor," 211.
Montenegro, the Black Mountain; Discrimination by Justice; Hans Christian Andersen; Socialism in Russia; A Utopia of Flowers; Fast Steamers, 244.
American and English Rural Houses; Mortality among Children; Cars for Rapid-Transit Lines; Landmarks in London; Manners on the Road, 275.
The Restoration of the Drama; Phonetic Spelling; Big Shops; Saratoga; Legible Handwriting; "Mismanagement by Physicians," 308.
The Political Novel and Drama; Vagabonds in the Parks; Tyranny of the Jury System; Boston Criticism, 340.
American Hotels; Uniformity of Penal Laws; Land-Tenure in England; Use of Highways; Letter from Professor Wise, 371.
Taste in our Streets; The Melancholy Period; Art and the Government; American Science in England; The Ottoman Empire; Stupidity of Juries; Country Pleasures, 404.
The Catholic Church in America; English and American Slang; Lady "Helps;" A Newly-discovered Tribe; Divorces in America; The Car Peddler, 436.

EDITOR'S TABLE (Continued):

Something in Defense of Smattering; Charles Reade and American Literature; The New London Opera-House; A New Fulmination against Tobacco; A Correction, 467.
Scientific Education by Government; Oratory and the Lecture; Victor Hugo on Peace; England and China, 501.
Instances of what Voluntary Organization can do; Study-at-Home Societies; Letter from Dr. Mackenzie; Recent Crimes; Mr. Drone on Copyright; Disarmament; Paris Market-Festivals, 533.
State Interference; Effect of Fashions; A Point in Regard to *Macbeth*; Statesmen when at Leisure; The Lord-Chamberlain; Carlyle and the Harvard Degree, 565.
State Limitations once more; Mr. Grant White and "Heterophemy;" Working-Women in England; Treatment of the Insane, 598.
The Lost Arts of Civilization; Kitchens in the Attic; Regulating Dress by Law; The Romantic Parsee; Morals of Lawyers, 650.
Teresina in America; The Despotism of an English Landlord; The Pope on Paper-Money; The Name of *Gouverneur*; Invention of the Pianoforte, 661.
Painting in America; Aërial Gardens and Attic Kitchens; The Social Law of Postal-Cards; Prospect of War in Europe; Paris Beggars; St. Petersburg, 692.
The Decrease of Crime; Is the Age unpoetic and unheroic? Change in the English Judicial System; Henry Wilson; False Diplomas, 724.
Domestic Habits of Americans; Elocution as an Intellectual Accomplishment; Eulogies after Death; American *vs.* Foreign Taste; The French Statue for New York Harbor; Attic Kitchens, 757.
Advantage of Foreign over Native Literature; Need of an Authoritative Dictionary; Patenting Ideas; Breakfast Philosophy; Verdi as a Senator, 789.
Duties of Men of Property; Corruptions sanctioned by the Dictionaries; Charms of Fog; Laboulaye; Sales-Women, 822.
Egypt of Khédive Ismaïl, The New (Edwin de Leon), 207.
Empress of Spinetta, The (from the German of Paul Heyse), 392.
English Poetry *vs.* English Prose (James McCarroll), 499.
English Village-Feast, An (James Wight), 367.
Fairy Fingers; A Few Notes for my Friends the Painters (John Estlin Cooke), 79.
"Faust," Goethe's (E. G. Holland), 176.
Faust, Who was the First? (E. G. Holland), 80.
Fish-Culture (J. M.), 397, 429.
Flower of Sable Island, The, 680.
Fourth of July in San Marino (F. D. Millet), 652.
Functions of Government? What are the (Marie Howland), 590.
Hamlet, Mr. Booth's (O. B. Bunce), 657, 689.
Harem, An Evening at, 112.
Heirs of the Bodley Estate, The (Horace E. Scudder), 644, 677, 706, 741.
High Comedy of Life (M. E. W. S.), 686.
High-Flying and its Dangers, 301.
Houghton, Lord (Nora Perry), 691.
Illusions of the Senses (F. R. Goulding), 271.
Is the World overcrowded? (George Cary Eggleston), 530.
Italian Amphitheatre, An Hour in an (F. D. Millet), 273.
John Blanford's Widow (Edgar Fawcett), 424.
John Harris, The (by the Author of "Patty"), 595.
King Christmas (Thomas Dunn English), 813.

"Land of the Sky, The;" or, Adventures in Mountain By-ways (Christain Reid), 289, 321, 385, 417, 481, 513, 609, 641, 673, 737, 769.

LITERARY:

Gardner's "Illustrated Homes;" Bunker-Hill Literature; Lucy Larcom's "Idyl of Work;" Boyesen's "A Norseman's Pilgrimage;" "American Annual Cyclopaedia;" Mrs. Greatorex's "Old New York;" Sweetser's "Europe for \$2.00 a Day;" Notes, 21.

"Exotics;" "Ancient History from the Monuments;" Johnson's "Little Classics;" Miss Kavanagh's "John Dorrien;" "Oldbury;" Notes, 53.

Tennyson's "Queen Mary;" Cairnes's "Logical Method of Political Economy;" Mrs. Elliot's "Italians;" Notes, 85.

Drake's "Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast;" "The Childhood of Religions;" Rhodes's "The French at Home;" New Edition of Darwin's "Descent of Man;" "Isulte;" "On the Heights;" Notes, 118.

"Wildmoor;" "Fated to be Free;" "Within an Ace;" "Doing and Dreaming;" Notes, 150.

Third Volume of Bancroft's "Native Races of the Pacific States of North America;" "Popular Resorts, and how to reach Them;" Notes, 182.

"Miss Angel;" "Ward or Wife;" DeForest's "Playing the Mischief;" New Edition of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations;" Notes, 214.

Miss Mulock's "Sermons out of Church;" Rev. J. G. Wood's "Bible Animals;" "Life of the Greeks and Romans;" "Point-Lace and Diamonds;" "German Classics for American Students;" Notes, 247.

Trollope's "The Way we live now;" Christian Reid's "A Question of Honor;" "Harwood;" "Eglantine;" Notes, 277.

The New Bric-à-Brac Volume; George Smith's "Assyria;" Mrs. Oliphant's "Whiteladies;" Notes, 310.

"Insectivorous Plants;" Benedict's "St. Simon's Niece;" Newton's "The Better Way;" German Newspapers; Notes, 342.

Mrs. Newman's "Jean;" "Minor Poems;" Notes, 373.

"A Summer in Norway;" "Norse Mythology;" "Views and Interviews on Journalism;" Gladstone on the Speeches of Pius IX.; Notes, 406.

Professor Morse's "Zoology;" Professor Youmans's "Class-Book of Chemistry;" "Angels' Messages;" "Hoosier Mosaics;" Notes, 438.

Professor Cocker's "Theistic Conception of the World;" Miss Johnson's "Calderwood Secret;" "The Abode of Snow;" Notes, 469.

Southworth's "Four Thousand Miles of African Travel;" "Annals of a Fortress;" Nadal's "London Social Life;" Phin's "Use of the Microscope;" "The Pistol;" 503.

"Might and Mirth of Literature;" "Travels in Portugal;" New Bric-à-Brac Volume; "The Mechanic's Friend;" Spurgeon's "Lectures to my Students;" School-Edition of Goldsmith's Poems, 536.

"Climate and Time in their Geological Relations;" Mrs. Edwards's "Leah: A Woman of Fashion;" "The Lacy Diamonds;" "Brigadier Frederick;" "Dialogues of Plato;" New Edition of Hawthorne; Notes, 567.

Bancroft's Fourth Volume of "The Native Races of the Pacific States;" "One Summer;" Miss Alcott's "Eight Cousins;" Gilder's "New Day;" Notes, 600.

"India and its Princes;" Lacroix's "Eighteenth Century;" Whittier's "Mabel Martin;" "Famous Painters and Paintings;" Jean Ingelow's "Shepherd Lady;" Michelet's "Insect;" "History of the Robins;" Carleton's "Farm Legends;" "The Bodley Family;" Stockton's "Tales out of School;" "Higgledy-Piggledy;" Notes, 759.

Stedman's "Victorian Poets;" Longfellow's "The Masque of Pandora;" Merivale's "History of Rome;" Bret Harte's "Tales of the Argonauts;" Dr. Holland's "Sevenoaks;" 632.

Professor Jevons's "Money and the Mechanism of Exchange;" Bayard Taylor's "Home Pastorals;" etc.; Miss Johnson's "Catskill Fairies;" Trowbridge's "Young Surveyor;" Mr. Johnson's "Authors;" Notes, 663.

Joaquin Miller's "Ship in the Desert;" Anderson's

LITERARY (Continued):

"Notes of Travel;" Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island;" "The Treasure Trove Series;" "Home-Life with Animals;" Notes, 694.

Greg's "Rocks Ahead;" Cranch's Poems; Taine's "Philosophy of Art in Italy;" "Sketches of Young Ladies;" etc.; Notes, 726.

"Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher;" Dr. Van Lennep's "Bible Lands;" Lathrop's "Rose and Roof-Tree;" "Roderick Hudson;" Second Part of "Mysterious Island;" Kendrick's "Poetical Favorites;" Farjeon's "An Island Pearl;" Notes, 792.

Price's "Currency and Banking;" "Pilgrim Memories;" "The Children's Treasury of English Song;" "Pretty Miss Belle;" The Tenth "Bric-à-Brac;" "The Vest-Pocket Series;" Stone's "Reminiscences of Saratoga and Ballston;" Notes, 824.

Little Joanna, The (Kamba Thorpe), 167, 197, 229, 261, 294, 325, 355, 388, 420, 451, 484, 516, 548, 579, 612, 648.

London Letters, 27, 59, 91, 124, 155, 187, 219, 252, 282, 316, 347, 379, 413, 445, 475, 541, 572, 606.

London Sights, Certain (M. E. W. S.), 107.

Longevity, The Latest Aspects of (Alexander Young), 11.

Lord Houghton (Nora Perry), 691.

Marion Walling (Albert F. Webster), 200.

Master-Stroke of Business, A (Charles Gore Shanks), 133, 162.

Medicine-Men, The Fraternity of (H. M. Robinson), 815.

Michael Angelo Celebration at Florence, 540.

Misapplied Proverbs (F. R. Goulding), 369.

MISCELLANY:

Gautier on Women in Constantinople; Titles in Germany; "Peasant-Life in Northern Italy," 30.

Every-Day Life in Spain; Goethe and Translations; Inner Life in Syria, 62.

Selections from "Every-Day Life in Spain;" Advantages of General Culture; Swedenborg, 94.

Corot; *Blackwood* on Millais; Tragic Climaxes in Fiction, 126.

Actors; The Poet and the Stage; Fechter and Irving; Swedenborgianism in Imaginary Literature, 158.

The Drama in Germany; The Historical Drama; Italian Church-Festivals; Criticism in Old Times; About Scruples; Shakespeare and the Sea, 190.

Arab Women; The Painter Etty; Monument to Byron; Venetian Popular Legends, 222.

Art and Morality; The Afghans; A Polemical Parishioner, 254.

Julian Hawthorne on the Saxon Soldier; Incident of Parish-Life; Dress in Germany; Newspapers in Portugal; Impertinence; Poe and Hawthorne, 285.

Impressions of Madeira; Madeira for Consumptives; Life in Portugal, 319.

Bayard Taylor's Poem on Goethe; Hidden Treasures in Portugal; the Theatre in Germany, 351.

The Decline of Turkey; "The Faery Reaper," by Buchanan; Queer Old Statues, 382.

The Carmelites; Mrs. Cowden Clarke on Cole-ridge, 447.

Social Life in Germany; Bad Law in "The Merchant of Venice," 479.

The "Savate;" Chateaubriand; Convention in a Studio; Whistling, 510.

Graveyard Literature; Americanisms, 543.

Wedding Anecdotes; Henry Irving's *Macbeth*; The "Busy Bee," 576.

Wedding Anecdotes; Notifications Extraordinary; Reporters' Mistakes; Commas; Shaking Hands, 638.

Wedding Anecdotes; More Notifications Extraordinary; Americanisms; The First Fire of the Season; Shakespeare's Name, 671.

Female Education in Germany; About O'Connell; John Leech; Discomforts at Theatres; Affectation in Society; Proportion of the Priesthood; The Heathen Chinese; The Philosophy of Breakfast, 702.

More of "Teresina in America;" Richelieu; Country-Life in Germany; The Postal-Card; Angling; Marriage of Young Housaye, 734.

Proposals; Dramatic Readings; Authors before the Curtain; Evils of Tea-Drinking; Lady-Helps; An Odd Trade, 767.

Weather; *Rip Van Winkle*; A Centennial Item, 797.

MISCELLANY (Continued):

"Social Gleanings;" About Twins, 831.

Mischief of Proverbs, The (Junius Henri Browne), 819.

Mismanagement by Physicians (Albert F. Webster), 74.

Moab, Recent Explorations of—The Remains of Ancient Cities (illustrated), 65.

Models and Artist-Life in Rome (Frederick Daniel), 146.

Mountaineering in Miniature (Julian Hawthorne), 461, 492.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA:

Miss Matthews's Opéra-Bouffe Company; Thomas's Orchestra Concerts; The Approaching Dramatic Season, 313.

Hans von Bülow; Barry Sullivan's *Hamlet*; The Mexican Juvenile Opera Troupe, 344.

"Madame l'Archiduc;" Barry Sullivan's *Richelieu*; "The Mighty Dollar," 377.

The Baireuth Festival and the Nibelungen Cycle; Barry Sullivan's *Richard III.*; "Saratoga," 410.

Mademoiselle Titens; "Our Boys;" Oratorio; Mr. George Belmore; Notes, 442.

The Tragedian Rossi; Music in the Public Schools, 473.

Mademoiselle Titens, 507.

"The Lily of Killarney;" Mademoiselle Titens in Oratorio; Booth's *Hamlet*; Wachtel, 602.

Herr Wachtel, 667.

Booth's *Richard II.*; "Caste," 698.

Von Bülow, 762; "Rose Michel," 764.

Nannchen of Mayence (from the German of Berthold Auerbach), 39, 70.

New Bonnets and Fine Dressing (M. E. W. S.), 752.

New York to Aspinwall, From (Albert F. Webster), 561.

O'Connell, Daniel—An Irish Centennial (George M. Towle), 173.

Octogenarian on his Tracks, An (A. D.), 270.

Omnipotent Shilling, The (Junius Henri Browne), 720.

Our Half-Brother (H. M. Robinson), 399.

Pardon of St.-Nicodème, The (Katharine S. Macquoid), 808.

Paris Letters, 26, 58, 90, 122, 154, 186, 218, 251, 281, 314, 346, 378, 412, 443, 474, 507, 539, 571, 605, 635, 668, 699, 730, 764, 795, 827.

Party of Four, A (from the German of Ernst Eckstein), 233.

Peccadille; or, The Three Diplomats (from the French), 588.

Peereases, The Three American, 81.

Peruvian Amazon and its Tributaries, The—Notes from a Journal of Travel (illustrated) (N. B. No-land), 545, 577, 621, 684, 721, 780.

Philippines, Among the (illustrated), 193, 225, 257.

Portuguese Superstitions, 209.

Possible Utopias (M. E. W. S.), 238.

Professional Blunders, 717.

Queen Mary's Ghost (by the Author of "Marguerite Kent"), 3, 36, 67.

Quincy Mansion, The (illustrated) (S. A. Drake), 161.

Reuben Leir (by the Author of "Patty"), 455.

Salem, A Day at (A. B. Harris), 321.

Savage Life, Three Weeks of (Maurice Thompson), 303.

Seminole, Ten Days with the (Fred. Ober), 142, 171.

Servian Popular Poetry (W. W. Crane) 563.

SCIENCE, INVENTION, DISCOVERY:

Is Light a Mechanical Force? (illustrated); Monkeys in Gibraltar; Electric Indicators; Science in Massachusetts; Death of Joseph Winlock; Science among College Students, etc., 28.

The Oberon Torpedo Experiments (illustrated); Theory of Life in the Stars; The Keely Motor, 60.

The Sand-Blast (illustrated); The Keely Motor again; Influence of Forests on Atmosphere; Fires on Shipboard; Paper from Sugar-Cane Refuse; Notes, 92.

The Sand-Blast—Second Paper (illustrated); How to prevent Collisions on Railways; Extinction of Fires on Shipboard; Notes, 124.

The Boyton - Merriman Life-saving Dress (illustrated); Retention of Heat by Rocks; The Colorado Beetle; Egyptian Geographical Society; Gas-Works; Notes, 156.

A New Hydraulic Elevator (illustrated); Mixed Fabrics; Cheese and Butter Making in Denmark; Boiling Lake in Dominica; New Railway-Brake; Notes, 188.

SCIENCE, INVENTION, DISCOVERY (*Continued*):

Graduated Atmospheres; Bastie's Glass-toughening Process; Value of Toughened Glass in Optics; Poisoning of Canned Fruits; Notes, 220.
 The Evans Repeating Rifle (illustrated); Artificial Curing of Hay; Watch-Machinery; Life-saving Suits; Hail-Storms Abroad; Notes, 253.
 Flying Men and Machines (illustrated); Health and Overwork; Lady Franklin; Reports from the Challenger; Note, 283.
 An Improved Screw-Propeller (illustrated); August Rains; Influence of Light on Animals; Electric Clocks; Submarine Torpedoes; New "Log," 317.
 A New Petroleum-Furnace (illustrated); Forests and Rainfalls; Flooding the Desert of Sahara; Professor Riley on "Locusts as Food;" Blood-Poisoning; Spectra of Colored Fluids, 348.
 Stanley's Portable Boat and Raft (illustrated); Alaskan Mummies; Indian Perforation of the Skull; Method of Towing Canal-Boats; Power of the Wind; The Steamship Bessemer; Vivisection; Notes, 380.
 An Artificial Aurora (illustrated); The Clinical Thermoscope (illustrated); The British Association Address; Ice-Caverns; Notes, 414.
 Items from Sir John Hawkshaw's Address; The Polar Expedition; Approaching Celestial Phenomena; The Table-Tumblers; Street-Car Motor; Subterranean Forest-Bed; New Process of making Bread, 445.
 The Octopus (illustrated); Great Flume in Nevada; New Plan for protecting Screws of Propellers; The Polar Expedition; Nicotine in Tobacco, 478.
 The Allan Floating Cabin (illustrated); Relation of the Patent Laws to Agriculture, Industries, etc.; The Palestine Exploring Expedition; Notes, 508.
 Report of the Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction; The Eighty-one-Ton Gun; Evidence of Sudden Changing of the Color of the Hair; Coating for Steam-Pipes, 542.
 The Taming of Bats (illustrated); Comparison between Brains of Lunatics and Men of Genius; Magnetism of Soft Iron; Effects of Heat on Steel Rods and Wires; New Method of obtaining Vanillin; English African Expedition; Tempering Glass; English for Telegraphing Purposes, 573.
 The Nebelhorn, or Austrian Fog-Trumpet (illustrated); Stanley's Explorations; Charles Wheatstone; Colossal Tree in California, 607.
 Birds with Teeth (illustrated); Whiteness of the Hair under Great Emotion; Changing Sea-Water into Fresh; New Chemical Element; The Arctic Expeditions; A Metallurgical Triumph; Notes, 636.

SCIENCE, INVENTION, DISCOVERY (*Continued*):

Signs of Mental Weakness; Birds with Teeth; Telegraphing by Submarine Cable; Experiments with Seeds; Reversing Railway Engines; Photographing Leaves on Fruit; Electrical Exhibition, etc., 669.
 Longevity of Brain-Workers; Do Storms cross the Atlantic? The *Journal of Microscopy*; The Deep-Sea Sounder; New Chemical Element looked for; The Centennial Exhibition; Trial-Shaft for the Channel Tunnel, 700.
 Who invented the "Life-Car?" (illustrated); The Stocking-Darner; Bamboo for Paper; The Italian African Exploring Expedition; New Substitute for Leather; The Swedish Arctic Expedition; Notes, 732.
 Remarkable Patent Suit; Transporting Food preserved by Cold; Influence of Sun-Spots; Forests and Water-Courses; The House-Fly; Electrical Fish-Bait; Germination of Seeds in High Temperatures; English Arctic Expedition; Impure Milk, 766.
 Educational Claims of Botany; Fallacies about Laws of Chance; Meteorological Observations; Expenditure of Energy; Experiments with Light as a Vital Force; Nickel as a Plating Material; Notes, 797.
 Extinction of Fire in Ships (illustrated); The Intelligence of Ants; Fraud in the Preparation of Microscopic Slides; Notes, 829.
 Shakespeare, The French (John S. Sauzade), 337.
 Souvenirs, My—Buchanan Read—Rinehart—Powers (Sallie A. Brock), 76.
 Squabbling (Charles Allerton), 49.
 Stockton Mansion, The, at Princeton (illustrated), 800.
 Story from a Whaler, A (John Boyle O'Reilly), 268.
 Story of the Shirt, The; Historic Steps in French Costume, 465.
 Strange Penance, A (James Wight), 626.
 Strangest Things in Life, The (Francis Gerry Fairfield), 14.
 Study of the Mysteries, A Short (Francis Gerry Fairfield), 240.
 Sunsets, Seven Brilliant (M. E. W. S.), 43.
 Susanne Gervaz; A Maid of the Gévaudan, 746, 772, 803.
 Swinburne's Prose, Mr. (Joel Benton), 628.
 "Through the Well" (James Wight), 205.
 Tiger-Hunting in Central India, 401, 432, 528.
 "Time's Revenges" (Katharine S. Macquoid), 7.
 Trip in a Fishing-Schooner, A (S. G. W. Benjamin), 306.
 Trip in Cloud-Land, A (Edgar Bronson), 659.
 Tropical Paradise, A (illustrated), 97, 129.

Tunny-Fishing at Solanto (George L. Austin), 335.
 Tyranny of Fashion, The (M. E. W. S.), 365.
 Unknown Picturesque, The (illustrated), 592.
 "Up Laurel" (Christian Reid), 138.
 Verplanck's Homestead, The (Martha J. Lamb) (illustrated), 353.
 Victor Hugo's Island-Home, A Visit to (B. F. De Costa), 783.
 Welbekomer; A Tale of the West Indies (M. E. W. S.), 711.
 Wellington, Reminiscences of, 785.
 Welsh Mining Feud, A (James Wight), 47.
 "What ails this Heart of Mine?" 617.
 Women's Men (M. E. W. S.), 497.
 World overcrowded? Is the (G. C. Eggleston), 530.

POETRY.

Adoration (Edgar Fawcett), 50.
 A Parting (Barton Grey), 467.
 At Chess (Sallie A. Brock), 501.
 At Evening-Time (Mary E. Bradley), 403.
 At the Morgue (Edward Renaud), 789.
 Berkshire; A Tribute—1875 (William C. Richards) (illustrated), 449.
 Counting the Graves (Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt), 692.
 Cricket-Cries (Edgar Fawcett), 563.
 Dead Leaves (William C. Richards), 591.
 Fire in the Forest, A (Constance Fenimore Woolson) (illustrated), 705.
 Flirtation (Will Wallace Harney), 243.
 Hemlocks (Edgar Fawcett), 757.
 Her Ghost (Edgar Fawcett), 274.
 Her Prison (John James Piatt), 597.
 Innominata (Barton Grey), 308.
 Kisagotami—from Buddhaghosha's "Parables" (Joel Benton), 629.
 Love and Ambition (Mary B. Dodge), 435.
 Morgan of Panama (Joaquin Miller), 211.
 Sam and Joe (Sallie A. Brock), 724.
 The Age of Good (Henry Abbey), 148.
 The Auld Wife (L. A. W. S.), 179.
 The Fire at Tranter Sweetley's; A Wessex Ballad (Thomas Hardy), 594.
 The Ideal and the Real (Joaquin Miller), 115.
 The Last Days of Autumn (John Vance Cheney), 660.
 The Miner's Betrothal (John James Piatt), 339.
 The Rendered Rose (C. A. Warfield), 83.
 The Widow's Comfort (John Vance Cheney), 533.
 To-Day (John Boyle O'Reilly), 821.
 Twilight and Sea (M. E. W. S.), 18.
 Wedding March—On Trial, A (Fanny Barrow), 828.
 Woman's Nature (M. F. Butts), 371.

INDEX TO WRITERS.

Abbey, Henry, 148.
 Allerton, Charles, 49.
 Austin, George Lowell, 45, 204, 335.
 Author of "Bitter Fruit," 488, 521, 552.
 Author of "Marguerite Kent," 3, 36, 67.
 Benjamin, S. G. W., 306.
 Barrow, Fanny, 818.
 Benton, Joel, 628.
 Bradley, Mary E., 403.
 Brock, Sallie A., 76, 501, 724.
 Bronson, Edgar, 659.
 Browne, Junius Henri, 720, 819.
 Butts, M. F., 371.
 Cheney, John Vance, 533, 660.
 Cooke, John Esten, 79.
 Crane, W. W., 563.
 Daniel, Frederick, 146.
 De Costa, B. F., 783.
 De Leon, Edwin, 207.
 Dodge, Mary B., 435.
 Drake, Samuel A., 161.
 English, Thomas Dunn, 813.
 Eggleston, George Cary, 530.

Fairfield, Francis Gerry, 14, 240.
 Fawcett, Edgar, 50, 101, 274, 424, 563, 757.
 Goulding, F. R., 271, 369.
 Grey, Barton, 308, 467.
 Hardy, Thomas, 594.
 Harney, Will Wallace, 243.
 Harris, A. B., 431.
 Hawthorne, Julian, 461, 492.
 Holland, E. G., 80, 176.
 Hooper, Lucy H., 26, 58, 90, 122, 154, 186, 218, 251, 281, 314, 346, 378, 412, 443, 474, 507, 539, 571, 605, 635, 668, 699, 730, 764, 795, 827.
 Howland, Marie, 590.
 Lamb, Martha J., 353.
 McCarrroll, James, 549.
 Macquoid, Katharine S., 7, 455, 808.
 M. E. W. S., 18, 43, 107, 238, 365, 497, 583, 623, 686, 711, 752.
 Miller, Joaquin, 115, 211.
 Millett, F. D., 273, 652.
 Noland, N. B., 545, 577, 621, 684, 721, 780.
 Ober, Frederick A., 142, 171.
 O'Reilly, John Boyle, 268, 821.
 Perry, Nora, 691, 818.

Piatt, John James, 339, 597.
 Piatt, Mrs. S. M. B., 692.
 Proffatt, John, 594.
 Reid, Christian, 138, 289, 321, 385, 417, 481, 513, 609, 641, 673, 737, 769.
 Renaud, Edward, 789.
 Rhodes, Albert, 749, 778.
 Richards, W. C., 449, 591.
 Robinson, H. M., 399, 815.
 Sauzade, John S., 337.
 Scudder, Horace E., 644, 677, 706, 741.
 Shanks, Charles Gore, 133, 162.
 Thompson, Maurice, 303, 558.
 Thorpe, Kamba, 167, 197, 229, 261, 294, 325, 355, 388, 420, 451, 484, 518, 546, 579, 612, 648.
 Towle, George M., 173, 362.
 Warfield, C. A., 83.
 Webster, Albert F., 74, 200, 561.
 Wight, James, 47, 205, 367, 626.
 Williams, Will, 27, 59, 91, 124, 155, 187, 219, 252, 282, 316, 347, 379, 413, 445, 475, 541, 542, 606.
 Woolson, Constance Fenimore, 705.
 Young, Alexander, 11.

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CAOUTCHOUC AND ITS GATHERERS.

I.

IN 1770, the celebrated Dr. Priestley, in a note embodied in a second edition of one of his scientific works, wrote: "Since this work was printed off, I have seen a substance (nameless) excellently adapted to the purpose

three shillings, and says it will last several years."

In this humble and limited fashion was introduced to the English-speaking world a material which has since become one of the

modern ingenuity has utilized the most valuable of tropical gums ranges from the huge belts which drive trip-hammers and rolling-mills, to the most delicate and fantastic children's toys; from surgical and scientific in-



HUT OF AN INDIA-RUBBER COLLECTOR.

of wiping from paper the marks of a black-lead pencil. It must, therefore, be of excellent use to those engaged in drawing. It is sold by Mr. Mairne, mathematical-instrument maker, opposite the Royal Exchange. He sells a cubical piece of about half an inch for

important necessities of civilization; which science has transformed into numerous articles of both use and luxury, and the preparation of which in manifold ways puts bread in the mouths of thousands of mechanics and their families. The variety of shapes in which

struments to indispensable articles of clothing; from railway-carriage springs to articles of the toilet. To realize the importance of India-rubber the reader need only step into one of the shops on Broadway exclusively devoted to its varied manufactured forms,

or into one of the many factories in the outskirts of New York, crowded with complicated and ponderous machinery for its preparation. Of all the resins so abundantly yielded by the sombre and luxuriant forests of the tropics, caoutchouc is by far the most important. There is no substance which could take its place. It may be bent in all directions and stretched to a remarkable extent, and yet return to its primitive form when the force is removed. It accommodates itself to every variety of surface. It resists all the changes of atmospheric heat and cold. It may be divided in thin sheets, and subdivided again into elastic bands. Its elasticity can be taken away and restored at pleasure. It can be cut and moulded into a thousand different fashions according to the caprices of taste or the devices of invention. And there is no waste, for the shreds and fragments can be reunited in a uniformly solid piece.

Allied to caoutchouc, or the raw material of India-rubber, is gutta-percha, a gum almost identical in many respects, yet radically different in certain important particulars. Of the latter we shall speak further on, its limited supply making it a substance of far less commercial importance, though it answers admirably as a substitute in many directions, and has some important uses for which India-rubber is not adapted. Different societies of arts have attempted to stimulate the discovery of new fields of supply by offering great rewards, but with very little success. The world still has to depend on caoutchouc, the native forests of which seem to be almost inexhaustible.

Of the various interesting processes of manufacturing India-rubber, of the scientific ingenuity gradually brought to bear on the perfecting of its manipulation, which has taken form in some of the most valuable patents ever granted in England and America, we do not intend here to treat. We are at present mainly concerned in the primitive stages of its production.

Caoutchouc, ordinarily known as India-rubber, or gum-elastic, is a substance, *sui generis*, found in the milky juices of a great variety of tropical trees, the most remarkable being the *Siphonia elastica*, or *cachucu*, native to Brazil and Central America; the *Urcoula elastica*, found in the islands of the Indian Archipelago; and the *Ficus elastica* of Assam and some other parts of the East Indies. Several well-known European and American shrubs also have it in their juices, but so inferior in quality and quantity as to make the parent trees worthless for commercial uses. Of all these trees and plants, that of Brazil is beyond computation the most important, though a very considerable quantity of India-rubber is exported from the East Indies, inferior, however, in quality to the Brazilian product.

India-rubber commenced to excite curiosity in Europe about the year 1700 as a substance of strange properties, which belonged to no other known material. Its first introduction was probably through the Portuguese, who had brought it from Brazil. These, however, must have been very reticent as to its nature, for there were many disputes

among scientific men as to whether it was of vegetable or mineral character. The latter hypothesis had some coloring of truth in the fact that a bituminous product, not uncommon in coal-mines, possessed some of its attributes. This crude, impure variety of bitumen, first discovered on the shores of the naphtha-lakes of the East, is now known as mineral caoutchouc.

It is rather singular that, though the Brazilian caoutchouc was the earliest introduced to European attention, the first intelligent account of it was communicated to the French Academy of Sciences in 1736, by M. Condamine, a man of scientific acquirements and habits of observation, who had spent many years in the East Indies, where he had seen the process of "milking" the *Ficus elastica*. The memoir presented by M. Condamine was quite curious in the prophecies he ventured as to the future value of the strange gum, many of his conjectures having been almost exactly verified by the applications of modern ingenuity. The speculations of the wise Frenchman, however, were treated as absurd fancies by the greatest scientific body of Europe.

As the opening paragraph of this paper indicates, India-rubber about the time of the commencement of our Revolutionary War was only known as a curious substance which had the property of erasing pencil-marks. As such it continued to be known till the growth of commercial relations with Brazil introduced to the markets of Europe and America the Pará overshoes, the rude manufactures of Brazilian Indians of the Amazon and Madeira Rivers. Since that time the development of the possibilities of India-rubber has been rapid to a degree almost unparalleled in the mechanic arts, romantically strange as have been many of the outgrowths of scientific ingenuity during these latter days of feverish mental activity.

The *Ficus elastica*, which furnishes a considerable quantity of the caoutchouc of commerce, is a cousin of the sacred Baian-tree of the Hindoos, and grows with remarkable rapidity. It has large, thick, shining, pointed leaves, much like those of its Brazilian congener in color, texture, and general character, except that the latter are longer in their shape. It also produces a fruit about the size and shape of the olive, thought not edible. The tree is found either solitary or in two or three fold groups, and is recognized from afar by the picturesque appearance of its dense and leafy crown, waving its fan-like plumes at a distance of from seventy-five to one hundred feet from the ground. Many of these superb vegetable giants have been found shading a diameter of six hundred feet, some of them growing on mountain-slopes twenty-two thousand feet above the sea-level. The other Indian variety of the caoutchouc-tree, the *Urcoula elastica*, produces kidney-shaped seeds in a tawny pulp, to which the natives become much attached as a delicious and refreshing fruit.

A large and steadily-growing business is transacted in India and its adjacent islands in the preparation of caoutchouc for export. But unless some chemical combination is found to rectify the natural inferiority of the

gum, it can scarcely rival the South American article. Some attempt to naturalize the Brazilian tree in the East-Indian countries has been made without success, as the *Siphonia elastica* seems to need the periodical overflow of the river-floods to thrive with any luxuriance. In spite of the more systematic effort in the East Indies, directed by scientific effort and cultivation to enhance the value of the caoutchouc-supply from that quarter, it would seem that the world must still look to the tropical regions of South America for its main dependence. Here the natural growth of the rubber-forests is almost boundless, and, aside from the still untouched wealth of Brazil, it seems likely that other parts of the continent will be utilized for the same purpose, should there ever be need, as the *Siphonia elastica* has recently been found in great abundance in hitherto unsuspected regions.

In taking a glance at the labors of the caoutchouc-gatherer, let us therefore turn to the gorgeous tropical valleys, on which scientists and travelers, from the days of Humboldt to Agassiz, have lavished their ardent admiration.

The landscape in the valleys of the great Brazilian rivers, such as the Amazon, Madeira, Rio Negro, etc., has that character of monotonous grandeur peculiar to the alluvial regions of the tropics. In the immediate vicinity of the river, the soil being the newest deposit called *gapó*, the vegetation rarely shows the splendid forms of the virgin forest. The big trunk of the bombacea, or the slender white stem of the cecropea, the luxurious fronds of the crown perhaps tangled with the rich blossoms of the widely-known orchid, the vanilla, is only occasionally seen. But a few miles back from the river commences the grand forest, full of sombre but splendid beauty, and alive with every variety of animal, bird, and insect. An intricate tangle of blooming shrubs and creepers, glowing with rich color, makes a network across the path of the traveler, or coils its graceful curves about the trunks and limbs of the gigantic trees, through which glints of sunlight break, intensifying the bright hues of the innumerable flowery plants. Anon the explorer will emerge from the luxuriant tangle of this beautiful but difficult journeying into the more open spaces of the *seringuees* or caoutchouc-forests, which in many cases spread for miles in every direction.

These forests are found in the principal and lateral valleys of the great rivers, the richest of them being as yet unattacked by the *seringueiro* (caoutchouc-gatherer). It is only near the river-bank that he dares pursue his lucrative but dangerous vocation, and the magnificent rubber-woods, that stretch back in the interior, as yet stand in all their primitive virgin solitude.

On entering the caoutchouc-forest, the grand loneliness, unrelieved by aught except the multitudinous sounds of animal and insect life, is likely at any moment to be dispelled for the traveler. Every mile or two, but not too far from the protecting river-bank, he may happen on a camp of *seringueiros*, consisting generally of the chief man and

the twenty or thirty Mojo* Indians whom he employs, busy in gathering the valuable gum, which is to be transported in many cases thousands of miles before it reaches the port whence it is to be shipped for use in the American and European factories. The *seringueiro* becomes rich in a very few years, if he is allowed to pursue his business unmolested, but of this he is never sure. The forest-depths swarm with the fierce Parentin Indians, who are found most numerous, as it happens, in the caoutchouc-regions. These red bandits are the most savage and untamable of the Brazilian aborigines, and are very crafty in all the arts of savage warfare.

So the *seringueiro* camps are constantly on the alert, and rarely will any of the parties venture into the lateral valleys, be they never so full of *seringacs*. Sooner or later they would have to dread an attack at dawn of day, and their few fire-arms would be of little avail against the long arrows and heavy lances of their Indian assailants, ensconced in the dense ambush of the surrounding forests. The red men, too, are not the only enemies to be dreaded. The fevers (*sesos*, or *febres terciarias*, as the Brazilians call them) are just as bad as or worse than the treacherous Indians. Many settlements on the banks of the rivers have been abandoned on account of the prevalence of these diseases; for, on the first high floods, a fever-blast is apt to sweep through the valley, carrying off, in the absence of adequate medical treatment, not unfrequently half of the population, unless they desert their homes till the coming again of the healthy season.

In spite, however, of the dangers that hamper the life of the caoutchouc-gatherer, the large returns of his business are more than enough to compensate him. Let us enter the camp of *seringueiros* and take a glance at the process of gathering and preparation, by which the gum, so essential to the prosperity of Brazil, is fitted for its distant markets.

The *Siphonia elastica*, or India-rubber tree, grows, or at least thrives, best on a soil where its stem is annually submerged by the floods to the height of three or four feet. The best ground, therefore, for it is the *gapó*, the lowest and most recent deposit of the river. It is in these rich, lush flats that the caoutchouc-tree flourishes the most fruitfully. No attempts thus far have been made to cultivate the tree, although this noble product of the forest gradually suffers and dies under

the steady depletion of its juices. The Brazilian only looks to the present, and fails in the calculating forethought, characteristic of more thriving peoples, which aims to balance waste and use by reproduction. He, therefore, has to depend on the discovery of new forests when he has exhausted the old.

The huts of the *seringueiros*, low, thatched, and dirty, mostly wretched hovels of the most repulsive order, must be sought on the low meadows or on the edge of the forest near the river-bank. These are rendered inhabitable during the inundations by the device of raising the floors seven or eight feet in height on wooden piles. Here, too, is a safe shelter for the canoe, the *seringueiro's* inevitable companion, his horse and his *dernier resort* at times of extraordinary overflow. The small proprietor—for but few of the class possess the thrift and energy to grow into the wealth and capital necessary for an extensive business—is almost as unenviable as his Mojo laborers. He has nothing to do in the *seringal* during the wet season except to calculate the intervals between his fits of ague, and watch the rapid phlebotomy practised by the most terrible of insect-pests, which are known under the euphonious names of *carapandas*, *piums*, *motucas*, and *mucumis*.

QUEEN MARY'S GHOST.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGUERITE KENT."

CHAPTER I.

DUNDAS and I have just come in from a morning stroll about the Old Town of Edinburgh.

We did not start out with any definite plan as to what we should do or see, but only to fill in our time until the ladies, after their tiresome journey of yesterday, should be rested enough to join us.

As we drove from the station last night, Miss Carew was the first to find out where the Old Town is.

"There it is!" she cried, in her way that is so unlike other girls, a reined-in sort of enthusiasm which somehow startles one all over—"there it is, like one vast castle, all towers and steeples, and pricked everywhere with light. I want to go up there. I don't want to go to an hotel first."

"You may go," said Dundas, in the indulgent, half-mocking way he has with her, and which, under the rose, I am always doubling up my fists at; and then, as Mrs. Hogarth was glad of a chance to put in a disclaimer, Cecile, in her changeable fashion, retorted:

"Then I don't want to. You always spoil my fun by saying 'Yes.'"

And Mrs. Hogarth was spared the perpetration of a platitude. I find the girl, when we have supped, standing alone in the hotel-window, with her nose pressed against the glass in the way children do when their hearts are in the things they look at. For a while I stand, without her being aware, looking over her shoulder and across the brilliantly-lighted street of the Old Town, leaning in such an il-

luminated obeisance against the side of its stern old cradle.

There, over yonder abyss of gloom, brought into life by an occasional glimmer of the railway-lamps, hangs the Old Town, seeming, by reason of this very basement of black nothingness, to be swinging in mid-air, like a gigantic glow-worm, all a-quiver. Line upon line the window-lights climb up, sometimes irregularly, like a beaded rope slackened, oftener taut with method, tattooing brilliantly the façade of old walls, up to meet the stars that are pallid, and stop trembling only in contrast.

We follow the uneven outlines of the ancient house-tops, the points of the gables, the caps of the turrets, peaked stark against the dark-blue of the sky; we see, as it were, a thistle of spires and chimneys and towers flowering in an emblem amid the strange old roofs of Edinburgh.

"I know this New Town will be awfully modern and tiresome," she says, feeling at last that I am there, and turning half round. "I never imagined the Old Town would look like that. I am thrilled all over by it. I thought I would be disappointed, just as persons are with Niagara, when they have heard so much about it. And here, instead, I am without breath enough left in me to last till morning. I wonder where Holyrood is? I hope it is a little apart from the rest, as it ought to be."

"Yes, it is off there," I say, nodding my head indefinitely to the left; and then, still like a child, she crowds into the right-hand corner of the window to peer as far as she can along the shining hump of the Old Town to see Holyrood.

"It is there, really!"—I laugh at her—"but you will have to get your hat on and back again into a cab, if you wish to see it to-night."

"Do you know what I would like?" she says, dangerously, under her breath to me—"I would like to run away with you to see it"—then she catches her words and half laughs—"I don't mean that, either—I don't mean with you, particularly. I'd go alone if I could, only I can't;" and her voice drops.

"Indeed you can't," says Dundas, joining us. "You are not going out of my sight once, you vixen!"

I never can stand his affectionate trifling, so I turn black, I know, and away from them, leaving her close at his side, with his arm thrown half about her, and go out into the night, with the conviction strengthened in me that this world is too small to hold both him and me.

I get over the feeling, though, in a measure, when, she having gone up-stairs for the night, Dundas (I can always stand his unit) comes to seek me, and to smoke his last cigar in my company. As we stroll up Princes Street, we make a compact to get up betimes on the morrow and do a portion of the sight-seeing that, man-fashion, we take for granted the ladies would not care about, and thus be the better able to map out for them the rest of the day.

And so by five o'clock Dundas is hammering vigorously at my door, and by half past we are quit of the hotel and out in the fog,

* The name "Mojo" is not used by all Brazilians in any generic sense, as indicating a special tribe. It is indiscriminately applied to all the Indians, who have either from choice or necessity abandoned a life of absolute savagery, and banded together to live in villages, with a consequent adoption of some of the habits of civilized life. The Brazilian Government has pursued the policy of offering large inducements to the savage tribes to do this. But the work has been in a great measure the result of the Jesuit missionaries, who have been laboring assiduously among the natives since the first organization of government by Portugal. Many of these missions are now mostly deserted by the *padres*, all of them in their decadence. But the fruit of their labors is seen in the thriving Mojo villages and plantations in the vicinity of the old mission ruins. The Mojos constitute the only reliable laborers that can be hired in the interior provinces of Brazil.

and trying to find, by looking, where the Old Town is.

We see billows of mist where the town was last night, and we know that the fog has rolled it round and round in a cocoon. It looks from here almost like a sea, and in the offing gray lines, as shrouds, run up alongside of the spires; and when the sun fights through, and the tide brings a wind to the Firth, the fog trembles and wavers, and is torn like a banner, and goes scudding off from the steeples as a gray-tissue flag would floating half-mast high.

Now it is gray, and now it is rent into patches of amethyst and gold, until, blowing higher and higher, they curl their edges into snowy petals, and float at last, wind-flowers of the sky.

We stand a while to watch how beautifully it is done, and with our nostrils straining at the sweet, pungent odors that the tide-wind has robbed as it came across the copses and pastures of the plain lying between Edinburgh and the Firth.

The eaves over there want to drip and sparkle instead. The damp gathers everywhere into glassy beads. The wet throats of the chimneys send up coils of black smoke that taper into azure as the sun drives them with a touch.

Every thing is at its best when we cross one of the bridges that span the ravine connecting the Old Town with the New, and as we plunge headlong into a wynd reeking with what is left of the fog, and which is dingy, and ill-savored, and romantic, all at once.

This lane is so steep that, as I go first, Dundas's head almost touches my heels at every step; so narrow that, by stretching my arms out as far as I may on either side, I can knock if I choose upon opposite house-doors at the same time.

We slip sometimes, and are glad to find that often the paving-stones are put so as to catch the toes of our boots when, if it were not for this, we might be brought unexpectedly aslant.

Down just such a lane as this must Dundas have clattered with his handful of dragoons to raise the Highland clans in favor of King James, while the town rang to arms in pursuit of him; or the beauties of the old royalty may have passed in their chairs, with the links flaring every now and then to enunciate the features that were court-beloved, and which made jealous swords cross and recross to the death.

We climb by stone lintels that are rudely carved with armorial bearings—past pious inscriptions wreathed in different devices, as though the grand old Covenanters who opened their veins to sign their names in purple blood, not content with parchment, had at their deaths chosen stone also to glorify the cause—past dates which we do not believe tell the truth, they are so old.

Up we go, step by step, never lagging in a mood of romantic inquiry, but hurrying to get to a high place, where a top to all this must be, and where we may find at least one breath of fresh air. Presently we are rewarded, and feeling, as Dundas expresses it, as though a bunch of fire-crackers were going

off under our hats, we come all at once into the freer atmosphere of the Netherbow.

The fresh air even here is heavily mortgaged, but we are grateful for small favors, and try to forget, in a spirit of devotion to the past, the squalor that stares at us, epitomized in a brood of heads from every window.

There is John Knox's house, all aslant with stories projecting one over the other, and gables atop arching like eyebrows, while the roof hangs over the street so far that it looks half-slidden off.

The down-hill that starts here is the Canongate. This I know leads directly to Holyrood, and I am sorely tempted to go and have a look at it. My next thought is of Cecile, and I hesitate. I am a fool, and think suddenly that it would be far sweeter to wait for her. I look at Dundas. He is troubled by no thought of her, it seems, but is staring, with his nose in air, up at the angle, from the window of which, they say, the stern old Calvinist used to harangue the populace.

"I smell the brimstone round here yet," he says, sniffing so industriously as to threaten to exhaust the already limited supply of oxygen. "The very pavement croaks out texts."

And then half-hating him for allowing me to think more constantly of Cecile than he does—as I begin to feel I do—I turn my back decisively upon Holyrood, before he may have a chance to suggest going there—and he follows me toward the castle without demur.

It is almost a joy, after this breathless progress between houses seven stories high, to come in sight of the flag, floating in gaudy undulations from the castle-walls. As we come out on the esplanade, the sun bursts upon us, causing us to shiver involuntarily at the tingling contrast, and we see the bare-kneed Highlanders pacing up and down their beats.

I look at my watch, and find that, if we hurry, we may yet have time for a cursory view of the castle interior before we can have a right to suspect that the ladies are awaiting our return to breakfast in the valley below. So we hasten past the picturesque sentinels, under Argyll's prison atop the old portcullis-gate, by the aged Norman chapel, about the size of my hand, and built somewhere in the eleventh century, and, unheeding Mons Meg, come out on the battery inclosure, from which, we have been told, we may see the entire glory of the city.

It is about the only thing we have been told this morning that we really believe, and we are rewarded now for our temporary relapse into faith by the extended view that we get here of the most romantic city in the world.

As we climbed up here our young blood was too much for us—coagulated as it is by the skepticism of our generation, and we have indulged in an excess of something like satire, at the expense of the different traditional objects which we have passed, until now it is rather fortunate for us that the city is no longer a mere village of straw-thatched huts, surrounded by a dense forest; else, it being a remarkably fine morning for a

saunter, two or three bears might come out from the umbrageous shade.

But our mocking is silenced, for we are touched to the quick by that which lies stretched before our eyes—more pathetic in its repose, more glorious in its state, than may be told.

At our very feet hangs the Old Town, like a rook's-nest over the gay parallelograms of the newer city; its happy-go-lucky streets, where long ago contending factions fought in bloody feud, or else flowers were strewed and tapestry was hung, and the bag-pipes skirled as royalty went by; such mere slits in the masonry, that the sun rarely sees the pavement, and all day long the gray shade ebbs like a tide down from the cope of one tall, gaunt house, only to creep up to the shingles opposite.

For the first time to-day I am twinged by a spasm of romance. I am a little ashamed of it, and glance aside at Dundas. He is as far gone as I am, and stares, half-leaning over the battlement, down at the aged ridge poles that his fancy is straddling witch-like.

He would look just so if he saw in reality the streets red with torchlight, and horsemen charging in them amid the yells of rioters and clangs of the trumpet; or perhaps a gorgeous court pageant, where a queen, born with an invisible red circle about her neck, is coming to her own.

I have never seen such an expression upon Dundas's physiognomy before, such a flaccid look of self-abnegation; and, in the midst of my own sympathetic fancies, I begin to wonder if I am opening my mouth like that, and acting altogether like such a marvellous idiot.

Of course I shut my mouth at once, knit myself together, and turn my eyes elsewhere. There is the imperial crown of St. Giles, with its graceful spire springing lightly from its cluster of pinnacles, and I fall to thinking what a fine roosting-place it must be for birds, and how cool it must be kept by the sweet sea-breezes blowing through it. It is quite a relief to look at this, for all other projections, resembling either turret or tower, are topped by quaint brown caps, bearing aloft vanes that twirl in the quarreling breezes, like go-betweens, eager and determined to suit whichever current prevails.

Dundas has rhapsodized mutely long enough, so I tell him that he better not waste all the few minutes he has left in that way, as there are a great many interesting views to be had besides this one of the Old Town.

Then he stirs himself to see how the castle hangs over a precipice hundreds of feet in height, a sheer descent of trap-rock, black with being stormed at by weather and foe, and with skirts below of blossoming garden and shadowy park where children laugh and play.

Out from this stretches the New Town, vigorous with life, toward the water. Beyond are the Salisbury Crags, snarling their naked walls of green-stone in a semicircle, like teeth fast set—just as they did in the days of the cavaliers; and there is Arthur's Seat, shaped as though the lion rampant of Scotland had couched on his shield to rest.

"Cecile must come here," says Dundas, as we take our last look.

"I know you feel as though you had sprouted feathers in your caps and grown rapiers at your sides!" exclaims Cecile, when we finally reach the hotel, a little sobered by that which we have seen.

"Yes; I am so sorry not to have died for Queen Mary," I answer, as we join Mrs. Hogarth in the breakfast-room. "I will have to die for somebody else now, after I have eaten my breakfast."

"Mr. Schuyler, to think—only to think of your having gone to Holyrood without me!"

"Indeed, we have been everywhere but to Holyrood," I hasten to assure her, after waiting awhile for Dundas to do so; but he is hurrying up breakfast, and takes no notice that she is fretting.

As we settle ourselves at table, and Dundas continues apparently oblivious to every thing but the granting of his last night's prayer for daily dread, I go on to answer, as well as I may, the interrogative lift of her eyebrows.

"Imagine the keel of a very broad-bottomed ship turned up for repairs, or for some other good reason," I say, forgetting that I am famished, in loving to watch the excitement of her eager, illuminated face, "and you have the topography of the Old Town of Edinburgh." And I add that the abrupt precipice upon which the castle is built is meant to play stern to my simile, and that, starting from this and traveling the entire length of the comparison, one would find Holyrood nestling in a valley at the tip end of the bow.

"But you said you did not go there!" she cries, in woman-fashion, forgetting the main issue in snatching eagerly at a possible straw of prevarication.

Somehow it always hurts me when I find this spirit aboriginal in any one of the sex, and, as I like to keep in my orbit when I can, perhaps my sudden relapse into silence is a hint to her that she has fallen from grace.

"I know what you are thinking, and I am glad. I have a right to doubt you. Rob and you ought not to have gone off without me. I'd have gotten up at four o'clock instead of five if I'd been asked. And what vexes me most is that you both knew it. You promised me only yesterday that you would take me with you everywhere."

"That was because you teased so," says Dundas.

"You forget, Cecile—it is impossible for you to go everywhere gentlemen do," Mrs. Hogarth remarks, in a tone of slight disgust.

Mrs. Hogarth is Cecile's aunt, and Dundas is such a forward fellow that he does not hesitate to lessen the coming event by making the most of his shadow of a right to call her aunt before—an indelicacy that restrains me from liking him as much as I otherwise might.

"I suppose that is because I am a girl, Aunt Isabel. Well, there is one thing I can keep from being, and that is a lady-like one."

"Yes, very easily," affirms Dundas, nodding.

I am kept on good terms with him, however, by seeing how undisturbed she is by his ironical trifling. Perhaps she knows what a cover this may be for a smothered fire, and glories, as most women would, in his ability to maintain interminably the masquerade; but, as usual, I am helplessly vexed, and restlessly long for a right to toss back, as a shuttlecock, the persiflage perpetrated so lavishly at her expense.

And I have only known this girl one week!

In quitting London for the north, we chanced to occupy the same railway-carriage, and, after having passed several hours in company without exchanging any courtesies other than the mutual staring out through each other's windows, and inhaling the same draught of air, upon reaching one of the way-stations, as I jumped out for a stretch, I was followed shortly by Dundas, and it was not long ere we were chatting and amicably sharing cigars.

After this, Dundas overtaxed my patience somewhat by crowding me into a corner of the carriage, as far away as we well could get from the ladies, and, thus fraternizing, we came to comparing notes, and discovering that, although we had never even heard each other's names before, we yet had left many mutual acquaintances at home.

It was a short matter, presently, to lead up to an introduction to the ladies, and then I arrive at the knowledge that Dundas out of a corner is scarcely Dundas at all; that he of the ladies is not the same man who walks the platforms at the way-stations, expanding himself with a mighty breath of satisfaction, as though just escaped from limbo.

Of course I am interested for a while in ascertaining the relations that the different members of their party bear to one another, and my doubts are set at rest soon by seeing Miss Carew, when she thinks it dark enough, nestling up to Dundas, in the broad sight of Mrs. Hogarth, for a nap, and then, in the half-light, I begin my study of her face, sleeping now, but which, when awake, is mercurial with extremes.

Even to-day, closely as I have loved to watch and study her, I could not tell you the color of her eyes. I could better describe the predominating hue of the iridescent feathers on a pigeon's neck.

Why I am so uncertain about her, after all my efforts at analysis, is beyond me.

From the first I have known her to be engaged to Dundas. As far as I can see, she is content with him, and perhaps against my will I have been irritated into caring for her by his seeming indifference to her pretty caprices—his cool playing with Cecile—her, whom no man ought to look at, with his hat upon his head.

Perhaps, too, I have been astonished into my present frame of mind by her unconventional ways—her volatile behavior that is so startling to one of my whilom strictures upon the manners of women; but, after each shock, when the reactionary judgment is obtained, I find that it never degenerates into downright frivolity, but is rather the distillation of an enthusiasm possessing in itself such a concentrated diffusible quality that almost in

the same breath one's censure grows volatile too, and is effervesced into a sudden sympathy with it.

Every hour she outrages my self-constituted theories in regard to her sex—laughs, without being aware, in the very face of my definitions. Whenever she does or says any thing unusual, she provokes in my mind a rising inflection, and interjects my every resolution to beware of her. I may say, with propriety, Cecile's character is full of mute vowels, so much is left written in it that is not and may never be pronounced.

I call her Cecile almost without knowing it, just as I may tell her some day that I love her, when Dundas has neglected her enough to have his behavior succeed in casting the least shadow of excuse in my mind.

Before breakfast is over, we have made our plans for the day.

"Holyrood first" has been Cecile's entreaty, and so it is to be.

As we loiter over the table, Dundas suddenly begins rummaging his pockets, draws a letter thence, and passes it to Cecile. She looks curiously at the superscription, and, as if still puzzled, draws the paper from the envelope, asking Dundas meanwhile whether he has given the letter to her to read or not.

"Yes—it is worth reading."

"Oh, I am so sorry," cries Cecile, after the few first lines—the only real look of annoyance that I have ever seen changing her face—"I hoped they wouldn't catch up."

"I am not sorry," says Dundas, attempting indifference. "Their coming will brighten us up. If you will be glad to see them, I'll promise not to be lazy once while they stay with us."

"I know Mr. Schuyler won't like her. If you devote yourself to her the way you did in London, I'll do the same by Mr. Schuyler, can't I?" And the child looks at me in her queer fashion, as though begging breathlessly a favor.

"Cecile!" cries Mrs. Hogarth, absolutely blushing for her.

Mrs. Hogarth always resents Cecile's young ways—as a sort of infringement upon her own peculiar prerogative. If we treat Mrs. Hogarth with the deference due her age, she does not like it. If we extend a hand to help her in alighting from any conveyance, she slights it, and does her very best to jump as lightly as she used to twenty years ago, when her avoirdupois was at its minimum. If we suitably address her with her title of madam, her countenance lengthens spasmodically and is strong. Altogether, Mrs. Hogarth continues still intrepid with youth, and spends her days in snubbing facts and surprising them into turning the other cheek also.

"You mustn't be so sure about Schuyler. I don't see very well how he can help admiring Miss Hague.—She was the belle of Baltimore last winter, Schuyler."

Dundas is mischievously propagating winks in my favor with a vengeance, and is relaxing his usual taciturn expression in a series of indescribable facial innuendoes.

"Oh, how can you misrepresent things so? She is not pretty even. Her forehead bulges out, and her nose is so long."

"I love every inch of it," says Dundas, soberly.

Miss Carew has crimsoned, and has arisen from her chair—not hastily, but very quietly and dignifiedly for her. But it is impossible for her to remain rigid with displeasure long, so she flashes a glance at Dundas that is half defiance and wholly anger.

"Don't you like her, too, Mr. Schuyler," she says, turning to me; "but I won't worry, for I know you won't. She is the very fag-end of what's nice."

"Well," says Mrs. Hogarth, who has been frowning in silence for some time, "I suppose this foolishness means that the Hagues will be with us ere long?"

"To-night. Hague writes from York to that effect."

"If the tribe of Ephraim were forty thousand and five hundred"—and Cecile looks just now as though her knowledge of the Bible might be limited to this—"I am glad this place isn't an ark for coming in: they'd have to double."

And she is so thoroughly naughty that I forget to censure, and laugh instead.

When breakfast is over, Dundas follows Cecile to the window, and, as I think he must be petting her back into a good-humor, I do not look to see.

"I wish we didn't have to go in a cab," she says to me when Dundas goes out to engage a carriage for the sight-seeing; "I would like to go as you and Rob went this morning, climbing here and there and without any plan. I never saw such a magnificent sight as that old castle is perched up there. It's the first real castle I've seen—I mean my idea of one. I think your simile of the boat-keel must be good, Mr. Schuyler. I suppose there is just one long street running from the castle down to Holyrood?"

"Yes; but it is not called by the same name all the way. Then, down from this one long street the closes and wynds run steep, like ribs, on either slant of the hill into the valleys."

"Shall we go to Holyrood first, really?" asks Dundas, coming in, to find me at Cecile's side, and looking with her at the old roofs across the way, yellowing now in the broad daylight—and in favor of Holyrood there is a quadruple decision, and we find ourselves all at once formed into a mutually-accommodating party—three sure to go wherever the fourth one may suggest.

"Don't let us drive through the new part," Cecile begs when we enter the cab, and, with her face turned longingly toward the high-pitched gables and turrets on the other side of the ravine, "let us go up there first."

"I thought you wanted to go to Holyrood first?" Dundas reminds her.

"So I do; but I want to go the way Queen Mary used to go, down the Canongate. I want to get into the real spirit of the place. To go the new way would be too much of a start."

And, as we all acquiesce, it is plainly shown that Cecile is the fourth exponent of our will, calculated by nature to accelerate one and all of our decisions for the day.

"Cecile, you don't look unlike a picture of Mary Stuart that I saw this morning"—Dundas looks at her with something like

pride, and well he may, she is so alight with a sweet, fresh beauty—"you only need the coil and pearls and a thousand lovers."

I begin to question now all at once—and the thought is like an air-ball rising through the draught that I am drinking—"Is he jealous that she has learned so often to defer to me as she did just now, with only a look; does he see her fret with color sometimes when I essay indifference; and is he beginning to feel the vibrations that stir her and shake me in his very sight?"

I tingle mentally as we are driven over the bridge and up a street which has been widened by the demolishment of sundry old landmarks, and the general aspect of which in consequence is lamentably modern.

"This isn't fun," cries Cecile, looking first one side and then the other; "only look at those signs—there is a bank, and there an hotel, and there a chapel. I feel like crying, I am so disappointed. I have to look way up to the roofs to see any thing queer."

"Only look at that date." I call her attention to a gaunt stone hand, that to see its top one has to stretch one's self almost horizontally. "In such a house as that the barons and peers of the realm lived in the old, chivalrous days, and the gallants emptied their stirrup-cups before setting out for conquest."

So I ramble on, keeping her interested all the way to the Canongate, only to bring the sweet eyes to mine in the steadfast act of listening, only to watch the come and the go of the color that is ever new.

Dundas pretends not to listen, and is leaning almost with his back turned half out his side the carriage. Mrs. Hogarth reclines back upon her seat as we are dragged up-hill, as uninterested and as uninterfering as one could desire.

The Canongate brings Cecile from out a lethargy of listening into ejaculations of delight. The tall old house, timber-faced, and picturesque with gables that mum at each other, they are so aged, is a revelation to her eager eyes, looking as if, could they only be tilted a little more, both sides of the street, after a nodding acquaintance of centuries, would unite in one common cairn.

As we drive down the street, I see keen Scotch eyes brighten with pleasure, just as their forefathers may have gazed in greeting their lovely, girlish queen.

"I am going to shut my eyes," Cecile says, when told that Holyrood is in sight, "and I don't want to open them till we get in front of it—I want it all in a shock.—Rob, won't you count three, and then I'll open my eyes right off?"

"There it is now"—Dundas refuses to humor her—and we are crossing the square that once was the garden from which the lovely queen went forth hawking or shooting at the butts, and where now the fountain, like the one she played about as a child at Linlithgow, is built in memory of her.

The carriage is turned with a sudden twist, and stands still in front of the grand entrance. Cecile looks up, catching her breath at the royal arms of Scotland. On either hand are the double-battlemented towers, topped by the round, peaked caps, that seem here the sign-manual of architecture.

We are glad to be rid of the cab. As Mrs. Hogarth jumps forth as usual, refusing assistance, the driver is telling Cecile, who has inquired, that Queen Mary's apartments are in the towers to the left, and, oh, yes! there are strange lights seen flashing out from the windows at night, and the queen sometimes comes to the window—that one there between the towers—and, throwing up her arms as if in despair, shrieks aloud.

Dundas has to put his hand upon Cecile's shoulder, as a hint that she cannot stand all day listening to the driver's ghost-stories, who is looking down at the girl with a sly, Gaelic twinkle in his eye.

We enter by the front gate-way, and, led by a guide, turn to the left, ascend a stair, and before we know it are in the picture-gallery where hang the portraits of the native monarchs, cut and slashed by the sabres of defeated dragoons, and patched anew with color, a cicatrix for their wounds.

"This is where Prince Charlie used to dance with the Jacobite dames, causing the white knots to tremble in their bosoms."

Dundas has stolen Cecile away from me, and stands with her before one of the stiff old pictures.

The guide tells us we are the first visitors to come this morning; that we have chosen an hour unusually early for tourists, and Cecile, hearing this, is quite freed from her attack of awe, and goes waltzing down the entire length of the gallery, saucily under the very noses of the grim old kings.

The guide first frowns, and then the taut muscles of his face relax, and, when she stops, I know that he is wishing that she would waltz again.

After this she quite abandons Dundas and me, to devote herself to asking questions of the guide, and hangs upon his answers just as she did upon mine, when I could serve her turn as well.

Mrs. Hogarth, not feeling especially interested in any thing, is imitative, wants to hang about somebody, and so hangs about me. Dundas keeps closely beside Cecile, and the guide, I imagine, enjoys silently my chagrin.

We leave the picture-gallery, and are ushered into the more ancient portion of the palace, where Mary's and Darnley's rooms are situated.

We penetrate the audience-chamber of Darnley—hung with melancholy old tapestry, that I am glad does not flap, it is so dusty and dismal—we look about the little turret-rooms with old portraits only for furniture, while Cecile is hurrying us all the time to get through, that we may go up-stairs sooner to see Queen Mary's apartments, which the guide tells us are immediately over these.

In one of the turret-rooms the guide shows us the private stair up which the assassins crept to murder Rizzio in the queen's sight; and, although iron bars have been put across the narrow doorway, to prevent trespassing, Cecile does her best to soften the guide's heart with indefatigable pleading.

"Only think how far I've come, and how sea-sick I was coming! If you only knew, you'd find some way to let me go up those stairs."

And when the poor guide shakes his head, and, quite voiceless under the storm of her importunities, points to the iron bars, and even tries to shake them to show her how impregnable to all assault they are, she refuses point-blank to be convinced.

"There is some other way, then. I do want to go up those stairs! It spoils half the romance not to."

"Don't tease so," remonstrates Mrs. Hogarth, and she turns decisively away from the bars through which we see the rough stone steps that Ruthven and Darnley trod that fearful night, winding up into the gloom.

The guide also, rejoiced to get away from the subject, follows, and while Cecile lags sulkily behind, draws our attention to the manner in which the ceilings are paneled.

It is not until we have returned to the audience-chamber that we discover that Cecile is nowhere to be seen. From this chamber another leads out to the left, and while they seek her there, I run back to the little turret-room from which the secret stairs lead up.

The tapestry is hanging there alone, and no sound is heard but the shrill voices of the fisher-women crying in the streets. I hesitate, and while I am hesitating I hear the regular click of tiny boot-heels upon stone steps high above my head. I lean against the bars to listen. They are so close together that I wonder how she has managed to crawl through. The air, moist and cold as if it had been dead a long while, chills my face.

"I arrest you in the queen's name for trespassing," I call after her, and my voice reverberates not unlike the hollow accents of a dog baying at the moon.

The click of the boot-heels on the steps is silenced, and I know she is trembling up there, my voice is so strange to her after its winding flight. She is already punished for her temerity.

"Where is she? have you found her?" Mrs. Hogarth reënters leisurely, but she becomes quite pale with apprehension when she finds me there alone, and the tapestry hanging slick and unrumpled as it ought to be when there is no one mischievously concealed behind it.

"Cecile has crawled through those bars," says Dundas, who has followed with the guide, and he laughs now heartily at the exploit. "That girl is a trump."

"You should not encourage her so." Mrs. Hogarth begins to fret, but she can go no further, for Dundas is crying lustily through the bars.

"Come back, you vixen! we are waiting for you. Come back, before the ghost snatches you. Don't you see it there all in white, and making up faces at you—boo!"

This latter ejaculation is lengthened spasmodically, and goes, a rumbling discharge of respiration, up the spiral gloom.

"I'm up now where it's light," a queer, distorted voice comes answering back. I'm so disappointed, there isn't a single ghost here—boo yourself!"

The guide meanwhile is complaining to Mrs. Hogarth that if the matter of the young lady's having done such a thing should come to the knowledge of his grace the duke, the

keeper of the palace, it would be as much to him as his place is worth.

"Well, never mind that," interferences Dundas, for Mrs. Hogarth is happy at last in finding somebody to sympathize with her. "I'll make it up to you if there's any trouble—which there won't be unless you take the trouble to talk yourself. Now I want you to take us as quickly as you can to the spot where these stairs come out."

I am also in a hurry to go, and so we hasten back, and are soon climbing the staircase leading to the royal apartments above.

In the Chamber of Presence, which we enter first, we see Cecile come walking out from an inner room, trying hard to look as though she had done nothing to offend.

We are so glad to see her safe and sound after her frolic, that even the guide relents into a smile, and Mrs. Hogarth is the only one who continues sourly disposed.

"TIME'S REVENGES."

I.

THE river Thames looks very pleasant at Kingston Bridge. Besides the local beauties—the tree-shaded towing-path, the quaint old boat-house, the picturesque water-stairs farther on—there is always some living interest here, and about this old, gray bridge.

Usually a punt or two add character to the scene. Moored across-stream at the present time there is one, with a grave, comfortable-looking angler therein, tickling the water. He screws up his mouth now and then as a boat full of laughing girls shoots past, or even when a quieter freight in the shape of a pair of lovers floats down-stream in one of the dainty little boats that seem part of the place. Just now the angler looked more than disconcerted when an outrigger cutter, with a crew of eight splendid-looking, dark-browed young fellows, flew past him.

"Confound that Harvard crew!" he muttered; "theirs is the strongest pull on the river."

Two young men are standing still on the Kingston side, just below the angler, watching the American boat, and admiring the practised ease of its crew.

"I wish you were going to the United States instead of to Germany, Michael," said one to the other.

The man he spoke to gave a cheerful look out of his frank, blue eyes.

"Why, Thorn? You mean I should make money quicker. You forget that I set happiness above money, and I don't want to put the Atlantic between myself and a certain person."

"If you are going for a year, what can distance signify?"

Michael laughed.

"A shorter post, old fellow, will make all the difference."

And then he put his arm into his friend's, and they walked on beside the river.

"Thank Heaven!" the angler muttered. "Why can't the chattering idiots choose some other place?"

The friends turned their backs on the new-stuccoed suburb, which seems like some modern, fashionable child, ashamed of its gray, old-fashioned parent. Just before they reached the quaint market-place of Kingston, Michael stopped suddenly.

"I must leave you here, Thorn, but I'll see you again before I go for good. Between ourselves, it is just possible I may be home in a month, and then go back and stay altogether—for a time, at any rate."

Thorn's grave, middle-aged face clouded over.

"My good fellow, do you mean that you think of marrying on your present income?"

Michael was amused at his friend's anxiety.

"I have plenty of faults," he said, "but I don't think I am over-confident. I feel sure of success, and my idea is, that two people who love one another get on better in life married than single. Now good-by, old fellow; I am due at Lurbiton Lodge."

But Thorn did not let go his friend's hand. He was trying to give a word of advice, and he feared to give offense along with it.

"You say two people. Don't be vexed, but make sure, my dear boy, that you are loved heart and soul before you ask a woman to share a small income."

Michael frowned for an instant, then his bright, sunshiny look came back—a look one seldom sees in an idle man's face; it was like the sparkle on a fountain, welling up from a loving heart and a steadfast mind.

"Never fear, old friend—I think I'm safe—thank you for your anxiety—and, now, good-by in earnest."

He hurried on till he had left the old town behind, and was some way up the tree-shaded road leading to Lurbiton Hill.

"Poor old Thorn! I don't fancy he and his wife are happy together, and so he croaks about Georgie and me. I believe he has such an absurdly high opinion of me that he can't think Georgie or any woman half good enough for me."

And then his pace slackened as his thoughts gathered on the doubt his friend's words had stirred.

"Does Georgie love me as I love her?" A pause here. "Nonsense! I'm a fool to plague myself. What I take for coldness is only the reserve that modest girls have. I believe those who are shyest generally have the strongest power of loving."

He whistled "Love's Young Dream" as he went up the hill. Inwardly he was not quite content, but he told himself that doubt and fear were two sure attributes of true love, and that it would be all right when once Georgie Needham was his wife.

Past the church, he took a turning on the right. There were no stuccoed houses to be seen here. The road overlooked the open country on one side, and on the other was bordered by high hedges, powdered just now with summer dust. He soon came to a white swing-gate in one of these hedges, pushed it open, and went up a carriage-drive with a flower-border on the right, and some good-sized maple and sycamore trees on the left, which effectually screened the house.

In gaps here and there you caught glimpses of an irregular picturesque dwelling, built chiefly of red brick, so festooned by wistaria and climbing roses that even the flight of stone-steps in front, and a projecting balcony which overlooked the lawn on one side, were almost hidden.

A shrubbery of laurels hid the lawn itself, but sounds of laughter and the sharp click of croquet-mallets were plain enough.

Michael Radcliffe hurried along the turn in the drive which led to the house, and went in without any ring or knock at the open door at the top of the flight of steps.

A voice had reached him from the other side of the laurel-hedge, which told him that Georgie was not playing croquet. His heart beat fast as he passed through the empty drawing-rooms, out through the French windows, and out on the little stone balcony overlooking the lawn. He felt sure of Georgie's answers to the questions he had come to put to her. At least he told himself he was sure, and yet his heart throbbed in a most unusual fashion.

Georgie's three sisters, and some other young women in bright, butterfly-like costumes, are playing croquet. Mrs. Needham makes a contrast to them in the deep mourning-dress she still wears. She sits on the lawn, near the croquet-players. Michael Radcliffe takes in the scene almost without looking at it. He has only eyes for the strangely ill-mated pair walking beside the laurel-screen. Just now they are coming up toward the house.

Georgie is a tall, handsome girl, simply dressed in black and white, her face shaded by a black-straw hat. A short, stout, red-faced dame walks beside her, and takes little, waddling steps, two or three to each of the stately movements of her companion.

The afternoon is not oppressively warm, but, as you look at the full-blown, rose-colored face, and the many-hued tints of her dress, you feel heated and jarred. She is entirely out of harmony with her surroundings. They turn abruptly, and Michael runs down the steps from the balcony and reaches them as they stand looking at the pond beyond the lawn.

"I can't fancy, my dear," says Georgie's companion, "what your poor dear ma can be thinking of not to have that water drained off, when your little brothers come home for holidays. I must speak to her seriously, I must indeed; they're sure to be drowned—why, my gracious! here's Mr. Radcliffe! Ah, you don't remember me, sir, perhaps? I met you over at Stamford Hill at a ball last year."

To Michael's surprise, she holds out her hand, and a dim remembrance comes to him of a loud-talking, pompous mother and son, said to be wonderfully wealthy. He looks impatiently at Georgie, but she, after shaking hands with Michael, walks on beside her visitor. Michael hurries to Mrs. Needham.

Their greetings over, he says:

"Please release Georgie from that old horror. I have something very special to say to her, and I must leave early, for I have an appointment in London at eight o'clock."

It seems to him that easy-complying Mrs. Needham shows a want of alacrity in his ser-

vice; and hitherto she and "the girls," as he calls his future sisters, have been so petting in their welcome to his visits.

"That old horror," as you call her, is Mrs. Wood," says Mrs. Needham, and she looks perplexed. "You know who she is, do you not? the mother of Richard Wood, the richest man on the Stock Exchange." A certain swell on the last words irritates Michael Radcliffe.

"Yes, I know—he's a most awful, vulgar snob. He's not a friend of yours, is he?"

"We don't know much of him, certainly" — Mrs. Needham looks troubled — "but I think he seems extremely pleasant." She glances up at Michael. "Well, I'll see what I can do." A fiery impatience in his eyes quickens her movements. She crosses the lawn and takes possession of Mrs. Wood. In a few moments he has Georgie all to himself.

"Come in-doors, darling, won't you? we can't talk comfortably in the midst of all this clatter."

"I should have thought you would be glad of as much fresh air as possible," says Georgie, but she walks beside him to the balcony.

"I beg your pardon, dearest"—he looks so winning as she sits beside her on a couch in a snug corner that she smiles, too. "I know I looked cross just now, but I felt sure you wanted to be free of that old vulgarian."

"O Michael! don't speak like that; Mrs. Wood is our friend."

"Well, then, she's charming—but never mind Mrs. Wood. Now, my own girl, for once I'm going to talk very seriously. I have got a year's appointment as engineer to the projected Luxemburg Railway—enough to live on comfortably out there, darling." He pauses here, and looks down on the handsome face he has drawn so near to his. Georgie's eyes are fixed on her clasped hands, her color deepens, and she listens.

"Go on," she says, quietly.

"Well," he speaks, eagerly, "I won't deceive you, darling—it would not be enough for England; but at the end of a year I am promised a much better thing altogether."

"Why can't you have that now?"—still she does not raise her eyes, but she seems very intent on his words.

"Because my getting it very much depends on the success of this present work. Now, my darling, if you are with me I am sure of success; and if you saw this quaint little German town, I am sure you would like it."

And then he goes off into an enthusiastic description of a charming house and garden he has found out in Luxemburg, which he only waits her permission to secure as their home. He tells her the exact amount of his income and his expectations, and opens his whole heart to her.

"You will say 'Yes,' darling; I will go over for a month, get every thing ready for you, and begin my work, and then I will come and fetch you. Is it not a lucky stroke of fortune?"

He bends down and kisses her tenderly, but Georgie draws herself away, and gives a little laugh.

"Stop, Michael, you are going on too fast, you are taking my consent for granted; don't be vexed, dear"—she smiles, and holds one

of his hands in hers; "but why should we not keep to our old plan? You said our engagement had better last more than a year—that is not half over yet."

Michael pulled his hand away.

"Then you don't care to make me happy?"

"I asked you not to be vexed, Michael; you know I have always told you that I am practical. Suppose I were to say 'Yes,' and, after all, you were not to get the other appointment, but get into debt instead—is it not much better to wait on another year, even, in hope, and then begin life comfortably, and as we mean to go on, than to run any risks? I should never forgive myself if you get worried and embarrassed for want of money. I saw enough of that while my father lived."

Every word falls like a drop of cold water on the lover's warm, beating heart. He gets up and stands facing her.

"I wish you were not so prudent, darling; have you no trust in me? I tell you I'm sure of success if I have you beside me to cheer me up."

"But, Michael, you may fall ill, or a dozen things may happen."

Michael looks more grave than vexed.

"My dearest Georgie, I don't ask you only to trust me; have a higher trust. It seems to me no one can ever be quite sure of any thing, but so far as it is possible to be sure. I have a certain moderate income for this year, and a very sufficient one farther on; but I have been too impatient. I won't ask for your answer to-night; take time. I will come down again to-morrow; we won't talk about it any more now."

Georgie glances up at him.

"We need never talk of it again," she says, coldly. "I am sure it is best to let things be till you have got the new appointment. You will come over between whiles, won't you?"

Till now, Michael has contrived to seem calm, but his bitter disappointment will make a last effort. He feels it is a turning-point in his life.

Once more he sits down beside her; he whispers tender, passionate love; he takes her in his arms; he pictures the happy life of the quaint, foreign town, where they will be more all in all to each other than they can be in England; and then he tells her how desolate he shall be there alone, and how she, too, will miss his visits.

"You know I am not good at letter-writing," he says, at last, "and letters are cold comfort in place of a wife. Say you will give me hope, darling—that you will change your mind; take two months, even, but don't keep us waiting so needlessly long for our happiness."

There is reproach in her eyes as she draws herself from his arms.

"I thought you unlike other men in one thing," she says, coldly; "I thought you unselfish, Michael. It seems to me you are willing to sacrifice a secure future, only to spare yourself some present discomfort."

Michael flushes, but he keeps down the pain she makes him feel.

"I was not thinking only of myself. I thought of you, too, my darling, in these months of separation. I realize better than

you do what you will feel"—and he presses her hand fondly—"but perhaps I am selfish. I will try and think you are right, Georgie, and I shall still live in the hope that you will shorten the time."

At parting from her lover that evening Georgie is more affectionate than usual. She goes down to the gate with him, and stands watching him in the dim light along the road.

"How well he walks, and how good-looking he is, and how nice he is! Oh, dear me! how will it all end? I believe if I could have brought myself to marry at once and be poor, I should have been very happy with him; but then I suppose I found the life he describes intolerably dull. He says we must live out of society; there is something so lowering in giving one's self to house-keeping and thinking about ways and means of living within one's income. No, no, I cannot be poor! I should grow cross and fretful, and that could not make Michael happy! No, I'm quite sure I was right to wait, and he will think so, too, after a bit."

And yet Georgie Needham's heart is very heavy as she goes back, and she feels a sudden disgust at Mrs. Wood's fulsome compliments on her beauty.

II.

MICHAEL RADCLIFFE sits smoking a well-colored pipe in his cheerful little sitting-room in the old German town. He has taken the quaint house and garden, after all. He had so pictured Georgie as its mistress that in some way it seemed to him filled with her atmosphere. Michael was thoroughly real and practical, but he had a warm nook in his heart for sentiment, and he was not ashamed of it. He had made an excursion to the Black Forest, and had brought back all kinds of quaint, carved furnishings for the old rooms with their deep-ledged windows, and for the rambling passages, too—passages which seemed to get on in life a few stairs at a time, and then to stumble down or unexpectedly to one side. At the foot of the staircase a bear stood erect, holding a gold ball between its paws, and at every corner a bear's head appeared topping the massive standard.

A bear's head, too, figures on the stove near which Michael sits smoking. For the weather has grown chill and dark, four months now since the bright, dusty July afternoon when he disturbed the angler at Kingston Bridge, and had to submit, so sorely against his will, to Georgie's prudence.

He had yielded then, because she had convicted him of selfishness; but, as the weeks had gone by, his mind had changed on this point.

"If two people love each other equally, it cannot be selfish for one to try and make both happy. Surely happiness would be mutual if hearts are truly one! I ought to have insisted. I am afraid that poor, darling girl only refused for my sake, and I have a right to make her happy in spite of herself. She must feel the separation even more than I do, for she has less to occupy her. The lifeless tone of her letters tells me how dull she

is. Well, I am lonely enough of an evening, but my work is a great compensation. I believe the worst part of a woman's life is when there is absence of a decided employment in it."

A tap at the room-door. The entrance into the hall is always open. The bear with his golden ball stands there all day as its sole guardian.

"Come in," Michael says.

There comes in a stout man in a blue coat and light trousers, very much out of keeping with the season, but with a ruddiness of content on his beaming, round face that seems to imply that, although he differs from his countrymen in his indifference to the cold, he has the cheerful content which makes life pass so easily to the fair-haired, blue-eyed sons of South Germany.

"Well, friend, and what dost thou here alone?" says Carl Schimmel, in a loud, cheerful voice.

"I am not alone. I have my pipe and my thoughts."

"I don't know"—the German leans against the stove and refills his own pipe—"some thoughts are very lonely, but these would not be thine, my friend—thou art no ego-tist."

"I don't know that, either," Michael smiles, and watches a wreath of smoke vanish gradually into the room. "I was thinking of my life here next year with a certain person of whom I have spoken to you, and I am vain enough to think *that* life will be so united that I suppose it comes round to egotism after all; lovers are generally selfish, my friend."

"Selfishness is not one of the rails you run along," says the German; but he looks inquisitive, and pulls his yellow mustache. "Have you any fresh English news since I was here last?"

"No; I am expecting a letter—an answer to a question."

Michael does not say what question, but he has been very frank with Carl Schimmel, and the German nods and goes on smoking.

"May I look at the lady's portrait again?" he says, presently.

Michael unfastens a locket from his watch-chain, and passes it to his friend.

Carl Schimmel looks earnestly at the portrait inside the locket, and his face changes; he sighs as he gives it back to Michael.

"What's the matter? I'm half inclined to believe there is a Fräulein Something somewhere, to whom that sigh belongs."

"No, indeed!" The ruddy face has got a troubled look.

"What is it, then? Surely there is nothing to sigh about in this portrait, except for envy."

Michael opens the locket, and gives a long, fond look at the beautiful face.

"I observe"—the German tries to smile off his serious look—"that thou lookest always at the bright side of life—so do I; but yet, in such a serious contemplation as marriage, I think I should consider also the reverse."

"I don't understand, my friend," Michael

shuts up the locket with a snap, and replaces it on his chain. "What is the dark side in my future?"

"I do not affirm there is one. I only say that every belief is linked to a possible refutation; in thy case, the refutation would be that thy beloved may weary of the long separation, and may grow forgetful or cold."

Michael's face clouds as quickly as the sky does in April; his heart tells him how painfully cold and unsatisfactory Georgie's letters have become.

"I think," he speaks slowly, as if he thought out the idea as he went on, "that separation is always trying, but ours is coming to an end. I have planned to spend my Christmas in England."

The German smiles.

"Thou wilt not, then, return alone?"

Michael is busy with his pipe; he does not look up as he answers.

"I hope not; but I cannot be sure."

There is a want of his usual cheerful tone, and Carl Schimmel feels a little self-reproach.

"We cannot be sure of any thing, but, my friend, the maiden must be hard-hearted who could withstand thy pleading."

They sat and chatted pleasantly an hour or more on other subjects, and Michael tried to yield himself up to the friendly influence; he laughed at the grotesque legends his friend told, and strove to get interested in some of the sentimental ballads he recited, but it was all an effort. It was a relief when at last his visitor went away—a relief from the trouble of restraint, but the solitude and silence only increased the cloud of doubt which Schimmel's words had awakened.

"Nonsense!" he said, presently; "Georgie has always said that she is practical; a word from her means more and is worth a dozen protestations from a gushing girl—and women of her type are as true as steel—I won't be faint-hearted. Once we are married we shall be all right."

Meantime Carl Schimmel walks home slowly in the moonlight which silvers the fortifications of the quaint frontier town.

"I had better have left him in peace," says the German, smiling good-humoredly, with none of the sour self-reproach an Englishman would possibly show. "It is probable that he sees English girls with different eyes from mine. That face he thinks so beautiful is to me full of self and cold calculation. If no one else comes in her way, good; she will doubtless marry my poor friend, and he will live her life and serve her devotedly, and think himself truly loved, while she will give him as much affection as she can spare from herself; but if a rich man comes and offers himself, I fear for Michael. These English girls are beautiful, and amiable, and innocent, but they are taught from the beginning to worship ease and luxury, and to them love is romance when it asks them to sacrifice their early idols. Ah! marriage would be a safe card if one could only train one's wife from the beginning."

Here Carl Schimmel consoles himself with a fresh pipe and certain visions of a blue-eyed maiden in the small Bavarian town he left three years ago.

III.

MICHAEL RADCLIFFE has passed a restless night; his dreams have been far from pleasant. He goes out earlier than usual to see if there are any English letters.

He has not heard from Georgie for a fortnight, and he has written three times in the interval.

"She said she should be away from home just now; no doubt that is the cause. I complained of her silence rather impatiently, perhaps, but still I ought to get a letter to-day."

No, there is not one. His blue eyes have got bright and cheery again with the fresh morning air, and with hope; they cloud over at once, and his heart sinks, but, after a few minutes' thought with bent brows, he says:

"But there's no use in being worried;" he puts his hands in his pockets and goes toward the railway-works. "What a blessing it is I have something to do!"

But when the day's work is done, and evening comes again, the doubts and worries come back—not timidly as they have hitherto come, standing far off and whispering, but pressing round him with importunate, mocking faces, like some of those rustic stalls in the old church half-way down the hill. He lights his pipe and gets a book, but his eyes follow the sombre wreaths instead of resting on the page; the faces are there again, more hideous in the moving, curling vapor than when they were merely shaped out of the darkness.

Three days pass thus heavily, and there is no letter from Georgie Needham—no evening visit from Carl Schimmel.

"I will not go to him till he has heard from England," the German thinks; "I am a poor deceiver, and he suffers enough without any feeding of his doubts from without."

But every morning Carl goes to the post-house and ascertains that no letter from England has come for the English Herr.

It is the fourth morning, and for the first time the two friends meet as Michael goes up to the post-house.

"Joy, my friend!"—the smiling fellow shakes Michael by both hands—"there is a letter from England; may good news be in it!" and then the kind-hearted fellow goes away, singing softly to himself.

Michael goes breathlessly to the post-house and secures his treasure.

There is no one to see on the steep bit of road, and Michael kisses the letter.

"I have been mistrustful and undeserving," he thinks. He hurries toward the house, but before he reaches it he opens the letter with a bright glow of happiness in his face—not lately seen there; it falls as he reads the first words.

Before he fully masters the contents there is a mist between him and the letter; the steep road seems to go round as if he were climbing instead of coming down the hill. He stands still and puts up his hand to screen his eyes, and so he stands for several minutes; then he crushes the letter, open as it is, into his pocket, and goes down the road at a quick pace.

He shuts the low-browed entrance-door as he passes into his house—a new idea, for it

stands open all day—and then he goes into the quaint sitting-room.

He sits down near the window, and takes out the letter.

The writing is quite distinct now, and his hand does not shake as he holds the letter. It begins—

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I have not written to you because I shrank from what I had to say, and yet it must be said. Ever since you went away I have been thinking seriously about our position, and it seems to me that I ought to release you from your engagement to me, and my mother quite agrees with me. We are both young enough to form other ties; why should we sacrifice each other to a silly question of honor? You think you love me now, but poverty, harassment, and debt, weaken any affection, and all three must fall to our lot if we keep to our engagement. I hope you will be reasonable. You will easily find a much better wife than I should ever have made you, who will have means to help you on in life instead of being a burden. You have no idea how fretful and discontented I should be if I were poor and worried. I suffer enough at home from seeing how much contrivance is necessary to keep up appearances. Good-by. Do not try to persuade me to change my mind. I have not decided hastily. I only wish I had had courage enough to end it all before you went away; it would have spared us both much worry. You will, perhaps, be angry with me now, but you will soon consider me

"Your true friend,

"GEORGINA NEEDHAM."

He read the letter through twice; his face flushed deeply, and he breathed hard and quickly. Then he laid it down and covered up his face.

"O my God!" he cried out, "how she has deceived me! I can never believe in a woman again."

IV.

GEORGINA NEEDHAM sits in her bedroom at Lurbiton Lodge. When she sent her letter to Michael, she only told him half the truth—she left her mother to tell him in a subsequent letter that his place was already filled by Mr. Richard Wood, "the richest man on the Stock Exchange," and she judged rightly in thinking that Michael Radcliffe would get this second letter before he had made up his mind how to answer her own.

She looks pale and worn—there is none of the glow of a bride-elect on her face. This is the night before the wedding, and tokens of bridal finery are scattered about the room.

She opens a case on her dressing-table, puts some diamond stars in her hair, and then looks at herself.

"I look like a ghost; I believe I first worried myself with fear that he would write me a letter full of reproaches; and now I am vexed because he only wrote to mamma—such a horrid little note, too!"

She takes a note out of her pocket:

"I have received your letter. Will you be kind enough to tell your daughter that I received hers yesterday? I believe I follow

her wishes by leaving it unanswered. I hope she may be happy in her choice."

"How hateful and unfriendly!" and then, with strange inconsistency, she cries fitfully, and sobs till the full white throat quivers and throbs with anguish. She kisses the letter between her sobs, and then she twists it up, and holds it in one of the candles till there is only a little bit of scorched and blackened paper. A tap at the door, and Mrs. Needham comes in with a jewel-case in her hand.

"Look here, Georgie darling!—My dear child, whatever can you be crying for?—Here is another lovely present from Richard. Put it on, my dear; it is just the thing for you."

She opens the case, and shows a magnificent pearl necklace, with pendants of brilliants.

Georgie turns away with a look of disgust; then, by a strong effort, she forces a smile, and tries on the necklace.

"Beautiful!" cries her mother. "What exquisite taste Richard has!—Don't sit up, dear," her mother says; "you must look well to-morrow, you know.—Good-night."

Georgie locks the door when her mother leaves her. The necklace seems to gall her; she unclasp it and throws it on the bed, and then walks up and down with her hands clasped behind her. At first her face is wrung with a look of agony, but this fades through many gradations to a sad smile.

"I believe it is only my ignorance," she says, presently. "I believe marrying with every one is a mere question of habit. I shall get used to this man. Most likely if Michael and I had married I should have tired of him after a bit. Nothing in the world frets me so much as want of money, at any rate, and I shall never know that want now, and Richard—it is so hard to call him Richard!—is very kind, and when I get used to him it won't be all so—" Here she throws herself upon a chair, and puts her hands before her eyes, and tries only to think of her jewels and her dress. It seems as if she had succeeded, for both jewels and dress are faultless; yet, when the girl lays her head on her pillow, she sobs as if her heart were breaking.

"It is all too hurried"—the words come in broken gasps. "I ought to have had time to forget— If I only had known Mr. Wood first!—O mother, it is all your fault!"

Carl Schimmel did not go to see his friend again that day.

"If the news is good he will seek me; if not, he had better digest it alone. Bad news and a pipe are the best companions," he thinks, stolidly, but he gives a deep sigh, too.

He goes down to the works next morning. The Herr Engineer was indisposed yesterday, he hears—did not come to the works all day. The foreman comes to the Herr Schimmel, and asks if he is going to see the Herr Engineer.

"I can go," and Carl turns, half gladly, half unwillingly, to the quaint house at the foot of the hill.

Michael rises from his seat beside the stove. He is very pale, but there is no sign of grief on his face. It seems to Carl that his friend is hard and stern for the first time.

They talk on indifferent subjects for some time; but, when Carl gets up to go away, he holds Michael's hand, and gives a long, wistful, questioning look.

Such a bitter smile meets him for answer. "My fool's paradise is over," says the Englishman. "You were right, my friend—except that there was no caprice or change—she never loved me."

V.

NEARLY a year and a half since Georgie Needham sobbed herself to sleep.

Looking at her now, you would fancy tears rare visitors in those handsome, dark-gray eyes and that exquisitely-tinted face. There is, perhaps, a look of weariness in the eyelids which was not there a year ago, and there is a permanent haughtiness in the firmly-closed lips which used to be only an occasional expression—but she is a finer, much handsomer woman. She is dressed faultlessly, although, in her mother-in-law's opinion, "Georgie puts on far too few ornaments by half." All in white, with diamonds in her bright hair, and the splendid pearl necklace with its pendants resting on her beautiful bosom, she looks like a pale empress beside her poppy-cheeked mother-in-law.

Mrs. Wood chatters incessantly, and at some of the loud, personal remarks that escape her, a deep flush comes on the younger woman's cheeks.

"I should say, Georgie my dear, that Sir Benjamin had a good chance of being in the Bench before the year's out. I know all about his affairs; they're quite shaky, and how he can afford to buy pictures and call them crinkum-crankums, is more than I can tell." She lowers her voice a little. "He's a regular beggar on horseback. Spend as much as you please on eating, and drinking, and pleasuring, and dress, of course, and have your 'ouse liberally and totally fitted, but as to all these decorations, and pictures, and gimcracks, lor, they're quite unnecessary. No sensible people would do it. Why, I hear he gives a thousand pounds and more for a picture."

"I don't agree with you—look what amusement and pleasure people find in them."

Georgie looked toward the well-dressed groups chatting here and there about the pictures, and china, and innumerable objects of art or rare manufacture which store Sir Benjamin Lacy's rooms.

"I don't see it," said Mrs. Wood. "When I go out I like a good dinner or a ball. If I want curiosities to look at I can get 'em for nothing at a museum or picture-gallery, and only think how many good dinners, and fine clothes, and jewels, are locked up in these pictures and the rest.—Good gracious!" her color deepened to purple as she laid her hand on her daughter-in-law's—"I say, Georgie, here's a friend of yours coming this way; that young Radcliffe, you know." She looked sharply at her companion. "Goodness, child, remember who you are, and Richard's wife, too. You've gone that white it's dreadful! Pinch your cheeks, do."

But Georgie, with a great effort, steadies her swimming senses.

"I feel faint with the heat"—she tries to smile—"no wonder I look white. I think it would be cooler in the other room."

She makes an effort to rise, but Mrs. Wood puts a fat hand on her arm and pushes her down into her chair again.

"Quiet, my dear," she says, good-naturedly. "Quite natural you should feel a little flurried at seeing an old sooter, but once over you'll never mind it again. Here he comes, and there are those Thompson girls close behind him, and I do believe they're coming to see how you'll manage. You must smile, and shake hands, and be quite friendly, you know; you must, indeed."

To Georgie's horror, Mrs. Wood begins to nod and beckon to some one in front of them.

She cannot look up. She feels in a sort of agonized dream, from which there is no escape. A slight bustle rouses her; it is her husband's loud, coarse voice as he comes up and stands beside her.

She feels she must be very careful not to give him any cause for jealousy. Richard Wood is a doting husband, but, with all his lavish fondness, he is as jealous as Bluebeard himself. She knows that if he once discovered she married him only for his money her life would be more unhappy than it is, for, with all her wealth, she is not happy.

She looks up and sees Michael Radcliffe shaking hands with her mother-in-law.

"Ah, Mr. Radcliffe, how d'ye do?" she smiles; "we did not know you were in England."

"I am only just arrived. I hope you are well," Michael speaks as coldly and easily as she does, and then he bows to Georgie and passes on.

It is over; he is gone. Ah, how handsome he is! and will he never be more to her than this again? What is the meaning of the sharp agony that tears her heart till she feels ill and faint indeed? But not for long; her husband's voice rouses her.

"Who the devil's that fellow, Georgie? I wish you would introduce your friends to me."

"You see, my dear, it was me who spoke to him," says the good-natured mother-in-law. "I told Georgie a girl should always be friendly to an old sweetheart, for fear of what people may say."

Mr. Richard Wood mutters something about women being confounded fools, and then he asks his wife if she is not ready to go home.

"Home," Georgie says the word over to herself as she drives in her luxurious carriage to the splendid house in Palace Gardens she inhabits—home with these two daily companions of her life.

"He never loved me," she says, bitterly; the tears flow down silently, and she dares not wipe them away, for her husband sits opposite. "He could not have been so self-possessed and smiling had he ever cared for me."

Carl Schimmel has come to England with his friend, and they walk home together after the conversation.

"That was the lady, I suppose?" said

Carl; "she is really very handsome; but, my friend, thou hast had an escape, she is heartless and cold as a stone. She has her rich husband, that is enough for her."

"I am sure you are right," Michael said, simply. "I have had an escape, and I look upon this evening as a great blessing, my friend. Next time I fall in love, if I ever do—which I think is very doubtful—I shall try to be sure whether I am worshipping a real woman or a creation of my own. Work shall be my idol for the future."

Nevertheless Michael Radcliffe did fall in love again; married, and was very happy.

And in this way the world is deceived and deceives itself.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

THE LATEST ASPECTS OF LONGEVITY.

IT is natural that the season of centennial celebrations which has lately opened should bring to light a good many alleged cases of extreme old age. It adds so much to the interest of commemorations of these notable historic events to have the survivors of them among us that there is a great temptation to exaggerate the length of years of persons who lived near enough to the Revolutionary period to be almost associated with its stirring scenes. As a New York illustrated journal of high respectability has lately (May 1st) given an account of a person who is modestly called "the oldest man in the Union, in all probability," and whose age is said to be about one hundred and fifteen years, there would seem to be a good chance of having our various centennial celebrations dignified by the presence of individuals old enough to remember, if not to have participated in, the opening scenes of the drama of the American Revolution. It would appear, therefore, somewhat singular that at the recent celebrations at Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill, there were no contemporaries of the participants in those contests; for it is reasonable to suppose that, if any were alive, they would have been secured for those occasions. The writer happened to ride in the procession at Concord behind a venerable soldier with a lofty and somewhat grotesque-looking plume in his *chapeau*, who was by some people supposed to be a relic of the Revolution, and was accordingly pestered with inquiries about the other "embattled farmers" of the period. It turned out, however, that he was only an 1812 man, a survivor of what, though no longer known as "the last war," is still a good way removed from the struggle for independence. In fact, the oldest man whom I saw in the Concord pavilion only claimed to be ninety-four, but, as he did not exhibit any documentary evidence to that effect, and his stout and hearty *physique* and ruddy complexion were decidedly against it, it is no wonder that, as a disciple of the skeptical Mr. Thoms, I mentally deducted ten or fifteen years from this age.

It is interesting to recall the fact that when Mr. Webster, fifty years ago, delivered his famous oration at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, about two hundred

veterans of the Revolution, of whom forty were survivors of the battle, were present with Lafayette, but even then, according to Mr. Frothingham, their emaciated frames, tottering limbs, and trembling voices, told of the ravages which Time had made upon them. Eighteen years later, when the same great orator and statesman, who had addressed them as "venerable men, you have come down to us from a former generation," delivered an oration on the completion of the monument, only thirteen veterans of Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill, remained to hear him, and the lapse of forty-two years has left none of them among the living!

Before the "oldest man in the Union, in all probability," as *Harper's Weekly* calls its latest hero of longevity, can establish his claim to the great age of one hundred and fifteen, he must present more satisfactory evidence in favor of it than has yet appeared. In fact, when the journal that champions him with pen and pencil says that "reports differ a little as to Mr. Griffin's precise age," we are prepared for the delightful discrepancy between the statement of his present wife, whom he married about twenty-five years ago, that he is one hundred and three, and the "other evidences and testimony that make him out to be about one hundred and fifteen." What the other evidences and testimony are is not stated, and, in default of documentary proof, it is, of course, too much to assume that he has reached a period which no human being that ever lived is positively proved to have attained, or even that he has rounded the exceptional limit of a century of life. To be sure, this old man is said to recall distinctly the departure of his brothers for the army, to take part in the struggle for independence; but the memory of old people is proverbially treacherous as to what happened in their early life, and nothing is more common than for them to confound their remembrances of a noted occurrence with the public talk of it long afterward. Thus Henry Jenkins, the man whose name has come down to us as that of the longest-lived individual in modern times, had his story generally credited, and even admitted into the Transactions of the Royal Society of England, on the strength of his statement that he remembered the battle of Flodden Field, which was fought one hundred and fifty-two years before, when he was twelve years old. As Jenkins's claims to this extreme longevity have lately been shown by Mr. Thoms, Professor Owen, and other investigators, to be unfounded, it is supposed that he may have heard the accounts of the battle so often that he finally thought he recollected it instead of them. In the same way the alleged ante-Revolutionary veteran of our own time, if only ninety years of age instead of one hundred and fifteen, may, as he says, have had brothers in the Revolutionary War, and long afterward have heard their stories about its opening scenes, so that in time his remembrance of their accounts of their departure for the battle-field would assume the form of his recollection of seeing them as they went. The chances are, however, that, instead of brothers, he had a father or an uncle in that war, and memory is, supposing him to be an honest man, playing tricks with

his ideas of relationship, as well as of his age.

Some other recent cases of alleged extreme longevity are worth noticing in connection with the results of modern investigation into the subject. Thus, a cable-dispatch from Paris, April 30th, to the New York papers, announced the death of Baron Jean Frédéric de Waldeck, at the age of one hundred and nine years. Having been born, according to this account, on March 16, 1766, he was, if it is true, nine years old at the outbreak of our Revolutionary War. It is said that he taught Marie Antoinette to play upon the harp, and instructed her in Italian during the first years of her sojourn in France. Intimate, as he told a newspaper correspondent, with Robespierre, and having Camille Desmoulins for his dearest friend, a staff-officer of Kléber in Egypt, and fighting under Napoleon at Austerlitz, he had, according to his own story, been a witness of all the leading political changes in France since the days of Louis XVI. That a participant in all these events should have only just died seems sufficiently strange, but the additional and in many respects contradictory accounts of his adventures, which were telegraphed to the London papers, make the case still more curious. These stories represent him as an African explorer with Levaillant in 1785, and as subsequently having had varied experiences in Egypt, Italy, Central and South America, as a soldier, traveler, archaeologist, and engineer. In view of these sensational and contradictory dispatches, it is interesting to find Mr. Thoms, in the London *Times* of May 6th, disputing the claims of Count Waldeck, which had been vouched for by the Paris correspondent of that journal. It appears that the indefatigable investigator of centenarianism had often sought to secure from Count Waldeck proof of his alleged extreme longevity, but without success. The impression produced by the old man upon a friend of Mr. Thoms's, who called upon the count for the purpose of testing his age, was one of unreality and exaggeration. It appears that the contradictory statements in the obituary dispatches to the New York and London papers as to the incidents of his life had been exhibited in previous reports—a fact which unsettles confidence in any of them. That the old gentleman was largely indebted to his imagination for his age is the opinion of Mr. Thoms, the conclusion of whose letter to the *Times* puts the case on its true basis: "When I add that in returning thanks to his friends for drinking his health on his birthday in 1874, he concluded with this startling announcement—'Mon grand-père a vécu jusqu'à 162 ans; et je suis le 21me centenaire de ma famille'—your readers will probably share my feeling that the one hundred and nine years of Count Waldeck cannot be admitted as proved until evidence has been produced as exceptionally strong, clear, and irrefragable, as the age claimed is exceptionally extreme."

The same may be said of the claims of Elizabeth Leatherland, which Sir G. Duncan Gibb has recently brought to the attention of the English medical journals. Sir George is said to be confident that this person, whose death has

lately occurred, reached the remarkable age of one hundred and eleven years; but, until the evidence in her case has been presented and sifted, she cannot be allowed a place even on the small roll of centenarians, to say nothing of a wholly exceptional position as the oldest individual on record. It is interesting to learn that the venerable deceased was little and lively, and of pure gypsy descent, and that though her sight was not particularly good, she was able to knit twine-bags almost to the last; but these facts, if they prove any thing, tend to take off something from the age of a person whose antecedents and vitality near the close of an exceptionally long life favor the idea that she was much younger than she assumed to be.

The cases thus far referred to, of what have been aptly termed ultra-centenarians, must be decided, in the absence of that positive, convincing evidence which none of them exhibit, on the strength of the latest results of scientific research, which fix the extreme limit of human life at one hundred and five years. It is obvious that the records of insurance-offices afford no unimportant evidence of the extreme duration of existence among men and women. The position of the insured as regards health and the chances of life, based not only upon the acceptance of the risk by the companies, but upon the care and forethought and presumably comfortable pecuniary condition of the applicant, illustrates a state of things very favorable to longevity. And yet, among the thousands of persons who have been insured in England, there has been, according to the report of the registrar-general, but a single case of centenarianism—that of Jacob William Luning, who died in 1870, at the age of one hundred and three years. It is obvious that the age given by an applicant for insurance is not likely to be overstated, as this would be against his interest, but the ordinary claimant to centenarianism has an object in the increased consideration likely to accrue to him, and, if he is one of the mendicant fraternity, this extreme longevity is a strong appeal to the sympathies of the charitable. Quaint old Thomas Fuller illustrated the proverbial tendency of persons of advanced years to add to them when he said, "Many old men set the clock of their age forward when past seventy." As confirming the experience of the English insurance-offices in regard to centenarianism, that of the National Debt Office, which records only two authenticated cases between 1790 and 1872, is important. In this country, there have been a number of well-established instances of persons living beyond a century, but they are few, indeed, as compared with those which rest on insufficient evidence. Four graduates of Harvard College have been centenarians, and if we accept the statement in the report of the Health Department of New York City, for 1873, ninety-one persons had, during the previous ten years, died there at or beyond a hundred years of age. In these cases, as reported, however, the absence of any evidence of such extreme longevity, except that furnished by the assertion of the individual, the belief of his friends or attending physician,

deprives them of the authenticity which indubitable documentary proof alone can furnish. The fact that most of these centenarians are Irish or colored widows throws great doubt upon the legitimacy of their claims, for in their position the means of verifying them would naturally be inadequate. One of these persons, a woman of color, called Mary Ann Bastine, who died ten years ago at the alleged age of one hundred and eighteen, which would make her twenty-eight years older than the republic, is said to have been born and passed all her life in New York. In her case, at least, the registry of her birth or baptism, in connection with other facts of record, would throw some light on the question of her age, but, in default of such evidence, the extreme longevity claimed for her cannot be accepted.

In reference to the difficulty of authenticating the cases of alleged centenarianism just mentioned among Irish and colored widows, the remarks of the English registrar-general seem appropriate. After mentioning the fact that two-thirds of the centenarians returned by the census are women, he adds that "several of them in England are natives of parishes in Ireland or Scotland where no efficient system of registration exists; few of them reside in the parishes where they were born and have been known from youth; many of the old people are paupers, and probably illiterate—so that it would no doubt be difficult to obtain the documentary evidence which can alone be accepted as conclusive proof of such extraordinary ages." It may be remarked here that the statements of age in the reports of the English registrar-general, which are often quoted as decisive evidence of the claims of centenarians therein mentioned, do not pretend to be the results of official verification, but are merely given, like other particulars, from information of relatives or other persons, regarding the death. From this it is easy to see that the average of seventy-eight deaths of centenarians a year, from 1861 to 1871, in England, as deduced from the registry, is of no value in settling the vexed question of longevity. Whenever the department is able to investigate any exceptional case of this kind, the report is made in "The Weekly Return," and it is very seldom that the result bears out the claims of centenarianism. Even documentary evidence, as Mr. Thoms shows in his interesting treatise, cannot be relied upon until it has been thoroughly sifted. Parish registers are often misleading in such matters, from the danger of confounding the supposed centenarian with another person of the same name, especially when belonging to the same family, it being not uncommon for parents to give one name to successive children when one or more have died young. As the persons present at the baptism of an individual of such advanced age are usually all dead, there is need of great care in examining the secondary and circumstantial evidence which is put forward to establish his identity. That inscriptions on tombstones are often as untrustworthy in regard to the age as they proverbially are to the characters of those who lie beneath them has been abundantly proved in many cases of alleged centenarianism. The way in which

credence is given to such cases is well illustrated by the examples of the three typical representatives of extreme longevity in modern times—the Countess of Desmond, Henry Jenkins, and Thomas Parr.

The old countess's claim to one hundred and sixty-two or one hundred and sixty-three years was based on Horace Walpole's mistaken identification of her with another member of the family, and the statement that she had danced with Richard III., while perhaps justifying Tom Moore's reference to her as "that frisky old girl," was assumed by Walpole on mere oral tradition. As the *Quarterly and Dublin Reviews* and Mr. Thoms have completely annihilated the claims of the countess to extreme longevity, there is no need of dwelling upon them here. Henry Jenkins was also born before the days of parish registers, and, being a professional beggar, his own story of his age, which is the mainstay of the long-current belief that he was one hundred and sixty-nine years old, is not credible. His alleged recollection of Flodden Field, which was fought one hundred and fifty-two years before, was, as we have said, admitting his honesty, only a recollection of the public talk of it long afterward. That his integrity in such matters was not above reproach was shown by the reproof he got from the judge for swearing to a circumstance that occurred one hundred and twenty years before. Considerable stress has been laid upon the testimony of "divers ancient witnesses" that Jenkins was a very old man when they first knew him, but, as their own age at that time is not mentioned, his cannot be reasonably supposed to be wholly exceptional on such evidence. It is highly probable that both Jenkins and Parr were centenarians, and possible that they had reached one hundred and two or one hundred and three years of age. The only reason for crediting Thomas Parr with one hundred and fifty-two years of life is the statement of the eminent physiologist who dissected him; but, as Harvey merely reported what was stated by others, and made no personal investigation into the matter, Professor Owen agrees with Mr. Thoms that there is no authentic evidence on scientifically-acceptable ground of Parr's precise age.

As for the claims of the festive old soldier who has been dined and wined in New York for several years past on the strength of his having been born in 1766, and who on this theory is now one hundred and nine years old, a critical examination of his claims by the light of the British Army List shows that Lieutenant Lahrbusch (for he never was a captain) is more likely, as Mr. Thoms concludes, to be eighty-nine than one hundred and nine. Cashiered in 1818, when he was, if born in 1766, fifty-two years of age, for what he afterward pleaded were "youthful errors," after nine instead of his alleged twenty-nine years of service, a deduction of twenty years from his assumed longevity may reasonably be made, even at the risk of spoiling the fine stories about his serving with the Duke of York in the Low Countries in 1793, with Lord Cornwallis in Ireland in 1798, with Nelson at Copenhagen in 1801, and witnessing the interview between

Napoleon and Alexander which led to the Peace of Tilsit in 1807.

Professor Owen has shown that the age of the patriarchs, as given in the literal version of the first chapter of Genesis, is inconsistent with physiological laws regulating the length of human life, which bears, as with other animals, a certain proportion to the period of growth, and is inexorably limited in a state of nature by the progressive hardening of the tissues and the gradual destruction of the teeth. A sound Biblical criticism is not opposed to these views, which harmonize with the expressions of the Hebrew Psalmist in regard to the longevity of man. But, although human existence is seldom prolonged to a century, the improvements effected by modern civilization have so increased its average term that there seems no reason why, in time, a hundred years, declared by Flourens and Buffon to be the natural, may not become the actual limit of life with the majority of men and women. Dr. Gardner, the author of a recent English work on longevity, fixes the beginning of old age at sixty-five, and, as all pathologists agree that most persons who live to eighty, or ninety, or longer, die from preventable or curable diseases, the advance of sanitary science and of general intelligence and comfort is likely to make the approximation to one hundred years of life more and more common. Whatever promotes the harmonious development of humanity in its varied functions, both of body and mind, is conducive to long life. It is in this way that matrimony is favorable to longevity, whether we regard the former as the cause, or, as Herbert Spencer, in his recent ingenious "Study of Sociology," maintains, as the effect of the latter, the instinct tending to marriage, and the ability to meet its responsibilities, determining, in his view, whether life shall be long or short. Hereditary influences also strongly affect this question, and Dr. Nathan Allen, a high authority, thinks it doubtful whether any individuals have reached a very great age without having had immediate or remote ancestors who have also been very long-lived. The inherited tendency to longevity, he adds, is strongest where the family is large and all its members reach a great age. Some striking illustrations of this are furnished by causes occurring in Massachusetts, the most notable being in his own family in the town of Barre, the average age of the ten children of Nehemiah Allen—four sons and six daughters—reaching eighty-eight years, eight months, and twenty days, which the doctor considers unexampled in the whole history of New England. Although centenarianism is more common among the poor than the rich, yet this is not because of the condition of the former being more favorable to longevity than that of the latter, as the fact is the other way, but in consequence of their greater numbers. Curiously enough, however, neither Sir G. Cornewall Lewis nor Mr. Thoms has found any well-authenticated instances of centenarianism in the British peerage. Still, Palmerston dying at eighty-one, Brougham at eighty-nine, Campbell at eighty-three, St. Leonard at ninety-four, and Earl Russell still active in mind at eighty-three, make a very good show-

ing for the lords, though democracy can surpass them with John Adams living till ninety, Jefferson till eighty-three, Josiah Quincy dying at ninety-two, and Horace Binney alive to-day at ninety-five. All these cases prove also that intellectual activity of a high order is favorable to longevity, which in general may be said to depend upon the healthy, equable development of the bodily and mental powers.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

THE STRANGEST THINGS IN LIFE.

ONE breathless afternoon in August, 1874, as I was lounging under an ancient maple that overhangs a river, and wondering why the world could not come to an end before my funds gave out, which were just then running low, a letter was put into my hands. It read as follows:

"MUNSTER, NEAR STREATOR, {
ILLINOIS, August 25, 1874. }

"BROTHER FAIRFIELD: I just now read your article in the *Springfield Republican* in reference to spiritualism. You set out to hunt for one thing, and actually stumbled upon another thing, of vastly more importance than the thing for which you were hunting. Good! Accidents will happen in the best of families. You don't say whether you found a psychological basis for inspiration or not, but I presume you did. I am an honest investigator of spiritualism, and now I wish to inquire if your unconscious-cerebration and nervous-lesion theory will cover all the ground and explain all spiritual phenomena. I will give you a case that occurred in my own house—not a phantom case, but a real one. It was in the dead of winter, in a country-house, more than twenty-five miles from any city or hot-house where plants and flowers might be growing. A circle was held one evening, and, among other phenomena upon the table, fresh, dewy, and odoriferous flowers—a large bouquet of them—suddenly formed where an instant previous there had been nothing. They were certainly not placed there by any visible hand, but a shining vapor at the same point preceded them for an instant. Now, where did they come from? The flowers remained on the table for some days, until they withered away and were picked to pieces by me. The spirits said they created them then and there from substance and element that they drew from Nature. Did they lie, or were they only phantom flowers incubated according to your theory? Will you please answer? If you can solve this case, I have others still more difficult which I would like to bring to your consideration. If you have struck bottom or found the key that unlocks this great modern mystery, you have done well even if you were not hunting for it when you found it. Inclosed find the devil's due-bill, which I take the liberty of presenting.

"Yours for progress,

"JOHN SYPHERS."

This was written on a large folio of paper rather more than a foot square, on the re-

verse of which was a three-column article, by Mr. Syphers, under the startling caption, "Give the Devil his Due," concluding with the following resolution in due and proper form:

"In consideration, then, of his great services to our race, and for his many inventions and discoveries, I move that steps be immediately taken toward rearing for him a monument—an alabaster shaft of fame—whose lofty height shall pierce the stormy clouds and lift its towering head to heaven, bearing in golden capitals this inscription:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
THE DEVIL,

WHOSE DEEDS, WHOSE GLORIOUS DEEDS,
HAVE RENDERED HIS NAME IMMORTAL."

I ran over the article amusedly, then over the letter again, with its obviously satirical intention, and its vague cant about substance and element—two words very familiar to those who have studied the literature of spiritualism, and invested with a mystic significance by philosophers as to the nature of so-called spiritual phenomena. Finally, I put the missive in my pocket, and went on with my day-dream, piecing together odds and ends of supernatural tales, until one of the strange aphorisms of Novalis intruded into my reveries. It was this, which most readers of German literature will remember in the original: "The soul is the most active of all poisons; it is the most penetrating and diffusible of stimulants." And this, by one of those singular sequences that could only occur on a summer afternoon, under an ancient maple, with a river purling in one's ear, recalled the death of poor Pabodie, William J. Pabodie the poet, who is represented in Griswold's collection. He was the friend of Edgar A. Poe, and had, I fear, caught something of the mad spirit of his friend. He died by his own hand in November, 1870. "Unfortunately addicted to the opium-habit, and having a feeble will," writes a medical gentleman to me, who attended him in his last illness, "he was unable to overcome his longing for the drug. I tried my best to aid him, but failed, and so from being by nature cowardly, and shrinking from the grim free-booter, he finally took with a gentle smile the cup of death, and died thanking the god of healing who had cured him of the disease of life. On reflecting upon his case and many others I have known," continues his medical adviser, in the same letter, "I discern the abstract truth of the fancy of Novalis—'Inoculation with death, also, will not be wanting in some future universal therapy.'"

Ah, the few souls that have this strange sympathy with death and ghostliness, whom science styles of insane temperament, but who style themselves the sanest of the sane! They are poets generally, with flashes about them of new senses—particularly, of an inward sense that never comes to saner and more accurately-balanced organizations, and which to them is

"Like an Æolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes,
As in the deepest trances men
Forget the dream that happens then,
Until they fall in trance again."

There are strange things in life. They pass mostly as coincidences. But the other night, in an up-town residence, died a man whose life had been passed in Wall Street, in the business of a broker. At a few minutes past eleven o'clock, as the man's eyes were dimming with the last sight of earth, he asked an attendant to repeat the familiar hymn commencing—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

Nothing very singular about this request from a man whose eyes were glazing. But, at that exact hour and minute, a lady living squares away waked up from a dream, in which she had seemed to be standing by the death-bed of this man, and he had requested her to sing that hymn to him. By what strange agency the wish of the dying man was transmitted to a sleeping acquaintance, squares distant, and reflected as a dream, is one of those problems that must engage scientific attention one of these days, when the mystery of life has yielded up so many of its more material facts that interest in that important direction has waned a little. At present, occurrences of this type are regarded as startling coincidences, but not as inductive evidence of the existence of a region not yet explored by science—a region of dreams and spectres and morbid imaginings, in the main, but one that occasionally yields strange and inexplicable facts.

My own correspondence furnishes a curious portfolio of such psychological data, some of them transcending the wildest creations of the professional romancer.

The wife of a well-known physician, resident in one of the larger cities of Illinois, sends me a curious transcript of the dream-experiences of her husband. I will permit her to tell the story in her own way:

"Throughout a large obstetrical practice, covering a period of ten or twelve years, my husband has," says she, "been able before leaving home to foretell with unerring certainty the sex of any infant he has been called upon to usher into the world during a series of cases numbering hundreds. The birth of a boy is invariably preceded by the dream of seeing a man shot; while that of a girl is not preceded by any particular dream. The phenomenon has probably attended his whole medical career, but at first it was naturally regarded as a mere coincidence, and it has only fixed itself in his mind by constant repetition. I recall an event that took place fifteen years ago, before the dream had yet impressed him with the force of a revelation. He dreamed one night of hearing the report of a gun and seeing a man fall, and, on examination, he found two men dead on the grass. He was awakened to visit a lady residing in the country, some miles distant. On the way thither he recounted to the messenger—the husband of his patient, by-the-way—the details of the dream from which he had just been awakened. The man remarked that he had a similar dream before he was called up and sent for the doctor. The latter had dreamed that he had gone out gunning and shot a young deer, and that, on arriving at the spot where the animal had fallen, he found there were two of them. The lady be-

came the mother of twin boys. About three months ago, my husband waked up near midnight one night and said he had had his dream, with an attendant circumstance that impressed him with the premonition of a fatal case; for, after seeing the prostrate body once, as was usual with him, it had reappeared, floating slowly before him, horribly mangled, a portion of the spinal column being torn away. He had scarcely finished this recital, when he was summoned to attend a patient living nine miles from the city. She became the mother of a boy, and he left her at four P. M., apparently in a condition favorable to recovery, although the impression of impending peril and fatality was still, to his own consciousness, as vivid as ever. At midnight that night he was again hastily summoned to visit the patient. But she was already moribund, and death resulted a few minutes after his arrival, from the stranding of a blood-clot in the heart. He has often had dreams that seemed to foreshadow coming events, but these are only sporadic phenomena, while the special dream I have mentioned has been as constant in its sequence as the succession of day to night. He is also habitually clairvoyant—hyperæsthesia of the optic nerve, he calls it; and frequently, when I wake up in the night and ask what time it is, he will tell me to the instant, and say that he can see the dial of his Waltham, which he always leaves in his vest-pocket, and which is inclosed in double cases, as distinctly as though it were daylight and he was holding the open instrument in his hand. This, however, only occurs in paroxysms. My husband's temperament is markedly cerebral. My own temperament is less mental, but, from my earliest recollection, I have been periodically subject in the dark to a peculiar optic phenomenon—forms, faces, and beautiful landscapes suffused with light floating before my eyes and the darkness seeming to be illuminated. I can still recall the phenomenon by an effort of the will. I am, also, frequently awakened from sleep by far-away voices calling me, or by the pressure of a hand, and, on starting up, see forms and faces, moving away from the foot of the bed, and repeating my own name over and over in low tones, but with striking distinctness. When I am in good health these dream and trance experiences seldom occur; but the moment I am enfeebled and nervous they return, with all their primitive force."

Dr. Maudsley, in one of his later volumes, adduces biographical memoranda to show that this peculiar capability of reflex action in the optic nerve is by no means uncommon with artists and poets. Shelley's power of realizing the phantoms of his imagination as actual visions has been adverted to by several who knew him intimately. It is an established fact that many artists and poets—and particularly those noted for vividness and weird magnificence of imagination—have been specially endowed with the faculty of realizing their imaginings optically, and have thus been indebted for their picturesqueness of execution to morbid affection of the optic nerve; and, in tracing the genesis of imaginative production, it is not infrequent to find peculiar fecundity of invention existing as

the exponent of some mere peculiarity of nervous organization, that seems trifling in itself, but is tremendous in its consequences. Thus, in a recent letter, Tennyson confesses that he is subject to nervous paroxysms assimilated to trance, the inception of which is marked by a monotonous repetition of his own name, succeeded by a psychical exaltation in which the consciousness of self is for the moment lost in the consciousness of abstract being; and, in the light of this confession, the acute psychologist is able to unravel his peculiar imaginings and trace them to their causes in actual experience, and to indicate the source of certain mannerisms that professional critics have deemed inexplicable.

Did you ever have a beautiful fancy just draw the curtains back and peep out from its cranny in the brain, then vanish never to return? If you have, you are capable of appreciating many an obscure and dreamy passage of Tennyson, and of understanding how it is that all that is highest and most beautiful in our natures comes in glimpses and paroxysms, and often stays not long enough to be caught and lucidly expressed. In one aspect of Mr. Tennyson's literature man is a fly:

"To-day I saw the dragon-fly
Come from the wells where he did lie.
An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk: from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.
He dried his wings: like gauze they grew;
Through crofts and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew."

From one point of view this is his philosophy of human life. Men are but insects with a spinal column—

"Each worm of them beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late and soon
Spins, tolling out his own cocoon."

That is all—the story of every man's life, so far as science has any thing to say about it. The paroxysms of the poet have furnished him with a solution of the problem. He believes, with the mystics, with the illuminati, with the spiritualists, that, at the very core of life, within, within, and still within, is found the interpretation of its dream. His way of expressing it is—

"Heaven opens inward, fissures yawn,
Vast images in glimmering dawn,
Half-shown, are broken and withdrawn."

In some of its aspects life is a revelation of the superhuman and of the preternatural, and it is upon these aspects principally that Mr. Tennyson's imagination dwells lovingly, constantly contrasting them with the other and more material.

A very strange story is told by a Staten Island physician. In his younger days this gentleman was one of the medical staff at a Swiss hospital situated on Lake Constance. One of the patients, subject to epileptic paroxysms, was his special study. During these attacks this patient would often foretell what would occur while the next paroxysm was on her, and the exact instant when it would supervene. On one occasion she foretold that the next night she should leave her bed and walk on the waters of the lake. By way of verifying the prediction, she was left to herself, her physician, among others, taking care to observe her movements. He states

that, in the midst of this paroxysm, the patient left her bed, went down to the shore, and walked out on the water thirty feet or farther, and back again, as though the element had been a solid platform. It should be added that this patient was not aware of the nature of her predictions after recovering from her attacks.

I have another strange story in my portfolio, which is worth telling as an addition to the literature of nervous perversion. It runs thus: In 1837, the late Colonel William L. Stone, of this city, sent a letter to his brother-in-law, President Wayland, of Brown University, with a view of testing the clairvoyance of a young girl who was just then the subject of considerable gossip in the city of Providence, Rhode Island. The letter was first wrapped in several sheets of heavy, opaque paper, then placed in a thick envelope, carefully sealed, and stamped with the arms of Colonel Stone. On the reception of this letter, according to instructions, and without knowing the contents, Dr. Wayland, in company with Professor Goddard, of the university, called on the girl. While in the trance-state the letter was placed at the back of her head, and she was requested to read it, which she did, Professor Goddard taking down her version, word for word, as it fell from her lips. The version and the letter, still unopened, were then placed in an envelope, and returned by mail to Colonel Stone in this city, who, on examination, found that it had been accurately interpreted word for word. The girl was uncultured and ignorant, and the contents of the letter were such as to have baffled her completely had she not been guided by an absolutely accurate perception. It commenced with this sentence: "The following is the title, equally quaint and curious, of a little volume published in the days of Oliver Cromwell." Then followed the title. Neither Dr. Wayland nor Professor Goddard was aware what Colonel Stone had written.

The case of the late T. B. Read, equally well known as poet and as artist, furnishes an instance of premonition worth a memorandum. Mr. Read—one of the most delicate physical organizations I have ever met—had a presentiment that he should not live to finish his fiftieth year, if even to complete his forty-ninth; and this presentiment was very constant with him during the last three or four years of life. He was not gloomy in view of it: temperament so sunny and spiritual as his could not give way to the sullen and purple glooms that are so frequent with men who have tasted life and fame and proved them to be dreams—one dream within another. But the conviction grew and rooted in his inner life, until it assumed the force of a revelation. He died before his fiftieth birthday came. Is it possible that, by some subtle intelligence, the processes of which are hidden from the every-day consciousness of men, the physical organization may calculate its own endurance with mathematical exactness, and foretell the day of its dissolution? There are many verified data that point to this conclusion. That the ordinary spiritualistic solution of these experiences has been seriously cogitated by Mr. Tennyson, his

poems furnish abundant evidence. A single passage from "In Memoriam" must answer as an example:

"If any vision should reveal
Thy likeness, I might count it vain,
As but the canker of the brain.
Yea, though it spoke and made appeal

"To places where our lots were cast
Together in the days behind,
I might but say, I hear a wind
Of memory murmuring the past.

"Yea, though it spoke and bared to view
A fact within the coming year,
And though the months, revolving near,
Should prove the phantom-warning true,

"They might not seem thy prophecies,
But spiritual presentiments,
And such refraction of events
As often rises ere they rise."

In considering these strange and occasional incidents of life, the question is whether they shall be regarded as psychological phenomena and as data for scientific analysis, or whether the ordinary construction of spiritualism shall be put upon them. My own observation, as well as my more general studies of the biographies of poets and artists, leads me to the conclusion that most highly-sensitive organizations are subject to experiences of the class that I have described, and they are facts that cannot be neglected in any system of psychology intended to take its place as the last word that science has to say on the deeper questions of life and consciousness. The theory of coincidence breaks down in view of the regularity and minuteness with which presentiments are often verified and presentimental dreams fulfilled. Let me give an instance. When I was a boy of seven or eight years old, an elder brother resided at a village called Hydeville, a few miles from the home farm, and was acquainted and somewhat intimate with a man named Durfy. He came home one Saturday and remained until Monday morning. On Sunday evening, among various topics, he discussed Durfy and their mutual projects. That night I dreamed that my brother and I were standing by the door in front of the old house, when a gentleman passed by in a sleigh. The gentleman nodded to my brother, who told me it was Durfy. I turned and went into the house. By the tall old clock in the east-room it was just eight o'clock to a minute. It must be premised that I did not know Mr. Durfy by sight, and had never been at Hydeville. I did not even think of the dream; but the next morning, after breakfast, it happened that my brother and myself were standing in the yard by the front door, when a gentleman passed in a sleigh—the very man, muffled to the eyes, wearing a fur cap; the very sleigh and horse that had passed in my dream the night before. And, on looking at the clock an instant after, it was exactly eight o'clock. The man was Mr. Durfy. I have had many such experiences, but quote this one because nothing hinged upon it, and because, saving the element of presentiment, it was of no importance whatever. But in what manner was it impressed upon me that a gentleman whom I did not know would pass at a given hour and minute, dressed in such and such a manner, in a sleigh of given color and contour, with all the

appurtenances that make up a perfect identity? The coincidence of the hour and minute constitutes, again, a very singular and inexplicable element of the verification.

A physician, practising in the city of Providence, Rhode Island, sends me his memoranda of a visit to the Eddy brothers, whose *séances* have excited such general attention:

"Last September," writes he, "I was in Rutland, Vermont, in company with a Vermont farmer, an intelligent man and a thorough skeptic. He proposed a visit to the Eddy house. It was an evening *séance*. In the course of the manifestations, a phantom, never before seen by the spectators present, appeared in full view on the platform. The audience were individually requested to ask, 'Is it for me?' When my companion's turn came, his question was answered by three loud knocks on the wall hard by the phantom, which answered to the name of Dr. C——, a brother-in-law. This man had never seen either of the Eddy brothers until he saw them that evening. Can it be that there was not present the essence of Dr. C——'s spirit, around which this visible and tangible presentation of him, that the farmer declared to be his brother-in-law to the life, clothed itself? At a *séance* that occurred here (in Providence) some years since, the medium, an ignorant boy, wrote a message which no person present save a sea-captain could read. The message reported the death of the harbor-master in Havana. The truth of the statement was afterward verified. I am not a believer in spiritualism, but I am unsatisfied with my own experiences and investigations, which have fallen far short of yours. I only wish you would dwell more at length on certain points, remembering that, while they are less important from your point of view than those which you discuss exhaustively, they are the very points that make most popular impression."

A gentleman, now doing business in Wall Street as a broker, but formerly of the staff of General Sterling Price, gives me the details of an encounter with Foster, a well-known medium, who is supposed to be the original of Margrave in the "Strange Story," by Bulwer. He attended the *séance* as a stranger in a strange city, taking a seat some thirty feet from the platform. The medium presently singled him out, and told him that a spirit wished to communicate with him, describing his former general to the life, and giving the name as Sterling Price. The gentleman declined to have any further transactions with his general. "There is another spirit," said Foster, "a little girl, standing just behind you, and she says her name is Minnie." "I never knew a girl of that name," replied the colonel, but, a moment after, he recollected that his little daughter, whose real name was Mary, had always called herself Minnie, although she was never mentioned in the family under that designation.

A medical man, now practising in this city, sends me a very dramatic instance of what is usually styled clairvoyance, which I will add to that related by Colonel Stone. In company with a medical associate he

called on a woman, who was just then exciting considerable interest in a Western city. After sitting a few minutes in ominous silence, a spasm shook the attenuated frame of the medium and she apparently slept. An instant after the supervention of the paroxysm, she commenced to laugh and giggle like a little girl. "My companion," says the narrator, "asked her rather savagely what she was laughing at. 'Have you forgotten, doctor,' giggled the woman, 'that morning when you dissected me up-garret, and how, when you cut into me, the blood spurted, and then you were frightened and ran away?' The man was astounded, and, on the way home, he confessed that the incident actually occurred when he was a young practitioner; that he had procured the cadaver of a little girl eight or ten years of age, and hidden it in the garret, and that, when he came to dissect it, the blood spurted at the first incision, and frightened him so, there alone in the night, that he ran down-stairs. Afterward, however, he went back and finished the dissection. 'But,' said he, 'I never told a living soul of that adventure, and how that cursed woman found it out passes my comprehension.'"

Another gentleman—a man of science, and one thoroughly versed in physical and electrical investigation—contributes to my portfolio the details of a visit of inquiry to Dr. Slade, a well-known medium of this city. He went as a stranger, and left without revealing his name. After a thorough examination of the table, which was of the ordinary type, and was provided with no appurtenances except a folding slate and a pencil tied to it with a cotton string, the investigator announced that he was satisfied. The doctor then bit off a piece of the pencil, placed it between the two slates, and they sat down, the inquirer holding the medium's hands under his own, on the table, from four to six feet from the point where the slate lay. They had sat in this manner perfectly silent for a few seconds, when a kind of paroxysm—a slight *secousse* of the arms and limbs—passed over the doctor. It was a mere shiver: something rather less than a shudder and rather more than a tremor. An instant later the pencil between the slates commenced to move, with a grating, rhythmical motion, apparently across and across. Then, with a flourish, it stopped, and the room was again silent. On examination, my informant found a message in the handwriting of his dead father; and the strangest part of it all was that the signature was exact even to a peculiar formation of the initial R. The message was of no consequence—a mere conventional thing, not worth transcribing.

I have thus hastily selected from a mass of correspondence, called out by the publication of a volume* on the subject, a series of cases that serve to illustrate the whole range of so-called spiritual phenomena. With one or two exceptions they rest upon the veracity of scientific men, and, without exception, they are from the diaries of men who dissent from the theories of spiritualism as totally and un-

* Ten Years with Spiritual Mediums. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

reservedly as I dissent from them, but who are satisfied, as I am, of the genuineness of the phenomena and of the urgent necessity to come to some scientific conclusion as to their etiology. They interest me from two aspects, namely, as respects the sources of the strange and apparently superhuman intelligence associated with them, and as psychological studies. With the accumulated testimony of such observers as Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, scarcely second to Darwin as a naturalist, and Professor Crookes, it is impossible, consistently with scientific candor, to dissent dogmatically from the genuineness of these phenomena. Careful observation is equally decisive as to the fact of their constant association with nervous paroxysms of the epileptic type, and experiments with the magnetic current on mediums in the trance-state have convinced me that they are indubitably morbid nervous phenomena, indebted for their sources of intelligence to a nervous atmosphere acting at considerable distances during the interval of the paroxysm. They call for a deeper science of psychology than that which has descended to English literature from Locke and the two Mills. The day has come to stop babbling about nervous centres, and, as Tennyson expresses it in one of his poems, to seek through all

"The springs of life, the depths of awe,
And find the law within the law,"

that is operative in these singular facts of psychical experience—the strangest things in life.

FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

AMERICA SEEN WITH FOREIGN EYES.

VIII.

NEW YORK IN EMBARGO-TIME.

MR. JOHN LAMBERT was a gentleman who visited this country in 1807. After a few months spent in Canada, he made his way to Albany by the usual Champlain route. It had been his intention to take passage for New York on the "steam-boat, which, [he] was told, traveled at the rate of five miles an hour against wind and tide." He describes this boat, built about four years prior to his visit, as one hundred and sixty feet long, and propelled by a twenty-horse-power machine. When the wind was fair, light, square sails were used to increase her speed. Her accommodations included fifty-two berths, besides sofas, and were said to be equal, if not superior, to any vessel that sailed on the river. Her trips were made regularly twice a week, "sometimes in the short period of thirty-two hours;" fare, seven dollars. Ice, however, obstructed the upper channel, so he staged it to Hudson, and thence took passage on the *Experiment*, of one hundred and thirty tons, the finest on the river, with a saloon sixty feet by twenty, and fitted up regardless of expense. The fare by this mode of conveyance was five dollars, which gave the passenger three meals a day, including spirits.

He reached New York the next night

about ten o'clock. The wharves were crowded with shipping, whose tall masts mingled with the buildings, and, together with the spires and cupolas of the churches, gave the city an appearance of magnificence, which the gloomy obscurity of night served to increase. On the 25th of November (Evacuation-Day) he beheld a parade of the militia, who had assembled from different parts of the city, on "the grand battery by the water-side, . . . a lawn for the recreation of the inhabitants, and for the purpose of military parade." The troops did not amount to six hundred, and were gaudily dressed in a variety of uniforms, every ward in the city having a different one; some of them in helmets "appeared better suited to the theatre than the field. The general and his staff were in blue and buff, with large gold epaulets and feathers. One of the corps consisted wholly of *Irishmen* dressed in light-green jackets, white pantaloons, and helmets."

New York had by this time grown to be beyond doubt the first city in the United States for wealth, commerce, and population; the changes in twenty years had been marvellous. Land, which then sold for fifty dollars, was now worth fifteen hundred dollars; Broadway was upward of two miles in length, but only paved for a mile and a quarter; the remainder of the road consisted of straggling houses, the commencement of new streets already planned out. Much of the space between Broadway and the Bowery Road, and thence to the Hudson and East Rivers, was as yet unbuilt upon, and consisted only of unfinished streets and detached buildings. In the vicinity of the Battery, and for some distance up Broadway, the buildings were nearly all private houses, and occupied by the principal merchants and gentry of New York; after which the street was lined with large, commodious shops of every description, well-stocked with European and East-Indian goods, and "exhibiting as splendid and varied a show in their windows as can be met with in London."

The streets were well paved, the footways chiefly of brick. In Robinson Street, Lambert notes with surprise and admiration that the pavement and stoop before one of the houses were composed entirely of marble. Speaking of the park, he says that a court-house (the present City Hall) "is there building in a style of magnificence unequaled in many of the larger cities of Europe." Neither the park nor the Battery was then much resorted to by the fashionable citizens of New York, as they had become too common. The genteel lounge was in Broadway from eleven till three o'clock, during which time it was "as much crowded as the Bond Street of London; and the carriages, though not so numerous, were driven to and fro with as much velocity." The sidewalks were planted with poplars, which afforded an agreeable shade from the sun. The outside of the Park Theatre was in an unfinished state, but the interior was handsomely decorated and fitted up in as good style as the London theatres. It contained a large coffee-room with good-sized lobbies, and was reckoned to hold about twelve hundred persons. The scenes were well painted and nu-

merous; the machinery, dresses, and decorations, elegant and appropriate. The great fault with it was that all the pieces were curtailed, so that the performances might be over by half-past ten. The drama was a favorite in New York before the Revolution. During the time the city was in British possession, during the war, theatrical entertainments were very fashionable; the characters were mostly supported by officers of the army.

New York then had its Vauxhall and Ranelagh, but, although pleasant places of recreation, our traveler found them "poor imitations of those near London." Vauxhall Garden was situated in the Bowery, about two miles from the City Hall (a little south of what is now Astor Place). It was a neat plantation with gravel-walks, adorned with shrubs, trees, busts, and statues. In the centre stood a large equestrian statue of General Washington. Light musical pieces, interludes, etc., were performed in a small theatre situated in one corner of the garden; the audience sat, in what was called the pit and boxes, in the open air; the orchestra was built among the trees and a large apparatus constructed for the display of fireworks. The theatrical corps of New York was chiefly engaged at Vauxhall during the summer. The Ranelagh was a large hotel and garden, generally known by the name of Mount Pitt, situated by the water-side (near the old New York Hospital), and commanding some extensive and beautiful views of the city and its environs.

On his first visit to New York its business activity particularly astonished him. "All was noise and bustle; carters driving in every direction; merchants and their clerks busily engaged in their counting-houses or upon the piers. The Tontine Coffee-House was filled with underwriters, brokers, merchants, traders, and politicians; its steps and balcony crowded with people bidding or listening to the several auctioneers, who had elevated themselves upon a hoghead of sugar, or a puncheon of rum, or a bale of cotton, and with stentorian voices were exclaiming: '*Once, twice!*' '*another cent!*' '*thank ye, gentlemen!*' or were knocking down the goods, which took up one side of the street, to the best purchasers. Coffee-House Slip, and the corners of Wall and Pearl Streets, were jammed up with carts, drays, and wheelbarrows; the welkin rang with the busy hum," and Lambert came to the conclusion that New York was the Tyre of the New World. Six months later, on his return from a visit to Charleston, he found that all was changed. The port was full of shipping, but the vessels were dismantled and laid up. Not a box, bale, or cask, was to be seen upon the wharves. Many of the counting-houses were shut up, or advertised to be let; and the few solitary merchants, clerks, and porters, that were to be seen, were walking about with their hands in their pockets. The coffee-house was almost empty, save that a few, whose time hung heavy on their hands, called there to inquire after news from Europe or Washington. The streets near the water-side were almost deserted, and grass had begun to grow upon the wharves. Such were the effects of

the *embargo*, which, in the short space of five months, had "deprived the first commercial city in the United States of all its life, bustle, and activity; caused above one hundred and fifty bankruptcies, and completely annihilated its foreign commerce."

Lambert says that nervous disorders and debility were very prevalent among the inhabitants of the United States. He attributes this (for every one of these travelers has a theory ready to account for every thing he sees) to the constant use of cigars by the young men, even at an early age, which impaired their constitutions, and created a stimulus beyond what Nature required. The dread of yellow fever had promoted this consumption of tobacco. New York was regularly subjected to this terrible scourge. As soon as it made its appearance, the inhabitants shut up their shops and fled into the country. Those who could not go far on account of business, removed to Greenwich, a "small village on the Hudson, about two or three miles from town." Here the merchants and others had their offices, and carried on their business with little danger from the fever. The banks and other public offices also removed their business to this place; and markets were regularly established for the supply of the inhabitants. Upward of twenty-six thousand persons removed from the city and the streets near the water-side in 1805.

New York society, at the time of his visit, was divided into three distinct classes. The first was composed of the constituted authorities and government officers: divines, lawyers, and physicians of eminence; the principal merchants and people of independent property. The second comprised the small merchants, retail traders, clerks, etc.; the third consisted of the inferior orders of the people. The first set associated together "in a style of splendor little inferior to Europeans. Their houses were fitted with every thing that was useful, agreeable, or ornamental. The dress of the gentlemen was plain, elegant, and fashionable." The ladies were partial to the "light, various, and dashing drapery" of the French, though there were many who preferred the more subdued English costume. In promenading Broadway, Lambert was frequently tempted to believe that there existed a sort of rivalry among the New York beauties, as there did a century before among the ladies of England; and that, instead of a patch on the right or left cheek to denote a Whig or a Tory, he could distinguish a "pretty democrat à la mode Française from a sweet little Federalist à la mode Anglaise." Whether his surmise was correct or not, it was certain that Mrs. Toole and Madame Bouchard, the two rival leaders of fashion in bonnets, dresses, and lace, had each her partisans and admirers; the one because she was an English-woman; the other because she was French; and, if the ladies were not really divided as to politics, they were most unequivocally at issue with regard to dress.

Lambert found the young ladies of New York generally handsome, though partaking more of the lily than the rose. He saw but very few who used rouge, and vigorously champions them against the charge handed

down from traveler to traveler of their having bad teeth. Of dancing they were passionately fond, and in that accomplishment they were said to excel the ladies of every other city in the Union. He visited the City Assembly, which was held at the City Hotel, in Broadway, and considered as the best in New York. As it was the first night of the season, there were but one hundred and fifty persons present. The subscription was two dollars and fifty cents for each night, which included tea, coffee, and cold collation. None but those of the first-class society could become subscribers to this assembly. Another, however, had been recently established, by those leaders of the second class who had been excluded from the first. The subscription to this was made three dollars; its balls, too, were held at the City Hotel, and were so well conducted that many of the subscribers to the old assembly joined the new one, or subscribed to both.

Many of the young ladies were accomplished in music and drawing, as well as in dancing; but among the young men these accomplishments were but little cultivated. Billiards and smoking were their favorite amusements. A cigar was in their mouth from morning to night when in the house, and not unfrequently when walking in the street. A cigar-case was always carried in the coat-pocket, and handed occasionally to a friend, "as familiarly," says Lambert, "as our dashing youths take out their gold box and offer a pinch of snuff."

Sleighting was a favorite amusement with the New-Yorkers. Parties to dinners and dances were frequently made up in the winter-time, when the snow was on the ground. They proceeded in light *carioles* (cutters) a few miles out of town to some hotel or tavern, where the entertainment was kept up till a late hour, and the company returned home by torch-light. Marriages were conducted in splendid style, and formed an important part of the winter's entertainments. The young couple, attended by their nearest connections and friends, were married at home in magnificent style, and, if they were Episcopalians, the Bishop of New York was always procured, if possible. For three days after the ceremony the newly-married couple saw company in great state, and every genteel person who could procure an introduction paid his respects to the bride and groom; the visitors after their introduction partook of a cup of coffee, and then walked away.

Even then New-Yorkers were not remarkable for early rising; little business was done before ten o'clock. Most of the merchants and persons in business dined at two o'clock; others, who were less engaged, about three; but four o'clock was usually the fashionable hour for dining. The gentlemen were partial to the bottle, but not to excess; and at private dinners they seldom sat more than two hours drinking wine.

While making a trip to Boston, Lambert made the acquaintance of a Virginian gentleman, one General Bradley, who was nicknamed "President-making Bradley," because he had summoned a *convoc* of members of Congress which nominated Madison as Jefferson's successor. This "proceeding was con-

sidered to be so unconstitutional that even several of his own party condemned it, and refused to attend. They said it was an endeavor to bias the sentiments of the people in their choice of a ruler, a measure highly subversive to the freedom of election." The general instructed our traveler in the nomenclature of Virginian drinks:

A *gum-tickler* was a gill of spirits, generally taken fasting.

A *phlegm-cutter* was a double dose just before breakfast.

An *antifogmatic* was the same when taken before dinner.

A *gall-breaker* was a pint of ardent spirits taken at discretion.

"When a man takes to drinking *gall-breakers*," says Lambert, "even the Virginians regard him as a lost sheep"—perhaps not unreasonably.

With regard to the common charge of familiarity and rudeness so frequently brought against the American people at this time, our author emphatically declares that he experienced the utmost civility and politeness from the inhabitants in every part of the country through which he traveled. Coachmen and tavern-keepers were alike civil and attentive; he hardly ever passed a man on the road who did not give him a nod, which "perhaps to some might seem curt, but was evidently meant in kindness." In fact, he found it as difficult to discover rudeness in the men as it was to detect an ugly face or bad teeth among the women. The people of England are, he thinks, "too apt to hold the character of the Americans in trifling estimation." While he, of course, prefers his own countrymen, he finds much to commend among the new people; and, if his book "succeeds in dispelling some of the prejudices and misconceptions which prevail with regard to them," he will consider his work well done. E. H. L.

TWILIGHT AND SEA.

REMEMBER how the twilight flung
A curtain over thee and me,
As, wandering hand in hand, we sung
Beside the summer sea.

What if some glittering mermaid laid
Down on the sand a listening ear,
And, like a treacherous woman, staid
Our tender talk to hear!

What if, in caves of ocean deep,
She treasured up each precious word,
Thinking that earthly lovers *keep*
The vows that she has heard!

Perhaps the sorrowing mermaid's tears
With pearls those vows incrustured o'er,
And Ocean, when his wrath uprears,
May cast them on the shore!

There memory and I will roam
Where fickle waters kiss the land,
Watching the bright and dancing foam
That dashes o'er the sand;

And I will seek and bind the pearls,
A fancied necklace, rich and rare
(While thought in every cluster curls),
About my neck to wear.

What though those days were short and few
And ne'er again shall come to me!
Each summer shall betroth anew
The twilight and the sea!

M. E. W. S.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AMONG the events of a hundred years ago which are entitled to signal commemoration in our centennial celebrations is one which occurred just one hundred years from the date of this week's JOURNAL. The stranger who visits Boston is apt to include within the circle of his sight-seeing the suburban city of Cambridge, with its old college buildings, its homes of poets and men of science and letters, and its venerable tree encircled with an iron railing, and furnished with an epitaph while yet it lives. Upon the granite slab at the base of this tree the stranger reads the statement that here on July 3, 1775, George Washington assumed the command of the Revolutionary army. It is well now, in our historic and retrospective frame of mind, to pause and consider a little the full significance of this event. We are of those who believe that ordinarily the influence of single minds upon any age is slight; that marked changes and great events are adequate products of innumerable causes lying deep in the constitution of society, which great leaders represent rather than form or create; but, when we consider all the facts of the American Revolution, it would really seem as if the success of that great effort were due to the peculiar fitness of George Washington for his tremendous task. How vast and formidable the task was, very few of us have ever fully realized. The more we study the history of the war the more marvelous the issue seems, and the more amazing the courage and confidence of those who essayed what must have seemed to many ordinary observers to be a wholly hopeless undertaking. The American rebels ought to have been defeated by all the laws of war, by the laws of force, and by all the conditions that usually determine results. And yet they won under the command of one who was neither a man of genius nor a man of ideas; they won after being defeated in the great majority of their direct encounters in the battle-field; they won under a succession of retreats, and with all the great cities excepting one in possession of the enemy; they won with an empty exchequer, and almost without food, raiment, or ammunition; they won in the face of growing discontent, with depleting numbers, and under nearly every conceivable harassment; and their winning was immensely due to the steadfast and unconquerable will of one man.

We may well believe that the success of the American army was rendered possible only by the coöperation of the French, but this coöperation could be secured only by firmly holding the army together, and steadfastly maintaining its position before the English. The condition of things was such that the one supreme quality needed in the commander-in-chief was calm, immovable, un-

finching, unvarying courage—courage of that serene and majestic character which no storm could disturb, no misfortune shake, no succession of harassing difficulties weaken, no successes inflame, and no disasters chill. A grand steadfastness of this nature was one well calculated to enforce itself upon others, to establish confidence, to command reverence, to harmonize passions, to overthrow cabals. Being united with a calm and weighty judgment, it became a grand personal force that held all the conflicting elements below it in a firm and controlling grasp. Men with brilliant parts and affluent ideas would never have done for the occasion. Men with elements of caprice, or with imaginations easily captivated with this or that project, or with a metaphysical tendency to weigh matters too nicely, would never have been able to keep the army together under all the conditions that surrounded it. Washington's calm, uplifted, heroic courage was one great force; his cool and sagacious judgment another. If he did no brilliant things, he made no mistakes. His judgment may be almost said never to have been at fault. We know full well the noble courage, the sagacious statesmanship, and the heroic devotion, of many others; but there is no name we can mention whose place could not have been filled by some other patriot equally zealous, sagacious, and capable, save that of Washington; he alone was absolutely indispensable. Not one of the generals could have been substituted for him, whereas, had we lost Adams, there still would have been Franklin, Hancock, and Jefferson; or, had all these been lost to the cause, there were still many others of great patriotism and marked capability. All the courage and sagacity and devotion of the rest would have come to naught had it not been possible to keep the army in the field, and to do this thing required all the great qualities exhibited by the other leaders supplemented by something greater still—which we may call judgment, courage, and steadfastness, but which consisted of all these in some way fused in a grand individuality that men believed in and followed. Washington's character was one that seems lofty and aspiring at a distance, and loses nothing of its dignity upon the closest survey. Of all the men in history he is conspicuously the one best fitted for the leadership of so hazardous and heroic an undertaking. The Americans have been accused of idolizing Washington, but we doubt if ever they have accurately understood all the peculiarly admirable qualifications that went to make up the character of this remarkable man. The lack of salient and brilliant qualities has chilled the enthusiasm of some people; these persons need to be reminded that a supreme personal force in such an emergency is better than genius, and that a leader of whom it can be said that he never made a mistake in judgment occupies a place higher than that of those who, while they

have dazzled, have only misled the world. We may concede numerous deficiencies in Washington's genius, but we can find none in his character—none in his transcendent fitness for the place he occupied. Hence it is that his assumption of the command of the half-clothed and wholly undisciplined army gathered around Boston one hundred years ago was an event of such measureless importance to the cause that we signally fail in our comprehension of the struggle if we do not give it a worthy place in our centennial rejoicings.

A WRITER in an English journal, speaking of the British people in their relation to art, declares that "they seldom know a good picture when they see it, and they seldom like a good picture when it is pointed out to them." Accusations of this sort are very common among writers upon art, and the truth of the charge would seem to have become a received axiom in all art-circles. Now, we bluntly assert it to be wholly fallacious. It is an error composed of two parts, one of which mistakes the character of the average intelligence, while the other mistakes the functions and requisites of a truly good picture. That every good picture contains very much that can only be fully appreciated by those who have cultivated art-perceptions is undeniably true. But there are certain essentials of a good picture which every person of average intelligence and culture is quite capable of understanding—these are, the story it has to tell, the facts it attempts to reproduce, and the sentiment it designs to express. If these things cannot be seen in a picture even when pointed out, then we may be sure that the art is in some way radically wrong in its methods. An art that can be understood in its leading manifestations only after a special training for it—which is limited by its nature to a few select, highly-cultivated persons—is rather too exclusive to be of much importance to the world. But the history of art shows us that paintings have affected very powerfully the imagination of the great mass of people, and that, notwithstanding popular ignorance, great paintings have never failed to secure their appreciation. It is not to be denied that public taste has sanctioned a great many worthless works of art, but has it ever rejected the productions of the great minds? The main difficulty with the public is, that its natural passion for pictures is such that it greedily falls to liking nearly all that is offered to it; but education in this matter is very rapid. There is nothing recondite in art. It deals with sensibilities and emotions common to the whole of mankind. The love of the beautiful and fondness for color are active principles with all classes; sentiment and the passions are possessed by all grades alike; and people who like flowers and natural scenery, who are affected by moods in Nature, who r

moved by sympathy for fellow-beings, can never be insensible to an art that appeals to their natural tastes and sentiments. All, therefore, that is open and true in painting can be appreciated by the average mind. But this average taste does not know all the technical deficiencies or the technical excellences of a picture. It may not be able to judge fully of its composition, of its treatment of parts, of its tone, of a hundred things that the expert can point out and descant upon. But this is common to every art, to every handicraft even. It is not to be assumed that men cannot tell good pictures from bad, or are wholly insensible to excellence in the arts, because they are not learned in its academic laws. A man may be a very fair judge of a poem without knowing anything about the rules of versification; he may have a sound opinion of a drama or a melody, without special training in musical composition or in the art of the playwright. It would seem as if the critics were continually exacting from the public, in regard to painting, an erudition which no other art requires; and because these critics become enamored of one man's erratic performances, another man's eccentric vagaries, in which there is probably often more or less of genuine talent turned awry into crooked paths—because the public does not possess this artificial taste for strangely-flavored dishes, it is assumed that it has no ability to understand art at all. Amateurs and connoisseurs are prone in every art to exalt technical skill above the soul or the sentiment of the performance—to find their pleasure in the skill with which difficulties are overcome rather than in the success of the essential story, with which alone the average taste is concerned. True art is catholic. It deals with large, open truths; it has no mysteries, nor vagaries, nor dilettant notions, nor petty scholasticisms, nor pedantic exclusiveness; its function is to reach and charm the great heart of humanity either by some form of beauty or story of human passion; and hence how preposterous it is to assume that this great force is something incomprehensible to all save those who have studied pigments and measured proportions!

In the article entitled "The Strangest Things in Life," printed in this week's JOURNAL, Mr. Fairfield makes a few fresh contributions to the literature of the mysterious. The remarkable statements in this paper are not given in support of the doctrine of spiritualism. It is probably known that Mr. Fairfield has recently advanced a theory in explanation of the alleged phenomena of spiritualism. This publication has naturally brought to his hands a good many curious statements from persons interested in the study of the subject, and these narratives are given to the public in the present paper. For our part, we must confess to considera-

ble distrust of the accuracy of all the marvelous stories in regard to what are called spiritualism and clairvoyance now so numerous. We are aware how well many of these narratives are supported by the testimony of intelligent people, but it has also been shown how often really capable persons have been deceived. The remarkable fact is, that these marvels fall for the most part solely within the experience of believers, and disappear when confronted with downright skepticism. Mr. Lecky, in his "History of Rationalism," tells us that the phenomena of witchcraft continued just so long as a wide-spread faith in them existed, and ceased when a general skepticism of their truth began to take possession of the popular mind. He asserts that the phenomena never were and have not been to this day disproved; that all the evidence goes to support their authenticity; that the people eventually ceased to believe in them not because any facts were elicited or any revelation made calculated to throw doubt upon them, but simply because a disbelief, based not on evidence but on rationalistic reasoning, gradually took possession of the public mind. It would be well if some philosopher, prompted by the current mysteries, should make a searching study of the natural credulity of man—of the deeply-grounded tendency of many people to rest upon and believe in the marvelous. These persons believe in the mysterious because the whole tenor of their mental organization is in that direction. They either do not know how to investigate phenomena or are indisposed to do so. They like to believe. They have no sympathy with doubters. They are thrilled and captivated by every thing of a mystic character, and eagerly surrender their whole natures to its influence. People of this tendency of mind are simply incapable of analyzing phenomena like those of spiritualism. No man of a thoroughly skeptical mind, we may be assured, would have been deceived by the recent Katie King frauds. He might have been unable to detect the trick, but his inability to discover the cause of the manifestations would never for a moment have led him into the tremendous blunder of accepting them for what they were alleged to be. His rationalism would have asserted the impossibility of their truth, regardless of all the plausible circumstances under which they were exhibited. The skeptical person disbelieves in despite of what he sees, because he feels assured that somewhere, by some means, there is to be found an adequate explanation of the marvel before him; the unskeptical person believes in despite of his reason, or rather seduces his reason from its path by the force of his imagination, and believes because he is quite willing to accept the most superficial testimony as trustworthy. In all ages and with all people the marvelous has abounded when the spirit of credulity has prevailed; and at all times

the marvelous has fled before the spirit of incredulity. For this reason the reader may derive entertainment from the strange narratives in Mr. Fairfield's paper, but it would be wise for him to keep his faith in them in reserve, simply classifying them among the unexplained.

A NOTEWORTHY social change has been taking place in England within the past quarter of a century. It is illustrated in one way in the region of art. Formerly the patronage of art, not only of painting and sculpture, but of all ornamental and antique objects, was pretty much confined to the nobility, and the indefinite class just below the nobility sweepingly designated in England as "gentlemen." The class of merchants, manufacturers, bankers, men of trade, while rivaling the aristocracy in wealth, did not compete with them to any great degree in the æsthetic elegancies, though no doubt they did in the material luxuries of life. The great manufacturer of Birmingham or Bolton aspired to become a landed proprietor, and was quick to purchase the hoary castles and vast acres of bankrupt lords; he was fain, too, to have his imposing mansion in town, his stud of horses, and his game-preserves. But as yet he rather spent money on downright, palpable luxuries; the refinement of artistic rarity and ornamentation did not appeal to his uncultivated ambition. In these days it is evident that the rich men of trade have learned the value of such things. There is a rage in England for antique articles. Old plate, old clocks, finely-carved old furniture, venerable salvers, beakers, and punch-bowls, historic Sevres, relics of the elegance of extinct royalty, are eagerly sought for, and bring great prices. It is found that in the competition both for antique articles of *virtu*, for the most fashionable paintings, and the most conspicuous sculptural works, the class of manufacturers and merchants is eager, and often bears away the choicest specimens. The houses of this class are beginning to be as tastefully and artistically, as well as luxuriously, adorned as are the houses of the Grosvenors and Egertons of old descent. There is a decadence of the somewhat vulgar ostentation of former days; the presence of far more refinement and culture. Thus there has been a leveling up in matters of taste; and herein may be found one of the reasons why art in England is so much more prosperous and flourishing than it was even in the days of Turner and Sir Thomas Lawrence, since the wealth of another great and important class is now seeking its products.

WHAT worn college graduate, world-tired, does not feel something of the old, fresh, youthful spirit come over him, when reminded that "commencement season" has come? How vividly the festival brings to the mind

of the alumnus, even of ten or twelve years, how far away he has strayed from the sensations, influences, ay, and the ambitions of his college-days! It is given to very few to shape their own destinies; yet most college seniors, when they have put aside their last examination-paper, and made their last "oration," have already laid out a scheme of life, and it never occurs to them to doubt that it is the reflection of a certain future. It is often said that a college is "a little world in itself;" and truly enough it has resemblances to the greater world, such as its struggles, its ambitions, its gains and losses, and its schooling to manliness and self-dependence and self-assertion not a little severe and stringent. Yet many a student has been deluded to ruin, or at least to failure, by too completely mistaking the college-world for a lesser counterpart and epitome of that wherein lies his life-work; nor are the effects of such a delusion always the same or similar. One, flushed with the ready triumphs of the society and the class-room, flattered by conceded leadership, exalted by praises of professors and college-mates, rates his future success at too low a standard of effort; he thinks he will win as easily at the bar or in commercial pursuits as in class-meeting and on the exhibition platform; and, when he gets into the downright, serious hurly-burly, is amazed, and inconceivably disappointed to find greater powers rising hopelessly above him. Another, working till brain is overtaxed, and ill health is invited, in order to achieve college success, goes forth to plunge desperately into exhausting labors, plodding with shaken nerves far into the nights, comfortlessly and anxiously seeking fortune, and preying ruthlessly upon the faculties which alone can render fortune enjoyable when attained. Few and wise are those who learn to advance with deliberation, and vigor, and patience upon the path of life; eschewing neither lusty labor nor manly recreation, each in its proper time and place; remembering that "every thing comes in time to him who waits." One cannot but envy the cheery spirit of those youths who are having their last college merrymakings in these lovely summer months; that spirit is an excellent commodity to begin the world with.

THE woes of travelers on the Continent are not all imaginary, as an English party can testify who were recently arrested as "Prussian spies," far down in the depths of Brittany. The mayor of the village demanded their passports; and, on being told that passports were long ago abolished, doggedly refused to believe it, and had them taken off in a cart to the capital of the department. The wonder is that this worthy mayor, who, by-the-way, wore a blue blouse, and was fresh from the field, had ever heard of Prussian spies, such personages being much more modern than the abolition of passports.

Nothing could more clearly illustrate the exceeding ignorance which prevails in some parts of rural France than this incident. We once heard of an American being arrested in Brittany by a too-zealous official, who refused to believe he was an American, simply on the ground that he was white; the official was very positive that all Americans were negroes. The ability to read English is a quite unknown science in many of those parts, nor could any thing less than a peremptory order from the prefect secure our unfortunate countryman's release.

Literary.

MR. E. C. GARDNER'S very decided literary talent, though it renders his books entertaining, and sugars the pill of instruction which it is his main object to administer, is not altogether an advantage to his work. It constantly leads him off into digressions which are often the merest vagaries, having the slightest possible relevance to the subject under discussion; it incessantly distracts his own and the reader's attention from the matter properly before them; and the somewhat truculent vivacity, which is its chief characteristic, becomes a trifle tedious when indulged too liberally. His latest book, "Illustrated Homes,"* is an example of all this. Its plan is excellent, and it contains much that is really instructive and useful; but it has been almost spoiled by the extent to which the literary feature of the work is permitted to dominate and overshadow every thing else. Mr. Gardner's intention, as explained in a sort of prefatory postscript, was to take a dozen or more actual houses which he had helped to build, each one typical of a certain class or condition, and by giving the plans and a brief account of each one, and using it as the text of such architectural discussion as seemed appropriate, to make the book helpful to all who propose to build themselves homes. The plans were to be accompanied with specifications and estimates, general certainly, but sufficiently minute to indicate the finish and approximate cost of each house. The bringing in of the people for whom the houses were built was, of course, a subordinate part of the plan, and could only be done legitimately in order to give reality and, so to say, individuality to the different homes; yet, from the very beginning, these people (about whom the reader cares nothing) receive more attention than the houses (about which the reader probably cares a great deal); while toward the latter part of the book the plans are relegated to an entirely insignificant place, and specifications and estimates are entirely omitted. No mention is made even of the material of which several of the most attractive houses were built or of their cost—the very points which, to us at least, seem of most importance. Now, Mr. Gardner is a keen observer and a humorist withal, and his

sketches of character furnish very amusing reading; our criticism is directed simply to the fact that he has greatly injured by his manner of executing it a plan which, in its original conception, was admirable.

One other point, and we will have done with fault-finding. Mr. Gardner's main dogma, if we may apply such a term to teaching which is singularly free from dogmatism, is that a house is designed primarily for use, and that every house, therefore, should, in its arrangement, size, finish, etc., represent the needs of the particular person or family for whom it is built. The one customer that he cannot endure is the person whose notions of what he wants are based on an ideal conception of beauty, on what is "stylish," or on what somebody else has. In season and out of season he urges the principle that a house should be the expression of individual wants and individual tastes. Now, this is wholesome doctrine, doubtless, but it is somewhat odd that Mr. Gardner should be so evidently disposed to limit its application to details of interior arrangement. He is so afraid that the primary idea of *use* will be subordinated to a desire for *show*, that he persistently discourages all discussion of the exterior appearance of the house, and finally says, plumply, that if a man "is wise he will leave questions of outside effect to the architect." No doubt it would be better for the average man, when he comes to build, if he should simply show a competent architect his plot of ground, tell him the size of his family and the extent of his means, and leave all questions, both of outside effect and of inside arrangement, to the architect's own judgment. But, if he is to be taught that it is scarcely less than degrading to leave the number, size, and arrangement of the rooms to any one else, even an architect, why is his obligation to consult his individual preferences not coextensive with the house itself, in all its parts? In point of fact, a house is not built merely for use. Its outside, especially, is more conspicuous and more looked at than any thing in its owner's possession, and if it be known that it was built for or under the direction of the owner, it is inevitably regarded as a more or less accurate expression of his ideas of architectural beauty; his taste is judged by it. Moreover, Mr. Gardner's own plans show that by slight changes and transpositions, which do not affect in the remotest degree the convenience of the inner arrangements, the whole appearance of the exterior can be changed, and that rendered picturesque and pleasing which otherwise would have been utterly without expression. We think, indeed, that it would be very easy to maintain the exact converse of Mr. Gardner's proposition, and to give plausible reasons why a man should select the general style and effects which he desired in his house, and (with certain reservations, of course, as to number and size of rooms) leave the details of the interior entirely to his architect.

With these qualifications, "Illustrated Homes" can be heartily recommended. It inculcates sound principles of architecture and taste; proves, by examples, that picturesque, convenient, and durable houses can be built with very moderate sums of money, ar

* Illustrated Homes: A Series of Papers describing Real Houses and Real People. By E. C. Gardner. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

that cheapness and ugliness do not necessarily go hand in hand; and points out with great distinctness the difference between a "house" and a "home." There are very few Americans who would not build more intelligently after giving it a perusal.

THE interest in the Bunker Hill centennial finds appropriate expression in literature as well as in orations, pageants, fireworks, and the like, and we find several pamphlets bearing upon the famous event on our table. Osgood's "Bunker Hill Memorial" is the best of these. Its leading feature is a poem of thirty-seven stanzas, by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, "written expressly for this memorial," and giving a grandmother's story of the battle as she saw it from the belfry. The poem is written in the swinging rhythm of the old ballad measure, is spirited and vigorous, and illustrates very forcibly the patriotic enthusiasm of the colonists, which was shared even by the women and children, and the trepidation of the citizens who, for the first time, looked upon the bloody scenes of war. The poem is accompanied throughout with marginal illustrations, and is followed by an account of the battle in prose, by James M. Bugbee. This latter is also illustrated, and is the best brief narrative of the battle with which we are acquainted.

Another and rather curious memorial is "Bunker Hill: The Story told in Letters from the Battle-field by British Officers engaged; with an Introduction and Sketch of the Battle by Samuel Adams Drake" (Boston: Nichols & Hall). The materials of which the book is composed have, as Mr. Drake explains, "hitherto slumbered in the archives of British regiments engaged on the field of Bunker Hill," having escaped heretofore the research of historians of the battle. Inasmuch as the British officers, without exception, claim a brilliant victory over "the provincials," their letters are hardly calculated to add to the enthusiasm of centennial time, but the patriotic fire of Mr. Drake's description of the battle readjusts the balance, and enables us to accept them with good grace as additional materials for the historian. The volume is embellished with a heliotype reproduction of a very rare English print, published in London in 1781, and giving a spirited view of the actual battle.—The description of the battle to be found in Mr. Frothingham's "History of the Siege of Boston" (Little, Brown & Co.) remains the most complete yet written.

After the preceding was written, we received another contribution to the literature of the subject, by Mr. Drake, "General Israel Putnam, the Commander at Bunker Hill." This is not a biography of General Putnam, as its title would seem to imply, but a controversial pamphlet on the *quæstio vexata* as to who commanded in chief at Bunker Hill. It is an able and exhaustive analysis of all the known facts bearing upon the matter, and Mr. Drake evidently convinces himself fully; but of actual evidence there is very little, and the argument is scarcely more than an elaboration of the proposition that, because Putnam was a general and Prescott only a colonel, the former must have com-

manded when the two were present on the same field. The question has always seemed to us of the slightest importance, since it was the fighting of the men and not the generalship of the leaders that rendered the battle famous; and, as General Sherman said in his speech at the centennial, "after Prescott has received all the glory, there is enough left for General Putnam, too."

It is difficult to find a term exactly descriptive of Miss Lucy Larcom's "Idyl of Work" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.). To call it a "novel in verse" would be more accurate than its present title, and a "tract in verse" would be truer still; but it is too slight for a novel, even though its lack of plot and incident is disguised under the forms of poetry, and it is too good (or perhaps we should say not "goody" enough) for a tract. An idyl of work it certainly is not, for, with a most idealistic definition of work, Miss Larcom finds herself compelled, in order to secure even the semblance of the idyllic, to ignore entirely the routine of daily labor, and carry her characters off to scenes and circumstances about as foreign to the experience of factory-girls as a jaunt up the Nile would be to laborers in a coal-mine. Thirty years ago the work in the Lowell mills was done almost entirely by young girls from various parts of New England, many of whom had comfortable homes, yet chose this method of winning for themselves a degree of pecuniary independence; and it is no wonder that Miss Larcom, recalling the memory of those days when magazines, of some literary merit, in which she herself made her first attempts at authorship, were both written and edited by the mill-girls, should throw over them the glamour of romance, and fancy that she sees in them ideal conditions of work. But all the same, as she confesses in her preface, the routine of such a life is essentially prosaic; and, though workers may find idyllic experiences during a summer-vacation among the mountains, work itself catches nothing of poetry therefrom.

It is plain, however, that the book was written with the object of proving by illustration that even the most exhaustive and monotonous labor cannot of itself deprive one of all opportunity for high mental culture and noble living, and also to protest against the tendency of the change which has come over the conditions and character of mill-labor since the period indicated. The increasing degradation of certain forms of labor, the rapidly-widening rift between the interests of employer and employed, fill her with alarm, and she sees in them forerunners of national decay:

"Like the sea
Must the work-populations ebb and flow,
So only fresh with healthful New-World life.
If high rewards no longer stimulate toil,
And mill-folk settle to a stagnant class,
As in old civilizations, then farewell
To the Republic's hope! What differ we
From other feudalisms? Like ocean-waves,
Work-populations change. No rich, no poor,
No learned, and no ignorant class or caste
The true republic tolerates; interfused,
Like the sea's salt, the life of each through all."

Of course the story in such a book is entirely subordinate, being of no use, in fact,

except as a thread to hang the didactic portions on; and no one of the characters has more than the faintest shadow of personality. It is the descriptive parts, together with the lyrics with which the narrative is frequently interspersed, that redeem the work, and render it enjoyable to the reader. Miss Larcom has written no poems more graceful, tender, and finished, than three or four of those scattered through the present volume, and her enthusiasm for natural scenery, and her skill in painting it, throw a genuine charm around the entire episode of the summer-vacation. The following song of the mill-children at their play would compensate the reader for whole pages of duller didactic poetry than Miss Larcom inflicts upon us in her most serious mood:

"Will the fairy-folk come back,
Such as haunt old stories,
Sliding down the moonbeam's track
Hid in morning-glories?
Air is warp, and sun is west;
Is a rainbow-spinner left?"

"No; not one. They never will!
Streams they loved are busy
Turning spindles in the mill;
Turning mill-folk dizzy.
Toil is warp, and money west;
Not a fairy-loom is left."

"Noise has frightened them away
From their greenwood places;
Never would they spend a day
Among care-worn faces.
Gather up the warp and west:
See if any thing is left!"

"Merry days go dancing by;
Hard work comes, and tarries.
Why, for that, wind sigh through sigh?
Children, we'll be fairies!
Life is warp, and love is west;
Children's hearts and hands are left."

In justification of what we have said in praise of the descriptive poetry, we quote the following sonnet:

"CHOCORUA.

"The pioneer of a great company
That wait behind him, gazing toward the east—
Mighty ones all, down to the nameless least—
Though after him none dares to press, where he
With bent head listens to the minstrelsy
Of far waves chanting to the moon, their priest.
What phantom rises up from winds deceased?
What whiteness of the unapproachable sea?
Hoary Chocorus guards his mystery well:
He pushes back his fellows, lest they hear
The haunting secret he apart must tell
To his lone self, in the sky-silence clear.
A shadowy, cloud-cloaked wraith, with shoulders bowed,
He steals, conspicuous, from the mountain-crowd."

If we may venture such a suggestion concerning one who is possessed of so genuine a literary faculty, we should say that Mr. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's new story, "A Norseman's Pilgrimage" (New York: Sheldon & Co.), was written mainly to prove how thoroughly Americanized the author has become, and how completely he has mastered the details of American habits and character. The hero of the story is a Norseman, it is true, but a Norseman so Americanized that he feels like a stranger when he returns to his own people. The heroine is evidently intended to be a typical American woman; and,

though the scene is laid chiefly in Germany and Norway, most of the leading characters are Americans. Last, but not least, if we have correctly divined the author's purpose, the conversation partakes largely of that picturesque vigor, not to call it slang, which is supposed to be characteristic of our national dialect; and it is only fair to say that Mr. Boyesen has mastered this dialect perfectly, using certain local peculiarities of speech with the dexterity and precision of a native.

Viewing the book from this point, and keeping in mind the fact that the author is not only writing in a foreign tongue, but dealing with phases of character the very antipodes of what he was familiar with in his own country, it may be pronounced a decided success. Compare Ruth with Eva in Mr. Howells's "A Foregone Conclusion," and her deficiency in those finer distinctive traits which typify American womanhood at its best is apparent; but nevertheless she is a very pleasing person, and American women at least will overlook all the minor defects of an author who writes of one of them with an enthusiasm like the following:

"By some chance Thora Haraldson (a Norwegian girl between whom and Olaf a marriage had long been projected by their respective families) had come to occupy the seat next to Ruth in the stern of one of the boats. Olaf sat upon a cross-bench opposite, dividing his attention between the landscape and the company. As his eyes fell upon the fair group before him, the picturesque contrast between the two struck his artistic fancy, and presently he found himself critically comparing them and trying to account for their points of difference. How frail and almost insignificant looked this slender, blue-eyed Alpine maiden by the side of that tall, brilliant, and magnificent beauty. And somehow she seemed to be conscious of her own insignificance, for she looked with large, innocent eyes up into Ruth's face, and an expression of childlike wonder was visible in her features. 'Ah,' philosophized Olaf, 'it is the problem of my life which stands embodied before me. The one is the peaceful, simple life of the north, with its small aims and cares, its domestic virtues, and its calm, idyllic beauty. Love to her means duty, a gentle submissiveness, and the attachment held by habit and mutual esteem. But in the other's bosom lives a world of slumbering tumult, a host of glorious possibilities, which, though still shrunken in the bud, will one day, when touched by the awakening warmth of love, develop all the emotional wealth and grandeur of perfect womanhood. She is the flower of a larger and intenser civilization, and all the burning pulses of life which animate this great century, unknown to herself, throb in her being. And it is my own future which I love in her. I too shall become a larger and a more perfect man for what I give and what I receive in the mystery of such a love.'"

"A Norseman's Pilgrimage" is very lively and pleasant reading, and will provide its author with the most conclusive of naturalization papers; but somehow it lacks the flavor and the charm of "Gunnar."

THE "American Annual Cyclopædia," for 1874, is now ready in a portly volume of eight hundred and thirty-one pages (New

York: D. Appleton & Co.). The character and the merits of this annual are too well understood to call for any extended notice, and it is enough, perhaps, to say that the present volume presents the usual features and rather more than the usual amount of information, covering all the important events of the year 1874, and the additions which were made during the same period to the various departments of knowledge. The larger portion of the space, of course, is assigned to American affairs and American interests, and besides the President's messages, debates in Congress, and sundry public documents, the reader will find here a succinct but comprehensive account of the exciting events which occurred in the Southern States during the year. "The details of affairs in the United States," to quote from the Preface, "embrace the finances of the Federal Government; the operation and results of its system of revenue and taxation; the banking system; the financial and industrial experience of the country; its commerce, manufactures, and general prosperity; the finances of the States; their debts and resources; the various political conventions assembled during the year—with their nominations and platforms; the results of elections; the movements to secure cheap transportation from West to East; the action of Congress on the subject, and the debates and action on civil rights and national finances, specie payments, and other important public questions; the proceedings of State Legislatures; the progress of educational, reformatory, and charitable institutions; the extension of railroads and telegraphs, and all those matters which are involved in the rapid improvement of the country." Every other country of the civilized world is noticed, so far at least as to record whatever of public interest has transpired in it; and the international relations between our own and other governments are illustrated by quotations from diplomatic correspondence. A record of the advance made during the year in the various branches of science, a narrative of geographical discoveries in different parts of the world, a critical and analytical sketch of literature and literary progress in the United States, and in each of the countries of Europe, religious statistics, and numerous biographical sketches of living and dead celebrities, make up the remaining contents of the volume.

A number of excellent woodcuts and maps take the place of the steel portraits which have illustrated previous issues.

WHATEVER America can show in the way of antiquities is likely to attract a peculiar degree of interest during the next few years, and Mrs. Eliza Greatorix will doubtless secure an unusually warm and appreciative reception for her "Old New York from the Battery to Bloomingdale," the first part of which has just been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The work when complete will contain fifty etchings of "the buildings of New York made venerable by historic and romantic associations," and ten reproductions, one in each part, of old and rare etchings of scenes in the city and vicinity. "It is

not merely the gratification of a taste for antiquities," says Mr. William Cullen Bryant, to whom the book is dedicated, and who writes a brief introductory note, "that is consulted in this work; it is scarcely less than an act of filial piety to preserve in this manner as much as we may of the early aspect of a spot inhabited by those who have left us the inheritance of this fair town, so nobly situated and prepared for our abode, together with the inestimable legacy of our public liberties and the many useful institutions organized for the general benefit." Mrs. Greatorix has been occupied for the greater part of six years in the preparation of her drawings, and so rapid and so ruthless is the advance of "modern improvement," that many of the originals from which they were taken have already disappeared, rendering it certain that no later memento will ever be secured.

Mrs. Greatorix is already favorably known as an etcher by her Colorado sketches. The pictures in "Old New York" are of a similar character; they are marked by a free and touchy style rather better calculated to please the art-student than the general public, perhaps, but a certain picturesque effect is secured which will give them a great charm to many persons. The subjects of the drawings are, "The Battery from No. 1 Broadway," containing a view of Castle Garden through the trees, and of the harbor beyond; "The Carey-Ludlow House," as seen from the Battery; "No. 1 Broadway," a famous old house, now the oldest in New York, which served as the headquarters of Sir Henry Clinton in the Revolutionary days, and which has other claims to attention; "Saint Paul's Church," too well known to require further mention; and "The Old Jersey Ferry-House," at the corner of Greenwich and Cedar Streets, which was torn down last spring. The reproduction is from an etching entitled "New York from Hobuck (Hoboken)," by the old painter Archibald Robertson, who made the sketch in 1796.

The descriptive text by M. Despard is not first rate, but it contains all that is needed in the way of information, and plenty of personal gossip and social reminiscence besides. The printing, paper, etc., are excellent.

PHILANTHROPY finds a novel expression in Mr. M. F. Sweetser's little guide-book, "Europe for \$2.00 a Day," written without hope of profit and published at rather less than the cost of paper and printing, with the simple desire, as the author says, to "lend a hand" to young Americans who wish to make the European tour, but whose pecuniary resources are limited. The book is the result, and to some extent the record, of personal experience; for Mr. Sweetser himself made a tour, including the greater part of Europe, Egypt, Syria, and the Holy Land, and lasting twenty months, for fifteen hundred dollars, of which three hundred dollars were spent for pictures and other souvenirs. The suggestions which it contains are comprehensive and eminently practical; and we judge that Mr. Sweetser has really shown "how a gentleman can make the European

tour very economically, yet without encountering absolute hardship, or demeaning himself by assuming the garb and customs of the peasant." Whether any one less enthusiastic and determined than himself can apply the knowledge, is another question. (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.)

Of the late John Stuart Mill the *Academy* says: "History affords scarcely another example of a philosopher so ready to review his positions, to abandon them if untenable, and to take lessons from his own disciples, as the discussion, for instance, of Mr. Thornton's book on 'Labor' shows Mr. Mill to have been." . . . Professor Max Müller recommends young men before all things to study the original documents of the great literatures. "It is better," he says, "to read Homer than to read a dozen commentaries upon him." . . . The *Spectator*, after remarking that "justice must be done all the more rigorously on favorites," says "the truth is that Mr. Black has made a sad step backward" in his "Three Feathers." . . . Messrs. Cassell, the London publishers, have arranged with M. Gustave Doré to illustrate a complete edition of Shakespeare's works. Doré is to be paid fifty thousand dollars for his work. . . . Mr. Allingham, the successor of Mr. Froude in the editorship of *Fraser*, is said to be engaged in the work undertaken by that gentleman of putting Mr. Carlyle's manuscripts in order. . . . The correspondence of Mr. John Stuart Mill, which, as we stated in our last issue, will shortly be published, contains many letters more theological in tone than philosophical. It is generally rumored that the book will contain passages, especially on religious topics, which are far more uncompromising than the boldest in the "Autobiography," and that they will in any case throw considerable light on various developments of the beliefs entertained at successive periods by Mr. Mill. . . . Messrs. H. S. King & Co., the London publishers, are about to publish a series of "Introductory Hand-books," to study which may be, at the same time, useful to those who desire to have a general outline of the subjects treated therein. They will not be, in any sense, "cram" books, and are intended to be strictly what their name implies. The series will comprise introductions to the study of philosophy, music, art, English, classical, and foreign literature, history, ancient and modern, etc. . . . "Clever people," says the *Academy*, "seldom write novels, they know the difficulties too well. People of genius, whose works deserve the most careful criticism, and people with a notion that they are great observers, and can tell a story well, have the field of fiction to themselves. With the works of the former class, which ranges from George Eliot to Mr. Black, the reviewer seldom meets; the productions of the latter are before him every week, the crude endeavors of young and old ladies, of gentlemen of leisure, these he gives his daily dreadful line to." . . . The *Athenaeum* thinks "Ouida's" new novel dull. . . . The same paper speaks of Low's "English Catalogue of Books for 1874" as a work indispensable to reviewers, but an awful proof of the amount of misdirected energy that finds a vent in print. . . . The *Saturday Review* makes the following suggestion, which we recommend to novel-writers: "Our story-writers seldom do better than when they take some out-of-the-way spot as the scene of their tale, and with the fortunes of their hero and heroine work up the every-day incidents of a life with which their readers are likely to be but little

acquainted. The more ambitious novelists who aim at something far higher than this, and who would describe the great world of which they know next to nothing, are like those artists who take a great width of canvas and some heroic subject, and produce a work vast indeed, but as uninteresting as it is unnatural." . . . Mrs. Lynn Lynton is writing a new novel, entitled "The Atonement of Leam Dundas," for the *Cornhill Magazine*.

The Arts.

WHILE the public is kept pretty well informed through the press of the erection of fine edifices in the large cities, comparatively little attention is given to the gradual change for the better in the architecture of the smaller places. Within the last ten years, probably nowhere, in proportion to its size, have there been so many interesting new edifices built as in the little city of Cambridge, Massachusetts. As we have before had occasion to remark in the *JOURNAL*, the peculiarities of fashion in buildings lend them a charm when the ideas that led to these peculiarities have passed by, and Elizabethan roofs, with their scalloped and pointed gable-ends, the gambrel roofs so frequently met with in the old towns of this country, and even the square farm-houses, with their big "stoops" overhung by elm-trees—each has a real charm and picturesque interest of its own, apart from any reference to the rules of pure taste; and these crystallized forms of old thought and old necessities appeal to us in a way different from any thing that is new, however fine the new thing may be.

In Cambridge, specimens of nearly every kind of building may be observed. The old college-buildings of red brick, plain and angular as the bricks themselves, without an external adornment, had, till a few years ago, when thrift destroyed the picturesque, tender tones of their old weather-beaten red walls, a great charm of color. The bricks were worn, and the sunshine flecked their unequal surfaces into broken lights and shadows. The natural color, which paint can seldom equal, had been broken down and streaked and faded by rain and weather till these old lodging-houses of the students were nearly as pleasant to look at, and of as varied a hue, as the red and yellow and purple rocks that abound along the sea-coast of New England. But a few years ago a general renovation did away with all this, and solid Indian-red, called brick-color, replaced these slight pleasant tintings. But Nature is again doing its work, and "Old Massachusetts" and "Holden Chapel" are beginning to "tone" with the trees and the sky.

As you come into Cambridge by the horse-cars, the first new building which meets the eye is a Gothic church, built of blocks of blue-and-yellow mottled slate-stone. This church covers a large area, and its numerous porches and gables are edged by granite, this latter stone also being built in horizontal lines to the top of the tall stone spire. The chief material used is rather soft, but the granite guards all portions that are exposed to the weather or the corners

which might be worn away, and takes the real brunt off the low walls, overlapped as they are by deep eaves. The large windows with granite facings, where the stone might otherwise be much exposed, prevent too much surface of this charmingly-colored material from coming into contact with the weather. This church is not of better shape than is often seen in buildings erected within a few years; but in this, and in several other new structures, that variety of material we have so much advocated in the pages of the *JOURNAL* has been employed, and with even better effect than our imagination had pictured; for, though the general aspect is somewhat sombre, the gray granite which is so disagreeable in combination with brick imparts to this bluish building a cool and perfectly harmonious appearance, which the woodbine and ivy that are already quite well grown serve to enhance.

Beyond the college-grounds and near the old Washington elm, another church occupies a pretty corner, and in this case also there is a pleasantness in the material which makes the person who has seen it once desire to see it again. This building, like the other, is a Gothic church, and more elaborate in form. Two or three cloistered passages break the surface of its walls. The stone of which it is constructed is one of the commonest sorts of conglomerate, popularly called pudding-stone, and is found in great quantities close at hand in Roxbury. Each block of it is full of the finest colors. Buffs of every shade, to the deepest dyes of iron-ore that stain the rocky coast of Massachusetts, are variegated by pink and flesh color, and they marble with their complicated network an under-color of purple-gray. Examining the blocks of stone piece by piece it seemed impossible for us to decide which of them might be the more beautiful.

A few rods farther on, off at another corner of the same street, are the Memorial Church and two other college-buildings of the Episcopal Theological School. This institution, which has been founded within a dozen years, has purchased a plot of ground of about a couple of acres around the lately-built St. John's Church. It would be difficult to find anywhere a group of three or four edifices more pleasant to look upon than these. Sitting low to the ground and surrounded by fine greensward, the church, which stands on the corner, is a small, low-roofed, many-gabled building, full of picturesque niches and corners, a many-sided *apais*, filled with stained glass, and with its facings and trimmings of Nova-Scotia stone, with here and there bits of dark color and fine carvings. The irregular-sized blocks of the Roxbury pudding-stone make a sunshine in a shady place with their warm tones; old English stained-glass windows with pointed tops break the surfaces of the light walls into sombre tones almost as deep as shadow.

A little on one side of the church, and surrounded by heavy, close-cropped turf that fills the entire inclosure, another gable-roofed building of the same material varies from the church in effect of color by being banded and ornamented with red, rich lines and decorations, while the oblique lines that sup-

port the roof are of buff sandstone. Big chimneys at the ends of this building, connected together by strings of brickwork, still further heighten its effect of solidity and comfort. Behind both of the edifices we have dwelt upon is another, containing some of the class-rooms of the college, which are of the Roxbury stone, trimmed with rich yellow free-stone and black; and, what one rarely sees in this country, a long, open cloister, surrounding the lower story, recalls similar places in England, where in colleges and monasteries students exercise and take the air, as monks did formerly. When there is so much weather in this country in which it is disagreeable to be in the streets—summer heats and winter snows and rains—we are surprised that these convenient and beautiful covered walks are so seldom met with. In early times, a thousand years ago, such pleasant walks as the old Gothic cloisters of Chester Cathedral found a place in English architecture. From the hot suns of Italy, the visitor takes refuge in the cool stone Campo Santos of Pisa, and of other Italian cities, broad, arched passages, built with their open side looking out on the soft herbage of the quadrangles of the old monasteries. High up on the hill-side, one of these long open galleries looks out upon the Apennines from the old convent of St. Francis of Assisi. In our own country, verandas, improperly called piazzas, take the place of these structures about our private dwellings; but, around school-houses and public buildings where many people congregate, were they built broad and long and of stone or brick for strength and coolness, they would be a source of immense comfort and convenience, to say nothing of their capability of enhancing the general beauty of the buildings to which they appertain.

A chapter might be written on the bay-windows, the attic-windows, and the porches of the new houses of Cambridge, and another on the chimneys and various gables of these buildings. One of the few pleasant points about the new architecture of England consists in the variety of shape and ornament of the clay chimney-pots of the houses; great groups and clusters of flues, massing into what have the effect of turrets and towers, are of different but harmonious variety of height and of many sorts of finish; and the same thing is true of the recent architecture of New England. The architects of Boston evidently have their imagination fired by the capabilities of form and of ornament of windows and doorways, and in a less degree of roofs and chimneys. One of the finest examples of interesting detail in these particulars is furnished by Mathews Hall, the last-built lodging-house for students in the college-grounds. It is built of brick, and is seven stories high, including the rooms in the pointed roof. It is so big that it will bear a great amount of detail without having the simplicity of its general mass disturbed by the numerous and beautiful projections that vary the surface of its walls. Trimmed with gray sandstone and black, light lines of this stone divide into horizontal sections the numerous high, gabled points of its roof. In the middle of some of these lines, the arms of the college—three

open books—are carved on the stone, and above the doorways of the open, pointed porches is the same device. A broad brick and stone uncovered veranda extends along the front of this building, and numerous groups of differently-arranged windows break the surface of the walls. The bay-windows to which we have alluded are sustained on brick projections, which support them from the lower story. At each successive elevation the sashes are variously divided—now into groups of two or three windows with flat tops; again they are pointed, and occasionally one big window-frame, or a number of lance-shaped little ones, gives variety and picturesqueness to the whole of the vertical projection. The forms of this building about its roof are a striking feature. Here gray bands of stone form the edge of its pointed gables, and between them are little nests of dormer-windows, of many sizes and of pleasant forms. Rows of broad brick chimneys are supported by stair-shaped elevations of brick, topped by the same light stone used elsewhere in this structure, and in many parts bricks set edgewise, formed into squares, diamonds, and various tessellated shapes, give an agreeable variety to the general picturesqueness of the edifice.

There are several other public buildings in Cambridge which form important new features of the place—brick spires and towers as charming as in the structure at the corner of Twenty-eighth Street and Madison Avenue, in New York, where the windows, the different stories, and the ornament, if open to criticism, still show that the builders had ideas of form, and a taste cultivated by good old examples and by study. These, besides many blocks of stores and houses, mark the present as distinctly a new period in the architectural taste of Eastern Massachusetts. The great fire of Boston afforded an almost unexampled opportunity for the reconstruction of an important section of a populous city, at once wealthy and cultivated, an opportunity which its architects, educated abroad and trained by the study of Ruskin, as well as their own natural impulses to honesty of motive and refinement of feeling, hastened to improve. The building up of the new lands that cover the Back Bay in Boston with an extension of Beacon Street, and houses of a class similar to those in that street, have also afforded a fine opportunity for the taste of the architects—a taste developed by the chance for so many practical experiments to such a degree as bids fair to give Boston front rank among American cities in the art of architecture.

We understand that a movement is on foot among the Academicians to give a painting by each of them to raise a fund for the benefit of the schools of the National Academy, which are greatly in need of funds.

It is a question of a good deal of importance in the interest of American art whether painting, composition, and the life classes can be efficiently managed, or if this leading school of America shall settle down upon the basis of a good antique class. Mr. Sanford Gifford, Mr. Huntington, Mr. Eastman Johnson, and most of the other old and

younger Academicians, we are told, propose to practically solve the difficulty in this way; for, with larger funds to employ competent artists as teachers, the high success of the National Academy schools is not an open question; and we can but commend this generous and practical scheme of the artists as one which, if carried out, cannot fail to do great good.

FORUM'S "Bull-Fight" at the exhibition of the Society of French Artists, in London, the *Academy* says, is "an astounding piece of *bravura*. It must no doubt be accepted as a mere sketch or dabbling-in of the subject, and as such it shows a fury of execution, an amount of point, certainty, and facility, enough to make the most accomplished painters open their eyes. One might even suppose it to have been jotted down as it stands during the performance in the arena. To see it is to believe in it; but no words of ours could realize to the reader's mind the whirl of its action, and the chaos of its precision." . . . "It is curious," says the *Saturday Review*, writing of Miss Thompson's battle-picture at the Royal Academy, "to observe how the fighting propensities of man—and in these times, when equal rights are claimed, we must add of woman also—find not only gratification, but occasion for exercise, in these battle-pictures. The other day so tumultuous was the crowd gathered before Miss Thompson's dramatic representation of 'The Twenty-eighth Regiment at Quatre-Bras' that a struggle almost amounting to a combat ensued, in which ladies took part, one of them being driven bodily, with an audible collision, against the bayonets of the soldiers in the front rank." . . . The *Athenaeum* thinks of "the equestrian statue of Jeanne d'Arc, set up a year or two ago in Paris, that notwithstanding its defects, which are, however, rather sins against convention than serious demerits, there can be no doubt that it is a striking and spirited example of modern sculpture in bronze." This statue, to our mind, is ridiculously bad; had it been set up in New York by an American artist, it would be pointed at universally as convincing proof of our national inferiority in the arts. . . . "In accordance," says the *Athenaeum*, "with a practice we have several times admired, the French have set up in the Champs-Élysées another statue, which is intended for exportation. This work represents Norodom I., King of Cambodia, at full size, on horseback, and it is a portrait to the life of the monarch, but unfortunately in a modern European general's dress, cocked hat in hand. It is the work of M. Eude, and a capital specimen of picturesque sculpture, and full of spirit." We hope this opinion of the *Athenaeum's* is no more sound than that on the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, just quoted. . . . A contemporary makes mention of three new pictures under way by Mr. B. F. Reinhart. One is a conception of Columbia. "The young lady has a star upon her forehead and a crown of leaves within her hand. She has on the conventional clothing, in quantity contrasting forcibly with the amount worn by Columbia's daughters. About her feet are the emblems of her sovereignty. 'The Return of the Queen of the Furies' is another work by Mr. Reinhart. A pensive-looking young creature, supplied with feet, but superior to them, floats above the green grass attended by a train of maidens, her fairy companions. These glide gayly along in couples with their little wings spread, and on either side are cherubic loves leading

the way. 'Watching the Gap' is a more prosaic work under way, as the boy evidently thinks who has flung himself sullenly on the rail, his dog by his side, to guard some lazy sheep cropping daisies in the field below." . . . The *ART JOURNAL* for July, in continuation of its series of papers, with examples on wood, of our American painters, will give a sketch of Mr. E. Wood Perry, with well-executed engravings of two of his recent paintings. It will also contain an article on the French painter Corot, with portrait and two examples of his style. The usual variety of steel plates and detached articles will also be given. . . . The German landscape-painter, Karl Reichardt, recently discovered in Venice six large tapestries of Gobelins manufacture, copied from Rubens's celebrated paintings in the gallery of the Prince of Liechtenstein, in Vienna, representing events in the life of Decius Mus. . . . A large panel-painting by Rubens, representing the Virgin appearing to St. Francis, has, it is reported, been discovered in the church of Notre-Dame, at Cassel. The circumstance that led to its discovery is thus related in the *Chronique*: It having been judged necessary that some of the pictures that ornamented the church of Cassel should be restored, the work was confided to a young artist of the town, who, on cleaning the picture of St. Francis, found to his astonishment that, as the thick coating of dirt that covered the picture gradually disappeared, a work by Rubens came to light.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

THE Horticultural Exhibition in the orangery of the Tuileries has just closed. It was really wonderfully well worth visiting, notwithstanding the fact that in extent it could not compare with similar displays at home. But every article on exhibition was the choicest of its kind, and merited close examination and much admiration. The long terrace, stretching along the Place de la Concorde, was devoted to the display of garden-tools, summer-houses, small hot-houses, and decorative articles in porcelain and majolica ware, as well as various specimens of patent manures and insect-killers. The orangery itself was filled with palms and azaleas, the show of the latter being very fine and wonderfully brilliant. Another long building was given up to the other flowers. Of roses there was a peculiarly fine display, some giant specimens being as large as an ordinary tea-saucer. There were some exquisite specimens of the lovely rose known as the Gloire de Dijon, which attains far greater perfection here than it does in our more changeable climate. The geraniums were the most beautiful flowers exhibited; some varieties of richest carmine, with the petals edged with white, were perfectly marvelous in their loveliness. A beautiful fountain in rock-work surmounted by a figure of Neptune in iron painted white, was much admired, the water dripping down the front of the rock-work serving to keep fresh and beautiful long fronds of fern and dainty specimens of moss. The display of fruit and vegetables was not very extensive, but among the last was exhibited asparagus with stalks literally as thick as the arm of a plump baby of three months old. A table of tropical fruits, among which were some gigantic lemons from Algiers, attracted much attention. There was displayed on it a jar of the so-called palm-cabbage, the heart of the palm-tree, to obtain each one of which

a tree at least ten years old must be destroyed. This costly delicacy had a very tempting appearance, looking as it did like thick sticks of white candy. It is said to be when fresh the most delicious vegetable known. On this same table I noticed a small basket bearing the imposing title of "Genuine Karakauri, from Algiers," which strikingly-named article was no other than that well-known refreshment of Bowery boys and theatre-going youths in general at home, which we know by the less important title of pea-nuts. We must go abroad to learn what things really are curious and wonderful. One of the prettiest inventions exhibited was a frame for the display of cut flowers. It was composed of hoops of gilt brass rising in diminishing ratio in the shape of a pyramid—or rather like an old-fashioned stand for custard-cups; these hoops were set thick with tiny crystal cups, each hooked on with a brass pin, and intended to be filled with water, and to contain each a single flower. It was filled for the exhibition with pansies of every style, and the effect of this mass of velvety, soft-shaded blossoms thus grouped close together in a pyramid was very beautiful. A lady sat opposite to it engaged in making a drawing of it in water-colors. The gold medals were gained by the exhibitors of the azaleas and the roses; a special premium being awarded to the proprietor of the giant asparagus.

The funeral of the regretted George Bizet, the young composer of the most successful new opera of the past season—namely, "Carmen," at the Opéra Comique—took place last Saturday. The church was densely crowded, many of the leading musical celebrities of Paris being present, and many being moved to tears. The event was certainly one of unusual sadness as well as of importance in the world of art. The pall-bearers included Gounod, Ludovic Halévy, Ambroise Thomas, and the celebrated dramatist Camille Doucet. The young composer was only thirty-six years of age. His career, though brief, has been a brilliant one. At the age of thirteen he gained the first prize of the Conservatoire for the piano. At eighteen he carried off the grand prize of Rome. He afterward successfully competed for a prize offered by Offenbach for the best comic opera, his composition being entitled "Les Pêcheurs de Perles." Several *morceaux* from it attained great popularity. He afterward wrote the music for a melodrama called "L'Artésienne." The play was a failure, but the music was much admired, and was subsequently performed at the Pasdeloup concerts with great success. His greatest triumph was achieved, however, by his opera of "Carmen," which was rapturously received at the Opéra Comique last winter. Only one more step remained to him, the boards of the Grande Opéra, and M. Halanzier was in treaty with him for a five-act opera for that establishment. Fame and Fortune, after eighteen years of toil, had already begun to smile upon him when sudden death, in the shape of an apoplectic attack, struck him down while in apparent enjoyment of undiminished health and vigor. He leaves behind him a wife, the daughter of the eminent composer Halévy (the author of "La Juive"), and one child. The music of the funeral-mass was executed by the Pasdeloup orchestra, and the solos of the requiem were sung by the leading artists of the Opéra Comique. No recent death in artistic circles in France has called forth more heart-felt and widely-expressed regret.

The past week has witnessed some important announcements from the book-publishers. Gladly Brothers announce for speedy publica-

tion their long-talked-of edition of the "Imitation of Jesus Christ," for which Alexandre Dumas is to write a preface, as I mentioned in a former letter. The work is to be illustrated from drawings by Jean Paul Laurens, and is to contain over three hundred and fifty woodcuts in the text, besides five large plates, including a head of Christ after Leonardo da Vinci. "Our 'Manon Lescaut' will be completely eclipsed," announce the publishers, with odd but unconscious irreverence. The edition will cost over twenty thousand dollars, and is to be one of the finest specimens of the typographical art of France which this century has yet produced. The "Acts and Words" of Victor Hugo, which is to be issued by Michel Levy Brothers, is divided into three parts, comprising as many volumes, which divisions are to be entitled, respectively, "Before Exile," "During Exile," and "After Exile." The first part is to appear in a day or two, preceded by a preface called "Law and Right," which preface is also to be issued as a separate pamphlet. The same firm also announce as nearly ready Count de Gasparin's "Thoughts on Liberty," the third and fourth volumes of the Count de Paris's "History of the Civil War in America," with further numbers of the atlas thereunto belonging, and the "Life and Works of Sainte-Beuve," by the Vicomte d'Haussonville. The firm of Didier & Co. will issue, in the course of the month, Mignet's "Rivalry between Francis I. and Charles V." Richard Lesclide has in press a translation of "The Raven" of Edgar A. Poe by Mallarmé, which is to be illustrated with five plates from designs by Manet. As Manet's new theories in art do not, we believe, extend to drawing, it is to be hoped that these illustrations from his pencil will be more acceptable than his recent paintings have been. And, *à propos* of Manet, I was recently told that the wife of an American artist of distinction was congratulating Madame Manet one day on the excellent position in which her husband's much-laughed-at "Argenteuil" had been placed in the Salon.

"Ah, yes," made answer the poor lady; "but I cannot bear to go near it, for, whenever I do, I hear such unkind remarks about it."

There is, of course, a good deal of gossip afloat respecting the award of medals at the Salon. It is said that the medal of honor would have been bestowed upon George Becker, whose "Respha," though a most unpleasant picture, is undoubtedly one of great originality and power. But Cabanel, who once painted a picture of the same subject, and Carolus Duran, who had hoped for the medal himself, opposed the award, and that successfully.

An important musical discovery has just been made at Bergamo, in Italy. An examination was recently made of a chest preserved there which contained the manuscripts left unfinished by Donizetti (who was a native of Bergamo) at his death. Therein was found the original partition of a musical farce called the "Campanello dello Speciale," of which Donizetti had composed not only the music, but the words; the partition of "Two Men and One Woman," of which the words were by Gustave Vaex; and, most important discovery of all, the manuscript of an opera in three acts entitled "The Duke of Alva," with the original libretto in French, by Eugène Scribe. The first act is completely finished, and ready for representation; of the two others, the principal *morceaux* only are composed. These being ready, however, it will be an easy matter to prepare the recitatives, and with this task three young composers have been charged.

It is expected that the whole work will be ready for representation early in the fall. It will first be performed in Italy, and, if successful there, will probably be transferred to the boards of Paris and London. If it be as good in its way as was "Don Pasquale," which was, I believe, Donizetti's last-represented opera, the discovery is, indeed, an important one.

The Grand Prix de Paris, that leading event in social and sporting circles here, came off last Sunday, that being the first Sunday in June. The Observatory, which attempts over here to fill the office of "Old Probabilities" with us, but with lamentable ill success, announced rain-storms and lowering clouds for the whole day. Of course not a drop of rain fell, and, if the sky were not completely cloudless, so much the better, as the soft haze which obscured the atmosphere toward the close of the afternoon served to temper the heat, which might else have been thought extreme for this latitude. The crowd was enormous, even exceeding in numbers that of last year, and the toilets were radiant to behold. Such exquisite combinations of color and material can hardly be imagined. The favorite tint was pale blue, certain groups of ladies on the tribunes looking like clusters of animated forget-me-nots in their exquisite costumes of silk and *surah*. Madame de MacMahon looked her very worst in a dress of *écru* yellow with a bonnet of yellow straw trimmed with oats and poppies. Her face was flushed with the heat, and altogether she looked thoroughly uncomfortable. Madame de Molins, the empress of Spain, and her two daughters, occupied places in the presidential box; the young ladies are very pretty and animated brunettes, and looked very charming in their Spanish mantilla-veils of white guipure-lace. The great race of the day, the Grand Prix, created an intense excitement, Claremont, the English horse, being looked upon as a most dangerous competitor for the prize. It was whispered abroad that the Prince of Wales, his owner, had come over *incognito* to witness his triumph, and that he was present on the ground in disguise. Be this as it may, the English horses fared but badly, none of them being even placed, while Salvalor, who was not one of the favorites, carried off the victory from the French favorites Nougat and St.-Cyr. The drive home was only to be accomplished at a snail's pace, so densely were the Avenue de l'Impératrice and the Avenue des Champs-Élysées packed with carriages, the throng extending from the gates of the Bois de Boulogne fairly down to the *rond-point*. The colors of M. Lupin (black and red) were conspicuous in many carriages on the homeward drive. Isabelle, *ex-dougnadière* of the Jockey Club, was present on the ground, but neglected and shorn of all her importance and all her glory.

Poor M. Bagier, the ex-director of the Italian Opera, has not yet seen the end of his troubles. He sued the members of his orchestra the other day for damages on account of their having broken up his season by striking work and refusing to play, and that, too, when their salaries had been regularly paid. He lost his lawsuit, and immediately one of his ex-prima donnas, Mademoiselle Angeli, sued him for two months' salary on the ground that the season *ought* to have continued for two months after it came to an abrupt close. But the lady was unsuccessful, and very justly, too. The odd fact came out on the trial that this young lady's salary amounted to only one hundred dollars (five hundred francs) a month. Please take notice, O ye aspiring mu-

sical students who aim at the position of prima donna to the Italian Opera of Paris! It is rumored that Strakosch is to be the director of that institution next winter, that he has already taken the Salle Ventadour, and that he has engaged Patti for a brief series of representations, all of which is pleasant news if it be only true. Our young countrywoman Miss Abbott went over to London some three weeks ago to prepare for making her *début* under the auspices of Manager Gye, of Covent Garden. She was to have made her first appearance in "La Fille du Régiment," but after her first rehearsal she was told that the version she had studied was not that usually presented on the English boards, and she would be obliged to relearn the opera entirely. So her *début* is again postponed, and this time for an indefinite period. She has been studying under Wartel, the celebrated instructor of Nilsson, so it is strange that he should have guided her so far astray as regards the opera in question.

LUOY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

THE series of articles now appearing in Mr. Yates's paper—the *World*—on "The English Press," are creating quite a sensation among journalists. They (the articles, not the journalists) are terribly caustic. You will remember I quoted from one of them the other week. The last is on the *Athenæum*—a paper Mr. Yates has little reason to be friendly with. This is how it opens:

"In some parts of the country the *Athenæum* is believed to be the final arbiter upon all literary questions, great or small. Its judgments are obediently accepted as the highest expression of cultivated opinion, and there is an odd superstition that authors who fail to gain the applause of the *Athenæum* at once retire from the profession. The journal is, in fact, regarded as a sort of literary Warwick, whose time is spent in making kings of literature; and those who indulge this strange belief would as soon think of questioning the validity of a legal sentence as of doubting the authority of the *Athenæum*. We in London who know the journal better would not do it this wrong. For some time past we have been wont to look to our *Athenæum* rather for amusement than instruction, and to trust it if at all more as a newspaper than an organ of criticism."

The writer—a gentleman who at one time was on the staff of the *Times*, 'tis rumored—then goes on to rail against "the style of" the *Athenæum*'s "criticism," which he declares "remains for the most part curiously devoid of power or courage. . . . A new poem is boiled down as if it were a statistical report," adds he; "its verdicts are, as a rule, commonplace; the errors it falls into are many." *A propos* of these last, let me quote the final sentences:

"Readers of the *Athenæum* will remember the sad blunder about Keats, when it published as new a letter which had long been familiar to every reader of Lord Houghton's charming biography. But this was as nothing compared to the review of Mr. Tennyson's 'Holy Grail,' in 1869, on which occasion, and in order to prove that the poet's powers had not failed, the innocent journal quoted a long passage from the 'Morte d'Arthur,' published in 1842. There are some journals, as there are some men, who never get too old to sow wild-oats, and of the wild-oats of the *Athenæum* these are fair samples."

Sir Charles Dilke has often told me that the *Athenæum* claims to be a literary newspaper, and nothing more; but the *World*, as you see, sets it up on a higher pedestal, in order to pull it down again. Of one thing I am certain: there is not a more fairly-conducted periodical in the universe than this same *Athe-*

næum. Let its best-known writers express a wish to review such and such a book, and he is sure not to get it. "He would not ask for it if he were not for some reason or other inclined to praise or 'slate' it." Sir Charles or his lieutenant, Mr. McColl, would say: "Of course, however unjust notices occasionally appear, they ever will appear in the best-regulated papers so long as authors and critics have gall-bladders, and are so 'touchy.'"

I wish I were Dr. Kenealey—yes, I really do. One could put up, I imagine, with a great deal of censure and ridicule—one wouldn't mind writing one's self down an ass—for four hundred pounds a week, and that is what the irrepressible doctor—the "member for Orton," as the *World* has dubbed him—is making out of the *Englishman*. A little bird has been whispering to me how he does it, and, in duty bound, I must confide it to you. Well, the circulation of the doctor's paper is over a hundred thousand copies weekly—say a hundred thousand. These he sells at two shillings and tenpence a quire of twenty-seven—that is, he sells three thousand seven hundred and four quires. Now, three thousand seven hundred and four two and tenpences is, if I mistake not—how I hate figures!—five hundred and twenty-four pounds fourteen shillings and eightpence—the total sum derived from the sale of the scurrilous sheet. As to the expenses, they are comparatively trifling. Suppose we say that in all they amount to one hundred and twenty-four pounds fourteen shillings and eightpence—they certainly do not amount to more—and four hundred pounds remain. Verily, the member for Stoke must bless the day that he came across that "tun of a man," Arthur Orton!

Mr. Henry Blackburn, the author of "Artists and Arabs," has hit upon an excellent idea. He is about to produce, through Messrs. Chatto and Windus, a shilling hand-book, called "Academy Notes," the letter-press of which will be interspersed with forty etchings of the principal pictures just now on view at Burlington House. He intends, he tells me, to bring a similar volume out yearly. Some one should take the hint in regard to your own Academy.

A new sixpenny monthly magazine will very soon be started here. It will consist entirely of light literature—of matter that those who run may read. The first number will contain about ten contributions—poems, sketches, stories—by well-known English and American authors. Your humble servant will edit it. I feel certain there is room for a really readable sixpenny; at present Mrs. Henry Wood's magazine—the *Argosy*—is the only one in the field worth mentioning.

Mr. George Barnett Smith informs me that he is going to issue a book from the essays on well-known authors which he has contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Cornhill*, the *Contemporary*, and other periodicals. Some of these essays are very well worth preserving, notably those on Thackeray and Shelley. Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. will be the publishers. Browning, I may tell you, takes a great interest in young Mr. Smith. He is constantly writing to him, and the poet's letters are ever a delight for two reasons. They are not only always prettily couched, but they are invariably written in the neatest of neat hands. So far as handscript goes, Mr. Browning would have made an admirable lawyer's clerk. A word as to another well-known poet whose name begins with a B. Mr. Buchanan has been engaged for some months past on a *magnum opus*. He is still staying "far from the madding crowd"—in short, in one of the most

outlandish parts of Ireland, a place where meat is to be had at about fourpence a pound, eggs for a halfpenny each, and milk for next to nothing. Verily, a poet's paradise!

You will, by-and-by, have one of our most ardent disciples of Izaak Walton among you—Mr. W. Senior, "Red Spinner" of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Mr. Senior intends writing a book on "The Rod in America." A volume of his *Gentleman* articles has already been published over here under the title of "Waterside Sketches," and has sold remarkably well. All lovers of the "gentle art" who are off for their holidays are putting it in their knapsacks. Mr. Senior, I should add, is one of the "specials" of the *Daily News*, and there is scarcely a British river that he has not fished in. He is looking forward to rare sport on your side the Atlantic—a bad lookout for the finny tribe!

One of your enterprising American correspondents has been "interviewing" my friend Mr. John Ingram, Poe's new editor. Said correspondent had seen a paragraph in one of your papers stating that Mr. Ingram was about to start for the States on a lecturing tour; so, naturally, he at once determined to ascertain that gentleman's views of things in general. However, he was doomed to disappointment. Mr. Ingram is a somewhat reticent young man, and—at least so he tells me—was not to be drawn out. Moreover, he has not the slightest idea of taking to lecturing. Mr. "Special" naturally, therefore, went away not a little crestfallen. Why doesn't he call on Keeneley? The doctor's voice falls upon mine ears as I write. My office is above his. Just now he is holding forth to his shop-boy.

Mr. Bronson Howard, who is mixing a great deal in "society" here, is going to Berlin in a few weeks to see a German version of his "Saratoga." Just now he is enjoying himself amazingly on our silver-flowing Thames. He is a capital oarsman. The quiet beauty of our English scenery seems to have many charms for him. He has, by-the-way, more than one new play in hand.

Mr. Charles Gibbon, the author of "Robin Gray," has determined on altering the title of his forthcoming novel. It will not be called "Ravelston," but "What will the World say?" The world will, I have no doubt, say that the story is a very good one indeed.

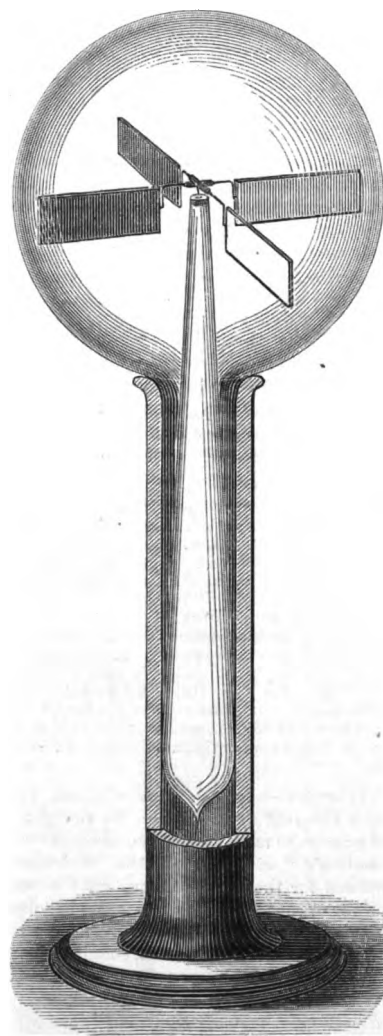
WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

IS LIGHT A MECHANICAL FORCE?

WE only wish it were possible to so approach the subject now under review as to impress upon our readers at the outset the true significance and value of the discovery to which it relates. It appears almost incredible that, in spite of the untiring labors of mind, begun with the first dawn of human intelligence, and continued with constantly-augmented activity through the ages, such a truth as that now demonstrated should have so long remained unrevealed, and that, with our knowledge of the so-called physical forces, and the laws which govern their action, we should have until this late day remained in ignorance regarding the true nature of the familiar phenomenon of light. That in many of its properties light is a force has been clearly demonstrated, and, by the aid of certain chemical agencies, it has been fully proved that the force exercised

by the light-waves is but another manifestation of that which, as electricity, makes the magnet powerful, or, as heat, results in combustion and the consequent generation of mechanical motion; but that light possesses a motive power in itself—that is, that these light-waves, as we call them, exercise a direct repellent force when interrupted, just as do the waves of the sea as they beat upon the coast, or the wind-currents as they press against the mariner's sail—who ever dreamed of this? It is to this new conception respecting the motive power of light that attention is now briefly directed, and, if we are content to go no further at present than the mere notice of



the discovery, and a description of the methods by which the truth is demonstrated, it is because its possible results are so numberless and far-reaching that to name them, even without discussion, would carry us beyond our allotted limits. From several recent sources of information on this subject we glean the following facts: In August of 1873 Mr. William Crookes read a brief paper before the Royal Society, in which he just hinted at the possible results which might be obtained through a course of experiments he was then conducting. It was not, however, until the month of May last that this earnest worker came boldly forward and, by the

aid of ingenious mechanical and physical appliances, proceeded to the visible demonstration of the theory which, in his eyes, had already attained to the dignity of a natural law. "Mr. Crookes began," says the report, "by stating that, in the paper from which he had previously read to the society, he had made known how a lever arm of pith, delicately suspended in a very perfect vacuum, was repelled by the impact of light or radiant heat." Now, if any school-boy will consult even the latest work on natural philosophy, he will there read that light, apart from heat, has no physical force whatever, and the fact that an ordinary balance suspended in *vacuo* was not affected by light-rays has been used as an argument against Newton's emission theory. Yet it now appears by Mr. Crookes's experiments that certain of the needed conditions had not been properly observed, and that it was possible, under proper conditions, to secure positive and even rapid mechanical motion by the aid of light-waves alone. Passing by the more complicated of these demonstrations, attention is directed to the form and construction of one of these appliances, for the better understanding of which the accompanying illustration is given. This device is known as the "radiometer," and by it the true character of radiant heat and of light-waves may be demonstrated.

As described, this apparatus consists of four arms suspended on a steel point resting on a cap, so that the arms are able to revolve horizontally upon their central pivot, just the same, in fact, as the arms of an anemometer revolve. To the extremity of each arm of straw in the apparatus made by Mr. Crookes is fastened a thin disk of pith, white on one side and black on the other, the black surface of all the disks facing the same way; the pith disks are each about the size of a sixpence. The whole arrangement is inclosed in a glass globe, which is then exhausted to the highest attainable point and hermetically sealed.

Now, in order to demonstrate the motive power of light by aid of this apparatus, it was only needed that the globe, with the inclosed mimic windmill, be so placed that it should receive direct rays either of sunlight or from some artificial source, when the fans would at once be acted upon, resulting in their rapid revolution about the central pivot, continuing as long as the light remained. Lest there should be a doubt as to whether it might not be heat-waves which, coming from the same source as the light, were yet in truth the motors, a screen of alum was introduced between the light and the globe, and by this means the light only was transmitted. Still the same result followed. Again, thinking that there might possibly be some electrical conditions about the pith which incited it to action, these disks were removed, and those of thin platinum substituted, and, to cover the possible effects of disengaged moisture in causing the motion, these metal disks were heated to redness, and the globe put in a perfect non-electrical condition. All these changes were made in obedience to objections raised by doubters, and yet the little windmill, obedient to the repellent force of the light-rays exercised against

the dark sides of the disk, moved the same as before. We are informed that, with one of the instruments, the arms revolved once in one hundred and eighty-two seconds, when a candle-flame was placed at a distance of twenty inches; when this distance was decreased to ten inches, the time occupied for one revolution was forty-five seconds; and at five inches the revolution was made in eleven seconds. By this it will be seen that the motive force of light seems to obey the same law as that governing its intensity—that is, it varies inversely as the square of the distance. It is the approach to exactness in these results which affords the strongest proof of the justice of Mr. Crookes's conclusions, and it also appears that in this instrument we have a new and exact method of making actinometrical measurements. While, as before suggested, we have no intention of reviewing at greater length the possible effect of this discovery upon established theories, astronomical and physical, yet there can be no doubt that, when the new theory shall have been sufficiently verified to justify its adoption, the result will be manifested in a modification of certain established opinions regarding the character of centrifugal force, the influence of light upon the celestial waves, the true nature of comets' tails, etc. President Barnard, in an extended review of this discovery, does not hesitate to affirm that "it may give rise to much more important discoveries perhaps than any contribution to celestial mechanics since the law of gravitation was demonstrated by Newton." And, so far as the inquiries have progressed, we learn that "such eminent men as Professors Stokes and Huxley, Dr. Carpenter, Mr. Norman Lockyer, and others, agree that the demonstration was perfect." At present, the chief opponent of the theory is Professor Osborne Reynolds, and, when the full report of this gentleman's views is received, we shall again return to the discussion of the subject. Indeed, it may not be necessary to await this protest, since, should the facts as they now stand be indorsed by other observers, our readers may expect to become as familiar with the new theory as they are now with that of gravitation. Regarding the possible effects of this discovery upon the present views, a recent enthusiastic reviewer closes the report of his observations as follows: "It seems not impossible that our mathematicians, calculating from the small surface of these disks the motive force of sunlight, may soon tell us pretty accurately what is the aggregate power which the luminous rays of the sun command, and nothing of this, by the law of forces, can be really wasted. 'Let there be light: and there was light,' seems to derive a new majesty of meaning from the discovery which shows us this subtle something, no mere undulation nor 'mode of motion,' but a living force as well as the illumination of all life. It does appear as if a marvelous expansion of knowledge is about to open as a result of these delicate experiments."

In a recent note on submarine tunnels, we announced that it had been proposed to open a tunnel beneath the Straits of Gibraltar. At

that time, however, we were not in possession of certain valuable information which is now given to our readers. This information comes to us in the form of a letter from Ensign Busbee of Admiral Worden's staff, in which the writer ventures the theory that an opening already exists beneath the strait, and is in constant use as a highway between Europe and Africa. It is true that the frequenters of this route are only monkeys; but if monkeys, why not men? Leaving it for the engineering commission to settle the fact of the tunnel, the story of the monkeys as told by our correspondent will be found sufficiently entertaining to merit a perusal, while the possible truth of the tunnel theory seems to justify us in giving it a place in the science column. The communication is as follows:

"Few places in Europe have been more thoroughly 'written up' than Gibraltar. Each transient visitor feels called upon to dilate in glowing rhetoric upon its 'craggy cliffs,' its 'frowning batteries,' etc.; but, in the descriptions that I have seen, an important omission has struck me. Of course I refer to the monkeys—for in Gibraltar alone, of all Spain, of all Europe, can be found veritable wild monkeys."

"That this almost inaccessible rock should be the only place in Europe in which these animals are found is singular, but the manner in which they get there is much more wonderful."

"The doubter may hesitate to believe what I am about to state, but let him that hesitates keep away from Gibraltar; as for myself, I had rather face the muzzles of the Garden Battery than to hint a suspicion of unbelief to the old sergeant at the Signal-Tower. This sergeant is the legal guardian of the monkeys, and it is his duty to provide them with food and drink when berries are scarce and rain infrequent. When he gives them drink he has to chain the saucers to trees, for the wretches used to amuse themselves, after drinking, by shying the saucers around in a very indiscriminate manner, some at the old man, others far out into the sea, and added to their enormities by laughing and chattering at the very natural expletives of their benefactor."

"These monkeys are seen in Gibraltar only at certain intervals, and at intervals they disappear. They come from Africa, from Morocco across the strait. There is a cave running down from the top of the rock, and underneath the strait there must be a passage. So strongly is this believed, that the nearest point in Africa, Apes' Hill, receives its name from the circumstance. These monkeys are in all respects like the little monkeys of Northern Africa, and when they are scarce on Apes' Hill, they abound on the Rock of Gibraltar; when there are none on the rock, they are much more numerous on the other side. The cave has never been explored by man, though several adventurous engineers and others have lost their lives in the endeavor to descend it."

"These animals could not come from Spain, for they would be obliged to cross the 'Neutral Ground,' a perfectly barren strip of land, and certainly at some time traces of them would have been found: besides, if any were in Spain, such inveterate sportsmen as the English officers, hunting constantly as they do, would find them."

"One can imagine a young monkey of Africa, a nascent Kane or Livingstone, fired with enthusiasm, leaving home and friends with many a tearful remonstrance from his mother, resolving to explore the chasm in Apes' Hill, or to perish in the effort. Not

Columbus nor Vasco de Gama so challenges our admiration as this dauntless monkey, and when, after daring the dangers of sea and land, he returned to his tribe, we may well imagine how the choicest fruit was plucked in honor of the voyager. As his comrades listened to the story of his adventures, and heard his recountal of the sights he had witnessed, many doubtless vowed to emulate his courage, until finally the passage came to be regarded as a simple matter, and all aristocratic monkeys came to pass the season on the rock, and Gibraltar became the Saratoga of the apes."

"The plan to tunnel the English Channel may eventually be carried out, and massive arches, erected with line and plummet, may support the water's weight; but when one takes in Calais the cars for Dover, let him remember that this idea is not original. The monkeys as they cross and recross in their tunnel will have the keen satisfaction of knowing that their Darwinian brothers are but copyists of them, and that theirs is the original submarine passage. Whether it was not made with hands, or whether the monkeys made it before they descended into man, matters not. Here these little fellows will journey at their leisure until the waves of the two seas may prove too strong, and the earth, giving way over their thoroughfare, shall separate them forever from their forefathers' graves."

"Every one in Gibraltar is deeply interested in the monkeys, and the fine for troubling them is heavy. When one dies, the fact is noted in the record kept by the old sergeant, and generally finds its way into the newspapers."

The introduction of electric indicators and signals into our hotels and other buildings has at present been made of service only as indicating the room from which the bell was rung. This signal has to be answered by a waiter, who is then often dispatched on some slight errand, such as bringing water, calling a general messenger, etc. Recognizing the value of some improvement which would enable the occupant of the room to indicate within a limited range the purpose of the signal, M. Detrayeux has devised the following plan, which is favorably noticed in the *Bulletin de la Société Encouragement*: Under each number of the indicator at the clerk's desk there is placed a board on which is a printed list of the more common requirements in hotels. Over this list an index-needle is so adjusted that it may move freely up or down, stopping before any name upon it. In the traveler's room is a corresponding list and index-finger in addition to the common button now in use. The general operation of the device is as follows: The occupant of the room adjusts the index-needle so that it shall point to the desired object, and then touches the electric button. The signal is transmitted to the indicator, which, being constructed with a view to these complications, rings a bell, at the same time causing the index-needle to move in accord with the one at the more distant end of the line. The attention of the waiter or hall-boy is attracted by the bell, and he reads its purpose from the list indicated by the needle, and, having restored the latter to its place, proceeds to answer the request without further inquiry. It is proposed to so adapt the needle in the room that when the current is checked by the waiter below it will take its normal position automatically; thus the one ringing will be informed that his request is about to be answered. All this may seem to involve mechanism too complicated to be of service,

and yet the method is essentially the same as that now in general use in the "district telegraph," whereby either a doctor, messenger, or policeman, may be summoned.

We have frequently taken occasion, in our reviews of scientific progress in England, to notice the violence with which the journal *Nature* has expressed its opinions regarding any lack of zeal manifested by the government in the cause of science. The present, however, being a dull season at home, the pen of this editor is forced to seek other objects for denunciation and rebuke, as is illustrated by the following from that journal of June 3d: "We are very much surprised, and on all accounts it is greatly to be regretted, that the Legislature of Massachusetts has rejected the bill for a new survey of the State to which we have already referred. Massachusetts is known all the world over as being one of the most intelligent and best-educated States in the Union. Evidently, however, the State schools are too strong in arithmetic; a Mr. Plunkett brought some extraordinary calculations before the House, showing that the survey would cost nearly a million and a half of dollars, and occupy nearly a hundred years! Besides an advanced and accomplished calculator, the Massachusetts Legislature is also happy in the possession of a 'funny man,' a Mr. Rice, who seems occasionally to relieve the severity of Mr. Plunkett's extreme calculations by bright flashes of buffoonery. Mr. Rice described the proposed survey as 'sending young men with muck-rakes to scratch the sterile soil of the State and make pictures.'"

THE sudden death of Joseph Winlock, late director of the observatory of Harvard College, is an event which will be sincerely mourned by the world of science, where he had attained so high and worthy a fame, and by the many associates whom he honored by his friendship. It is seldom that the philosopher creates for himself a fame of such a nature as to attract the attention and command the reverence of the poet; hence the following sonnet by Lowell, composed in memory of the dead astronomer, will be received as a special mark of honor:

"Thy soul and stalwart, man of patient will
Through years one hair's-breadth on our Dark to gain,
Who, from the stars he studied not in vain,
Had learned their secret to be strong and still,
Careless of fames that earth's tin trumpets fill;
Born under Leo, broad of build and brain,
He watched while others slept, in that hushed lane
Of Science, only witness of his skill:
Sudden as falls a shooting-star he fell.
But inextinguishable his luminous trace
In mind and heart of all that knew him well.
Happy man's doom! To him the fates were known
Of orbs dim-hovering on the skirts of space,
Unprescent, through God's mercy, of his own!"

THE students at Caius College, Cambridge (England), have recently founded a society on a basis that might be imitated among our own institutions. The organization is designed for the diffusion of scientific knowledge among the members of the college, for the reading of essays on scientific subjects, and for the holding of scientific discussions. Whatever may be the view taken by undergraduates, we do not question that the alumni of American colleges are often led to regret that the zeal demanded of them in the support of their so-called secret organization had not been put to better service in advancing their intellectual culture. And now that the scientific depart-

ments of our universities are gaining so strong a hold and so high a rank, any movement made in them in favor of some decided reform in the constitution and purposes of their societies would add one more to their many claims for a favorable recognition and increased patronage.

In a recently-published supplement to *Petermann's Mittheilungen* there is presented, in connection with other valuable statistical information, the following estimate regarding the total population of the globe: The grand total is now given at 1,398,842,000 souls, and the general distribution as follows: Europe, 302,978,000; Asia, 798,907,000; Africa, 208,007,000; America, 84,392,000; and Australia and Polynesia, 4,563,000.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

FROM the lamented Théophile Gautier's highly-entertaining book on "Constantinople" (reviewed in our "Literary" department last week) we select the larger part of the chapter on "Women:"

The first question invariably addressed to every traveler on his return from the East is, "Well, and the women?" To which each responds by a smile, more or less mysterious according to his degree of fatuity, implying, however, a fair amount of romantic adventures.

Whatever it may cost my self-love, I humbly avow that I have, in this particular, "no story to tell;" but am compelled, to my great regret, to send forth my narrative devoid of all incident of love or romance. A few such would certainly have served admirably to vary my descriptions of cemeteries, mosques, *takkies*, palaces, and kiosks. Nothing is more charming in an Eastern tale than to read how an old woman, in a deserted street, made you a sign to follow her cautiously, and at a distance, and introduced you, by a secret door, into an apartment heaped with all the luxuries of the Orient, where, reclining upon a superb divan, a sultana, gleaming with jewels—which, however, paled beside her superb loveliness—impatiently awaited your coming, and received you with smiles of tenderness and welcome. In due course the adventure should terminate by the sudden arrival of the master, who scarcely leaves you time to fly by the back-door; unless, indeed, a more tragical climax is attained, by a contest from which you barely escape with life, and the plunge into the Bosphorus, at dead of night, of a sack which bears some vague resemblance to the human form.

This orthodox narrative of Eastern adventure, slightly varied in details, always passes current, and interests all readers; and, more especially, all "fair readers;" and, doubtless, it is not entirely without precedent that a young Giaour, handsome, rich, knowing thoroughly the language of the country, and residing in his own house in the Turkish fashion, should, with great peril to himself and absolute danger to the life of the lady, have an intrigue with a Turkish woman; but, if such a thing occurs, it is very rarely, indeed, and this for many and obvious reasons. First, the bolts and the gratings which intervene between the females and the rest of the world are tangible and unmistakable obstacles; then the difference of religion, and the unconquerable suspicion with which every Turk—the

women not excepted—instinctively regards all unbelievers, not to mention the difficulty, or almost impossibility, of that previous acquaintance which might awaken a mutual regard between the parties.

Besides this, it is to be remarked that in most European countries the world at large are rather disposed to connive and smile at any "flirtation" which is observed, even though the lady be a married woman; while in Turkey a *cavas*, a *hammal*, any man, of even the lowest grade, who should observe a Mohammedan woman speaking in the street to a Frank, or even exchanging the slightest sign of intelligence with him, would literally fall upon her with hand, and foot, and cudgel, and be warmly applauded for such brutality by any casual spectators, especially among the women. No one here understands the remotest approach to railleury on the subject of conjugal infidelity. The purely material jealousy of the Turks, and the precautions which it involves, protect them, almost invariably, from any cause of domestic scandal; although jocose allusions to the subject are made familiarly enough in the theatre of our friend Karagheuz, and in the course of the comic disputes incidental to his performances.

It is true that the Turkish women go out freely, take their walks and drives to the Valley of Sweet Waters, to Hyder Pasha, or to the Place of Sultan Bajazet; seat themselves beside the tombs of the Little Fields of Pera or Scutari; pass entire days at the bath, or in visits to their friends; talk beneath the porticoes of the mosques; lounge in the shops of the Bezetin; and sail, in *caïques* or steamers, upon the waters of the Bosphorus; but they have always some companion, be it a negress, or an old woman in the capacity of duenna, or, if they are rich, a eunuch, often more jealous than his master. If they are not thus accompanied—which exception is rare—a child, led by the hand, insures them respect; or even, in default of this protection, the tone of public manners watches over them, and "protects" them, perhaps a little more rigorously than they altogether desire. The excessive liberty of action which they enjoy is only apparent.

Foreigners have sometimes fancied themselves beloved by a Turkish woman, when they have, in fact, confounded the Armenians with the Turks, whose costume they wear, except the yellow boots, and whose manners and allurements they imitate so closely as to deceive any but a resident of the country. For this it suffices to have an old woman, who arranges her plans with a pretty young Armenian coquette, a rather credulous and romantic young man, and a rendezvous in a lonely house. Vanity does the rest; and the adventure generally terminates in the extortion of a sum of money—an insignificant circumstance, omitted from the subsequent narrative of the deluded Giaour, who imagines in his heroine at least the favorite slave of a pasha, if not one of the harem of the Grand-Seigneur himself.

But, in real truth, the actual Turkish life is not less "hermetically sealed" than we have always supposed; and it is very difficult to even conjecture what passes behind those closely-trellised windows, the only view through which is that from within, each being furnished with a sort of bull's-eye, to enable those on the inner side to command a perfect view of all that passes without, while they themselves remain rigorously invisible.

Nor is it of any use to think of obtaining information from the natives of the country. As the author says at the commencement of "Namouna"—

"Utter silence reigns throughout this narrative."

To speak to a Turk of the women of his household is to commit the grossest possible breach of etiquette and politeness. It is forbidden to make the slightest allusion, even indirectly, to this delicate subject; and, of course, all such phrases as "How is your wife to-day?" (commonplace as they are to us) are quite banished from conversation. The most ferociously bearded and turbaned Turk would blush like a school-girl if he heard an inquiry so outrageously improper.

The embassadress of France, wishing to make a present to Redschid Pasha of some superb Lyons silks for the ladies of his harem, sent them to him with this brief note: "Pray accept some silks, which you will know better than any one how to use." To have expressed more plainly the object of the gift would have been bad taste, even in the eyes of Redschid Pasha, despite his familiarity with French manners; and the exquisite tact of the marchioness caused her to adopt a form of expression so gracefully vague as could not wound even the sensitive susceptibility of an Oriental.

It is, therefore, easy to understand that it would be singularly unbecoming to ask from a Turk any details as to the habits or customs of the harem, or the character and manners of the women. Even though he may have known you familiarly at Paris, have taken two hundred cups of coffee and smoked an equal number of pipes on the divan with you, he will, nevertheless, if you question him on this subject, stammer and hesitate, and evade your inquiries in every possible manner. Civilization, in this particular, has not advanced a single step. The only method to employ, in order really to obtain any authentic information, is to request some European lady, who is well introduced and has access to the harems, to recount to you faithfully that which she has seen. For a man, he may as well abandon at once the idea of knowing any thing more of the Turkish beauties than he is able to gather from the glimpses which he may snatch by surprise from beneath the awning of an *araba*, through the window of a *talika*, or beneath the shade of the cypresses of the cemetery, at some moment when heat or solitude has caused a momentary and partial withdrawing of the veil.

Still if one approaches too boldly, even under such circumstances—and especially if there chance to be any Turk within hearing—he draws upon himself a shower of such compliments as the following: "Dog of a Christian! miscreant! Giaour! May the birds of the air soil your beard! May the plague dwell in your house! May your wife be childless!" the last being a Biblical and Mohammedan malediction of the utmost severity. It may, however, be suspected that this fury is more affected than real, and is, in great part, a piece of acting "for the gallery;" for a woman, even though a Turk, is seldom displeased at being admired; and among the Moslem women the secret of their beauty, no doubt, weighs somewhat upon their minds (as any other secret would do upon any female mind), and they are not sorry to have an occasional confidant of that sex which is best able to appreciate the value of the disclosure.

By the Sweet Waters of Asia — by leaning immovably against a tree or the fountain, in the attitude of one who is lost in profound reverie—I have been able to catch a glimpse of more than one lovely face but imperfectly concealed by a thin veil of gauze half withdrawn, and more than one snowy throat gleaming between the folds of a half-open *feredje*, while the eunuch was walking at a little distance, or gazing upon the steamboats on the

Bosporus, assured by my assumed air of drowsiness and abstraction.

The Turks, however, see no more of them than the Giaours do. They never pass beyond the *selamluk*, even in the houses of their most intimate friends; and they are acquainted with no women but those of their own harems. When the inmates of one harem visit those of another the well-known custom of placing the slippers of the visitors upon the threshold of the harem which they are visiting at once announces the presence of strangers, and interdicts the entrance of the *odalick*, even to its own master, who thus finds himself, at any moment, shut out from a part of his own house. An immense female population, anonymous and unknown, circulates through this mysterious city, which is thus transformed into a sort of vast masquerade, with the peculiarity that the dominoes are never permitted to unmask. The father and the brother are the only males who are allowed to behold the faces of the daughters and sisters, who rigidly veil themselves for any relative of remoter degree; and thus a Turk may, in his whole life, have seen but half a dozen faces of Moslem women!

The possession of large and numerous harems is restricted to viziers, pashas, beys, and other persons of either great wealth or high rank, for their maintenance is enormously expensive, especially as each female who becomes a mother is entitled to her separate apartments and her own suite of slaves. The Turks of middle rank have rarely more than one wife (although legally entitled to espouse four), together with perhaps three or four purchased female slaves; and for them the rest of the sex remains in the condition of a myth or chimera. It is true that they can compensate themselves by looking at the women of other races—the Greeks, Jewesses, and Armenians, together with the few European ladies who extend their travels so far; but of the females of their own people they know absolutely nothing beyond the walls of their own harems.

The sentiment of love and the delicacies of courtship are, necessarily, almost unknown to the Moslemah. A Turk who wishes to marry has recourse to some woman of mature age, who exercises the profession of a matrimonial negotiator. This woman frequents the baths, and gives him a minute description of the personal charms of a certain number of Asmés, Rouchens, Nourmahals, Leilas, and other beauties of marriageable age, taking proper care, of course, to adorn with the greatest profusion of metaphors the portrait of the young girl whom she herself favors, or whom it is her interest to select. The effendi becomes a lover on the strength of her description; sprinkles with bouquets of hyacinths the path by which his veiled idol must pass; and, after the interchange of a few glances (his share of which is limited to such glimpses of a pair of eyes as he can snatch through the close-drawn veil), demands the maiden of her father, offering her a dowry proportioned to his passion and his fortune; and at length sees removed, for the first time, in the nuptial-chamber itself, the *yachmack* which has hitherto concealed the fair one's features from his longing gaze.

These marriages by procuration do not appear to give room for much more of mistake or deception than those which take place among us.

THE entertaining writer in *Fraser* upon "German Home-Life" devotes her last ar-

ticle to "Language." Her comments upon the difficulties of titles are amusing:

At the language of official life, at the ridiculous titles official people claim, we have already glanced. The exactions in this direction are almost sufficient to frighten a simple-minded person out of society. Have you given the right man the right title? Is he a *Geheimerath*, or a *wirklicher Geheimerath*? Was that prince who affably condescended to address you a Royal, or a Transparent, or a Serene Highness? You have just addressed a lady (who has no right to the title) as *Excellens*, and made her your implacable enemy for life. You have occasion to write to a Roman Catholic clergyman, and you forever offend him by addressing him as *Ew. Hochhehrwürden*, which is a Protestant title, instead of *Ew. Hochwürden*, the correct Catholic style. How are you to know that privy councillors and presidents exact the predicate *Hochwohlgeboren*, which belongs of right to the nobility (second class), and how can you guess that a count must be addressed as "High-born" (*Hochgeboren*), or even, under some circumstances, as *Erlaucht*, a baron as "High-well-born" (*Hochwohlgeboren*), and that the common herd exact *Wohlgeboren*, as well as their own patronymic, on the letters you address to them? It once occurred to the writer of these pages to have occasion to send to a little Jew shopkeeper for a reel of silk or a skein of wool. The nearest townlet was ten miles distant, and, being unwilling to trust her commission to the rustic messenger, she wrote a note, dictated by a kind relative, to the shopkeeper in question. Left to herself, she addressed it to Herr Meyer, linen-draper, adding the name of the town, and deposited the letter on the hall-table. "What! will you then insult the people?" cried a critical and choleric cousin, snatching up the poor little missive; "you blame yourself" (*Du blämst Dich*), "my best one, by such ignorance of the forms!" and, stripping off the offensive cover, he reinclosed it, writing in a fine, flourishing hand, "To the Well-born Mr. Jacob Meyer, Merchant" (*Kaufmann*). I felt quite ashamed to inclose the twopence-halfpenny that was to cover my debt in the face of such a grandiloquent address as this; the very poetry of commerce could do no more than build up such a structure on the foundation of the little Hebrew luckster's obscure shop.

Altogether the address upon a German letter is a serious affair, and cannot be attempted in any light spirit of enterprise. You have to consider your declensions, and to call to mind all the social and official prerogatives of the person you are addressing. No such slipshod, easy familiarity as General Smith or Colonel Jones can be tolerated. You must begin in one corner of the envelope, and, if you wish to be decent, end in the other, as:

Seiner Hochgeboren
dem Grafen
Adalbert von Kanonen-Donner,
General-Major, Inspekteur
der K. K. Artillerie, etc., etc.,
Hieselbst,

or wherever else he may be; and, if your friend hold a civil appointment, a far more elaborate address will probably adorn the superscription.

In society a married lady is always addressed with the prefix of *gnädige*, or *gnädigste Frau* (gracious, or most gracious lady). If she have a title, it is not customary to use the family names in speaking to her; *Frau Grün* or *Frau Baronin* being deemed sufficient. Many persons use *meine Gnädigste* ("my

most gracious"), without further designation. Among female friends the formula is somewhat less ceremonious, *liebe Gräfin*, or *Generalin*, or *Geheimeräthin*, being sufficient. Young ladies are not addressed as "Miss" So-and-so, but by gentlemen invariably as *mein gnädiges Fräulein*. In Vienna the title *Comtesse*, in contradistinction to *Gräfin*, is only employed toward unmarried ladies. It is not customary to say "Colonel Rag" or "Major Famish;" *Herr Oberst* and *Herr Major* are the correct forms; *Herr Hauptmann* and *Herr Lieutenant*. In speaking of these gentlemen you may, of course, mention the family names of both the Rags and the Famishes. I may give an illustration of my meaning in the following experiences: I was equally well acquainted with a Baron Wolff and a Baron Behr, both members of well-known Courland families, but I never could remember which was which. It was of no great consequence, as safety was afforded in the convenient *Herr Baron*; but on more than one occasion it so happened that I had to speak of these gentlemen when others of the same rank were present. I was obliged to particularize, and I made a shot at the Wolff. The next time I took desperate aim, and it was at the Behr. I fancied Fate had favored me, until a cloud on the countenance of the latter gentleman informed me I had blundered. Meeting him a few days later in a shady avenue, he accosted me with a stiffness that was barely tempered by its cold civility. "I have perceived, my most gracious," he said, "that you are in the dark as to my insignificant personality (*meine unbedeutende Persönlichkeit*). You have on several occasions spoken of me in my presence as Baron Wolff: now, allow me to tell you that the Wolves are not to be compared with the Bears!" Crushed as I was by his *morgue* and magnificence, I could not but smile (as I muttered out my confused apologies) at the serious tone of his reproof.

Fatiguing alike, however, to alien ears and sense is the vicious abuse of the adverbial and adjectival form in the language of every-day life. An adjective and a note of admiration will serve, for instance, to express the feelings of a family all round. The emotions of a group surveying the beauties of Saxon Switzerland or the Rhine will be rendered as follows:

MAMMA. "Reisend!"
SOPHIE. "Hümmlich!"
ADELHEID. "Wunderschön!"
HELGA. "Beeaubend!"
CHARLOTTE. "Entzückend!"

And so on *da capo*, *ad infinitum*. At first, especially if the group be one of pretty girls, each shrieking out her little note of spasmodic admiration in a higher key than the last, you will think this pretty animation very *naïve* and charming, but by degrees it will pall upon you; you will wish that they could be persuaded to utter a few consecutive sentences; or you will regret that they should have begun with the climax. It is a common mistake to suppose that German travelers are morose; they are the most talkative of companions; they talk *pro bono*, and, like Tennyson's brook, though men may come, and men may go, they seem able to go on forever!

From a very charming paper in *Fraser* on "Peasant-Life in North Italy," we quote a well-drawn picture of the parish priest:

Italians love a goodly portion of gossip and loitering; and if foreign sayings about Italian impetuosity, and easily moved Italian feelings,

have been often exaggerated, these Apennine country-people are, on the other hand, no tact-turn race. They are unning to mould to their use the lithe tongue of their land, to adorn it with expletives, and to point it with gesticulation; and it is even this habit of noisy vociferation which has perhaps won them abroad their character—so little truly deserved—for curbless passions and vindictively cruel propensities. They are a kindly people enough in their mutual relations, and formed, indeed, by their very nature for warm, social life. They have need of a certain amount of free, neighborly intercourse, such as a quiet and colder temperament can scarcely understand; and hence it is that the life of an Italian community is to be learned in its open thoroughfares rather than its individual homes—as in the comparatively secretive life of northern lauds. We must seek on cottage door-steps, in market-places, and piazzas, where men and women mix freely together, the true color of this Apennine people.

Mark them now as they stand about the parish church. Mass is just over—for it is one of the smaller *festas*—and the peasants are split into divers knots, where the interests peculiar to various ages and callings are ardently being discussed. Some of the people live on the far confines of the parish, and it is not often these meet with neighbors out of other hamlets—hence is there much to ask and to be said. The old priest comes forth now from the sacristy, and threads his way among the crowd. He has put off the most conspicuous part of his canonical apparel, and wears only a long black coat, with knee-breeches, black stockings, and buckles to his shoes; in his hand the three-cornered, ecclesiastical hat, which is in strict etiquette on a feast-day. To one side of the quadrangle a group of youths and maidens are gathered, and hither first the pastor turns his attention. They make way for him, and do not shrink or turn aside shame-stricken at his coming, as boys and girls would surely do in England when caught at their play by the minister. The maidens turn to

him instead, eagerly demanding his opinion, perhaps on some free and foolish rallery, or laughing with him at the discomfiture of some too forward suitor, while the men are prompt and outspoken with their lightsome jokes and taunts. He laughs, too, and retaliates, being no way prudish in his talk. Of what use would it be, were the good man inclined ever so much to seek for the flaws and the specks upon the gray and homespun garments of his parishioners? Though his person be held in ever so great respect throughout the parish, though his voice be listened to in meekness and in awe within the holy precincts, and his counsels highly valued, and his upbraidings regarded at the confessional, without his office the priest's power is a mere name, and well he knows it. It is fortunate perhaps for him that, in most country parishes at least, he has learned to adapt himself to his standing. His own upbringing has probably not been such as to render him peculiarly sensitive to the mere outward grossness of speech, which is generally the worst feature about this frank and merry people. Who that is Italian, by birth and by nature, could have grown to be thus unsusceptible? A country parish priest, at all events, is not, and, as a rule, he gets on well, descending, when out of his religious duties, to the work and the interests of the peasants about him, happy enough, doubtless, in his own way, and careless of any great show of respect. Now he joins another party, and this time the group is one of old or seasoned men, whose interests are wrapped up in the crops and the coming fair. Hear him, as with avidity he discusses the country's prospects, or reconnoitres cautiously that he may know the better how to buy and to sell with advantage on Monday next. Here is no moon-struck priest, but a man of the world—poor, parsimonious, and prudent; poor, but not always stingy, not always grasping because he, too—though pinched and care-worn far more than the greater number of his people who have their own lands and crops—he, too, has the proverbial *buon cuore* of the Italians.

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CAOUTCHOUC AND ITS GATHERERS.

II.



INDIA-RUBBER MANUFACTURER ON THE BANK OF THE MADEIRA.

NARROW paths lead from such wretched cottages as were described in the preceding paper to each separate tree. As soon as the dry season arrives the time of opera-

tion is at hand. The inmate of the palace just described betakes himself, hatchet in hand, into the *seringal* to chop little holes in the bark. Conduits of bamboo carry the

milky-white sap, which instantly commences to exude, into clay bowls, while a bandage is fastened under the wound in the trunk to prevent any overflow of the precious gum.

Thus the collector travels from trunk to trunk, each laborer having a certain number of trees assigned him by the proprietor of the camp. The process in many respects is like that seen in the sugar-camps of the maple-woods of the North. Let the reader release his recollections of the maple-sugar frolics of his boyhood from the association with frosty mornings, bare landscapes, and meadows as yet partly brown with the touch of winter, and transfer his thought to the splendid river-valleys of Brazil, glowing with intense heat, painted with a rich depth of greenery, and made picturesque with the manifold sights and sounds of tropical life.

The caoutchouc-gatherer travels his appointed round, and pours the contents of the bamboo-canes into a large calabash provided with straps of liana, that useful parasitic vine which fulfills a thousand useful functions for the South American. This vessel is emptied at home into one of the large turtle-shells, so necessary to tropical house-keeping, serving as they do for basins, troughs, vats, etc.

Now a new operation must commence without delay, for caoutchouc is a peculiar substance, and must be warily handled. The *seringueiro* instantly sets about the smoking process, lest the quality of the product should become inferior by the separation of the resinous elements of the sap.

An earthen jar without bottom and with a narrow neck to serve as a chimney is set over a fire of dry *urucury* or *uauassé* palm-nuts.* These furnish the only fuel which can be used, for the smoke has a peculiar chemical quality shared by no other woods. The vapor has the strange effect of instantly coagulating the caoutchouc-sap, which in this state resembles rich, yellow cream.

The workman sits beside the little earthen chimney through which rise dense clouds of a smothering but aromatic white smoke. The operation is mostly performed in the open air, to give free egress to the dense vapor, which would otherwise choke the workman. Travelers describe the sight as highly picturesque when seen at night, which is generally the time of the smoking process.

The sombre depths of the tropical forest in the background, lighted up by the glow of the flame, the tawny Indian bending over the thick smoke, which rises up like a pillar, his copper skin glistening with the heat, and brought out in clear relief by the light of the fire, while he anxiously watches the process of coagulation—the picture is as if one were viewing the mystical rites of some sorcerer of old myth or fairy tale brewing a magic potion, or completing a spell to call up dark spirits from below.

From his calabash, the *seringueiro* pours a little of the caoutchouc-milk on a sort of light wooden shovel, always careful by a deft management to distribute the fluid evenly over the surface to insure a uniform action of the smoke. Thrusting the shovel into the thick white vapor over the neck of the jar, he turns it to and fro with great rapidity, till the milk is seen to consolidate and assume

the whitish-yellow tinge which defines the close of the process.

Thus he puts layer upon layer, until at last the caoutchouc on both sides of the shovel has reached several inches in thickness, when he thinks the *plancha* has reached a sufficient amount. It is cut from off both sides of the shovel and suspended on a tree. When it feels the effects of the sun, the water evaporates through the as yet unsolidified pores. About five or six pounds of good, solid product is thus prepared in an hour. The *plancha*, from its initial color of silver-gray, turns shortly into a deep yellow, and thence into the well-known dark brown of the rubber as it is exported. There is a wide variation in the quality of the *seringa*. The best is perfectly uniform in texture, dense, and quite free from bubbles. This grade obtains a double price over the most inferior quality, the so-called *sernamby*, or *cabeca de negro* (negro's head), which latter is made of the drops collected at the foot of trees with the remains of the milk scraped out from the bottom of the calabashes. The rubber of the East Indies is very similar in color and texture to this *sernamby*, and has about the same market value—like it, being often found mixed with sand and small pieces of bark.

The *plancha* is often rolled and condensed by a sort of kneading into a solid ball, which is one of the most common forms of commercial rubber. Another shape, by no means common in the Pará market, is that of the bottle. The caoutchouc-sap in this case is prepared over an earthen mould with an open neck, which is afterward broken and removed piece by piece. These rubber bottles oftentimes come ornamented in the most curious fashion, frequently quite artistic. While the rubber is yet soft, the Indian artisan, with wooden tools, will engrave on its surface figures of birds, beasts, plants, even of rude landscapes, with an eye to natural effect and proportion highly creditable to his power of imitation. Since the demand for caoutchouc has become so great, these rubber bottles—whose preparation, of course, demands much time and labor—have become more scarce. A quarter of a century since, before the Amazon and its tributaries were ploughed by steamboats and barges, the whole of the *seringa* product was borne hundreds of miles on the backs of mules and porters. The latter were used mostly to carry the rubber bottles, each one hanging by itself from a pole borne by the carrier lest two should come in contact, and the figures be blotted or erased on the yet soft and sticky rubber. For their own use the Indian workmen mould the caoutchouc into various shapes with not a little ingenuity. The squirt or syringe, which is indispensable to a familiar social custom in Brazil—at least among the half-civilized *riverines*—gave, indeed, the ordinary native name to the product of the caoutchouc-tree. It is common for the Indians after a feast to blow water into each other's faces through long rubber-pipes, in obedience to some savage superstition connected with aboriginal religious rites, a habit yet in vogue even among those who have been converted to the worship of the Virgin Mary by the good Jesuit fathers. Hence *seringa*, from the Por-

tuguese *seringat* (syringe). One of the earliest forms in which India-rubber came to America was as manufactured over-shoes, then known as Pará shoes. Of course, at that time the attention of civilized countries had not yet been called to the enormous importance of caoutchouc and its almost endless capacity for transformation into different shapes. Consequently there was no attempt at manufacture except in the native home of the gum, where the crude process, hundreds of years old, was known and practised. The rubber shoes, which then formed an article of export, were made, like the bottles, over rude clay moulds. A Boston merchant, in 1826, conceived the ingenious idea of sending out improved lasts, of assorted sizes, made of clay, to the Indian collectors in the *seringa* districts. He thus built up a great trade in this special article, and is said to have acquired large wealth. But at last his rivals discovered this neat commercial artifice and followed the example, which destroyed the monopoly.

When the balls and *planchas* of rubber are received at Pará, each one is cut through by way of testing the quality. By this means any bubbles are discovered, or such adulteration as is often effected with the milk of the *mangaba*, that fine shrub with rich, dark, glossy leaves so often made to do service in civilized conservatories and saloons under the name of the India-rubber tree. The spurious caoutchouc made of the milk of the *mangaba* has little of the toughness and elasticity of the genuine article, but for certain purposes—that of making hardened caoutchouc, for example—the milk of the inferior tree has a certain value. As the price is much less than that of the *seringa*, the manufacture of the *mangaba* resin has its inducements, and under proper treatment it might be made to have a standard commercial value.

Not unfrequently the *seringueiro* settlements attain considerable size where the rubber-forests are unusually rich and extensive, the Mojo workmen occupying hovels, while the proprietor rules with a lordly sway, and lolls at ease through the long summer days in his hammock, with naught to do but count the rich gains which his humble laborers roll up for him. For the most part, however, these enterprises are carried on by employers who do not fare much better than the Mojos, the hope of future wealth counterbalancing the inconveniences of the present. Many of the *seringueiros* are from Bolivia and Peru, while occasionally there may be found those of European race. The latter are mostly nomadic and restless sailors, deserters from ships at Pará, or natural-born wanderers who have drifted by some strange chance up into the *seringa* forests, where the temptation of making money without much labor easily induces a permanent settlement. A recent German explorer through the regions of the Upper Madeira gives a curious illustration of this in the case of a fellow-countryman. The latter had come over from Holstein twenty years ago, enrolled himself as a soldier, and fought against Rosas in the La Plata states. Thenceforward he led a sort of Robinson Crusoe life in the valley of the Ma-

* Two species of the *attalea* palm, the latter with gigantic bifurcated leaves.

deira. He was reported to be a very fast gatherer, collecting, with the aid of his Indian wife, during the three or four dry months more than a hundred *arrobas* of *seringa* (one *arroba* is equivalent to thirty-two pounds), while the average produce of a large family is not more than fifty *arrobas*.

The traveler writes of the strange meeting as follows: "It was pleasant to see the joyous surprise and brightened face of the man when he unexpectedly heard our loud salutation, in German, of 'Good - morning, countryman,' from out a canoe full of Indians. We had easily recognized him by his fair hair and beard, the more so as we had heard of him before, and had been looking for him for several days. He stood near the water's edge, watching our canoes come slowly up. Near him was his female companion, a stout, strongly - built Tapuya,* and behind them some of their offspring, whose yellow hair contrasted strangely with their dark skins."

These accidental accessions to the ranks of the caoutchouc-gatherers, the alliance of stronger, more energetic, more industrious races, who would bring skilled labor, as well as more enduring muscle, to the important work of collecting the raw material of rubber, suggest an important element in a commercial question which is yearly becoming of more pressing value to the great manufacturers in Europe and America, and through them to the world at large.

In order to measure the greatness of the rubber interest, let us turn aside one brief moment to the statistics of manufacture.

In the year 1870 there were in America alone employed in the rubber-factories 6,000 hands, on a basis of \$8,000,000 of capital, and the value of the products of all descriptions reached \$14,500,000. The imports of caoutchouc into the United States in 1872 swelled to 12,000,000 pounds, of which considerable more than half came from the port of Pará, in Brazil, which is the great depot of caoutchouc exportation. The imports of raw rubber to Great Britain for the same year reached 13,000,000 pounds, valued at more than \$6,000,000, of which two-thirds was from Brazil, in spite of the attempts made to force the East-Indian caoutchouc on the market. The opinions of the best judges point to an increase of the rubber-manufacture by 1880 of at least fifty per cent. In order to meet this extra demand, improved processes as well as an organized system of labor are needed in the *seringa* districts of Brazil.

The trade at present is mostly in the hands of a few rich landholders and other rich Brazilians, who have an iron hold on the poorer *seringueiros*, such as are not able to establish any direct correspondence with the rubber-factors at Pará. Many of these monopolists, who fatten like vampires on the hard labor of the wretched, ague-shaken caoutchouc-collectors, are officers of the government, or at least enjoy some powerful official

connection, which enables them to dictate the methods of transacting business.

So the poorer class of collectors are compelled to sell the fruits of their industry at half-price, to be content with fourteen millreis per *arroba* (about twenty-eight shillings for thirty-two pounds), while the purchaser finds quick sale at Pará for thirty-six millreis. Even this wretched price is rarely paid in money, but in goods and provisions charged at thrice their value, and poor in quality at that.

So the poor *seringueiro*, in spite of the rich field which he works, and the lavish bounty of Nature, is bound hand and foot in a clever bondage, from which he has not the pluck or ingenuity to break loose. These creatures, mostly mestizos and mulattoes, at the best but indolent and disposed to live from hand to mouth, are completely disheartened by their treatment, and sink to a state of mind even more thoughtless and frivolous than Nature made them. Out of the glittering stores of the patrons, who tempt and swindle them, they are sure to select the most useless things for themselves and their dusky ladies, such as gilt watches, silk jackets, silk umbrellas, and the most tawdry gewgaws. It is no uncommon thing in the rubber-districts to see men and women reeking with filth and vermin, yet tricked out with tinselled and shining attire, fit only for some dramatic spectacle.

Under such conditions it may readily be seen that the caoutchouc industry in South America is only at its minimum state of development; that with the application of an enlightened system it could easily be trebled or quadrupled. Some sluggish attempts have been made by the Brazilian Government in this direction, but the intimate connection of the harpies, interested in keeping the trade under their own control, with court and legislature, has paralyzed reform.

The state of things we have mentioned, however, will gradually correct itself with the development of the railway and steam-navigation systems, which are gradually but surely opening the interior of Brazil to commerce and agriculture. European and American firms will ultimately establish their own depots on the Amazon and Madeira Rivers, and get their supply of the valuable gum without recourse to the unprincipled middlemen at Pará, who make the caoutchouc pay heavy toll at both ends.

The immigration of hardy families of European blood to swell the ranks of the caoutchouc industry, which, as we have seen, has already commenced in a small, casual way, will also have great weight. A thousand such families scattered along the rivers would soon completely change the aspect of the country. This would specially be the case if an energetic company fully alive to the position, and sure of adequate support from home, would lead the settlers and protect them from the inevitable jealousies of land and trade monopolists. It is the opinion of experienced merchants, long in the Brazil trade, that such a colony would be highly successful, particularly as the improving facilities of intercommunication would soon give a heavy blow to the old system of

extortion and robbery. The planting of groves of the *Siphonia elastica*, a tree which grows rapidly and surely on the extensive river-bottoms at points nearer the market than the present caoutchouc-forests, an enterprise in which the Brazilian Government would ultimately second the initiation given by foreign speculators and capitalists, would have its marked effect and help to revolutionize the trade, in connection with the influx of foreign and more energetic blood. Some of the hundreds of European laborers necessary for the construction of the Brazilian railways now projected, would be sure to remain, in spite of fevers and difficulties. It would only depend on the ability of companies, and the conduct of the imperial government, whether this number were increased or diminished.

The application of skill and science to the preparation of the crude rubber, which would be sure to result, would largely enhance its value. This improvement could be easily effected by the use of alum for its solidification, in place of the fatiguing process of smoking it with palm-nuts, or by the mixture of ammoniac, a still more important discovery, by which the milk may be kept liquid, and rendered transportable in casks. Similar conditions would also affect the value of the trade in cacao, Peruvian bark, and other valuable products of the Brazilian forests, but with these at present we have nothing to do.

Intimately allied with caoutchouc is the resin known as gutta-percha, with which the civilized world, however, has only been acquainted about a quarter of a century. It was first discovered in China, but has since become extirpated in that vast country by sheer ignorance and waste. It is the product from the sap of a tree called *Isomandra gutta*, which is now mostly found in Surinam, Guiana, and India. The process of preparing the resin from the sap is very similar to that of making caoutchouc, except that the liquid solidifies by exposure without the agency of smoking.

Analysis shows the same ultimate atoms in gutta-percha and caoutchouc, yet, strange to say, the reaction on them of chemical agents is widely different. The former is also a non-conductor of electricity, a trait which renders it invaluable in telegraphic construction and other important scientific processes. Different societies of arts in Europe have stimulated the discovery of new fields of supply by offering large rewards, but so far the search has not been a successful one. If the yield of gutta-percha were as large as that of India-rubber, it is probable that it would more than rival it as an important article of commerce. But this is regarded as hopeless by those who have fully investigated the subject, since the tree is not only much more rare, but slow of growth, and demanding peculiarly favorable conditions. A substance nearly identical with gutta-percha is yielded by the bullet-tree of Guiana. Its fruit resembles a bergamot-pear, and is filled with a milky secretion, at first tasteless and hardly distinguishable from the caoutchouc-fluid. This afterward becomes sugar, and the fruit is transformed

* In the Tupi language, "Tapuya" means foreigner and enemy; but nowadays the appellation is given not only to all Indian settlers of the Amazon Valley, of whatever tribe they may be, but promiscuously to all mestizos. Very likely, a hundred years hence, every one who has a brown skin and catches fish there will be so designated.

into the delicious *mangava*. This suggested to Chevalier de Claussin, an ingenious and scientific Frenchman, resident in Guiana, that the sap was largely constituted of starch. By various chemical experiments he at last succeeded in producing from it a substance wonderfully resembling ebonite, a transformation of caoutchouc, which was one of the most wonderful discoveries of Mr. Goodyear. It is doubtful, though, whether this French experiment will have much value in the practical arts. The supply of caoutchouc will probably always dominate the markets of the civilized world in relation to all those manufactures depending on the classes of gums of which we have treated.

QUEEN MARY'S GHOST.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGUERITE KENT."

CHAPTER II.

OTHER tourists come now to visit the palace, and Cecile is reduced speedily to the manners of an orthodox young lady.

In this cabinet, we are told, did Knox come in answer to the queen's summons, and here, in language ungarnished by court flattery, and ingenuous with dislike, did he defy her displeasure. Here did Rizzio play lackey to her will, and Darnley alternately cringe and bully; and here, surrounded by her four Maries, did the loveliest and most fascinating woman of her age wrestle hourly with Fate.

Out these windows did she gaze, through these doors did she pass, and one might imagine that the rush of the wind, as a window is opened to admit fresh air, is made by the sweep of her ghostly dress.

We penetrate presently beyond into the bedroom, where hang the portraits of the queen and her rival Elizabeth; and on the north side is a doorway, half concealed by tapestry, barred as the one below, and through which we see the secret stairs go winding down into a pit of black nothingness.

"Those bars aren't so close together; so I didn't have so much trouble in getting through."

Cecile laughs merrily in the guide's very face.

The room is desolate—bare as to floor, and full of echoes. There is dust, and plenty of it, upon the faded hangings of the bed; there are cobwebs wedding the panels overhead; there are grim shadows huddling wherever they can; and when we look for cheer at the window in the recess, it lets in only light which seems wet and gray with fog fresh from the sea.

The only bright thing is Cecile, and I know that the centenarian spiders long to drop on her fair head.

Almost joining the doorway opening out upon the secret stair is another, and through this we now pass from the royal bedchamber directly into the queen's supping-closet, a turret-room, where, crouching behind Mary and clinging to her dress, the poor Italian

begged for mercy, and from which he was hustled screaming to his death.

We stand in the little room mute with thought and sick at heart. The spiders are spinning here, too, their webs over the frames on the walls, from which the silken hangings, that became so well the queen's complexion, are dropping shred by shred.

Here Ruthven, fresh from his victim, came reeling and demanding his cup of wine, and here the candle-light shone that night upon her despairing face, and upon the table overthrown at her feet.

The guide allows us to think a while, and then awakens each by stating that the stain made by Rizzio's blood is still to be seen at the head of the staircase just outside the cabinet-door.

"These rooms are haunted, are they not?" asks Cecile, almost begging him to say yes with her face. "The driver said so."

"He only said so because he wanted a shilling for his pains," says Mrs. Hogarth, in derision. But the guide answers to Cecile's gratification that uncanny blue lights flame out from these windows at night, especially from this one in the turret-room, and that voices are heard sometimes, and the sound of fighting feet.

"And doesn't anybody ever come to find out what it is?" asks Cecile. "If I were a man and not afraid, I'd come and sleep here all night, and see for myself."

"So would I," says Dundas, sardonically.

"Then don't be afraid, but come, Rob. I want to find out whether they really are haunted. Won't you come if I tease you long enough?"

"Yes, if you will tease until we get back safe to New York. I wouldn't miss gratifying you for the world."

"It is hateful of you to laugh at me. You're afraid, if you won't do it when I beg so."

"Yes, I'm afraid. Ask Schuyler."

"I would if I thought he'd say yes."

"No matter whether you ask me or not, I will do it for you, just to show, of course, that I am not afraid."

"Really?"

"Really."

"You will come here in the night-time," she says, under her breath, for Dundas has thrown his thumb toward the guide, warning her that he ought not to hear, "and stay here in the dark and listen and keep your eyes open?"

"Yes, if you won't consent to my going to sleep when the ghosts do."

Mrs. Hogarth is a little ahead with the guide, in search of the apocryphal blood-stain in the floor, and, just as we are quitting the desolate, ghostly rooms, Cecile turns to have another look at them.

"Oh, if you should only see one ghost—just one—wouldn't it be fun?"

"Well, I don't know. My hair might be modest, and change color at it."

"Don't you believe in ghosts?"

"No—I really don't."

"Wouldn't you believe if you saw one?"

"No, I can safely say that, as I shall never be tried."

"Don't be so sure."

We have looked at the dark stain, and are now seeking the Chapel Royal. In coming down-stairs Dundas somehow has gotten ahead, or we have lagged, or perhaps both, and I am now left quite alone with the woman I love.

"Am I to do all this for you and go unrewarded?"

I look down at her steadily until she looks up. Many a girl would know at once what I mean, and many a one would go all the way through life without ever having a spark of the pure light in her eyes that shines up at me now from Cecile's.

"No, indeed. I'd do as much for you."

"Would you? Then will you give me anything I ask for if I outlive the ghosts?"

"Yes—only I haven't much to give away."

The answer, although I put it by to remember, hurts me, and when we come as we do now again in sight of Dundas, I feel like putting a bullet through him.

We are in the roofless nave of the chapel, with the ivy creeping up to look over on all sides—a tapestry-frame old nearly as the walls, but with patterns born anew upon it every now and then.

Dundas is inspecting a door through which we are told the conspirators, on that wild March night, ascended secretly to the presence of Darnley.

We loiter a while to tread the flat, vault-stones that cover the bones of old Scottish kings and queens, so weather-beaten and trodden upon that the dates are nearly all illegible, and we place ourselves—Cecile and I—by chance upon the very spot where, at daybreak, Mary, attired as if prophetically in mourning, wedded Darnley.

When I tell this to Cecile she starts away from the spot to stare at it from afar, as though a masked headman stood there, poisoning a burnished axe upon his shoulder.

After studying for a while the shattered peers, the *fleur-de-lis* tracery, the double row of arcades, we wander out through the doorway of the old chapel to examine the fountain in front of the palace, and the old dial.

As we enter the carriage, Cecile turns to look once more at the windows from which Mary Stuart used to gaze out upon the wild world of those days.

"If I were a man," she says, throwing herself back on her seat quite exhausted with thought, "I should just want to live here where she did, and spend my life in thinking of her."

What a happy day it is! We return up through the Canon-gate direct to the castle, past the scale staircases of the old stone lands; and, as we go, I tell Cecile that just so did Montrose ride up on the hangman's hurdle by the old Tolbooth that hangs its clock out over our heads, as though to let us know for certain that it is a real clock, and can tick, under the aged stone balcony of Murray House, which also overhangs the street, and where the foes of Montrose stood, long ago, mocking him as he passed.

We do the castle thoroughly, enjoy the view once more, and return, as it were, to the side issues of the old city—to the different localities of interest that we have hitherto been so eager to slight.

In the Grass-Market an uncanny old crone, for a shilling, sings one or two weird Gaelic songs—of the bride being dragged by her phantom lover to the ship that was never built by mortal hands; of the battle so red with blood, which drove the girl of Tantalion crazy, to haunt the ruins of the castle of the Douglasses to this day.

Now a Highlander in a bonnet and tartan skirts on his pipes for Cecile a love-strain that touches her, for her eyes grow big and dark, and she leans forward to listen, with parted lips, when suddenly instead comes the plaintive coranach of a clan bearing their chief, rolled in a plaidie, to his grave.

When we return to the hotel for a late luncheon, we find Dundas's friends the Hagues already arrived, and I begin now to understand Cecile's allusion to the tribe of Ephraim. Besides *mater* and *pater familias* are two daughters and one son, while later in the evening this party is augmented by the arrival of another son and his comrade, who have been coming through the Trosachs on foot to meet them here.

Evidently, Cecile is influenced by jealousy of one of the daughters in her willful depreciation of these people, for, as far as I can see, they are fairly refined, and intelligent, and objectionable in no positive way. Annie Hague, whom Dundas sits by at table, is neither plain nor pretty, but good-humored to a tiresome extent; and Cecile, in having nothing to be jealous of, displays her woman nature in taking extra trouble on that account to be so.

At dinner, which we partake of at adjoining tables, each one has some different experience in traveling to relate; and when it comes Cecile's turn, she gives a minute and graphic description of her favorite Holyrood.

This brings us, of course, to the subject of ghosts again, and I am not permitted long to imagine that Cecile has in the least forgotten my rash promise to dare them for her sake. When she remembers, and taxes me with it, although I declare myself ready to stand the trial, I suggest that it may yet be an impossible thing for me to do, as, of course, after nightfall, no one would be permitted by the authorities to enter the palace.

But Cecile is never at a loss for expedients.

"Rob will find out some way," she says, and then the Hague sisters join in their entreaties until they spoil the whole thing.

Later I see Dundas propitiate her by abandoning Miss Hague for a time, and, putting her hand through his arm, walk with her up and down the corridor. I see Cecile grow flushed, and excitedly answer something he is saying. I begin to grow sick with the idea that she loves him with her whole heart, after all, since he can turn her so with a touch or a word.

I rejoice in the chance to do something for her that he is too lazy and indifferent to do, and, although in one way I rebel somewhat against the effect of my own impetuosity of the morning, yet now, as I see them together, he dawning out from one of his taciturn moods, and she feverish with delight

thereat, I am fearful and jealous all at once, lest he is trying to step in and crowd me out from my voluntary position in the matter.

My suspicions as to his jealousy of me are strengthened when morning comes; he seems to avoid asking me to stroll out with him before the ladies are ready for the sight-seeing, and starts off with one of the Hagues instead.

When he returns, however, he has walked off his spleen, and relapses into his usual spirit of *camaraderie*.

It comes out before long that he has been interviewing, at Cecile's request, our guide of yesterday, and has succeeded, by offering him a large bribe, in winning him over to her cause.

"He says the only way for you to do is to go to the palace as late in the afternoon as the rules for visiting allow, and remain behind when the gates are closed. You can quit the palace the next morning when he comes with the keys."

"That isn't much to go through with to see a ghost," Cecile coaxes.

"No indeed. But it is a great deal to undergo and be disappointed. Now, if you would only promise me just one ghost—one would do—I couldn't demur."

"Well, I can't do that, you know—not exactly—but I will promise, perhaps, to make it worth your while;" and Dundas frowns at her suddenly, for she is looking up at me so coquettishly and slyly that my thoughts revert unwillingly to the scene of yesterday, when I pleaded so against going unrewarded.

The serene light has quite gone out of her eyes indeed.

"She is trifling," is my sober second-thought; but I never know what becomes of my intoxicated first one.

"You'd better put off going until to-morrow night," says Dundas; "we have so much to do and see to-day."

Dundas, ever since his return, has been very devoted to Cecile, following her about when she is not following him, and talking with her in affectionate undertones, until I am tingling to my fingers' ends with a nervous desire to make a fool of myself in some way.

"Put it off altogether," I say, in a temper that I am fighting hard not to show. "I think I will back out after all."

"Oh, no, no!" cries Cecile, in a sort of enthusiastic terror, while Dundas bites his lip suddenly and turns his back, a movement so suggestive of a reciprocity in my own feelings of jealous restlessness that I am twinged all over with a species of satanic delight. "Oh, do not disappoint me, Mr. Schuyler! Nobody would do it for me but you—not even Rob."

And I am quite peaceful again in the thought of being able to please her, and in having startled Dundas anew into the conviction that he has somebody in me to fear and defy.

All day long Cecile keeps up her coaxing, alternately demure and mischievous, now exciting, now allaying my suspicions that she is making game of me to win Dundas back from his devotion to Miss Hague.

As for Dundas, he seems to avoid, since

my sudden outbreak and her tender treatment of it, all intercourse with either Cecile or me, and acts as though he had begun in real earnest to understand the situation, and was trying to pique Cecile by showing of what very little moment he considered it.

Only once or twice after we have returned from our sight-seeing for the day I find the two haunting corners, probably effecting a reconciliation, and disappearing like shadows at my unexpected approach.

I hate them quickly at this, and myself unmitigatedly, when I reflect that I am being used as a decoy, one for the other; and I hasten to resent in the next breath my own suspicion by adding color to Dundas's possible one in a wholesale devotion to Cecile.

In the mean time there is a great deal of frolicking in the party since the Hagues have joined, and Cecile is in her element. She orders the Hague men, just fresh from college, about as though they were born vassals to her, and the young ladies ape her manners and costumes with a minuteness that is positively ridiculous. As we become better acquainted with each other, practical jokes become a rage; and Cecile, whose inventive genius is a new revelation to me, devises all sorts of tricks, and executes them with the skill and assurance of a prestidigitator.

The second day after the arrival of the Hagues the entire party spend in driving out of town among the environs of green trees and greener grass that are kept so continually sea-christened by the fogs that roll in almost hourly from the Firth.

As we start off, Cecile, who is as usual all aglow with restrained excitement, says to me: "We are going to keep you quiet to-day by taking you to see the cows and sheep on the hill-sides; so that, if you do see a ghost to-night, it won't be one of an excited imagination."

"The only way for me to get out of the scrape is by hiring a boy to play in the cellar of Holyrood to-day with a match and some pine-shavings."

"Oh, no!" cries Miss Hague, "you must not do that, for we haven't seen Holyrood yet, and we've been saving it for the very last, so as to have an excuse to take and leave you there. You wouldn't be cruel enough to disappoint us all now, and the ghost, too?"

"Don't worry, Helena. Mr. Schuyler hasn't the slightest intention of doing so. He is as good as his word."

"Yes, too good to be true," I answer, in a state of mental parallax; for, although I would thoroughly enjoy disappointing Miss Hague, on the other hand every thing Cecile says is so like the tick of a clock that, whatever language it may possess for others, I can suit my imagination to it with a precision of meaning that insures my deference and eagerness to be accommodating.

I continue in this sing-song condition of good-nature all day, for it seems to me that I have every thing my own way, and that out of sheer sympathy with my happiness the sun lags in rolling up-hill, and the fog even is considerate, and does not once display its wet blanket.

We drive from out the shadow of the cliff

high, black roofs into the country-side, where we find the grass so tender and vividly green that one is nearly provoked into tasting it; and its smooth surface, rounding everywhere, is only broken at long distances by a show of sterile soil that is kept prickly with furze, and as a fine cover for game, and where we see the tenderer shoots browsed upon by the wandering sheep and cattle.

We drive to Craigmillar Castle, and over these feudal ruins Cecile is ecstasied; for here she again finds traces of Mary Stuart in its embattled walls and square, high keep, that the driven queen so loved to take shelter in. The ivy is wandering all over the old stones that peep out, hoary and grim with story, from between the light, soothing touches of leaves to drop their sands of time, as it were, gravely one by one down into the moat dried in a flowering hollow at their feet.

As we have brought luncheon with us, we picnic on the slope of the castle, from which we may see the low country stretching, crisp with tender, moist verdure, toward the sombre smoke of the city.

In the valley just below a loch lies still in a wicker-work of willow and chestnut trees; the flying hair of the willows shimmering alternately green and white in the breeze over the rushes on the shore, and the swans, never tired of kissing their own wraiths, floating just under in the gray, chill water.

It is late in the afternoon when we bestir ourselves for a return to the city.

"All ho for Holyrood!" cries Cecile.—"Now, Mr. Schuyler, you have rested so long that you won't need to rest to-night, and you must promise not to let the ghost have any rest either."

"Am I not to be allowed to return to the hotel first?" I inquire, with solicitude. "Really, you do not mean to dump me in that forsaken old palace dinnerless. If you should do such a thing, your conscience would make you more uneasy than the ghosts will me to-night."

"No, indeed. There is some luncheon left in the basket, and you shall have that. Don't make up a wry face, for it isn't all cake, by a good deal. There's a game-pie for you, and you really can't find fault with that. If we let you go to the hotel for dinner, you couldn't get into the palace at all."

"Well, then, I'll give Dundas the game-pie, and I'll go home to dinner with you."

"You are only talking for effect. I am going to take you straight to Holyrood and leave you behind."

"Leave me behind!" I echo, lugubriously. "Indeed, my shadow is the only thing I ever leave behind under such circumstances, for it can live without dining."

"Well, we won't talk about it," says Cecile, just as she might coax a child to have a tooth pulled; "we'll just go and see how it is, and then if at the last moment you are really frightened, why, you needn't stay—that's all."

The tone of her voice is suddenly become so conservative with age and experience, that I feel it might be proper for her to add to its effect by patting me encouragingly on the head.

To favor the possibility, I duck it toward her, whereupon she laughs aloud, and Dundas turns to look the other way, with the same stoical expression that he has been cultivating for the last forty-eight hours.

I am enjoying this day thoroughly in having made two men more miserable than they would have been had the force of circumstance left me entirely out of the census returns in my native country some twenty-eight years ago.

Foster is the other man, the comrade of the younger Hague in his walk through the Trosachs to join the family here; and I am so delighted to find one clinging to a lower round of the ladder than I that, perhaps in order to establish a precedent for future use, I begin to regard Dundas's claim upon Cecile's favor more impartially, and to tread my own ground well over before precipitating matters.

It is a glorious drive back to Holyrood from the castle, with Cecile lying opposite against the cushions, her cheeks throbbing color anew with every breath, and a mischievous light kept hidden by the half-dropped eyelids.

Back from the ivied walls of Craigmillar; past the gardens that make the air drunk with the sweet smell of fruit-blossoms, to the music of drumming-bees, the whistling of myriad birds, as if there were one for every leaf, and the singing of the insects all astir.

The distant hills are purple with heather and flushed gold on their tops, and the smoke of the heath-fires goes up unfolding like white wings, and is lost.

In the distance the battlemented towers of Holyrood come rearing up into sight, and from here they look wet and black with yesterday's fog and to-day's desolation.

We are a little in advance of the remainder of the party, who are following in carriages, and I am glad, for now I can be almost alone with Cecile in the old palace for just one little while.

Our guide of the other day, according to orders received from Dundas, I suppose, is on the lookout for us, and seems as innocent and uninterested as men usually do when they have been bribed to the extent of reason.

As we enter the court-yard, Dundas lounges off with him to one side as though only to inspect the pediment on the east side, upon which are sculptured the royal arms of Britain, and I am left to escort Mrs. Hogarth and Cecile up-stairs.

When we reach the top of the stairs we only give one peep into the picture-gallery, and then Mrs. Hogarth, who really looks pale and fatigued, and therefore never so handsome to my eyes, sinks upon a chair and increases her comeliness by declaring that she can go not a step farther.

So, as this chair upon which she reposes happens to be on the landing, just outside the audience-chamber to Darley's suite, Cecile and I are permitted to wander on alone into the dusty square of uncarpeted room.

As we enter there is a scare of echoes, that the old tapestry smothers a little, and it sounds exactly as though the ghosts of dead-

and-gone courtiers were scampering away at our approach, and hitting the floor and their heels with their dangling rapiers at every step in their flight. When we stop by the window, the clang stops too, and then, a little after, there is a duller clatter from outside as the carriages left behind drive up to the entrance and are brought to a turn.

Queen Mary's picture hangs on the wall, just over Cecile's bright head, as I stand with my heart in my eyes looking down upon her, and for a background she has a bit of old tapestry, that sets her forth like a flower with the dew fresh upon it, the stitches and colors are so old, and dingy, and moth-eaten.

Upon the tapestry are embroidered little Cupids that toss grapes down from the vines, to other Cupids playing upon the ground; and as these snatch the grapes to suck them, they do not become more drunk than do I, draining thirstily all the joy out of this moment alone with the woman who stands here within reach of my arms.

She is fretting with color, and her hands clasp nervously one over the other. She is half-turning aside from me, as though eager to run away and no longer possessing the power; she parts her lips that grow pale now, but not to speak. Only a breath since she was laughing and defying me, and acting like a child that can never grow old. And now my eyes are aging her, and the silence is calling her by the name of woman—and she is facing for the first time a fright that is only terrible in its sudden sweetness.

I forget Dundas. I step, almost without being aware, forward to touch and make it real to her. I begin to say something that is almost inarticulate, when I am startled back by the sound of feet upon the landing running this way, and the voice of Miss Hague crying, "Oh, where is Cecile? I really must tell her quick, or I shall die!"

When the voice is followed in by the owner of it, we are far apart—Cecile staring vacantly at an old shaky screen, and I examining another bit of tapestry on the other side of the room.

All about us the echoes, sympathizing with my state of mind, go screaming back at the high-pitched *staccato* temper of Miss Hague's voice.

"Cecile—oh, I've the greatest joke to tell you! What do you think? Mr. Foster has been imagining all along that you are engaged to Mr. Dundas, and he wouldn't believe me in the carriage when I told him the truth. Mamma and sister had to assure him over and over again that you were not."

The hanging of tapestry that I have been so rudely shocked into examining has trees upon it, and in long perspective a street which goes wandering away, with people crossing and recrossing as though trying to be on both sides at one and the same time.

My vision becomes suddenly irresponsible and dazed into a state of ceaseless multiplication. The figures on the tapestry are included in this abbreviated process in which they repeat themselves in a truly uncertain and bewildering result.

"It is a ridiculous mistake, and one that I am quite tired of," I hear Cecile's voice

make answer. "Ask Mr. Foster to come here, and I will tell him so that he will believe."

"Tell me first"—I turn round upon her quickly. The room is silent again, Miss Hague having gone. She is not a stupid girl, perhaps understands the situation, and will not hurry to come back. If she does not, she will never be loved by any man better than she will be loved by me.

Cecile looks up now, half mad with laughter.

"And have you made the same mistake? Oh, you could not; you are not so stupid as Mr. Foster!"

"Yes, I am, in one way, and all about you. You don't mean to tell me that Dundas is—is your half-brother. If you do"—I catch my breath, for her face is crimson, and mine all aglow—"what a donkey I've been!"

The whole pack of them are upon us now, and we are separated in the crowd, so I take the first opportunity to get rid of this singing in my head by slipping down-stairs and out into the fresh air.

When Dundas comes to seek me I am pacing up and down the roofless nave of the old chapel, with the shine from the setting sun flashing through the aged doorway upon my face as I turn, and the grass pushing up from between the vault-stones like green nerves reaching out in uneasy filaments for the light, standing erect again after every tread.

"What are you doing here, Schuyler?" he says, in a restrained sort of way, which may mean one thing or another. "You mustn't try to skulk now at the last moment, for, if you do intend any venture of the kind, I will bring up the rear with a vengeance."

"I may be dumb, but I will not be driven. Go back to where you came from, and stay there."

"Do you know that we have only ten minutes left, and at the end of that time the rest of us must be out of the palace?"

"Very well, lead on. How you are taking for granted that I will not follow!"

In all my life I have never been so near embracing one of my own sex, and in my foolish excess of desire I am so afraid that I may make a guy of myself if I do not administer a hasty snub to the situation that now I am stilted my phraseology in a way calculated to set Dundas's wits agog with conjecture as to the provocation of it.

I see him look me stealthily in the face, as though uncertain as to whether a hand-clasp or a blow is the chrysalis inclosed in this transparent covering of restraint, and I am not more silent than he, as I follow him through the court-yard and up the flight of storied stairs.

As we go we hear their voices ever above us, and, when we reach the second landing, where the round stain of Rizzio's blood upon the floor seems to act as a full stop to further ascent, through the doorway to the queen's cabinet we see them flitting about, irreverently awakening the echoes that do penance for having belonged to Mary Stuart by never being allowed to sleep.

Cecile is not here, but I find her soon in the royal bedchamber, seated in a cavernous arm-chair, that is speechless with the glory

of having been embroidered by Mary's own industrious fingers, and which now, grotesque with age, serves as a throne for the reclining figure of my fair young girl.

I am frantic with longing to say just one word alone to her, and I hover about, ever alert to take advantage of any lapse in their seeming vigilance, for all at once they are possessed of a spirit of conspiracy, as it were, to prevent my getting near enough even to touch my hand to her chair. It is not long before I begin to hate everybody in the world but Cecile, and in the midst of their verbal clatter I become speechless and morose with imagining how different it all might be at this moment if they would only leave her here with me; how as she sits there in the dusk of her throne, like a white lily laid against black velvet, I might go to her, and, kneeling with my face upon her folded hands, tell her my story.

"You are looking dreadfully worried, Mr. Schuyler," says Miss Hague; "I do believe you are getting afraid. For shame—for shame—a big man like you!"

"You know this is the room where the ghosts come," adds her younger sister, for fear that for one instant I may be left in peace; "if you don't stay here all the time, the guide says you won't see any. So, if you don't see any, we shall know that you have run."

"If you find the horns of the dilemma one too many for you, toot the extra one out the window," says Dundas, grimly smiling at me, "and you will have the town about your ears in good earnest."

In the midst of it, the guide comes to say that it is high time for those who intend going to be gone, and then the luncheon-basket is brought in, and as Cecile continues seated, an unusual repose for her, and I lean up against one of the rickety bedposts, the Hague sisters spread hastily out upon a table the ruins left of our noonday meal, the game-pie having been alone left untouched. But I do not even complain at this; indeed, I am being led so meekly by the ear that, under ordinary circumstances, I would be inclined to make as much sport as possible out of it; but the idea of allowing Cecile to go away and be separated from her an entirety of twelve hours with all these thoughts unborn, yet in words strangling me, suffices to stun my appreciation of the frolic, and to make my cheeks hot and my eyes burn with an intolerable indignation at the nonsense of the whole situation.

I shall never forget how Cecile drags herself up from her dusky seat, in a tired way that I have never known her to affect before, nor how, without a word either of cheer or farewell, she passes me by and is gone. Just as I am about to defy them all and follow after, the rest of them string after her one by one like an interminable flock of sheep—and I am left alone with the guide and Dundas. I awake with a start now to the knowledge that the latter has been regarding my melodramatic lounge against the bedpost, my frowning face and crossed arms, for some little time attentively.

"You really don't feel like backing out now?" he asks, soberly.

"Don't stand there asking me questions. If you'll stay to dinner it's all right; but, if you intend to go, you'd better be about it. I don't want to see any thing more of you till daylight."

"I hope the gentleman has no fire-arms about him," says the guide, anxiously, while Dundas all of a sudden looks me squarely and keenly in the face, as though not caring to question me again aloud. "He knows I'm taking a good deal of responsibility, and it would not be well to have any thing of that kind going on in case the ghosts should be out."

Dundas motions the guide to the door, and we are left alone.

"Here is a pocket-pistol for you"—he hands me a flask—"I'll exchange with you if you are carrying any of the other kind."

But we do not exchange, for I take his and have none to give in return, and I laugh, for the first time in an hour, at his daring in having even suggested that I might consider such a precaution necessary.

I have the last word, and then I am left to listen to the rat-tatting of their boots across the floor of the outer room and down the stairs until the clang-to of the heavy door opening below into the quadrangle tells me that I am alone in the grim old palace.

I do not realize the enormity of it yet, for I am hastening to the western window to watch with a hot heart how Cecile has gotten away into her corner of the carriage, and, when she turns her face up, I feel exactly as though we were looking straight into each other's eyes.

This sensation keeps me warm some time after I have lost all trace of her, even to the last echo of the wheels, and the thick, soft silence crawls over the fire and tumult of my brain.

After a while there is a stab of sound made by footsteps upon the flags in the quadrangle below, and soon the guide, in company with two others, passes the window to cross the square and enter one of the ancient houses that opposite begin the Canon-gate.

NANNCHEN OF MAYENCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

I.

HER name is Nannchen, and I will gladly tell her story.

Nannchen is certainly not a remarkable name in Mayence; many girls bear it. But Nannchen Becker is a remarkable girl, not on account of her beauty or her well-developed, powerful figure—there are many beautiful girls in Mayence, especially in Gartenfeld, where our Nannchen lives—but she has a specially brave nature, and, above all, can laugh so that it makes one's heart swell for joy; and when she laughs her face breaks into so many mirthful hues, especially around her brown eyes, that it is a pleasure to see her. She inherits her powerful figure from her father, Becker the porter, who works in unloading the steamers that ply up and down the Rhine, and is a noticeable personage. F

wears a long, collarless, tarry-linen coat, and the plate on his cap is always pushed toward the left side; this gives him a somewhat rakish appearance, but is only done to leave the right shoulder free to bear burdens. His figure would be much taller if he did not walk with a slight stoop, in consequence of the many loads he has carried, for whenever anything is too difficult for others to lift, they always say, "Call Becker." He is always at hand, and, when he grasps an object, it seems as if his fingers were pincers, and woe betide him who irritates Becker to deal him a blow with his huge fist! But he is as good-natured as a child, and knows how to control himself like a man, for he is afraid of himself, of his own strength; he knows he cannot control it if it breaks loose.

The life led by the porters on the banks of the Rhine is a singular one. They often lie about for hours on bales of goods, hand-carts, or even in sheds, and, as the saying goes, stand gaping about, and if a passer-by cracks a joke with them, or has any thing ridiculous in his appearance, sharp and witty speeches rain upon him from all sides. Becker rarely takes part in this sport; only when—our story took place in the year 1880—the Prussians are censured he joins in the abuse with a few powerful words; but usually he only nods his huge head, covered with thick, bushy hair. He is no friend of many words, and moreover knows that he is somewhat unskillful in the use of them. His special glory consists in having once won a wager. It was said that no one could carry a cannon-ball on his shoulder. Becker laid a wager that he could do it, and won the bet. But he does not like to hear of this feat, and almost denies it, for the witnesses who were present are already dead. Becker's handcart is made of iron, and he does not need to put any mark on it; any one else would find the cart load enough without a burden.

As has already been said, the porter's life is a strange one. Nothing to do for hours at a time, and then within ten or fifteen minutes, while the steamer remains at the landing, hard labor and such hurried toil that, when the boat moves away again, one can't help wondering what has been taken in and put out. When wine is unloaded, Becker is always there, and as careful as he is strong. In spite of his powerful grasp, he handles the wine with a certain tenderness, for what are leather, and grain, and household furniture, and all the other articles sent to and fro, in comparison to wine? They are all very well, but wine alone makes the heart glad—there is music in it, as they say in the country. He often drives the low, stout wagon, drawn by strong bay horses, through the city, and, as he stands on the pole, horses, wagon, and driver, suit each other as if run in one mould—all are powerful and sturdy.

He laughs and nods, and the laugh and nod of this giant of labor produce a strange impression when one is told that he has never drunk a drop of water in his whole life. For it is true. And has not the son of the Rhine a right to drink only wine if he can get it? He believes the Rhenish proverb, "Water is not good in the shoes, and much worse in the stomach." However, Becker is

a mortal enemy of cigars; he declares that cigar-smoking spoils the taste of wine—a good pipe does far less harm.

Becker has been a widower ten years. His only son Nicola is a cooper in a wine-store, and was married a year ago. Nannchen—she is only a year younger than Nicola—carries on business in Gartenfeld, a tolerably profitable one, for she has kept up the laundry her mother established. It is said that Becker is a rich man, and able to buy houses, but he prefers to invest his money in mortgages; then the world knows nothing about it, and yet it is perfectly safe.

At noon—but eleven o'clock is called noon, because the men must eat before a steamer comes up the river at half-past eleven—at noon Becker always receives his dinner from Nannchen, but she rarely brings it herself, usually sending a younger girl. When Nannchen comes herself she must be ready with answers on all sides, for she is rallied by older and younger companions of her father. That is the way with the Rhinelanders, they are always joking. Nannchen understands how to pay every one in his own coin; and her father, who, meantime, is eating and drinking—he really eats very little, drinking is the main thing—nods while eating, and when he drinks makes a sign to her to keep quiet, lest he should laugh and swallow the wine the wrong way.

But one bright summer morning an odd thing happened. The green water of the Rhine flowed quietly by, glittering and flashing in the sunlight, and beyond rose the Taunus Mountains like lofty petrified waves.

Nannchen stood beside her father, who was sitting on his cart, eating his favorite dish—a fat piece of beef with horse-radish sauce—when Wendel, a comrade and distant relative of Becker, said:

"Is it true that you want to change the proverb?"

Becker made no reply in words, but raised his head, and his inquiring expression asked, "What do you mean?"

"The usual saying is, 'Our daughters are going to put on the *Haube*.'"^{*} (cap); "but you mean to have yours put on the *Pickelhaube*" (helmet).

Suddenly three locomotives shrieked at once: the one on the Taunus line, the one going to Darmstadt, and the one on the way to Worms. It was impossible to hear in the din.

Nannchen turned away and gazed at the Rhine, and Becker, who was just about putting a large piece of meat in his mouth, pushed it back into the dish, nudged Nannchen, handed her the plate, and wiped his lips.

"Didn't you understand?" asked Wendel, when the shrill whistles had died away.

"Of course we understand you," replied Nannchen; "but, take care, the *Pickelhaube* pricks."

"Go home now, Nannchen," said Becker, and, picking up a sack which he used to carry coal, laid it on the cart, and put his head

^{*} "Putting on the cap" signifies to marry; there is no English synonym for the play upon words.

upon it. He did not need to answer his cousin; he wanted no assistance, he would settle the matter himself.

Nannchen went away, and her father did not turn to gaze after her.

Becker sighed, and looked at his hands. He had raised them yesterday to strike his daughter, but was glad he had not done so, and secretly vowed he never would; but it was a bad business; and yet Nannchen was kind to bring the dinner herself to-day when there was so much ironing to be done. She evidently saw it was foolish and impossible: she had always been a good child, and would remain so. The matter was settled.

If he had seen two pair of eyes, and heard a few words exchanged a short distance from the cathedral, between a soldier on guard and Nannchen, he might have thought differently. The soldier—a tall, fair man, with thick, wavy, light hair—said to Nannchen as she passed:

"How do matters stand, sweetheart?"

"So surely as you keep your oath of service I will keep my promise," replied Nannchen, quickly, scarcely looking up, and passed on.

On the bank of the Rhine her father was thinking of what had occurred the day before.

Weeks ago Nicola had told him that Nannchen had a Prussian lover. Becker laughed at it. "Perhaps he is in love with her: That will do no harm, she is clever and sensible—it'll take a very different sort of man to turn her head."

But an incident had happened the evening before. When he came home, Nannchen was not in—she was in the great drying-place. He followed, and who stood there helping her take in the clothes? Who lifted the great basket on one side while she held the other? A Prussian!

How the man looked he really did not know—he only saw the Prussian uniform. He went up to the pair and shouted—he really did not mean to speak so loud, but he could not help it:

"We want no assistance. The Prussian can go; and you, Nannchen, walk before me."

He took the heavy basket in both hands and carried it into the house as if it were a knitting-bag. Once he looked back: the Prussian put on his helmet and buckled his sword, then went away in the opposite direction.

On entering the house Becker asked:

"What sort of buffoonery were you carrying on there?"

"I don't know."

"What was that Prussian doing here?"

"His name is Becker, too—Wilhelm Becker."

"I don't care what his name is: I'll have nothing to do with the Prussians."

"Nor I either—except Wilhelm."

"Indeed?"

There was a long pause. Nannchen brought her father's supper; he did not eat it, but filled a pipe and sat down on the bench before the house.

Nannchen went to and fro giving orders about the washing. The girls in the large

back-room were singing over their ironing; but Nannchen's voice was silent.

After a time—even his pipe did not taste well to-night—Becker returned to the room, muttering, "The Prussian sha'n't spoil my supper, too."

He began to eat.

Nannchen came in, and asked, "Father, sha'n't I warm your supper a little?"

"No, it may be cold; you may soon have me cold, too."

Nannchen stood beside him, forcing back her tears.

"May I tell you about it now?" she asked.

"Bring a light," replied Becker.

Nannchen obeyed.

"Can you look me in the eye with a clear conscience?" asked the father.

"Yes."

"Then go on."

"Father—I haven't much to tell."

"The less the better."

"Father, it is now three weeks since I went to see my aunt at Kostheim."

"I might have thought so. But go on—go on!"

"Uncle had just gone on his first trip as helmsman on the Schiller, and, as we sat together, a Prussian came in, and said he had a message from his uncle, the overseer of the foundry at Neuwied, with whom my aunt formerly lived. My aunt knows the soldier; she had seen him before when he was a little boy. She went down into the cellar to get some wine—"

"I'll pay her for the wine," interrupted Becker; and Nannchen continued:

"As we were alone in the room, the soldier said, in a trembling voice: 'It is a piece of good fortune sent by Heaven that I have met you here, Fräulein Nannchen.' 'How do you know my name?' I asked. Then he said, politely: 'Allow me to take off my cap,' and he did so, and his face was so handsome and kind and honest—you saw him, too, father."

"I didn't see him."

"Then you probably will to-morrow."

"We'll see. Go on."

"Then he told me that he had known me by sight a long time, but had not been bold enough to speak to me. And I told him he did quite right, for he would have had the worst of it. Then we both laughed, I don't know why, but we could not stop laughing. My aunt came up with the wine, we touched glasses, and he told me he had asked where we live and what my name was, and he knew you, too, father, by sight."

"He sha'n't know me in any other way. But go on."

"I've almost finished my story. My aunt urged us to take more wine, but Wilhelm scarcely drank half a glass, and said he thought he wouldn't want any thing more to eat or drink all his life, and he talked very sensibly and pleasantly, and told us he was a joiner—but they call it cabinet-maker—and when I went away, he asked permission to go with me. So we walked side by side. When we came to the train, he asked, 'Will you allow me to take a boat?' I made no objection, and, as we got in, the boatman said:

'I wish you good luck. That's a well-matched pair.' We both started so that the boat rocked, and, as we came out into the Rhine, the sun was setting, and we floated over bright, golden waves, and he said: 'If all this were pure gold and my own, I would marry no other woman in the world than the one who now sits beside me,' and then he took my hand for the first time, and I let him, and we rowed across without speaking another word. Then we got out of the boat and walked through the city. I took his arm, and when we reached the garden-fence I gave him the first kiss, and I'll never kiss any other man except you, father, if you say 'Yes' and 'Amen.'"

"Do you know what sort of an amen I'll say?" shouted the father, raising his clinched hands over the young girl's head. "That's the way I'll say amen, you—"

"Don't do that, father! you would repent it all your life if you struck me," replied Nannchen.

Becker's hands fell, he walked silently out of the house, sat down on the bench, and smoked till midnight. The stars sparkled over his head, the nightingales sang in the shrubbery, in the distance from the Rhine he heard the snorting of a steam-tug, as if some monster were approaching, and the sentinels on the walls shouted from post to post:

"Comrade, are you there?"

"Comrade, are you there?" cried a voice to Becker, also. He felt angry with himself for sitting up so long, when he must go to the Rhine at three o'clock to unload a ship from the Netherlands. He did not go to bed, but walked straight to the river-bank, and slept for a few hours on some coffee-bags stored in a shed.

Becker was now thinking of all this, and he felt anxious about the end of the matter. Nothing can be conquered by force, and he knew of no other means, unless Nannchen came to her senses of her own accord. To-day, for the first time, he failed to hear the landing-bell, and was waked just as the steamer was making a dainty, graceful curve, to come up to the wharf. Becker was quickly at his post.

II.

WHEN the time for rest came again, and Becker sat idle, a burden far heavier than any he had dragged in and out fell upon him.

Yes, his wife, he thought, looking at his broad, strong hands—yes, when a wife dies and leaves husband and children, it is as if they had lost an eye or a hand. He covered his eyes for a time, and then, following his former train of thought, murmured: "If she were alive this wouldn't have happened, and you wouldn't be sitting here worrying about what is going on at home. To take care of a girl! Ah, if she doesn't take care of herself, bolts and bars are useless. I needn't fear, Nannchen is good and proud, she won't do any thing wrong. But who knows what an artful Prussian—for they are artful—"

Becker sat still a long time, now opening his eyes, now resolutely closing them; if he saw the world around him he was dissatisfied; and if he shut his eyes and saw nothing, he grew more and more anxious. He was angry with himself, for he could not help confessing

that he was not fit to manage such matters.

Suddenly he rose and went up to a beggar, who sat on the bridge not far from the landing, with his crutches beside him. Becker hastily stooped and gave him money.

The man had sat there for years, and Becker had scarcely noticed him, far less thought of giving him alms. To-day he did so. And I can tell why, for Becker has explained it—he was angry with himself. On looking up once, he had suddenly wished he was the lame beggar, who had nobody in the world but himself; then, hastily reflecting that this was a sin, he went up to the man and gave him some money, as if to atone for the wicked thought.

Becker returned home that evening later than usual, but ate and drank first at the "Ship"—for, in the first place, he did not want to let Nannchen get his supper; and, secondly, he felt that something might happen which would deprive him of it altogether. If the Prussian were there again—he didn't know what he would do; he'd give him "a dig in the ribs!"

He pursued his way in a very sullen mood. He was angry that something was being cooked at home, which must be eaten, though he was neither hungry nor thirsty.

As he passed, the guard at the cathedral, a tall, curly-headed soldier, was standing idly by a pillar. Something about him attracted his attention, and the soldier took the cigar out of his mouth, made a military salute, and said:

"A fine evening, Herr Becker."

Becker started, looked indignant, clinched his fist, and walked on.

"A fine evening!" he muttered. "A fine evening! Deuce take him with his fine evening! What sort of talk is that?"

Now he had some definite object of anger, he could not bear the Prussian's High-German accent.

"But he is a fine-looking fellow. He might well take a young girl's eye, and he has a lawyer's gift of the gab; all Prussians have that, they can talk till a man would think he was the stupidest mortal in the world, and they had swallowed all the wisdom. Wait, I'll settle your business. And the impudence of speaking to me on the cathedral square, as if we had been friends all our lives!"

Becker went home feeling very much relieved; the Prussian was on guard that day, and the house in Gartenfeld was safe from him for four-and-twenty hours.

When the old man reached home, he found his son Nicola and his daughter-in-law awaiting him. He spoke more mildly than he had intended to Nannchen, who was setting the table, and told her she might clear away the things, he had eaten his supper. His daughter-in-law should see nothing of what was going on in the house. He sat down on the bench outside the door; Nicola joined him, and said he had heard what had happened, and his father probably believed him now.

"I'll tell you what," said Becker, rubbing both hands over his knees, which felt unusually weak, "don't meddle in this busi-

ness. Nannchen and I will settle it together."

So the evening passed quietly away.

When Becker had gone to bed, Nannchen entered his room, saying:

"Father, I want you to have a good night's rest, so I will tell you that I won't say another word to Wilhelm until you've spoken to him yourself. Good-night."

"A fine evening," replied Becker, turning over on the other side, and muttering, "Then you can wait a long time."

The next morning, when he rose before daylight, Nannchen was up as usual; neither said a word about the main subject that was occupying their thoughts, and Becker went to his work.

Day after day elapsed, as if nothing had happened.

At last, on the second Sunday, Nannchen said:

"Father, Wilhelm has written me a letter."

"Ah! So he can write too?"

"Yes, he writes beautifully, he is well educated."

"Yes—yes, all the Prussians can write and chatter. What does he write?"

"Read the letter yourself."

"No, you know I can't manage writing very well—read it aloud."

Nannchen read:

"DEAREST LOVE:"

Becker nodded—that was a good beginning.

"I am dying of grief because I can no longer see and hear you, or hold your dear hand. I have just been discharged from the guard-house, where I was kept twenty-four hours on bread and water because I neglected to challenge the major when he was on his rounds. I can no longer see or hear anything; I am fairly out of my head. If you don't want me to put a bullet through my brains—"

"Fie!" interrupted Becker.

"—I find some way that I can speak to your father. I shall go to your aunt at Kostheim at noon to-morrow. He can meet me there if you won't let me call at the house. I implore you, by your mother's memory and your love for me, not to keep me in suspense any longer! Yours until death,

"WILHELM BECKER."

Nannchen paused. Her father sat in silence for a long time, with his clinched hands resting on the table, without uttering a word.

"What will you do?" asked Nannchen, at last.

"Zounds! The Prussian shall know me and your aunt too," replied her father.

"You will do nothing unjust," answered Nannchen. "I can depend upon you, as you can upon me. And, father, settle the matter. You surely can't want me to be untrue to you."

"Indeed! So you now pride yourself on not having been untrue to me. I have remained unmarried for your sake, but I now see I should have done better to take a wife, then one creature in the world would have staid with me."

"I won't leave you, father."

"Very well."

Becker went to attend to his work on the Rhine, but took some better clothes in a bundle, in order to change his dress in one of the sheds after the business of the day was over.

Nannchen sat at home keeping the books, though her eyes often filled with tears; but she had no patience with weakness, and, after finishing her work, went to her own room, where she washed and dressed herself thoroughly. Then she went out into the garden. The two watch-dogs came to meet her, and pressed close to her side, but she read Wilhelm's letter over and over again; then went back to her room and looked at the fine shirts she had washed for him.

"He belongs to a respectable family, one can see that by the shirts," she thought, and, when her sister-in-law came to see her, was as merry as usual.

III.

BECKER had never been much accustomed to walking, and, as he crossed the bridge to-day, he moved as if he were pushing an invisible cart; he was indeed heavily laden, and moreover thought all the people must ask—or, no, they really had no need to ask, they might have read in his face—the reason why he had left the landing that day. He gazed in astonishment at the buildings which had been newly erected beyond the railway-station. For years he had only been to the station with loads of freight, and gone no farther.

A strange Sunday afternoon brightness illumined the village of Kostheim. The church services were over, dinner had been eaten, and now there were several hours during which people could do as they chose.

Becker was greeted by many families of acquaintances, who were out walking together, and his first thought was: "It is your own fault that your child has committed this piece of folly: you have always let her wander about alone, especially over here to visit her aunt." He resolved if Nannchen gave up the Prussian to go with her in future every Sunday wherever she wished, then she would meet the sons of respectable citizens, and who knew what might come of it?

When he reached his brother-in-law's house, he looked through the window on the ground-floor, and saw two men sitting at a table.

Before them stood a blue pitcher and two pint glasses.

It is hard to find a more contented man than a Rhenish sailor at home on Sunday afternoon. Perhaps, of all who labor on rivers or at sea, the Rhenish sailor is the only one of his class who drinks wine. The helmsman was the very picture of comfort. He sat in his room in a loose calico jacket, on which red flowers twined here and there over a green ground, with his feet thrust into a pair of embroidered slippers—a present from Nannchen. The bird perched on the blossoming pear-tree, whose song floated in through the open window, cannot be so merry as the man; for it can only whistle, and not drink wine, especially with a companion.

The helmsman did not like to drink alone, so a guest who could talk pleasantly was all the more welcome. He scarcely answered, only whistled noiselessly to himself, as he was in the habit of doing when he stood on the high deck of the steamer and turned the wheel.

Was the Prussian sitting with his brother-in-law? But what was there to consider about? Becker entered, and the young man, in a black-cloth coat and white vest, who had been sitting with the helmsman and now rose, flushed scarlet. Becker, too, felt something of the kind; but, according to his habit when perplexed, took hold of his big nose as if he wanted to guide himself.

"How are you, brother-in-law?" said the helmsman.—"I suppose you already know Herr Becker," he added, turning to the young man.

Becker, still holding fast to his nose, looked up at the youth, who was at least half a head taller than he, because he stood so straight.

"So this is he," was the thought that flashed through his mind.—He nodded, saying, "I only want to speak a few words to your wife."

"She'll be in directly; sit down."

"I have often seen you before," said the young man—"you passed me yesterday when I was on guard."

Becker found it very convenient to make no reply: that said plainly enough, "We have nothing to do with each other." But it was extremely unpleasant for him to find his brother-in-law at home. He had plenty of hard words in store, and wanted to tell the Prussian he would break his neck if he spoke another word to Nannchen, or even cast a glance at her.

Now every thing was changed.

"I have been consulting with Herr Becker," said the helmsman, "and you can help us more than any one."

"I shall consider it a great honor, if you will be kind enough to do so," added the young man.

He had a pleasant voice, but spoke with such a marked Prussian accent that the porter's righteous indignation again overpowered him. But he was silent, and his brother-in-law continued:

"Yes, this is the business on hand: Herr Becker has obtained leave of absence for three weeks, and wants to work at his trade."

"Yes," added the young man, "though I must acknowledge that I like a soldier's life, I prefer my own trade. To be sure, I always feel a longing for my mother and my relatives, but still more for my trade; so, during my furlough, I want to feel at home by working at it, and taking plane, saw, and chisel, in my hand again."

"Yes, Prussians have the gift of the gab," thought Becker; but he did not say so, only muttered: "What have I to do with this, to be sure? What silly expressions the Prussians have!" he grumbled, under his breath.

"I advised Herr Becker," continued the helmsman, "to get a place with old Knussman—he does beautiful work. You went to school with old Knussman, and often carry

him loads of wood. You must recommend Herr Becker to him."

"The Prussian has never been recommended to me, and I don't believe he will be; I can't give what I don't have.—Where is your wife?"

"I don't know—probably standing by some garden-fence gossiping. Can't you tell me your errand?"

"For aught I care. I merely want to tell the Prussian that I'll have nothing to do with him, and my Nannchen will have nothing to do with him either."

"I must ask to have Nannchen tell me so herself."

"I didn't know that he," said Becker, speaking to his brother-in-law over his shoulder, "had any right to ask any thing."

Fortunately, just at this moment the aunt entered, and was overjoyed to see the three men sitting so comfortably together.

"I'm going, now," said the porter; "we have done with each other. And I only want to tell you that you ought to be ashamed of yourself to help on such a thing. As your husband is here, I'll say no more."

"You've said too much already!" exclaimed his brother-in-law, rising. His face flushed, and the red flowers on his jacket seemed to grow redder and twine in and out as if in anger, as he folded his arms and continued: "Yes, look at me, I'm not afraid of your huge fists. I'm sorry you are so unreasonable. You're taking the best way to make your child deceive you! Did you ask your parents before you spoke to your wife?"

"Pray, don't shout so; speak gently," said the aunt.

"Yes, pleasantly, quietly!" jeered the porter.

"Let me speak," pleaded the soldier. "I don't wish to bring trouble into a family and reproaches on this good woman's head. I will leave the house and never come here again."

"Stay!" said the helmsman, "I'm master of my own house."

"Then I can go," replied the porter, calmly. "What is said is said. Good-by, all."

He opened the door, but met Nannchen on the threshold.

"What! You here?" the father shouted. "Didn't you promise me you would never meet him again without my knowledge?"

"I'm not doing it without your knowledge," replied Nannchen. "You are here."

All laughed, and even Becker could not help joining, though he felt more like swearing.

Nannchen drew him into the room again, and he was obliged to sit down.

A long pause ensued. At last Nannchen began:

"Father, I know your grudge against Wilhelm. You want to have nothing to do with him, because he is a Prussian."

"Of course."

"And suppose some wished to have nothing to do with you, because you belong to Hesse-Darmstadt?"

"I don't belong to Hesse-Darmstadt, I belong to Mayence."

"Yes, but you are a German, too! I shall never forget how you looked when you bore the great German banner in the year '48."

"Yes, and who tore down the German cockade and trampled it under foot? The Prussians!" cried Becker, dashing his clinched fist on the table; he was glad to have some pretext to give vent to his rage.

"Not I," said the young man, "I wasn't here, and who knows whether any one else did it?"

"Yes," cried Becker, with trembling lips, "it was a Prussian who snatched off my Nicola's black and gold cap—he was a school-boy, then—and flung it into the Rhine. If I had been there, the Prussian would have gone after it! And before I—"

"Let that pass," interrupted the helmsman, "a great deal of water has flowed down the Rhine since then. Are we not all a pack of fools?" he added, laughing. "What does this concern us now? There stands Herr Becker in his civilian's dress, and tomorrow he'll put on his uniform again, as every one must. You've lived on the shore of the Rhine all your life, brother-in-law, and don't know that there are other people in the world."

"You are not my teacher. It is probably the new fashion that a father passes for nothing with his daughter's suitor."

"He passes for as much as he is worth and makes himself," replied the brother-in-law, while the soldier extended his hand, saying:

"I have every respect for you, Herr Becker; you are a man of honor."

The two women left the room, but stood outside the door like a guard, to prevent any violent outbreak, and ere half an hour had passed the helmsman called them in again.

Nannchen sought her father's eyes; he would not look at her, and Wilhelm's gaze was also fixed on the floor. Her uncle alone seemed cheerful and said:

"Yes, we have stirred up all the old stories again. I shall never forget it—I steered the ship that brought the ambassadors of the German Reichstag from Frankfort to Cologne, whence they went to Berlin to give the King of Prussia the imperial crown. Oh, what splendid-looking men they were! Where are they now? Most of them underground, or scattered over the wide world. If I should live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget what a trip that was; there will never be such another. Nothing but rejoicing on all sides, and people thought all trouble was over. Yet here we sit quarrelling about the emperor's beard,* and haven't even an emperor, much less one that has a beard."

All laughed, and the helmsman, who prided himself on his political knowledge, continued:

"What's the use? Things have turned out differently from what we wanted, but what's the use of worrying? It'll all come right in the end.—Nannchen, don't be anxious, your affairs will come out right, too."

* A German saying, signifying to dispute over trifles.

This really seemed to be the case. Not another angry word was spoken, and the porter drank the wine set before him, but did not touch glasses with the Prussian; he retired into passive resistance, for he saw that he could not carry out his wishes here, there were too many against him; to be sure he was stronger than all of them put together, but bodily strength was of no use. So he did nothing at all, but applied himself to the wine.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

SEVEN BRILLIANT SUNSETS.

THERE are more people in these degenerate times who see sunsets than sunrises; and there is no doubt but that the former are, to the majority of the human race, much more agreeable ephemera. One requires three things to perfect a sunset: you must have the natural phenomenon (if there is such a thing), then the person to see it, then the mood of mind to enjoy and appreciate it. These three things do not always come together.

Seven times in my experience have these three things come to be united. I have seen extraordinary sunsets, no doubt, *without* seeing them; the clouds, the colors, the majestic pomp of celestial heraldry, were there, but my appreciative sense was not there. The better part of me went *not* forth to greet Nature's most gorgeous hospitality. My mind had no wedding-garment; it staid at home, in its poverty and obscurity. But there were moments when both guest and host were in a festive mood, and then the sunset was not thrown away.

The first of these gorgeous ceremonials was one spring-day many years ago in New York, when Mrs. Kemble had been reading "Macbeth." She had given especial prominence to the character of Shakespeare's great spiritualist, that dreamer of dreams and seer of visions, the most imaginative and poetic of all Shakespeare's characters, except *Hamlet*. I remember that she gave me the idea that he was a small and dark man, very beautiful in form and feature. I seem to see him now, majestic in spite of a delicate figure, the most perfect of Nature's noblemen, loving his wife intensely, and perfectly dominated by that morbid brain of his, which saw witches on the heath and daggers in the air. Never before had I cared for the male *Macbeth*. It was the so-called female *Macbeth* who had ruled my fancy, that superb tigress with a man's heart under her woman's breast. But the genius of that extraordinary woman, Shakespeare's great interpreter, gave unusual interest to the thrice-called thane. Nothing could be more beautiful than his smile as he says "sweet chuck"—that dear familiarity of love which Shakespeare throws as a gleam across this dark and lurid picture. So great was the glamour that Mrs. Kemble disappeared, and *Macbeth* appeared in her place. All through the play *Lady Macbeth*, even with traditions of Mrs. Siddons behind her, seemed less prominent in Mrs. Kemble's reading than

Macbeth. It has made me apprehensive of stage *Macbeths* ever since. Such a delicate fibre; such a refined "precious porcelain of human clay;" such a poet—so piteous a sacrifice—such a groan of blasted conscience as her *Macbeth*, never crossed my vision before or since! How few men could have made it at once so manly, so weak, so strong, and so terrible, as she did!

No actor but one of great physical as well as mental refinement should ever attempt *Macbeth*. Her *Lady Macbeth* was, of course, a prodigiously fine thing; but it was not so inspired, so poetical, as her *Macbeth*.

When I came out of that room which genius had filled with ghosts—that atmosphere in which intellect seemed to float in radiant particles—I saw the sun just setting, a round, red orb against the palest green. If sunsets and atmosphere could not do any thing, I should say that it was impossible for so red a sun to be defined against so pure a green without intermediate tints of crimson; but there it was, and to the north floated three hazy clouds as like the dreadful sisters of the caldron as if an artist's hand had shaped them. Many persons saw and noted them. Had Mrs. Kemble's genius called them from the subtle gases of the atmosphere? Had her wand, which she might have stolen from *Prospero*, again summoned them to the vision of mankind? Then, as we looked, the green became incarnadined, the whole western sky was as red as *Lady Macbeth's* hand; blood, blood everywhere—"I could not have believed there was so much blood in him"—and slowly and solemnly the three sisters took on the crimson hue, and then dissolved, and faded away into night and mystery, where they live and have their being.

The second remarkable sunset that I remember was in that tropical sea which embraces the Antilles. One must pardon much to the soft enchantment which wraps the imaginative traveler as he first enters the gentle delights of the tropics. It is "a land in which it is always afternoon," and one floats delicately and naturally toward sunset. The neighborhood of the sea is always favorable to beautiful effects of sunset. The god of day dies as the dolphin with innumerable tints of color. We had floated like Ulysses on those smooth and dreamy waters for days, and we talked of Columbus as we approached the Virgin Islands. How frail was that bark; how ignominiously small and poor the *entourage* of the greatest and most courageous of dreamers and poets! Columbus, taking the undiscovered sea into the hollow of his hand, was the greatest of visionaries. When he sailed to meet that floating sea-weed he took a leap in the dark which no human being has paralleled. Who wrote that fine verse?—

"Thou Luther of the darkened deep,
Not more courageous than thou he!
His greatness woke Earth's troubled sleep,
While thine unbound the sea!"

Luther and Columbus and Franklin were new, great, original, courageous men—they did great work for the human race. Columbus, by far the most romantic of them all, we talked of "as we sailed! as we sailed!

as we sailed!" The trade-winds, spicy and delusive, may have intoxicated our senses; but, as the sun went down in gold and crimson and aqua-marine, we saw three little ships sailing in the heavens.

"The mirage," said the practical captain.

Mirage, indeed! We knew better. Had we had a good glass or better eyes, we should have read "Isabella of Castile" on that royal standard. We should have seen the wasted figure of Columbus on the deck. We should have seen his discontented crew—that crew which always surrounds the man who is greater than his age! Nothing is so possible as the impossible—nothing so real as delusion. Which would we resign, our real lives or our dreams? In that sunset we saw the triumph of dreaming, the conquest of the impossible:

"What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;
Courage hath genius and power and magic in it."

The third remarkable sunset occurred in the second year of our war, and was seen from Long Branch—a place noted for beautiful sunsets.

It was a desperately unhappy time. I need not recapitulate its horrors. Every one at that gay watering-place was watching for the echo of defeat. The sea was brilliant, beautiful, and unsympathetic—a siren, as she always is, treacherous and enticing. One got a little courage by bathing in the morning, and by watching her blue and silver as she decked herself in the sunbeams. Naught but the murmur in her vacant shells told of the sorrows she locked in her secret caverns. From the land came the wail of the dead and dying. Wives were listening to the readers of the news, with hands clasped over their ears, dreading and hoping. Daughters, sisters, lovers—all, all were in that sickening agony of suspense which is worse than the sober certainty of woe, when there came a bulletin of bad news. One little wife whom we all loved, whose husband, a captain, was at the front, had paced the beach, with her long hair floating over her cloak, for many a sunset hour. One evening she called us out to see a gorgeous sunset. It was one of the opal effects, the crimson behind the pale green, the fire hidden, lambent, flashing, for a moment, then gliding behind the cloud, when up from the sea came a hideous black procession of dark vapors—an army with banners, horses, and horsemen, and a long black line in which our prophetic and excited souls saw hearses, coffins, and the panoply of death. That night came dreadful news—a battle had been fought, the carnage had been terrible, and our captain was killed, and his little wife lay insensible, with her long hair about her, a mourning veil.

The fourth sunset was in Florence—dear Italian city, famous also for its sunsets. Whether that long line of the high Carrara Mountains helps this desirable consummation, whether the civic glories and romantic histories have floated upward, whether the cold breezes from the Alps meet half-way the softer airs of the Apennines, I know not. There is no apparent reason for the beauty of Florentine sunsets, but they have "that best excuse for being"—they *are* most beautiful.

Well, we had spent the morning in the Uffizi Gallery, we had wandered into the Pitti Gallery, we had looked over Benvenuto Cellini's goblets, and had gone to the tomb of the Medici. Somehow or some way we had gotten hold of Bande Neri, or he had gotten hold of us. He was a dashing, fascinating hero, this Bande Neri. When he *did* take hold of one it was with a strong grip, and he held us that day in mortmain. Dying at twenty-seven, like most of the Medici, who were singularly short-lived, he left a history and a career which many a man of sixty might have been proud to achieve—if, indeed, deeds of conquest, stormy and warlike proceedings, are achievements. Bande Neri, or Black Band, was the Duke Giovanni de Medici, who married his cousin Maria Salviati, thus uniting his branch of the house with that of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and his son Cosmo I. assumed the title of grand-duke. His statue stands in front of the Uffizi Gallery, and his memory fills an important epoch in the history of Florence.

That evening, as we drove on the Cascine, we saw the most glorious crimson sunset I have ever seen. Every variety and shade of that enchanting color filled the sky. It was the color of the *giglio*, or famous lily of Florentine heraldry, and from east to west was a black band of cloud—so black that it was almost inky. We could not help feeling that it was an atmospheric compliment to our historical researches. This black band of cloud on such a superb crimson produced a curious, weird, and unnatural effect. Thousands of the gay pleasure-seekers on the Cascine saw and admired it; few besides ourselves associated it with the stormy and romantic hero who had made his Black Band so famous.

Thus it will be seen that sunsets, like beauty, live in the eye of the gazer. It is a pleasant coincidence when your own mind can go forth to profit by the miracles of the sunset, as well as by all the other gratuitous miracles of Nature.

The fifth gorgeous sunset was over the castle at Edinburgh. It was after Holyrood, after a day spent in seeing that wonderful town which Walter Scott so loved, after a week's enjoyment of the Frith of Forth, Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, the old Castle of Craigmillar, and the dear delights of Melrose, "Roslyn Chapel fair," Abbotsford, and Dryburgh Abbey. I suppose Edinburgh is perhaps the most picturesque town in the world. Nuremberg and Venice have strong claims to the title, but Edinburgh, with its new and old town, its hills and hollows, its wildness and finish, palace and precipice, its giant rock and old feudal castle in the midst of the city, is certainly preëminent. This sunset, with so many memories behind it, was sure to be remarkable; it was tranquil, the new moon hung over it; the sky was pale-blue, and gold, and green, with dogs' heads in white clouds toward the south, indicating possible rain on the morrow, when up came one little red shape, a heart—was it the Heart of Mid-Lothian?

The many significant sunsets described by travelers are all distanced by Mr. Whymper's remarkable story of the cross which he saw in the heavens at sunset after the terri-

ble death of Lord Frederick Douglas and the Swiss guides and two English gentlemen on the Matterhorn.

Mr. Whympster does not seem to be an imaginative man; his book reads like the conscientious work of a practical observer—an artist, too, one who can, with pencil as well as pen, illustrate his ideas. He declares that he saw—and he draws it, too—a cross in the sky, very luminous, large, and distinct, after that dreadful event. What a message, personal, and yet removed from our sphere, was that vision!

On the day that the dreadful news came to New York of the death of President Lincoln, many persons declared that they saw a "banner in the sky." It was very warm for the season, and the western heavens had been brilliant for many sunsets. I remember the occasion and the sunset; it was not unlike our flag, that floating mass of crimson streaked with white, and the deep blue of the adjoining sky. Whether Mr. Church got from it his idea of the "Banner in the Clouds," I do not know; it certainly was suggestive of that lovely picture.

Every one who has observed sunsets has been struck, no doubt, with the frequent resemblance to animals in the floating clouds: dogs' heads, swans, eagles, and lions, seem to particularly attend at the *soirée* of the departing monarch.

Hamlet alludes to this cloud-zoölogy in his conversation with *Polonius*, whose easy conscience first saw that it was "backed like a weasel," and then was "very like a whale." There was an old superstition that clouds over the sea looked like fish, while clouds over the mountains took the form of birds; that clouds on the plains resembled buffalo and lions and deer. But clouds are too far off to be influenced by what passes beneath them; they look like every thing by turns and nothing long. They are the most changeable things in Nature—her wild and beautiful caprices.

Howells speaks, in his delightful book on Venice, of the sunsets in that most dreamy city. He describes one of them as being like the tears and smiles of an angry beauty. There is every thing in Venice to make beautiful sunsets—water and architecture—which helps along a sunset wonderfully, although it may sound absurd to say so. To look at a sunset after seeing St. Marks, with all its pomp of color, its porphyry and verde-antique columns, its Saracenic gates, its horse-shoe-shaped trellises, its scarlet and gold, its amethyst and ruby, is merely to continue the idea. You are great, you are lifted up, therefore you are better able to appreciate the sunset. Then the Campanile rises so graciously against the western sky—

"The last to parley with the setting sun!"

I saw a wonderful sunset in Venice, but I should have to get Tintoretto and Titian and Paul Veronese to describe it for me. Ah! who would not like to have lived in that century!—to have looked at the sunset when the world was all agitation, passion, picturesque, tumult, emperors, popes, doges, when people dressed in purple and fine linen, and Beauty sat on a Venetian balcony and

kissed her hand furtively to the cavalier in the gondola? There were some splendid sunsets in those days, no doubt—

"The first in beauty shall be first in might."

The sunsets at Newport are often very beautiful. I saw one once in the summer of 1872, which was imperial in splendor. It was a world on fire; the crimson glories shot up from east and west, from north and south; there was no difference of glory in the west—the sun might have set in any quarter of the heavens. This phenomenon I have seen before, but have never had it explained. In the days of superstition it would have been considered an omen dire and fearful. It presaged nothing but a very hot day. Another feature of its splendor was its long duration. The sun died very slowly that night, and the glories of his curtained death-bed remained visible for an hour.

The last of these sunsets was seen from the deck of a steamship, just outside of the harbor of Brest. To those who are starting on a sea-voyage nothing is so cheerful and beautiful as a sunset such as this was—"a crystalline splendor, clear but not dazzling"—filled the west, and illuminated for us the receding shores of *la belle France* and the Channel Islands. We thought of Mary of Scotland, as she tearfully bade adieu to this lovely land. We thought, as we looked out to sea, of home and kindred, between whom and us lay the dread ocean. How many, how contradictory, how incoherent, are the ideas which cross one's mind, as such a scene, under such circumstances, flits before the "visual orbs." Security, peace, tranquillity, and gentle hope, these were our dreams and emotions—but, alas! the promise was delusive. We were caught next day in a circular storm, the sea became like pea-soup, we were tossed on the highest and most sickening waves, nor did we see another sunset until we entered the harbor of New York, where a wintry sky, clear and cold, and uncompromising, welcomed us to duty and to work, after a vacation in Europe which had been all recreation and pleasure:

"In vain our pent wills fret,
And would the world subdue;
Limits we did not set,
Condition all we do."

We cannot command our sunsets, nor the spirit in which to meet them; both must be accidental; but one thing is certain—it is an hour most dear to the whole human race. Toward the western heaven the poet looks for his inspiration; there the sighing lover looks, dreaming of his future; there the woman carries her disappointments, her sorrows, which she never tells; there the scholar looks, as he demands of himself courage to unfold a new idea. "Is not doubt the hand trembling, yet careful, that turns the telescope of earnest inquiry upon the heavens of truth?" "There look those who wear the purple," and wonder if to-morrow will be safe or sorrowful; thither look the dying, as if through those gates, which will soon open for them; there looks the tired laborer, thanking Heaven that another day's work is done; there looks the soldier, as he treads the disputed field; and the mother gathers

her little group about her, and shows them the wonders of the west, as if it were that land of faery which, while they are with her, but never afterward, they tread in sweet security. The whole human race attends the *coucher* of the sun. No monarch has such a following. Generally in silence, almost always in adoration, always in a more elevated and tender frame of mind than that which is our work-a-day habit, do we look at the sunset.

We are traveling thither, and it is natural for all wayworn people to think of the end of the journey.

M. E. W. S.

CHARLOTTE OF BRUNSWICK.

A FADING LEAF OF HISTORY.

ONE of the saddest tragedies, if it be one, one of the strangest mysteries, if it be one, dimly recorded in historic annals, is that of the Princess Charlotte Sophia, of Brunswick. The story, though an old one, is still but little known even in the dominions of the empire. The new light which a recent Russian writer has let in upon the facts has induced us to recall them at the present time.

On the 27th of January, 1689, the Czar Peter the Great was married, somewhat against his will, to Ewdokija Feodorowna Lapuchin, the daughter of a powerful Russian noble. On the 18th of February of the following year, his eldest child, Alexis Petrowitsch, was born and baptized.

Owing to the absence of maternal care—Peter, having quarreled with his spouse over a serious affair, had banished her to a convent very soon after marriage—the prince Alexis was left to himself, and, until his thirteenth year, was almost wholly neglected. During this interval, his mind lost all sense of decency and respect, and his unrestricted mode of living entailed upon him some of the worst of habits. When, at length, he was intrusted to the care of a learned German, Henry Huyssen, he made but small progress in the way of improvement. Euclid and algebra were found to be ill-suited to his wild and willful nature. But the poor tutor combated with the difficulties of his position about ten years, and then surrendered his princely pupil in disgust.

Meanwhile, the czar, who seems not to have been able to keep out of matrimony, had taken secretly unto himself another spouse, the daughter of a poor woman, and already famed as much for her modest deportment as for her attractive beauty. Nothing was more common in Russia and in all the Asiatic kingdoms than marriages between sovereigns and their subjects; but that an impoverished stranger, who had been discovered amid the ruins of a plundered town, should become the absolute sovereign of that very empire into which she was led captive, is an incident which fortune and merit have never before produced in the annals of the world. The charming captive, whose name was Martha, thus became, after her elevation to rank, Catharine I. of Russia.

It was quite natural that the future empress should wish to secure to her own children the right of succession to the throne. To reach this end, she poisoned the mind of the czar against his eldest son, and, in consequence of which, Herr Huyssen was ordered to give an account of the intellectual progress of his pupil. Of course the report which he made was unfavorable; whereupon the tutor was sent back to Germany, and the prince was banished into the interior of Russia. Here the latter demeaned himself with so much unreason that his imperial sire resolved to marry him forthwith.

An ambassador was sent to Germany intrusted with the delicate mission of reporting on the charms of all the high-born maidens of the Rhine-land. The list was forwarded to the court, and the *crème de la crème*, being selected by the czar, were honored with invitations to appear personally before him. Of course he reserved the right of rejecting all bidders.

In this matrimonial game money was no object; but beauty, grace, and mental culture, were every thing. Those who were so fortunate as not to be chosen were returned to their mammas, bearing the gifts of diamond necklaces and rings as compensation for their trouble. His majesty's choice fell upon the Princess Charlotte Sophia, of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, daughter of Duke Louis, the head of a branch line of the reigning house of Brunswick. Accordingly, the nuptials were celebrated at Targow, in the palace of the Queen of Poland, on the 25th of October, 1711. The bridegroom was in his twenty-second year, the bride in her eighteenth.

The Princess Charlotte was one of those soft and dreamy beauties, with fair blue eyes and a head full of romance, so often met with in Germany. At the time of her marriage she was little more than a child in years, and none the less so in manners and modes of thought. Alexis, on the contrary, was wholly given up to low, sensual pleasures, and mean, vicious company. At their earliest interview he had conceived an antipathy to his betrothed, and had no desire at all to marry.

As might have been expected under such circumstances, there was no love wasted by the young couple. From a state of indifference the prince lapsed into one of savagery, and on every occasion he did not hesitate to act toward his wife in the most brutal manner. When, at length, he received into his palace a former mistress, by the name of Eufrosine, and his wife made complaints to the czar, the prince was sorely enraged, and beat the princess most cruelly. A chastisement in return from the czar only made the affair worse. Charlotte, daily in tears, regretted her sorrowful plight, and longed to be released from her brutish lord. She even wrote to her father, Duke Louis, entreating him to take steps for dissolving her marriage. But Louis was as proud and haughty as she was weak, and would take no steps to overthrow that fortune which, he believed, was likely to make of his offspring an empress. However, he was not wholly insensible to the tortures of her situation. "Keep a watchful eye on my daughter," he beseeches the czar in

a letter recently disclosed, "for she is a lamb in gentleness, and ill-suited to the rough ways of a hot and hasty cavalier. I pray thee be pleased to restrain thy imperial son, and keep back the evil reports which come daily to my ears."

The birth of two children—Natalia, who died prematurely, and Peter, afterward Czar Peter II.—did not soften the evil tendencies of Alexis; on the contrary, it was the signal for a most terrible climax. While the princess was yet suffering from her confinement, Alexis, more in a fit of devilish wrath than of intoxication, struck her so savagely with his cane, that she fell senseless to the floor. Those who stood near thought that she was dead; and a few hours later her physician sent word to the czar that his daughter-in-law had been carried off by a sudden attack of hysterics!

Peter the Great received the intelligence of the princess's death on the 20th of October, 1715, and, being then at Schlussemburg busily employed on his works, he set out instantly for the capital. On the way he himself was seized with illness, and was forced to take to his bed. In the midst of his grief the announcement came that the empress had been delivered of a prince, which speedily changed sadness into joy. In the ensuing confusion, poor Charlotte was almost forgotten. But rumor had already sounded her dread alarms, and Alexis, fearing the wrath of his father, had fled to his country-house.

Meanwhile a grand carnival proclaimed the new birth. Splendid entertainments, balls and fireworks, followed one another in rapid succession, and universal hilarity prevailed. Elsewhere, a coffin robed in black, and followed by only a few attendants, was borne into the fortress of St. Petersburg, and deposited in the Church of Saints Peter and Paul. Later a horseman rode to the royal palace and announced that the remains of Princess Charlotte Sophia, consort of the heir-apparent of all the Russias, were interred.

Time elapsed, and it soon appeared that the czar had not really forgotten the gentle girl who, deserving a better fate, had missed her road to happiness; neither had he failed to notice the absence of his son. The death of the neglected wife was a sore affliction to Peter's mind; but he hoped that it might be the means of reforming the prince. Accordingly he wrote him a letter, accusing him of murder, but promising forgiveness if he would only amend his conduct. "I desire your answer personally or in writing," the letter concludes, "or I must deal with you as a criminal." Alexis replied, "I intend to embrace the monastic life, and I request your gracious consent to that effect."

For a while the affair was dropped, and the czar departed on a journey into Germany and France. The grand-duke, fearful of his life, fled, accompanied by his mistress, to quarters unknown. Seven months passed away, during which time the czar heard nothing from his son. One day two Russian envoys overtook Alexis in Naples, and placed in his hands a letter from his father. "If you do not return home," it read, "by virtue of the power I have received from God as

your sire, I pronounce against you my everlasting curse; and, as your sovereign, I can assure you I shall find ways to punish you; which I hope, as my cause is just, God will take it in hand and assist me in avenging it."

When entreaties failed, the envoys had recourse to strategy. One of them offered a large sum of money to Eufrosine if she would induce Alexis to throw himself at the feet of his father. She plied her art of persuasion so well that on the following day the prince set out for Moscow. Upon his arrival the great bell tolled; a gloomy council was convened in the castle; and the clergy said mass in the cathedral. In solemn tones the czar pronounced malediction on his son Alexis, deprived him of succession to the throne, and even disinherited him in the presence of the whole assembly. "Never was prince forgotten," says the royal record, "in so sovereign and authentic a manner."

A trial for high-treason followed this awful humiliation; and, on the 7th of July, 1718, it was publicly announced that the Grand-duke Alexis had died in prison, "in consequence of over-excitement." Recent research proves that he was murdered by a German named Weide, at the order of Peter the Great.

At this point the tragedy may be said to end; and the mystery, if such it was, to begin.

Twenty years later, Chevalier Bossu published in Paris a book which is now a rare curiosity, entitled "New Travels in North America in a Series of Letters," in which he affirmed that he had seen the Princess Charlotte, "who was thought to have died long ago," at a plantation in Louisiana. She was, he said, there well known by her own name; and that he had the full particulars of her romantic career. From these statements, corrected by the recent researches of Kersakoff, who, having had free access to imperial records at St. Petersburg, has at length disclosed the truth, we shall briefly complete one of the strangest stories in existence.

As early as 1714 the Countess of Königs-mark, mother of Maurice of Saxony, and an attendant on the Princess Charlotte, urged the latter to escape from Russia in the guise of a servant. But the plan was frustrated. In the following year, and amid the joy which announced the birth of a son of Catharine, the princess, having somewhat recovered from the assault already mentioned, was secretly placed on board a Prussian vessel, and landed on the southern shore of the Baltic.

At the same time the countess and the physician played a bold game. A sham burial was originated. A wax figure, skillfully moulded, was placed in a coffin, which, while the bells were tolling, was hurried away and consigned to a sepulchre in the Church of Saints Peter and Paul. There were but few mourners, and the ceremony was brief. A false announcement was speeded to the capital, and no one, in the excitement of the hour, paused even to give it reflection.

At the proper season, the princess, having recovered and regained sufficient strength, proceeded to Strasburg, and thence to Paris. Here she disposed of her jewelry, and, in company with Swiss emigrants, set sail for

America. She arrived at New Orleans, where she was recognized and saluted by Count d'Aubaut, a member of the French diplomatic service, who had formerly known her well, and, we may add, become enamored of her at St. Petersburg.

The count was a handsome fellow, but very shy. He had not the courage, even when confident that some unknown cause had estranged her from her husband, to ingratiate himself in the princess's favor. But day and night he was haunted by her matchless beauty, and yet circumstances compelled them to remain longer apart.

After a while the princess, still regarding her Swiss companions as in one sense her guides, followed them from their first landing in New Orleans to a place fifty miles up the river. Here she purchased a small plantation, and, with the help of others, planned to cultivate it. Count d'Aubaut had not ceased to dog her footsteps. Wherever she went he pursued, until a bright idea entered into his mind.

Having assured himself of her determination to remain always in America, the count hastened back to New Orleans, and from the governor-general, who was his near relative, obtained a perpetual ownership of a large tract of land bordering on the Mississippi, together with a release from his diplomatic service.

This tract of land happened to adjoin the estate of the Princess Charlotte; and, having erected a small dwelling for himself, he looked forward to the day when perchance Fortune might permit him to enlarge it for the reception of his idol.

The days and the weeks passed by, and the count had succeeded in winning the friendship of the princess. This friendship daily became more intimate; and, while the princess no longer hesitated to disclose the story of her misfortunes, the count became most sincere in his expression of sympathy. He was not blind to perceive that his own eminently handsome appearance, his perfect and graceful manners, and his fine culture, made a deep impression upon the heart of the lonely lady; and the courtesy and confidence with which she always received him made him bold to sue for her heart and hand. But no; she resolutely refused any offer of marriage.

Count d'Aubaut was in despair, and to tarry longer in the presence of one whom he could not claim as his own was death itself. Abandoning his estate, and bidding farewell to the princess, he returned to New Orleans, where he engaged passage on board a vessel bound for Marseilles. In less than an hour the ship was to sail, and the count had already ended his preparations for departure. With an idle turn of mind he paced to and fro upon the deck; a small package lay there, on which a half-sheet of a newspaper, the *Mercure Hollandois* of the year 1718, had been placed by some strange hand. His eyes dropped, and rested for a moment on a fateful paragraph; and there he read, as one not sorrowful, of the death of the Grand-duke Alexis at St. Petersburg!

It is easier to imagine his feelings than to describe them. Grasping the paper and

folding it away in his pocket, exchanging a few words with the commander of the vessel, and making arrangements as to his luggage, he leaped into a small-boat and was rowed ashore. Not ten hours had elapsed before he was again at the feet of the princess.

Only a few words were interchanged, and her doom was sealed. There was no obstacle in the way; and she had shed her last tear before the portrait of him whom she loved even amid hatred. Two months later the Princess Charlotte, with simple ceremony, became the Countess d'Aubaut.

How suddenly, at times, a change falls upon a scene of happiness and contentment; and how unexpectedly the bitter enters into the sweet! Only a few brief years had sealed the union of a loving couple when Count d'Aubaut fell dangerously ill. "There is no hope of a recovery," said the physician to the faithful wife, "save in a speedy return to Europe." The princess—for surely fortune may not alter her rank!—was quick to heed. Gathering together her all, she, her husband, and their little daughter, sailed first to Le Havre, and thence to Paris.

At Paris she lived in the utmost retirement, nursing her husband and caring tenderly for her child. Occasionally she would wander unattended through the garden of the Tuileries, without disclosing either her name or her singular fortune. One day during one of these solitary promenades she was unexpectedly joined by her daughter, to whom she addressed a few words in German. A gentleman who happened to be passing by was thus attracted to her. For a single instant their eyes met, and she knew that her secret was discovered, for the gentleman was no other than Count Maurice of Saxony, temporarily sojourning in Paris.

She could not prevent him from addressing her by her own name, nor refuse his company to her own humble lodgings. But she exacted his promise not to betray her secret to any one before three months should have elapsed.

Once a week Count Maurice found himself at the abode of the princess, to whom he was in the habit of bringing sundry good things for her happiness. At last, however, he found during one of his visits no need of calling again. The whole family, "tempted of the devil," said Count Maurice, had fled to parts unknown! Half in anger and half in despair, the count discovered the princess's secret to King Louis XIV., who at once wrote an autograph letter to the Queen of Hungary, the eldest daughter of Duke Louis of Brunswick. In this missive he assured her of the safety of her sister, and added, "The king will not prove chary of his best services to induce the princess, who seems to have been pursued by some ill-fortune, to return to that family which has long mourned her decease."

I know not what confidential method the king resorted to to insure the fulfillment of his promise. But certain it is that, when the Count d'Aubaut and his wife were again discovered by the officials of his majesty, it was not in France, but in Louisiana! They had returned thither in a vessel sailing direct from Nantes.

After long intercession, the couple were

induced by the governor-general to repair, on board a Dutch vessel, to the Isle of Bourbon, where they resided for many years. In 1754 the count was removed by an epidemic fever, and his death was soon followed by that of his child.

In the succeeding autumn, 1755, the widow, whose cup of sorrow was now filled to the brim, went to live in the Faubourg Montmartre, near Paris, but six years later she retired to Brussels, at the invitation of some of her old friends. The story of her misfortunes, though made known to a precious few, reached the ears of Ferdinand Albert II., Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, who allowed her an annual pension of sixty thousand florins.

Although constantly beset by troubles on all sides, and even persecuted by the Romish propaganda, she resisted all invitations to again join her family. By deeds of charity, she endeared herself to the poor of Brussels, and finally died, a steadfast believer in Protestantism, in September, 1772, aged seventy-eight.

Perhaps this is all that will ever be known of the story of the sorrowed wife of the Grand-duke Alexis. For many years after her death, the most remarkable incidents of her career were concealed from the public; and, until recently, historical researches were powerless to recall them. There can be no doubt that her eventful life was surrounded with even darker mystery than has yet been cleared up. But, even as it is, its romanticism imparts to it an air of falsehood; while, on the other hand, the knowledge of sworn testimony makes the seeming fiction more remarkable than truth. The poet, if not the historian, may yet pay honest tribute to the memory of the ill-starred Charlotte of Brunswick.

GEORGE LOWELL AUSTIN.

A WELSH MINING FEUD.

DR. PETER WILLIAMS, the recently-deceased coroner of Flintshire, Wales, was at the time of his death the oldest coroner in Great Britain. He was very deaf, very old, and brimful of "yarns" connected with his official experience. What he termed the "Buckley Mountain Feud" was one of the most interesting and sanguinary of the many cases in which his professional services had been called in requisition.

What is called Buckley Mountain is an elevated table-land about three miles east of the market-town of Mold. Its inhabitants were formerly a savage, quarrelsome race, divided like the Scottish Highlanders into "clans." There were the Williamses, the Joneses, the Hugheses, the Griffiths, the Morgans, and the Shepherds, and bitter family feuds often raged between them. Coal-mining and coarse-stone pottery manufacture employed most of the adult males; and it was no infrequent occurrence to see the military ordered from Chester to suppress their internecine conflicts. The soil is mostly freehold, and the coal-mines are worked on the principle of shares—each mine being divided into thirty-two shares, and each share being designated "a half an ounce."

At one time eight relatives of the name of Hughes were associated with an equal number of the name of Roberts in working what was termed the Great Ash Mine, so named from the fact that the shaft had been put down close to an immense ash-tree. The coal lay deeper here than in most other sections of the mountain, but it was a thicker seam, and of superior quality, and the Hugheses and the Griffiths were hence esteemed particularly fortunate all over the mountain. There were a good deal of rivalry and frequent quarrels among them; but it was mostly good-natured rivalry carried on by boasting, feats of strength, and physical prowess. But when it became widely known that Evan Hughes, a handsome, stalwart young man of twenty, and Samuel Griffiths, an equally lithe and promising young Hercules, were bitter rivals for the heart of Miss Anne Shepherd, everybody in Buckley knew there was strife a-brewing.

Anne was the daughter of a stone-pottery manufacturer, who, without education, had risen from the ranks, and accumulated a handsome fortune. Wealth did not make him arrogant. He was still "hail fellow, well met!" with every hard-toiling miner on the mountain; and he did not hesitate to state, when in his cups in the Red Lion parlor of a night, that Sam Griffiths and Evan Hughes were the two brightest young men on the mountain, and that he would be satisfied with either of them for a son-in-law.

Sam and Evan had wrestled, and run, and jumped, and pitched the stone, with varying success, and with eager animosity. Nothing but Anne's threat that she would discard the first one who made a blackguard of himself kept them from open and deadly hostilities. Both knew she was a girl of pluck, and would keep her word, and hence their fierce spirits were kept in the outward bond of peace.

Meantime, the Great Ash Colliery was turning out well; the seam was promising, and the "dip" was very gradual and uniform. It was, therefore, resolved to sink another shaft directly north of, and about two thousand feet from the Great Ash Shaft; and it was estimated that, by the time this new shaft was put down, the workings would be driven from the Great Ash to meet it, and thus secure perfect ventilation by means of an "up-cast" and a "downcast" shaft. Evan Hughes and Sam Griffiths were employed to sink the new shaft, which was christened the Great Oak. They took alternate shifts of four hours, one "boring," while the other, assisted by an old bank's-man, named Bill Conway, drew up the clay and stone with a rope and windlass. When they descended to the limestone, each man drilled his blast-hole with a hand-hammer, like that used by stone-dressers, drilling it about twelve inches deep, and then charging it with coarse blasting-powder. No fuse was used for igniting the charge; but a copper-pointed "needle" was placed on the powder, and allowed to stand until the hole was tightly stemmed with clay-slate. Then the needle was carefully withdrawn, and the hole filled with a finer grain of powder. The "shot" being thus far prepared, the man below sung out for the cord, when one end of a tightly-twisted line was

let down the shaft, and then securely stemmed into the top of the shot-hole. The bottom end of the line being now secured, and surrounded by fine powder, and the other end in the hands of the bank's-man, the man below gave the usual signal, and was forthwith drawn to bank. A red-hot ring, three or four inches in diameter, was then taken from the "hut" fire; the end of the cord was quickly passed through it; the ring shot down the shaft, and the blast was fired.

One fine spring day Sam and old Bill Conway were at bank, and Evan below had just prepared his blast in the manner described, and had given the signal to be hauled to bank. It was nearly noon, and a half-witted son of the old bank's-man was walking quietly along behind an adjoining hedge with his father's dinner. He heard the "shot" fired, and hurried to the pit-heap. There he saw Sam Griffiths jumping and swearing around; he saw the smoke pouring up the shaft; he saw his father's little dog; but he saw neither his father nor Evan Hughes.

"Where's fayther and Yeaven?" asked the poor, half-witted lad.

Sam's blood was up, and he struck poor Dick on the cheek and blacked his eye. The lad ran home, and Sam went half-way to the Great Oak Shaft, howling wildly for assistance. The fearfully-mutilated bodies of young Hughes and the old man Conway were brought to bank, and a few hours after Coroner Peter Williams held an inquest. Sam Griffiths was the only important witness. He testified that Bill Conway, being old and stupid, had, at Evan Hughes's signal to "wind up," gone for the red-hot ring by mistake. That, seeing the old man's terrible blunder, he (Sam) had rushed from behind the "hut," where he had been asleep, to prevent the mischief, but that he had only arrived in time to see the glowing ring shoot down the shaft. Almost instantly, the old man had discovered his fearful error, and, stricken with horror and remorse, he had plunged head-first down the shaft just as the smoke and debris from the blast were rising. "It was all the work of half a minute," he said to the coroner and jury; "and it was all over before I could reach the spot. As for 'shouting,' I was struck speechless with fear." The jury accepted the explanation—there was none other to offer—and, though the silly lad Conway, by his curious antics and expressive pantomime, seemed to have something on his mind, he did not understand the nature of an oath, and was consequently not sworn.

There were imposing funeral-services in Buckley on the following Sunday. The village maidens, with white handkerchiefs on their heads, and sprigs of rosemary, rue, and balm, in their hands, walked before Evan Hughes's coffin, singing pathetic dirges, until the graveyard was reached; but Anne Shepherd had been seized with a fit when she heard the fatal tidings, and was unable to attend the young man's funeral.

Time passed. The Hughes family began to repine less for the untimely end of the pride of their family. The Great Ash and the Great Oak Shafts were now each in operation, and the workings underground had

been materially extended. Another cousin filled Evan Hughes's place, and there was still a sharp rivalry between the eight Griffiths and the eight Hugheses.

In order to make plain what is to follow, a short explanation of the mine is necessary. The two shafts, then, occupied each an end of the long side of a parallelogram—the Great Ash, or "downcast shaft," at the south, and the Great Oak, or "upcast shaft," at the north. From each shaft a drift two hundred feet long ran due east, and the parallelogram was completed by running another drift north and south, joining the ends of these two easterly drifts. They had thus cut clear round a rectangular mass of coal, two thousand feet long by two hundred feet broad, which they would work away by sections and pillars until it was exhausted. The air that descended the Great Ash Shaft, had it been permitted, would have rushed along the straight gallery and right up the Great Oak Shaft, without ventilating the three other sides of the parallelogram where the men were working; but there were massive doors placed close to the foot of each shaft in the straight gallery between them, to divert the air through the workings. There was a large escape of gas from the coal-face, and the pure air that descended the Great Ash Shaft consequently ascended the Great Oak very much charged with carburetted hydrogen. The mine was worked on two shifts. On alternate weeks the Hughes party went down the Great Oak Shaft at 4 A. M. and worked till 12 M., while the Griffiths party descended the Great Ash at 4 P. M. and worked till midnight. Each party had their own doorkeeper, whose sole duty it was to see that the door was kept shut at all times, or closed instantly after any person connected with the mine had passed through it. Although there was a considerable escape of gas, the air-current was so direct and strong that the men worked with open oil-lamps; and, albeit, there had been pretty severe "blowers," as sudden spurts of local gas are termed, no danger was apprehended by either of the gangs who owned and worked the mine.

It was now three years since Evan Hughes met his sad fate; and on a fine May morning there were great rejoicings in the village. Bunting waved from every available flag-staff, and the gutters in front of the four ale-houses literally ran beer. The Griffiths were in high feather, for Sam and Anne Shepherd had been married in the morning. Long before noon the bride's proud sire was purple in the face with pledging the young couple, and with urging others to do likewise. Gayly-dressed groups of youths and maidens danced round the May-pole on the village green, and everybody was in a supreme state of enjoyment—all except Mrs. Hughes, poor Evan's mother, and Hannah, his twin sister. The merry-making palled on their hearts. It recalled the lost one—the flower of the flock who had so miserably perished, and who to-day might have been Anne Shepherd's husband. Therefore, they retired early in the evening, and by closing doors and windows tried to exclude the sounds of merriment. While the day's festivities were being prolonged far into the night, the mother and daughter re-

tired to rest. Sleep fell upon their sad eyes; and each woman dreamed a dream—a dream so marvelously uniform in detail that it was as if the two had sat and watched the same tableau.

They saw the three men sinking the Great Oak Shaft; they saw Evan charge and prime his shot, and then attach the end of the "firing-cord;" they heard him give the signal to be hauled to bank; they saw old Bill Conway begin to turn the windlass; they saw Sam Griffiths steal out of the "hut" with the red-hot ring and slip it down the rope; they saw the old man quit hold of the windlass in horror; and they saw the powerful young murderer dash the old man down the shaft in the face of the shower of stones thrown up by the explosion.

Mother and daughter awoke in the solemn midnight and discussed their dream with trembling and with awe. And they clung to each other, and comforted each other, and tried not to believe it. Just then John Hughes, the husband and father of the two women, entered; and after some banter—he was in liquor—the women again slept.

"It was a most extraordinary circumstance," Coroner Williams used to say, "but both these women dreamed the self-same dream over again."

In the morning Mrs. Hughes met Dick Conway, the idiot lad, took him aside, and questioned him about what he saw that day when he lost his father. He indicated by dumb show how some one was thrown down the shaft, and how some one else was struck on the face, meaning himself.

Mrs. Hughes shortly after died. The doctors who attended her were not agreed respecting her malady; but Dr. Jones, of Mold, was certain that her mind was gone, and that she was the victim of hallucinations. Hannah, the twelfth daughter, now devoted herself exclusively to her father. She would frequently descend the Great Oak Shaft while he was at work, and carry ale, hot coffee, tea, etc., to him; and consequently she achieved a kind of envied notoriety on the mountain for her bravery in descending the coal-mine. She had several admirers; but her kind words and light looks seemed reserved for her father. On his part, he repaid her with an affectionate admiration that approached idolatry; and it was his boast that when his head was laid low Hannah would be a lady.

On a dark December midnight, a few months after her mother's death, Hannah Hughes and the idiot lad Conway stole quietly away from Buckley village and proceeded toward the Great Oak Shaft. Her father and his companions would have stopped work at twelve o'clock, and the two nocturnal pedestrians avoided the road by which the miners would return to their homes. When Hannah and Dick reached the pit-heap all was still as the grave. The horse had been loosed from the "gin" windlass, and lay sleeping in his straw, and not a star cheered the gloomy vault of heaven. Hannah soon obtained a light; the stable-door was opened; the gin-horse was harnessed and hitched into the accustomed shafts for raising the coal; the young woman took her seat on the "corve," or basket, and told Dick to "lower away."

Into the black, yawning pit she descended without fear or trepidation, and when the bottom was reached she stepped briskly out of the "corve," proceeded to the air-door near the bottom of the shaft, and securely propped it open. Then she walked along the two thousand feet that separated her from the Great Ash Shaft, and, reaching the air-door there, securely propped it open. The air-current now shot direct along the shortest route between the two shafts, and by its violence extinguished her light; but she returned undismayed by the darkness or the inequalities of the rugged tramway, until she reached the shaft where she had descended. Then she shouted to Dick, who started the horse, and she was wound up until she reached the bank in safety. The horse was now unhitched and returned to the stable, and the girl and the crazy lad made quick progress homeward.

Before daybreak, every man and woman on Buckley mountain was plunged into a paroxysm of grief and wailing. The Great Oak and Ash Colliery had exploded, and, with the exception of the door-keeper, every man of the Griffiths gang, who had gone to work at 4 A. M., was torn and scorched into shreds and patches and scoria of humanity. As far as the coroner could gather from the door-man's *ante-mortem* statement, he had gone down the pit as usual, but had almost immediately been horror-struck to discover that the door was open and that the air was blowing straight along the Great Ash Gallery instead of coming along the eastern workings. Thereupon, he had slammed the door and had run as fast as he was able to shut the door at the other end of the gallery. The miners, meantime, had returned into their workings and were shouting and swearing about the air. When both doors were closed, the air returned into its proper course, carrying with it all the gas that had accumulated during these four hours. Of course, it ignited like a spark of gunpowder, and with irresistible force swept through the mine and burst up the two shafts with a gigantic tongue of flame and a report like Titanic artillery.

The idiot boy had remained out of bed in expectation of some catastrophe, and when he saw the two vivid flashes and heard the heavy reports, he danced around the village street, crying "Hoorah! hoorah! for Hannah Griffiths and me! Who's got a black eye now? Hoorah!"

By this demonstration of crazy Dick, Hannah was suspected, and she made an open confession of the terrible crime to Coroner Peter Williams, stating, at the same time, that she had been incited to the deed by the double dream and the certainty that Samuel Griffiths had murdered her twin brother. She was lodged in Flint Castle to await her trial, but evaded her probable fate by suicide.

JAMES WIGHT.

SQUABBLING.

IS it a vice, a disease, a mere bad habit, or what? At first sight it is a most puzzling trick of poor humanity; and apparently an incurable one. Who ever knew two or more

persons to squabble for a time, and then to leave off for good? The very essence of squabbling is that it is incessant, or at any rate intermittent. Then, nothing else is so full of delusions—not even love. To a non-squabblor, one who squabbles is like

"He that would stem a stream with sand,
Or fetter flame with sliken band,"

or attempt something equally futile. Some of the features of squabbling are almost refreshing in their extreme strangeness. Take aside any individual squabblor; withdraw him out of ear-shot of the one or more of his fellow-creatures whom he is in the habit of exercising the cunning of his trade with, and then twit him sharply on the subject. We will imagine a few of his retorts, leaving out the remarks which call them forth, as too obvious for specification:

"A squabblor? Heavens! are you crazy? Why, I'm the most peaceable creature on earth! It is absurd for you to preach to me; go and talk to them! Why can't they leave me alone, I should like to know? I never attack any one; what you heard me say was simply in self-defense!"

Still there is a *raison d'être* in all things. No doubt if people realized the futility of their ostensible ends in squabbling, they would give up practice then and there; but is it quite certain that would be a safe course to pursue? Is it not owing to the reckless destruction of spiders that we are afflicted so insupportably by flies? "Always hesitate to pull down," says somebody, "unless you are ready with something better to build up." On reflection we find there are too many of our acquaintance of undoubted brains who indulge in squabbling, for there not to be some sort of reason or advantage in the pursuit. Surely so venerable and wide-spread an institution must have "something in it," notwithstanding that squabbling has its unpleasant side, even as medicine, surgery, and the gallows, have theirs. Of course all serious quarrels, wherein important interests constitute the bone of contention, must here be left quite out of the question. There is something in the very sound of the word which proclaims it petty. "Squabbling!" The poor, mean, little dissyllable seems to say: "I am a mongrel begot by ridicule and born of contempt. Not those who practise what I describe ever stood sponsors at my christening. Though whole hours are devoted to me in kitchen, bedroom, and parlor, I am always banished from the latter the moment any company arrives; and if from long habit I so far forget myself as to thrust my nose in before visitors, they invariably rise and depart in all haste, leaving their hosts a prey to shame and vexation—who nevertheless instantly take me again to their embraces; and, strange to say, while condemning me in the bitterest language—often cursing me with terrible oaths—and laying on each other the blame of having called me in, they yet remain completely devoted to me both then and ever after."

Persons who are sane on all other subjects talk the wildest folly upon this. We have said very few squabblers admit that they squabble at all, and those who do admit it claim that they squabble purely for the reformation or improvement of the squabbles. A mother is constantly nagging away at a daughter—unmarried, of course—of say six-and-twenty winters. The latter looks worn and blighted. It is wonderful that after all those years mamma should not have found out that the system is a failure, and either changed it, or tried the effect of no system at all, si-

such a course might improve matters, and could hardly make them worse. It is—"Matilda! I'm sick of telling you! Day after day, year after year, it's always the same thing! Why will you sweep the wall with your dress?"

Or, "Tilda, you have left every thing in disgraceful confusion on the writing-table; and how often am I to remind you not to stoop your shoulders?"

Of course this is mere nagging, but the moment Tilda retorts there is a squabble. Everybody pities poor Tilda, but, though she may deserve compassion, it must not be supposed she is blameless. Very few mothers are incurable naggers, and it takes two to squabble; so that if mademoiselle did not meet the maternal progs and digs with "Mamma, you are always at me! do try to leave me alone!" or, "I don't want to be improved; if you want to get rid of me don't bother all the color out of my cheeks, and all the flesh off my bones; and then perhaps I shall get married!" she would probably soon cure her parent of her failing, and find soft, motherly smiles succceding to what a witty author has called "an eye like ma's to threaten and command."

We have all known people joined by the closest family ties who apparently spend their days in constant warfare, and yet, when parted, almost live on each other's letters; and if death has called one of such away, we have seen the survivor left far more inconsolable than many who have lived in a perpetual interchange of what may be called Count Fosco's sugar-plums. Then comes endless self-reproach, not only for harshness shown to the deceased, but for so much time worse than wasted which might have been made enjoyable by an harmonious intercourse now forever out of reach. There is something almost too tragic for the present occasion in the sublime words of George Eliot, yet we cannot resist quoting them as a precious warning to all squabblers:

"When Death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity."

It is at such times that *the desire to reform others, a praiseworthy wish not to be trodden upon*—those two cloaks of self-deception under which squabblers are never tired of showing themselves—turn out to be only miserable masquerades which have all along been transparent to every eye but their own, and in fact no disguises at all.

What, then, is the real cause—good, bad, or indifferent—of this seemingly despicable and dreary habit? To adopt a familiar rule, nothing can lead us more truly to discover causes than an examination of the conditions of existence. For example, malignant fevers are most common where overcrowding, want of ventilation, and want of cleanliness, prevail: whence, it is a received opinion that these things *produce* fevers; so, if we ask where squabbling most flourishes, the answer will be in dull, isolated, vulgar, uneducated, or idle homes. Whoever heard of people who live in a whirl of refined society squabbling?

Now, why is this? Nature abhors a stagnation almost as much as she does a vacuum; and we believe she urges certain forlorn people to squabble, under various self-deceiving pretexts, with the real object of circulating their blood. Much in the same way does she perform the useful task of developing a baby's lungs by prompting it to roar for the moon; and these delusions are necessary, because, of course, neither babies nor their elders would adopt such troublesome methods as brawling and squalling merely for the good of their

health "if they knew it." Here, we suspect, lies the key to the whole mystery, and what conversation does for those who can converse, squabbling accomplishes for such as cannot; and this reminds us of the case of a young gentleman who for several weeks had made himself very agreeable to a certain young lady, though not in the way of flirtation; and, as we have said our little say about squabbling, we will conclude this paper with the circumstance which brought their intimacy to a premature close. Well, they saw so much of each other that in time the young lady imprudently took to diverting herself by picking the young gentleman to pieces, or, in other words, by telling him to his face all the good and bad she thought of him. After thus bantering on to a considerable extent, but with perfect impunity, she at last one day ventured to say:

"I think you generally talk well; but you would show to far greater advantage if you sifted the grain from the chaff. Why do you talk so much?"

"Oh," he replied, with great sincerity, "I've no choice in the matter. I'm ordered to talk four hours a day by my doctor."

Need we add that the young lady was furious, still more with herself than with "her young man?"

CHARLES ALLERTON.

ADORATION.

I HAVE sought the intensest ways to best adore you,

I have lain my soul's last treasure at your feet;

Yet I tremble as in thought I bend before you,
With abasement and abashment and defeat,

Knowing well that all the love I ever bore you
Is requital weak of worth and incomplete!

As one might seize a lyre, across it sweeping
His fleet precipitate hand that has no care,
Imperiously upon the strained strings heaping
A mightier melody than these can bear,
So Love has taken my life within his keeping
And smitten it with great strokes that
scorn to spare!

I am less than that which thrills me or entrances,
As a wounded bird is less than they that fly;

As the suppliant surge that arches or advances,
Than the resolute rock-mass where it comes to die;
As a violet's color than the bland expanses,
The unshadowed calms of overcurving sky!

Desiring from my soul to have given you greatly
Of my thanks for your great love-gift given to me,
I am slight as some poor rivulet flowing straitly
Near all the abundant splendors of the sea,
And my worship is as nothingness by the stately
Magnificence of what it fain would be!

Over my soul, in hours of meditation,
Murmurs a voice with monotonous that tire:
"God meant not that from this deep adoration
This vehement joy should feed me and should fire,
Looking on life, in passionate elation,
From heights that so transcendently aspire!"

Full soon, I know it, while they shall strain to free not,
From these idolatrous arms you shall be torn;
You are fated from my days to pass and be not,
Like all of rare and fair they have ever worn!
I am doomed, although the stealthy doom I see not;
I feast, albeit I die to-morrow morn!

You or your love, you are fated soon to falter
And vanish away, since here no sweet thing dwells;
No voice among blithe birds that take for psalter
The world at spring-tide, caroling what it tells;
No light, no flower, no moon that fails to alter,
No song, no mellow minglement of bells!

Yet, though you vanish, memory shall cling dust-like
To hours when your first kiss first met my mouth!
Though on loved lands the annulling snow lie crust-like,
Can we forget the old winds that blew from south?
Forget the old green of lands where lingers rust-like
The dull disfiguring leprosy of drouth?

And I, in reverent and memorial manner,
Shall dream of you divinely and be stirred,
As sad Arcadia dreams of how Diana
Made silvery limbs and laughter seen or heard—
As some rude crag-tower that wild grasses banner,
Dreams of how lit there a great white strange bird!

Yet, let me at least love Fortune while she blesses,
Nor vainly caviat at bliss because it flies;
Let me not dim the sun with doubts and guesses,
But pluck the flower-like day before it dies;
Catch the fleet hour by back-flung robe or tresses,
And plunge a long strong look in her sweet eyes!

But ah! the vanity of desire, when kneeling,
We yearn for utterance that no god will teach!
When, at the finite bounded heart's appealing,
An infinite boundless love evades its reach!
When the waves of deep ungovernable feeling
Dash powerless on the baffling gates of speech!

My fervidest language hath an utter lightness,
My deeds devoutest are as deeds undone,
Do I mark your marble arm that slopes to slightness,
Or see the clear smile at your lips begun!
That opulent smile, beneath whose lavish brightness
You are like a lily overbrimmed with sun!

Who am I for whom the hand of hope is sending
Her freshest olive-spray, her dearest dove?
Who am I that thus, though made for mortal ending,
I sit Alcides-like with gods above?
Who am I that dares, however lowly-bending,
Be laureled with the chaplet of your love?

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How am I blest that have not met with scorn-
ing,
Yet walk where worthier feet might well
have trod,
Being thrilled as earth at April's earliest warn-
ing,
Through amplitudes of winter-withered
sod,
Or shadowy meadows when the feet of morning
Are beautiful upon the hills of God!

The illimited love I bear you ever urges
My ardent soul through deeps of distance
new,
While far aloof, where mind in spirit merges,
Fresh deeps of distance ever rise to view,
Like those dim lines that seem, o'er leagues
of surges,
Bastions of mist below the vaulted blue!

Oh, for a hand its ruinous blows to dash on
The expansive spirit's narrowing chains and
bars!

Oh, for a voice that lordlier phrase might fash-
ion
Than this cold human phrase, which frets
and mars!

Oh, for a heart with room for all its passion,
As hollow heaven has room for all her
stars!

EDGAR FAWOETT.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

DURING the progress of the Beecher trial, we refrained from uttering an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. Now that the legal trial is finished, we consider it our duty to form one of the great jury of the public, before whom the case now stands—a jury whose verdict is as important to the great interests of morality and justice as that of the twelve men before whom the trial was conducted.

The legal evidence of adultery by Mr. Beecher seems to be almost nothing. There probably never was a case of a similar nature so almost wholly empty of evidence directly supporting the accusation. In adultery suits there are very generally a great many facts educed that unmistakably indicate the illicit intercourse of the persons accused. They are seen together under suspicious circumstances; their correspondence gives evidence of their amours; it is even usually possible to show when and where the crime has been committed. In the Brooklyn trial there was almost nothing of this nature in the least entitled to credit. Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton were once found together by Mr. Tilton, who describes the accused as being flushed in the face. This is a rather slight incident upon which to base so grave a charge as adultery. There was really nothing important educed in the long trial but certain letters, and the testimony of those who asserted that Mr. Beecher had declared his guilt to them. Now the testimony of these witnesses does not establish the fact that Mr. Beecher was confessing adultery; he did confess a wrong done to Mr. Tilton, but that the wrong was adultery there is nothing

whatever to show. There is not the least legal evidence of the fact. The general public may construe the meaning to be this, or they may construe the meaning to be something else; but we cannot see how a jury bound down to the facts submitted to it has any authority to assume that utterances wholly vague and indefinite in character have a definite meaning. Mr. Beecher emphatically denies that he made any such confessions; and while the witnesses may have honestly assumed that his accusations against himself were of the sin of adultery, there is no absolute evidence whatsoever that they were so. All this is also true of the much-talked-of letters of Mr. Beecher. That these letters show that the writer is very contrite for a certain wrong there is no denying; but there is no just ground for assuming that this wrong was adultery. The letters contain a great deal, indeed, that renders the theory of adultery wholly inadmissible.

It would be unjust under any circumstances to find a man guilty of a crime under such purely constructive evidence—by boldly declaring that utterances and circumstances wholly clear under one explanation *must* mean something more and something different; and assuredly the reputation of those connected with this case demands a fair and liberal interpretation of whatever is obscure, doubtful, or even suspicious in any of the facts elicited. It is assuredly a great deal easier to believe that Mr. Beecher is innocent of the crime of which he is accused, notwithstanding all the circumstances so industriously and ingeniously marshaled against him, than to believe a man of his character and standing could have fallen so low. Do those who believe him to be guilty fully realize what it is they affirm? They are not declaring simply that Mr. Beecher is an adulterer, but the most brazen-faced hypocrite in the land, and not only a hypocrite but an audacious perjurer—that he is wholly without truth, without conscience, without principle, without honor. But hypocrisy and perjury are simply parts and continuations of the crime, it is argued in some quarters. It is quite true that one crime leads to another; and ordinarily protestations of innocence are not of much value. But in this case the protestations have been made with so much solemnity, with such earnest directness, with such passionate and heart-wrung fervor, that if the man is really guilty then he is absolutely the most unprincipled wretch in Christendom. Any clergyman guilty of this sin, and who, while still declaring before God and man his innocence, could deliver such an address to his congregation as Mr. Beecher did a few nights after the close of the trial, would be a monster. The word is none too strong. No! Mr. Beecher's guilt under all these circumstances is inconceivable. No man living, not a long and confirmed criminal, would be strong enough, nor his heart hard

enough, nor his conscience dead enough for such a crime. Mr. Beecher's situation has been often compared to that of the guilty clergyman in Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." But Dimmesdale only concealed his sin; he was not a hypocrite, inasmuch as he did not continue in his sin, and he was overwhelmed with remorse; he did not preach a doctrine of morality that he did not accept and endeavor to act upon; and he never added falsehood or perjury to his offense. Fond as romance-writers are of depicting great crimes, it yet remains for a master of fiction to paint a character so atrociously wicked as Mr. Beecher is if the charge against him be true. We are asked by his accusers to believe too much. Confronting the whole mass of purely constructive evidence stands the character and life of the man—and these should outweigh every thing but very positive evidence of guilt. And not only does the man's but the woman's character fully deny the probability of the crime. In such a sin there must be not only a man who does violence to all right principles, but a woman who outrages her instincts, who proves false to husband, children, faith, and her long life of virtue. Mrs. Tilton with pathetic eloquence pleads her innocence; and she like Mr. Beecher is entitled to the benefit of every doubt that pertains to the question.

But, while we think that there is little or no direct evidence of Mr. Beecher's guilt, and can but assume under all the circumstances that he is innocent, we are far from being in sympathy with those social conditions and those emotional spasms out of which the sickening scandal arose. Mr. Beecher had no right to so conduct himself as to fall under suspicion. Next to the obligation of living an upright life is the duty of making that uprightness to appear, and of avoiding all conduct that might have a suspicious seeming. It is exacted of a woman that she shall not only be virtuous, but that her conduct shall be so circumspect and guarded that no one shall have occasion to call her virtue in question. No less than this is due from clergymen; no less, indeed, is possible with any man who would guard his reputation from stain and dishonor. Men whose ways are circumspect as well as upright never fall under suspicion. We may be quite sure of this. A man's worst enemy rarely finds it possible to circulate ill-reports of him in those things wherein his conduct has been wise as well as honorable; the slanderer usually ferrets out some weakness or takes advantage of some imprudence so as to give his tale a coloring of possibility. No one suspects the soldier who is notoriously brave of being a coward; no one dreams of charging dishonesty upon the merchant whose long life has been conspicuously just and honorable. There are lives of both men

women that no breath of scandal ever dares to touch; and hence we may be assured that suspicion will not reach nor conspiracy trouble him whose goings and comings are wisely ordered. And, of all men, the goings and comings of a clergyman should be directed by caution and wisdom. As the world goes, prudence and discretion rank only just below the cardinal virtues. It is imperatively necessary that a leader and teacher of men shall be pure and upright; and it is also supremely necessary that a wise, calm, and superior judgment should control all his actions. In this view of the case, Mr. Beecher deserves the censure of all right-minded persons. Nor is this all. Not only has the conduct of this great preacher been censurable, but many of his utterances have been exceedingly mischievous. Men are to be kept in the paths of holiness solely by a ceaseless self-repression—by a firm control of all those emotions and sentiments which begin by captivating the imagination and end by subduing the heart and undermining the whole moral structure. There is no safety for that man or woman who has not elevated reason to the highest place—who has not brought all passions and emotions under the dominion of a cold and rigid judgment. But this affluent preacher gives the whole rein to emotion and fancy. Instead of teaching men to moderate their transports, he instructs them to indulge in frenzies of feeling; and out of paroxysms no permanent good ever has nor ever can come. These effusions of sentiment, so identified with a large class of people in our country; this substitution of rhetoric and exclamation for logic and close deduction; this parade of liberality, under which vices lose their name and righteousness forgets its hatred of evil; these extravagances of assertion and unctuous methods of expression that heat the blood and fire the brain—these, one and all, are hurtful instruments in the hands of a teacher. Paroxysm is a dangerous sort of firework in the social circle and in public places; no man is safe for himself, nor safe as a public guide, whose way of life is not wisely governed, and whose instructions are not directed by reason rather than emotion.

AN English writer speaks of the untidiness of Americans in dress. Is this true? There is something in it, we fear. The smart young men of the towns can scarcely be excelled anywhere either in elegance or tidiness; but we do not think there is quite so much shabbiness among the middle and lower classes in England as here. We must except the dowdy cockney woman, and note that harmony of color in female dress is not so well maintained there as it is with us in any class below the highest. But one notices, almost as soon as he puts foot in London, how much better dressed and more respectable looking are the omnibus and cab drivers

than ours. You see there no such ragged vagabonds as those that preside over our Broadway omnibuses. The railway-guards are always neatly attired, and so even are the porters. But, then, every thing about an English railway-station is orderly, and they are often rendered attractive by flowers cultivated on each border of the track. A compulsory commission of railway directors ought to be sent to England to study their railway-stations. In regard to attire, the English writer from whom we have quoted speaks of the American dress of "shady black, with a great deal of shirt-front not always of the cleanest." The shady black will be recognized by American readers as a by-gone style in the cities, but we believe it still maintains its sway in some of the smaller towns. The expanse of shirt-front, however, has still its adherents even in the towns, and, as it happens, is most often found among those whose avocations call for a compact and well-closed dress. Altogether we fear that the free and independent citizens of America are not as a whole well dressed, and that they can borrow of the "pauper laborers" abroad a lesson or two in neatness of attire.

ENGLISHMEN have been a little ashamed of their effusive hospitality to the shah last year, and are evidently not in the mood to be very demonstrative over any stray sable sovereigns who may happen to wander Londonward. That very respectable Arab, the Seyyid Burghash, of Zanzibar, has found scant welcome in the English capital. He was relegated to a fashionable West-End hotel, and quite unembarrassed by the perplexities of the shah, who found it so difficult to decide between the multitude of his invitations. The Seyyid has not even risen to the dignity of being a lion. Yet his dominions, if not so populous or powerful, are nearly as vast as those of the Persian monarch; and, personally, he is quite as estimable and well-mannered a gentleman. Were there any danger that, like the shah, he might become the ally of a rival, no doubt he would have been surfeited with reviews and routs, Guildhall banquets, displays of fleets, and palace-garden parties. But Burghash knows only too well that England holds his fate in her palm, and that it is only by conciliating her that he can hope to retain a crown that is any thing but secure on his Arabic head. He has a brother reigning over in Muscat who would be more than glad to unite the patrimonies of Saïd in his own person. Indeed, for some years the ruler of Zanzibar has been little more than the sceptred vassal of England. Her warships are ever stationed in his seas, looking after the slave-dhows on the east African coast, and his dominions are freely used for freedmen's settlements. When he signed the now famous treaty with Sir Bartle Frere he risked not only a lucrative source of unholy

commerce to his subjects, but even his life; for the dusky lords of his realm were not very secret in their threats of assassination. He went, therefore, to England rather to conciliate than to be petted; besides, a very laudable curiosity led him to desire to see the greatest of cities. That his visit will have the good result of still further impressing him with British power, and therefore of confirming him in his new policy against the most abominable traffic which the lust of gain ever inspired savage-hearted men to pursue, is heartily to be hoped. The doings of England on the east African coast are wholly beneficent, and should have the approbation and encouragement of the civilized world.

THE *Saturday Review* is afraid of the influence upon art of the present rage in England for pictures and articles of *virtu*. It says:

"It is impossible to contemplate without some alarm the consequences of a rush of rich people, without education, taste, or the capacity of appreciating any thing above the common level of a life given up to animal instincts and mere material aggrandizement, into the various fields of art and cultivated refinement. As it is, a deplorable impulse has been given to the demand for pictures suited to the capacity of persons who have no love for art, and whose only aim is to get talked about on account of what they buy. The same remark applies to the collections of china and pottery which are now being turned out all over the country, and the bulk of which is either spurious or in a bad style. All this may be a fine thing for the dealers, but it is very sad for the future of the æsthetic life of England. On every side we see art corrupted and debased, and the higher influences of social intercourse paralyzed by an inroad of ignorant people who scatter their money without knowledge or discretion, and for the sole purpose of vulgar ostentation."

But, while the immediate effect of the mania may be all that the *Review* describes, we may well believe that the influences under which this class are brought are sure to elevate them above "the common level of a life given up to animal instincts and mere material aggrandizement." It is odd indeed to find the *Review* in one breath denouncing the incursion of rich uncultivated people into the domain of art, and in the next speaking of their lives "given up to animal instincts and mere material aggrandizement." If, moreover, these people are to remain uncultivated under the experiences so bitterly deplored, where is that elevating and refining influence of art of which we hear so much? We should judge that art, even if not elevating, is at least instructive; and men who blunder in buying pictures and pottery in the beginning would be very likely to learn something if they continued their expenditures in this direction. Exclusiveness takes many odd forms, but the exclusiveness that raves because uncultivated people give signs of developing out of their condition is certainly

a strange phase of human nature. It may be said to belong specially to English human nature.

A LONDON cynic ventures the not very good-natured remark that the new Albemarle Club, which has just been opened for the reception of members of both sexes, has no reason of existence, the objects and virtue of clubs being to enable men to get away, for a peaceful hour here and there, from their wives. Certainly, men of this stamp will not be found at the Albemarle, whither they may be remorselessly pursued by their better-halves. It is a curious and brave experiment; a sort of gentle social concession to the women's-rights advocates; an olive-branch extended to the many ladies who complain of clubs as nurseries of anti-domestic habits in their husbands. Not only may *paterfamilias* drop in after a field night in the House, or a trip out of town, for his chop and the newspapers, but mamma and the girls may resort thither for a cream after the opera, or a gossip after the ball. Its results on the domesticity of the members have yet to be seen; they can hardly be otherwise, one would think, than injurious. The club will be one more attraction beyond the walls of home. It is better for one parent to be away nights than for both to be so; and it will take the world, with its pretty decided notions about the social proprieties, some time to be convinced, even by example, that clubs are proper places for ladies, or ladies the right sort of animate furniture for clubs. Nor can we conceive that the establishment of such a club will conciliate the true, home-loving wife and mother. She will not go to it herself, and will be likely to prefer that, if her husband must go to a club at all, he should go to the old-fashioned ones of Pall Mall, and not to a resort where he will meet ladies of the less retiring kind. Women's clubs, pure and simple, have not flourished in London; it remains to be seen how ladies will fare in one which ignores sex, and brings men and women together in a sort of man-like familiarity, which is certainly opposed to our previous ideas of English character.

It is a question whether the policy of the law, in shutting up a jury, and keeping them in confinement for a long-protracted period, is really best calculated to further the ends of justice. When the jurymen retire to consult about their verdict, they are fresh from the evidence and the summing up of counsel; and, as it is not usual to grant them records and papers by which to refresh their memories, it would seem that their best recollection, and hence best judgment, would be that of the first hour or two. Suppose that they disagree; is not their confinement longer an encouragement for the more willful to exercise a pressure on the others—a pressure, too, by no means inspired always by sub-

stantial argument? Are they not, moreover, more and more liable to be tempted by considerations of personal convenience the longer they are kept in polite but stringent duress? It is obvious that, in an agreement reached by this compulsory method, votes have been changed rather than opinions; and a verdict of this kind does not really represent the opinions of the jury, and hence is an untruthful and therefore valueless declaration. It is clear, moreover, that a jury, especially in a case that has been long protracted, should be freely supplied with official and duly authenticated reports of the proceedings in full. The human memory is frail, and in this way alone would the jury have a full survey of the matters, often of the deepest importance, on which they have to decide "according to the law and the evidence."

In foreign criticisms of American affairs the disposition to take up some exceptional fact, and base thereon a sweeping censure or a bitter satire, is sometimes vexatious, but often amusing enough. Everybody on this side of the Atlantic, for instance, knows that the yearly exodus of visitors to Europe is prompted mainly by a desire to see historic places, to study the treasures of art, and to learn the ways of the different peoples. One would naturally assume these motives to be of a kind to win the respect of our foreign critics. The frequency with which they are asserted, the numberless occasions in which American writers urge upon our countrymen the necessity of the culture derived from European travel, can leave no observant person in doubt as to the American attitude on this subject. And yet some recent utterances by the *New York Herald*—utterances marked by its peculiar vein, which to some people would appear to sound like truth and earnestness—have been seized upon abroad as representative of our ideas and expectations in regard to European travel. We do not go there to study and observe, it seems, but to proselytize. The army that every summer leaves our shores is not composed of students and pleasure-seekers, but of missionaries, whose purpose is to convert Europe to American ideas. Some people deplore the extent to which we are becoming Europeanized in our ideas by the contact of so many of our people with Old-World habits and institutions; and others croak over the great amount of money we are spending abroad; but small is the number, we imagine, who rejoice in the yearly exodus as a part of a great national scheme for converting Europe into the American way of seeing and doing things.

Literary.

THE title of "Exotics: Attempts to domesticate Them," can hardly be regarded as happy, but the book itself is de-

lightful.* No equally varied collection of the minor gems of German and French lyrical poetry has hitherto appeared in English, and very few translations of equal spirit and fidelity have appeared in English at all. It is no secret, we believe, that the little volume is the joint work of Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, and his daughter Lillian; and the translations carry with them the proof that they were a labor both of love and of leisure. Some of them were evidently made many years ago, and all of them are characterized by that finish and precision which indicate careful and leisurely work.

About two-thirds of the poems are taken from German sources, and the names of Goethe, Heine, Geibel, Rückert, and Tholuck, come up most frequently in the table of contents. The French authors represented are Victor Hugo, Ed. Pailleron, and Malherbe. To these are added a few translations from the Latin, chiefly of Horace; and the volume closes with remarkably spirited renditions of some of the aphorisms from the "Gulistan" of Saadi. All the poems are short, seldom filling more than one page; the longest and one of the best is Goethe's "Epilog" in memory of Schiller.

It is our intention to quote one or two of the poems—enough to enable the reader to catch the fragrance of these exotics, and to estimate whether the attempt to domesticate them has succeeded; but, before doing so, we must give a moment's attention to the preface, which is quite as good as any thing else in the book. It is very brief and sketchy, but it contains more wise and suggestive hints on the art of translating and the requisites of success in its practice than can be gathered from many an elaborate essay; hints which are the fruit at once of wide knowledge of what has been accomplished by others, and of personal experience and experiments. The allusions, similes, and illustrations, are particularly happy, as, for instance, this: "Most poetical translations resemble the reverse side of a piece of Gobelin tapestry. The figures and colors are there, but the charm is wanting. . . . A successful translation," he adds, "must produce in the reader unacquainted with the original the same sort of feeling which *that* conveys. The ideal of a translation would be one which, if the original were lost, would remain forever as immortal. Without any thought of it as a translation, it should give us so much pleasure in itself as to live a life of its own in literature. Is this impossible? We have some examples to prove that it can be done." For literal accuracy, Mr. Clarke evidently cares little. The essential spirit is the attraction of a poem, and, if that has evaporated, of what advantage is the residuum? The test-question of the success or failure of a translation might, he thinks, be this: "Can you recite your version aloud, in the presence of men of taste, so as to give them real pleasure?" If the poem is worth repeating aloud for its own sake, and gives satisfaction, that is enough.

Now for the promised quotations, the first

* *Exotics: Attempts to domesticate Them.* By J. F. C. and L. C. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

of which shall be a little poem of Goethe's, which has been translated before, but never with such spirit:

"THE RULE WITH NO EXCEPTIONS.

"Tell me, friend, as you are bidden,
What is hardest to be hidden?
Fire is hard. The smoke betrays
Its place, by day—by night, its blaze.
I will tell, as I am bidden,
FIRE is hardest to be hidden.

"I will tell, as I am bidden!
LOVE is hardest to be hidden.
Do your best, you can't conceal it;
Actions, looks, and tones, reveal it.
I will tell, as I am bidden,
LOVE is hardest to be hidden.

"I will tell, as I am bidden!
POETRY cannot be hidden.
Fire may smoulder, love be dead;
But a poem must be read.
Song intoxicates the poet;
He will sing it, he will show it.

"He must show it, he must sing it.
Tell the fellow then to bring it!
Though he knows you can't abide it,
'Tis impossible to hide it.
I will tell, as I am bidden,
POEMS never can be hidden."

It can hardly be necessary for us to say that the two following are from Heine:

"CHILD-PLAY.

"Much have we felt in our inmost breast,
Yet still were calm and self-possessed.
We played, like children, 'Man and Wife,'
With little scolding, quarrel, or strife;
Jested and laughed with merry faces,
Gave and took kisses and embraces;
And once, because we deemed it good,
Played 'Hide and Seek' in plain and wood;
But played it so well in wood and plain,
That we never found each other again!"

"THE DIFFICULTY.

"About my darling's lovely eyes
I've made no end of verses;
About her precious little mouth,
Songs, which each voice rehearses;
About my darling's little cheek,
I wrote a splendid sonnet;
And—if she only had a heart—
I'd write an ode upon it."

This quotation is from the "Gulistan":

"A LOVER'S ECONOMY.

"While writing verses for my love, I looked up
from the paper,
And there she stood! I rose in haste, and over-
turned the taper.
'How careless to put out the light!' she said.
'Is it surprising.'
I answered, 'that I quenched my lamp when I
saw the sun arising?'"

We congratulate ourselves that we have found nothing but praise to bestow upon this little book; for what critic would care to confront the Horatian alternative which Mr. Clarke offers him in his preface?—

"If this book suits you, call yourself our debtor;
If not, take pains, and give us something better."

"ANCIENT History from the Monuments" is the title of a series of brief historical narratives in which it is designed to give a scientific but popular summary of the results of recent archaeological investigations. It is well known that with the finding of the key to the cuneiform inscriptions, and the discovery of the many fresh monuments that have rewarded the efforts of recent explorers, it has become possible to construct the annals

of ancient history from records which are contemporary, or nearly so, with the events narrated. These records have hitherto been published in such shape that the knowledge to be derived from them was confined to archaeologists and philologists, and the object of the present series is to place them within reach of the ordinary historical student, who may thus perceive for himself the light which they throw on the manners and customs, the language, literature, and history of the earlier civilizations. Each volume is to be written by a scholar, who, in addition to his general acquirements, is known to have made a special study of the field which he undertakes to cover.

The first volume of the series has appeared, and was prepared by the well-known Egyptologist, Dr. Samuel Birch.* It is a complete history of Egypt, beginning with Mena or Menes, the first monarch of the country, and closing with the conquest by Alexander in B. C. 332. The narrative is based mainly on the monuments, but whatever light can be derived from customs, traditions, etc., including the speculations of the Greek historians, is freely used; and, notwithstanding several enormous gaps in the records, the narrative is the most complete and probably by far the most accurate that has yet been written. Nor is it on the historical side only that it is valuable. Much that is new is told concerning the customs, habits, religion, culture, industries, and forms of government of the ancient Egyptians; and the gradual changes by which foreign conquests, domestic incursions, and the constant intermixture with various nations produced the modern Egyptian, are clearly pointed out.

As an example of the additional knowledge which these recent researches have brought to us, we quote Dr. Birch's account of the building of the pyramids. The size, dimensions, solid contents, sepulchral chambers, fancied astronomical relations, etc., of the pyramids, we have long been familiar with, but only lately has the principle of their construction been penetrated. It appears to have been the following:

"Very early in the life of a king the surface of the limestone-work was leveled for the base, a shaft more or less inclined was sunk leading to a rectangular sepulchral chamber in the rock itself. The distance from the entrance of the shaft or gallery to the chamber was calculated at the distance the square base of the pyramid would cover so as to exceed and not be overlapped by it. If the king died during the year the work was finished at once, but should he have lived another year a second layer of masonry was placed on the substructure of the same square shape as the base, but smaller, with the sides parallel to those of the base. The process went on year after year, each layer being smaller than the previous. When the king died the work was at once stopped, and the casing or outer surface of the pyramid finished. This was effected by filling up the masonry with smaller stones of rectangular shape, so that the pyramid still presented a step-shaped appearance.

* Egypt from the Earliest Times to B. C. 300. By S. Birch, LL. D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

The casing of each triangular face was then smoothed from the top or apex, the masons standing on the steps and hewing away the edges of each row of stones as they descended to the base. When finished, the faces were perfectly smooth, and the top inaccessible. Each of the casing-stones capped the other so as to leave no vertical joint. The principle of the pyramid combined the power of increase in size without alteration in form, and its sloping side carried off the occasional rainfall without allowing the water to penetrate the building. Simple in shape it was eternal in duration, and exhibited a perfect mathematical knowledge of the square and the triangle."

All pyramids were not constructed exactly alike; the oldest one (that of Mejdoum) is constructed with rubble and slanting walls; but the shape and mode of finish are substantially the same. The size of the pyramid depended in a great degree on the length of the king's reign; but it is evident that those monarchs who desired to excel their predecessors in the magnificence of their sepulchres would carry on the work on a large scale and in a more rapid manner, by the expenditure of greater riches, or by the oppression of *corvées* of forced labor, which has prevailed at all times in Egypt. Some idea of what these monuments cost the nation can be gathered from the lists of laborers employed on the great Pyramid of Cheops. The causeway for facilitating the transport of the stone was built by a *corvée* of one hundred thousand men, relieved every three months for ten years, or in all four million men; and twenty more years, at the rate of three hundred and sixty thousand, giving seven million more men, were employed on the pyramid itself. So much exhausted were the resources of Cheops that ridiculous stories were circulated about it among the people; and the monarch, on account of the hatred the work produced, was obliged to be buried in a subterranean chamber encircled by the water of the Nile.

A few illustrations, chiefly after the hieroglyphical drawings on the monuments, help the reader to an understanding of the text.

WHEN the plan of "Little Classics" was first published, we felt that Mr. Johnson had made a mistake in attaching a couple of volumes of poems as a kind of tender to his prose series. In the first place, there are more little classics in English poetry than in English prose; and, in the second place, while in the prose field he was almost without a competitor, when he came to poetry his work would necessarily be brought into comparison with that of a dozen others, and his limitations as to space would preclude the possibility of his facing comparison with, for instance, Palgrave's in all ways admirable "Golden Treasury."

The thirteenth volume of "Little Classics" is before us. It is entitled "Narrative Poems," and contains "The Deserted Village," by Oliver Goldsmith; "The Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge; "The Prisoner of Chillon," by Byron; "Bingen on the Rhine," by Mrs. Norton; "O'Connor's Child," by Thomas Campbell; "The Culpit Fay," by Joseph Rodman Drake; "The Sensitive

Plant," by Shelley; "The Eve of St. Agnes," by Keats; "Paradise and the Peri," by Thomas Moore; "The Raven," by Poe; "The Skeleton in Armor," by Longfellow; "The Haunted House," by Hood; "The Writing on the Image," by William Morris; "Tam O'Shanter," by Burns; "The Forging of the Anchor," by Samuel Ferguson; "Morte d'Arthur," by Tennyson; and Macaulay's "Horatius." Now, it is plain that, while no exception can be taken to any one of these poems, the book, as a collection, would find it difficult to give a *raison d'être*. Not only does it not contain all, or nearly all, the narrative poems in the language that can fairly be called classic, but it is not even representative; there are scores of such poems omitted which are as good as any except the very best of those included and better than most of them. The collection simply gathers in one volume a number of poems with which every one is familiar, and which may be found in all previous compilations. Mr. Johnson cannot but be aware of its deficiencies. His prose selections filled the twelve volumes to which the series was originally limited, and it would have been wiser, we think, had it ended there.

In a novel by Julia Kavanagh one is reasonably sure to find a coherent and probable plot, incidents which are interesting without being sensational in the slightest degree, characters that resemble real persons sufficiently to awaken a sort of personal interest in them, and a fluent and agreeable if somewhat monotonous style. The reader, moreover, is always treated with perfect good faith. Having made up her mind what her story is to be, Miss Kavanagh tells it with straightforward directness; never introduces stimulating episodes merely to prop up an interest which the story itself cannot sustain; and when she has any preaching or moralizing to introduce, does not do it under the guise of ordinary conversation, but writes it down in solid paragraphs that almost challenge the reader to skip them. Of all these qualities, "John Dorrien," her latest story, is a good example. It is well constructed, well told, has an admirable hero, a pretty and pleasant heroine, a mildly-wicked villain, minor *dramatis personæ* who contrast with each other excellently, and maintains its interest through some five hundred pages of liberal dimensions. Its chief fault is a lack of local coloring, which, as the scene is laid in France, and as Miss Kavanagh has a keen sense of the picturesque and a cultivated faculty of observation, is rather surprising. Much more could have been made of the Saint-Ives school and of the life of the English colony in Paris; but then, as we have said, the author has too entire faith in her story to care much for subordinate matters. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"OLDBURY," by Anne Keary, which appears in the light, summer costume of the "International Series of New and Approved Novels" (New York: Porter & Coates), is one of those stories in which it is difficult to find any thing on which to base even a descriptive criticism. To summarize the plot would be simply to recall to the mind of the veteran

novel-reader reminiscences of dozens of other stories in which substantially the same framework is employed; while to dissociate the characters from the special parts which they play in the narrative would expose them to the suspicion of being names and nothing besides. It does not even furnish us with a decent excuse for a digression of our own, and we are reduced to saying briefly that "Oldbury" is a quiet, rather commonplace, and tolerably well-written story, in the perusal of which the leisurely reader can manage to consume several days, for it fills a stout and closely-printed duodecimo.

MR. FARJEON'S new story, "Love's Victory," furnishes the *Spectator* with text for a brief discourse on the distinction between the novel and melodrama. "An utterly preposterous story," it says, "may make an effective melodrama, and Mr. Farjeon would have done well to offer his manuscript to some stage-manager. Fine sentiments, an exciting mystery, a prosperous villain to be unmasked, a handsome, ingenuous youth to be established in his rights, lovely innocence to be protected and transferred from heart-wrung agony to a heaven of bliss, an aged father to be cleared from dishonor before he dies, with a noble cynic to laugh 'Ha, ha!' at the shams of the great world, and a good-humored buffoon to rush about and grin as cheerfully at the kicks as the half-pence, these are all the materials we require, and all these we have, for a highly-edifying drama that sends the gallery and pit, and not seldom the stalls and boxes as well, home to bed with a feeling of personal elevation, and with a sense of having had a hand in the noble deeds that have been enacted before them. All that we care about in melodrama is that principles shall be high and incident exciting, and that right shall triumph over might in the end. And if the sentiment be somewhat high-flown, and the characters leaning toward the angelic and the diabolic, and the circumstances tending toward the sensational, then, so much the more clearly to the popular mind, and in so much the bolder relief, will stand out the purpose of the piece—that vice should suffer and virtue rejoice. Melodrama is all the better melodrama for containing a lively and even exaggerated illustration of the beauty and claims of goodness, and of the deformity and deserts of wickedness. But a story should be a natural picture of real life and of individual, not merely typical, character, and not a series of startling positions and striking scenes, which give persons of fine sentiments a succession of opportunities for airing their views and exercising their generosity, and afford modest loveliness fit occasions for recounting its struggles of agony and its triumphs of conscience."

THE *Spectator* thinks very highly of the "Songs of Two Worlds," the third series of which was published lately in London. It says: "Criticism is a dim and groping art at best, but in the present case it is even more dull and groping than usual, if we are mistaken in supposing that the man who wrote those stanzas ought to have in him what will give him a permanent, though probably a modest, place in the line of English poets. We do not say he has won it yet. These three volumes, though full of reflective beauty, and containing one or two passages of stately and statuesque power, might not produce a sufficient body of verse, in an age when slight impressions so easily pass away, for such a re-

sult. But our author has, we cannot doubt, proved his capacity to shape conceptions which will lay a strong hold of our minds, and to embody them in a music which will not easily die out of our hearts." . . . Objections having been made by some of the persons mentioned in the letters, the publication of Mr. Mill's correspondence with Comte has been postponed for the present. . . . Mr. Tennyson is said to derive an income of fifteen to twenty thousand dollars a year from composers who set his songs to music. The charge for permission to set a poem is twenty-five dollars, and the applications average three a day. . . . The London *Times* says that Mr. Tennyson's "Queen Mary" gives evidence of more fire than any thing that has appeared since Shakespeare's time. . . . Mr. Joseph Hatton is writing for *London Society* "The True History of Punch," in which will appear hitherto unpublished letters of Thackeray, Dickens, Shirley Brooks, Mayhew, and Tom Hood. . . . The *Academy* describes Mr. Henry James's "A Passionate Pilgrim and Other Stories" as "a series of careful studies in Nathaniel Hawthorne's manner. This is not one of those cases of unconscious influence, common with young writers who reproduce imperfect echoes of authors who have touched their imagination and lingered in their memory, and who believe themselves original in so doing. Mr. James, on the contrary, is fully aware of what he does, and has set himself at Hawthorne's feet with the entire trust and admiration which we may suppose to have been exhibited formerly by the pupils in the school of a great and original painter. He has his reward, too, for he has caught much more than the mere trick of style, by no means difficult to imitate, and has succeeded more nearly than any other writer we have met in entering into Hawthorne's psychology, with its half-morbid and entirely weird conception of life." . . . M. Charles de Rémusat, the French *littérateur* and politician, who died recently, is described by one of his friends as "in every thing the first of amateurs." . . . The original manuscript of Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard" was sold the other day in London. It is entirely in the autograph of the poet, and contains alterations, erasures, and corrections, which show the anxious care bestowed upon its composition. In this manuscript, the names of "Cæsar" and "Tully" are erased, and those of "Cromwell" and "Milton" substituted. . . . The *Saturday Review*, in its notice of Carlyle's "Early Kings of Norway," assails the style in this fashion: "Mr. Carlyle and his admirers no doubt think it clever to talk about 'Blutetooth & Co.'s invasions,' 'Svein, Eric & Co.,' 'the viking public,' and so forth. They perhaps think it both learned and clever to call the Eastern emperors 'poor kaisers,' without which touch we could have given Mr. Carlyle credit for understanding German, and we should not have been tempted to guess that he fancies that German was spoken at Constantinople. They perhaps think that there is some point in trampling grammar under foot, in beginning sentences with verbs without nominative cases, or with nominative cases queerer than none at all. 'Can think of no safe place;' 'old mistress does receive him;' 'had a standing army.' Even when Mr. Carlyle wishes to give his opinion as to a date, his way of doing so is to say, 'Guess somewhere about 1040.' About things of this kind it is no use arguing: those who like them will go on liking them; those who have a respect for history or for any other serious study will go on feeling a twinge when they see it thus dressed up in motley."

The Arts.

WITHIN two or three weeks there has been a very large and important exhibition in Boston of drawings from the public schools of the State. This collection, which numbered several thousand specimens, comprised a wide range of subjects, including geometrical drawings, designs for lace, calico, china, architectural plans, and problems in perspective. The work was done by pupils six years old and upward. Massachusetts, as is well known, took the initiative of introducing drawing into the common schools some four or five years ago, since which time there have been yearly exhibitions, each of which has been superior to the previous ones.

It is known by persons competent to judge that the peculiar genius of different nations gives a marked character to their art; and never perhaps so well have the temperament and sensibilities of Americans had so distinct an expression as in these little drawings made by thousands of Massachusetts children uninfluenced by traditions or preconceived ideas. Copied from natural objects, or designed on general geometrical principles, many of them seemed to us full of the nervous sensibility peculiar to the American character.

The general system of instruction in drawing is that pursued in the English schools, but in its application, outside of some leading and axiomatic propositions, the mind of every child is allowed, within the scope of these positive points, to work in perfect freedom. Among the designs, those which seemed to us distinctively American were the patterns for calicoes and wall-papers, and also for china. Uniting the unpretending, honest thought that characterizes so strongly the South Kensington School, the Minton china, and, in fact, all the good new English designs, some of the pictures in this exhibition had a delicate quality both in form and color quite unlike the solid and somewhat clumsy decoration of England. One design we recollect in particular, from a country school, that was based, we believe, on a *heptica*, or wild-geranium—a semi-transparent flower, whose delicate petals possess in nature an almost gossamer-like fragility. The design was developed on the most rigid principles of botanical analysis, and in it were indicated, with the precision that marks every English pattern, the character of the green leaves, the peculiarities of stem and flower-stalk, and these, too, with the excellent English absence of unmeaning flourish or ornament; but more, we think, than the English or French character would appreciate, as a chief and distinctive attraction, the filmy, gossamer-like beauty of the petals and their lovely curves were dwelt upon, and so lovingly emphasized, that we could not doubt the motive that had prompted the selection of this flower.

Without the testimony of our own eyes, we could hardly have believed that under any system of teaching children six years old could have produced little designs of their

own so precise, pretty in proportion and in general form, as were some of these drawings made from dictation-lessons. But a few precise and rigid directions were given in the class, and these the children were bound to follow, and, after these instructions had been carried out, every little creature who is fond of wreathing flowers in its hat, or arranging stones or buttercups in pleasant forms on the grass, had but to put the same amount of fancy upon the plan that was geometrically laid down of squares, or ovals, or composed circles, and a pleasant picture was almost certain to be the result.

THE recent death of the French artist Millet has given an added interest to his pictures, so that the exhibition of one of the most famous of them, "The Sower," in the Loan Collection in Boston, has been made the subject of much comment in art-circles.

This picture is somewhat known from engravings, but, like the large proportion of works of art, it is only the original that embodies its own especial peculiarity. Hung near the picture by Paul Veronese, of which we had occasion to speak two or three weeks ago, the merits of this representative of a new school, and a masterpiece by a great leader of Italian art, have provoked a good deal of criticism and many comparisons. Painted in an age when subjective literature and the most subtle analysis of human motives form the chief staple for the reading world in the dissection of character by George Eliot, George Sand, Balzac, and Kingsley, "The Sower," by Millet, is yet the most subjective picture we ever saw.

Strong as an athlete, the heavy-jointed, dark limbs of the Sower swing along as he moves down an open furrow of the field. His joints are big as those of a cart-horse, and the peasant-coarseness of the paintings by Courbet is mingled with the proud and thoughtful composition of his form. The upper part of his face is concealed by shadow, and his coarse lips and nose and jaw, resolute and sad, over which the daylight is playing, are the active power in a life whose spirit is delineated by the artist as in an eclipse analogous to that which conceals his eyes and forehead. A pouch of grain hangs round his waist, and from it he flings broadcast corn into the open earth, while behind him, and corresponding to the lower qualities of his nature which are stamped in the lines of his heavy mouth and jaw, "the fowls of the air" stoop to devour the ill-planted grain. Far off above him, in an upland meadow over which the sunlight is brooding, a man with his oxen is driving a plough. If the career of Jean Valjean, in Victor Hugo's "Misérables," be fateful and hopeless, this picture of "The Sower" might be a fitting likeness of that strange character struggling against a nature whose good impulses seemed predestined to defeat; or to show in paint a man as entangled in the meshes of his own inherited proclivities as the fly in the spider's web in that most melancholy portrait of life in Hugo's "Notre-Dame."

Considered as a composition in paint, this work has many fine points. The swing and action of the figure of the Sower are free

and simple, and the expression of melancholy and strength entirely exempts it from any thing conventional or melodramatic. The beholder never thinks of the man as a posed figure, and the grand, simple repetition of lines through the composition is appreciated as solemnity and force, and not as a pedantic exhibition of the resources of the artist.

It is a good thing to be able at a glance to study two pictures and two standards of thought so diverse as this Millet and the Veronese; each seems to make the epoch of the other more distinct and appreciable. Comparing the two, it appears to us that no technical artist can resist the impression of the purity and perfection of the conditions that made such a painting possible as "The Marriage of St. Catherine." Beside the wild, impassioned, and withal somewhat muddily-colored and raggedly-lined picture of "The Sower," it hangs in its perfection of parts and delicacy of line and color, in its balance of light and shade, as complete and harmonious as a lily on its stalk, or an antique statue on its pedestal.

ALTHOUGH a great many monuments have been erected or completed in Germany since the last war with France, only one of them—the Hermann Monument, in the Teutoburger Forest—has, in every respect, a truly national character, and this commemorates an event which happened nearly nineteen hundred years ago. Now, however, the whole German nation has become deeply interested in the project of erecting a monument which shall stand as a memorial of the greatest epoch in modern German history—the union of the race against the French, and the formation of a new empire under Kaiser Wilhelm. It is to be placed upon the Niederwald, a lofty summit at the extremity of the Taunus Mountains, overlooking the Rhine. From this point there is a magnificent view, not only of the beautiful, vine-covered province known as the Rheingau, but also of the country on both sides of the river for many miles around. The monument will be distinctly visible for an immense distance.

The idea of constructing such a monument was first entertained very soon after the accession of the King of Prussia to the imperial throne. It was taken up with ardor among all classes of the people in every part of the empire, and preparations were quickly made for obtaining a suitable design. A large number of designs were submitted to the committee of judges by many noted German artists, but the one offered by Professor Johannes Schilling, of Dresden, was unanimously declared to be the most appropriate and meritorious.

This symbol of German unity will probably be about ninety feet high, and not less than sixty in width at the base. The dimensions, however, have not yet been given with exactness. It will be constructed of differently-colored granite, with figures of bronze. To the right and left of the socle, or broad, projecting lower pedestal, which will form the centre of the base, there will be terraced walls surmounted at each end by a colossal bronze candelabrum. In the middle of this socle there will be a sculptured group, repre-

senting the Rhine and the Moselle. Next will come the upper pedestal, which will be elaborately ornamented and inscribed. In front will be displayed a large group, typifying the uprising of the German people to defend the Rhine, and containing a number of warlike figures surrounding the Emperor William, who will be mounted and in military attire. Beneath this group will be inscribed five verses of the popular patriotic song, "Die Wacht am Rhein." On the three other sides of this pedestal lengthy inscriptions will set forth, in general terms, the history of the war with France, and the reestablishment of the German Empire. To the left there will stand a huge figure of War, holding a drawn sword, and sounding the alarm through a great trumpet; and on the right will be an image of Peace, corresponding in size to the other, crowned with laurel, and holding an olive-branch in her hand. Between these two figures will rise the shaft of the monument. Its lower portion will be adorned in front with the German eagle, garlands of victory, and shields containing the arms of the different states composing the empire; while at the sides, and in the rear, will be presented the names of those most active in bringing about the new order of things, including all the principal German generals of the present day. The whole will be surmounted by a magnificent colossal figure of Germany, standing before the imperial throne. The artist seems to have exerted all his power upon this grand statue, and his conception is well worthy of the universal admiration it has excited among his countrymen. The figure is that of a beautiful young woman, thoroughly German in aspect, holding up with one bare, splendidly-shaped arm the crown of the empire, while the other rests upon the hilt of a long, laurel-wreathed sword, whose point is beside her right foot.

How soon the monument will be completed cannot now be stated. But the people in every part of the empire seem to be working earnestly for the accomplishment of that end. Contributions of money are flowing in rapidly from various sources, and a large amount is already in the possession of the committee.

Portraits on a huge scale are always a striking if not a pleasing feature of the Royal Academy exhibitions. *Blackwood*, in an article on this year's exhibition, has the following pungent passage upon a production of this kind: "Talking of portraits," it says, "we cannot refrain from lifting up our testimony against the greatest crime in this way which has been perpetrated upon an unoffending public for years. Many and great are the offenses which we put up with, grumbling yet patient, from exhibition to exhibition; but there is enough in this to warrant a popular rising. The picture in the second room, by Mr. Wells, marked 112 (we would not be so rude as to name any names), reaches the point at which portrait-painting ceases to be an offense and becomes a crime. Mr. Wells has done and can do very good work, and it is surely an act of very ill-intentioned favor to him which has induced the hanging committee to sanction such an exhibition. Two ladies more than life-size under the big portico of a house, about half a dozen men equally colossal on horseback, and attended by a world

of dogs, fill up the whole side of the room, and look haughtily at the unfortunate spectators as if challenging their right to look. Heaven knows how little desire we have to look! The picture is simply insupportable; it had no right to be painted, and, being painted, it has no right to be exhibited. If artists and their sitters choose to display the vulgar absurdity of which they can be guilty, let them find a picture-gallery for themselves in which to exhibit their joint performance; but we protest against the sacrifice of any of our national walls for such a purpose. Has the Academy no shame for itself, no thought of what its neighbors will say, that wholesome dread which so often keeps us from folly? We have suffered long from big portraits, but this is the climax of all. Is it because it is like the family piece of Dr. Primrose's household, too big to be put anywhere else, that it has been foisted upon the Academy? Such an exhibition is nothing less than high-treason against English art."

The Overland Monthly, speaking of Keith's "High Sierra," now on exhibition in San Francisco, declares that "it fully justifies in its perfect state the enthusiasm it called up, when but half done, in the mind of such a masterful judge of mountain-scenery as John Muir. It reproduces the hoary giant mountains back of the Yosemite Valley near the head-waters of the Merced River—reproduces them not alone with an accuracy of detail satisfactory to a geologist, but also with that grander artistic effect so extolled by Ruskin, that power of calling up in the soul of the spectator the same spirit and impressions that the original of the picture would evoke. The mountains loom in the distance through that indefinable purplish haze, so hard to reproduce that not one artist in hundreds can catch or fix it, yet here so faithfully colored that J. W. Gally, standing with us before the picture, cried out in delight: 'He has it! This man has more water in his puddle than the rest of them. This picture was never painted in a studio.' No; there is no close air about it. On the mountain-side, in the very face of Nature, seeing her eye to eye, was this canvas covered with its colors. You feel the chill wind from the gray, unmelted snow, you hear the creaking of the glaciers as they grind their way through the hollow cañons, you hear the incessant voice of the water as it falls and feathers along its rocky channels. There is a poet here as well as a painter, and from storm-beaten pine to cloven rock, from water-naked in the light to where it sheathes itself in the heart of darkness, he sees, and knows, and loves. Not, of course, a poet without discords, not a painter without flaws, but, best taken with worst, a great and sympathetic artist."

Correspondence.

To the Editor of *Appletons' Journal*.

DEAR SIR: Permit me the use of your columns to suggest what should be done with the crumbs, so to speak, of the Centennial Exhibition.

Baron Schwarz-Senborn, the emeritus director of the Vienna Exhibition, and Austrian minister plenipotentiary to our country, picked up the leavings of the great industrial feast, and gathered enough to found a great Industrial Museum and Working-man's Free Training-School, like the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers in Paris, or the Musée de l'Industrie in Brussels. We also should think a little of

the needs of the working-classes, and do something for the education of the masses. The poor boy spends a few months every year in some public school, and gets a general idea of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and then he goes and learns a trade, and learns of it only what his boss can and will teach him. In two or three of our largest cities he may go in the evening to some Cooper Institute and be instructed in rudimentary sciences, which by an early enforcement of the act of compulsory school-attendance he might have mastered long ago. He may find there also an opportunity to practise a little drawing, and to listen now and then to a lecture, which is usually high above his capacity, and far removed from his practical needs. But there is not one city in the Union that has an institution which is a genuine help to the working-man. What he wants is to learn to do his work well. The sort of thing which is called "a wide and higher culture" is of no immediate concern to him. Teach him how to distinguish between good and bad material, show him what the best tools are in his trade, let him examine some fine specimens of workmanship in his own line, and you render him a service. His own hands and eyes are the working-man's only successful teachers. Now, in Schwarz-Senborn's Athenæum in Vienna, as in many other German, Belgian, French, and English sister institutions, he is surrounded by vast collections of home and foreign raw products, manufactured wares in various stages of completion, models, designs, apparatus, scaffolding, tools, and machinery of every sort and description. There is a room full of patterns; there is a laboratory where he himself can make any technical and chemical experiment he likes; there are shops supplied with all manner of tools and appliances in which he may attempt to execute and test whatever he invents or others have invented; and there are theoretical and practical scientists of fame, walking through the various departments during the evening hours, to give every man just the information and counsel he needs, simply for the asking. This is the special feature of the Vienna institution, and it is not surprising that it has proved a great attraction. Free reading-rooms, courses of popular lectures, and rudimentary instruction, achieve some good, and form of course also part of the advantages offered by the Athenæum, but the permanent exhibition of industrial objects, the free use of shops and laboratories, and the opportunity of meeting men of experience and learning to get the right hint wherever wanted, have been the means of drawing hundreds of middle-aged journeymen and even the master-workmen out of their rum and beer haunts to spend their evenings, in every sense of the word, in the pursuit of knowledge.

It was a comparatively easy matter for Baron Schwarz-Senborn to found this Industrial Museum and Working-man's School, and it will be an equally easy thing for us to call one into existence here. Let a body be organized by the Legislature as the National Museum of Industry, and urge every exhibitor at the centennial to leave behind in Philadelphia, as a bequest to this museum, whatever generosity prompts him, or whatever he considers hardly worth while for him to remove. The result will be more than an ordinary house full of raw stuffs, models, designs, manufactures, machinery, tools, and the like. To get a suitable edifice either in this city or Philadelphia will not be difficult in our country, where liberality is almost a virtue in excess. Anyhow, the first to consider in establishing a museum is to have something to exhibit, and not, as

has been the case in many instances, to obtain a place of exhibition before there is any thing to show. The other details of such an institution, as the procuring of suitable men to give the practical instruction we have spoken of, and the providing of sufficient funds to meet the current expenses, will also obtain in time whatever is necessary for their execution. It is now two years since Baron Schwarz-Senborn set to work at his scheme of raising the intellectual condition of the working-classes in his own country, and his Athenæum, the only monument of the Vienna Exhibition still standing, is now quite prosperous and efficient. Yours respectfully,

G. A. F. VAN RHYN.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

THE celebrated historical Château of Vaux-Praslin is to be offered at public sale on the 6th of July. It was built in the reign of Louis XIV. by the celebrated Fouquet. It originally cost eighteen million francs (three million six hundred thousand dollars), a sum which represents at least three times as much at the present time. Three villages were destroyed to form the site for the immense gardens, laid out by Lenôtre, which were counted among the wonders of Europe. The fountains were the model of those afterward constructed at Versailles. The famous Lebrun had adorned the state-apartments with admirable pictures. St.-Germain and Fontainebleau, the chief country-seats which the kings of France then possessed (for Versailles and Marly were as yet undreamed of), could not compare in magnificence with Vaux-le-Vicomte, as this palace was then called. The fountains, in particular, then a novelty, became widely celebrated. They appear to have surpassed those of Versailles by their admirable arrangement, by which a full view of them could be obtained from the state-apartments of the château, every cascade, jet, and basin, forming part of an harmonious whole; while the royal fountains are scattered, and have to be viewed separately; they are, moreover, at a great distance from the palace, and invisible from it. No trace of these splendid water-works remains: the basins and imagery are there, it is true, but the Duc de Villars, whose father purchased Vaux after the overthrow of Fouquet, caused the leaden pipes to be dug up and sold, finding the expense of keeping the works in order too great for his purse to endure. Some idea of their extent may be gained from the fact that the lead thus obtained brought the sum of over a million francs. It was here that Fouquet gave the celebrated *fête* to the young king and his court, which was the ultimate cause of his downfall. He had the temerity and the madness, though a married man, to fall in love with Mademoiselle de la Vallière, then in the full enjoyment of the fickle affections of Louis. The dress which she wore at this magnificent festival is thus described in the memoirs of the time: "Her robe was white, wrought with golden stars and leaves on Persian embroidery, and was kept in place by a pale-blue sash knotted below the bust. Her beautiful blond hair, flowing in wavy masses over her shoulders, was adorned with flowers and pearls, arranged in seeming carelessness, but without confusion. Two large emeralds sparkled in her ears. Her arms were bare, and to break their too fragile outline they were each surrounded above the elbow with a circlet of gold set with opals. Her

gloves were of Bruges lace of the yellowish-white tint then fashionable, but so finely worked that her delicate skin only appeared the more rosy beneath it." Thus attired, the tender and fragile loveliness of this flesh-and-blood *Ophelia*, this anticipation in a court of Goethe's *bourgeoise Gretchen*, must have appeared even more charming than usual. Fouquet had already had the audacity to lay his heart and twenty thousand pistoles at the feet of this gentlest and sweetest of erring women, and had received an indignant repulse, notwithstanding which he was weak and wicked enough to place her portrait among those of his acknowledged conquests in a private cabinet at Vaux. He also took advantage of her presence at the *fête* to approach her anew with an avowal of his unwelcome passion, a circumstance which the lady at once revealed to her royal lover. Some one, thinking to injure La Vallière in the estimation of Louis, had already informed him of the presence of her portrait in the private cabinet, and from that hour the downfall of Fouquet was resolved upon.

From the family of Villars the palace passed into the possession of the Count de Choiseul-Praslin, cousin to the celebrated Duc de Choiseul, minister to Louis XV. By Madame de Pompadour's influence, the count was created a duke under the title of Duc de Praslin, the old château was rechristened anew by the title of Vaux-Praslin, and it has remained in possession of that family up to the present time. Hither, in 1825, the young Marquis de Praslin brought his bride, Fanny Sebastiani, the daughter of Marshal Sebastiani, to pass the honey-moon, the bridegroom being but twenty-one years of age and the bride eighteen. A mutual affection presided at this union, and it was destined to be still further cemented by the birth of numerous offspring. Twenty-two years later the wife, then the Duchesse de Praslin, was murdered by her husband under circumstances of peculiar horror—not, however, at Vaux-Praslin, but in the Paris residence of the family on the Champs-Élysées. Tradition still preserves many anecdotes of the good and charitable deeds of the unfortunate lady, who was the earthly providence of all the poor people dwelling around the château whenever she came to take up her residence there.

The family having fallen into poverty, the present duke resolved to mend his fortunes by marrying an heiress. A lovely American girl, the daughter of an immensely wealthy New-Yorker, was selected by him for the doubtful honor of becoming Duchesse de Praslin, a title which had never been borne by any woman since the fatal night on which his mother had perished by his father's hand. The preliminary arrangements were wellnigh concluded, when in an evil hour the duke invited the object of his affections and her father to a lunch at Vaux-Praslin. The shrewd American came, saw, and investigated the huge pile of half-ruined buildings, and, finding that three hundred thousand dollars would be needed to put the château in thorough repair, and sixty thousand dollars per annum to keep it up and enable the young people to live in it, he very sensibly broke off the match. The duke afterward married an American lady, and it is said that the union is wholly one of affection. At all events, Vaux-Praslin is to be sold, as I said before, on the 6th of July. The estate is to be divided up into lots, and it is quite probable that the château itself will be torn down. The day for huge edifices and gigantic estates for the residence of private individuals in France has passed away.

The *Figaro* continues to publish extracts from the interesting and gossipy memoirs of the veteran actor Laferrière. One of the later chapters gives an account of the funeral of the great actress Marie Dorval, her who was the only rival really feared by Mademoiselle Mars when the latter was in the height of her career. Madame Dorval was the original *Marion Delorme* and *Catarina* of Victor Hugo's "Marion Delorme" and "Angelo," and she also created the heroines of several of the principal plays of the elder Dumas. She was the queen of the theatres of the Boulevard, as was Mademoiselle Mars of the Comédie Française. In her later days, though her talent was unimpaired, she lost her hold on the affections of the fickle Parisian public. Her last engagement was a total failure, and was canceled by the directors of the theatre at which she appeared (the Théâtre Historique) after the first three nights. This failure, and the death of a little grandchild to whom she was much attached, broke the poor actress's heart. She survived the blow but a short time, and the desertion which had attended her last appearance was not lacking at her funeral. Laferrière says: "Her hearse passed through the careless crowd followed only by a few faithful friends. I was of the number, as were also Alexandre Dumas, Victor Hugo, one or two of the *sociétaires* of the Comédie Française, a few authors, a few of her former comrades; and that was all. On the outer boulevard leading to the cemetery two men of the people stopped to look at the melancholy *cortège*. One said to the other:

" 'Why, that is Dorval's funeral.' "

" 'It isn't possible,' remarked his comrade, 'there is nobody at it.' "

" 'She had ceased to make money,' answered the other, shrugging his shoulders. And they went their ways. That speech came near being the only funeral oration of Dorval. When we were ranged around the grave, the grave-digger, after throwing in the first shovelful of earth, leaned on his spade and seemed to wait. A dead silence ensued, people looked at each other, but no one stirred. At last a young man, perceiving this singular abstention, came quickly forward, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, made a few remarks full of touching sympathy. That young man was Camille Doucet,* then a simple author. That was one of the many good actions of his life, which numbers so many. He has often been reproached for his skillful diplomacy, but I have never known any thing of him but his heart.

"As we were about to withdraw, a woman, supported by two servants, advanced to the brink of the yawning grave and gazed into it for some moments in mournful contemplation. That woman, enveloped in a black veil like *Rodoguna*, and who bore on her majestic features the traces of a beauty once world-renowned, was Mademoiselle Georges. She said but two words, 'Poor woman!' But they were said in such a way that a unanimous sob broke from every breast. I have never heard any thing that was at once more simple and more grand."

Laferrière gives the following account of an interview which he once had with Victor Hugo. He thus begins his narrative:

"I quitted the company of the Porte St.-Martin in the following manner: At the first reading of 'Marion Delorme,' a rôle of about ten lines had been allotted to me. Youth is

* Now a member of the French Academy and one of the leading dramatic authors of France. —(Tr.)

ambitious; it wants ordinarily to do more than it can, and to do less seemed hard to me. Therefore I refused the ten lines.

"Victor Hugo, being informed of my decision, invited me by letter to call upon him. I went to the Place Royale. The poet received me with his most majestic expression, and, without inviting me to sit down, demanded of me the reason of my refusal. This cold reception restored all my composure. Veiling, nevertheless, my resistance under a good deal of circumspection, I said to Victor Hugo:

"Your celebrity, sir, stimulates my ambition, and if I, an humble *débutant*, have permitted myself to refuse the supernumerary rôle that was allotted to me, I hasten to solicit from you the part of the young *Marquis de Saverney*. There, at least, my ambition will find a noble field."

"But, however caressing my tone might be, it could not destroy the effect of that unlucky 'supernumerary' which had slipped from me unawares.

"What, sir!" made answer the poet, in serious amazement, 'you have scarcely begun your career, and you already aspire to play the principal part in one of my works. That is impossible. As to the term of 'supernumerary,' which you have just made use of, know that ten lines by Victor Hugo are not to be refused, for they will endure.'

"And the poet touched the handle of the door. I withdrew.

"One hour afterward I had canceled my contract with the manager. I was free."

When a child, Laferrière was present at the *début* of Mademoiselle Georges. Of her first and her last appearance on the French stage, he gives the following account:

"That evening, one Mademoiselle Georges Weimar was to play *Roxana*; the emotion in the audience was great. The evening previous Duchesnois had played the part, and the public, which always enjoys the spectacle of theatrical rivalries, disputed already respecting the relative superiority of the two actresses. The curtain rose.

"How beautiful she is!" was the unanimous cry of the entire audience. No one thought of either analyzing or disputing her talent; she was accepted in her youth, in her beauty, and in that splendor which was like a canticle of triumphant Nature. Like Phryne, she had conquered her judges merely by showing herself.

"Duchesnois was forgotten.

"More than forty years later I was present at the last setting of this star—that is to say, at the representation which she gave at the Théâtre Français in the winter of 1854. 'Rodogune' and the 'Malade Imaginaire' formed the programme of that solemnity. The house was crowded; even the orchestra had been taken possession of by the public. When the three knocks had sounded, the curtain rose amid a profound silence. It is impossible to assist at a solemn representation at the Comédie Française, when the musicians are absent, without being impressed by the rustling of that curtain which rises slowly and majestically to reveal one of those palaces of painted canvas once inhabited by those sovereigns who bore the names of Le Kain and Talma.

"*Cleopatra* entered, clad in black and wearing a pointed gold crown surmounted with pearls. Never did a greater physiognomy produce a more striking effect.

"Pale, meditative, and advancing with that step which was weighed down by years, she came forward, leaned upon the back of the great arm-chair, and raised slowly upon the

public her magnificent eyes, then clouded with the immense sadness of a goddess who is about to die. She cast around her, above her, and afar, that veiled and mournful glance. She seemed to be contemplating the vanished years, and to be astonished at finding herself, after so much glory that was no more, still lingering so late in the vacant temple.

"Then I heard around me the same exclamation that I had heard more than forty years before, 'How beautiful she is!'

"The whole career of Mademoiselle Georges, her life, her glory, her genius, her faults, and her triumphs, lay between, and was explained by, those two exclamations."

Laugel's recently-issued work, entitled "Grandes Figures Historiques," contains sketches of Josiah Quincy and of Charles Sumner.

The theatres are closing one by one. The Comédie Française has revived "On ne badine pas avec l'Amour," by Alfred de Musset, and the critics are "going for" Croizette savagely, because in the last scene she reproduces the ghastly effects of the death-scene of the *Sphinx*, and that, too, when the personage she personates has merely to announce the death of a rival.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

At the St. James's a new "musical folly" has been produced—the music being by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, the libretto by Mr. "Rowe." If I am not greatly mistaken, Mr. "Rowe" is Mr. W. S. Gilbert, but who no one can write more nonsensically (I mean this as a compliment). The plot is simple, and as unreal as need be. It shows how the *Earl of Islington*, disguised as a footman, makes love at the Zoological Gardens—the piece is named "The Zoo"—to a pretty bar-maid. A peculiar kind of love-making it is. His lordship drinks, eats, and flirts with the pretty wench, and then eats, drinks, and flirts with her again, the result being that at last he "stuffs" himself so full of buns and lollypops that he faints away. Then is his real rank discovered. On his coat being torn open, the order of the Garter is seen. However, the earl's intentions prove to be honorable, for in the end he proposes to the fair bar-maid, and she, it need hardly be said, eagerly closes with the offer. The various airs are very spirited; doubtless we shall soon have them on the street-organs. But isn't Mr. Sullivan wasting his talents in giving us such trivial work?

Miss Ellen Terry, who has so suddenly come to the very front of her profession, is paying the penalty of success. The green-eyed monster dogs her footsteps; her fellow-actresses are intensely jealous of her. At a "five-o'clock tea" the other evening, at which I was present, Miss Terry's name happened to come up. "She is much overrated, I am sure," remarked one lady, a well-known *tragedienne*, pointing, turning up her delicate *redroussi* nose. "Hard and uncultured to a degree—now, don't you think so, Mr. Blank?" Mr. Blank did not think so; but what could he do? He attempted to shuffle out of answering the question, failed miserably, and made her of the *nez redroussi* his enemy forever.

'Tis well to be an opera-singer—that is, of course, if you become popular. Look at the salaries some of the musical "stars" get! Madame Patti is just now receiving two hundred pounds for each night she sings at Covent Garden; while Capoul is having a salary of four hundred pounds a month. And, after all, Capoul is not getting so well paid as Faure

or Nicolini. They have six hundred and twenty pounds a month each.

Mr. Comyns Carr is the writer of the spicy *World* articles on the London press. Mr. Carr is well known as an art-critic. He has a capital paper in the *Portfolio* this month on the drawings of Albrecht Dürer in the British Museum—a splendid collection.

More new plays. The other night an adaptation of "La Dame aux Camélias" was produced at the Princess's, and since then a "new and original comedy-drama," as the author, Mr. Hamilton Aide, describes it, has been brought out at the Court. The adaptation—it is entitled "Heartsease"—is by Mr. James Mortimer, the proprietor and editor of the *London Figaro*, who has done his work not at all badly. His is a free adaptation; he by no means sticks to his text. With him *Traviata*, so far from being "naughty," is a virtuous and consumptive actress, by name *Constance Hawthorne*. Her accepted lover is one *Herbert Maitland*, the son of a rich old fogey. The old gentleman, when he hears of *Herbert's* passion for *Constance*, has an interview with her, tells her that *Herbert* can never be hers, as their grades in life are so different, and ultimately persuades her to run away from him. The climax soon comes. *Constance* gains the protection of a *Captain Bloodgood*, but soon after dies broken-hearted, not, however, before she meets *Herbert* at a ball, and is unjustly accused by him of all sorts of things. Perhaps Mr. Mortimer carries the whitewashing process a little too far; but then, you know, every thing on the English stage must be strictly correct, except the dresses, and they, notwithstanding the lord-chamberlain, are, as a rule, as short above and brief below as ever. The heroine is played, with some pathos, by Miss Barry, the biggest woman—she is both very tall and stout—on our boards, I should imagine; while the hero is inadequately personated by perhaps our heaviest-built actor, Mr. William Rignold, the brother of him who has been turning, as we are told here, the heads of so many of your belles. On the first night, by-the-way, there was an amusing scene. Mr. Mortimer is out of the good books of the "gods." In his paper, some time ago, he called them "rabble," and they have never forgiven him for it; wherefore, whenever he appears in a theatre, they hoot and hiss at him, and address to him remarks anything but complimentary. On this first night they made an energetic attempt to "damn" his piece. Again and again were the opening scenes interrupted by them; they "chaffed" the actors and actresses, and jeeringly called for their arch-enemy, Mr. Mortimer, himself. Suddenly, while Miss Barry was standing alone upon the stage in a pathetic attitude, in rushed Mr. Rignold, his eyes flashing fire, his great fists clinched. "Stop! stop!" he yelled. "If you are Englishmen, those of you who have mothers, wives, or daughters, remember there is a lady before you! For myself," he went on, still at the top of his powerful voice, "all I ask is justice! Hiss me, howl at me, if you like, but don't abuse me before you see the picture I am about to draw." This exhortation saved the piece. Silence reigned throughout the evening. The "gods" were completely cowed. Probably if they had known, as I did, that Mr. Rignold had merely repeated a bit of "copy"—that, as the opposition was foreseen, he had learned the words by heart, in order to rush in with them on his tongue at the most fitting moment—they would only have laughed at him.

Mr. Aide's play (Mr. A. is a novelist and a song-writer) is far cleverer than Mr. Mortimer's; indeed, take it all in all, it is one of

the best dramas that have been produced on our stage for many months. It is called "A Nine Days' Wonder," and the central figure in it is a widow, *Mrs. Fitaroy* (admirably acted by Miss Madge Robertson). *Mrs. F.* is a woman with a strange history. When we make her acquaintance she is living in the house of a *Mr. Vavasour*, a middle-aged widower, whom years ago she had jilted to marry a professed gambler. Subsequently, while on the Continent, she had run away from her husband with one of his friends, owing to his ill-treatment, leaving her son to shift for himself. Her husband had followed and overtaken her, and had been killed in a duel with her seducer. *Mr. Vavasour*, however, does not know all this; he only knows that his affection for his "old flame" is returning. He has a sweet daughter, *Kate*; she loves a young man named *Christian Douglas*, who is too poor to offer her his hand. *Kate* tells her fond father this; he, unlike most fathers, considers *Christian's* poverty no obstacle to the marriage, and invites him to spend a few days at his house. The young man comes, and then the most exciting part of the drama begins. *Christian* recognizes in *Mrs. Fitaroy* his mother; she, not knowing that her son is to be *Kate's* husband, adjures him to be gone, so that she can the better "angle" after *Mr. Vavasour*, whom she has, scheming woman that she is, set her mind on marrying. After a keen mental struggle, *Christian* does go, on the condition that, before his mother weds *Mr. Vavasour*, she will acquaint him with her errors. Shortly after *Mr. Vavasour* proposes, is told all, and still offers *Mrs. Fitaroy* his hand. She is about to accept it, when, learning the sacrifice her son has made, she quits the house forever, the end being that, after all, *Christian*, instead of his mother, marries into the *Vavasour* family. The acting is first rate. As *Kate*, Miss Hollingshead, who has not long been on the stage, plays most gracefully and intelligently, as, of course, as I have hinted, does Miss Robertson. *Mr. Hare* as *Vavasour*, and *Mr. Kendal* as *Christian*, are also excellent. The dialogue of the piece is often brilliant, always good; the incidents are in good sequence, and are well worked out.

WILL WILLIAMS.

sum is expended in the construction of permanent works which may be of continual service, provided the results attained are favorable. It is yet estimated that each one of these great guns will cost the English government at least ten thousand pounds. As the weapon is designed strictly for naval service, a ship must be built to carry it, with suitable gun-carriage and other appointments for rendering it manageable and effective; hence we are not surprised to learn that such a piece of artillery will entail, before it is ready to be used, an expense of three hundred thousand pounds sterling!

We have chosen to present these facts regarding the nature and expense of modern naval weapons and warfare in order that our readers may more readily comprehend the true significance and value of the torpedo, the success of which must of necessity check all further advance in the direction of heavily plated and armored vessels. If it is possible to approach a vessel by an unseen enemy, whose attack is made from below the water-line, and hence beneath the range of the monster gun, the mission of the latter is evidently at an end. At an early day we shall hope to present to our readers a descriptive and illus-

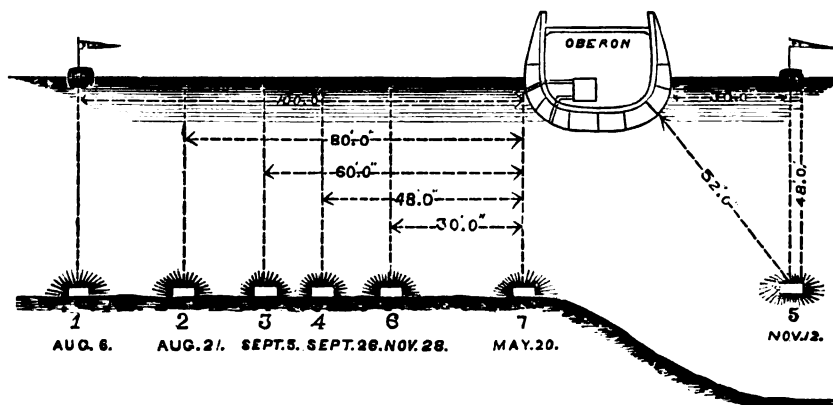
plosion must result from the sudden displacement of a volume of water, which would cause an equally sudden and powerful strain to be put upon all portions of the hull above, or within reach of its influence. The experiments were seven in number, and were conducted at the relative distances shown in the illustration, the surface depth, however, being in each case forty-eight feet. In every case save the fifth the mine rested on the bottom, and the published report of the results obtained is given in full as follows:

No. 1 is the position on August 6th, the charge, five hundred pounds of compressed cotton, being placed at one hundred feet horizontally from the starboard side on the ground, at forty-eight feet depth of water. The effect, judging from the apparent leaking, was at first thought to be serious, but proved to be due to dislodgment of tubes imperfectly fixed.

No. 2, August 21st.—Charge fixed at eighty feet horizontally from starboard side, depth, etc., as before; effect slight.

No. 3, September 5th.—Charge at sixty feet horizontally from starboard side, depth, etc., as before; effect again inconsiderable.

No. 4, September 26th.—Charge at forty-eight feet from starboard side; effect considerable; condenser broken, and other severe injuries,



Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE OBERON TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS.

SINCE the earliest adaptation of the rifled-gun and iron armor-plate to offensive and defensive warfare, there has been a constant advance in the effectiveness of these weapons and the strength of the resisting surface against which their power is directed, from the armor of the Meteor and Thunderer that in the Crimean War proved invulnerable to thirty-two-pound shot, to that of the modern iron-clad two feet in thickness, against which it is proposed to direct a shot projected from an eighty-ton gun. This latter weapon is now in the course of construction at the Woolwich Arsenal, and we learn that "the actual outlay for the production of this first enormous gun, including new forges and forty-ton hammer, steam and hydraulic cranes, special furnaces, rolling and bending machinery, gigantic tongs of thirty tons weight, and multitudes of minor paraphernalia, will be little short of one hundred thousand pounds sterling."

It is true that a large per cent. of this

trative account of the progress that has been made in the construction of that form of naval vessels known as torpedo-boats. At present attention is briefly directed to certain recent experiments that have been conducted with a view to determine the effectiveness of stationary or moored torpedoes.

Early in August of last year the English Admiralty, in order to test the effectiveness of gun-cotton in submarine explosions, caused the following experiments to be made: The hull of the vessel *Oberon* was first strengthened, so that it should represent the class of vessels to which the iron-clad *Hercules* belonged. She was then anchored directly above a submarine slope, as shown in the accompanying illustration. The direct purpose of this series of experiments was to ascertain the effect of the explosion of submarine mines resting on the bottom, though at varying diagonal distances from the vessel. In each case, however, the depth directly below the surface of the water was forty-eight feet, and the charge of the torpedo in every instance was five hundred pounds of compressed gun-cotton. It will thus appear that any disastrous effects from this order of ex-

such that the vessel could hardly have proceeded on her course, her engines, etc., being probably too much injured.

No. 5, November 12th.—The starboard side of the vessel having greatly suffered, it was decided to attack the port side at thirty feet distance; but, the vessel lying as before, the charge could not be placed on the ground without altering all the conditions, the depth at the spot in question being seventy-two feet. The charge was therefore suspended at forty-eight feet, the actual distance from the ship's bottom being about fifty-two feet. The effect was much less than on the last occasion, showing incidentally the great disadvantage at which a suspended or floating charge acts as compared with a ground one.

No. 6, November 28th.—The charge was at thirty feet horizontally from the starboard side, at a selected part. The effect was an increased one, water-casks and ship's thwart-plates now suffering, and great leakage and injury caused.

No. 7, May 20th.—The same charge—five hundred pounds of compressed cotton—was placed vertically under the starboard side of the vessel, at the same depth—forty-eight feet—resting on the ground. The effect is not yet fully ascertained and reported. The vessel's back is certainly broken, and she is a com-

plete wreck; but for the reason of the difference in weight and structure between the Oberon and a real armor-clad, it is still more important to ascertain how far her actual bottom plates have suffered, and what direct local injury has been caused, than to know what dislocation of her structure has taken place. However this may be, the series of experiments has given most important results, and will probably have the effect of shaping our entire system of submarine defense—modifying it, indeed, to an extent that was hardly contemplated by any one previously.

A review of these results, though they are of a negative character, does not lessen their importance, and as the subject of torpedoes is one in which our own Government is at present specially interested, owing to our extended coast-line, these experiments with the Oberon become of direct interest and value. As briefly stated, the conclusion reached is that torpedoes containing comparatively small charges, but so moored as to explode in actual contact with the vessel, are much more effective than those even more heavily charged, but the force of whose explosions must be transmitted through an intervening stratum of water.

THE theory, or rather hypothesis, that many or all of the members of the stellar and planetary universe are the abodes of life, that is, of living organisms, has long been received with favor, and, although the question would appear to be beyond the limits of argument even, yet it has been made the subject of many a learned essay or poetic effusion. In a recent number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, Richard A. Proctor ventures again to approach the subject, reviewing it under the title "Life, Past and Future, in other Worlds." Deeming it probable that many of our readers may fail to meet with the paper in full, we are prompted to give extended space to a condensed review of its main points—convinced that they will recognize in the author's line of reasoning, though necessarily one of analogy, many points in favor of the conclusion, viz., that it is more probable that life is wanting than that life exists at this present time in other worlds than ours. At the close of a brief reference to opinions expressed in former essays, and at variance with those now advanced, the writer adds: "Let the matter be explained as it may, it was only gradually that both the Brewsterian and Whewellite theories of life in other worlds gave place in the writer's mind to a theory in one sense intermediate to them, in another sense opposed to both, which seems to accord better than either with what we know about our own earth, about the other members of the solar system, and about other suns which people space. What we now propose to do is to present this theory as specially illustrated by the two planets which adorn our evening skies during the summer months of the present year." The planets to which allusion is here made are Jupiter and Mars, and their past, present, and future conditions are made the subject of thoughtful consideration. The groundwork upon which Professor Proctor bases his whole argument against the probable present existence of life in other worlds may be stated as follows: Organic life is but a natural phenomenon, and depends upon congenial physical conditions, without which there could be no life. In other words, to prove that life abounds on any planet we must first accept the fact that the physical conditions on

that planet are "life-supporting." Returning now to the main argument, the writer notices at length the various forms of life upon our globe, and the possible conditions under which it exists, giving special attention to the evidence that "Nature possesses a power of modifying the different types in accordance with the varying conditions under which they subsist. . . . Still," he adds, and in this sentence sounds the key-note of all subsequent reasoning, "there must be a limit beyond which the change of the earth's conditions, whether through the cooling of her own globe or the diminution of the sun's heat, will be such that no conceivable modification of the types of life now existing could render life possible. . . . The struggle for life involves the repeated victory of death. . . . Nature, wasteful of individual life, is equally wasteful of types of life," and "at length the time comes when the struggle for existence can manifestly have but one end, and then, though the type may linger long before it actually disappears, its disappearance is only a question of time." Admitting the justice of this general proposition, the writer arrives naturally at the following conclusion: "We have also only to consider that life on the earth necessarily had a beginning, to infer that it must necessarily have an end. Clearest evidence shows how our earth was once 'a fluid haze of light,' and how for countless eons afterward her globe was instinct with fiery heat, amid which no form of life could be conceived to exist, after the manner of life known to us, though the germs of life may have been present 'in the midst of the fire.' Then followed ages in which the earth's glowing crust was drenched by showers of muriatic, nitric, and sulphuric acid, not only intensely hot, but fiercely burning through their chemical activity. Only after periods infinite to our conceptions could life such as we know it, or even in the remotest degree like what is now known to us, have begun to exist upon the earth." The reader will discover that Professor Proctor anticipates the vague objections of the purely imaginative opponents by limiting his definition of life to that which exists "after the manner known to us." If we have succeeded in the rather difficult task of condensing an already succinct argument, the reader will be ready to follow the author in his next step, and, as he has defined the nature of this step in a few brief sentences, we give them as follows: "We see our earth passing through a vast period, from its first existence as a separate member of the solar system, to the time when life appeared upon its surface; then began a comparatively short period, now in progress, during which the earth has been and will be the abode of life; and after that must follow a period infinite to our conceptions when the cold and inert globe of the earth will circle as lifelessly round the sun as the moon now does. We may, if we please, infer this from analogy, seeing that the duration of life is always infinitely small by comparison with the duration of the region where life appears; so that, by analogy, the duration of life on the earth would be infinitely short compared with the duration of the earth itself. But we are brought to the same conclusion independently of analogy, perceiving that the fire of the earth's youth and the deathly cold of her old age must alike be infinite in duration compared with her period of vital, life-preserving warmth. And what is true of the earth is true of every member of the solar system, major planet, minor planet, asteroid, or satellite; probably of every orb in space, from the minutest meteorite to suns ex-

ceeding our sun a thousand-fold in volume." The remainder of the attractive essay is occupied in an attempt to prove, by analogy and fact, so far as facts are attainable, that, viewed merely as a problem of chances, it is improbable that at the present time or at any given time the conditions of two or more planets will be so closely allied as to make them life-supporting. Mars has in all probability passed this stage, and Jupiter is yet far from it, though advancing. "Nor need we stop," he adds, "at solar systems, since within the infinite universe, without beginning and without end, not suns only, but systems of suns, galaxies of such systems, to higher and higher orders endlessly, have long since passed through all the stages of their existence as systems, or have all those stages yet to pass through. In the presence of time-intervals thus seen to be at once infinitely great and infinitely little—infinity great compared with the duration of our earth, infinitely little by comparison with the eternities amid which they are lost—what reason can we have for viewing any orb in space from our little earth, and saying *now* is the time when that orb is, like our earth, the abode of life? Why should life on that orb synchronize with life on the earth? Are not, on the contrary, the chances infinitely great against such a coincidence? If, as Helmholtz has well said, the duration of life on our earth is but the minutest 'ripple in the infinite ocean of time,' and the duration of life on any other planet of like minuteness, what reason can we have for supposing that those remote, minute, and no way associated waves of life must needs be abreast of each other on the infinite ocean whose surface they scarcely ripple?" It should be borne in mind, as lessening the chances of a coincident of life in two worlds, that the life-sustaining period of a planet's existence covers but a minute period of its actual existence, and hence it may justly be regarded as "antecedently improbable that any planet selected at random, whether planet of our own system or planet attending on another sun than ours, is at this present time the abode of life." Though we close our review with this sentence as embodying Professor Proctor's conclusions deduced from his main premises, justice to the author bids us recognize the extended efforts—here unnoticed—by which he appears to justify the claims which we have hardly more than set forth and defined.

For months the air has been heavy with rumors, and at times apparently authorized statements, regarding the discovery of a new motor or motive power, which was not only to supersede steam, but accomplish more wonders than were ever hoped for by any inventor of perpetual motion. We acknowledge that it appears hardly gracious to condemn that of which we have no knowledge, and in this century of wonders the sight of a steamboat crossing the Atlantic or a train crossing the plains urged by a force generated from a vialful of water, or a dew-drop even, would not altogether amaze us. It may be the fault of an education which has sadly marred our faith in mechanical miracles, but we freely confess that we have been but slightly impressed by the astounding advices received regarding the Keeley motor. As there may be those among our readers, however, who, if not credulous, are at least curious regarding the claims of this new engine of progress, we submit the accompanying description of the motor as given to the *Tribune* by its Philadelphia correspondent. As to the desirability of purchasing stock, well, we all remember the advice of *Punch* to

the friend contemplating marriage—"Don't." The report to which we allude reads as follows: "The inventor's name is John W. Keeley, and he calls his invention the 'Keeley Motor.' It is owned by a stock company composed chiefly of New York and Philadelphia capitalists, who have paid in a working capital of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and hold stock of the nominal par value of one million dollars. They hold the stock at fabulous prices. The apparatus that generates the power is called a 'multiplier,' and is composed of a number of iron chambers of cylindrical form, connected by pipes and fitted with certain cocks and valves. The machine upon which experiments have been conducted during the past eight months is about thirty-six inches high, twenty-four long, and thirteen wide, and its cylinders will hold about six gallons of water. A small brass pipe, with an orifice one-quarter of an inch in diameter, leads from it to a strong, wrought-iron reservoir, six inches in diameter and three feet long, where the power is stored, and whence it is fed to a beam-engine through a still smaller pipe. The process of generating the power consists in forcing air into the upper chamber of the multiplier, and afterward letting water run in from a hydrant until the receptacles are nearly filled. In the experiments lately made, the inventor has used his own lungs for an air-pump, blowing through a tube for a few seconds, then turning a cock to shut off the air, connecting the tube with the hydrant and opening the cock until sufficient water runs in. Within two minutes after this operation is performed the cocks on the tubes connecting the upper with the lower cylinders are turned and the power is ready for use. The little machine exerts, through the small tube one-eighth of an inch in diameter, a pressure varying from two to fifteen thousand pounds to the square inch, at the will of the operator. The power is accurately measured by a force-register. When applied to the engine it runs as rapidly as it is prudent to permit, the supply of power always being kept below its full capacity."

Though given with no view of exciting an unreasonable alarm, we are yet prompted to warn our readers against a too careless disregard of the possible truth of the statement here made. It appears that a gentleman in Stettin, having, soon after the purchase of a hat with a brown-leather band, experienced severe headaches followed by the breaking out of ulcers on the forehead, was induced to submit the band to a chemist for examination. The result proved that the dye with which it was stained was one of the poisonous aniline colors, and that its properties were such as to render inflammation unavoidable when it came in contact with the skin.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

FROM Mrs. Harvey's "Every-Day Life in Spain," just published in London, we select a few interesting paragraphs:

GYPSY-LIFE IN GRANADA.

It was in the course of one of these walks that we came upon the gypsy quarter. We had hesitated about going there, for some people in the hotel said the gypsies were perfect savages, abusing and throwing stones at any

strangers who might come near them. This seemed dangerous as well as disagreeable, so we gave up our intention. However, one evening returning from the Convent de los Martires, we had scrambled up a rough path to have a better view of the Generalife, when, on turning a corner, we came upon the rocks inhabited by this curious people.

Finding ourselves there, we thought it best to try to appear fearless and pleased, though we were far from feeling so; therefore, going up to a young woman, with a bundle or a baby in her arms, seated on a stone somewhat apart, we saluted her in Spanish fashion, and begged her to show us the shortest way to the Generalife.

The woman civilly rose, and was about to direct us, when the infant in the bundle uttered a low wail, so feeble and pitiful that we could not help asking if the little thing was ill. The young woman, scarcely more than a child in years, opened the shawl and showed us a tiny baby, rolled in a bit of rag. The little creature, pallid with suffering, its tender limbs emaciated, evidently from hunger, lay motionless, only uttering from time to time a plaintive moan that went to the heart of those who heard it. Tears dropped slowly from the eyes of the poor mother, she did not speak, she did not ask, but she pressed the little creature closer to her, with a tenderness that said more than the most touching words. The poor babe was evidently dying of hunger.

My young companion, touched by the sight of the little creature's sufferings, raised the tiny hand and gently kissed it. This natural act of compassion seemed to go straight to the mother's heart, she burst into tears, and out poured a sad story of suffering, illness, and starvation. She and her husband were dancers, and wandered about from fair to fair. The man had had a serious fall, and for many weeks had been partly paralyzed. He was now lying, suffering and motionless, in one of the holes before us.

The woman said their friends had been very kind to them, but in these times it was difficult to earn any thing, and her child had been born when they were nearly starving. Her pinched features and skeleton-like arms said that at any rate this part of her tale was true.

By this time many others of the tribe had gathered round, and such a set of bright-eyed, gaunt, haggard creatures I have seldom seen. We had but a few small pieces of money with us, perhaps fortunately, as there was no temptation to take that which we gave the young mother; but, poor people, they were all most civil and grateful.

They wished us to see some of their homes, but, being alone, we thought it most prudent to proceed on our way, promising to return another time. Taking our Spanish servant as guard, we did return, and far from finding these people savage and rude, they impressed us most favorably. Like animals, they burrow in the rocks, but the holes they live in, though poverty-stricken to the last degree, were neat and almost clean. They seemed very industrious, and were always at work, the men as tinkers, cobblers, or chair-menders—the women making and selling brooms and similar articles.

The dancer's was a sad case. I never saw any one so thin to be alive; his lower limbs were quite paralyzed, and even his hands were feeble, and moved with uncertain action. The poor fellow was lying in a hole little larger than a dog-kennel, propped up by a bundle of straw, and trying to make some baskets. He was cheerful and hopeful when I ordered a

few, and he evidently did not despair of himself. It had been such a very little fall, he said, and added, with a hope that was piteous in its hopelessness, that no doubt when the winter came he should get stronger, and be able to move about again, but it did not need much knowledge to see from the emaciated, sunken features and nerveless hands, that long before the winter came he would be where pain and hunger are unknown.

It was interesting to note how in some ways these gypsies retain traces of Oriental habits; for instance, many of them made a movement as if raising the hem of a superior's garment to the heart and head, an action used in Turkey and the East to express affection and respect.

The holes they live in are like exaggerated sand-martins' nests. Even the dwelling-places of the rock Arabs we had seen in Syria are superior to these wretched abodes, but the inhabitants seemed content with them, and assured us that in some ways they were better than ordinary houses, being cool in summer and warm in winter. It was curious that, though several of the women were evidently fortune-tellers, never once did they offer to tell our fortunes, or impose upon us any of the tricks of their trade.

DANCING.

Like the Italians, Spaniards are passionately fond of dancing. Among the poor it seems their greatest solace and recreation, and no sooner do the lengthening shadows indicate that the day is drawing to a close than from the shady walks of the Alamedas, and other favorite places of resort, may be heard the tinkling music of guitars and the sound of distant song. Our poor neighbors awake to new life, and young and old are aroused by the inspiring clatter of the castanets. From our terrace, we delight in watching their graceful movements, for the Spaniards from their earliest youth are imbued with the true poetry of dancing. Occasionally a voice joins itself to the notes of the guitar, and though the melody may be rude, and the singer unlearned, yet in the soft enchantment of an Andalusian night the long-drawn sigh of the "*Ay de mí!*" with which almost every song terminates, has a charm that scarcely any other music can rival.

SPANISH MEN AND WOMEN.

It is perhaps a dangerous topic to touch upon, because every nation has its own standard on such points, but it would be difficult to find anywhere more charming women than Spanish ladies. The average of beauty is exceedingly great, but even when the features are not strictly pretty, the fine eyes have such a depth of tender expression, the slender figure is so graceful in every movement, the low, sweet voice speaks in such tones of earnest persuasion, that critical indeed must be the judgment that is not pleased. And these charms are not those of mere appearance, for Spanish women are true, and kind, and gentle, and singularly free from affectation of either mind or manners. Many are very accomplished, though perhaps the education usually given to women is not very profound. Of course there are admirable exceptions, and these ladies naturally take the lead in society.

The men, too, are exceedingly agreeable. Brilliant and clever, they have also the great fascination of a hearty and sincere manner. There is a profound earnestness in whatever they say or do that is inexpressibly attractive. This faculty of throwing themselves with enthusiasm into the occupation or amusement

of the hour is at once the misfortune and the charm of Spaniards, and is especially characteristic of those of the south.

In the Cortes, in the pulpit, in private life, there are an earnestness and completeness of purpose that one feels to be true. Should the object be ever so trivial, they pursue it with an eagerness that for the moment seems to banish every other thought. But then, it is only for the moment, and how long does such devotion last? The great difficulty is to interest the multitude permanently. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," and this is one feature of Spanish failure.

The Spaniards are any thing but weak in character, they are not even feeble; but the mass of the people easily wander from the hard, weary road of duty into the pleasant paths of to-day's amusement. They are generous, large-hearted, and for the most part singularly free from the love of money. In no other country is a traveler less cheated than in Spain. When spoken to with courtesy and kindness, Spaniards will readily assist a stranger, and will often take much trouble to do so; but they are proud, and keenly resent the slightest appearance of rudeness.

Apart from the Inquisition, which in truth was more the creation of cruel churchmen and cruel kings than the offspring of the people, the Spaniards are not a blood-thirsty race. In the history of civil wars, few nations have gone through such violent revolutionary changes with less of bloodshed than Spain.

A Spaniard loves his country, he loves the political party to which he belongs, he is brave as a lion, and will fight to the death for either; but with the keen suspicion of a southern mind he doubts his leaders, and puts little faith in any. Besides, who can long resist the excitement of the bull-ring, the attractions of a new opera, the pleasant talk in *cafés*, and, more than all, the fascination of bright, speaking eyes? So the great things of to-morrow are forgotten for the little pleasures of to-day.

ONE of the talkers in the *Blackwood* papers, "Conversation in a Studio," has something audacious to say about Goethe. They have been discussing German criticism on Shakespeare (see selections in *JOURNAL* of June 26th), when the conversation turns to Goethe, and then to Shakespeare and translations:

Belton. It is the same in their criticism of art. Look, for instance, at Goethe's critique on the Laocoon.

Mallett. You mean Lessing's?

Belton. No, I mean Goethe's—Lessing's is quite another affair. He has written a most elaborate criticism on this group, in which he finds every thing perfect, every thing done in the highest spirit, with the clearest intelligence and insight, and with a perfection of execution as great as the conception is wonderful. The ancient Greeks are the greatest sculptors, and this is the greatest of their works, and without a single defect. In fact, it is a cut-and-dried panegyric, by a man who had no knowledge of his subject, who was determined to find that whatever is, is right, and whose enthusiasm is all literary and second-hand. We are told to admire, with upraised hands, the defects as much as the merits. It was a subtle and exquisite thought to make the serpent, while he crushed the group with his folds, also bite the most sensitive part of

the father, and so make him shrink away; and it is no matter at all that the serpent who crushes does not bite. It was an admirable conception to make the sons two little fully-developed men, one-third the size of their father, instead of children. The restored parts are admirable also, and there is here a good deal of feeble philosophizing and artistic metaphysics to round the whole.

Mallett. You are very hard on Goethe.

Belton. I know I am. I suppose I feel as the ancient Athenian did about Aristides: I cannot bear to hear him called the artist any more than he to hear the great statesman called the Just. Artist! Despite his large talent and his many accomplishments, he is utterly without that innate enthusiasm, that fiery impulse, that self-surrender to passion for his work that alone can make an artist in the true sense of the word. He was essentially cold of nature, and his work is generally cold. He prepared himself elaborately for all his writings, arranged his materials with patience, and, having got them all ready, sat down with deliberation to put them together, and work them into shape in the most mechanical way. He laid up his observations as one makes a *hortus siccus*, and put them into his work like so many fragments of mosaic. He could not give way to his enthusiasm, but insisted on governing it. He never was possessed, rapt, lifted out of himself, carried away by his theme. He drove his Pegasus in good German harness; Pegasus never ran or flew away with him. I put aside his "Faust," which is far his greatest work. This he wrote in his youth, when he could not suppress his genius, which got the better of him, and in this one sees him at his highest. But this was before he was an artist in his sense, and while the enthusiasm of youth was in him, and would have its way. Nearly all the rest of his life he was engaged at intervals on the second part of "Faust," piecing it out mechanically, and endeavoring to give some real shape to mere *disjecta membra*, which he never could put together into any definite completeness. The result of all his art was to huddle together an unintelligible mass of myth and history, without beginning, middle, or end. When his genius carried him away he was great, and the first part of "Faust" has scenes of great power both of conception and execution.

Mallett. Ah, well, I breathe again. After all, it is something to have written one great work.

Belton. It is, but it is the story of Marguerite which alone interests us. *Faust* is a colorless walking gentleman, without character or individuality, and there is no real "Motiv," to use Goethe's word, for *Marguerite's* conduct.

Mallett. Pray leave Goethe alone—we shall never agree about him. I have heard you before on this subject, and I say with Galileo, "E pur si muove." I know "Wilhelm Meister" bores you, and the "Elective Affinities" is, according to you, a mechanical mosaic; but I don't agree with you.

Belton. Yes, if Goethe talked no better than the characters of those two novels, I am not sorry I never knew him. I am tired to death of gardens, and the way they should be laid out, and I do not admire his theatrical discussions; and his characters, except when they are reminiscences of particular persons, are to me thoroughly mechanical.

Mallett. Let us get back to Shakespeare, where we can agree.

Belton. Shakespeare's plays grow. All others, more or less, are constructed, built up mechanically part by part; while Shakespeare's

grow and develop, one joint out of another, one branch and twig out of another—naturally, freely, unexpectedly—as a tree grows. This is true not only of the characters but of the conduct of each play, and especially of the later ones. Take *Othello*, for instance, and see how his character develops with circumstances; how the restrained passion of his nature, which gives at first only a genial glow to his bearing, finally bursts forth into an overpowering fury, breaks down all the safeguards of his judgment, destroys his dignity, and ruins his reason. Goethe's plays, on the contrary, are mechanically laid out like a garden-plot, and all his pretty flowers, exotic or natural, are planted in them artificially. They do not grow there by their own sweet will, do not flower out of the theme, but are grafted on it. They do not make themselves, but are made by him. Two and two always make four, but in life they sometimes make five. There's a daring truth of unexpectedness in Shakespeare, as there is in Nature. His characters do not say what you expect, but what their nature prompts. A tree has its law, but it also has its whim and caprice, and one limb and branch is not balanced against another geometrically, as it is in Goethe's plays. In all the deviousness of outline in Nature, there is at once the characteristic and the capricious. In Goethe's "Tasso," for instance, you can forecast every thing that each character will say and think, but you cannot do this with "Hamlet," and "Othello," and "Lear."

Mallett. The world is against you in your estimate of Goethe, and I am against you. But don't let us discuss him any further. You will not convince me. Let us talk about something we agree upon. As to what you say of the German critics of Shakespeare, of course there is one side of him to us as wonderful as any, which they never can feel—I mean his language and his rhythm. No translation can give this, however well it may be done. There is a light, and life, and color in the words of our great poet that most of all is his, which makes them magical. To translate Shakespeare is as impossible as to copy Titian—ay, much more so; the outline, the story, the bones, remain, but the soul is gone—the essence, the ethereal light, the perfume, is vanished. Try in any of his great passages to replace a forgotten word, and you can never improve it. Nothing will fit it but the very word he used. If, then, we ourselves cannot translate or alter his language without loss, how is it possible that the whole should be transferred into another language, with different idioms, and still preserve its quality? Take for instance this—

... "No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red"—

and translate it if you can. "Multitudinous seas"—what an expression! You feel the wide weltering waste of confused and tumbling waves around you in that single word. What beauty and wealth of color, too, in incarnadine, a word capable of dying an ocean! and then, after these grand polysyllables, how terse and stern comes in the solid Saxon, as if a vast cloud had condensed into great, heavy drops—the green one red! Turn it into German if you can. Hitch together three or four monosyllables, and pretend they are one word, and see if they will give you the effect of that one great Latinish multitudinous. Try much-folding, or many-folding, or manifold ("viel-fältig" or "mannigfaltig"), which are the nearest approximations in German to the sense and sound. Do they satisfy you? Or, instead

of incarnadine, take that poetic and noble German correlative "fleischfarben," to flesh-colour; or substitute the German phrase, for it is not a word, "purpurroth färben;" or say in English, empurple, or make purple. It will not do—we cannot translate it even into English, much less into German.

FROM Mrs. Burton's "Inner Life of Syria, Palestine, and the Holy Land," just published in London, we glean two passages. The first is descriptive of Arab dancing and singing:

You must understand that Arab dancing is more curious than pretty, but it is strange to you and wild. You would be sorry to miss seeing it, but I must explain to you that there are some things we may see, and some that we may not see. However, my friends are very discreet and respectful, and they will arrange with these *almahs* exactly what they are to dance and what they are to sing; that they are to be fully clad, and are not to exceed in *rakhs*. They have brought five, all dressed in various-colored gauzes, and spangles, and gold-coin ornaments, trousers frilled and gathered round the ankle with a ring, and hair plaited in two long tresses to the knees. You see, in point of dress, that they are far more decent than our own ballet-girls, and that even the lord-chamberlain could not object to them. Their instruments are the tom-tom, the tambourine, and a sort of zittern. They crack their fingers by putting their hands together, by pulling back the second and third finger of the left hand with the index-finger of the right, and by letting them rebound, with a noise louder than any castanets. Their voices are melancholy, nasal, and boyish, and all their songs are in a minor key. They used to set my teeth on edge at first, but I have grown to love them now. I am very fond of music, but I have never been able to pick up an Arab air. It takes a year before one can perceive the difference between one air and another, or whether it is intended to be joyous or sorrowful; but after this initiation the music becomes most expressive. Even their military bands, like all their music, sound half a note below concert-pitch.

You must watch them singing. They put on a miserable look, hang their heads sideways, turning up their eyes like dying ducks, and then out comes a wail, reminding us of an Æolian harp hung in a tree. All sit cross-legged in a row upon the divan, and they will sing and sway from side to side. That *almah*, who was once the best dancer, and is now the size of six ordinary mortals, can no longer dance. We are going to have a *pas seul*. This girl will move about the room, with little wriggling steps, in time to the music, nearly double herself backward, and throw herself in all sorts of contortions and attitudes, till I am convinced that all her bones are made of gristle. One thing which perhaps you will not understand is, that her dancing means something, whereas ours is only intended for exercise, or to give people a chance of talking. She has told you by pantomime whole histories—of how she was at home with her mother, and how she went to market and to the bazaar; how she did the washing and cooking; how her father (the sheik) wanted her to marry, and how she didn't want to marry, for that Ali was fighting far away in the desert. She wonders if he thinks of her, and she looks at the moon, and knows that he can see it, too, and asks when he will come back. Now the music and the steps change. He is coming

back, and they are dressing her to be his bride; she is walking in the bridal procession, veiling her face for shame. And so forth.

The performers are *glamoring for rakhs*. I think they deserve a little, but we must not let them have too much. Now, I will ask for my favorite sword-dance. That thin and graceful girl will take her turn, and describe to you a fight by pantomime. You will be surprised at the way she can handle a cimeter, as if she had learned broadsword all her life. She whirls it round her head and throat, under her arms, over her back, like lightning, and within an inch of our faces, as if she were slashing at sixty unseen enemies, dancing all the time.

Our second extract gives a brief description of the Turkish bath:

Firstly, we enter a large hall, lit by a domed skylight, with a huge marble tank in the centre, and four little fountains spurting in the corners. All around are raised divans, covered with cushions. Here we wrap ourselves in silk and woolen sheets, and towels round the head. We shall now pass through six marble rooms, all with domed sky-lights, marble floors, and a gutter out in them to let the water off, and surrounded by large stone basins and troughs, each with its tap of hot and cold water. The first is the cold room, the next warm, the third warmer, and so on until you come to the *sudarium*, of about 120° Fahr.

Here the operation commences. Firstly, they lather your head and hair thoroughly. Then you are washed over, first with flannel and soap, if you like; secondly with a brush and soap; thirdly with *h* and soap. *h* is the fibre of the palm-branch soaked in water, sun-dried, and pulled out. It looks like a large sponge of white horse-hair, and it rubs as hard as a clothes-brush. You are doused from head to foot, between each of these operations, with tubs of hot water thrown at you and over you. You are then shampooed with

fresh layers of soap, and doused again. By this time you are beginning to feel rather exhausted. They then cover your face, and neck, and arms, with a sort of powder which looks like meal, and move you through the other rooms, each warmer than the last, till you are turned into the hottest. If it is steam, 150° will content you; if in dry heat, you can with practice bear 300°. Your stay in the *calidarium* lasts about twenty minutes. They give you iced sherbet, and tie towels dipped in cold water round your head, which prevents your fainting, and makes you perspire more freely. The white powder passes away of itself. They scrub your feet with a hard, rough stone; indeed, it appears to me that one's first skin is wholly peeled off.

Now you move back again through all the rooms, but gradually, staying ten minutes in each. You are again doused with water, and shampooed with towels as you pass from heat to cold. The most rigorous of all is when you arrive at the latter, when pails of cold water are thrown at your back and poured down the spine. In the last room the final shampooing is done with towels.

We now return to the hall where we first undressed, enveloped in silk and woolen cloths, and we recline on divans. It is all strewn with flowers, incense is burned about us, cups of very hot and rather bitter coffee are handed to us, and nargiles are placed in our mouths. A woman advances and kneads you like bread; you fall asleep during the process, which has almost the effect of mesmerism.

When you awake you will find music and dancing, the girls chasing one another, eating sweetmeats, cracking nuts, and enjoying all sorts of fun. Moslem women go through much more than the above performances, especially in the matter of being henna'd, and having their eyebrows plucked. The best time for the bath is with a wedding party preparing a bride. One feels very light after these baths, and the skin is wonderfully white. Easterns are not content with less than peeling the outer skin off.

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[VOL. XIV.

RECENT EXPLORATIONS OF MOAB.

I.

THE REMAINS OF ANCIENT CITIES.

WE talk of the grandeur and magnificence of the empires of a remote past with wonderment and rapture, but how poor and paltry are our monuments of their existence! A handful of books of doubtful authenticity, a column of dates of questionable accuracy, a list of names of mythical heroes, and a sprinkling of ruins half-trodden underground. To go back one thousand years is to reach the evening of the day of history; another thousand years further back one has to grope for monuments; and a third thousand years puts us not only into the dark, but leaves us without all *points d'appui* before and behind us.

This is true especially in regard to the history of Europe, but by leaping from the Peloponnese across the Mediterranean, into the land of the Nile, one may enjoy the twilight of by-gone ages for three and perhaps five thousand years longer. But, should we set over the Ægean, and land on the coasts of Asia Minor, all around us would be night. Schliemann's recent excavations on the site of Homeric Troy were but an attempt, more or less successful, to kindle a flame on a spot which was of



AYUN MÛSÂ, NEAR THE WADY ZERKA MAÏN.

historical interest in every age of Aryan civilization. If we proceed to Armenia, all that strikes our ear of the story of its ancient days is but an assonance to a Babylonian myth. But farther to the south and east, from the banks of the Indus to the Syrian shore, bright pencils of light illumine in parts the burial-grounds of the early masters of the world. There are Assyria, Babylonia, and Elam, with their tablets of clay and cuneiform inscriptions; there is Phœnicia, of whose maritime relations the pages of antiquity are filled; and between them is Palestine, with records of its own, and corroborated by the history of all the surrounding nations.

Palestine is the great centre of research in Oriental antiquities, partly and principally because it is the land of the Bible, but greatly also for purely scientific reasons. Long before the tribes of Israel and Judah seized the region from the Sea of Tiberias to the Sea of Sodom, mighty agricultural and commercial races possessed the land and defended it against the conquering armies of Egypt and Chaldaea. Thousands of years before the period of Hebrew king-

masters of towns and fortified cities, residents of gorgeous palaces, leaders of vast armies, and worshippers in magnificent temples, disputed here each other's sway. The tributes paid by them in wine, honey, figs, spices, iron, silver, and gold, were large enough to cripple any modern empire of Europe. But how scanty is the material with which to reconstruct the history of these Syrian nations! The monuments of the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates, and the records of the ancient Hebrews, speak only of their numbers and their wealth, and the evidences of their art and industry still lie hidden in the earth, and the history of their deeds is carved in rocks or told in books not yet discovered.

Without any further testimony, one may reasonably suppose that the territory of Edom and Moab, the one point at which all the lines of Egyptian, Phœnician, Assyrian, Indian, and Arabian traffic were intersecting each other, was a populous commercial district; and it was but natural that, in this period of Oriental and antiquarian researches, great pains were taken to explore it. The portion that once belonged to Moab has been more favored than Edom's. The geographical features of Moab have been carefully investigated, the sites of the ruins of ancient cities have been visited and described, stones and pottery with inscriptions have been collected, and many of the traditions of the native population have been gathered. A mass of material has thus been laid before the world that awaits only the appearance of some architect to be built up again into historical order and symmetry.

The results of these explorations are of special interest to the American public, as by arrangement with the English Palestine Exploration Fund the future examination of the geographical features, ruins, inscriptions, and other historical remains, have been left entirely to the care of the American Palestine Exploration Society.

To summarize, then, the knowledge so far gathered, the land of Moab, owing to an abundant supply of water, is not only covered with plants and studded with deciduous trees, but even palms grow luxuriantly among the rocks overhanging the sea, and on the lower ranges of mountains.

Everywhere are ruined walls, which once served as inclosures for fields and gardens, and every thing indicates that the country was once very wealthy and fertile. And even at this day the fertility of the soil is very great. According to the season, there are always patches of land laden with grain, or yokes of oxen tilling the ground. No manure is needed to reap a rich harvest of wheat year after year from the fine, red, and sandy loam, and even the little care and the great unskillfulness of the inhabitants do not endanger the crop.

Beginning with a shallow furrow, the *wadys* come from the east, and dig deeper and deeper into the ground, hollowing out wide and deep channels, through which they swiftly flow, leaping from cascade to cascade, into the border lake. Every traveler coming from the sterile cis-Jordan has looked with astonishment upon these rippling brooklets and occasional woods of this trans-Jordanic land.

Between two deep wadys, flanking it to the north and south, and on a platform thirty-seven hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea, stands the ancient fortress Kerak, or Kir-Moab. Its position is so strong by nature that its great advantages as a place of defense must have been apparent to the most primitive people. A considerable portion of the wall which once encircled the almost level summit is still standing. From the appearance of the work one should judge it to be older than the Crusading or Saracenic times, and in several inscriptions in the upper part of the fortress the Mohammedans lay claim to its erection. The perfection of the great castle of Kerak, however, is a magnificent monument of the enterprise and energy of the Crusaders.

Dr. Tristram came across several interesting evidences of the Roman occupation of the town. The floor of a hovel was a beautiful, tessellated pavement of marble, surrounded with the bases of some old columns. It was probably a part of a Roman bath, for in the next house were the remains of the marble bath-room, with the water-pipes still protruding from the walls.

The party proceeded by the way of the old Roman road running due north and south. Though broken up, the pavement is still there, with the two parallel lines of walls flanking it. They reached very soon the ancient Rabbath-Moab, the Areopolis of Greek and Roman writers. The ruins bear all the marks of a city of the late Roman period, and show abundant traces of an earlier age. The whole of it is only a mass of walls, broken-down fragments of carved work and Corinthian capitals, with broken sarcophagi here and there, blocks of basalt, and vaults and arched cellars of all sizes. At the eastern end of the city are the remains of a large square building, which—judging from some of the bases still standing—had once a colonnade around a central court, probably the prætorium.

About fifteen miles north of Rabbath-Moab, and a short distance to the east from the Roman road, were found the ruins of Dhibân, and they were quite as dreary and featureless as any of the hundreds of desolate heaps of Moab. The place is full of caverns, cisterns, vaulted underground store-houses, and rude semicircular arches. The party went to see the spot where the famous Moabite stone, or monolith of King Mesha, of which we shall speak further on, was found. It seems to have been near what is presumed to have been the gate-way of the old city, close to where the road once crossed it. Yet as basalt blocks must have been brought here from some distance, and as there are many others at Dhibân many times the original size and weight of the Moabite stone, it is to be supposed that these stones were carried there by the Romans, or some of their predecessors, from a neighboring locality, to be used as building-material.

An interesting ruin is the "Tower of the Christian Lady" of Um Rasas, about eight miles east of Dhibân. A curious legend is connected with it. A Christian sheik of the neighborhood had been warned that his son would be devoured by a wild beast on the

night of his marriage. In order to prevent the fulfillment of the prophecy, the father built this tower, and when the time came for the betrothal of the son, he caused him and his bride to spend in it their wedding-night. But that was a sad mistake; for the bride was a ghoul herself—one of those demons of Eastern superstition that feed on human flesh. In the morning the son had been devoured, and the maiden, who had assumed the form of a wild beast, flew away from the top of the tower.

Um Rasas has many other objects of interest, for it is a vast and uninterrupted mass of ruins. Three churches, one near the north-eastern angle, another at the southeastern corner, and the third near the centre of the east part of the two, are its principal features. The two churches in the southwest quarter are completely ruined, while of the other three the apse remains, though not the roof. Close to the central church was found a large slab with a Greek cross engraved on its face, and also on several of the lintels were carved crosses and other sculptures. In another are still lying the old pillars of the side-aisles, as well as the *enceinte* of the walls and of a porch. How strange it must have been to Dr. Tristram's party thus to stand before these silent witnesses of a great population, and that a Christian one, in a lonely wilderness, and where, as far as known, they were the second European visitors since the Crusades!

Also remains of a more ancient date were before them. They could not identify any temples, but it was evident that their camp was under the lee of an old amphitheatre now entirely covered with turf, and near the mounds of what must have been a circus. There were cisterns hewn in the rocks, also channels, dams, and sluices, though only faintly outlined. But the only inhabitants of the place are now the wild-cat, jackal, mole, and the like, which can be more easily trapped than seen.

The most curious discovery of the Tristram expedition was, however, the wonderful Palace of Mashitâ, a place unknown to history, and unnamed in the maps. There is no trace of any house or buildings around it; in its solitary grandeur it stands out on the waste, a marvelous example of the sumptuousness and selfishness of ancient princes. The richness of the arabesque carvings, though in the same style, are not equaled by those of the Alhambra. Built of finely-dressed hard stone, it presents a large, square edifice, more than two hundred feet each way, with round bastions at each angle, and five others, semicircular, between them. On the eastern side bold, octagonal bastions, protruding from the fretted front, form a magnificent gate-way, of which both sides present the most splendid façades imaginable. A large pattern, like a continued W, with a large rose-boss between every two lines, runs along the walls. Upward of fifty different animals are sculptured into the open spaces, and fretted work of fruit and foliage carved into the surface and all the interstices. The inside of the edifice seems to have been divided into three parallelograms, of which the centre one has also three sections. One section shows still

the foundations of numerous chambers, seventeen or eighteen perhaps, and the others have uncertain traces of large fountains.

Yet it is very difficult to determine what purpose this building has served, and still more so to discover what prince caused its erection. The name *Mashitâ* conveys no idea, except, perhaps, as it means "winter-quarters," that it has often been used as such by the Arabs for their flocks and herds. That the palace is no relic of Saladin or the caliphs seems to be certain, for otherwise the Bedouins would surely have preserved some tradition of it. Its ante-Moslem origin may be inferred from the human and animal figures sculptured into the walls, yet it is hardly possible that it has been a Christian work. The great historian of architecture, Fergusson, supposes that it belongs to the Sassanian dynasty of Persia and to the times of Chosroes II., which would fix its date at the beginning of the seventh century of our era. But, though the wealth of this king was enormous, and though his empire extended for a short time to the Hellespont and the Nile, it is incredible that he should have taken pleasure in possessing so magnificent a hunting-box, as it is proposed to call it, in an utterly desert region. It is true that there is nothing decidedly Jewish, Greek, Roman, or Saracenic, either in the plan or in the details of the building, but it is equally uncertain that its origin is Persian or Arabian.

Dr. Tristram was also so successful as to explore the castle where John the Baptist was imprisoned and beheaded, and which became so famous by its desperate resistance in the Jewish war against Titus and the Romans. In spite of its historical interest, his party were the first Western travelers since the Roman times who ever visited it. The situation of *Machærus*, lying out of the track from north to south, was well known to all the neighboring tribes, and even its name at present is the exact Arabic translation—*M'khaur*. The ruins occupy a ground of undulating hillocks, and cover in solid mass more than a square mile of ground. Among them is a small temple, which plainly shows that, up to a period not far removed from its final destruction, there must have been in *Machærus* a large population who, in the midst of fanatic Jews, were at liberty to practise the rites of the sun-god worship. Exactly one hundred yards in diameter stands the circular citadel on the summit of a long, flat ridge of hills. The only remains of it still clearly definable were two dungeons, one of which must have been the prison-house of John the Baptist.

Riding to the north until they reached the *Wady Zerka Main*, and following its course until they came upon the Roman road, they met, a short distance farther north, the ruins of *Medeba*. There is no doubt that this city enjoyed, during the Roman period, a high state of prosperity, and its mention in the antique poem of the *Book of Numbers* indicates that it was one of the most ancient cities of *Moab*. Conspicuous objects from afar are two columns standing erect, one *Ionian* and the other *Corinthian*, about eighteen feet high, with a large block of stone laid across. These columns are as fruitful

subjects of archaeological conjecture as can be imagined, for there is nothing to tell what their actual purpose has been.

In the northern quarter of the ancient city, there is an oblong building, the use of which could not be divined. It was fifty yards from east to west, by twenty-five from north to south, and had doorways in the centre of the eastern and the western faces. Beneath it were solid vaulted cisterns of great depth, beautifully arched. A round temple standing near by seems to have for a time been converted into a Christian church. A beautiful piece of workmanship is a mass of masonry that once served as a dam, and as the sustaining wall of an immense reservoir, which might easily be restored, and used again for the fertilization of the neighborhood.

It is scarcely ten miles from *Medeba* to *Heshbon*, following the Roman road, but every traveler to whom the localities, in which the scenes of Holy Scripture are placed, are dear, turns to the west about midway the distance, climbs the *Jebel Muslubeiyeh*, and pushes to the north until he reaches *Mounts Nebo* and *Pisgah*, from the summit of which *Moses* before dying surveyed the promised land.

It is not easy to identify a hill in a whole ridge of mountains as the scene of an event of more than three thousand years ago, and especially when there are neither ruins nor written monuments to guide in the choice. The identification of *Mount Pisgah* has accordingly been a matter of much dispute among Biblical orientalists. This much alone is certain, that the elevation which witnessed the death of *Moses* must have been one of the highest points of the hill-land of *Northwestern Moab*. The other requirements of the site, in order to establish a complete harmony with the Scriptural narrative, are such as may easily exist with a large number of mountains.

All the hills that have been proposed for the honor of being called *Mount Pisgah* possess most of the features demanded by the sacred text. It is apt to be the case that the scholar who writes the longest argument in favor of his own particular identification, carries the palm, yet no greater certainty and precision are really attained. Thus, the *American Palestine Exploration Society* is now glorying over its own success in the identification of *Mount Pisgah*, for it has published not less than sixty thousand words to prove the correctness of the choice, but in a little while will appear a treatise of one hundred thousand words favoring another hill, which will be looked upon as the final authority until another appears. There is a great deal of truth in the remark recently made by an eminent American scholar and critic: "One urges the identity of a hill because its name is written without an accent, and another because it is written with an accent."

It was *Mount Pisgah* from the summit of which *Moses*, shortly before his death, surveyed the land on the other side of the *Jordan* to the foot of *Hermon*, the mountainous region to the north, and to the south as far as *Zoar*, the city of palms on the southeastern

border of the *Dead Sea*; and Professor *John A. Paine* may be right in supposing that the ancient mount and the modern *Jebel Siâghah* are one and the same. Its remarkable character as a jutting headland is said to be apparent from all sides, and it seems to be the very place to be chosen for a lookout over the whole country. The main conclusion so far reached is that *Nebo* was the highest portion of the range of mountains, and *Pisgah* the extreme headland.

QUEEN MARY'S GHOST.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGUERITE KENT."

CHAPTER III.

AFTER they have disappeared, I draw my eyes nearer home, to the fountain that plays from out the imperial crown atop in a spray down over the figures of *Rizzio*, and *Mary*, and *Elizabeth*; and, as the sun sinks behind the *Canongate*, I watch the water fret over their faces.

The window at which I stand is embedded, as it were, between the turrets projected on either hand, in a square recess that is paneled quite apart from the main chamber, which, as I turn to it now, nervous with restrained thought, I see clouded with a dry fog of shade, which blows from every corner, with almost my thought, to the window I have left.

Fortunately, this gloom, born so suddenly, does not dye deeper all at once, but continues gray and vivacious, as these northern twilights always do, for a long while yet.

As I pace to and fro, I am awed from out my feverish thoughts by the air of desolation that every thing about me asserts. Involuntarily I look behind me to see whether I am leaving tracks in the dust on the floor, and in so doing run against the four-posted bed which stands jutting far out from the wall, a square of dry-rot, which cries out upon me at the contact in rickety creaks and cracks of denunciation that are heart-breaking enough for a real voice.

The hangings of crimson damask are moth-eaten and decayed; the silken fringes and tassels, mouldy-green in color, stretch from post to post, edging the canopy that *Mary Stuart* pillowed her uneasy head under so many, many years ago.

I picture her lying there, as fair and young as *Cecile*, just as she came fresh from the beloved shores of *France*, to rule the savages of this wild, rebellious country. I forget her sins—I forget every thing but her beauty and her misfortunes, and reach up to gather, in memory of her, a bit of the sad old fringe.

I hold it, as I walk to and fro, reverently in my hand; and I touch, just where she may have touched, the faded tapestry hanging on the walls. I am becoming so possessed with thought of her that, as I look up at her picture, the sweet, plaintive face made by God to snare the souls of men, I have to think hard to prevent myself from bending the knee.

Over my head, the ceiling is divided in

diamond and hexagonal panels, as frames to the coats of arms and initials of royalty, and the cobwebs are in each notch, like phantom sponges, with a spider hiding in every pore.

I stand in front of the fireplace to look up at Elizabeth's wooden face, set in her halter of ruff, as antagonistically as though she were my own picked and chosen enemy. I regret the pistol left lying in my trunk at the hotel, thinking how agreeably I might make the time fly by peppering away at the target of her nose.

This serves to remind me of Dundas's last request, and, as I unscrew the top of his flask, I am reminded again that on the table the game-pie awaits my attack, and that it would be perhaps as well not to defer operations.

I am more cadaverous at the end of my feast than I was at its beginning, for I have had a vision wedded to every mouthful—of Cecile eating hers elsewhere than at my side, and start up from my seat insane with a desire to have it out with some man of my size.

Then I am startling again awake the ghostly footsteps that echo mine so from the audience-chamber yonder, and the little turret-room where Rizzio ate his last supper.

In the dim light I see the figured hangings of silk, blotched with mildew and eaten in ghastly holes, stringing down from the skeleton frames on the walls; and upon the mantel-piece, as I enter, I find the name "Mary Stuart" written in the dust lying an inch thick upon it.

I begin to wonder, in the midst of the decay and desolation, if Cecile's finger was the one which traced it there, and at the thought I begin tenderly to widen out the limits of each letter by writing it over again with my own. When I stop in my ramble, the entire world of the old palace seems to catch its breath for fear of making the least sign of life, and the intense silence stands as if on tiptoe, awaiting another break which comes whenever I move an uneasy foot, or touch, in passing, any of the quaint old furniture.

Here, in the turret, I hear a sound go wailing up, like the wind crying in a rigging with pain, and I know that it is a sudden swing of the breeze about the stern, gray towers.

I seek, just outside the turret-room door, the one half-hidden by tapestry, through the bars of which Cecile crept so mischievously that day.

There is a clang of echoes as I walk to it and touch tenderly the cold iron that has pressed so closely her dear flesh. I press my face against them, and the heat of my lips is killed at once. Through the rusty rounds I see dimly the narrow stone steps go winding down. The air, cool with the rush up the draft of the spiral, beats upon my cheek like a ghost's breath trying to blow me cold.

All at once I am seized with a desire to go everywhere that she has been, and am stooping to put my leg through, and trying to crowd between the bars, which are not placed here—as below-stairs—so very close together.

I succeed well enough to know that, in order to be entirely successful, only an addi-

tional incentive to reach the other side is required.

Now I am back again in the perpendicular, and walking away to the window to look at my watch, and count how many hours are left me to stay here.

It is eight o'clock, and the stars are beginning to spot out from their field of blue in a thick blossoming as of dandelions.

The guide will be here at five o'clock with the keys, and there are nine hours yet to be made the best of in this place of rust, and blight, and mildew.

As I lean up against the window-sash I am a little stirred by hearing a noise not made by myself, a tick-tick that sounds at once foreboding and unearthly, and when I think again I know that I am listening for the first time to the "death-watch"—which is said so surely to foretell misfortune.

It is in the wainscoting near my feet, and I reach down with my hand to find in the dark, if I may, the haunt of the beetle. As I do so, feeling squeamish and ashamed of myself, only the flapping of a raven's wing against the window, or the hooting of an owl about the turrets, could fitly play an accompaniment to my mood.

I am glad to raise my head again to see the moon risen behind the palace, silvering the house-tops; and below, how the shadow of the palace sprawls grotesquely across the square.

It is not long before I find my eyes opening and shutting drowsily, while a peculiar torpor begins all at once to penetrate and take possession of every bone in my body.

I cast about in my mind for a memory in this room of any thing to sit or lie upon.

The bed yonder is guiltless either of mattress or pillow, and the chairs that I remember standing about, covered with embroidery wrought by the fair fingers of Mary and her maids-of-honor, are altogether too prim and stately for a lounge.

Cecile's throne is there, the cavernous arm-chair, and perhaps she has left it warm behind her. At the thought I am groping away from the recess to the spot where I know it must be.

In the dark I stumble up against its back, and then, feeling with my hands for its seat, I tumble sleepily upon it.

As I do so, I think of Rip Van Winkle's encounter with mischievous spirits—with just such peaked gray caps upon their heads as these turrets wear, and I wonder if, like him, the drink that I have taken is accountable for the strange lethargy which is crawling stealthily over me through every vein.

Are these rooms really haunted by the ghosts of Mary Stuart and her courtiers, and, in order that they may enjoy to-night's frolic unmolested, are they binding me over in this way to keep the peace?

I believe that I hunt for the flask and find it. And the draught brings out, like a bright enamel upon the gloom, not Cecile's face exactly, but one that has a look of her—from the frame that I saw in the daylight hanging on yonder wall—pallid and sweet, and bruised with feeling as a flower bent by a storm.

I shut my eyes against it, it is so real and pleading, and I am so helpless to save. I cannot get away from her though, for I hear the rustle of her silken dress, the clinking of golden chains coming nearer and nearer—I hear her sweet voice singing her lament for France—I feel the light, awakening touch of her warm, soft fingers upon my face!

When I open my eyes again, it is almost with a spring out from my chair.

There is certainly the music of a dress sweeping close by—there is surely a light changing the whole complexion of the room from ebony to a ghastly green, and in it I see a wraith of Mary Stuart, standing almost within reach of my hand.

My heart leaps fairly into my mouth, and I swallow hard in the next breath to get it back again into its proper place. I am trembling as if just awakening from a nightmare, and too numb with astonishment to move hand or foot. It is only left me to stare breathlessly at the marvel of the scene!

In the ghastly green glare she is moving slowly about, singing a plaint which is heart-breaking, and the sweep of her silken train across the floor is as a wail following after. There is a black coil upon her head, pointed about her pallid, frozen face like the rim of a heart, a white veil hanging down behind a stiff ruff about her neck. I see her as she sings, fingering with deathly fingers, bead by bead, the rosary upon her breast.

I hear a voice now from the outer chamber—and at its sound she stops in her walk, to raise her hands with a gesture of mingled weariness and passion, to lay them closely over her ears.

It is a stern, hollow voice, saying: "Ah, fair ladies, how pleasant were this life of yours if it should ever abide, and then in the end we might pass to heaven with this gear! But fie on that knave Death, that will come whether ye will or not! and when he hath laid on the arrest, then foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble, that it can carry with it neither gold, garnishing pearl, nor precious stones."

"Will I never be rid of him?" I hear the queen cry, and then with it mocking laughter as of many voices in the cabinet without.

"Good Knox," comes another shrill voice—"fare you well; and it were better with you if your trumpet-blasts against the monstrous regimen of women were blown only in the pulpit. So you keep far from her majesty's hearing."

Then there is more derisive laughter, and another train comes rustling across the floor, and a tall, spare woman comforts Mary, who is wringing her hands and sobbing.

"My subjects, it would appear, must obey him, not me. I must be subject to them, not they to me."

"Madame, do not permit this man to knock so hastily upon your heart as to bring tears."

"Never was prince handled as I am. I vow to God I shall be once avenged."

"That is truly so, but your majesty must

not allow this man of heretical texts to fret your soul. There are swords in plenty to quit you of him, and Erskine of Dun has one at his side as he takes him now to the door. If I bore it so near his body he should be spitted upon it ere he traveled half-way to St. Giles."

Their voices are scarcely above a whisper, and the spectral light is upon their faces, enameling each feature with fearful effect.

Through the window in the recess behind them I see the moon sinking in the sky, looking strangely dead and white, in contrast with this green radiance.

Now the arras dropped over the door leading into the turret-room is drawn aside by an unseen hand, and a man steps out to stand aside, holding his cap so low in his hand that its white feather sweeps the floor as Mary passes in.

In his other hand I see suspended a lute, and, recovering from my first great start as I am, yet his face looks also so dead in this weird atmosphere that I feel as though I would not touch him for the world.

Inside the turret-room is a table spread, and, as Mary seats herself silently upon the sofa at one side, and the candle-lights fight to conquer the spectral glare which fills every nook and cranny, there is the sound of footsteps approaching from the audience-chamber without, and a dame, attired in brocade and feathers, steps loftily across the room, followed by two courtiers, into the supping-closet.

I am fully persuaded of being wide awake now, for, as they passed, my hand hanging down was brushed slightly against by the velvet of her train. Really interested to see what is going to happen next, I do not stir.

I see them drink from the cups, and their lips move stiffly in conversation, but I cannot hear a word they utter. Only shrill laughter sometimes murders the silence, and is echoed in a smothered way from another crew in the outer chamber.

Presently the queen, waited upon by the two courtiers standing at her back, leans across the table to speak to the man who drew the arras and stepped aside as she entered.

"Give us, David," I hear her say in a hoarse whisper, "a madrigal of swift repeats and reports, that I may live out of the fancies which this night puts upon me."

At this Rizzio raises the lute lying at his side, and, drawing his fingers across its strings, I hear begun the refrain of a song which is quaint with old-time meaning, and so tenderly given that the queen bows her head upon the edge of the table to listen.

As he plays and sings in a low, breathless way, there is no other sound. But when he drops the lute and reaches forward to accept a cup of wine from the queen's own hand, all at once a tall, slim figure stalks out from the gloom of the arras to stand upon the threshold of the closet.

As he appears, each occupant of the room starts with astonishment, and the gentlemen waiting upon the queen step aside that he may enter and seat himself upon the sofa.

"What pleasure have you here, Darnley?" asks the queen, hoarsely; then, as he moves still nearer and essays putting his arm about

her, I see her shrink away from his touch, holding up both hands as though she would push him off.

Before he may answer, the shade of the arras gives birth to another form, this time clad in complete armor; and when the queen raises her head from its repelling droop away from her husband, she looks up into the ghastly visage of the apparition.

His back is turned upon me, so I cannot see his face, but the visor of his cap is raised, disclosing it to Mary, and at its sight the queen springs to her feet, crying out upon the man seated at her side the one word "Judas!"

"What dare you here, my Lord Ruthven?" She turns to face the man upon the threshold. "I command you quit my sight."

He does not follow even with his eyes the line indicated by the point of her imperiously extended finger, but remains standing grimly and motionless before her.

"Let yon man come forth. He has been here over-long," comes in a hollow, reverberating voice, while he points at Rizzio behind and sheltered by the queen's body.

"What has he done? He is here by my will." She turns, with her proud air broken, to Darnley. "Why do you this thing?"

"'Tis not I," Darnley half stutters, half laughs; "it is nothing."

"Madame," interrupts Ruthven, in the same terrible voice, "this villain David has offended us. He has caused your majesty to banish a great part of the nobility, that he might be made a lord. He has been the destroyer of the commonwealth, and must learn his duty better.—Take the queen, your wife, to you," he adds, as Mary, trembling violently, throws herself still more in his way.

Rizzio is kneeling upon the floor behind, and clinging in affright to her dress.

"Lay no hands on me," cries Ruthven, unsheathing his dagger, as the gentlemen in waiting hasten now to fall upon him. "I will not be handled." And then there is a tramp of more feet, a rush of armed forms crowding to back him, until the little room bristles with the gleaming points of swords and daggers.

"No harm is intended to you, madame; but only to that villain."

They are reaching over her shoulder to get at Rizzio, crouched upon the train of her dress.

"Justice! Save my life, madame—save my life!"

"Do not hurt him!"—the queen stretches out her arms entreatingly. "If he has done wrong, he shall answer to justice."

But she cannot stay them. The lawless crew are forgetting her sex and royalty, and a brutal borderer has pushed his pistol against her bosom.

"Give way!" he cries, fiercely; and I can stand it no longer.

The queen's voice has been altogether too much like Cecile's, and my brain is all awl with excitement. Just as I hear the table topple over with the crash of dishes, and out from the closet they come dragging almost by his hair the struggling wretch, I am in their midst, and, true to the instinct of my day, hitting hard and straight out from the

shoulder at Ruthven's steel cap. To my dying hour I shall carry the scars of that contact on my knuckles.

"Confound you for a set of unmannerly hounds!" I cry, as they hustle past me to disappear through the doorway opening into the presence-chamber, and with them, at the sound of my voice, the green glare also goes out, and I am left standing there in the dark, feeling about with my hands to grasp at the silken skirts slipping past me in flight. The ends of my fingers are cheated just as they close. I tread upon broken dishes, I smell the greasy odor of candles suddenly quenched, I am exactly on the spot where I saw her standing last, and searching in vain with my arms.

"Cecile!" I cry, passionately.

Now that the spectral light is put out, I see over my shoulder how the moon shines in upon the bedchamber floor in a patch as of white velvet laid upon the soft, thick gloom, and I know that, if my bird is here, she may not fly unseen.

I search with my feet slipping among the dishes crashed upon the floor about the overthrown table, grope around the walls with my fingers catching in the rags of old silk, and just as I am about to complete my circuit the corner before me is forsaken by a white form tiptoeing to the door.

The legs of the fallen table are stretching out between us, and she has the start of me by a few steps.

"Cecile," I call to her, "do not run—speak to me!"

But she is gone, and her white veil floats over the moonlight on the floor like a cloud. I reach to grasp it, and my fingers meet together as in real vapor.

"I can run faster than you, you foolish child;" for I have reached before her the door leading into the presence-chamber, and, thus heading her off, lean my back up against it.

I am not answered save by a few dull echoes as of persons moving about below, and I am aware that they may return for her at any moment. The thought startles me into a rapid study of the room. Just as I decide to make a rush for the corner opposite I hear the click of something striking against iron. I am across the room in a breath, and reaching through the bars with both hands. They just escape touching her, and that is all. Then there is the cautious rustling of silk against the narrow limits of the stairs, and the air blown past her is scented with a faint sweetness of violet, and I know well that it is she.

"Child, do not!" I cry, earnestly; "you will surely fall."

But she does not listen. The rustling and the scent of violet grow fainter, and die loiteringly.

For a moment I struggle and crowd, but I have found the incentive which I lacked hours ago to reach the other side, and I fight hard inch by inch.

The thought of catching her alone on these dark stairs is enough. Gasping for breath, at last I whisper:

"Cecile, I am afraid of the dark; wait for me!"

My hand slips upon the cold, bare stones of the outer wall of the spiral as I begin my pursuit, step by step, cautiously at first, the turn is so sharp, more rapidly as I soon learn how.

I hear the silken brush of her dress only a little below me now, and, as I follow round and round dizzily, I reach down with one hand to stop her.

I touch merely the top of her head: I feel plainly the velvet of her coif, and snatch at it, hoping thereby decisively to stay her flight.

But she is so quick of thought that she unloosens it, and it comes off in my hand.

I do not care whether I break my head or not now. I am running down in a way calculated to make me mad and irresponsible when I do once touch her.

Suddenly I step upon her dress; there is the rasp of a tear, and, as she turns to free herself, I have her at last in my arms.

Her hair is brushing my face, her hands are pushing me off; she is trembling violently, and almost sobbing.

"Cecile"—I bend down past the fluff of her hair to where it is warmer—"my beautiful queen, I will take my reward now."

I have loved ghosts ever since. I don't remember much more. I believe it is getting lighter at the end of the stair, just at the other bars which divide us from Darnley's room.

I believe she frees herself at last, and before I may snatch her again has crawled between these, and, without once having spoken, is away through the moonlight.

I am left caged, the bars here are put so close together; and, as she flies, I beg her to wait for me until I may return up-stairs.

But I do not find her at all. Only the door opening out into the quadrangle is ajar, and shows that she has fled with the rest.

The next thing I know I am knocking at Dundas's door at the hotel—not only knocking, but entering.

Dundas is lying in bed, evidently fast asleep.

The moon shines in here also, but, not content with its light, I walk deliberately to the gas-jet and set it aflame. When this is done, I hasten to inspect his sleeping countenance.

I stand some little time gazing down upon him without uttering a word. Not an eyelid stirs, not a feature. He is stretched at full length, limp with innocence, ingenuously abstract.

"Will you be kind enough to conjugate the irregular verb 'possum?'" I inquire, presently, in a tone resonant with solemnity.

No answer.

"So you are asleep, are you? I suppose your consciousness is just now as obsolete as the dodo or the primitive ox?"

At this, he starts a little, and opens up at me two eyes which are very drowsy, and remarkably void of speculation.

"Hollos!" he cries, "where'd you come from? It's queer—I was just dreaming of you. I thought you'd gone mad, or something or other."

"So I have. And you'll be the first vic-

tim. I want you to get up and turn the gas off."

"What do you take me for?"

"Somebody who doesn't want to be pulled out of bed by the heels."

"Well, I never! Now, Schuyler, just go to bed, there's a good fellow, and tell me all about it in the morning. I'm confoundedly sleepy just now. I don't see how you had the heart to wake me up."

"I give you your choice, and exactly one minute to take it in. Either jump up and turn off the gas, or expect me to tear every sheet off that bed!"

"Now, this is too much." He furtively grasps from underneath at the edges of the bedclothes, which are drawn this warm night close up about his neck. "I have half a mind to fire something at you."

"I dare you to." I have taken hold of the counterpane. "Say your prayers, my friend, and don't think about breakfast."

And notwithstanding his frantic efforts to keep them as they are, slowly and determinedly I draw the bedclothes one by one away from him, until stark and shining is exposed to view the entire disguise, including the gleaming corset and scarlet sash of my Lord Ruthven.

The little velvet coif hangs to-day upon my dressing-glass. It has been made over so as to hold shaving-paper cut to a convenient size, and twice a year, upon the anniversaries of the ghost party and of our wedding, Cecile replenishes it.

We have heard, since her frolic, of the authorities in Edinburgh having replaced the iron bars at either extremity of the secret stairs in Holyrood with solid doors, as a greater security against trespassing, and Dundas has been as good as his word in making up to the guide the loss of his position there.

He is our gardener now at Rock Hill, and we love to walk in the garden and question him about the flowers, just for the sake of listening to his broad Scotch accent.

There is one thistle in the centre of the prettiest flower-bed, which he will never root up, Cecile loves it so.

The children love it too, and they call it the "pincushion flower."

NANNCHEN OF MAYENCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

IV.

THE helmsman had a boat of his own, and proposed, as there was still time, that they should row to Biebrich. The suggestion was joyfully accepted; Becker shrugged his shoulders, but went with the rest of the party.

They entered the boat. Nannchen sat beside her father, Wilhelm opposite to the aunt, and the uncle at the helm. The skiff floated lightly down the Main into the Rhine. Around the boat were numerous others filled with gayly-dressed people, singing merry songs; and the sun shone so brightly, the waves sparkled, the shores gleamed, and

Becker drew a long breath, and looked around with a radiant face: he suddenly felt free and light-hearted as if there were no loads to be carried and dragged about on earth, as if every thing floated as lightly as the skiff danced over the waves.

"Oh, how beautiful this is, father!" said Nannchen, looking up in his face.

"Yes," said he; "and can you even think for a minute of going away from here?"

She had no time to answer, for Wilhelm rose and begged the helmsman to let him steer. He threw off his coat, removed his cap, said he had rowed and steered a great deal in his home on the Havel, and eloquently praised the beauty of his native river.

"Pshaw!" said Becker, spitting into the Rhine; and, turning to Nannchen, added, in a low tone: "Now you see how conceited and bold these Prussians are! He has the impudence, while on the Rhine, to talk about the Havel, whose marshy water is so thick that one can write with it if he dips in a pen. You see into what mire you will get if I don't pull you out."

"Yet, father," replied Nannchen, "that is nothing wrong. Every one praises his home, and thinks the place where he spent his childhood beautiful, and that is right."

The father looked angrily at his daughter, and then gazed silently down into the waves. It vexed him to have his child overthrow all his best ideas as if they were of no value.

He looked at his daughter, but she did not see him; her eyes were fixed upon Wilhelm, and her father could not help acknowledging that the young soldier was a handsome fellow. Erect, yet lithe and graceful, the white vest fitted closely over his broad chest, his muscular arms appeared under the white shirt-sleeves, his neck was somewhat long but round and firm, his thick fair hair fell over a white forehead, his eyes were blue and bright, his cheeks bronzed by the sun, the lips under the brown mustache were fresh and red, and seemed to be still smiling for joy at having kissed Nannchen.

They landed at Rheinau. The island was quiet and lonely; it contained only one farmhouse, and nobody was at home except an old man-servant, who was taking his noon-day nap in the stable. But the helmsman had brought several bottles of wine, and they were soon sitting on the grass talking and laughing merrily; only the porter jeered at the whole party for drinking their wine sitting on the ground, and rowing out to an island, when they could have been so much more comfortable at an inn. It vexed him most of all that Nannchen and Wilhelm could sing so well together.

When evening closed in, they set out on their way home, and Wilhelm now showed that he really could row well; and very handsome he looked as he managed the oars so lightly. The helmsman nodded gayly to him, but Becker scarcely vouchsafed him a single glance.

When they landed, Nannchen's father took her hand, and, with a "Good-by, all," left the others standing together, and walked with her toward home.

In the evening Becker was sullen, for it

vexed him that the affair was not ended—nay, perhaps just begun. He was not sure that he had not been taken by surprise: had he not promised to speak to Meister Knussman?

That very evening a letter came from Wilhelm, in which the latter said he was very grateful to Herr Becker for having offered to speak to Meister Knussman, but it was no longer necessary: by a lucky accident he had met Meister Knussman on the river-bank, and was going to work with him early the next morning.

"These confounded Prussians are lucky," said Becker, as he went to bed.

For several days the porter was so sullen and angry that he could no longer join the others at the "Ship," where he drank his ten-o'clock pint of wine, in abusing the Prussians; he sat in silence, for he did not know whether he might not be obliged to bite the sour apple, and take a Prussian for a son-in-law.

If he had been aware how many happy hours Nannchen and Wilhelm had talked away during the leisure evenings, how doubly happy she was to see him at work at his trade of cabinet-maker, and how contented the work made Wilhelm, who now had the two greatest boons a man can desire, love and labor—and he knew how to value both—as I said before, if her father had known this, which he perhaps suspected, he would have been still more provoked. Becker was already beginning to reflect upon what he should do the following Sunday: he did not wish to ramble about in the open air to places where he really did not want to go, an object of ridicule to others and himself, and yet he did not know how to manage.

Early Sunday morning, just as he was about to leave the house, Wilhelm came up. He made a military salute, and said:

"Will you allow me to walk a little way with you? I have something to tell you."

"But I am in a great hurry," replied Becker.

"So am I," said Wilhelm.

So the porter was obliged to walk through the city in broad daylight with the soldier, who very politely kept on the left side. Wilhelm said that the troops had unexpectedly received marching orders; his regiment was going to Magdeburg, and it was said that war was to be declared with Schleswig-Holstein.

Becker looked at him with a sarcastic smile.

"The Prussians declare war! Nonsense! It's nothing but talk. The Prussians never fight." However, he did not feel obliged to express his opinion, but walked silently on beside the soldier, and, when the latter asked him if he would allow him to bid Nannchen farewell, nodded—he could not prevent him; no father can protect a girl who does not protect herself.

For the first time in his life, Becker stumbled in unloading the ship, and fell flat on the ground.

"That comes of not thinking about what one is doing," he said, rubbing his knees and elbows.

Meantime, Wilhelm was with Nannchen.

They did not sit idly side by side; Nannchen was collecting the clothes, and she took Wilhelm's shirts first of all and ironed them out of their turn.

Nannchen, unlike Wilhelm, submitted to the separation calmly. She promised to go down to the railway-station when the regiment left; she would show her father and every one that she belonged to Wilhelm. The latter was obliged to go away very soon, but could come back again for an hour in the evening. Nannchen's father, uncle, and aunt, sat in the room together; as it grew dark, Nannchen entered, holding Wilhelm's hand. She requested that they should be formally betrothed; but, for the first time, failed to obtain the support of her uncle, who, speaking before her father, said:

"If you are agreed, it is not necessary, and if one should perhaps be deserted by the other, it is better for you not to be betrothed."

In spite of her aunt's persuasions—she, too, seemed to desert her cause—Nannchen would not be dissuaded from going to the railway-station. Her father said he would stay at home, but secretly followed her. Standing apart under a shed, Wilhelm placed a ring on his Nannchen's finger, they kissed each other, and as they looked up, a shooting-star darted in a wide curve through the sky over their heads.

The regimental band played merrily, loud cheers resounded through the air, and Nannchen said:

"I believe and you believe that we shall be true to each other; and now farewell, keep a brave heart, remember me to your mother, and write to me."

The cars rolled away, the cheers of the soldiers drowned the rumbling of the wheels, then a sudden silence fell upon the scene, and nothing was heard except the rushing of the river, which is not perceived amid the noisy sounds of day. Now, for the first time, Nannchen wept bitterly, and she knew that Wilhelm was weeping too, but she also knew he would regain his composure as quickly as she.

She went home. At the door her father met her. He consoled her, and stoutly declared that there would be no war, yet he secretly wished he might be wrong, and was almost angry with himself for hoping the Prussian would be shot; he had never wished anybody harm before in all his life. "But that's the way with us," he said, buttoning his coat—"that's the way with us when we are betrayed into unnecessary follies."

Wilhelm sent a letter from Magdeburg, in which he said that they were in garrison, and the rumors of war had ceased. But, when the leaves were falling from the trees, a letter came which said, "We shall march to-morrow." Nannchen moved wearily about her work, and involuntarily sang, "To-morrow we shall march away, away, away."

v.

THE winter campaign was a hard one, but many warm-hearted letters passed to and from Altoona and Mayence.

Nannchen was full of sorrow about the severe winter, and in her dreams often saw

Wilhelm lying frozen in the snow; but consoling letters constantly arrived, and she wanted to give them to her father to read, but he would not look at them; he was angry with the Prussians who can write so well.

The day before the storming of the Düppel redoubt, a letter arrived at Gartenfeld, whose concluding lines were: "I remember your words, 'Keep a brave heart'—you may rely upon me. Amid the hail of bullets I shall always repeat them, and, if I fall, I send you a thousand loving messages. I do not want you to grieve away your life for me; make some other man happy, but you will not be so happy with any one as with me; and if I die, throw the ring I gave you into the Rhine on the anniversary of the day that we all went to Rheinau. It seems to me now as if it were a dream that there was ever such a happy day on earth. I expect such days will come again and again in heaven. And now, farewell; don't grieve too much; all may yet, please God, be well. Many a bullet passes by many a man, as we have often sung. Farewell a thousand times, and if I die tell your father he must forgive me if I ever offended him. Farewell a thousand times."

This time Becker was obliged to hear the letter. He said nothing for a long time; and, when Nannchen gazed at him with tearful eyes, at last muttered:

"I wouldn't have supposed a Prussian had so much heart."

Days and nights elapsed, but no news arrived. The victory was in every one's mouth, but nothing could be learned of Wilhelm. Nannchen ventured to go to the commander; she secretly trembled as the quartermaster mumbled over the list of killed and wounded, often glancing over the top of the paper at the waiting girl. One man named Becker had fallen, but he was not called Wilhelm, and did not come from the Havel. No one could give her any further particulars. She now wrote to Wilhelm's mother, but she also replied that she was full of anxiety, and had received no tidings.

The first steamer went down the Rhine, now freed from its fetters of ice. When the boat's bell sounds for the first time every one is full of joy, all life is thawed out, the world is open again. The spring was beautiful, the flowers bloomed, the birds sang; but nothing could cheer Nannchen, and she was angry with her uncle when he said Wilhelm had certainly been taken prisoner; he was surely sensible enough to allow himself to be captured rather than shot.

"He never did that," said Nannchen; "he would rather die."

At last, on the Sunday after Easter, a letter came from Flensburg. It was in a stranger's hand, and ran as follows.

"DEAR NANNCHEN: Forgive me for not being able to write to you. I did not want to give you any news until matters had advanced so far."

(A mist dimmed Nannchen's eyes when she read this, but she passed her hand over them and continued:)

"For your sake, I preferred to die rather than be a cripple, though I know you would

not have deserted me. God will forgive me for having thought less of my mother than of you. The case stands thus: I received a bullet in my right arm, and they wanted to take it off, but I insisted I would rather die than be a cripple. And to-day the doctors said it could be saved, but whether I shall ever be able to use it they do not yet know. Dear Nannchen, don't grieve too much about it, remember that I might have died. Have no anxiety, I shall be well cared for. The lady who writes this to you is a doctor's wife. She is from Berlin, and a Jewess. But all people are alike in war, and ought to be so in peace. She looks like your friend Fränz; she, too, has short, black curls and a kind heart. She does not turn away when I talk about you. But she cannot stay with me long. In a week the doctors say I can be moved from here. I have begged to be taken to my mother. Write to me here at once, and, after a week, to my mother's care. I hope you will not have a crippled husband, but perhaps I shall no longer be able to work at my trade. I don't know what I ought to say. Tell me what you think of it, and your father, too."

When Nannchen had read this letter, she did not sit still, but went hastily about her work in the garden; yet, no sooner did she return to the house, than she read the letter over and over again. It all seemed like a dream. But she was at last forced to realize that it was the truth.

When her father came that evening, and Nannchen read the letter aloud, he again sat in silence for a long time, and at last uttered the words: "The Prussians provide well for their wounded. Now, Wilhelm can be beadle or toll-keeper in Poland, where the people go about wrapped in sheepskins ten months in the year. Do you feel inclined to marry him and live where you will hear nothing all the year round, except the whistling of the wind, and see nothing except a few carts with half-starved horses? The inhabitants of that country don't believe that there is any such thing as wine in the world."

VI.

QUIET days elapsed, and Nannchen did not say another word about Wilhelm. Her father often looked at her in surprise, and was both pleased and vexed with her reserve. But his principal thought was: "She is a good girl, she won't allow herself to be helped in anything." But he was also to learn that she would not allow herself to be opposed in any thing; for, one day, when a letter came from Havelstadt announcing that Wilhelm was with his mother, Nannchen said:

"Father, I have arranged every thing, the business can go on without me; I shall go to Wilhelm to-morrow."

"So you will go to him without even asking me?"

"Dear father, what shall I ask, when I am determined not to be persuaded to change my mind?"

"Don't say 'Dear father.' When people talk in that way, they needn't begin with 'Dear father.' Did you understand me? Why is your nimble little tongue so quiet?"

Is what I have said so silly? Speak. What are you crying about? Crying is no answer."

"Father, I don't want to leave you in anger," Nannchen faltered at last.

"And I don't want you to leave me."

"Then I must do so secretly."

"Secretly?"

He rose and put his hands on his lips. There was a strange mental conflict reflected in his face, and he said, at last:

"You won't go secretly, and you won't go alone. You will go with me, and I shall go with you. So long as my eyes are open, I will see where you go, and where you are, and where you stay. Be calm. Drop my hand. Why do you want to kiss it? This is all nonsense. I am your father, I shall go with you. But say nothing about it; let the people gossip when we are gone. Pack up what I want quietly; we will go down the Rhine early to-morrow morning on the first boat. I want to see how the river looks at Bingen. There—that's right, now you have your own bright face again. Your mother was just the same. I never saw her weep but twice, and afterward her face was as bright as the sky after a thunder-storm. There, now, we have talked enough for the present; there will be plenty of time on the way."

Nannchen arranged every thing carefully in the house and garden. Once she started in surprise, for she found herself singing. She sang while Wilhelm was lying severely wounded. But she had a feeling of certainty that now all would be well, and the happiness of being once more at peace with her father sparkled in her face, so that her aunt, who had come from Kostheim to console her, looked at her in astonishment. She would scarcely believe that Becker could be so amiable; but she was wise, too, and instantly said that the journey down the Rhine would cost very little; she would give her brother-in-law a pass belonging to her husband, who, as helmsman, always had a free passage on the steamers.

Early the next morning, the father and daughter went to the Rhine and gazed at the river and the gleaming landscape. Becker easily obtained permission to leave his work for a few days; he had never asked it before. Many of his companions were present, as Becker only took a ticket to Bingen. This served a double purpose: for, in the first place, his comrades did not know where he was going; and, secondly—as he explained to Nannchen on the steamer—on leaving Bingen, where he was not known, he could continue the journey under his brother-in-law's name.

"O father, can you do that, travel under a strange name? People—"

"Don't say it; you are right, I only fancied I could do it. Cost what it will, I'll pay my personal freight. And it won't be reckoned by weight," he added, smiling. "There, now, it's all right. Put your uncle's pass in your pocket, that I may not lose it."

And they sailed on down the Rhine.

Until they reached Bingen Becker stood on the deck beside the helmsman, and helped him turn the wheel. He was glad to have something to do.

Nannchen sat quietly on deck. She read the letter over and over again, then rubbed her folded handkerchief over her face, as if to efface all traces of sorrow, and looked brightly around her. "How wide and beautiful the world is, and yet yonder a good man is lying in a quiet room suffering intense pain! But now he must easily overcome it all, for to-day, at this very hour"—Nannchen had inquired at the post-office—"he will receive the letter with the news that she is coming. How delightful it is that people can write to each other!"

After leaving Bingen, the father joined his daughter and said:

"Won't you drink a glass of wine, too?"

The captain has some that's very nice. He only made me pay half the passage-money, and I have remained an honest man. Now I'll imagine myself an Englishman looking at our Rhine."

Becker was very gay and asked a young man, who held a red book in his hand, to tell him the names of the cities and mountains. Nannchen was delighted to see her father in such good spirits. The day was beautiful, not even the smallest cloud appeared in the sky, and Becker exclaimed: "Don't you smell any thing? I think I smell the vineyards, which are in bloom now. Thirty years ago there was a magnificent vintage; it was at the time we were married."

Tears glittered in his eyes, and he winked his lashes very hard, for the stern, rude man cherished a loving memory of his dead wife.

When the steamer stopped at Neuwied, Nannchen said:

"Wilhelm's uncle lives yonder in the valley." That was the only time she spoke of him; she did not wish to irritate her father, who was unusually gay.

During the railway journey he was as gloomy and irritable as he had been cheerful while on the Rhine.

"There," he said to Nannchen, "you see what we are coming to. And you want to stay in such a country!"

"What is the matter, father?"

"Surely you can read. Read that."

Nannchen read a placard fastened on the wall of the railway-station—"Beware of pickpockets"—and laughed.

"Do you laugh?" exclaimed her father; "and it seems to me as if I felt strangers' hands in my pockets all the time, and they wanted to steal the heart out of my body. Zounds! what are we coming to?"

He buttoned his coat closely up to his throat, but the next moment tore it open, exclaiming:

"They have robbed me of every thing already, my pocket-book and money are gone."

"Father, what is the matter with you? You gave them to me."

"Did I? Yes. Have you got them? Look and see. There are a great many people running about, and every one of them may be a pickpocket."

"That may be the case at home."

Becker was silent for a time, and then began to abuse the Prussians, who were always in as great a hurry as if the world was coming to an end the next minute. Nann-

chen listened patiently, and only begged him not to speak so loud. But one man, who sat in the carriage, heard the Rhinelander's words, and replied:

"You Rhinelanders seem to us rather frivolous, as we seem to you too harsh and stern. When we see you standing on the banks of the Rhine with your hands in your pockets, we think there can be no love of work in these careless, easy-going people, who appear to have a touch of the French nature, and yet you are industrious in your way, too."

"Thank you, kindly," replied Becker.

"You are coming to North Germany for the first time, and I again see that we North-Germans have only one friend."

"Indeed—and who is that?"

"Our work. It is our only friend. Pay attention, and you will see how busy every one is. We have no time or inclination for good-natured idleness. We are harsh to others, but also to ourselves."

The man got out of the car, but the words he had uttered lingered with the Rhinelander. "The North-Germans have no friend but their work! There is something in that!"

When Becker began to complain that he could no longer get a drop of good wine—the people had nothing but gin, and made wine they called Spanish, and the French red wine was really only medicine, and no wine at all; besides, one had scarcely time to drink the fiery stuff—Nannchen took a large bottle and glass from her basket.

"This is from home," said her father.

"And you are very much like your mother. I don't know why it is, but it seems to me as if I were now traveling to meet her in the other world."

For the first time he told his daughter how he had made her mother's acquaintance. She had come down the river on the market-boat, which at that time still came down the Main. He carried her chest for her, and they talked together on the way. When she wanted to pay him, he refused the money, and said: "Now you owe me something: are you willing to be in my debt?" She nodded.

When both had saved something they bought the little house in Gartenfeld. To be sure it only stood there on sufferance; for if a war should come these houses must be torn down.

"But every thing in the world is only on sufferance," said her father, in conclusion, and then was silent for a long time.

The father and daughter, who had always lived on such good terms, thought, that on this journey they understood each other's heart for the first time.

The father expressed this feeling once by saying:

"It is doubly hard that we must part just at this time when we love each other so fondly. Tell me, am I a hard-hearted father?"

"No, indeed."

"Then promise me that, if he is a cripple, you will leave him."

"I can't promise that, father."

Becker relapsed into silence again.

When they were approaching Havelstadt he wiped the perspiration from his forehead with his sleeve and said:

"For what are we coming here?"

"I don't understand you, father."

"These confounded Prussian railroads make such a noise that a man can't hear his own voice. Nannchen, for what shall we say we have come here?"

"To visit Wilhelm."

"And as what?"

"I am his betrothed bride."

"Then what am I?"

"His father-in-law."

"So you are determined, even if he is a cripple, and no longer has the Prussians' only friend. You have heard that they have no friend but work."

"Then he will have me, and we can do something; if nothing else, we can keep an inn."

When the broad Havel appeared, Nannchen exclaimed:

"Father, look at all those beautiful white swans!" Becker nodded, and Nannchen continued: "They are not black at all."

"Why should they be black?"

"Because the Havel is so black that one can dip a pen into the water and write with it."

"You are very merry," said Becker. He wanted to add, "You are making fun of your father;" but he was really glad that his child was in such good spirits, and, to tease her, answered: "The Prussians make every thing out of tin; those are tin swans."

They found Wilhelm sitting in a chair.

"I can only put one arm around your neck," he exclaimed; "but wait, the other will soon be well."

Becker was much pleased with the appearance of the house and people, especially of Wilhelm's mother. It was a great joke when she put *Bierkaltschale** on the table. All day long he laughed at the enormity of eating beer-soup; but he saw that people liked it, and was only glad they did not compel him by their persuasions to enjoy it, too. But he found that the Prussians did not urge their guests to eat and drink. They offered the dishes, and, if others did not like them, said no more. They did not exclaim, "Just try it! You'll be sure to like it," etc.

One morning Becker said to his daughter: "Now I have it; you can't stay here; no vines thrive in this place."

"I'm not a vine."

"You know what I mean. But take care, people here have not and know nothing about the two best things in the world. Do you know what I mean?"

"No."

"Then take heed. They have no wine, and can't laugh."

"I am glad you are in such good spirits, father."

"Good spirits! I'm not in good spirits at all."

This was perfectly true. He walked about the little city and along the bank of the Havel, as if everybody ought to thank him for having left the beautiful Rhine to come there;

but nobody thanked him—on the contrary, he was not noticed at all.

As he stood still on the shore, watching the building of a large boat, and remarked that people did very differently on the Rhine, the carpenters scarcely looked at him, and worked steadily on; he even thought they made contemptuous remarks about him.

He could not help complaining to Nannchen that the people here were not at all friendly, but was startled when she told him that he now saw for himself how it seemed to be looked upon as a stranger. He had never treated the Prussians any differently at home.

Wilhelm had made wonderful progress toward recovery during the few days of Nannchen's stay.

The father saw that it was useless to struggle against the marriage, and now said he would make no further objections, but Wilhelm must go with him to Mayence. But the mother declared that Wilhelm was her only child, and she could not let him leave her.

"But suppose he had been killed in the war?" said Becker—"then you would have been obliged to give him up."

"That is something over which we have no control. The king requires his services, and our Lord disposes of his life; that is entirely different."

Becker looked at her in surprise. She did not plead with him, but talked authoritatively. Even the women in Prussia have a touch of the soldier.

He went angrily down to the wharf, from which a boat was to be launched that day.

Strange! There was no merriment over the work; every thing was done silently and dryly.

Becker moved nearer.

"Get out of the way, man; you don't belong here," said one of the workmen.

Becker stared at him in astonishment. Should he knock the man down? But he would not do that for his daughter's sake. He only pretended not to understand, and quietly stood still. The man went on the other side, and a lad came up and seized a stay.

Becker saw that the man was coming too near, and shouted loudly, "Go away! Zounds!"

The man turned at the shout, and at the same moment the stay broke, and he was lying under the boat.

A loud cry burst from the crowd. But Becker was quickly on the spot, raised the boat with superhuman strength, and released the man. Becker supported the boat on his shoulder a moment, then gave it a push which sent it into the water that dashed foaming around it. The old man's coat was torn from top to bottom. He stood panting for breath, and gazed around him. The man who had just ordered him away came up and said: "What are you doing? You don't belong here."

"Zounds! Are these your thanks?"

He swore and raved at the Prussians, pouring forth all the wrath that was in his soul. Just at that moment the harbor-master

* A German beverage.

came up, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said :

"Calm yourself, Herr Becker. I knew you in Mayence, where I was sergeant. It is true that you startled the man, and he fell under the boat in his fright. But you bravely rescued him again, and are worthy of all honor. You have shown strength such as is not easily to be found. Come into my office. I'll send to your son-in-law's house for another coat."

When the porter was seated in the office, the man whom he had saved came in, thanked him, and then, turning to the harbor-master, said :

"I think this gentleman deserves the medal for saving a life."

Becker did not know whether he was in jest or earnest. But the harbor-master replied :

"Certainly. And if Herr Becker wishes it, I'll report the matter to the government."

"That's enough ; I want nothing more."

And when Becker went through the little city in his other coat he was another man, and all the people were different. Every one nodded to him, and he was welcomed with delight in his son-in-law's house, whither the news had already penetrated.

The harbor-master came, and several other men with him ; they invited Becker and the whole family, as it was still broad daylight, to go on the first pleasure-trip in the new boat to the island of Werder. The doctor also arrived, and gave Wilhelm permission to make one of the party. And Nannchen exclaimed :

"Look, father ; to-day Wilhelm will wear his badge of honor on his breast in the open air for the first time."

Becker nodded. They went down to the wharf as if in a triumphal procession. The black-and-white banner was raised on the new vessel, and the party sailed merrily away.

"The water is a beautiful blue," said Becker, dipping his hand into it ; "I never thought so before."

Nannchen and Wilhelm nodded to each other. And now the party began to sing—only military songs, for the men knew no others ; but Wilhelm and Nannchen joined them. Becker was not a little surprised to find such rich land on the island, and the harbor-master told him that formerly the whole had been mere marshes, but that a long time ago numerous inhabitants of Holland had immigrated there, and how every thing was now cultivated.

Becker was forced to confess that even on the Rhine there were no handsomer or finer fruit-trees.

"And you are here too," he said to the vine.

All sat joyously together. Native beer was drunk, and at last, as Becker could not relish it, wine. And Becker again heard wise words, which harmonized with those spoken on the railway ; for the harbor-master said :

"Take notice, Herr Becker ; this is also a parable. With you on the Rhine wine is drunk from open casks ; with us from corked and sealed bottles. But the wine is the

same. And the human heart it gladdens is the same too."

Becker joyously touched glasses with the man.

On reaching home Becker said that the Prussians were really a very good sort of people. "And there are fine ships on the Havel too. But, after all, it is not so cheerful as the Rhine."

The vines, which had blossomed so beautifully, gave good wine in the autumn. The wedding was celebrated in the house of Nannchen's aunt, at Kostheim, and Fränz was bridesmaid.

Just before the departure of the young couple, Becker had another vexation, which, however, was quickly changed to joy.

"Wilhelm," he said to his son-in-law, "one thing is fortunate, you will no longer be obliged to be a soldier."

"Thank God, I am not disabled," replied Wilhelm, "I am still in the Landwehr ! And I must remain there."

As has been stated, this at first vexed Becker, but he said to his brother-in-law, as if he had changed his mind :

"These Prussians are an obstinate but excellent race."

This story happened ten years ago. One might almost say a hundred years ago ; for have we not lived through a century since 1864 ?

MISMANAGEMENT BY PHYSICIANS.

DURING a recent visit of the writer to Aiken, the noted sanitarium in South Carolina, he became impressed with the fact that the relations which existed between the invalid sojourners there and their physicians at home were, in a number of cases by far too large, of a wrongful and mischief-making character. It was distressingly common to meet those who were able and willing to lay at the door of their medical advisers the responsibility of a greater part of their ills, and who did not hesitate to denounce, in the most emphatic language, a certain lamentable ignorance, or something worse, that had governed the advice that had been given them.

To even the coolest and most dispassionate observer, one accustomed to see faults in both parties to any issue, there must finally come, after he has heard the tales that many patients can tell, the conviction that there is a class of men among the medical practitioners of the higher orders who should be shorn of their titles, and thus prevented from doing further harm in the community.

The invalids who visit Aiken are those who seek an equable climate to aid them in their endeavors to throw off pulmonary disorders. There is a large number upon whom these disorders have settled but lightly ; a large number who are conscious that they are in danger ; and a smaller number who know perfectly well that it must be the work of a miracle if their strength is restored to them and their lives preserved. It is from the lips of some of the members of these two last-

mentioned classes that the evidence against the doctors is to be chiefly gathered.

The writer selects the criticisms of consumptives to emphasize his remarks, for several good reasons. It would seem that the treatment of consumption is among the most important labors of a physician's life, and therefore one upon which he directs, or should direct, his best powers of observation. It would also appear that, relatively, the disease is a simple one ; that its general remedies are few ; that little difference of opinion exists as to the kind of remedies, and that the disease is commonly of such slow development that it can be seized and expurgated long after it has established a fast hold in the system. In each and all of these particulars it demonstrates its openness to attack and defeat, and the cases are comparatively few where it seizes upon a human being and hurries him into his grave, in spite of all prompt aid and care.

Most of the other great universal sicknesses are more complex, more violent, and are susceptible to more methods of treatment. Physicians differ radically in their estimates of the remedies that may be applied to them, and if one be attacked by a disease that belongs to one of these classes, he will receive a certain kind of treatment just as he happens to call a certain doctor. With consumption, however, the case is entirely different. The same general prescription that is good for the New-Englander is equally good for the Old-Englander, and also equally good for a native in Africa. Dry air, even temperature, nutritious food, and strict watch on a few of his habits, and any physician can instruct him, if he can talk at all. The main course that he should take is laid out before him as straight and clear as any path in any medical task.

But the charge against the men who have proved themselves to be culprits is not that they do not see and understand this course—such a charge would fall to the ground of its own weight if it were brought against children. The accusations are far more important since they deal with faults infinitely more terrible than ignorance, i. e., carelessness and neglect of duty. Remember, we are now speaking of the experience of some consumptives in the hands of their physicians, not of the innumerable unfortunates who have to complain of the other great ills, and whose miseries and disappointments must be greater as their troubles are more complex ; and do not forget that we are dealing with well-taught men and a simple disorder that has simple cures.

The charges, then, are these : that many physicians fail to study the patient while they imperatively order new courses of life ; that they turn enfeebled persons adrift in regions whose qualities and properties they (the physicians) know little or nothing of ; that they do not tell the truth to those who seek the truth ; and that they withhold it, not from a fear of the patient's inability to bear it, but from an aversion to implicate themselves in cases whose issues, being doubtful, may bring discredit upon themselves ; that they fail most signally to bring to bear upon the questions of general treatment the cool,

thoughtful judgment that is demanded; and that, upon insufficient evidence, they utter hasty flats, to recall which would be to prejudice the supposed dignity of their standing; and, finally, that they so completely lose their once lofty estimate of their holy calling that they bear themselves as critics and antagonists to those who, humbled by diseases, approach them for advice and assistance.

These accusations are not made against those of the lower orders of practitioners, but against those of the upper—against those who, by the exercise of skill and real industry, have risen high in the estimation of the community, but who have forgotten to practise in the good ways that they knew when younger. It is in the work of these aged and all-powerful men that the fault seems most hateful.

That great experience should have brought them belief in themselves; that dealings with thousands should have taught them to be arrogant; that intimacy with all the sentiments of life and death should not have kept them charitable and kindly in their bearing to their fellow-men; that the traditions of their calling should not have prevented them from being hasty, half-sighted, and obstinate—are lamentations that go up every hour from many a forlorn sick-chamber; and no one stands by to record them, and make them bear the fruit they seem with.

To cite instances in support of the accusations that have been briefly made would be a useless task. The writer must content himself with the reflection that what he has charged will find support in the experience of nine invalids in every ten in the country, and that no physician can be found who will not only admit the truth of what has been said, in so far as it applies to his contemporaries, but will be able and willing to add a little testimony out of his own memory.

Still it may not come amiss to refer to examples of each of the shortcomings described, in order that the points may be illustrated.

Take the first count, for instance. A man in the last stages of consumption, whom the writer met in Aiken, had become alarmed about his condition some eighteen months before. He had gone to a prominent physician in Boston entirely unannounced, and had submitted his case to him. The physician asked in quick succession these questions: "Any consumptives among your immediate ancestors?" "Is your life sedentary?" "What have you been doing for yourself?" "Do you cough much?" The patient was then ordered to divest himself of his coat and waistcoat. The physician applied his ear to the bared chest, and ordered that "one, two, three," should be counted. The enunciating was repeated half a dozen times. Then the patient's lungs were sounded by a series of taps made by the finger-tips of the doctor's right hand. With this operation the examination was brought to a close. Scarcely four minutes had been consumed in the task. The patient was then told to put his clothing on again. The physician wrote a prescription, calling for cod-liver oil and a mild tonic, and said to

the young man, "There is nothing the matter, but perhaps you had better live in another city next winter. Give me your address." He wrote it in a pass-book, and the young man went away. The address was wanted for the use of the bill-collector.

When the patient got out of the austere presence and found himself in the street, he reflected that he had not been called upon to describe his symptoms; that he now knew nothing more about the character of his trouble than he had known before; that he had received no explanations, no encouragement, no warnings; and that he was entirely distrustful of the doctor's statement that "there was nothing the matter." He *knew* something was the matter. He was too pale, too weak, he coughed too much, and he had too many pains, to be put at rest by an impatient assertion made after an impatient glance at his condition.

Still the doctor was a great man.

The patient hesitated and dilly-dallied until spring came, when he went to another physician, who held up his hands in amazement, and ordered him off to Florida.

He became frightened, and he went to Florida by the first boat, and found out, after staying there two months, that it was in all probability the worst place on the surface of the earth for a person with his ailment.

The weather was exceedingly bad, and the air was heavy with moisture almost continually. Besides this, he found very little if any blood-food, such as it was positively necessary that he should have, and also that the druggists were ill supplied with fresh goods of the better sort. He was subjected to all the inconveniences of overcrowded towns, and when he fled from these he found that he had also fled from the few sorry comforts that he had been able to purchase.

The result was, that he went to Aiken with consumption fastened upon him, and I have no doubt that he is now dead.

The second physician committed as great a wrong as the first did. The weather in Florida that spring was relatively quite as bad as it was elsewhere, and the physician should have known it. Had he prescribed a drug whose quality was notoriously bad, he would have committed a misdeed similar to this one. The law does not admit the plea of ignorance of a statute to enter into the defense of a culprit. How would the law frown, then, upon the blunder of a person who sends another into danger because he failed to know what it was incumbent upon him in a positive sense that he should know. In case of the felon, knowledge, or rather a strong impression, regarding the law should be instinctive; but, in the case of a physician, the knowledge of climate and collateral matters should be as much a part of his stock of valuable information as his knowledge of medicine itself, and if he does not have it, even to the most minute particular, and if he acts in his ignorance, then he is, in the harshest meaning of the term, a wicked man.

This same case may be made to explain another point.

The physician did not tell the truth to his patient. In fact, he told him a deliberate and

mischievous falsehood, and, what is more, he proved that he spoke falsely in the same breath.

He had before him a debilitated man, whom he examined in the customary way, and to whom he said, "There is nothing the matter;" but he added, "Perhaps you'd better live in another city next winter."

Why "in another city next winter," if there was "nothing the matter?" Why did he not say, as he should have said:

"You are in danger. Your lungs are liable to become diseased, and you should not stay in the climate that produced this condition in your system a day longer than you can help."

That would have been plain and honest, and it would have produced an alarm in the breast of the sick man that would have armed him against death with some effect. The claim that reticence on a doctor's part is frequently to be desired, does not admit of denial; but it is contended that he should always talk plainly when the question of the expediency of plain talk is even doubtful, and that it is imperatively demanded by honesty and humanity that he should speak plainly when he knows the patient has stamina enough to bear the truth. It is to be safely believed that the physicians whose methods are under criticism refrain from detailing what they know or suspect of a new patient's case from sheer antipathy to embroil themselves in fresh affairs—affairs whose turns and complications might bring discredit upon themselves. They show only too plainly by their manner that they would that the invalid had gone elsewhere. They regard the stranger as an interloper in the fair circle of selected clients, and they dispatch him in one, two, three order, and send him packing about his sorry business quite as ignorant as he was before, and twice as bewildered.

It is to be said that, although the remedies for consumption are simple, it is in the application of them that the trouble lies. The physician has upon his lips a few stock pieces of advice, but if he does not comprehend the condition and physical needs of the patient (and every patient is *sui generis*), he had much better hold his tongue.

All doctors can give the staple advice to consumptives, but it is only the best taught among them that can find out what patients require modifications or elaborations of these items of advice, and what these modifications or elaborations should be. It is very nice work to make these discoveries; it requires consummate skill, great experience, and sound judgment; but it is all wholly within the duty of a good physician to perform it. Believing this, how monstrous, then, does it seem when a patient is hurried into the street with the commands, "Live in a dry atmosphere; eat nourishing food; avoid changeable climates," ringing in his ears, hearing after all but repetitions of the advice he was once accustomed to hear in the nursery! What is a dry atmosphere? Where is he to find it? How shall he take advantage of it when he has found it? What food will help him? Is it to be procured where he is to live? What are the chem-

ical changes that are to be wrought? and so on, not *ad infinitum*, but to the extent perhaps of forty or fifty queries, all to be answered within five minutes, each being absolutely necessary to enable the patient to conduct his case with intelligence.

And if these questions be not asked, and if the physician does not satisfy himself of the true and exact wants of the system that needs treatment, then creep in those errors, those dreadful mistakes, the details of which make the listener wonder if sense and humanity have any offices to perform between doctor and invalid.

If one but turn to listen, he may learn from the lips of the sufferers themselves that they have "by advice" hastened to warmer lands only to find them enveloped in fogs; that they have found places of "refuge" to be so utterly destitute of comforts that life was jeopardized within their limits; that the pains of travel have wrought evils that can never be repaired; that from lack of specific instructions they have wasted valuable time and strength in experimenting with various sorts of food; that they have discovered that their ills have been misnamed—that "debility" was consumption, that a "slight irritation of the bronchial tubes" was degeneration of the lungs, that a "nervous cough" was an unerring indicator of the approach of death. While taking fully into account the blindness and stupidity of many patients, there yet remain indictments enough against the physicians of "good repute" to cause universal distrust. One hears of delays, confused orders, inconsistencies and contradictions in diagnosis; blindness to clear indications; obstinate adherence to old methods when their worthlessness has been proved, and so on and on until the very compliment, "our first physician," becomes an abomination to the ears of a layman. Could the offenses that doctors daily, nay, hourly, commit upon the helpless and trusting folk that appeal to them for aid be defined by any method analogous to the methods by which sins against the statutes are defined and punished, it is to be believed that the crimes would present as awful an aspect as the crimes do that the courts are called upon to judge; and, moreover, that, were the doctors placed at the same bar to answer, there are not prisons enough in this country to contain the culprits that would be sent to inhabit them.

ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

MY SOUVENIRS.

BUCHANAN READ—RINEHART—POWERS.

AMONG the many platitudes for which, since it has become unfashionable and grown unpopular, Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" is remarkable, we find the following:

"Policy counseleth a gift, given wisely and in season,
And policy afterward approveth it, for great is the influence of gifts."

But more sagaciously, because finding a realizing echo in a greater number of human

hearts, than in the selfish expression quoted, Jonson, in his "Underwood," says of gifts:

"They are the noblest benefits, and sink
Deepest in man; of which when he doth think,
The memory delights him more, from whom
Than what he hath received."

Yes, cold and emotionless indeed must be the heart in which remembrance is not wreathed and perfumed with gratitude when the eyes fall upon a token, however simple or insignificant, evidencing in some manner the thoughtfulness of the giver—whether it be a tribute to our own personal vanity, some little outcropping of taste or fancy, or some well-understood need. Gifts are rarely offered without a feeling that they will be acceptable, and still more rarely without the hope that they will make the recipient happier; while we have the authority of the Holy Scriptures for saying that "they who give are more blessed than they who receive." And this reminds: Of treasures which have come to me in this way, I find in my jewel-box three small shells; and in memory I am carried back to my first journey by steamboat, on the Rappahannock River; and, among the passengers, to a fair-haired, bright-eyed little girl, a stranger to me, who hung around me, asked my name, told me hers, and where she was going. Finally, drawing from her pocket a small portemonnaie, from which she abstracted the shells:

"I am going to give these to you," she said, "because I like you. Uncle — brought them, with a whole heap of pretty things, from—from—oh, where! Mama?" she cried. "Ah! yes; the West Indies. No, no; you must keep them!" she continued, as I demurred, and her mother, more a stranger, smiled and bowed, "because I like you. Yes, I do!" Whereupon the little fay drew my head down, and imprinted an earnest kiss upon my lips. And I have kept them; the journey was a lonely one, undertaken under circumstances saddening to reflect upon, but brightened and beautified by this little episode.

But it was not of my precious little shells that I intended to tell, but other mementoes recalling scenes, personages, and incidents, individually delightful to ruminate upon, and not devoid of general interest. They serve to recall one of the most charming and useful periods of my life—months in the "Old World," and a winter in Italy—in Rome, with its history, its ruins, its churches, and its art; Rome, with its solemn and imposing Christian festivals, its gay, rollicking carnival, its long Lenten penance broken by *petits dîners*, fox-chases, and other tolerated amusements for its pleasure-loving population; and May, the month of flowers in that climate, in Florence on the rippling, musical Arno; and in Venice—Venice, the beautiful, on her seventy-two islands, rising like mole-hills out of the great sea.

Here on the table beside me is a small paper-weight, from Rome, made up in the neat manner of the Roman workers in marble, of red porphyry, Egyptian alabaster, *vert-antico*, and white Carrara marble, to imitate a book; and in recalling the donor to memory, a man *undersized*, as small men are usually distinguished, with a thin vis-

age, a tall, broad, expansive forehead, a very full suit of chestnut-brown hair thickly threaded with gray, a heavy brown mustache, a nose with the droop which indicates determination of will and energy of purpose, and a pair of clear blue eyes, full of kindness and full of poetry. It recalls a pleasant *passage des armes*; a little bantering upon some unimportant and now not-remembered subject; and the slipping of the paper-weight in my muff, with—"And this, if you please, in remembrance."

From my description, with the locality in view, need I say my generous friend was Thomas Buchanan Read, the sculptor, the painter, and the poet?

My first acquaintance with Mr. Read was through a short and very pleasant correspondence, paving the way for a still more pleasant personal acquaintance, which grew into a friendship that developed to me many of his peculiarities and idiosyncrasies. Mr. Read was undoubtedly possessed of genius, and of a high order, though of a nature too diffuse to make him willing to work for that excellence in any one pursuit which is almost invariably the result of great labor. My introduction to him occurred in his studio on the Via Margutta, on a morning round of visits by the party to which I belonged, to the studios of several American artists then in the "Eternal City." At once he extended his hand, in the manner of an old friend, with a congratulation to himself that much flattered his visitor.

Before us were the principal works in painting of his later life—"The Star of Bethlehem," "The Lost Pleiad," "The Portrait of the ex-Queen of Naples," "Undine before Kühleborn." He was at work upon his "Abou Ben Adhem," and hanging up in a conspicuous place was his masterpiece, "Sheridan's Ride."

"What do you think of that for a horse?" said he to me, complacently regarding his work.

"For a horse?" said I, in a tone that might have been somewhat dubious, for I recognized a slight change in the expression of his countenance. "I think you have brought that horse up in remarkably fine order after that wonderful ride."

"Keep that to yourself," he said, in an undertone, and with a slight smile. "No one but a rebel could see what you see. Keep it to yourself, I beg you."

And truly the story, brilliant as it may be, is exaggerated in the picture. The steed, "as black as night," with the valorous rider, is represented as just coming into the Federal camp at Winchester; the dust rolling up in clouds around him, and the white froth flying from his thin, pink, quivering, distended nostrils; while, hat in hand, and the glow of inspiration upon his face, the rider, slightly lifting himself from the saddle, acknowledges the cheers by which he is greeted by the doubtful and discomfited men of his army. One would naturally think the horse, after such a ride, must have shown some symptoms of weariness, and that all the force and vigor of the incident must have belonged to the rider. Would such a representation, and especially after Mr. Read's poem descrip-

tive of the ride and glorifying the rider, be satisfying to the public, who, through the verses, have been taught to regard General Phil Sheridan as another Boanerges, if not a Castor or a Pollux?

And framed and hung upon the wall of his studio was also the original version of the poem which furnished the study for his picture. Buchanan Read was not, indeed, a vain man, as has been said by some, but he liked well-timed applause, and accepted compliments with no boastful modesty, but as his due. At heart he was generous and noble, recognizing bravery, generosity, and nobility, in others, and unwilling to wound or harm by word or deed; and after more than one visit from me to his studio, and my carefully reading the original version of his celebrated poem—more than once—upon one occasion at a dinner, he declared he “had never written a line that in dying he would wish to blot.”

“Indeed!” cried I, in a tone more serious than mock resentment, and I quoted:

“On the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster,
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assailing their walls.”

“I beg your pardon!” he exclaimed, earnestly, as I said, slowly, “How dare you charge me with being a traitor?” “After the very first publication of my poem I changed the word *traitor* to *foeman*, and thus you will find it rendered generally in the school-books into which it has been admitted.” And thus have I found it rendered; though there are few, nevertheless, who, even after this declaration, would begin to regard Mr. Read’s loyalty in the least questionable. Mr. Read thoroughly appreciated the assistance of his poem toward Sheridan’s fame, if he did not, indeed, think that the hero of the poem was more indebted to this *coup de grace* of a poem for the most of the fame which attached to him. But that he was a genuine friend and an ardent admirer of General Sheridan, there was no doubt; yet did he not refuse a generous meed of praise to some in the *traitor* category, understood in his stirring poem, even to speaking with pride of his descent from rebel stock in Maryland, and other evidences to prove that he could recognize nobility and bravery in his political enemies.

Above my toilet mirror hangs a small oil-painting, fifteen inches broad by seven deep. Connoisseurs say it is a gem. And truly in drawing, coloring, and the poetry with which it is invested, it is a gem. It represents a view in Ischia, and with its companion, a view in Capri, was painted, at Mr. Read’s request, by De Mootstant, an artist from Norfolk, Virginia, to illustrate the following stanza in the poet’s “Drifting.”

“Here Ischia smiles
O’er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her hundred gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.”

These two pictures were brought up by Mr. Read one morning to one of those de-

lightful Lenten *petits déjeuners* to which allusion has been made, and “Capri” presented to our accomplished hostess, Mrs. H—, and “Ischia” to myself. And at this moment it is before me, looking down cheerfully, and bringing up in vivid portraiture the goodly company which surrounded that genial breakfast-board, over the graves of two of whom, our hostess and the sculptor, painter, and poet, the tall grass now waves.

But of that breakfast. It was at our Roman home, in the Palazzo Ristori, and in the small and unpretending dining-parlor in which the great *tragédienne* was in the habit of taking her meals when residing there. Of those present I now recall Mr. Randolph Rogers, and J. Henry Haseltine, American sculptors; Captain Young, of her Britannic Majesty’s service, formerly painter; the young Duke Braschi, and several ladies, who must be nameless. As we proceeded from the grand *salon* of the palace to the breakfast-room, Mr. Read whispered to me:

“If you will ask for it between the courses, I will recite ‘Drifting’ for you;” and, taking the cue, and seemingly in an unpremeditated manner, I did.

“Drifting,” which was recited with an expression and enthusiasm in the author that added much to its beauty, was followed by his “Singer,” “Sheridan’s Ride,” “Watching,” and a splendid tribute to the great American triumvirate—Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, the title of which is not now remembered, but beginning with this line—

“The great are falling from us, one by one;” besides several striking poems by other authors.

The last time I saw Mr. Read was at the Astor House, in New York, a few days previous to his death. I had heard from a friend, who was a passenger from Liverpool on the same ship, of his illness; and, calling to inquire of Mrs. Read of the condition of his health, by his request I was invited in to see him. Already had death placed its signet upon him; but yet he was hopeful, and spoke confidently of life for years to come in his cottage in the suburbs of Cincinnati. His thoughts were full of what he had done, and his mind of what he wished to do. He spoke of pictures that in imagination he had projected, and of poems he would write.

“I have made a sketch of you,” I said, in the course of the interview.

He smiled feebly.

“And what did you say of me?”

“I said you had four specialties, viz., poetry, painting, sculpture, and the compound of terrapin-stew.”

“Let it stand!” cried he—“let it stand just so. I made terrapin-stew for Mr. Longfellow when he was in Rome, and I made terrapin-stew for you—did I not?”

He had not made a terrapin-stew for me, but promised one when I should be a guest in his Cincinnati cottage, some time.

With a glinting of the enthusiasm, which in some moods characterized him, as I sat by his bedside, “The best of my poems,” he said, “I am inclined to think, you have never seen. It is entitled ‘The Golden Now.’—Get it, will you, Hattie?” turning to Mrs.

Read, who produced from her portfolio the printed slip of a poem written in the same measure as his “Watching”—a poem pronounced by a critic in the *Westminster Review* to be the finest ever written by an American author. The slip he gave me, after a futile attempt to read it himself; and I left, promising in a few days to see him again. But it was not so to be; and now, as my eyes run over the smooth and beautiful lines of which the opportunity and the improvement of the moment are the theme, and in which man is represented as holding within himself his own destiny for good or evil, I cannot help thinking, though his life was a busy and far from being a profitless one, there must have been many times when Buchanan Read was forced to weep—

“ . . . o’er hours
That flew more idly by than summer wind.”

In three days from that time he died, leaving friends who delight more in rehearsing his virtues than his failings, which leaned “to virtue’s side.”

Of all his accomplishments, his poetry came, perhaps, nearest excellence. His efforts at sculpture were mainly in early life, and given up as a pursuit for painting; and in painting he was too much of a poet to give such attention to details as characterizes the work of all the most celebrated in the profession. His pictures, indeed, were poems transferred to canvas. He liked light, intangible effects, the painting of angels emitting phosphorescent rays, and shadowy, indefinite figures, which told a story of worlds more sinless than our own. He delighted in investing his female portraits in gauzy, diaphanous drapery, and looping it with soft, translucent pearls—“making us look,” as said a lady, “as we shall look when we get to heaven.”

Some of his pictures betrayed careful study of the old masters. This was especially noticeable in his “Lost Pleiad,” the drawing of the figures in which could not fail to suggest to the beholder the celebrated “Iris” of the Gallery of St. Luke, while the drapery, ethereal and clinging, and the mystical twilight shadow that enveloped the creation were essentially of himself, or rather of his style, poetical and intangible. His “Sheridan’s Ride” was a singular departure from this style, and the spirit which pervaded it; and, though the horse has been pronounced by connoisseurs an exaggeration, he considered the painting, as it assuredly was, his *chef-d’œuvre*. Of his portraits, of which he painted many, that of the ex-Queen of Naples was his pet and pride. It is a full-length figure, clad in white gauze, with a profusion of gauze about the shoulders and arms, and strings of pearls around the neck, and looping up heavy masses of dark hair. It only needed wings to be the picture of an angel, if gauze is the fabric in which angels dress.

And now I open a portfolio of photographs, all of statuary, and the most of them the work of modern artists; and, as one by one I pass them through my hands, I am carried back in memory to climbing the steep triple flights of steps of the Trinità di Monti, and a large, commodious studio on the Via Gistina, in Rome: upon a site which might

have been one of the tetraces of the Pincian Hill—overlooking in the distance the Capitoline, the Palatine, Monte Cavallo, the Janiculus, and the Piazza and Cathedral of St. Peter. This studio was richly impregnated with the aroma of art, having been for many years occupied by one and another who worshiped at the shrine. But the genius which then presided would scarcely have been singled out in a crowd as one about whose brow in infancy the lambent flame of fortune, glory, and greatness, had played. He was a man of medium size, thin and angular, with a pale, fair complexion, light-brown hair and beard, clearly cut but by no means distinctive nose and mouth, a forehead neither very high, very broad, nor massive, but a pair of kindly, thoughtful blue eyes, which redeemed his face from absolute plainness. Such was William B. Rinehart, whom one in passing would simply pronounce an indifferent-looking man, but who was acknowledged in Rome to be a diligent student, and the most successful revivalist living of the old Greek school of sculpture. Of all the artists that it was my happy fortune to meet in the Eternal City (and I can count them by dozens), I do but simple justice to the memory of Rinehart by saying there was about him the least of a merchant, the least assumption of originality or extraordinary attainment in his profession, and the most modesty of any I met; while not one of his brother artists spoke ill of him, and none seemed to envy him. He pursued the even tenor of his way, without interfering with or obtruding upon others—an artist and a gentleman—one of Nature's moulding, without fear and without reproach. Among his works, of which he did me the honor of sending photographs before I left Rome, I find "The Woman of Samaria," "Leander," "Hero," "Clytie," and a pair of reclining twin babes intended for a tomb. In all of these there is no mistaking the Greek feeling, the conscientious adherence to the strict rules of art which developed a Phidias and a Praxiteles. "The Woman of Samaria," of life-size, and perhaps heroic, is one of the noblest figures of modern creation in marble. It is represented at the moment when, after meeting the Saviour at the well, she declares, "He told me all the things that ever I did"—her water-pot poised gracefully on her right hip, her left hand holding up the many folds of her loose robe, and a glad, pleased, surprised, and incomprehending expression upon her countenance. Her face is that of a Jewess, but idealized to the most extreme beauty ever seen in the daughters of Israel.

His "Leander" is nude, bold, brawny, muscular, the limbs strong and supple, as if altogether able to cleave the waves of the Hellespont, and the face of the purest Greek type. His "Hero" is the anxious, timid Greek maiden, standing upon the sea-shore, with a lighted lamp in hand, looking out over the dark waters—the wind ruffling in many graceful and easy curves the loose, light folds of her drapery. These two companion pieces seem rather as if they might naturally have sprung out of the marble than have been manipulated by human hands, so perfectly do they agree the one with the other. His

"Clytie," though essentially Greek, is a departure from the "Clytie" we all know, in which the head and shoulders of the daughter of Oceanus are represented as rising out of the sunflower—the broad petals of the yellow blossom curving off from her beautiful bust. Rinehart's "Clytie" is a nude, full-length, standing figure, holding in her right hand a fully-expanded sunflower, upon which she gazes with bent head—her eyes fastened upon it with an earnestness which might have sent her soul through them, and vitalized the blossom into which she was turned when despised by Apollo. She pined away, and was transformed by the more merciful gods. This Rinehart regarded as his *chef-d'œuvre*. For its perfection no less than twelve models were employed, and those selected from the most celebrated for face and figure then in Rome—one furnishing one, and another another portion of the body or some superior grace, that tended to the creation of beauty which had birth in the artist's soul.

Rinehart lived and died a poor man. He never aspired to riches, but he had longings for appreciation that were ill-gratified; because, perhaps, his modesty was too great, and the dignity of a true artist is inwrought with too much delicacy to allow him to thrust forward his claims to notice, to the gaping crowds. He was a Baltimorean by birth, and with an intense admiration for the character of Stonewall Jackson, the artist ardently wished for an order for an equestrian statue of the great Southern soldier.

"But would it suit you?" said I. "He was the most quiet of men; and history records quite as little action of the proverbial 'old sorrel horse,' as the rider."

"I could make it suit me!" he replied, with enthusiasm.

"Then you would be compelled to expend much idealization upon it, and thus the work would lose likeness to the originals."

"That could be managed," he said, laughingly, "and yet no one would fail to recognize the rebel hero, or his characteristic war-horse."

It seems, indeed, a pity, when his expressed wishes were so few, that he could not have had this commission; and yet, when his fame as a sculptor is regarded, those who most sincerely admired and valued his genius, may be glad they were never gratified. We can very well understand his success in classic studies, but cannot forbear a feeling of excessive doubtfulness when we think of him as manipulating Stonewall Jackson, and his equally unimpressible war-steed. Within the last few months Rinehart, too, has passed away, leaving the remembrance of his exalted genius, his skill in his profession, and his many virtues, to gather in a halo of brightness over a name and a fame comparatively unknown.

Now I open the lids of a "Hand-book of Central Italy," and between the leaves I find two pressed sprays of small yellow roses, and a spray of a diminutive red rose, called here "the picayune." And, seeing these, there recurs to memory the brightest of bright May mornings in Florence, a seat in a rickety, hired carriage, a drive at a furious pace

across the Ponte Vecchio, around the Boboli Gardens, and under the shadows of the Pitti Palace, out to a suburban settlement on the western side of the Arno, which, from the order of its architecture, the light drab, salmon and cream color of the cottages, and the neat gardens about, under a sky less clearly, deeply blue, and in air less soft and balmy, might have been taken for the suburb of some thriving New England village. We halted in front of a modern gate, alighted, and, passing through a small and flourishing garden, entered the open door of a wooden building, painted a pale salmon color, and found ourselves within a finely-lighted, commodious suite of rooms, used as a sculptor's studio. Around us were evidences innumerable of his craft. And full soon the sculptor entered—a man, seen once, to be forever afterward remembered: past middle life, tall, loose-jointed, but not ungainly in *physique*, with a dark complexion, tending to floridness, long, iron-gray hair and beard, massive but drooping features, and large, grayish-brown eyes, that spoke volumes of kindness and poetry, yet energy and determination. And we were in the presence of Hiram Powers, world-known and world-famed! I know not why it should have been, but his presence was overpowering, and it required some moments of listening to his voluble and instructive conversation for me to regain sufficient self-possession to join in a talk that interested me beyond measure. Nor in this do I think I should have succeeded at all, had he not produced the little hand in marble, of which Hawthorne speaks in his travel-notes—the hand of one of his children when an infant—the great artist's peculiar pet work—the hand which Hawthorne thinks should be copied again at sixty years of age, when it shall have performed the greater part of life's duties allotted it, and the bones and sinews and veins shall have each made for them a character. The display of this little, beautiful thing in marble had in it so much that was human, so much that was simple, so much that was akin to mortals less highly gifted, that I soon found my tongue unloosed, my dumbness leave me, and, ere long, with a confidence which now surprises me, I was exchanging opinions with him in regard to his "Proserpine;" his matchlessly-beautiful "Greek Slave;" his dignified, womanly "Eve;" this, that, and the other around us, as compared with the ancient "Venuses" and other celebrated pieces of Greek statuary; and, besides, his process for modeling plaster, which obviates the necessity of taking a clay model of the subject.

Of one thing I was almost immediately convinced, and that was that Mr. Powers was an admirable talker—communicative and instructive—the talk embellished with flashes of thought and quaint expressions, which could have emanated from no mind but one instinct with genius, and one that delighted in the true and the beautiful. I wish I could remember all he said; all the nice points brought forward, all the nice distinctions made.

The day before we had visited the Uffizi Gallery, and this being discovered, it gave him opportunity for a short disquisition on

the "Venus de Medici," the good and the bad points in the statue, according to his opinion—the perfectness of the figure, the misplacement of the ears, and other departures from correctness, undiscovered by any save a practised artist. From what Mr. Hawthorne and others say of him, this must have been a favorite subject of conversation with Mr. Powers. And who, better than he, could venture to criticise any school, or any single work of art?

He has been represented as ungenerous to other artists, and hypocritical, when a chance was given him to render an estimate. But this, from my own short acquaintance, I am much inclined to doubt; and equally as much inclined to accept his opinion of another artist and his works, as founded on merit. In the course of the conversation, I well remember, the name of Rinehart came up.

"He seems to me to be a very conscientious sculptor," I ventured timidly to say.

"Yes," he replied, quickly, and with much earnestness, "the most conscientious sculptor living. Not one has so high an appreciation of sculpture as an art, and not one gives so exclusive study to the highest schools and the most rigid rules of the art."

Of his own works, aside from the baby-hand, I found it impossible to decide upon the artist's favoritism. From his "Eve" he went to his "Greek Slave;" from this, to his "Il Penseroso;" and then to his "Proserpine," his "Fisher-Boy," his "California;" and from bust to bust, turning each on its pedestal, drawing distinctions and descanting briefly upon all, in a cluster of gems of thought, each radiant with that of himself, which contributed so decidedly to his wonderful magnetism, and yet made him feared and respected more than loved and confided in.

We were more than loath to leave his presence and the attractions gathered around him; but etiquette prompted, even when we turned to go out of the studio, that the length of our stay might have been a trespass on his time and good-nature, though he deprecated our haste, and seemed inclined to say much more. In his sculptor's coat and cap he followed us out to the carriage, as he passed along, breaking from a climbing yellow rose, which overhung one of the front windows of his studio, the two sprays now before me; and, from a low hedge on a flower-border, the little red one. Their perfume is gone, but their colors are still bright, serving most marvelously to freshen and vivify memory's wholly ineradicable picture, of that bright May morning in Florence, the gurgle and ripple of the Arno, to whose murmur the Casa Guido windows were opened, adding to the natural inspiration of the resident the drive across the Ponte Vecchio and its consequences.

Yes; here before me are my little, simple souvenirs—my paper-weight, my picture, my photographs, and my pressed roses—while they who gave them me now lie low in the dust, with the winds whispering above, of their aims, their efforts, and their accomplishments. T. Buchanan Read was the first to go; then, Hiram Powers; and last — Rinehart. Peace to their ashes!

SALLIE A. BROCK.

FAIRY FINGERS:

A FEW NOTES FOR MY FRIENDS THE PAINTERS.*

WHEN Mr. Tennyson, in his ever fresh and wonderful "In Memoriam," describes a sunset cloud—

"That rises upward always higher
And onward drags a laboring breast,
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire!"—

it is plain that the writer is painting an actual cloud which he saw—that he really had gazed at this piled-up, looming mass against the red sunset which bursts forth only at the ragged edges, "fringing" them with flaming crimson. It is the happy privilege of poets to take note of these grand or exquisitely delicate effects of the fairy fingers of light, to store them in memory, and to reproduce them in verse as the painter sees and reproduces them on canvas. I am neither a poet nor a painter, and can reproduce what I have seen in neither fashion; but I can describe in plainer prose, and I think I have witnessed in my life some wondrous "effects." I shall make the attempt to note down a few of these beautiful memories. A reader here or there with a taste for such things may possibly find my notes interesting.

This is my first memory. Nearly thirty years ago I was in the Capitol at Washington, in what month of the year I cannot now recall, but I know that the day was overclouded, and the general aspect of the great Rotunda gloomy. A dull light only filtrated through the glass above, in which the large, "historical" pictures upon the walls were only half visible. Pocahontas was only a blurred figure, and the combatants at Monmouth fought in a sort of cloud. There was no one in the Rotunda, all was singularly quiet, and I rambled around in an idle way, thinking, and scarcely looking at any object, when all at once the space was lit up, as it were, by a sudden golden blaze; a long, brilliant stream of light fell from a rift in the lowering clouds, and this sudden glory rested on a single spot in a single picture—the golden head of sweet Rose Standish in "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers." I shall never forget the delight I experienced—the tender sweetness of the poetical head of the young girl. All the rest of the picture was in gloom, and rendered even gloomier by the partial illumination. Stern Puritans and fighting-men, lights and shadows of the painting alike, all were dark, and but one thing was visible—the girl's golden hair in the golden ray.

My next memory takes me to the city of New York and old Trinity Church. I had gone thither to attend worship one Sunday in the autumn of 1867. The large building was filled, the clergyman had preached his sermon, the sweet young choristers had charmed me with their touching voices, and the mo-

* As the reader may imagine that this article was suggested by the one in the last number of the JOURNAL, entitled "Seven Brilliant Sunsets," we think it only justice to Mr. Cooke to say that his MS. was sent to us before that article appeared. —ED. JOURNAL.

ment had arrived when the sacrament of the holy communion was to be administered. As on that day at Washington, the sky had been overcast. A dim religious light only filled the church; all was hushed, and the clergyman approached that part of the chancel where the vessels were arranged on the altar for the communion. As he did so, the stained window on the southern side of the chancel suddenly blazed, and a dazzling flood of light fell upon the burnished silver, turning the vessels to gold. And there the light continued to rest, as though to give all who looked an opportunity to enjoy the spectacle. Did all appreciate the solemn beauty of it? I know not. A few did, I am certain. As I was coming out of the church I passed two men, apparently foreigners.

"Did you see?" said one, in a low voice.

"You mean—"

"Yes, that effect of light on the altar and the vessels."

"Yes; wonderful!—wonderful!"

Let us leave cities now, and come to a much more tranquil locality—an old country-house sleeping in the midst of green fields and oak-forests, in the neighborhood of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in Virginia. This country-house has a long portico in front—a convenient old haunt in summer evenings, where you may lounge in an easy-chair, or walk to and fro, passing the tranquil hour of twilight in that wise and profitable idleness which freshens all the faculties; and in front is a green circle with a square white trellis in the middle holding up a tall "Kentucky rose," and a white-and-salmon honeysuckle, which I am informed is very rare. I only know that it is very attractive seen from the upper windows on dewy mornings against the fresh greensward, and that the mingled bloom of rose and honeysuckle form a great bouquet, with which the most exacting might be pleased. Around the circle are some cedar-trees, growing, after their habit, in the shape of cones; and near them rises a weather-worn pole, like the mast of a ship—once surmounted by a weather-cock—which the Bishop of New York set up nearly half a century ago. To end my catalogue of objects in this quiet haunt, you may see, across fields and woods toward the east, the Blue Ridge, clothed with forest; in the west the North Mountain sleeps like a long, blue wave on the horizon, and toward the south the Massanutton, with its tall headland above Strasburg, and its peaks called "The Three Sisters," rises suddenly from the level valley, a deeper blue against the blue of the sky.

I have often witnessed in this tranquil country landscape very beautiful effects of light and shade, for the sinking sun throws the shadow of the western Massanutton headland on the Three Sisters, and heightens their attractions. Sometimes a tall pine-tree on the mountain wears the evening-star upon its summit as a monarch wears a jeweled crown; and I once observed the red disk of the setting sun just poised on the summit of the range with a long, snow-white cloud sweeping upward from it like a swan's feather, the whole resembling to the eye of fancy a blue cap with a snowy plume, secured by some blazing carbuncle.

But I proceed to speak of some other effects of the fairy fingers of light which impressed me at the time as very wonderful and beautiful. The first that I shall mention is the appearance presented one evening by the Blue Ridge Mountains. I was rambling late in the afternoon, just as the sun was sinking, and had been indulging that mood of idle reverie which takes the attention away from one's actual surroundings, when suddenly I was aware that some great change had taken place in the landscape. I looked up and beheld a superb spectacle. The sun was almost resting on the summit of the western woods, and, abruptly bursting from between two long, parallel masses of cloud as black as ebony, flooded the whole world with angry crimson. I had often observed, however, this peculiar effect, and greatly admired the red flush on stone-walls or tree-trunks. What especially impressed me now was the wonderful appearance of the Blue Ridge. I can only describe it by saying that it resembled a mass of red-hot coals of fire fanned to the utmost extent of combustion, short of white heat, by some great wind. The swelling summits, the masses of forest, the clearings here and there with their minute white farm-houses, the gap, like a gash in the range, and one great tree which stands at the point of intersection of the boundaries of three counties—all, of so tender a blue ordinarily, was now one mass of flaming, or rather glowing, fire. The effect was dazzling. The very sky seemed to reflect the intense light and heat. Imagine, if you can, a whole mountain-range on fire and at a red heat; you may then form some faint idea of this wonderful spectacle which dazzled me then, and will remain in my memory as long as I live. It lasted for only a quarter of an hour at farthest. Then the crimson gradually faded; a light red succeeded; then a dim, misty orange followed; then the sun sank behind the mountains; and the landscape, donning its veil, entered on the night—that is, upon nothingness.

Let me contrast my summer landscape now with a winter one. I have mentioned the old cedars ranged around the circle in front of the house. They are not the common cedars of the region of the Shenandoah, but made no pretension to the elegant proportions and rich pensile boughs, with delicately-rounded extremities, of the balsam-evergreens of the banks of the Hudson and the St. Lawrence, where you may see and admire a hundred beautiful varieties. Still they please the eye; birds sing in them, and the thickly-fringed boughs afford in winter a resting-place for the snow-flakes. It was these—the snow-flakes—and a rich moonlight added, which made the winter "effect" I aim now to notice. The winter had been remarkably free from snow, and I had retired one night, leaving the outer world bare, bleak, dark—such a landscape as you do not care to look at a second time—and strive to shut out with curtains, a cheerful blaze, the glimmer of shaded lamps, and the last magazine. Toward daylight something woke me, and I saw a vague light through the window, and went to it. The whole face of the world had changed. A sudden snow-storm had descended on mountain and valley—had ceased

after falling, I suppose, for many hours—and from the heights of heaven, now unobscured by a single cloud, poured a flood of solemn moonlight on the white fields, and especially upon the old cedars. The effect was most impressive. The lower boughs of the trees are about six feet from the ground; on this night their extremities nearly rested on the earth, or rather the white shroud covering the circle. Every bough from base to summit was borne down by the dense white drifts, nearly disappearing, and only permitting you to trace the outlines by an almost imperceptible edging of green. In the ghostly moonlight the appearance of the trees was weird and strange. They resembled, as they stood in semicircle around the white trellis in the centre, a solemn group of white-haired monarchs, or hoary Druids motionless around their altar. This will, no doubt, seem fanciful in the extreme; but the comparison instantly occurred.

A last effect of light, which I witnessed some time since, will now be mentioned, one of the most delicate, beautiful, and evanescent scenes that it has ever been my fortune to behold. Walking out in the evening—it was an evening of spring—I looked at the somewhat subdued tints of the woods and fields, and reflected upon the high coloring and very great prominence given by some writers of fiction—say the excellent and kindly G. P. R. James—to descriptions of landscapes. The conclusion arrived at, I believe, was that these descriptions were somewhat "overdone"—that Nature, after all, was not so brilliant a landscape-artist as the novelists and the painters insisted upon making her. I had just reached this conclusion when I turned and gazed idly, as though to fortify myself in my theory, toward the North Mountain in the west, where the sun was sinking. Never have I seen a spectacle of more tranquil, delicate, and exquisite beauty. I have tried to describe the angry and flaming Blue Ridge, from which you might have fancied you heard, borne on the wind, the roar of a great conflagration. But how shall I paint the delicious blending of every delicate tint in my dreamy sunset seen on this evening? The airs were perfectly still, and not a leaf or a twig on the trees was stirring. The day seemed dying silently, without a murmur even; it was the hour of dreams, and the west was a suitable accompaniment for such a mood.

Let me try to describe the scene and the tints, as I looked at them with close attention. The picture was divided, as it were, into five distinct strata, and I begin at the lowest, proceeding upward: The lowest was a large field, in which the first blades of the spring grass were peeping up, an almost imperceptible green, but still perceptible as the light fell athwart the expanse revealing the tint. Beyond this, the eye swept on to the "Great North Mountain," and here began the fine picture. The long range was of the deepest and most vivid purple—red tinted with blue, but the blue in excess. I can say with truth that I have never seen in any painted picture, however brilliant its coloring, any thing to equal the rich splendor of this purple—nor any thing so exquisitely delicate as the next of the strata above. This was apparently a

great lake or arm of the sea, with shores and promontories, and what resembled a distant light-house or old tower—the whole drawn by the capricious hand of Nature, in the most perfect perspective. What particularly struck me was the tint of this lake, which you might have fancied Lake Como or Maggiore. It was of an exquisite light-green—that peculiar shade which you may see on the young leaf of the grape just bursting from its sheath, around the incipient bunch, and perhaps in the first buds of the ash. As I gazed at this dreamy lake, with its far, misty headlands and towers, I said: "Here, at least, is something which no painter will ever reproduce." Ending all, at the summit of these wondrous strata of the March sunset, was a canopy of the deepest blue—not the tender blue of spring, but the rich and mature tint of August, seen behind piled-up masses of snowy clouds, wafted by the wind.

As in the case of my other sunset view, this one lasted only for a few moments. The rich purple of the mountain faded; the shores of the lake broke up and disappeared in mist; the evanescent green vanished; and the blue above gradually mingled with the twilight; the sun was gone, and my landscape was gone with it—to reappear somewhere at some time, perhaps, in the next thousand or hundred thousand years!

I envy sometimes the faculty of the painter, and wish I had it in my power to imprison these fitting glories of Nature, while she endows the world with her prodigal and capricious moods—withdrawing them almost before the eye takes in fully their strange beauty. The brush can alone convey an idea of them. Only a great painter could reproduce that wonderful Blue Ridge, made of fire and blood—the solemn, snow-laden cedars in the winter night—and my beautiful Lake Como sleeping in calm beauty on the purple summit of the North Mountain.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

WHO WAS THE FIRST FAUST?

THE colossal German myth of the sixteenth century is well remembered, both in its primal prose form and in the great poem of Goethe, because of its central truth, the *conflict* of humanity therein represented. It is this eternal conflict which vitalizes and perpetuates the myth and the poem, and I may say the kindred myths found in many literatures of the globe both in ancient and in modern time.

In 1587, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, appeared in printed form the first Faust-myth, and so early as that there was a clear and full expression of the dissatisfactions of humanity rebelling against the natural limitations of human existence. The discontent which pervades all human life in every age is represented in Faust, but not on the plane of the humility which accepts of the inevitable as being the best for each and all; the *Unzufriedenheit* of the German Faust-myth is the basis of an ideal ambition, which, through alliance with supernatural powers of

evil, would tear down the walls of natural limitation, and grasp knowledge, honors, and enjoyment, far beyond those degrees embraced by human experience. In the keen conflict Faust experienced between the ideal and the actual, the emphasis is chiefly laid on *knowledge*—knowledge all-comprehending, before whose potency all mysteries of Nature in the heavens, the earth, and under the earth, should flee away. It was a struggle for knowledge on the plane of a god, a sally for the conquest of omniscience, a rebellious impatience with the ignorance that remains in the human mind *after all* the sciences have been diligently and thoroughly learned. Mephistopheles, not an emperor like Satan, but a cunning devil of subordinate rank—really an incarnate sneer—offers Faust this supernatural knowledge on certain conditions. The thing sought is deemed the greatest good; the method of seeking it stood confessedly evil from the fact that diabolical agency only could secure for him that possession. The word Faust in the German tongue signifies *fast*, the symbol of combat, and that emblem is a true token of the central meaning of the myth and poem, provided we are careful to remember that the combat is not confined to the physical plane, but is an invisible fight between the strivings of the higher nature and the limitations and humiliations of the actual existence of man. It contains the problem to which every individual and generation of the race is born, the real riddle of the sphinx who devours those who do not answer it aright, the problem which is always waiting to be solved, and which few seem to solve wisely and well.

The Teutonic race had nothing greater in its early literature than the Faust-myth; and that it belonged to a stratum in the mental geology of Europe, is clear from the fact that about the same time similar weird legends appeared in other nations, that of Don Juan in Spain, that of Twardowsky in Poland, that of Merlin in England, and of Robert le Diable in Normandy.

Though the logic of such myths is in all ages substantially the same, the ascending scale seems to control their formation till the summit is reached in the German Faust, in whom the age of occult science, or of miracles of magic, forever expired. Faust is the last of his race. The problem is always new and fresh; he and his solution belong to the world's mythical souvenirs.

The Greeks, the most creatively æsthetic and gifted nation the world ever saw, doubtless had different ways for putting forward the subject of this conflict. Among the fables, that of Pythonous seems to hold the preference in this line of thought. His prayer to the goddess Aurora to be made immortal here on earth came from the same Faustian abyss of discontent and rebelling ambition in human nature as did the later legends. Pythonous had the attractions of personal beauty by which he had evoked the love of Aurora. Love in her could but grant the unreasonable prayer of exemption from death, which forced on Pythonous a new antagonism, wholly unknown to his natural experience, namely, the conflict between the infirmities which age brought upon him and

his inability to get rid of his body. In praying for immortality, he had forgotten to pray for perpetual youth. So age came with increasing infirmities, and yet no release could be found in death, that gate being forever closed against him. This conflict eclipsed that which is common to all men in all times. Pythonous, life growing more tiresome, presents a new prayer to Aurora. He now prays for death. The goddess informs him that it is contrary to the law of celestial life that gods should recall the gifts they bestow. He now sees that he cannot undo his past folly and regain the condition he enjoyed. But, in his sadness, Aurora sent the only possible relief by transmuting him into a *cicada*,* and permitting him as grasshopper to slung in the grass the song common to that race. Pythonous was the Greek Faust in a somewhat simpler form.

But has it occurred to us that the oldest, and I will say the grandest, Faust representation the world has read of is met with in the Garden of Eden, and that in the personal life of a woman? Such is the fact, and the same problem of which I have spoken is there present in all its magnitude, and in touching simplicity, in the story of Eve, the first woman, and the first Faust. Read the story under that view.

It is immaterial to this survey whether we agree with Origen in regarding the story of the fall as an instructive allegory, or look upon it as a literal history of what occurred at the beginning of the primitive pair. The lesson is the same, though on a larger scale, if we admit with Swedenborg that Adam, like Israel, is a collective name for many, for the human race at that time. Under this latter view, Eve, representing the womanly half of mankind, reminds us of a period when the passion for *knowledge* became intense and all-commanding in the feminine part of the world, woman being the first aspirant for the supernatural fullness of intelligence, a wisdom on the plane of the "gods," making its possessor the peer † of the Deity.

In the story of the primal Eden, the subtle serpent plays the part of prime persuader in securing an introduction to the source of knowledge. The reputation of this animal for wisdom among Oriental nations may account for this. Among the Hebrews, so late as the day of Christ, the symbolization of wisdom by the serpent stood confessed in the proverb, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

But, following the common belief that the serpent is only a metaphorical naming of the devil, the universal tempter, I will ask, What *motive* does he present to the woman in persuading her to violate the divine restriction? Does he promise her a future palace? or large stores of luxurious wealth? or elegant wardrobe? None of these things. Such motives had not prevailed. What was it? The serpent offered the same that Mephistopheles did, namely, a Godlike compass of *knowledge*. The cup was offered to the lips of a *mental* thirst. The quick thoughts of woman soon said, in substance: "Knowledge is beautiful and nutritious, and, if I may endow my mind

with the highest attributes of wisdom, the wisdom denied to mortals hitherto, I will run the risk of the consequences of disobeying God by going counter to his one restriction, and I will venture all upon the one object of being able to see and to know with the eyes of a god." It was, indeed, a grand motive, but, in method, a rebellion against the natural limitation. The antagonism of life was thereby freshly opened, and the endless warfare between the ideal and the actual begun. Her sorrows and man's sorrows became augmented. Though the earth should yield the nutritious herb, and bread to the sweating toiler, yet the eyes of humanity opened anew to the manifold antagonism which Nature everywhere presented. The wide world now became their garden, and necessity their teacher.

If woman relatively represents love, while man relatively represents wisdom, her earlier surrender to the temptation would imply that the primary appeals of temptation are to this element of being; and that, through the leadings of love, the intellect also is drawn into the false way. So long as the reigning love is unseduced, the Eden remains unspoiled. As fruit may be gathered too early for health, so there is knowledge, good in itself, which may be prematurely acquired. The devil's method of knowledge does not end happily, but always ends in the loss of the Eden and in worse conditions. In the story, God's method of getting to the fruit of the tree of knowledge is not disclosed. Obeying awhile longer would have won it and prevented so much unhappiness. The first Faust, then, is found in the primitive garden, and in the person of the first woman.

Christianity is the highest solution of the conflict between good and evil, and gives the spirit and method of harmonizing the elements of human nature in a good life, in which humility and aspiration are duly united.

REV. E. G. HOLLAND.

THE THREE AMERICAN PEERESSES.

IN this centennial period, the links which connect the last century of American freedom with the present century of American progress are few, and are gradually loosening and dropping apart.

Time's effacing fingers will soon obliterate the general memory of a group of brilliant Baltimore beauties, the most celebrated by far in that city, renowned for its beautiful women. They come from the stirring times of the eighteenth century into our own day, for one died high in honor in England only last year; and one, with indomitable will and vitality, still lives—Madame Bonaparte, wife of Jerome, King of Westphalia, whose name and romantic career will come only incidentally into this sketch. Of three of the companions of her youth, the story is almost as remarkable as that of "Betsey" Patterson.

In the year 1874, there was admitted to probate, in the Orphans' Court of Baltimore, the will of "the most noble Louisa Catherine,

* Grasshopper.

† Genesis III. 22.

Duchess-Dowager of Leeds, widow and relict of the most noble Francis Godolphin D'Arcy Osborne, seventh Duke of Leeds, of Hornby Castle, in the county of York, England."

The Duchess of Leeds, the "most noble Catherine," as if she had stepped out of one of Shakespeare's plays, was the survivor of three sisters, daughters of Richard Caton, and his wife, Mary Carroll, and granddaughters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, "the signer." She left extensive estates in Maryland and Virginia, principally to religious uses. In Alleghany County, Maryland, alone lie some fifteen thousand acres, known—and this is one chief reason for mentioning the fact—by such curious old patent-survey titles as "Anthracite Range," "Fat Pig," "Addition to Fat Pig," "Devil Take It," "Take All," "Last Shift," "Baron Devilbess," or, from some fancied resemblance to the objects, "Legs," "Gun," and other equally quaint designations.

We have said that the Duchess of Leeds was a granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. The latter left two daughters, the eldest married to Richard Caton, of English birth, but a citizen of Baltimore; the youngest to Robert Goodloe Harper. From the latter, Mrs. Harper, the Bayards, of Delaware, inherit much of their talents. It was of her daughter, Mrs. Mary Sophia Bayard, that John Randolph of Roanoke wrote—the crabbed old man could pay a graceful compliment when he chose—"Washington is dull, *although Mrs. Bayard is here*"—flattery delicate enough from him, the subtle bouquet of old times.

Mr. and Mrs. Caton had four daughters, who would have been called "the Graces," but for being one too many.

Three of them are, however, known in England as the "Three American Peereses."

They were respectively, Duchess of Leeds, Marchioness of Wellesley, and Lady Stafford.

The eldest was Mary Caton, who married first Robert Patterson, the brother of Madame Bonaparte. The marriage ceremony was performed by Bishop Carroll, of the Catholic Church, in the chapel of Mr. Charles Carroll's private residence in Annapolis. It was the most brilliant wedding that had ever taken place in the State. With her husband, she went to England just previous to the Bonaparte-Patterson marriage, and we find Robert Patterson bothered beyond measure, while in Europe, with the affairs of his sister "Betsey," his slippery brother-in-law Jerome, and the angry first consul. He tried to pour oil on the troubled waters; but he might as well have trickled it out of a cruet upon the Atlantic Ocean. The final catastrophe soon came—the separation; the second marriage of Jerome; the persistent refusal of recognition. Through all the trouble the records show that Robert Patterson, his wife, and his father, William Patterson, the Baltimore merchant-prince, acted very manly, frank, and honorable parts.

Mrs. Patterson had been joined abroad by her sisters, Elizabeth and Louisa Caton. They were in Paris when Wellington and the allies entered, and were conspicuous figures in the festivities which followed. They were favorites of the great duke himself, and it is said

that he found his Waterloo in the fair presence of Mrs. Robert Patterson, and that only the trifling impediment of a husband on her part, and a wife on his, prevented her becoming the head of Apsley House.

Her sister Louisa became the wife of the duke's aide-de-camp, Sir Felton Bathurst-Hervey, baronet. Upon his death, soon after—he committed suicide—she married the Marquis of Carmarthen, eldest son of the Duke of Leeds, who inherited his father's title, and lived an easy, rural, fox-hunting, country life, and left his widow, the Catherine Louisa who, as we have seen, died last year, an ample fortune, and the dower-house of Hornby Castle.

The second sister, Elizabeth Caton, also married well—that is, she married a nobleman, and he was rich—the eighth Lord Stafford, of the Jerningham family.

In the mean while Robert Patterson had died, and Mrs. Patterson, a lovely widow, had returned to England. Possibly her heart turned again to the old Paris days, and the time of the Army of Occupation. As in Paris she reigned, during that period, in social circles, so in London her triumphs were repeated, and she could soon boast of having been the social queen of three countries, England, France, and America, and of three cities, London, Paris, and Baltimore. Nor was this all. After her second marriage she conquered the turbulent Ireland, and the still more turbulent Dublin, for she became the wife of the Marquis of Wellesley, Viceroy of Ireland, previously Governor-General of India, and the brother of the Duke of Wellington, a diamond edition of a British nobleman, as Hazlitt calls him, so gifted, small, and graceful was he.

Thus we see the "three American peeresses" firmly fixed among the stars which revolve nearest the English throne. When we consider that only five American ladies have ever wedded the possessors of British coronets—the other two being Miss Magruder, of Washington, who married Baron Abinger, and Miss Bingham, of Philadelphia, whose husband, Alexander Baring, was raised to the peerage in 1835 as Baron Ashburton—and that of these five three belonged to one family, the distinguished one in American history of Charles Carroll—the fact has an additional interest, which justifies a few reminiscences of an elder day and generation.

Many citizens of Baltimore remember, as visions of their youth, the beautiful Misses Caton. These gentlemen of the old school who still remain with us, and retain all the fine old courtesy and softness of manners which are too often a dumb sarcasm on those of our pert modern age, delight to talk of the time when the Carrolls, the Ridgleys, the Olivers, and the Gilmors, displayed the hospitality of merchant-princes, and when their wives and daughters acted all their lives the stately parts we revive now for the amusement of an evening.

They tell us that Elizabeth Caton, who became Lady Stafford, was tall and remarkably graceful, with eyes of dark gray, expressing quickly both feeling and intelligence. She was more highly cultivated in literature than her sisters, and her society was more

largely sought by men of letters, and the statesmen and thinkers of the time, than by the ordinary beaux of society, for her mental qualities were brilliant and attractive. At the time of her womanhood it was an important part of education to cultivate a talent for conversation. If a man of celebrity at a dinner-party or elsewhere began to speak on an interesting subject, it was the custom for all the guests to listen to him, and if replied to, as was often the case, the encounter became a spirited debate, or a sharp cut and thrust of wit. Ladies never entered the field at dinner; but at evening-parties their share in these contests was conceded them, and among those who carried off the palm of victory most often was Miss Elizabeth Caton. She was less admired in Europe, however, than her more showy sisters.

The third daughter, Louisa Caton, afterward Duchess of Leeds, was small of stature, but of a beautiful figure, light and agile in all her movements, her conversation gay and playful, but commonplace. She had, however, her own peculiar charms, although in manners she differed from her sisters. Her admirers were a different style of men; and she was what is known, by a delicate shade of distinction from more solid merits, as a great "belle."

It is upon the eldest sister, Mary Caton, first Mrs. Robert Patterson, and then Marchioness of Wellesley, that we find the most extravagant encomiums lavished. Old men grow young again in describing her fascinations. Said a gentleman, an intimate friend of the family, one who passed his younger days under the roof of Charles Carroll: "Mary Caton was the most attractive woman I ever beheld in my life. I have seen the courts of St. Petersburg, France, and England, but I never saw her equal—never! The grace and elegance of her form; the charm of her manners; the sweetness of her voice—were inimitable. She was the most engaging and fascinating of human beings. I have seen her at a dinner given by Mr. Carroll to Sir Charles Bagot, the loveliest and most brilliant lady of an intelligent and courtly company, stately, courteous, kindly; richly dressed, and in a blaze of diamonds—a picture for a court-painter."

Her bearing was as exquisite as her face, and her dignity never ruffled. This was one of her greatest charms—her courteous, graceful, even temperament. Were the obscurest commoner talking to her and a king waiting, she would have shown no impatience. Her companion would never have known by a shadow of change that he was not the most interesting of men to her. She was too proud and well bred to exhibit the slightest discourtesy; but she would have much preferred the king. For, after all, in all her nature she was a woman of the world, of fashion and of society—subdued, nevertheless, by the maxim impressed upon all these young girls by Mrs. Caton, who was not pretty, but very popular—a maxim extremely simple, but socially extremely comprehensive. It was this: "My dear child, there are a number of people in the world who take delight in saying disagreeable things. Now, it is

just as easy to say pleasant ones. Never tell an untruth; but never displease."

In personal appearance Miss Mary Caton was large and handsome. Her eyes were dark brown; her face oval, and rather sallow; her hair dark; her mouth, nose, and chin, beautifully formed; her voice soft and musical. Lord Brougham, who as a Scotchman was, we suppose, a judge in matters pertaining to a foreign tongue—we beg every Scotchman's pardon—and who certainly acquired a copious command of strong Saxon, once said that she spoke the English language more correctly than he had ever heard it from the lips of woman. She was, nevertheless, no blue-stocking, but possessed both sound judgment and a fine perception. She was an excellent talker, and, what probably fascinated Brougham, a still better listener. While at the head of the viceregal court at Dublin she united all parties, Protestant and Catholic, although a strict Catholic herself. Her charities were as free as her means would allow, and even to this day her memory is cherished by the poor of Dublin as that of a saint.

On the death of her husband, she lived in England in chambers granted her by the queen in the honorable retreat of Hampton Court.

All the sisters were devoted to their religion, the Catholic, but were no bigots. Their acquaintances comprised both Protestants and Catholics. They never forgot old friends. However fortune would turn the scale, whether to poverty or to riches, former associates, we are told, were never ignored.

The three sisters died childless; and the direct descendants of Charles Carroll of Carrollton came down by the line of the only son, Charles Carroll, of Homewood, near Baltimore, and by that of the Harpers and Mac-Tavishes.

In Maryland, the "three American peeresses" have long been but shadowy presences in old mansions of Baltimore and Annapolis, and grateful memories in the hearts of the young gallants who met them at the balls and assemblies of long ago, and perhaps—who knows?—time buries the marks of so much besides beauty—cherished the passion of "the moth for the star, the day for the morrow," and who have grown gray, but never disloyal.

THE RENDERED ROSE.

INTO his hat she flung a rose,
Pledge of a friendship true and tried,
That storms and sunshine had seen disclose,
That tears and sorrow had purified.
Whether he threw it by that night,
In his worried mood of trouble and thought,
Or garnered its leaves with a fond delight
It matters little, its task was wrought!

Into her coffin he dropped a rose,
Faded and sere, and sweet no more.
"Go," he said, "at the evening's close,
The gift of the noonday I restore!
When at the judgment-bar we stand,
Face to face in that awful hour,
Once again from her constant hand
I shall receive thee—a peerless flower!"

C. A. WARFIELD.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WHY is it that artists are targets for everybody's arrows? What is there in painting and sculpture that prompts every half-schooled critic to utter his dogmas and pronounce his sweeping verdicts? Why is it that in art everybody who praises is at once declared an ignoramus, and everybody who sneers is promptly crowned and admired? How is it that in art-criticisms there are so much bold assertion, fierce depreciation, and utter ignorance?

Our interrogations have approached almost to the dimensions of a catechism. Perhaps some of our readers are wondering if the accusations implied by them are altogether just. We think they are. American art is amenable to many strictures, but no one has a right to praise or blame in art, or in any thing else for the matter of that, who has not some knowledge of the subject. The men who echo praise or blame, who admire because that cue has been given by some Mogul, or who condemn because condemnation is the thing on the cards, ought to be generally denounced. A man's reputation is dearer to him than his purse—but we punish the thief who robs him of the one, and applaud the reckless censor that despoils him of the other. But let us escape from these generalities to a few illustrations of what we mean. A recent art-criticism in a contemporary contains the following:

"We deplore the absence of thought in the mass of pictures shown at our Academy exhibitions, and we scold our 'artists' in the newspapers for not giving us something more substantial intellectually; but are we not a little unreasonable? How can the painters give us thought when they have none; not only have none, but don't know what it is. There is no mistake more common among painters and their public than to suppose that thought in art means allegory, literature, or what not. How few there are among the public or the painters who recognize the thought that goes to the right portrayal of a simple flower; who know the analysis, the mental mastery, the intense, refined application, the brooding imagination, the realization of character, that bring about the living presentment of some graceful, sturdy, wayside growth!"

Perhaps there are comparatively few among the public who "recognize the thought that goes to the right portrayal of a simple flower," but where are the painters guilty of the mental confusions here charged upon them? The painters of to-day, the American painters as well as others, do not "suppose that thought in art means allegory, literature, or what not," but clearly understand that "mental mastery" in their art means the "right portrayal of a simple flower," or other object. This critic is wholly wrong. Our artists are far from being so incompetent as he asserts. We do not hesitate, indeed, to say that our painters—of course there are exceptions—are of all intellectual workers the

most thoroughly filled with a desire to be true to their tasks. We know very well that there are theatrical painters—painters who study the market and produce that which will make a sensation and command a price—and of course this sort of thing is never found among versifiers, story-writers, essayists, journalists, or editors; but the majority of our painters struggle with the most direct and honest purpose "to give the right portrayal of a simple flower," to catch the light upon cloud and sea and hill, to fill themselves with the truth and beauty of Nature in order that they may be reproduced upon the canvas. The paintings in our exhibitions are even dull to the ordinary visitor because their general tone is so honest and subdued. Very striking and effective are the passionate and weird and highly imaginative productions of the French pencil; our artists, indeed, may with some justice be accused of lacking in imagination; but their excellences are just of the character that arise from "intense refined application," from a proneness to do simple things with all honesty, from a love of the great beauties of Nature. There is nothing in this country that has so little sensationalism as our recognized art, nothing that is characterized by greater fidelity to right principles.

But another critic has this to say:

"The danger to all our young artists, of course, is that of being fascinated by unique individualities, and thus led away from Nature and themselves. To see things as the demi-god sees them, to represent them by his methods, to be led by him, magnetized by him, fooled by him who has the misfortune to see things exquisitely wrong, and the power to represent them outrageously beautiful, is to be artistically ruined. What Nature says to him, his admirers cannot hear, save through him. What he sees in Nature, they can never know, save by his interpretation. There is no safety in following anybody, in any field of art. What God and Nature say to the artist, that, precisely, he is to speak, and he ought to speak it in his own language. To choose another's words, to look at Nature from another's window, is a sad confession of artistic incapacity and untruthfulness. Schools of art are no more built up around a man than a house is built up around a window. Turner could never produce a school, although he might injure one very materially—possibly benefit it, in some respects. Pre-Raphaelite theories can never produce a school, although they may contribute ideas to one. What our young artists need is absolute disenthralment from the influence of strong individualities in art, and a determination to see things for themselves."

There is a great deal of truth in this; there is nothing but truth in it, save where its lessons are applied to American art. Our young artists scarcely need "disenthralment from the influence of strong individualities in art," because they rarely surrender to them. It is quite impossible for "strong individualities" not to exercise influence; it is only right they should do so, and they always have done so; but our young artists are as

profoundly impressed as their critics are with the necessity of being true to their own impressions, and not copyists of other artists' ideas of things. Has Durand, or Church, or Bierstadt, or Kensett, or Gifford, his followers and imitators? When a majority of the young artists of England were swept away by the pre-Raphaelite mania, ours stood firm; they studied the new school and derived valuable lessons from it, but they never servilely surrendered their judgment to it; they believed, in the language of our critic, that "there is no safety in following anybody, in any field of art."

We have not dwelt upon the power or the genius of our painters. That they have a great deal of both, we believe, but their talents are generally of a quiet kind. They are wholly weak in dramatic story—and this fact is probably to some people a deficiency in the only thing in art that interests them—but this is not the fault of the painters, whose subtle sympathies are for the strange charms and hidden beauties of Nature, and who would rather catch the spirit of a sylvan brook than paint a story of passion. Judging them within the limits of what they attempt to do, they stand very well beside the artists of other countries, while they have their own marked individuality.

WHILE on this topic we must be permitted to contrast with the criticisms quoted above a passage from an article on the last academy exhibition, by a writer who substitutes just insight for sweeping and erroneous assertion. We will give the reader the selection first, and let our comments follow:

"Of Mr. Homer's three pictures we have spoken, but there would be a good deal more to say about them; not, we mean, because they are particularly important in themselves, but because they are peculiarly typical. A frank, absolute, sincere expression of any tendency is always interesting, even when the tendency is not elevated or the individual not distinguished. Mr. Homer goes in, as the phrase is, for perfect realism, and cares not a jot for such fantastic hair-splitting as the distinction between beauty and ugliness. He is a genuine painter; that is, to see, and to reproduce what he sees, is his only care; to think, to imagine, to select, to refine, to compose, to drop into any of the intellectual tricks with which other people sometimes try to eke out the dull pictorial vision—all this Mr. Homer triumphantly avoids. He not only has no imagination, but he contrives to elevate this rather blighting negative into a blooming and honorable positive. He is almost barbarously simple, and, to our eye, he is horribly ugly; but there is nevertheless something one likes about him. What is it? For ourselves, it is not his subjects. We frankly confess that we detest his subjects—his barren plank fences, his glaring, bald, blue skies, his big, dreary, vacant lots of meadows, his freckled, straight-haired Yankee urchins, his flat-breasted maidens, suggestive of a dish of rural doughnuts and pie, his calico sun-bonnets, his flannel shirts, his cowhide boots. He has chosen the least pictorial features of the least pictorial range of

scenery and civilization; he has resolutely treated them as if they were pictorial, as if they were every bit as good as Capri or Tangiers; and, to reward his audacity, he has uncontestedly succeeded. It makes one feel the value of consistency; it is a proof that if you will only be doggedly literal, though you may often be displeasing, you will at least have a stamp of your own. Mr. Homer has the great merit, moreover, that he naturally sees every thing at one with its envelope of light and air. He sees not in lines, but in masses, in gross, broad masses. Things come already modeled to his eye. If his masses were only sometimes a trifle more broken, and his brush a good deal richer—if it had a good many more secrets and mysteries and coquetries, he would be, with his vigorous way of looking and seeing, even if fancy in the matter remained the same dead blank, an almost distinguished painter. In its suggestion of this blankness of fancy the picture of the young farmer flirting with the pie-nurtured maiden in the wheat-field is really an intellectual curiosity. The want of grace, of intellectual detail, of reflected light, could hardly go further; but the picture was its author's best contribution, and a very honest, and vivid, and manly piece of work. Our only complaint with it is that it is damnably ugly!"

This is very clear and very just. The writer confesses how much he dislikes the painter's subjects, but he nevertheless studies and endeavors to comprehend his methods; and hence, however much the admirers of Mr. Winslow Homer may differ from the critic, they can but acknowledge the fair and open spirit with which the criticism is penned. But we have made this selection not only to show the reader a good piece of criticism, but because it illustrates the possession in the artist of exactly that individuality the need of which one of the critics from whom we have quoted so much deploras. And Winslow Homer is an exception to the greater number of our painters simply in pushing his individuality too far. It is an axiom very generally prevailing among our artists that it is incumbent upon each painter to do honest and manly work, to avoid all academic methods, and to reject the authority of every school but the great school of Nature. And this right and fine principle the critics ought to recognize, instead of being forever ready with their sneers. The criticism above upon Mr. Homer, let us say, is by Mr. Henry James, Jr., and appeared in the *Galaxy*.

A SENTENCE in a London journal in regard to the Beecher trial reflects a sentiment entertained by many people on this side of the ocean. "It is impossible," exclaims our foreign critic, "to read the reports of the trial with which the American newspapers have for some months been flooded without feeling that there must be something essentially unsound in the constitution of a society which delights to gorge itself day by day with such loathsome garbage, which treats the suspected wickedness of a popular preacher as a good bit of gossip, and prostitutes the forms of justice to the pur-

poses of mere personal display and popular amusement."

Now we deplore, as much as any one does, the wide publicity of this Brooklyn scandal, but we believe that they are wholly wrong who think they discover, in the intense interest evinced by the public in the Beecher trial, a sign of "something unsound in the constitution of our society." Similar censures to this are always uttered when an important murder-trial is agitating the public mind; on occasions of this kind it is sure to be declared that the popular interest in the details of the crime evince a morbid appetite wholly lamentable and degrading.

There is, to our mind, just sufficient truth in these censures to give them currency and an air of wisdom. There are undoubtedly many people, and altogether too many, who derive pleasure from the scandalous details of a divorce suit, or the bloody incidents of a murder; but, if one will study the phenomena of the public sympathy and interest in these matters, he will discover that they are governed almost altogether by elements entirely apart from the horrors or the pruriency connected therewith. These elements are *mystery* and *perplexity*. No trial ever profoundly agitates the public unless there is opportunity for marked division of opinion, unless it becomes, as it were, a curious and baffling puzzle of which all are eager to find the solution, or is like a grand drama which the beholders watch with breathless interest for the *dénouement*. The murders in this country, for instance, that most profoundly excited the public mind were those of Helen Jewett and Dr. Burdell in New York, and of Parkman in Boston. In each of these instances the details of the murder were scanned and discussed mainly as to their significance in determining the all-absorbing question as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. The more perplexing and contradictory the evidence on any trial, the greater will be the public excitement. Where the mystery is very profound and the testimony perplexing, the community becomes divided into zealous partisans. Each man has his theory; everybody exercises his detective talent; and in every social circle the incidents of the story are taken up and searched through and through with a zeal immensely stimulated by the puzzling circumstances, and the opposition which each theory encounters from other theories. It is a peculiar constitution of the human mind to experience great excitement and zest in a mystery. Whatever baffles it stimulates it. And hence men and women must be made of very different stuff from what they are now if they can look on so strange and perplexing a game as we have recently seen played at Brooklyn without feeling a most intense interest in the issue. It may be said that, admitting our argument to be true, the sight of a whole people subjugated by a curiosity of this kind is not very

edifying. Quite true. But in justice we ought, in excitements of this nature, to look closely and see what the real cause of the public concern is; and if concern in the issue of a scandal be not a very high order of intellectual activity, it is at least immeasurably better that it should be this than merely a morbid love for prurient details. And let us say that the disposition to find in every act of our neighbors the baser motive is not elevating to him who indulges in it, nor is it calculated to exercise an influence for good upon the community.

Those who know Victor Hugo's manner of political disquisition and prophecy will shudder to think what is coming. We are threatened with a perfect inundation of glittering generalities and epigrammatic highfalutin in the shape of political memoirs. Victor Hugo does nothing, at least with the pen, by halves. His literary schemes are as elaborate and full of complex structure as a military engineer's plan of siege. He, therefore, lays out a scheme of discouraging proportions; nor will he be able to relate his part in French politics in less than three good-sized volumes. We already have his prologue, which is the shape of an essay on "Right and the Law," in which the illustrious Academician seems bent on persuading Frenchmen that right is one thing and law another, and that, if they want to do right, they must hold the law in slight esteem and scant obedience. Following close upon this super-transcendental thesis, which has the tone of one conjuring mankind to resolve to be perfect, and so abolish all necessity for law, we shall be confronted with three volumes of memoirs, entitled, respectively, "Before Exile," "During Exile," and "After Exile." Modern French history, then, is to be marked by epochs of Victor Hugo's own career. Instead of saying that such and such a thing occurred in the reign of Louis Philippe, it will be proper to say that it occurred "Before the Exile." And we must believe that "During Exile" the current of French politics ran dark and turgid enough. Why will not men of real genius be content with the fame which that genius achieves in its own proper sphere?

There is no doubt of Victor Hugo's illustrious rank among men of letters in his generation. The author of "Notre-Dame" and "Les Misérables" and "Hernani" and "The Terrible Year" ought to be content with the immortality which these bring, without seeking new worlds to conquer. As poet and romancer he is sometimes extravagant, too often hyperbolic; but here, at least, he is in an element where he is strong and great. The moment that, with a strange fatuity, he enters the political arena, and imagines himself a statesman, he becomes stilted, visionary, wild, and, we had almost said, nonsensical. It is sad that such a man as Victor Hugo should be laughed at; but, every time that

he makes an incursion into political by-ways, he exposes himself to ridicule. And he seems to be the one Frenchman whom ridicule neither dismays nor silences. He insists upon it that he is created to be the constitution-builder to "the parliament of man, the federation of the world;" being sure that, if only his scheme be adopted, the war-drum would throb no more, and the battle-flags would be furled. Hugo, like Carlyle, is bent on being a school-master of mankind; and the good-natured world, considering the glory of their writings, will, no doubt, "grin and bear it." They have, perhaps, earned the right to be chartered libertines of political pedagogy.

MR. CHARLES READE finds time, amid his literary labors, to make frequent diversions as a social reformer. He is a vigorous rival of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Every thing he says and does is thoroughly Readesque in energy and pungency. Now, he has been running a tilt against an institution called "The Dogs' Home." It was founded as a charity. Stray dogs, masterless and kennel-less, were picked up and welcomed to this canine retreat and hearthstone. Thence they were doled out to such people as wanted a faithful follower and domestic policeman. But, being for the most part ugly creatures, mongrel in breed and without the advantages of a liberal education, there were few demands upon the supplies of the "Home." Mr. Charles Reade, hearing suspicious things of the "Home," made a private tour of inspection thither; and the result is one of his crisp, sharp, and witty letters to a London paper. He says that the dogs are confined in seldom-cleaned cages, are poorly fed, and kept like canine felons. Nor was this the worst. He found out that after a certain time the undemanded dogs were ruthlessly killed to save their board. "So swift to shed blood," says Mr. Reade, "was 'home, sweet home.'" They were sacrificed because they could not "sell all in a moment, like a hot roll."

Mr. Reade goes on to tell the world what he knows about dogs, the sum of his information being that the half-bred dog is "often a handsome animal and generally a more intelligent one than the thorough-bred." He finds, however, that "if the dog captured is a retriever, hound, or even plain Pomeranian, his chances of living a week are small; and if he is half as great a mongrel as the Anglo-Saxon race, he is pretty sure to be murdered in a week, that 'home, sweet home' may save his biscuit and sawdust, and sell his skin." Between the policeman, who is given a reward for every stray dog he captures, and the "Home," which sells the dogs or kills them for their hides, the system has become a sheer commercial speculation. "Humanity," says our Society F. T. P. C. A. of one, "started a dogs' home; trade has grafted the

shop and the shambles. Humanity got dismayed at the mountain of dogs, and retreated. Trade saw its chance, and shot into the vacant place. The iron egotists who rob a poor creature of its life to sell its skin shall not pass for soft sentimentalist while I can wag a pen. The crying hyena is a new trader, and I resist him in the name of dog and man." It is certainly a good work to expose imposture, and strip the garment of charity from what seems to have become a mere money-making operation; but we fear that Mr. Reade will have to give over novel-writing altogether—which would be a sore grief to his thousands of readers—if he sets about unearthing all the trading wolves which go about appealing to public sympathy in the innocent garb of wool. However, one such exposure is a worthy deed, and Mr. Reade has proved himself as efficient a champion of the dog as he is skillful in "wagging a pen."

Literary.

THE first thing which it occurs to us to say of Tennyson's "Queen Mary" * is, that it is really a drama. Many of the modern so-called dramas are nothing more than poems, or "studies of character," broken up into dialogue and cast in dramatic forms, but impossible of representation on the stage, and, in fact, never intended for it; but Mr. Tennyson's characters really act, his scenes appeal to the eye and not to the imagination, and the drama itself, probably, will be seen in its true proportions only when seen on the stage. We do not mean by this that it takes its interest in any degree from the "surprises," "business," "gags," and carpentry, which are supposed to be indispensable to the acting play; but the dialogue is too vigorous, direct, and personal, for the full flavor to be caught by merely reading it; the action is rapid, and great pains have evidently been bestowed upon the pictorial accessories. Few dramas in the language, indeed, afford finer opportunities for the magnificent scene-painting which forms one of the achievements of the modern stage—Whitehall Palace, Lambeth Palace, the Guildhall, the Tower, London Bridge, Westminster Palace, the Houses of Parliament, all would call for representation—and provision is made for at least three street-pageants of a particularly impressive description.

The action of the drama covers the entire period of the reign of "Bloody Mary," opening with the entry into London which occurred just subsequent to her accession to the throne, and closing with the proclamation of Elizabeth by the Lords of the Council. Of the *dramatis personæ*, there are no fewer than forty-five, besides "Lords and other Attendants, Members of the Privy Council, Members of Parliament, two Gentlemen, Aldermen, Citizens, Peasants, Ushers, Messengers, Guards, Pages, etc.;" but out of the

* Queen Mary. A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

crowd the figures of Queen Mary, Elizabeth, Philip of Spain, Gardiner, Archbishop Cranmer, Cardinal Pole, Simon Renard (the Spanish Ambassador), and Sir Thomas Wyatt, stand forth conspicuously prominent, while the story takes its essential unity from the life of Mary herself.

The first act is a long one and decidedly business-like, being occupied chiefly with positing the several leading characters, and twining together the threads of the subsequent story; but even thus early we come upon the main-springs of the drama—*Mary's* infatuation for *Philip*, the opposition of the English to her marriage with him, and the persecuting tendencies of the Roman Catholic revival. Scene v. of this act, in which *Mary* communes with herself over the miniature of *Philip*, shows it to her attendants and questions them regarding it, and avows to *Gardiner* her unalterable determination to have *Philip* and none other, is one of the most successful in the play; but it is too long to quote entire, and its parts are too interdependent to be separated.

The whole of the second act is devoted to the "Kentish insurrection," headed by *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, which came so near costing *Mary* her throne, and the complete defeat of which enabled her to triumph over all opposition, and to carry out her pet plans of marrying *Philip* and reëstablishing the Romish worship in England. This act is spirited and dramatic, and contains some of the most skillful writing in the play.

Before the third act opens an interval of a year or more has elapsed, during which *Wyatt* and *Lady Jane Grey* have been beheaded, *Elizabeth* consigned to prison as a "suspect," and the queen married to her *Philip*, who by his haughty bearing and insolent Spanish airs has already awakened bitter hostility against himself both at court and among the people. In this act the story makes rapid progress. *Pole*, as Papal Legate, absolves England from the guilt of heresy, and takes her back once more into the fold of Holy Church; under the pressure of *Gardiner* and *Bonner*—*Mary* being a willing coadjutor—the baleful enginery of religious persecution is set in motion, and *Elizabeth* is partially reinstated at court. In the closing scene *Philip*, disgusted with the English climate, and tired of a wife whom he had never loved, and whom he had accepted only from motives of state policy, is on the point of leaving England. This scene is long; but, as it summarizes in a manner the controlling motif of the play, we venture to quote a considerable portion of it:

PHILIP.

But, Renard, I am sicker staying here Than any sea could make me passing hence, Though I be ever deadly sick at sea. So sick am I with biding for this child. Is it the fashion in this clime for women To go twelve months in bearing of a child? The nurses yawned, the cradle gaped, they led Processions, chanted litanies, clashed their bells, Shot off their lying cannon, and her priests Have preached, the fools, of this fair prince to come, Till, by St. James, I find myself the fool. Why do you lift your eyebrow at me thus?

RENARD.

I never saw your highness moved till now.

PHILIP.
So, weary am I of this wet land of theirs,
And every soul of man that breathes therein.

RENARD.

My liege, we must not drop the mask before
The masquerade is over—

PHILIP.

—Have I dropped it?
I have but shown a loathing face to you,
Who knew it from the first.

Enter MARY.

MARY (*aside*).

With Renard. Still
Parleying with Renard, all the day with Renard,
And scarce a greeting all the day for me—
And goes to-morrow. [Exit MARY.]

PHILIP (*to RENARD, who advances to him*).

Well, sir, is there more?

RENARD (*who has perceived the QUEEN*).

May Simon Renard speak a single word?

PHILIP.

Ay.

RENARD.

And be forgiven for it?

PHILIP.

Simon Renard
Knows me too well to speak a single word
That could not be forgiven.

RENARD.

Well, my liege,
Your grace hath a most chaste and loving
wife.

PHILIP.

Why not? The queen of Philip should be
chaste.

RENARD.

Ay, but, my lord, you know what Virgil sings,
Woman is various and most mutable.

PHILIP.

She play the harlot! never.

RENARD.

No, sire, no,
Not dreamed of by the rabidest gospeler.
There was a paper thrown into the palace,
"The king hath wearied of his barren bride."
She came upon it, read it, and then rent it,
With all the rage of one who hates a truth
He cannot but allow. Sire, I would have
you—
What should I say, I cannot pick my words—
Be somewhat less—majestic to your queen.

PHILIP.

Am I to change my manners, Simon Renard,
Because these islanders are brutal beasts?
Or would you have me turn a sonneteer,
And warble those brief-sighted eyes of hers?

RENARD.

Brief-sighted though they be, I have seen
them, sire,
When you perchance were trifling royally
With some fair dame of court, suddenly fill
With such fierce fire—had it been fire indeed
It would have burnt both speakers.

PHILIP.

Ay, and then?

RENARD.

Sire, might it not be policy in some matter
Of small importance now and then to cede
A point to her demand?

PHILIP.

Well, I am going.

RENARD.

For should her love when you are gone, my
liege,
Witness these papers, there will not be want-
ing
Those that will urge her injury—should her
love—
And I have known such women more than
one—
Veer to the counterpoint, and jealousy
Hath in it an alchemic force to fuse
Almost into one metal love and hate—
And she impress her wrongs upon her Coun-
cil,
And these again upon her Parliament—

We are not loved here, and would be then per-
haps
Not so well helpen in our wars with France,
As else we might be—here she comes.

Enter MARY.

MARY.

O Philip!

Nay, must you go, indeed?

PHILIP.

Madam, I must.

MARY.

The parting of a husband and a wife
Is like the cleaving of a heart; one half
Will flutter here, one there.

PHILIP.

You say true, madam.

MARY.

The Holy Virgin will not have me yet
Lose the sweet hope that I may bear a prince.
If such a prince were born and you not here!

PHILIP.

I should be here if such a prince were born.

MARY.

But must you go?

PHILIP.

Madam, you know my father,
Retiring into cloistral solitude
To yield the remnant of his years to heaven,
Will shift the yoke and weight of all the
world
From off his neck to mine. We meet at Brus-
sels.
But since mine absence will not be for long.
Your majesty shall go to Dover with me,
And wait my coming back.

MARY.

To Dover? no,
I am too feeble. I will go to Greenwich,
So you will have me with you; and there
watch
All that is gracious in the breath of heaven
Draw with your sails from our poor land, and
pass
And leave me, Philip, with my prayers for
you.

PHILIP.

And doubtless I shall profit by your prayers.

MARY.

Methinks that would you tarry one day more
(The news was sudden), I could mould my-
self
To bear your going better; will you do it?

PHILIP.

Madam, a day may sink or save a realm.

MARY.

A day may save a heart from breaking, too.

PHILIP.

Well, Simon Renard, shall we stop a day?

RENARD.

Your grace's business will not suffer, sire,
For one day more, so far as I can tell.

PHILIP.

Then one day more to please her majesty.

MARY.

The sunshine sweeps across my life again.
Oh, if I knew you felt this parting, Philip,
As I do!

PHILIP.

By St. James I do protest,
Upon the faith and honor of a Spaniard,
I am vastly grieved to leave your majesty.—
Simon, is supper ready?

RENARD.

Ay, my liege,
I saw the covers laying.

PHILIP.

Let us have it. [Exeunt.]

With the fourth act the drama takes on a deeper tone, and rises to loftier heights of poetry. The entire act is devoted to the religious persecutions, especially to the burning of Cranmer at the stake. The scenes preliminary to this most melancholy tragedy in the annals of the English Church—the abortive petition of the Lords for Cranmer's pardon,

the procuring of the recantations, the meeting at St. Mary's Church, where Cranmer is expected to abjure his heresy, and abjures his recantations instead, the procession to the stake—all are described with exceeding vividness of detail. Cranmer's speech at St. Mary's is surpassingly fine, unequalled in vigor, simplicity, and pathos, by any thing of the kind in recent literature. The horror of the actual scene at the stake is spared us, but the following description of it is given by an eye-witness fresh from the burning:

PETERS.

You saw him how he passed among the crowd; And ever as he walked the Spanish friars Still plied him with entreaty and reproach: But Cranmer, as the helmsman at the helm Steers, ever looking to the happy haven Where he shall rest at night, moved to his death; And I could see that many silent hands Came from the crowd and met his own, and thus, When we had come where Ridley burned with Latimer, He, with a cheerful smile, as one whose mind Is all made up, in haste put off the rage They had mocked his misery with, and all in white, His long white beard, which he had never shaven Since Henry's death, down-sweeping to the chain Where with they bound him to the stake, he stood More like an ancient father of the Church Than heretic of these times; and still the friars Plied him, but Cranmer only shook his head, Or answered them in smiling negatives; Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden cry: "Make short! make short!" and so they lit the wood. Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to heaven, And thrust his right into the bitter flame; And crying, in his deep voice, more than once: "This hath offended—this unworthy hand!" So held it till it all was burned, before The flame had reached his body; I stood near—Marked him—he never uttered a moan of pain: He never stirred or writhed, but, like a statue, Unmoving in the greatness of the flame, Gave up the ghost; and so passed martyr-like—Martyr I may not call him—passed—but whither?

PAGET.

To purgatory, man—to purgatory!

PETERS.

Nay, but, my lord, he denied purgatory.

PAGET.

Why then to heaven; and God ha' mercy on him.

In the fifth act the interest is concentrated on Queen Mary, who appears before us in her declining days, deserted by her husband, hopeless of an heir, involved by Philip in an unpopular war with France, conscious of being hated by her people, and racked with disease. The pathos of this act is profound and powerful; for, though Tennyson has made little effort to soften the hard and unlovely outlines of Mary's character, though he has represented her as she really was—a cold, selfish, cruel woman, in politics an incapable, and in religion a ferocious bigot—yet, recalling her ardent devotion to Philip and her sorrowful life with him, and looking upon the utter desolation of her latter end, we are moved to sympathy, and find ourselves regarding "the bloody queen" with infinite pity, if not with affection. This, indeed, is Tennyson's true triumph: that he has taken

one of the most repulsive characters in modern annals, and, without violating the truth of history or attempting to confuse our judgment, linked her to her kind by simply exhibiting her under the influence of those passions and sorrows which are common to us all, and which, therefore, appeal to our most universal human sympathies. Henceforth, History's stern verdict upon Mary will be mitigated in the reader's mind by the recollection of the scene (scene ii., act v.) of which we shall now quote a part:

POLE (to MARY).

Ah, cousin, I remember How I would dandle you upon my knee At lisping-age. I watched you dancing once With your huge father; he looked the Great Harry, You but his cockboat: prettily you did it And innocently. No, we were not made One flesh in happiness, no happiness here; But now we are made one flesh in misery: Our bridesmaids are not lovely—Disappointment, Ingratitude, Injustice, Evil-tongue, Labor-in-vain.

MARY.

Surely, not all in vain. Peace, cousin, peace! I am sad at heart myself.

POLE.

Our altar is a mound of dead men's clay, Dug from the grave that yawns for us beyond; And there is one Death stands behind the groom, And there is one Death stands behind the bride—

MARY.

Have you been looking at "The Dance of Death?"

POLE.

No; but these libelous papers which I found Strewn in your palace. Look you here: the pope Pointing at me with "Pole, the heretic, Thou hast burned others, do thou burn thyself, Or I will burn thee," and this other; see—"We pray continually for the death Of our accursed queen and Cardinal Pole." This last—I dare not read it her. [Aside.

MARY.

Away!

Why do you bring me these? I thought you knew me better. I never read, I tear them; they come back upon my dreams. The hands that write them should be burned clean off

As Cranmer's, and the fiends that utter them Tongue-torn with pincers, lashed to death, or lie Famishing in black cells, while famished rats Eat them alive. Why do you bring me these? Do you mean to drive me mad?

POLE.

I had forgotten

How these poor libels trouble you. Your pardon, Sweet cousin, and farewell! "O bubble world, Whose colors in a moment break and fly!" Why, who said that? I know not—true enough!

[Puts up the papers, all but the last, which falls.]

Exit POLE.

ALICE.

If Cranmer's spirit were a mocking one, And heard these two, there might be sport for him. [Aside.

MARY.

Clarence, they hate me: even while I speak There lurks a silent dagger, listening In some dark closet, some long gallery, drawn, And panting for my blood as I go by.

LADY CLARENCE.

Nay, madam, there be loyal papers, too, And I have often found them.

MARY.

Find me one!

LADY CLARENCE.

Ay, madam; but Sir Nicholas Heath, the chancellor, Would see your highness.

MARY.

Wherefore should I see him?

LADY CLARENCE.

Well, madam, he may bring you news from Philip.

MARY.

So, Clarence.

LADY CLARENCE.

Let me first put up your hair; It tumbles all abroad.

MARY.

And the gray dawn Of an old age that never shall be mine Is all the clearer seen. No, no; what matters? Forlorn I am, and let me look forlorn.

Enter SIR NICHOLAS HEATH.

HEATH.

I bring your majesty such grievous news I grieve to bring it. Madam, Calais is taken.

MARY.

What traitor spoke? Here, let my cousin Pole Seize and burn him for a Lutheran.

HEATH.

Her highness is unwell. I will retire.

LADY CLARENCE.

Madam, your chancellor, Sir Nicholas Heath.

MARY.

Sir Nicholas? I am stunned—Nicholas Heath? Methought some traitor smote me on the head.—What said you, my good lord, that our brave English

Had sallied out from Calais and driven back The Frenchmen from their trenches?

HEATH.

Alas! no. That gateway to the main-land over which Our flag hath floated for two hundred years Is France again.

MARY.

So; but it is not lost—Not yet. Send out: let England as of old Rise lion-like, strike hard and deep into The prey they are rending from her—ay, and rend

The renders, too. Send out, send out, and make

Muster in all the counties; gather all From sixteen years to sixty; collect the fleet; Let every craft that carries sail and gun Steer toward Calais. Guisnes is not taken yet!

HEATH.

Guisnes is not taken yet.

MARY.

There is yet hope.

HEATH.

Ah, madam, but your people are so cold; I do much fear that England will not care. Methinks there is no manhood left among us.

MARY.

Send out. I am too weak to stir abroad; Tell my mind to the Council—to the Parliament: Proclaim it to the winds. Thou art cold thyself

To babble of their coldness. Oh, would I were

My father for an hour! Away now—quick! [Exit HEATH.

I hoped I had served God with all my might! It seems I have not. Ah, much heresy Sheltered in Calais. Saints, I have rebuilt Your shrines, set up your broken images; Be comfortable to me. Suffer not That my brief reign in England be defamed Through all her angry chronicles hereafter By loss of Calais. Grant me Calais.—Philip, We have made war upon the Holy Father All for your sake! What good could come of that?

LADY CLARENCE.

No, madam, not against the Holy Father; You did but help King Philip's war with France. Your troops were never down in Italy.

MARY.

I am a byword. Heretic and rebel
Point at me and make merry. Philip gone!
And Calais gone! 'Tis that I were gone too!
(*Sees the paper dropped by POLE.*)

There, there! another paper! said you not
Many of these were loyal? Shall I try
If this be one of such?

LADY CLARENCE.

Let it be, let it be.
God pardon me! I have never yet found one.
[Aside.]

MARY (*reads*).

"Your people hate you as your husband hates
you."
Clarence, Clarence, what have I done? what
sin
Beyond all grace, all pardon? Mother of God,
Thou knowest never woman meant so well,
And fared so ill in this disastrous world.
My people hate me and desire my death.

LADY CLARENCE.

No, madam, no.

MARY.

My husband hates me, and desires my death.

LADY CLARENCE.

No, madam; these are libels.

MARY.

I hate myself, and I desire my death.

We have little more to add. What we have already written will suffice, we trust, to give the reader a tolerably accurate idea of the scope and quality of the work. To characterize such a performance might savor of presumption; while it would certainly be fruitless to follow the example of the *London Times* (referred to last week), and institute a comparison between poets who have so little in common, even when they essay the drama, as Shakespeare and Tennyson. It is enough to say that "Queen Mary" is worthy of its author's fame; that its vigor, dramatic fire, simplicity of diction, and freedom from all effort at merely rhetorical effects, will surprise those whose knowledge of Tennyson is founded chiefly upon his later work, in which the singer has almost been lost in the artist; and that it will undoubtedly take a foremost place among the literary achievements of our time.

PROFESSOR J. E. CAIRNES, of University College, London, is now generally recognized as the leading living exponent of the orthodox school of political economy—the school founded by Adam Smith, and of which the late J. S. Mill was, perhaps, the most distinguished expositor. Whatever he chose to say, therefore, on politico-economical questions, would be entitled to respectful consideration; but, independent of this, his little collection of lectures on "The Character and Logical Method of Political Economy" (New York: Harper & Brothers) fills a place in the popular literature of the science that has been occupied by no previous book. It is not a systematic treatise on the principles of political economy; much less is it a complete survey of its phenomena and laws; but it stands alone in the precision with which it defines the nature, objects, and limits of economic science, and the method of investigation proper to it as a subject of scientific study. For this reason it is admirably adapted to serve as an introduction to the study of the science, or as the close of a course of reading when the time has come to coordi-

nate, systematize, and classify the ideas that have been accumulated in the reader's mind.

Professor Cairnes thinks that the present state of instability and uncertainty even as to fundamental propositions in political economy, which has retarded and almost arrested the growth of the science in recent years, is owing partly to a want of precision in its definitions, but chiefly to an attempt on the part of many professed expounders of the science (the French school especially) to extend its boundaries so as to include in it all the various phenomena presented by society. Besides the controversies which this has caused, and the difficulty involved in thus grouping together phenomena which have no scientific relation to each other, the result has been to divert political economy from its proper field, the laws of the production and distribution of wealth, to a consideration of social interests and relations generally, in the discussion of which its exponents have taken sides and become the apologists or assailants of institutions which it was their business simply to analyze. As a consequence of these attempts to represent political economy in the guise of a dogmatic code of cut-and-dried rules, a system promulgating decrees, sanctioning one social arrangement, condemning another, requiring from men, not consideration, but obedience, it has awakened the repugnance, and even the violent opposition, not only of those who have all along regarded the science as "dismal," "unchristian," and "inhuman," but of that vast mass of people who have their own reasons for not cherishing that unbounded admiration of existing industrial arrangements which is felt by some popular expositors of so-called economic laws. The main object of Professor Cairnes in these lectures is to bring back the science to its rightful limits, which, as we have already said, are the laws of the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth, and to show that, within these limits, it is a true science, dealing with phenomena only, and not intruding at all upon the domain of morals, or either indorsing or condemning social arrangements or industrial schemes. The argument in which this proposition is enforced is a beautiful example of lucid, forcible, and convincing reasoning; and though the chain is too closely welded to be easily unlinked, we cannot refrain from quoting a single paragraph, bearing upon the points we have just mentioned:

"For those who clearly apprehend what science, in the modern sense of the term, means, this ought sufficiently to indicate at once its (political economy's) province and what it undertakes to do. Unfortunately, many who perfectly understand what science means when the word is employed with reference to physical Nature, allow themselves to slide into a totally different sense of it, or rather into acquiescence in an absence of all distinct meaning in its use, when they employ it with reference to social existence. In the minds of a large number of people every thing is social science which proposes to deal with social facts, either in the way of remedying a grievance, or in promoting order and progress in society: every thing is political economy which is in any way connected with the production, distribution, or consumption of

wealth. Now I am anxious here to insist upon this fundamental point: whatever takes the form of a plan aiming at definite practical ends—it may be a measure for the diminution of pauperism, for the reform of land-tenure, for the extension of coöperative industry, for the regulation of currency; or it may assume a more ambitious shape, and aim at reorganizing society under spiritual and temporal powers, represented by a high-priest of humanity and three bankers—it matters not what the proposal may be, whether wide or narrow in its scope, severely judicious or wildly imprudent—if its object be to accomplish definite practical ends, then I say it has none of the characteristics of a science, and has no just claim to the name. Consider the case of any recognized physical science—astronomy, dynamics, chemistry, physiology—does any of these aim at definite practical ends? at modifying in a definite manner, it matters not how, the arrangement of things in the physical universe? Clearly not. In each case the object is, not to attain tangible results, not to prove any definite thesis, not to advocate any practical plan, but simply to give light, to reveal laws of Nature, to tell us what phenomena are found together, what effects follow from what causes. Does it follow from this that the physical sciences are without bearing on the practical concerns of mankind? I think I need not trouble myself to answer that question. Well, then, political economy is a science in the same sense in which astronomy, dynamics, chemistry, and physiology are sciences. Its subject-matter is different; it deals with the phenomena of wealth, while they deal with the phenomena of the physical universe; but its methods, its aims, the character of its conclusions, are the same as theirs. What astronomy does for the phenomena of the heavenly bodies; what dynamics does for the phenomena of motion; what chemistry does for the phenomena of chemical combination; what physiology does for the phenomena of the functions of organic life, that political economy does for the phenomena of wealth: it expounds the laws according to which these phenomena coexist with or succeed each other; that is to say, it expounds the laws of the phenomena of wealth."

In one lecture the Malthusian doctrine of population, and in another the theory of *rent*, are very carefully analyzed and explained; but the entire book is one which we can recommend warmly to all students of politico-economical questions. The fact that the lectures were delivered some seventeen years ago does not in any way lessen their value—the problems of that time are the problems of to-day—and, besides the introduction of entirely new topics, extensive changes have been made throughout in the form and treatment.

MRS. FRANCES ELLIOT is already known to readers of the *JOURNAL*, by her "Romance of Old Court-Life in France," as a forcible, vivid, and graceful writer, with a decided taste for the picturesque and personal side of history and an equally decided talent for brilliant, pictorial, and somewhat gorgeous description. Her latest work, "The Italians" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), takes its chief interest from the same tastes and qualities. Though, in form, a novel, the story is exceedingly slight, and the characters are types rather than persons; the real

object of the book being to picture the Italian society of the period, with its proud old nobility, whose very names have an historic sound, and whose traditions link the present with the middle ages, but whose fortunes are grievously decayed, and its *nouveaux riches* whom the new order of things and the increasing importance of wealth have lifted to a social prominence which the hereditary caste bitterly resents but is obliged to tolerate. Mrs. Elliot has lived long in Italy, she writes from abundant knowledge of her subject, and her delineations have a "truthful seeming" quality which one hesitates to call in question; yet we cannot help hoping that the picture is exaggerated, and that the author has been led by her preference for the salient and the striking to select the exceptions and ignore the rule. Every generous mind throughout the world has been in hearty sympathy with the awakening and growth of the new Italy; but what can be hoped of a nation of whose society the following can be truthfully written? For it must be remembered that these "golden youth" are but the product, the illustration, the expression of the social life in the midst of which they are bred:

"Beside Count Nobili some *jeunes d'or* of his own age (sons of the best houses in Lucca) also lean over the Venetian casements. Like the liveried giants at the entrance, these laugh, ogle, chaff, and criticise the wearers of Leghorn hats, black veils, and white head-gear, freely. They smoke, and drink *liqueurs* and sherbet, and crack sugar-plums out of crystal cups on silver plates, set on embossed trays placed beside them. The profession of these young men is idleness. They excel in it. Let us pause for a moment and ask what they do—this *jeunesse dorée*, to whom is committed the sacred mission of regenerating an heroic people? They could teach Ovid 'the art of love.' It comes to them in the air they breathe. They do not love their neighbors as themselves, but they love their neighbors' wives. Nothing is holy to them. 'All the world for love, and the world well lost,' is their motto. They can smile in their best friend's face, weep with him, rejoice with him, eat with him, drink with him, and—betray him; they do this every day, and do it well. They can also lie artistically, dressing up imaginary details with great skill, gamble and sing, swear, and talk scandal. They can lead a graceful, dissolute, *far niente* life, loll in carriages, and be whirled round for hours, say the Florence Cascade, the Roman Pincio, and the park at Milan—smoking the while, and raising their hats to the ladies. . . . They are ready of tongue and easy of offense. They can fight duels (with swords), generally a harmless exercise. They can dance. They can hold strong opinions on subjects on which they are crassly ignorant, and yield neither to fact nor argument where their mediæval usages are concerned. All this the Golden Youth of Italy can do, and do it well.

"Yet from such stuff as this are to come the future ministers, prefects, deputies, financiers, diplomatists, and senators, who are to regenerate the world's old mistress! Alas, poor Italy!"

Alas, indeed! for this is not the worst of it. Enrica, the heroine, is the only pure woman in the book; and her innocence is preserved first by a childhood and youth spent in almost conventual seclusion, and af-

terward by an absorbing affection for the man who in the end wins her hand. The story of this affection is entirely unexceptionable, but the social background on which it is thrown is a perfect Vanity Fair of folly, hypocrisy, and vice.

Mrs. Elliot, as we have said, has a marked talent for description, and in the present work finds ample opportunity for indulging it. The old city of Lucca, as it nestles in the valley of the Serchio; its massive edifices, half palace and half fortress, relics of the old warlike times when the lords of Lucca struggled with Florence and Pisa for supremacy in Italy; its famous historical achievements; its venerable nobility, contrasting oddly with the modern insignificance of their town; its festivals and civic ceremonials; its *fêtes* and balls; the country around, with its olive-plantations, chestnut-forests, and cornfields; the peasants, beggars, village gossips, and priests—all are brought before us with a vividness that leaves little to be demanded of the reader's imagination. An actual visit to Lucca could hardly add much to the knowledge which we seem to have gotten of the picturesque old city and the life of its inhabitants.

Without being exciting, "The Italians" is a book which it is not easy to lay aside unfinished, and we can testify from experience as to the facility with which it induces one to sit into the wee small hours.

A WRITER in *Cornhill* on "Ballad Poetry" closes his paper with the following comments in regard to a few recent poets as ballad-writers: "Almost every poet, whether English or German, who flourished at the close of last century or in the early years of this century, shows a profound sympathy with the feeling that gives life to the old ballads. In our country this sympathy directed the poetical course of Scott, dominated the genius of Coleridge and of Wordsworth, influenced in a considerable measure the rhythmical efforts of Southey, and moved with a secret but irresistible force many a smaller poet, who, if there were still, as in days of the troubadours, a minstrel college, would be entitled to a certificate of merit.

"Of all modern writers, Scott retains, we think, in the largest degree the force and picturesque quality of style which distinguish the old minstrels. His description of Flodden Field, while exhibiting an artistic skill unknown in earlier times, has the spirit and movement, the directness and heartiness, which delight us in the balladists, and, as a writer in the *Times* has lately remarked, his "Bonnie Dundee" is, of all Jacobite ballads, "one of the most spirited and soul-stirring." In "Young Lochinvar," a modern version of an old story, Scott gives another fine specimen of rapid and vigorous narrative which would have delighted the wandering singers of an earlier age. Lord Macaulay, too, caught with singular felicity the strain of the ballad-singers, and there is not a school-boy in England who has not read, we had almost said who cannot recite, "The Battle of Naseby," or the glorious story of

"How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old."

"And in some of the poets who have lately passed away, as well as in others who are happily still able to receive our love and homage,

there are similar signs of affection for the ballad. Mrs. Browning displays them frequently, although it must be acknowledged that the high effort exhibited in her verse is generally opposed to the directness and simplicity demanded from the balladist. Mr. Browning is never more picturesque, more vigorous, more able to stir the pulses, than when he surrenders himself to the emotion of the ballad. Truly says a writer in the *Spectator*, that Mr. Browning's ballads are among his most spirited poems. "They throb with a keen, sharp pulse of tense energy and excitement, which makes the eye and heart of his readers converge on the one point of sight of his narrative, and never dare to withdraw themselves till that point is reached." These ballads are by no means the finest works produced by the poet, but they are the most popular, and even persons who obstinately refuse to admire Mr. Browning's poetry will do justice to "The Ride from Ghent to Aix," and to the noble story of "The Breton Pirate, Hervé Riel." The poet-laureate, too, has given us some charming examples of what a writer of the highest culture and of exquisite taste can produce in this direction. So have Mr. Rossetti, Mr. Kingsley, the late Sidney Dobell, and other poets, who are all more or less indebted to the ballad-singers of earlier days.

"There is a mighty difference, of course, between the ballad of literary culture and the ballad produced in an untutored period, but the "one touch of Nature" makes the resemblance stronger than the diversity; and no one who reads Lady Anne Lindsay's "Auld Robin Gray," or Mr. Rossetti's "Stratton Water," can doubt that the inspiration which gave birth to the rude minstrelsy of a rude age is as potent as ever. Indeed, it would be possible to make a charming selection of ballads—Mr. Palgrave would call them "ballads in court dress"—dating from the beginning of the century, and among them might be included a number of humorous pieces from the pen of Mr. Thackeray and other well-known writers, which would impart a racy flavor to the volume. The element of humor is rarely perceptible in the old ballad, but in the ballad produced by men of letters it is a frequent characteristic, and many an admirable specimen is to be met with in the recent literature both of England and of America."

M. ARSÈNE HOUSSEY, who is himself credited with an ambition to secure a place among the Forty Immortals, makes the following reference, in his last letter to the *Tribune*, to the recent elections at the Academy: "There has just been a duel at the Academy. People said even in the eighteenth century, 'The French Academy is an illustrious company where they receive men of the sword, men of the church, men of the law, men of the world—and even men of letters.' At present the Academy is an illustrious company where they receive nothing but politicians. Therefore, before the duel of which I am speaking the Academy had given the chair of Jules Janin to M. John Lemoine, and editor of the *Journal des Débats*, a courteous gentleman, who will recall under the cupola of the Institute the appearance and the wit of Prévost-Paradol, who was minister of France among you. Rivarol, who was not an academicien, said, 'To be one of the Forty you must have done nothing;' but he added, 'You must not carry this too far.' M. John Lemoine has made no books, but he has fought valiantly against darkness and prejudice. I give him my vote. My son, who is also an editor of the *Débats*, assures me that he was the only candi-

date worthy of the chair. This is what is called preaching for one's saint. But for the chair of M. Guizot there was a real duel in four combats. On the one side the Republic, on the other the Empire and Orleanism; M. Jules Simon, formerly Minister of Public Instruction under the governments of the 4th September and of M. Thiers, and M. Dumas, Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences and Senator of the Empire. The struggle was very hot. Each required only one vote to pass to the Immortality of the Quarantaine. If M. Dumas had not had Alexandre Dumas against him, he would have been safe enough; but the author of 'The Demi-Monde' thought that there were enough Dumas there already. The duel is postponed for six months. About that time—for things do not go rapidly at the Academy—M. Lemoigne will have had his green embroidered coat made. People will say, of course, 'L'habit ne fait pas Lemoigne.' His rivals have already said that he had better put on a harlequin's coat to represent the different opinions which he has defended."

Mr. RUSKIN has fulfilled the promise made in "Fors Clavigera," and opened a shop in London for the sale of pure tea to all who care to have the article in an unadulterated state. . . . The Duchess of Edinburgh is an accomplished linguist. It is said that at the czar's court she was able to speak with all the foreign ambassadors, except the Turkish, in their own language. . . . Charles Desilver & Sons, of Philadelphia, announce a new edition of Sanderson's "Biographies of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence," revised and edited by the Hon. Robert T. Conrad. . . . Lord Houghton, better known here, perhaps, as Monckton Milnes, expects to pay us a visit early in the autumn. . . . Mr. George Ripley has had the degree of LL. D. conferred upon him by the University of Michigan—a well-deserved compliment. . . . Speaking of Captain Lawson's "Wanderings in the Interior of New Guinea," about the authenticity of which a controversy has been raging in London recently, the *Spectator* says: "The charm of this strange narrative is very great. If New Guinea, according to Captain Lawson, be not a mirage, or such a dream as the hasheesh-eater summons up at will, it must be an earthly paradise, slightly tempered by natives, serpents, and 'yagi' spiders." . . . The French papers announce that Prince Richard von Metternich is preparing his father's memoirs for publication. . . . The *Athenæum* has discovered that the American publishers of General Sherman's "Memoirs" paid "the enormous sum of seventy-three thousand dollars for the copyright." . . . Mr. Trevelyan's "Life of Lord Macaulay," to be published shortly in London, will be much more social than political in character. . . . It is whispered that, in spite of assertions to the contrary, Sir Arthur Helps has left behind him a diary which, though not "official," contains many singular political revelations, and that it will be published about the beginning of next winter. . . . John Bright is reported to be writing his autobiography. . . . The *Athenæum* says that in "Miss Angel" Miss Thackeray has "given us in the guise of a story a most interesting picture of that Georgian time which her father appreciated so well, and which, in spite of faults, both moral and political, produced, on the whole, the best specimens of our race which England has seen for the last two centuries. We cannot hear too much of the age which produced Johnson and Reynolds." . . . In a long review of Parkman's "Old Régime

in Canada," the *Spectator* says: "The book bears marks of very great industry and research upon the part of Mr. Parkman; he appears to have consulted every available original document in the Archives of the Marine and Colonies at Paris and elsewhere, and he has undoubtedly given to the world a great mass of facts of the most interesting kind relating to the French administration of Canada, which would probably have otherwise long remained hidden in dusty strong boxes. He has given any one who cares any thing at all about the colonies an opportunity of forming his own opinion upon the methods by which the monarchical administration of France strove to make good its hold, why it achieved a certain kind of success, and why it failed at last." But with all Mr. Parkman's industry and with all the facts which he spreads before us, he is unable to paint an harmonious historical picture. The work contains a vast amount of material, but it lies before us in disjointed masses, and instead of a consecutive story, arranged in a clear, chronological order, with certain points standing well out, based upon symmetrically arranged facts, we have a pile of very interesting information, but not a properly moulded historical work. Therefore, valuable as this book undoubtedly is, we cannot praise its form."

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

THE Salon has closed at last, and we are left lamenting. Never again shall we set eyes upon the greater part of the pictures exhibited there, and it was with an actual feeling of sadness that I went to take one last long, lingering farewell look at my favorites. All this week and the next will be devoted to the removal of the paintings, and then the Palais d'Industrie will be fitted up for the great Exhibition of Fluvial and Maritime Industries, which is to open on the 10th of July and remain open till November. Looking back on the glories of the vanished Salon, one recalls many of the witticisms which the pictures called forth from among the more facetious of the critics. Thus Bouguereau's lovely "Holy Family" was dubbed "a Raphael varnished with cold cream;" Brion's "Baptism" was styled "a remarkably well-painted satin coverlet, with infantile accessories;" Munkacsy's "Harem Scene" "should have had the lantern in the centre lighted to let the spectators see what was going on," etc., etc. The most popular picture with Americans has undoubtedly been the aforesaid "Holy Family." Had it not become the property of the lucky proprietor of the Bon Marché, M. Aristide Boucicault, before the exhibition opened, it would undoubtedly have speedily found its way to our shores. The finest picture in the Salon was probably the noble portrait of Madame Pasca, by Bonnet, though the vigor and intelligence displayed in the "Respha" of George Becker have met with due appreciation. The painter of this painful, powerful, and gigantic picture is said to be the smallest artist in Paris, being scarcely taller than a boy of twelve years of age. The American artists made a remarkably creditable display this year, Mr. Wylie's two fine pictures being much commended, as were also the contributions of Messrs. Knight and Healy. The panic in America will probably have the effect of lowering the prices of pictures as well as of other articles of luxury. It is a strange fact that the rising artists over here have not one particle

of sense about the sums they ought to ask for their works, particularly when an American prices them. Not an untidied artist, not a *débutant* who has achieved his first upward step by gaining admission to the Salon, but imagines that he would do well to compete, if not with Meissonier, and Cabanel, and Gérôme, at least with Merle and Bouguereau, in the matter of prices though in nothing else. An American gentleman one day while strolling through the Salon took a fancy to a small picture by a totally unknown artist; the work was one of no particular merit, but he was pleased with the subject, and thought he would like to become its possessor. He consulted a friend of some art-experience as to its probable price, and was told that four thousand francs (eight hundred dollars) would be more than its value. He wrote, therefore, to the artist about it, and received the answer that twenty thousand francs (four thousand dollars) was the price of the picture. That reply at once and definitely closed all negotiations, and the artist will probably have the pleasure of keeping his picture in his studio for some time to come. The *Figaro* gives the following dialogue of two artists strolling through the exhibition. One asks of the other:

"How are you getting along?"

"Oh, very well," is the answer. "I ask now twelve thousand francs" (twenty-four hundred dollars) "for a head, and twenty thousand" (four thousand dollars) "for a full-length portrait."

"Those are my prices also."

"They walk on a little farther."

"How many orders have you got at those prices?"

"Not one. And you?"

"Not one either."

It is said that the elder artists of France are responsible for these absurd prices, as they give insidious and of course bad advice to the rising members of the profession, wishing to avoid competition. I have been told that a foreign rival was once adroitly extinguished by the confraternity in the following manner: A young and gifted Belgian artist was engaged, during the sunny days of the empire, in painting a view of the Salle d'Apollon in the Louvre. His work attracted the attention of the Duke de Morny, who not only ordered a picture from him, but recommended him to the notice of the empress, who gave him a commission for two pictures, for which he was to fix his own price. The work finished, he consulted some of his artist friends in Paris as to the price he ought to ask. A distinguished Italian portrait-painter, then residing in Paris, advised him to fix no sum, but to leave the amount to the well-known generosity of his imperial patroness, "Nonsense!" cried his French advisers; "charge high for your pictures, it is the government that pays, and governments are always expected to pay largely." In an evil hour he followed the advice of his French counselors. The sum that he demanded was far beyond the value of such paintings from so youthful and comparatively inexperienced a hand, and the empress, disgusted at his apparent rapacity, never gave him another order.

A monument to the memory of Théophile Gautier is to be inaugurated in the Cemetery of Montmartre, on Thursday next. This monument, the work of one of the friends of the deceased poet, M. Godebski, a Russian sculptor, is composed of a sarcophagus in Carrara marble, on which is placed a statue of Poetry, leaning on a medallion portrait of Gautier, which is said to be a striking resemblance. The monument was gotten up by a subscrip-

tion among the personal friends of the poet, M. Godebski having contributed his work, and M. Drevet, the architect who presided at the placing of it (a task, by-the-way, of no little difficulty, as the space was restricted and unfavorably situated), having also refused to charge for his services. A monument to Jules Janin, by the same sculptor, is to be inaugurated in the Cemetery of Montparnasse on the 28th of this month.

A commemorative service for the repose of the soul of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian was celebrated on Saturday last, in the Church of St. Augustine, the Bonapartist church *par excellence*. Some eighty persons only were present, among whom were several Mexicans. One old woman, who had taken up her station in one of the side-chapels, was much affected, and wept profusely. That was the only evidence of emotion displayed by any one there. As a rule, the congregation looked bored, and very much as if they would prefer a drive in the Bois to thus honoring the memory of that royal victim to imperial policy.

Ernest Legouvé has just published in the *Temps* a curious article about Mademoiselle Rachel and his great play of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," which, it will be remembered, he wrote in collaboration with Scribe. He says: "Adrienne Lecouvreur" had been composed for Mademoiselle Rachel at her own request, or I might even say in answer to her prayer. Shakespeare has written, 'Frailty, thy name is woman,' and the name of Mademoiselle Rachel was variable. Changeable by nature and by imagination, she was still more so by weakness; she consulted everybody, and everybody had some influence over her. The railery of a critic would suffice to disenhant her with the idea which had most charmed her a moment before, and so it occurred with 'Adrienne.' Her advisers terrified her respecting this excursion into the domains of the romantic drama. 'What! Hermione and Phèdre consent to speak in prose, the daughter of Corneille and Racine become the goddaughter of M. Scribe? It would be a profanation.'

"The day of the reading before the company, Mademoiselle Rachel arrived, resolved to refuse her rôle. Scribe took his manuscript, and commenced the reading, while I looked on, buried in a vast arm-chair. Then was there unfolded before me a double comedy, firstly, ours, and secondly, that which was silently taking place in the hearts of the *sociétaires*. Vaguely instructed as to the secret inclinations of their illustrious comrade, they found themselves in a very delicate position. A drama, written for Mademoiselle Rachel, and which Mademoiselle Rachel would refuse to play, might become a grave subject of difficulties for the theatre, and even the cause of a lawsuit if it were received by the committee. Therefore, the committee studied the reading of 'Adrienne' from the countenance of Mademoiselle Rachel. As that countenance remained perfectly impassible, they too remained impassible. Throughout these five long acts she never smiled, she never approved, she never applauded; they neither smiled, approved, nor applauded. So complete was the general immobility that Scribe, thinking that he saw one of our judges on the point of going to sleep, interrupted the reading to say, 'Pray, do not put yourself out on my account, I beg of you.' The *sociétaire* protested vigorously against the accusation."

Of course the piece was refused. The next day three different managers came to treat for the work. One of them insisted upon having it, saying, "My leading lady has never yet

had a death-scene on the stage, and she would be so glad to die by poison!" But notwithstanding this touching appeal, Scribe resolved to return his play, in the hope that the great actress, for which it had been especially composed, might yet consent to appear in it. She did consent, after the piece had been a second time read before the committee, this time by Legouvé instead of Scribe, and from that time forward throughout all the rehearsals, she was the most patient and devoted of interpreters and collaborators. Legouvé relates the following incident: "A short time before the first representation, we had an evening rehearsal. Scribe, detained at the Opera by the rehearsals of 'Le Prophète,' did not come. The first four acts brought us to eleven o'clock; everybody left except Mademoiselle Rachel, M. Regnier, M. Maillart, and myself. Suddenly, Mademoiselle Rachel said to me: 'We are masters of the theatre now, suppose we try that fifth act which we have not yet rehearsed? I have studied it by myself for three days past, and I should like to learn the effects of my studies.' We descended on the stage, the gas-jets and the foot-lights were extinguished, our only light was a smoky little oil-lamp beside the prompter's box, wherein there was no prompter; the only spectators were the chief fireman asleep on a chair between the two side-scenes, and I myself, seated in the orchestra. From the very beginning, I was thrilled to the heart by the accents of Mademoiselle Rachel. Never before had I seen her so simple, so true to nature, so powerfully tragic. The gleams of the smoky lamp cast weird pallors upon her countenance, and the vast hollow of the empty auditorium lent a strange and funereal sonority to her voice. The act ended, we returned to the green-room. Passing before a mirror, I was struck with my paleness, and I was still more struck on perceiving that M. Regnier and M. Maillart were as pale as I. As to Mademoiselle Rachel, who sat silently apart, shaken with little nervous tremors, she wiped away a few tears that still flowed from her eyes. I went to her, and for my sole eulogium I pointed out to her the agitated countenances of her comrades; then, taking her hand, I said:

"My dear friend, you played that fifth act as you will never again play it in all your life."

"That is true," she answered, "and do you know why?"

"Yes; it was because there was no one present to applaud you, so that you did not think of the effect to be produced; and thus, in your own eyes, you became the unhappy Adrienne, dying at night in the arms of her two friends."

"She remained silent for a moment, and then she replied:

"You are mistaken, it was not thus at all. There took place within me a far stranger phenomenon: it was not for Adrienne that I wept, but for myself. Something—I know not what—told me suddenly that I was destined to die young like her. It seemed to me that I was in my own room, that my last hour had come, and that I was looking on at my own death-agony, and when at the words 'Farewell, O triumphs of the stage!—farewell, intoxications of the art that I have loved!' you saw me shed real tears, it was because I thought with despair that time would efface all vestige of my genius, and that soon there would remain nothing of that which was once Rachel."

This presentiment of early death haunted the great actress all through her brilliant career. Legouvé relates the following strange incident:

"When Mademoiselle Rachel learned the

death of her young sister Rebecca, her grief was great, for her family affections were very strong. But suddenly, on the third day, a strange terror became mingled with her sorrow. She remembered that her own name also was Rebecca, and that she had only taken that of Rachel on the occasion of her *début* at the Gymnase, and at the request of M. Povison. Seized with an insane affright, she cried, 'It is I who am Rebecca—it is I who am dead!' Alas! she was not far wrong. A few years later she died like her sister, and of the same disease as her sister!"

Legouvé went to visit her during her last illness; she was unable to receive him, but she wrote him a charming letter of thanks, which terminated with these words:

"No one can better delineate female characters than yourself. Promise to write me a piece for my *rentrée*."

Three days later she was dead.

Mademoiselle Aimée, "the Schneider of America," as some one once called her, has returned home (it is said with a fortune of sixty thousand dollars) from her transatlantic trip. She has bought a handsome residence at Nogent-sur-Marne, and gave her house-warming festival the other day. She is engaged at the Variétés for next season, and will make her *rentrée* in her favorite rôle of *Fiorella* in "Les Brigands." LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

MR. RUSKIN—our greatest art-critic at one time, though, I am afraid, full of eccentricity now—has come forward as Miss Thompson's champion; Miss Thompson of "Roll-Call" fame I mean, of course. In a little volume which he has just published—"Notes on some of the Principal Pictures exhibited in the Rooms of the Royal Academy, 1875"—he speaks most enthusiastically of that young lady's "Quatre-Bras," around which, by-the-way, there is still a motley crowd all day long at the Academy. "I never," says Mr. Ruskin (who but the other day, let me whisper, started a shop here for the sale of unadulterated tea), "approached a picture with more inquisitive prejudice against it than I did Miss Thompson's, partly because I have always said that no woman could paint, and, secondly, because I thought what the public made such a fuss about *must* be good for nothing. But it is Amazon's work, this," he goes on; "no doubt of it, and the first pre-Raphaelite picture of battle we have had, profoundly interesting, and showing all manner of illustrative and realistic faculty." Again: "The sky is the most tenderly painted and with the truest outlines of cloud of all in the exhibition; and the terrific piece of gallant wrath and ruin on the extreme right, where the cuirassier is catching round the neck of his horse as he falls, and the convulsed fallen horse just seen through the smoke below, is wrought, through all the truth of its frantic passion, with gradations of color and shade which I have not seen the like of since Turner's death." A warm tribute, surely! What will Miss Thompson's deriders—and they are many—say now?

Mr. Gye has—or, at least, thinks he has—got another prize; let us hope a second Zare Thalberg. This time she is a young Chicago lady, who has just entered into a three-years' engagement with him, and who is forthwith to be put under the best masters. This I know, and this is about all I know, for Mr. Gye always keeps his engagements remarkably close; indeed, he has recently had a qu-

rel with the *Athenaeum* because it has been chronicling some of them without his authorization. Hence it is that I cannot give you the name of the young lady; but probably some of your readers may be able to guess.

The new book-announcements are few; authors and readers and even publishers—for after all publishers are human—are thinking more of the approaching holidays than of writing, reading, or issuing. However, a work by Mr. George Henry Lewes—"Philosopher Lewes"—"On Actors and the Art of Acting," is in the press; so is Mr. Arthur Arnold's translation of his friend Señor Castelar's "Life of Byron." Mr. Arnold, I should mention here, is on the point of retiring from the editorship of the little *Echo*; his brother, Mr. Edwin Arnold, still sticks to the redaction-ship of the *Telegraph*. A new novel, "The Boudoir Cabal," by the author of "Young Brown," a very clever story which ran through one of our magazines, is also in the press, and—that is almost all.

Mrs. Craik, the author of "John Halifax," has just given us, through Messrs. Daldy, Isbister & Co., a volume of "Sermons out of Church." It is, I need hardly say, full of earnest and eloquent writing. The "sermons" are six in number, and are entitled "What is Self-Sacrifice?" "Our Often Infirmities," "How to train up a Parent in the Way he should go," "Benevolence—or Beneficence," "My Brother's Keeper," and "Gather up the Fragments." Even when Mrs. Craik talks in platitudes, and she does not often do that, the neatness of her phraseology makes them seemingly new.

The farewell dinner to Mr. Barry Sullivan will be a grand affair. The great tragedian, for a fine actor he is, is a general favorite not only with the members of his own profession, but with authors and artists as well. Consequently, there is sure to be a goodly turn-out in his honor. The banquet will, most probably, take place at the Alexandra Palace, where Mr. Sothorn and her majesty's opera-company have been performing, and the Earl of Dunraven, an intimate friend of Mr. Sullivan, will preside.

Mr. Carlyle is still hale and hearty, and as antagonistic to things as they are as ever. Dr. Kenealey and the electors of Stoke form one of his favorite subjects of conversation. The venerable philosopher holds that the irrepressible doctor's return to Parliament furnishes a conclusive proof that the democratic theory of government is driving England at express speed to the devil—I mean the nether abyss.

There are a good many notable works in the just-opened Black-and-White Exhibition. Prominent among these is a series of drawings by Mr. Herbert Heekomer, whose "The Last Muster" is one of the most striking and original paintings in this year's Academy. Several of Bida's drawings illustrative of the Gospels—the complete series, one hundred and twenty-eight in number, is valued at five thousand pounds—are on view in the same gallery. Briton Rivière, Percy Macquoid, Rajon, Jacquemart, J. D. Huiber, Legros, and many others, also contribute; indeed, altogether, counting drawings, engravings, and etchings, there are over five hundred "exhibits." This is the third year of the exhibition, so it may now be looked upon as established. By-the-way, L. l'Hermite sends some drawings which are really remarkable as showing what may be done with charcoal in the way of color.

The two opera-houses continue to put forth fresh attractions; every other night or so, some one or other makes his or her *début*. One of the last *débütantes* at Her Majesty's is Mademoi-

selle Chapuy, a young lady who for some time studied in Paris as an actress. She played *Violetta* in Verdi's "Traviata," and was received with remarkable enthusiasm. Four times was she called before the curtain after the first act. Yet after all she is far from faultless. Her voice is flexible and powerful, it is true; she has, moreover, a thoroughly good ear for time and tune; yet she lacks feeling. Her master, whoever he may have been, was obviously more bent on teaching her to sing correctly than with heart.

One of our best writers of lyrical verses, Guy Roslyn, the younger brother, I may tell you, of Mr. Joseph Hatton, the author of "The Tallants of Barton," and the editor and proprietor of the *Hornet*, is about to issue his first volume. It will be called "Village Verses," and will include the many pleasing little poems he has written in the various magazines.

One of the funniest, and therefore most absurd, farces I have seen for a long time has been produced at the Adelphi, where Mr. Halliday's version of "Nicholas Nickleby" is still running. It is by Mr. Martin Becker. Here is the plot, condensed, like Australian meat: "An eccentric old gentleman, Mr. Vanderpump, having, as well as his memory serves him, secreted four thousand pounds in bank-notes of one thousand pounds each in a pair of old slippers, of all places in the world, finds to his horror that somebody has stolen, lost, or mislaid the articles supposed to be thus richly lined, and, in this terrible extremity, offers his well-dowered daughter in marriage to whichever of her many suitors may succeed in finding the missing treasure. The stage is soon bestrewn with all manner of second-hand slippers, saving only the pair that is required; subsequently, Mr. Vanderpump gets into a towering passion in the consulting-room of a dentist, who, to keep him quiet, makes him inhale the laughing-gas used for the purposes of painless dentistry. It is while under this influence that the old gentleman kicks off his boots, when inside them are found the missing notes. Miss Vanderpump marries the dentist, and all ends happily." As old Vanderpump, Mr. Fawn is amazingly mirth-provoking. I verily believe he could make even our prime-minister laugh!

WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE SAND-BLAST.

FROM a descriptive circular now before us, we learn that "on the 8th of October, 1870, letters-patent of the United States were granted to General B. C. Tilghman, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for the cutting, grinding, etching, engraving, and drilling stone, metal, wood, or any hard substance, by means of a jet or blast of sand." Though there may be few of our readers who are not familiar with the general principles of the sand-blast, yet it is possible that many are still unaware of its marvelous efficiency, accomplishing, as it does, even more than is set down in the comprehensive claim above quoted. In fact, it may safely be asserted that, both for its simplicity of method and extent of operation, the sand-blast deserves a place very near the first rank among the many ingenious devices of this, the age of invention. Though protected by letters-patent, and thus classed among the order of inventions, the

sand-blast might more properly be ranked as a discovery, since the inventor has merely adapted to the arts a process which Nature has long since used, and by which she has carved out from rocks and mountain-sides those massive monuments and grotesque "reliefs" which are a feature of our Western wonder-land.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Gorham Blake, general agent for the United States, we have been permitted to allow our artist to secure drawings of the latest and most improved forms of sand-blast machines, and thus are enabled to give to our readers the first authorized illustration of them. Deferring till a second paper all reference to the work of the sand-blast, particularly as that work pertains to the cutting and engraving of glass, we shall limit ourselves at present to a brief general notice of the principle upon which the success of the process depends, and a description of the devices by which these principles are applied.

In its simplest conceivable form the sand-blast machine may be described as nothing more than a box containing sifted quartz-sand fastened upon an elevated shelf, and from the bottom of which depends a tube, through which the sand may be conducted and allowed to fall on the substance to be carved out or engraved. This substance which is to be acted upon must, however, belong to that class generally known as brittle, such as glass or stone, though hard woods are at times used, and also the polished surfaces of softer metals which are rendered rough thereby. When this jet of sand is caused to fall with an increased force upon the object to be engraved, the results are more decided and more readily obtained, and hence the use of an air or steam-blast has been adopted at the outset, giving to the device the name of sand-blast. The sand-blast may, therefore, be briefly defined as a device by which common sand, powdered quartz, emory, or any sharp cutting material, is forced or blown upon the surface of any brittle substance, through which means the latter is cut, drilled, or engraved. We have used the word brittle as defining those substances susceptible of treatment by the blast, in order that the reader may the more readily comprehend the simplicity of the method by which the surface of such substance may be protected as well as exposed. In order to insure this protection, and prevent the sand from acting on any portion of the surface upon which it falls, it is only necessary to cover that portion with a stencil of malleable or tough material, such as lead, iron, rubber, leather, or even paper. To this list of so-called stencil material may also be added, as the result of recent experiments, rubber-paint, or ink. Of the methods adopted for the application of these stencils, mention will be again made when we come to notice the work of the sand-blast, and we will now proceed to briefly describe, aided by illustrations, the latest improved form of machine for cutting flat plates, as in use at the company's agency, No. 81 Centre Street, New York.

Let it be supposed that it is desired to simply grind or depolish the whole surface of a glass plate, so that it shall present the

appearance of ordinary ground glass. Since in this case the whole surface is to be acted upon evenly and alike, there will be no occa-

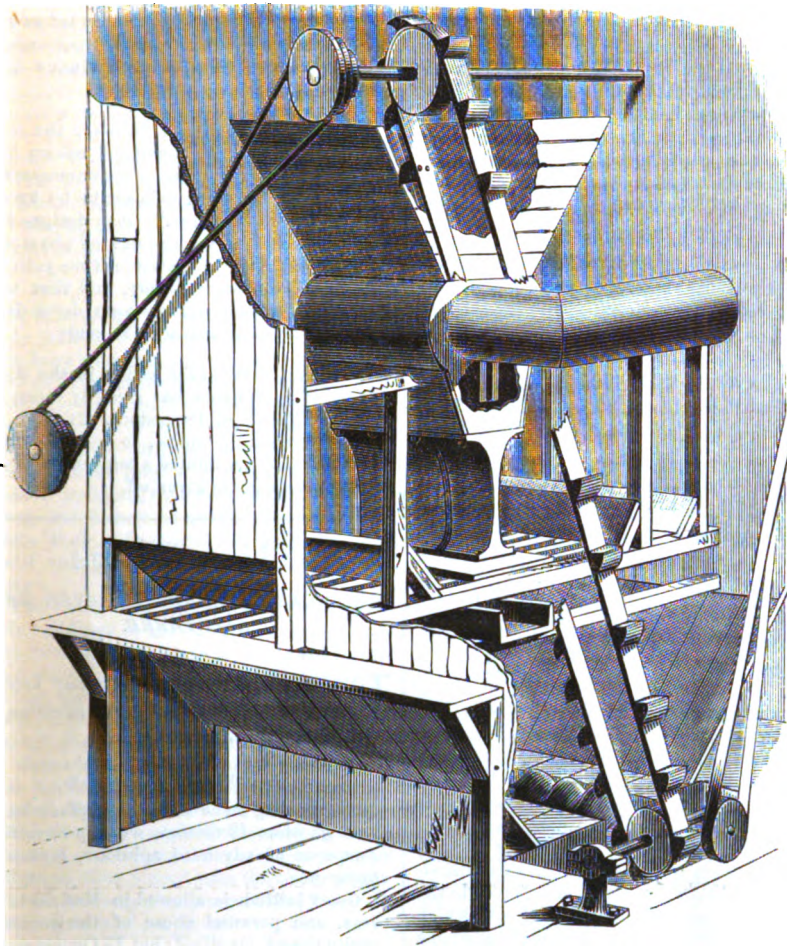
them is slowly conveyed out of sight and beneath the sheet of falling sand. The instant the sand-particles come in contact with the

the aid of a screw and hoppers to the box above, to be used over again, so long as the feeding in of the glass plates is kept up. The rate at which these plates travel beneath the sand varies from six to thirty inches a minute, according as the nature of the work demands. Where it is desired to cover the plate with a pattern, it is evident that the stencils may be adjusted to it before its introduction into the machine.

In the second figure we have an illustration of a simple device by which glass plates may be bored. This is effected by means of an exhaust rather than a blast. The air is exhausted from a cylinder here shown at the right, and thus the sand is drawn up from a receptacle at the left, and projects itself with force against the glass plate above, after which it falls back into a circular box, whence it is again lifted as before. It is by the aid of a device somewhat similar in construction to this that glass globes are ground and engraved.

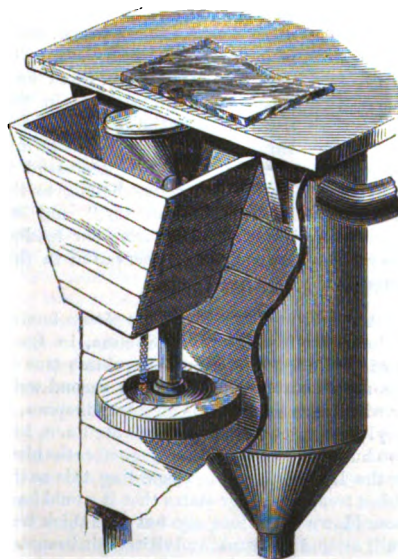
In this brief description of the sand-blast machine we have purposed to present the main features of the latest improved form; and, as the illustrations were prepared with the special purpose of accomplishing this, a careful examination of them will take the place of a more extended description. Enough has been said, however, to prove to the reader that it is in the idea rather than in the method of its adaptation that the genius of the inventor appears—that is, so far as the sand-blast machine is concerned—but in our second paper on the nature and variety of the work accomplished we shall be able to show how well have the demands for special contrivances been met by the same mind that accomplished the original design.

LEST certain of our readers might condemn the position we assumed last week in regard to the mythical Keely motor, we are induced to reopen the case with a view to presenting additional testimony in support of the views then set forth. This testimony, which has come to our notice since the preparation of our adverse opinion, is from an authoritative source, and hence should be accepted as of decided weight and influence. The *Scientific American*, deeming the subject worth even more space than it really deserves, devotes a page of its editorial space to an historical and critical review of the new motor and its claims. After alluding to this latest contrivance as one "the chief purpose of which appears to be the wriggling of money out of silly people," the paper concludes by disclosing in a few brief paragraphs the weak point in the whole claim. Referring to the surprising fact that men of tried experience and business capability have become interested in the scheme, the editor adds: "We can account for this only by supposing that they mistake mere pressure for motive power. But mere pressure is not motive power—it is simply a resultant of motive power. A very slight motive power, if sufficiently long continued and properly applied, may produce the greatest pressure. A weight of only a single pound, hung upon the extremity of a suitable lever, is sufficient to produce a pressure at the opposite end of the lever of ten thousand pounds or more to the square inch. To persons not familiar with the laws of mechanics (and this, we think, is probably the situation of most of the Keely



sion to use any form of protecting stencil, and the plate therefore may be taken at once to the machine. This machine is of the general form and construction shown in the larger of the accompanying illustrations, and may be thus described: Resting upon a framework, and inclosed in a box-like apartment, is a smaller box, open at the top and with slanting sides, which is filled with the ordinary quartz-sand. At the bottom of this box is a long slit, through which the sand flows into the blast-chamber below. The end of the slit appears in the illustration just below the main blast-pipe, which leads in from the right. At the bottom of this slit is a device, not as yet made public, by which the sand is conveyed into the blast-chamber, and yet the blast not allowed to force its way upward. This blast-chamber is shown by its curved side, and within this the blast is maintained at such a pressure as the nature of the work demands. The sand, having fallen into this receptacle, is at once forced by the pressure of the blast down through a second and still narrower slit below, and passes out from it in the form of a long, thin sheet. The glass plate to be acted upon is placed upon the shelf at the left and before the opening indicated. A series of small belts, moving over rollers concealed by the shelf, serve as carriers to the plate, which by

polished surface of the glass, the work of "grinding" begins, and soon the glass plate appears at the opposite side with a rough but



regularly depolished surface. The sand in the mean time falls or is blown into a receptacle below, from which it is removed by

investers), the exhibition of a gage showing ten thousand pounds pressure might readily be regarded as proof positive of an enormous power behind the gage—whereas the actual power, concealed from view, might be only a weight of one pound. In cases of this kind, when a body is lifted or a pressure produced, the inquirer should take pains to ascertain what the extent of the original moving power or weight is. If this precaution be taken, the falsity of motors like Keely's may be at once detected. In the example of Keely, the certificate of Collier shows that a hydrant force of twenty-six and one-quarter pounds to the inch is always required to run the machine. This force, if applied to a common wheel or engine, would produce a considerable amount of constant mechanical power. But the moving force is nearly all wasted in Keely's device, for he is only able to drive a toy-engine for a minute or two at a time. This does not look much like driving a train of cars from Philadelphia to New York, or crossing the ocean, without the consumption of coal."

THE question as to the nature and extent of the influence which forests exercise on climates commands the thoughtful attention of many careful observers, and the fact that the controversy is so prolonged proves beyond question that there is much to be said on both sides. Among the more recent papers presented with a view to establishing the affirmative of the argument, viz., that the climate and other physical conditions of our globe are certainly modified by the existence or removal of forests, is that of M. J. Clavé, in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. After repeating with renewed emphasis the well-known points regarding the prevention of evaporation and sudden snow-thaws where the land is wooded, the writer suggests a possible effect which forests may have on producing rain, which is certainly worthy of consideration. Forests are obstacles to atmospheric movements, hence, when rapidly-moving air-currents come in contact with them, their onward course is checked, and they are forced upward. As a result of this upward movement the layers above are compressed and so compelled to yield up some of their moisture. Another interesting fact is noticed with regard to the influence of forests upon hail-storms, which is to check them. An instance of this is given, to the effect that, during one of these storms in France, it was observed that when, during its onward course, a forest was encountered the hail was changed to rain, the hail being resumed in the unwooded country beyond.

In a former note attention was directed to a novel method proposed for the extinguishing of fires on shipboard. This consisted simply in placing, at given intervals along the floor of the hull, vessels containing broken marble or some other carbonate; to these lead-pipes were to conduct sulphuric acid from tanks above. When the fire was discovered the hatches were to be instantly closed, the valves admitting the acid into the pipes opened, and, as a result, the carbonic acid disengaged by the union of the acid with the lime of the marble would fill the whole hull, and act as a smothering agent, thus extinguishing the fire by surrounding it with a non-supporting atmosphere of carbonic-acid gas. A second and for many reasons a more practical application of the same principle, is that given by Lieutenant Barber, United States Navy, who, in a letter to the *Scientific American*, proposes to use the same gas for a like

purpose, though the immediate source of supply be a different one. His plan is to have in some convenient locality a flask or flasks, each about three feet in length, and one foot in diameter, containing about one hundred pounds of the gas in a liquid state. From the top of these flasks pipes are to be so fitted as to conduct the gas when free into the hull. In its application the same plan is adopted as in that above mentioned. Instead of opening cocks and admitting acid into the marble boxes, the compressed gas is by this same method released, when it at once assumes its normal condition, and fills the entire vessel below-decks.

A PATENT has recently been issued in France for a new method for obtaining paper-pulp from sugar-cane refuse, which, according to the *Technologiste*, promises to prove of considerable value. For many years one of the leading features of the Southern sugar-house has been its cane-furnace, devised with the special purpose of burning the refuse cane, which otherwise would prove an unwieldy by-product. The plan, as proposed by MM. Meritens and Kresser, may be briefly noticed as follows: The refuse or "trash" as it comes from the mill, being still charged with a limited amount of saccharine matter, gum, albumen, etc., is exposed to a jet of steam in a closed vessel, and then repressed. The effect of this treatment is to remove the foreign substances, including a certain portion of available "juice," and leave the refuse in a state to be more readily rendered available as pulp. In order to obtain this latter in a state fit for paper-making material, the refuse is now passed lightly through an alkaline bath, and afterward washed in acidulated water. The material is then in a condition for treatment by the paper-maker, who bleaches it with chlorine, and, by the usual process, prepares it for the rolls. It is said that fibre so prepared needs less chlorine than those usually used, and there can be no question as to the demand of some such process as this by which an immense by-product can be made available in the industrial arts.

SOME interesting and significant experiments on the influence of certain compounds on the germination of seeds have recently been made by Häckel, the results of which appear to confirm views advanced by observers many years ago. Certain seeds which, when exposed to the action of pure water alone, began to germinate after eight days, when kept moist with iodine-water germinated in five days. With bromide-water the same result followed after three days, and when chlorine-water was used the interval was decreased to two days. These experiments belong to the order which "anybody can try," and we should be pleased to learn from our readers the results of any similar observation in this direction.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Science Gossip* having claimed for the cypress of Souma, in Lombardy, the honor of being the oldest tree on record, his statement is met by a second writer who states that there is at Anuradhapura, in Ceylon, a bo-tree which was planted *s. c.* 288, two hundred and forty-six years before the birth of the Lombardy tree. Regarding this as the oldest tree, the writer states that it would have been blown down long ago but for a thick wall built around the trunk, and all its main branches are supported by pillars. The leaves that fall off are collected by Buddhist priests every day, and are kept in a holy part of the temple. They are also sold to the people as a sovereign balm for sin.

AMONG the more recent of labor-saving machines may be noticed that designed for the painting of the laths of Venetian blinds. By its aid the inventor claims that he can paint six hundred blind-laths of ordinary size in an hour. The machine is described as simple in structure, and has already been practically tested in a large English window-blind factory.

MESSERS. NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA, the well-known meteorological-instrument makers, have lately added to their list of thermometers, a new form of exceeding delicacy to be known as the "health-indicator." It is designed, as its name indicates, for the use of physicians in determining the temperature of the patient's blood, and the main feature, and that upon which its extreme sensitiveness depends, is the use of fusil-oil instead of mercury.

A NOVEL method for aiding in the disinfecting of apartments has recently been devised by Reissig, of Darmstadt. It is in the form of fumigating canals, so composed that so long as they are lighted a continuous stream of sulphurous gas is given off.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

FROM Mrs. Harvey's "Every-Day Life in Spain" we make a second selection of entertaining passages:

NEWSPAPERS IN MADRID.

An amusing scene often takes place on the evenings when *El Combate*, a cheap republican newspaper of advanced opinions, makes its appearance.

Great latitude is allowed in Madrid to the press, and personal abuse of the ministers usually passes unnoticed; but *El Combate* sometimes exceeds all bounds, and occasionally indulges in an article so exceptionally violent that the editor is fined, the paper suppressed, and the day of its reappearance is doubtful.

No sooner is the cry of "*El Combate*!" heard than the street is in an uproar. Hundreds hurry out of the *cafés*, because every one who wishes to buy a copy must stand ready, with his money in his hand, as the newsmen come rushing along, disposing of their bundles of papers as rapidly as possible; for, should an article be suspected and a *gendarme* appear in pursuit, the packets disappear in an instant, and away go the vendors down the maze of narrow streets.

We one evening saw such a chase, and most exciting and amusing it was, a real chase of law *versus* news; but the newsmen had capital legs, of which he made good use, and, long before he had arrived at the end of the Alcala, his papers were all sold, and he had fairly distanced his pursuer, who, encumbered by his long sword and other accoutrements, made but an ineffectual struggle, and gave in when he reached the rising ground near the middle of the street.

Of course, just now, intelligence is eagerly sought for, and the evening papers have a rapid sale; but, though they are read, no one thinks of believing the intelligence they contain. "Son todos mentirores estan diciendo mil disparates" (they say all sorts of nonsense), said our Spanish servant, as he brought us a bundle of newspapers. And accounts of victories gained, with details of the Carlist

losses in killed and wounded, appear in all the dignity of large letters and red type, and no one pretends to believe these announcements.

Soon after our arrival, criers were shouting down the streets that a great battle had been fought, resulting in the total defeat of the Carlist army. The loss on both sides had been great, at least four thousand killed and wounded, and numerous names and many particulars were given. The next day the great battle had diminished to a severe skirmish, and the number of killed and wounded was reduced to two hundred. As hours passed, the battle became of less and less importance, and shorter grew the list of casualties, until at last the latter dwindled to only four men!

MOORISH ART.

It is a matter of interesting and curious study to note how it is that, while we Christians have borrowed and adapted to our use so much of Oriental decoration, the Moors, though constantly in contact with other nations, have never, either in Spain or elsewhere, admitted any mixture of Christian art. Jealously and carefully have they ever retained their own mode of building, their own fashion of decorating, and it must be allowed that in both respects their refinement and exquisite taste would only have been deteriorated by any change.

The skill, also, with which they adapted their buildings to the exigencies of climate is very remarkable. In southern towns, where the heat of summer is the danger to be guarded against, their rooms were lofty, cool, and dark, and a refreshing current of air could be passed through the fretted decorations of the roof. At Granada, and other colder towns, every great house could be thoroughly warmed by hot air. This was conveyed from the bathroom by brick passages into chambers in the walls, and was let into the apartments through perforated tiles placed near the floor. Nothing could be simpler or more skillful than such an arrangement.

SPANISH BEVERAGES.

Every sort of cooling drink could be had in perfection. Water, to begin with, is always quite fresh and cold, and this is more than a luxury, it is an absolute necessity in a country where one is literally burnt up with thirst. In every town sturdy *gallegos* carry it about, and it is refreshing even to hear their monotonous, long-drawn cry of "Agua pura," "Agua mas fresca que la nieve," for the east wind brings with it dust and burning fever, and the sun scorches and dries blood and skin with its fiery heat. Those who are wise will, when traveling, provide themselves with one of the pretty little white porous jars that keep the water as fresh as if it had been just taken from the spring. Then, in all the *cafés*, and at the corners of the principal streets, may be had more iced beverages than could be named in a single page—delicious orange and lemonade, the glass piled high with cool, white snow, with, perhaps, half a ripe apricot, or a few strawberries thrown on it, to give still more flavor to the refreshing mixture. There is iced barley-water, or orgeat, mixed with the juice of fresh fruits or syrups, sometimes having also a *souppon* of wild-thyme or herbs, that give a slightly aromatic taste, inexpressibly refreshing on a hot day. Besides all the various preparations of orgeats, there is thin beer and ginger-beer, and many more drinks of the same nature. Above all must be placed the *hoochadas*, made of pounded grapes, barley-sugar, and water, carefully strained and iced, with a few strawberries, or pieces of orange

or pineapple, and perhaps flavored with a little vanilla or almonds, the whole making a mixture that it is worth going to Spain to taste. In other places 'it might not, perhaps, be so much appreciated, for the hot sun gives not only the rich flavor to the fruit, but the thirst that makes it pleasant.

PREPARING FOR THE BULL-FIGHT.

Late that night we went to see the Encierro, or Partado de los Toros. The bull-ring is always situated on the outskirts of the town, and the bulls are brought in about midnight, when the roads are clear of people, for it would be certain death to meet the savage animals.

We arrived at the Plaza shortly before twelve o'clock, and by the light of a lantern were taken through many passages and up many stairs to a curious place, a sort of network of strong, narrow, wooden galleries. These crossed and recrossed an inclosure into which the bulls would be driven before they entered the dark pens which were to be their last abode.

From one of these galleries opened the president's box, into which we were shown, and the bulls have to pass from the ring into the inclosure through the opening immediately beneath this box. Not above thirty or forty persons were present, and, excepting one or two small lanterns carried by the assistants, and the fiery points of the cigars, the place was in perfect darkness.

Soon after twelve the noise of distant trampling was heard; every light, and every cigar even, was then extinguished, for fear of alarming the animals, and thus checking their entrance into the ring.

It was grand to hear the heavy tramp of the on-coming troop, which rapidly grew louder and more distinct, and, ere many moments had elapsed, a horseman at full gallop dashed into the ring. He was the leader of the herd, and scarcely had he taken up his post beside the entrance when with a thundering rush the animals passed between the gates, and in another second the arena was a mass of huge, dark, moving bodies, careering wildly round the great space.

There were fourteen bulls, eight tame, besides the six wild ones destined for to-morrow's show, and four or five mounted *vagueros*, as the herdsmen are called. The instant the herd had entered, the heavy doors closed with a crash, and lighted torches were waved above them to drive the animals to our end, which still remained perfectly dark and quiet. Among such a crowd of terrified, infuriated creatures, it seemed quite a miracle that the men and horses were not gored or tossed. A *vaguero's* duties at these times are, in fact, very dangerous, and accidents do occasionally occur; but the horses used for this work are excellent, and the men show marvelous address. The tame bulls, also, are an assistance to them, as these animals know and are often attached to their herdsmen.

After a short period of wild terror and agitation, some of the tame bulls began to lead the way toward the inclosure beneath us, and no sooner was a wild one tempted in than the gates were closed, and he was now to be driven into the pen that was to be his last resting-place.

Every one now hurried to the galleries above the inclosure. The first bull that entered was a magnificent creature, with a gigantic shaggy head, and short, thick, fearful horns. Furious with rage at being thus entrapped, he tore up the ground with his hoofs, and dashed his broad forehead against the

walls. In vain the herdsmen from the galleries above pricked him with their long goads. He shook his great head and gave a low, angry roar, but would not move. At length, with a sudden plunge, he rushed into the narrow cell before him. In an instant the doors swung to, a massive bar descended, and he was a prisoner, left in darkness and without food until the morrow, when he would again come forth, but only to die.

THE papers in *Blackwood* entitled "Conversations in a Studio," from which we have given our readers several extracts, are now said to be by our countryman, W. W. Story. Subjoined are a few good comments on the advantages of broad and general culture:

Belton. It would be a charming power to be able to carry one's library in one's mind! I envy men with large memories. Still, nothing is utterly lost; and I comfort myself with thinking that even what has flowed away has at least lent its color to my thoughts, and deepened the channel through which it passed. I hope so, at least. That is the kind of riches I envy. What one is within, and what one has educated himself to do and think and feel, that is truly his, and no one can take it from him. Nor can he himself lose it, or willfully throw it away. But wealth and goods are not ours. They do not really belong to us, but may be added or taken away, and leave us what we were. They may be squandered, or stolen, or lost. But one's mind and one's memory cannot be pilfered like a chest of coin. What we possess in our mind is ours forever till the mind itself decays.

Mallett. When old B— (whose hand was as tight as his morals were loose, and whose life had been devoted almost exclusively to money-getting) died at a ripe old age, somebody asked Outis what he had left. "Every thing," said Outis; "he has taken nothing with him."

Belton. Precisely; nothing is truly ours which we must leave behind.

Mallett. The struggle of the world, the decreased value of money, the crowding of professions and trades at the present day, the strenuous competition for place and wealth, create specialties; and few men now are completely developed; they are rather hands, feet, head, than whole men; a general culture is rare, while a special faculty is trained to the utmost; all the professions and trades are divided and subdivided, and each man has to perfect himself in his department. There is thus a great particular gain to set off against a general loss. In art this is seen almost as much as in law. For it seems to me that culture and a large education are almost necessary to create a great artist. In the ancient days, as well as at the period of the Renaissance, the great artists were accomplished in various branches of art, and did not confine themselves to one. Phidias, for example, was a painter, an engraver, a worker in embossed figures, a sculptor in brass, gold, and ivory, and a musician, if not an architect. The architects of the Parthenon, Ictinus and Callicrates, were also sculptors of note; and, indeed, most of the artists of those times worked in various branches of art. Leonardo da Vinci was as eminent an engineer as he was a painter. He was also architect, sculptor, and musician, and besides being an author and an inventor in mechanics, he was well versed in various branches of science. Michael Angelo was a poet, sculptor, painter, and architect, and it is difficult to say in which of the last

three he was greatest. Giotto was also accomplished in all these arts. Verrocchio was as excellent a sculptor as painter. Benvenuto Cellini was a soldier, a goldsmith, a sculptor, a poet, and an accomplished musician. Salvatore Rosa was a painter, a poet, and a musician, and his poetry is certainly, at the least, quite as good as his pictures; while what we have of his music is of a large and admirable character. Orcagna was painter, sculptor, and architect. Ghiberti, who made the famous doors of the Florentine Baptistery, of which Michael Angelo said, with generous exaggeration, they were worthy to be the gates of paradise, was also an architect. But, not to extend the list, in a word, nearly all the artists of any note at this period not only practised several arts, but distinguished themselves in each; and for myself I cannot but think that the knowledge of all made them stronger in each. They threw into every thing they did the full weight of all they knew and were. The breadth of their culture gave refinement and strength to their work.

Bolton. But how could they find time to accomplish themselves in so many arts, if one art requires a lifetime, as you say it does?

Mallett. There is time enough to do many things, if the person is seriously concentrated in his work, and does not squander his mind and his time by half-work. Nothing is so bad as that. There are many persons who think they are working, when in truth they are only dawdling over their work with half-attention. There is time enough thrown away every day to enable any one of earnest mind to do more than many a man does with his whole day. All depends upon love of the work on which one is engaged, and in concentration of one's faculties. It is, in my opinion, better to be utterly idle, and lie fallow to influences, than to muddle away hours in half-work. Besides, change of labor is rest, and to an active mind more rest than laziness. I have always found in music a more complete refreshment of my mind, after a hard day's work in my studio, than even sleep could give. The faculties and powers and interests are thrown in a different direction, and while one series works the other reposes. After an entire change of occupation one returns with fresh zest and vigor to the work he has left; whereas, if the thoughts are constantly treading the same path, they soon, as it were, wear a rut in the mind, out of which they cannot extricate themselves, and this begets in the end mannerism and self-repetition. Still more, the various arts are but different exercises of correlative powers. They each in turn refresh and enlarge the imaginative and motive powers, and extend their sphere. Each, as it were, is echoed and reflected into the other. The harmonies of color and forms and tones and words are closely related to each other, and but different expressions of merely the same thing. A sculptor's work will be cold if he is not sensitive to color and music; and a painter's work will be loose and vague unless his mind has been trained to the absoluteness of form and outline: neither can compose well his lines and forms unless he possess that innate sense of balance and harmonious arrangement and modulation which is developed by music.

THE Swedenborg Society of London held recently a meeting in commemoration of the sixty-fifth anniversary of its foundation. This event elicited from the *London Daily News* the subjoined entertaining paper on the famous prophet:

It is ninety-three years since the death of the seer, whose works the society distributes, and never, it appears, has the interest in these strange writings been "more widely evoked, or more fully satisfied." The lifetime of Emanuel Swedenborg coincided, as his English biographer, Mr. Wilkinson, says, with the most skeptical and, in philosophy, the most materialistic age of thought. The movement that the Germans call the *Aufklärung*, that the French call the *éclaircissement*, was in full vigor. Only in Swedenborg's later years did the natural reaction begin, the reaction from Hume to Kant, from Voltaire to a spiritual philosophy. Even Voltaire, perhaps, regretted sometimes that he had done his destructive work too well. Rationalism, he says, in one of his poems, is gaining a morose credit, and error has merits of its own. He would like to have left to peasants and children their fire-side tales, while he laughed what he thought more pernicious superstitions out of court. There were three men in Europe, at that time, who in their several ways were helping to restore to Europe the belief in a spiritual life, in a spiritual world, in the existence of things not seen, and the possibility of hope and faith. The three were Kant, Wesley, Swedenborg, all working in very different fields, but all sowing the seeds of the present state of thought, the state of thought which is widely interested in the works of Swedenborg. The criticism of Kant threw doubt and discredit, to say the least, on the reasoning of the materialist philosophy, the preaching of Wesley renewed the life of the English Church, and the visions of Swedenborg were to many minds satisfactory evidence as to the unseen world, while his moral application of his mysticism is full of fervent and persuasive eloquence. It is not safe to venture on any account of the system of Swedenborg, for his writings are even more voluminous and various than those of Comte, while his disciples, like the Positivists, are apt to ask critics if they have read all the works of the master. It is easy, however, to select a few points in the general tendency of the Swedenborgian theories, and to show how they are adapted to modern wants, and have thus exercised no slight influence on modern imaginative literature. The life of the seer, as it is generally told, is more strange than any fairy tale, and the incidents and doctrines, with a difference, have been used by Balzac in two of his most powerful stories, "Louis Lambert" and "Séraphitus Séraphita."

The life of Emanuel Swedenborg was a kind of commentary on his views. Born in 1688, he was distinguished as a child for the intensity of his devotion, and, as a young and

a middle-aged man, for success in scientific research and mechanical invention. He was the engineer who invented a way of carrying provisions and artillery to the siege of Frederickshall, where Charles XII. was shot. He was noted for treatises on the assay of metals, and on docks and sluices. Some time after he had gained high office in the mining-service of Sweden, he turned his attention more to speculation, and his philosophy is of that mystic sort which recognizes in the universe a system of correspondences and harmonies, sees in bodies the expression of souls, and believes that the natural world exists in obedience to the spiritual one. Thus Swedenborg would agree with the French student who has lately frightened the Bishop of Orleans by asserting that the sun is the cause of the world. But then Swedenborg goes a step further, and observes, according to his latest translator, "There is in the spiritual world a sun which is different from that in the natural world. To the truth of this I am able to bear solemn witness, inasmuch as I have seen that sun." Here we touch the point where Swedenborg ceases to be the philosopher, in the common sense of the word, and becomes the seer. It was in 1743 that what he considered his education was accomplished, and that he had a view of the spiritual world. Most people have heard the curious anecdote of how, after a hearty meal in a London tavern, he saw a vision of snakes and reptiles, and heard a voice say, "Eat not so much." From that day, with intervals of discouragement, in which doubt of his own gift seems once to have been near him, Swedenborg had what the heathen Norsemen called *Forespan*: he was a second-sighted man. Apart from his visits to the places of departed spirits, and his detailed accounts of them, apart from his seeing a friend at the friend's own funeral, and frightening the sister of the dead Frederick the Great with intelligence from that lamented monarch, the tale of how he saw and described a fire at Stockholm while he himself was at Gottenburg, three hundred miles off, is strange, and fairly well authenticated. Kant is usually given as the authority for this marvel, and Kant seems at least to have done his best to find out the truth of the story. With the religious and philosophic beliefs based on Swedenborg's writings, we have no concern here, but it is easy to see how, in an age when physical science is so powerful, people are glad to turn to a philosophy which makes physical nature as it were the veil of spiritual nature, and how the fairy tales of science are neglected for experiences more like the elder fairy tales of childhood, in their simple marvels.

Notices.

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[VOL. XIV.

A TROPICAL PARADISE.*

I.

THE only important group in the North Pacific, the Hawaiian Archipelago, has in it perhaps more to engage the interest of the reader and the traveler than any of the enchanting island-retreats which abound in the summer seas rolling westward from the American Continents. These islands have a charm and salubrity reputed the finest in the world, and they are covered with a perennial luxuriance of vegetation which the imagination can scarcely match in its fancies. Only two

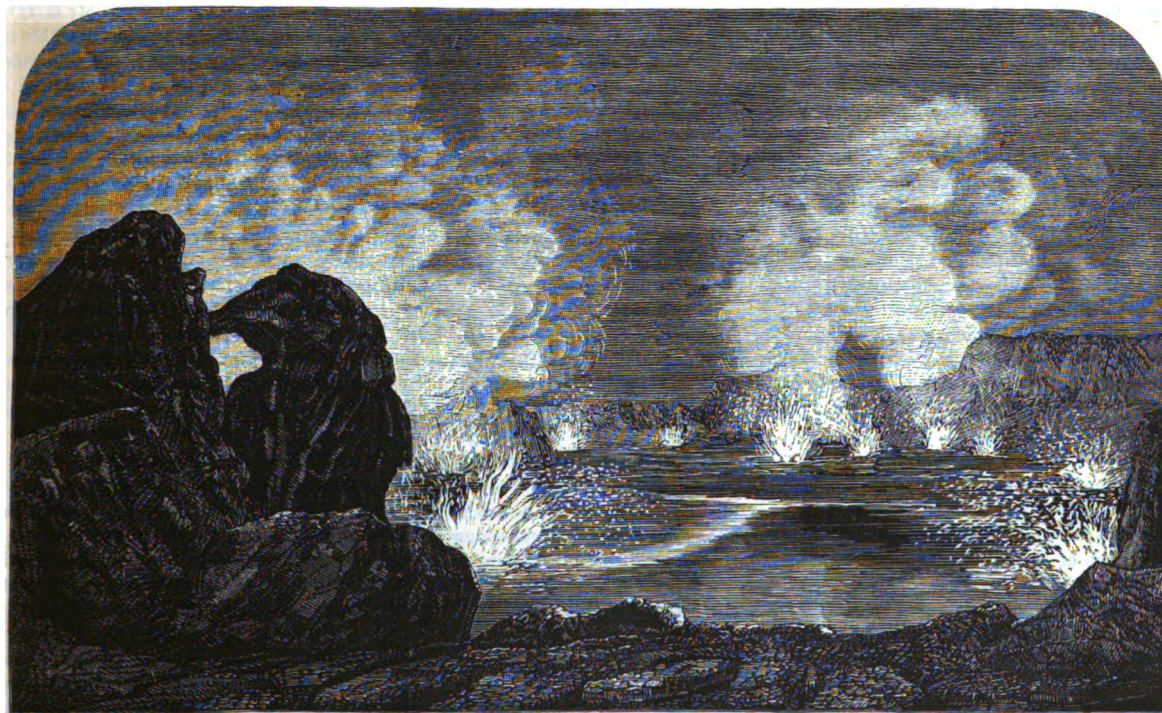
disaical beauty of the islands were brought back mingled with stories of savage cannibals—

"The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

The century which has since elapsed has transformed this ocean paradise inhabited by pagan savages into a Christian kingdom, possessing all the institutions and appliances of civilization, and, it must be confessed, also its vices. But the same exquisite climate

charm to the luxuriant wildness of a former time.

Within a few years the Sandwich Islands have acquired a political significance which has given them a new interest in the eyes of the world; and it is not impossible that the time may come when they may become the object of a dispute which will involve great nations in conflict. It is not, however, to these considerations that we would call attention, but rather to a hasty sketch of the nat-



A NIGHT SCENE IN THE CRATER OF THE VOLCANO OF KILAUEA, HAWAII.

years after the American Declaration of Independence this island-group was made known to the civilized world as the scene where the adventurous voyager Captain Cook lost his life at the hands of a throng of infuriated natives; and marvelous reports of the para-

and scenery, the same grand volcanoes, the same unruffled seas, the same open-air conservatory of all that is most unique and beautiful in flower and foliage, delight the visitor no less than when the perils of an inhospitable reception lent the zest of personal romance to the landing of the voyager. Now, as then, the Sandwich Islands seem the very realization of Tennyson's lovely dreams in "The Lotos-Eaters" and "Locksley Hall;" and civilization has, perhaps, lent a fresh

ural and social aspects of the islands, so graphically given in Miss Bird's book.

The approach of the sea-voyager to the Sandwich Islands presents a group of gray, barren peaks rising verdureless out of the sea, and land twenty miles away seems only five, so transparent is the atmosphere. With a closer vicinity, the view changes magically. The great peaks become vari-colored, presenting glowing proof of their fiery origin, and cleft with deep chasms and ravines

*Six Months among the Palm-Groves, Coral-Reefs, and Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands. By Isabella L. Bird, Author of "The English Woman in America." With Illustrations. London: John Murray.

of cool shadow and delicious green, their sides streaked with flashing water. Nearer yet, the coast-line shows itself with its feathery fringes of cocoa-nut and the long line of foaming surf. The breakers rushing on the coral-reefs girdle the Hawaiian Islands with perpetual thunder, and the narrow channel which leads into the harbor of Honolulu leaves but little margin for the skillful hand of the pilot. Within the reef a first full glimpse of the strange and picturesque beauty of his new surroundings breaks upon the visitor. The coral-fishers ply their graceful trade; the water swarms with canoes, and amphibious brown beings sport in the transparent waters. Beyond the reef and the blue of the harbor the town of Honolulu nestles among palms and bananas, umbrella-trees and bread-fruits, oranges, mangoes, hibiscus, and passion-flowers, almost hidden in the dense greenery, the bright blossom of a summer sea.

The arrival of a ship creates a deep stir of excitement in the quiet little island-capital. Two or three thousand people welcome the advent, whites, natives, and Chinamen—for the Celestials are numerous on the island. Men and women of a deep-brown tint swarm over the ship, all smiling and chattering in a language whose liquid syllables seem to have no backbone. The men display their lithe figures to the best advantage in white trousers and gay red shirts, and many of the younger beauties wear the gorgeous blossom of the red hibiscus in their abundant black hair, with many a garland besides of sweet-scented vines and ferns trailing down their backs. Indeed, all the Sandwich-Islanders have a passion for flowers, and the stranger's eyes are charmed by the picturesque effect of the rich brown skins set off with the most gorgeous wreaths and festoons, a habit by no means confined to gala-days, so that he veritably sees a rainbow-tinted crowd. The wharf, heaped with piles of delicious fruits, oranges and guavas, strawberries, papayas, chirimoyas, bananas, and a thousand productions of a most prolific climate; heaps of fish, strange in shape and dazzling in color, such as one would associate with the bright coral-forests beneath the waters; groups of coral-divers with the beautiful products of their submarine toil—all inspire the stranger with a realization of the novel and fantastic land to which he has come.

The town of Honolulu is unique, being a congregation of little villages almost hidden in bowers of glowing greenery. It is said that fifteen thousand people are buried away in the low-browed, shadowy houses under the glossy trees, which overarch the streets till they seem like magnificent forest-avenues, huge-leaved, bright, spreading trees, many of them exotics from the South Seas, rich with parasitic ferns and bright with fantastic flowers, through which the sunlight only breaks in dancing glints. The air is heavy with the odors of tuberose, lilies, roses, and oleanders, many of which grow as large as rhododendrons, besides a great variety of lovely flowers almost unknown in our northern climate, except in hot-houses. In the deep shade of this perennial greenery the people live, even the verandas of the houses

being densely draped with trailing plants of different kinds. It is often difficult to tell which is the house and which the vegetation, so deftly does luxuriant Nature do her work.

The perfect beauty of Honolulu and its surroundings; however, is hardly to be realized from the town or even the sea. A few miles outside of the capital is the Pali, a wall-like precipice one thousand feet high. From this summit the complete glory of land and sea is joined into one entrancing picture. Outside of Honolulu the dense, arborescent foliage ceases, but the ground is covered with a greensward of a deep tint, a perfect sea of verdure, as thick as moss to the feet. Streamlets leap from crags and ripple by the road-side; every rock and stone is cushioned with delicate ferns. The hills are wall-like ridges of colored rock, broken into shafts and pinnacles, like cathedral-spires. At the summit of the ascent the far-famed view bursts on the vision, before shut in by winding paths and prison-like colonnades of mountain-crags. Great masses of black, ferruginous volcanic rock form the Pali on either side, the tops splintered into fantastic pinnacles, that rise with the regularity of a work of art. A broad mass of green clothes the lower buttresses, fringing itself away in sweeps of palm and garden-like fields, variegated with grass and sugar-cane, white villas, banana-groves, and red tufa-cones, which glitter in the sun, witnesses of the devilish forces slumbering under the smiling greenery. Beyond this stretches the coral-reef, with its white line of foaming surf, and the broad, blue Pacific, just silvered by the light touch of the wind, which comes to the peak with a refreshing chill. The semicircular sweep of ocean, and the exquisite beauty set in its midst, would call to mind Homer's description of the fabrication of Achilles's shield:

"Thus the broad shield complete, the artist crowned
With his last hand; and poured the ocean round;
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole."

This Pali was the scene of one of the historic tragedies of the island. Kamehameha, the conqueror, a fierce and ruthless warrior, who finally united the island sovereignties in his own person, drove the last remnant of the army of the King of Oahu up this precipice, and compelled them, in their mad despair, to plunge off, where their bones now lie bleaching in the valley below.

The drives about Honolulu are every afternoon thronged with brilliant equestrians, for the Hawaiians are almost as much born to the saddle as to the water. Hundreds of native horsemen and horsewomen, their heels armed with long spurs, tear along at furious pace. The women seem perfectly at home in their gay, brass-bossed saddles, which they always sit astride, and fly by with their orange and scarlet riding-dresses streaming in the wind, a bright, kaleidoscopic flash of bright eyes, white teeth, shining hair, garlands of flowers, and many-colored dresses; while the men seem hardly less picturesque in their jaunty costumes. The eye almost tires of the gay and exciting spectacle, with

its boisterous chatter and laughing; and the return to the cool, spacious hotel, with its embowered verandas, becomes a relief. Let us get a brief glimpse of a Honolulu inn.

A large lawn, shaded with noble trees, like an English park, conducts by a semicircular drive to a long, two-storied house of stone. On the front of the upper story is the dining-room, running the whole length of the building. It has no curtains, and its tints are cool and neutral, looking through its windows on cool mountains and flashing seas revealed in the open vistas of foliage. On the same level is the parlor, with ever-open windows, that take in the same charming outlook. The bedrooms, paneled with aromatic woods, have jalousies, which insure at once coolness and privacy. The verandas are thick with lounging-chairs, and a cool breeze whispers through all the passages night and day. The eye takes in nothing but pleasure—the play of light and color on the mountains, the glint of the seas, the deep green of the valleys, where showers, sunshine, and rainbows, make perpetual variety.

The hotel is the centre of stir in the Hawaiian capital—a club-room, parlor, lounging-place, and news-exchange, all in one. Its corridors are lively with naval uniforms and the white-duck dresses of the planters. Health-seekers, resident boarders, sea-captains, and a stream of townspeople, percolate everywhere in a free-and-easy commingling, and life seems pervaded with a free-and-easy *bonhomie* and kindness. This charming hostelry was built by the government at large expense, and is a great addition to the attraction of the island capital, though its cost caused considerable grumbling in the discussion on the year's financial budget in the little Hawaiian Legislature, where there is not much of great moment to talk about. We cannot forbear giving a brief extract, descriptive of the first night in Honolulu, in our author's own language:

"A soft breeze, scented with a slight aromatic odor, wanders in at every opening, bringing with it, mellowed by distance, the hum and clatter of the busy cicada. The nights are glorious, and so absolutely still, that even the feathery foliage of the algaroba is at rest. The stars seem to hang among the trees like lamps, and the crescent moon gives more light than the full moon at home. The evening of the day we landed, parties of officers and ladies mounted at the door, and with much mirth disappeared on moonlight rides, and the white robes of flower-crowned girls gleamed among the trees, as groups of natives went by speaking a language which sounded more like the rippling of water than human speech. Soft music came from the iron-clads in the harbor, and from the royal band at the king's palace, and a rich fragrance of dewy blossoms filled the delicious air. These are indeed the 'isles of Eden,' the 'sun-lands,' musical with beauty. They seem to welcome us to their enchanted shores. Every thing is new, but nothing strange; for as I enjoyed the purple night, I remembered that I had seen such islands in dreams in the cold, gray North. 'How sweet,' I thought it would be, thus to hear far off the low sweet murmur of the 'sparkling brine,' to rest, and

'... ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!''

Let us not linger at the capital, however, but follow our traveler in her wanderings to other scenes even more beautiful and striking. A crazy and creaking steamer carries its voyagers along the smiling coast over the smooth tropic seas, just outside of the belt of reef over which the surf crashes ceaselessly. The sun drops its intense light and heat on the glassy waters, in the submarine *chaparral* of which strange fish flash in an endless game of hide-and-seek. The vessel creeps along slowly by the great red rocks of Maui, and finally a huge mountain-summit uplifted in a region of endless winter. This is Haleakala, the "House of the Sun," the largest extinct volcano in the world, its terminal crater being nineteen miles in circumference at a height of ten thousand feet. A snail-like voyage of forty-eight hours, made interesting, however, by the bright scenery, ends at Hilo, one of the celebrated places of Hawaii. The great coast-line of gray cliffs, hundreds of feet in height, shows itself draped in green, but often black, rent, and caverned at the bases. Into the cracks and caves the surf rolls like thunder, sending broad sheets of foam high up among the ferns and trailers. Numberless cascades fall from the cliffs, or gush through the clefts and chasms, at the foot of which open out wide green lawns, each with its grass-house and patches of banana and palm, so close to the ocean that the spray is often frittered away on the fan-like fringes of foliage. Above are grassy uplands, glades and dells streaked with cataracts, and the dark, dense forests, which girdle Mauna-Kea and Mauna-Loa, two vast volcanic heights, which rise, capped with snow, fourteen thousand feet. In the last twenty-nine miles before reaching Hilo, there are more than sixty gulches, from one hundred to seven hundred feet in depth, each with its cataract, and fantastic with the wildest vagaries of tropical foliage and blooms. White churches dot the coast like mile-stones, too many even for the fast-dwindling population.

The paradise of Hawaii, Hilo, is best described as being without effort what Honolulu attempts to be. The crescent-shaped bay is the most beautiful in the Pacific, the farther extremity being formed by a black-lava inlet, where the cocoa-palm attains its greatest perfection; and beyond it again another fringe of cocoa-nuts marks the deep indentation of the coast. The whole bay is belted with golden sand, on which the deep monotone of the surf roars drowsily, mingled with the merry music of living waters, the Waiakea and Wailaku, which splash off the mountain-side, and rush to the ocean, fern-fringed to the very mouths. White houses dot the greenery and the hills above, and church-spires denote the foreign element.

Hilo is unique. A humid climate and long repose from volcanic disturbance have given it a great depth of vegetable mould. Rich soil, rain, heat, and sunshine, stimulate Nature to its most prodigal efforts. Even high-water mark on the shore is draped with the convolvulus. The wood is so dark that the town is suggested rather than seen. From

the sea it looks a dense mass of green, relieved with bright splashes of color, a maze of innumerable trees. Above, broad lands sweep in charming little plantations, broken with hill and valley, till they repose on the white majesty of mountain-crests, sleeping in marble stillness over the incessant fires below. Mauna-Loa is a shapely, dome-like curve, with a crater eight hundred feet in depth, likely at any time to upheave a cataract of destruction from its bosom. It ever throbs and palpitates, and its low rumblings every few days give warning that in a moment beautiful Hilo may become a thing of the past, a red waste of smoking ruin. Such before has been the fate of the town, involving general destruction of life. Hilo proves even more fascinating on close acquaintance. There is no road except bridle-paths, and the houses of the missionaries, while they suggest New-England life, do it in such an idealized way as to make it a quaint element of poetry and antiquity in the wild luxuriance of Nature.

The houses of the foreigners yield the palm in picturesqueness to the thatched residences of the natives with their fantastic verandas covered with flowering trailers. Everywhere may be met flowing waters; each house has its pure stream arrested in a bath-house, and thence liberated among the *kalo* patches. Each veranda is a gathering-place, and the dresses of the inhabitants are always brightened with wreaths of flowers. These gay gatherings (for the islanders always keep open houses), the hot-house temperature, the strange trees and flowers, the rich odors which load the air, and the low recitative of the groves and the distant surf, transport the visitor out of his accustomed feelings into a new world of sensations.

All unsightly things are transformed into things of grace by trailing vines and parasitic ferns. One sees a labyrinth of lilies, roses, fuschias, clematis, begonias, convolvuli, the huge grenadilla, purple and yellow lemons, passiflora, custard-apples, rose-apples, mangoes, mangosteins, oranges, tamarinds, papayas, bananas, bread-fruit, magnolias, gardenias, eucalyptus, and innumerable other fruits, flowers, and plants. The ginger-plant, with its overpowering perfume and porcelain blossoms, meets one at every turn, and the palm-trees have an indescribable grace and witchery. Through the bridle-lanes, native women and the foreign ladies may be seen at any hour riding in the winged Hawaiian dress, or in full Turkish trousers and jauntily-made riding-habits, dashing about like female Centaurs.

The habits of the people are very simple. They visit each other without even the ceremony of knocking, and there are no bells on the doors. The evening, however, is the recognized time for calling, and they go about through the sombre groves, which shut out the starlight, with lanterns. It is presumed that people are always ready to receive their friends, for hospitality is a second nature both with the natives and foreign residents.

The visitor at Hilo never fails to ascend to the wonderful crater of Kilauea, which is always in a state of disturbance, and one of the great fire-mountains of the world. To peer into its terrible, smoking pit, is well

worth the aching bones, strained muscles, and severe fatigue of the ascent. A slow, tedious journey of ten hours up craggy and broken paths, through the matted luxuriance of forest-trails, ends at the Crater House, some miles from the volcanic pit, a unique house, kept by a half-native, who remains in spite of the peril of his situation, for his gains are large from curiosity-hunters and sight-seers. The fire-abyss, about four thousand feet high on the flank of Mauna-Loa, is nine miles in circumference, and one thousand feet in depth to the igneous lake within. All around the margin, great jets of steam and blowing cones are seen, and the pit itself is constantly rent and shaken by earthquakes. Terrible eruptions occur at intervals, but the phenomena of the volcano are incessant. This fiery lake is known in Hawaiian mythology as the "House of Everlasting Fire," the abode of the dread goddess Pele.

As the visitor approaches the crater, all vegetation is blotted out. The accustomed sights and sounds of Nature cease, and there is nothing but a Plutonic region of blackness and desolation, terraces, cliffs, lakes, ridges, rivers, mountain-sides, whirlpools, chasms; solid, black, and shining, or ashen gray, stained yellow with sulphur or white with alum. The lava is fissured everywhere by earthquakes, and is almost too hot for the feet. He who seeks to see the hearth of Pele must climb painfully over the rough and broken lava-flow, stumbling nearly every step, and breaking through the steaming crust, till boots and gloves are nearly burned through. Suddenly, without forewarning, fiery drops are spun high in the air, like liquid glass from the blow-pipe, and the traveler stands on the awful brink of Kilauea. A new glory is added to the possibilities of sight, and common words become tame. There are groanings and detonations, the crash of breakers, but of fiery waves on a fiery coast. Below one sees an irregular lake ranging from five hundred feet to nearly a mile in width, the sides perpendicularly bold and craggy. The prominent object is fire in motion, but the surface of the great lake is constantly skinning over with a surface of grayish white like frosted silver. The movement is always from the sides to the centre, like the rush of a whirlpool, and at each burst of agitation there are hissings and roarings. Now furious and demoniacal, now playful and sportive, again languid, the imprisoned forces are in perpetual change. Sometimes a dozen fire-fountains play around the verge, then they are swallowed up in one fierce vortex. Sometimes the whole lake takes the form of great waves, and lashes the sides with clots and splashes of fire thrown up almost to the top of the crater, where the awe-stricken visitor stands rooted. All is confusion, force, terror, and majesty. The color has not the crimson gleam of blood, nor the whiteness of light, but something awful and indescribable between the two.

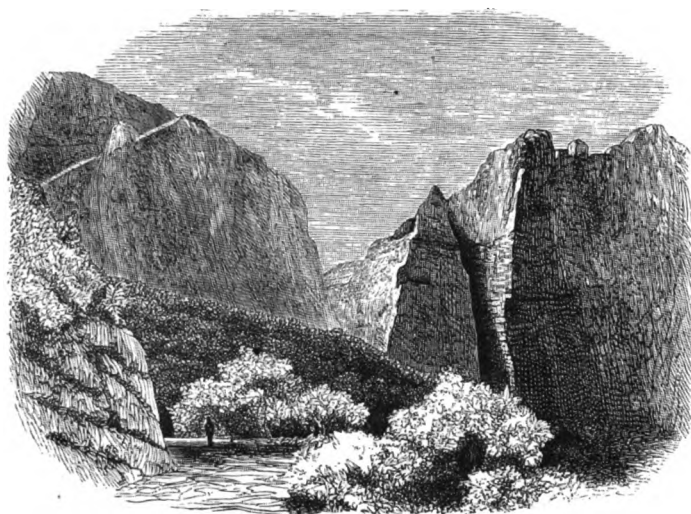
The crust is wrinkled in great folds, which seem to crawl and writhe like serpents. Great pieces are constantly broken off and engulfed, while the fiery fountains dance round the lake with a joyousness which would be enlivening were it not so terrible. The bank of

lava constantly changes, and caverns hung with blazing stalactites are sometimes formed. Suddenly a new impulse will seize the Titanic forces, and fire will be thrown to a great

wave sixty feet high that charged against the solid shore like a million battering-rams. There were five of these oceanic onsets, destroying every thing for thirty feet above the

rocks that made the lava foam as it dashed down the mountain and over precipices in red cataracts. The river of fire was from two to eight hundred feet wide and twenty deep, with a speed of twenty miles an hour. It finally divided into four streams, with an aggregate width of a mile and a half. The whole southeast shore of Hawaii sunk from six to eight feet, and several hamlets, with their inhabitants, were utterly destroyed. The terrified survivors, from a wide track of ruin, fled into Hilo from the reeling mountains, the uplifted seas, and the inundation of fire. There were two thousand earthquake-shocks in a fortnight. Such are the startling possibilities which in a single night may transform a paradise into a wrinkled chaos of smoking lava.

Gay dresses, bright sunshine, music, dancing, a life without care, and a climate without asperities, make up the sunny side of native life at Hilo, where the typical Sandwich-Islander is seen at his best. But there are dark moral shadows: the population is gradually shrinking away, and the terrible, incurable disease of leprosy is making swift headway—so that many of the fair homes will soon be desolate. Only forty years since, however, the people dwelling in the splendid belt of verdure between the volcanic wilderness and the sea were a sensual, shameless herd, where polyandry and polygamy were in equal favor. No man except the chiefs had any rights, and there was no consciousness of any moral obligation. Now order and external decorum prevail. There is not a locked door in Hilo, and nobody is afraid of robbery or violence. We are told that these people have one of the best administered governments in the world; the laws are equable and enlightened, education is universal, and prisons and almshouses are unknown. The causes of decline are mysterious, but no



THE NUUANU PALI, OR PRECIPICE, NEAR HONOLULU

height. All the minor jets and cones will collapse and converge in one glowing mass, which upheaves itself pyramidically, and disappears with a vast plunge. Innumerable billows will be dashed in the air, the lake recoil on either side, then upheave itself in one colossal wave, overflow its brink, again slowly retire with a majestic flow, leaving the centre throbbing and swaying as if in fruitless agony.

Words, as Miss Bird pathetically deploras, are unequal to the task of describing so sublime a spectacle. It is probably the most stupendous of all active craters, both in size and activity. It is impossible to conceive a grander type of force and terror, and it is no wonder that the superstitious islanders were wont to place there the abode of their grewsome goddess, to whom none but human sacrifices were welcome, a Polynesian alter of the Indian goddess Kali, the patron deity of the Thugs. There is another summit crater, and Kilauea becomes silent and placid when the topmost cone becomes a pyramid of fire, whose magnificence burns fourteen thousand feet in air, and is seen one hundred miles away at sea. The proximity of Kilauea gives sublimity to Hilo, and takes the current talk out of commonplace ruts. For even the thoughtless and happy islanders know they tremble on the brink of a terrible fate. Let one out of several outbreaks of Kilauea show how well grounded is this apprehension. On April 2, 1868, there came an awful climax. The crust of the earth rose and fell like a stormy sea. Rocks were rent, mountains fell, houses were shattered, and man and beast ran about demented. The earth opened in a thousand fissures, and it seemed as if the very granite ribs of the hills were being broken up. The shocks were like the ticking of a watch in frequency. Whole villages were buried in avalanches of earth, and the sea receded, building itself up in a giant

sea-level in the path of advance. Still the volcano gave no sign, but people kept their horses ready saddled for flight to Honolulu. The hourly question was, "What of Kilauea?"

Suddenly, five days after the first disturbance, the ground south of Hilo was opened, and the question was answered. The molten river, after traveling for twenty miles underground, emerged through a fissure two miles in length with tremendous force and volume. Four fire-fountains boiled up with terrific fury, throwing lava and rocks of many



ORDINARY FEMALE COSTUME.

tons weight a thousand feet high in the air. From these fountains a swift stream of lava flowed to the sea, rolling and tumbling like a swollen river, bearing on its current large

less certain, and involve too extensive a discussion to come within the province of these articles. The principal reason, perhaps, is the lack of native stamina in the people.

Gay, intelligent, volatile, kind-hearted, and hospitable, they lack the strength and backbone that characterize the moral energies of powerful peoples. This and the delicious climate, which removes inducement to labor, would seem to solve the problem fully. The great rising industry in the Hawaiian Islands at the present time is the sugar-culture. This is believed by the wisest of the natives to be the probable instrument of a great revolution in the beautiful island paradise now laboring under some subtle and nameless blight. Nowhere in the world are the conditions so favorable for raising the sugar-cane. The great difficulty now is the heavy tax which protects American sugar, and the lack of a reciprocity treaty, the principal reason, it is said, which caused the late journey of King Kalakaua to this country.

Let us glance for a moment at the conditions of the sugar-culture in the Sandwich Islands, and journey up to Ooumea in the Hilo district, the little town which contains the finest ferns known in the world, and presents the most favorable specimen of the new industry.

The traveler climbs six hundred feet up the mountain-side from beautiful Hilo, which slumbers a lotos-like dream in the arms of the Pacific, wrapped in umbrageous silence and beauty. The pure, bracing air tells him a different story from the languid winds, heavy with odors, that murmur below. The deep boom of cascades is heard splashing over the hills, and the air is deliciously refreshing. The plantations here enjoy special advantages, for the innumerable mountain-streams are turned into flumes, and a great part of the cane and wood is brought down free of expense; and the labor is performed by natives and Chinese in about equal numbers.

Out of two hundred thousand available acres on the island of Hawaii, only a fifteenth is under cultivation. Were labor plentiful and duties removed, the soil would yield three times as much as the State of Louisiana. The magnificent climate makes it a very easy crop to grow. There is no brief harvest-time, with its frantic rush and hurry, no frost to render hasty cutting necessary. The same number of hands are kept the year through, and the planters can plant, cut, and grind, simultaneously. The little toy kingdom last year exported seventeen million pounds of sugar, and the yield might be made tenfold. This staple is now the great topic of interest on the islands, and Hawaii thrills to the centre at the news of a cent up or down in the American market.

But the pleasure-loving Hawaiian is too much of an epicurean, too fond of basking in the *dolce far niente* of a land where mere living is a delight, probably ever to aspire to those higher enjoyments contingent on the severe expense of toil, ambition, and self-denial. With an infinite variety of delicious fruits to be had for the picking, as from the fabled tree in Mohammed's paradise, an atmosphere of balm, and summer seas where he can happily alternate his amphibious existence, there is nothing left for him to desire.

Let us stand on the Hilo beach, and witness an exhibition of the national sport of

surf-bathing, a most exciting pastime, and needing, in a heavy sea, immense nerve and skill. The surf-board is a plank shaped like a coffin-lid, from six to nine feet in length. Legions of forms, moulded with the lithe and sinuous beauty of classic bronzes, are seen sporting in the waves like born denizens of the foam. A party of forty or fifty, with their surf-sliding boards, come out from the dusky throng, and, with much laughing chatter, prepare for the fascinating game of riding astride the breakers.

Wading out from rocks on which the sea is breaking, the islanders push their boards before them, and swim out to the first line of breakers. Suddenly they dive down out of sight, and nothing more is seen of them till their black heads bob up from the smooth seas like corks, half a mile from shore. Now the fun commences.

Watching for a very high roller, they leap on from behind, lying face downward on their surf-boards. As the wave speeds on, and its bottom touches ground, the top curls into a gigantic comb. The swimmers pose themselves on the highest edge by dexterous movement of hand and foot, keeping themselves at the top of the curl, and always seeming to slide down the foaming hillock. So they come on majestically just ahead of the breaker, borne shoreward by its mighty impulse at the rate of forty miles an hour, yet seeming to have a volition of their own, for the more daring riders kneel and even stand on their surf-boards, waving their arms and uttering exultant cries. Always on the verge of engulfment by the fierce breaker, whose white crest rises above them, just as one expects to see them dashed to pieces on the rocks, they quietly disappear, and emerge again out at sea, ready for another perilous race on their foaming coursers. The great art is in mounting the breaker at just the right time, and to keep exactly on its curl. The leading athletes are always vociferously cheered by the spectators, and the presence of the *slite* rarely fails to stimulate the swimmers to their utmost exertions. Even the maidens and old men often join in this national amusement. Such is Hawaiian life at Hilo.

AGATHA STODDARD.

WE have grown, by July, to feel ourselves tried intimates. Everybody knows the sort of compulsory affiliation that lurks in the atmosphere of a small country boarding-house. I have arrived in June, myself, at Mrs. Powerley's Mountain Retreat (consult, as regards further information, this lady's pretty advertisement in the rather obscure newspaper where I found it), having only the most slender of social intentions toward my future fellow-boarders, and an iron resolve to make my portfolio plethoric with industrious sketches; but the general epidemic of good-fellowship promptly does its best to secure me for a victim. Mrs. Mackenzie Small, a diminutive young widow, with her mourning a sea of black furbelows, and her copious hair a receptacle of untold jet gewgaws, makes me an object of flattering

personal interest almost from the first day of my arrival. A certain Miss Aurelia Bostwick, whom time has dragged, much against her will, to the brink of forty, and who now stands in that unpleasant situation, memorially dressed for sixteen, and with manners that retrospectively match her costume—this engaging virgin at once opens over me the vials of her most honeyed politeness. But Mrs. Mackenzie Small's and the elderly Aurelia's are not the only hands that (in metaphor) squeeze mine with tyrannical cordiality; I am at once made to understand that every breath breathed within the Retreat is one fragrant with the balm of unlimited loving-kindness.

Everybody knows how proverbially rainy the mountains are in summer; but this year the month of June is dry to an astonishing degree, and so I have very few occasions to languish under the affable attempts of these good people, for none of whom, it must be confessed, I have conceived very strong liking.

"Mrs. Small and I agree in thinking that you are an out-and-out woman-hater," the fair Aurelia tells me one morning, just before I start forth upon my accustomed tramp, sketch-book in hand.

I try to smile reproachfully as I answer:

"Don't make it harder than it is already, Miss Bostwick, for me to turn over my new leaf of diligence and industry."

"Oh, Mr. Embury!" (with a very infantile shake of the mature shoulders), "I'm not going to be humbugged in that style, neither is Mrs. Small. We both think you shun us. You can't imagine how disappointing we have found it, to hear that a real, distinguished artist was coming to the Retreat, and then to learn afterward that he is so horribly indifferent to everybody."

This sort of thing does not always confine itself to Miss Aurelia. Sometimes little Mrs. Mackenzie Small will do it, waylaying me on staircase, or in hall, or wherever the tender assault chances to be most convenient. Through the peril of these harrowing attacks I manage to pass woundless. Once it occurs to me, while Mrs. Mackenzie Small is saying dangerously fascinating things, that she is the most superb of subjects for a colorist to try his skill upon. What opportunity there is in all this black coquetry of costume, this sombre excess of ornamentation! I imagine her billows of orange-trimmed bombazine changed to the most delicate blue; I transform her prodigality of jet beads into stainless pearls; I turn the jet butterflies in her hair to the brilliancy of reality; and all the while I do silent, artistic reverence to the great powers of color, forgetting the extreme danger of my position, though vaguely conscious that this little widow would probably stamp with rage could she read my actual thoughts.

One day in early July I learn that the exquisite harmony of the Retreat is to be increased, very possibly, by two new arrivals. A father and a daughter are daily expected to fill the two vacant rooms left by asthmatic Mr. Peterkin and his devoted spinster-sister. I remember carelessly wondering to myself whether the female portion of the new arrival

will in any way surpass the departed Miss Peterkin's somewhat frosty charms. A day or two later Mr. Albert Stoddard, a widower, arrives from New York with his daughter.

After a day of assiduous sketching and consequent absence from the Retreat, I come back just about in time to dress for tea. When I enter the dining-room the table has only one vacant place, and this is my own. We sup early at the Retreat, and plenty of mellow afternoon light fills the apartment. I bow right and left to familiar faces. Reproachful glances meet me, on more than a single side, whose meaning I have by this time grown well able to interpret.

"The only unmarried gentleman in the house," murmurs a certain stout Mrs. Rankin, whose place is next mine, and who has brought a little invalid husband into the mountains, whom she bullies dreadfully. "I declare, Mr. Embury, it's quite shameful for you to have staid away from us all another whole day! Miss Bostwick and Mrs. Mackenzie Small are inconsolable. No, Lemuel, my dear" (in sudden address to the little invalid husband on her other side); "no hot biscuits to-night, my dear. I positively protest, now!"

It is sometimes a matter of interest with me whether, during continually-repeated discussions of just this same sort, Lemuel obtains his hot biscuit or whatever happens to be the special craving of an appetite immense and morbid enough to seem the principal distressing feature of his malady; but to-night my attention is suddenly elsewhere directed. Opposite me I discover that the two new arrivals are eating their teas.

The father has, in his day (as we are apt to say of a man evidently sixty), been handsome beyond the common. His shape, you promptly see, is a nice union of grace and height; his bald head, full-browed and finely-modeled, at once impresses, half from its noble outlines, and half from the majestic way in which it is posed on the broad, compact shoulders. Mr. Stoddard's hair, of which certain vestiges show conspicuously about either temple, is almost pure white, but his heavy mustache is iron-gray, making an effect which suggests the powdered heads of old French days, and an effect heightened, as regards sharp contrast, by the extreme darkness and brilliancy of the man's eyes. For the rest, there is a jaded look about his face that can hardly mean health, though it may be little more than fatigue, and a pallor that slightly verges upon a yellowish, sickly tinge.

Decided family resemblance exists between Miss Stoddard and her father, and yet if it be not in a certain expression of the eyes, to define such resemblance is quite impossible. Her eyes, however, are wholly different from his, being of the lightest gray, and filled with a sort of steadfastly-lustrous fire; but her hair is intensely black and of much seeming abundance, and the contrast thus secured is to me a trifle more striking than the similar yet opposite effect of which I have spoken, in her father's face. More striking, for the simple reason that it is less usual, and when seen in the case of Miss Stoddard, seen combined with a face of pale, sculptural regularity, beautiful after a type

that those only would condemn as cold for whom its perfect curves of chin, lip, or nostril were unappreciable charms.

As an artist, I at once become mutely enthusiastic over Miss Stoddard's face. I cannot help giving it one or two long stares over a parapet of teacup, with an impertinence whose æsthetic source she is doubtless far from surmising. The more, too, that I scan this face, the more do I become anxious for some knowledge of its possessor. Here, I tell myself, is no ordinary woman; no plant that could properly flourish in any conventional "rose-bud garden of girls;" no prattling repository of spite, vanity, flirtation, and a rabies on the subject of self-adornment. Whatever she may be it is something womanly, and modest, and noble. Nature sometimes tells sad falsehoods in human countenances; but here you see clearly that she sets for you no snare.

Doubtless the Retreat, considered in a flesh-and-blood sense, is astonished, not to say bewildered, a little later, on seeing me follow Mr. Stoddard and daughter out upon the piazza, and enter into sociable converse with the gentleman. I am the only unmarried man in the house, and it is my firm belief that were I much uglier and more unattractive than God has made me, this isolated position of bachelorhood must still have found the smiles and ogles and would-be petting by which I am surrounded a doom equally unescapable. And so I can aver, without being thought conceited, that this little act of civility extended toward the Stoddards afterward brings down upon Miss Stoddard's unoffending head the jealous rage of our whole sweetly-benevolent and mutually-loving Retreat, spurred on by the efficient generalship of Miss Aurelia Bostwick and Mrs. Mackenzie Small.

Unsuspecting of how dreadful an effect my simple piece of courtesy is producing, I stand and chat for quite a while with Mr. Stoddard and his daughter. We principally discuss the surrounding mountains, which I find that Mr. Stoddard has visited many years ago, and for which, as regards certain points of special interest, he preserves certain half-faded recollections that I take pleasure in retinting with my own fresh experiences. I find this man a most charming person before we have talked ten minutes together. Verily I am rewarded for my course of mild martyrdom among all the bores, male and female, who fill the Retreat. Ease of manner, breadth of observation, unquestionable refinement, and the fullest graces of mental culture, all throw across the surface of his conversation their soft flickerings of suggestion. I begin to perceive that, apart from the pleasure afforded by two congenial intellects meeting each other, there is an equally rare pleasure in the quiet certainty that you have also met that nameless and unexplainable product of modern civilization which we rather symbolize than define by the vaguely-general term of gentleman.

Miss Stoddard does not say much, but her few words make me wish to hear more from her lips. Standing near us, with that exquisitely-carved profile and the richly-dusk hair waving off from her pure, pale fore-

head past the small, shapely ear, by the royal right of beauty alone she is one who makes her silence felt beyond the speech of many another woman.

Neither that evening nor throughout the next day does any opportunity occur to me of any thing resembling a private talk between herself and me; but the Stoddards have not been a week at the Retreat before I find myself on terms of genial intimacy with daughter, no less than with father. The first impression that Agatha Stoddard produces upon me is of her extreme mental strength. Very soon, however, I find myself silently lauding her sympathetic soul, and telling myself that she possesses the sweetest of all womanly faculties, that of following and grasping thoughts beyond her real intellectual reach, by the charming mystery which we name intuition. And always within this rare-gifted girl there seems a sort of quiet struggle between the forces of intellect and of feeling.

"I am made all wrong," she once laughingly tells me, as we stroll together in the elastic morning air toward a delightful waterfall near the Retreat. "I ought to have been colder or else warmer; cleverer or else more stupid; larger, mentally, or else smaller."

But the more that I see of her the more convinced I become of its being just this delightful dissonance, so to speak, that chiefly makes her charming. I am aware, before long, that the entire Retreat is up in silent arms against me because of my open attentions to Miss Stoddard, and it must be admitted that I attach no special weight to the wrath of Mrs. Mackenzie Small or the rancor of the lovely Aurelia, with her clear case of *spreta injuria formæ*. But not until some days later do I discover how Miss Stoddard herself has become an object of universal feminine dislike. One evening, while we are taking a twilight walk together through the slowly-purple glen in which we are dwellers, we are discussing friendship, and I tell her—

"It seems to me that you are one who would make friends almost wherever you choose. Am I not right?"

She laughs. "You are very good to say that, after witnessing my unpopularity at the Retreat; for of course this can't have escaped you."

"Pshaw!" I exclaim. "These people are not to be considered! I was not thinking of them, and indeed they're not worth wasting a thought upon." Then, after pausing for a second, I add: "Surely this isn't the reason, I hope, that you have been so pale and out of sorts for a day or two; and to-night you look quite strangely worried?"

She starts a trifle. "I, out of sorts, pale, worried? Do you really mean it? Why" (smiling a softly-brilliant smile), "I was telling papa only this morning how wonderful I thought this air."

"Then I am wrong, Miss Stoddard, and glad to learn it. But pray give no further thought to your unpopularity. Console yourself with the truth."

"Which is—?" (while she dimples prettily enough, as if she half scented the coming compliment).

"That you are a pearl before swine. I am sure that if Mrs. Mackenzie Small ever bored you with any of her deadly platitudes you would regret having fallen into her good graces. And as for Miss Aurelia Bostwick—"

I pause here, for while she walks close to my side, so sudden and forcible a shiver passes through my companion's frame, that it almost seems to me like the first symptom of some acute nervous attack. But her voice, a moment later, sounds clear and steady.

"Pray don't let us waste words on these people. I quite share your opinion of them. I don't know why I spoke of them to you."

Her voice ends with a plaintively weary intonation that surprises me not a little. "Let us agree," I make prompt response, "to taboo them from our future conversation. It will be something pleasurable to anticipate."

What I have mentioned regarding my companion's changed appearance and manners during the two past days undoubtedly has struck me more than once, though I have attributed it to solicitude for her father, whose health has hardly altered for the better since he came among the mountains. After she and I pass in-doors together and then separate, this evening, I am attacked by deep yearnings to inflict upon Mrs. Mackenzie Small and the elderly Aurelia some punishment more summary than chivalrous. At one moment the thought of these creatures being jealous of a woman so unspeakably their superior as Agatha Stoddard fills me with the strongest disgust; and a moment later this disgust becomes amusement, pure and simple. For in contemplating myself as the innocent origin of so much malevolence—as the human apple of discord flung among these rival goddesses at the Retreat—I think it may safely be asserted that only a strong sense of the humor in my situation assails me, without a vestige of vainglorious self-gratulation.

It is an exquisitely fresh evening, and after Miss Stoddard has left me to go and find her father, I stroll out upon the piazza with a lighted cigar. A crescent moon of deep warm gold is dropping behind the purplish-black wave of a distant mountain, and bathing the rolling sward of a near valley in the sort of twilight that suggests elves on fernsprays or visions of the "flickering fairy-circle" as it "wheels and breaks." With what majesty of tranquillity these stately hills are informed! And what presumptuousness in the Mackenzie-Small's of humanity to bring among their august dominions their contemptible spites, greeds, and jealousies!

I take a seat just then within a wicker-chair, four or five of which stand vacant on the piazza, abandoned to-night on account of the breezy freshness which I myself so enjoy. Right behind me is a window belonging to a sitting-room, though not the general sitting-room of the Retreat, which is in truth a well-sized but barn-like sort of parlor, most cheerlessly ill furnished.

It is some little space before I think at all concerning the clear sound of voices that reaches me through this open window; for

though quite conscious of the voices themselves, my mind instinctively pursues a course of reflections far more interesting than it would seem that these unnoticed murmurings could in any wise be; but suddenly, catching the name of "Stoddard," I at once listen with strained attention. The voice now speaking is Miss Aurelia Bostwick's, and as it progresses I plainly perceive that it is quivering with excitement. A peculiarity of the lovely Aurelia's language, when she is at all excited, consists in an utter disdain of all punctuation except a sort of reckless semicolon.

"I am sure that Margaret told the truth; Margaret is an honest girl; Mrs. Powerley says, honest as the sun; she knows all about her ever since she was a mere child; I missed that brooch off my table the day before yesterday; of course it was imprudent for me to leave it there, but then, you know, not a soul in the house has ever even thought of locking his doors this summer, for these quiet mountains aren't a bit like any crowded summer-resort; well, I asked Margaret about the brooch, and she flushed up so that I suspected her, and made some sharp, suspicious remark, I forget what, when the poor girl got very angry, and said she'd seen the brooch in other hands, but she'd never laid the weight of a finger on it herself; she'd rather have been killed than done so!"

Here follows a little pause, broken by a certain tinkle as of jet beads one against the other, and a rustling as of voluminous skirts with much stiffened undergear.

"Well," questions Mrs. Mackenzie Small, "and what happened after that?"

"Why, Margaret, after a good deal of hesitation, told me the real truth: she said she went in that Stoddard girl's room the morning before—that was yesterday morning, you know—and Miss Stoddard was there getting something out of her trunk; and Margaret asked if she could clean up the room, and Miss Stoddard said yes; just then, lo and behold, Margaret happened to cast her eyes toward the bureau, and there lay my brooch; Margaret assured me she would have known it anywhere, and she knew it then."

More tinkling and rustling.

"Gracious, Aurelia! I declare I'm all in cold chills! Go on."

Miss Aurelia, encouraged by this open confession of its perfect success, continues her narration:

"Well, as I said, the brooch lay on that thing's bureau as bold as you please, and her back was turned, so she didn't see that Margaret had observed it; but presently she got up in quite a hurry, Margaret says, drew near the bureau, and slipped it into a drawer."

"Yes, Aurelia! My dear, take time. You're quite excited."

"Excited! I should think I might be excited; Margaret can tell you that I felt almost like fainting away this afternoon when she took me into that thing's room while she was having poetry read aloud to her by Mr. Embury, and opened that identical drawer, and there the brooch lay!"

"Gracious, Aurelia! Are you sure?"

"Sure of what, in Mercy's name?"

"I mean sure, quite sure, that Margaret

hadn't put it there herself? She might have got frightened, you know, and—"

"Very true; but what do you think happened to-night just before tea?"

"Haven't an idea."

"Why, I met that thing—for she doesn't deserve to be called even a creature—in the upper hall near her room, and the thought struck me all on a sudden, you know, and if I didn't go up to her, as brave as could be, and said I, 'Let me show you a pretty present that I received this morning, Miss Stoddard, from my friend, Mrs. Mackenzie Small; she, being in mourning, you know, believes that such lovely trinkets are best disposed of when given to one's friends; isn't it charming?' and, my dear, I thought she was going to faint away, she turned so ghastly pale; and then she began to stammer out something about 'very pretty,' and a minute later she'd burst into tears."

"Goodness alive! Then there's no doubt."

"Listen, my dear; said she: 'I took it; but, oh, please have mercy on me, won't you, and not tell anybody; for if you do I promise we shall both go at the end of the week; I couldn't help taking it; it's a disease with me; and when I came up here I thought I was cured, indeed I did!'"

"I'm all in cold chills again!" And, while shivering, Mrs. Mackenzie Small rattles "the bravery of her tinkling ornaments" with noise enough for one of the daughters of Babylon. "Perhaps she told the truth, Aurelia. I've heard of such things; there's a word for it a mile long, don't you know?"

"I don't believe she has any such disease at all; but I was somehow sort of touched then by her tears and her tremblings, and I promised her I'd say nothing to any one—I made, though, a kind of mental reservation in favor of you; and, oh, I forgot to tell you that, after she was sure of my secrecy, she was brazen enough to inquire how I found out about the brooch; but of course I didn't tell her. Here comes somebody—hush, not a word more at present!"

The somebody is Mrs. Rankin, the stout lady with the little invalid husband, who enters for no other apparent purpose than to impart the wholly gratuitous intelligence that she has just "put poor Lemuel to bed, and he was so tired with his long ramble this afternoon that he fell asleep like a weary child as soon as his head touched the pillow."

I move away from the window now; a strange cold feeling seems clogging my limbs as I leave the piazza—a feeling not born, either, of the sharp night-air. Has that woman been speaking the truth? Can I doubt her words? Against these self-questionings there rises within me, at first, a very surge of indignant denial. My emotional nature rushes to check the progress of reflection, and closes, upon the thought of Agatha Stoddard's actual guilt, the doors of all reasonable consideration. Her image starts up before me, chaste, pale, beautiful, as some sculptured ideal of old, and seems with its visible purity alone to scorn the possibility of any inward soilure. And it is only when a certain recollection assails me that something more like tranquillity replaces this ob-

stinate turmoil of feeling. If an insanity be the terrible explanation of the whole matter, this, most surely, is an explanation far less defiant against probability, and far less repugnant to my most sacred and steadfast convictions. Yes, I tell myself, this proposition may at least be expressed in rational terms; it is thinkable. Poor girl! if it *should* be true! What a mockery of Nature must then be her strange blending of disease and health—of horrid infirmity and superb vigor! But I deny any thing more than its bare possibility!

I do not see Miss Stoddard again that night. My sleep is far from peaceful. Dreams haunt it which I afterward recall with undeniable pain; and, during wakeful intervals, I find myself remembering every word of our last interview, and dwelling with a morbid mental persistence on that part of it which concerned Miss Bostwick.

The Stoddards both breakfast late on the following morning. I meet them in the main lower hall as they are leaving the breakfast-room together.

"This is shamefully late for the mountains," I reprove, smilingly. "Shall I shock you by telling you the hour?"

"No, pray don't," answers Mr. Stoddard, pleasantly enough; and then he glances toward his daughter with a look that strikes me as far less composed or careless than circumstances would warrant. "We are more blamable, too, for appearing so late, as we have decided to leave by about next Saturday."

I feel my color change as these words are spoken. Did not Miss Bostwick state that her detected delinquent had promised—?

But I break off, as it were, in the midst of that mental sentence, and bite my under lip in an access of strong self-scorn. Looking at this nobly-beautiful creature, whose light-gray eyes meet mine with so sweet a candor in the candid morning sunshine, and whose calm curve of brow, over-rippled by its dark tresses, would well befit a Pallas; knowing her intellect, her soulfulness, her delicate sympathies, her brilliant acquirements, I momentarily despise myself for what seems the flippant insolence of my suspicion.

"Next Saturday," I repeat, with a surprise of manner that narrowly misses agitation. "Why, that will only leave you two more days. Isn't the resolution rather sudden?"

I address this question to daughter, not to father. The self-contempt of which I have spoken yet possesses me, and it is a question utterly devoid of suspicion, wholly free from any trapping or detective impulse.

Her face takes a pinkish flush as she answers me; and there is something about the way in which her eyes restlessly meet and avoid my own, that I suddenly find myself hating to witness.

"Papa thinks that, after all, the sea-shore may perhaps be of more benefit to him than the mountains."

I turn toward Mr. Stoddard.

"How about our proposed tramp to Fern Glen?" I ask. "It was set down for tomorrow, you know. Shall you feel equal to it by then?"

"To-day is a delicious day," he responds, promptly. "Why not let us start this morning?"

I readily agree. It is my wish to be alone with this man for a few hours. Already we have become very confidentially intimate, he narrating many incidents of his past life as a lawyer in New York, and I reposing in him not a few of the professional dreams, yearnings, and ambitions, with which my brotherhood is sometimes visited. What may he not tell me, I ask myself, if discreetly questioned? For that wave of self-contempt has passed away, and doubt is once more manifest, though far from dominant, within my soul.

A moment after accepting my invitation Mr. Stoddard turns toward his daughter.

"Agatha, my dear, you are an excellent walker. It is only six miles in all, this tramp to and from the Glen. Why will you not accompany us?"

"Very well, papa," comes the quiet answer. "If Mr. Embury will have me."

"You know that I shall be charmed," is what I put into words as a reply, but through my breast sharp, dagger-like distrust passes, which also might be put into words thus: "Is he afraid to leave her at home after what has happened? If not, why should he propose taking her to-day, when a few days ago he pointedly spoke of our going together, without any other companionship?"

We all three start forth about an hour later. As I come down-stairs, attired in my woolen shirt, bearing my great staff, and having strapped across my shoulders the knapsack which is to bear our dinner, I discover that Agatha Stoddard is standing in the hall, and that Miss Aurelia is standing at her side.

Aurelia's face wears an angry flush that she tries to make less evident, as I appear, by smiling an extremely artificial smile. Agatha, quite dressed for her walk, looks paler than I have ever seen her, and the light-gray eyes are shining with a kind of hard brilliancy. Not even the sound of either woman's voice has reached me, and yet I know that there have just been words between them, and that they have doubtless ceased speaking because of coming footsteps.

From that moment I doubt no longer. Some mental process takes place within me which I seem best able to express by likening it to the quiet swinging together of massive doors, or the grating of a key in its lock. I am convinced!

I pass the two ladies with only this quiet question, addressed to Agatha Stoddard:

"Is your father ready?"

"Yes," she answers; "he will be here in a moment." Then I move into the dining-room, with the purpose of having my knapsack filled by the cold edibles for three, regarding which I have previously instructed Mrs. Powerley. When I return to the hall, Miss Aurelia has disappeared, and Agatha and her father are awaiting me in the open doorway.

I do not think that I recall much of what passes, in a conversational sense, until we reach the glen. Doubtless I am often audible; Mr. Stoddard speaks frequently,

as well; and his daughter rarely. But, whatever either companion says, and whatever I myself say, strikes upon my thin mood with too languid a dissonance for memory to keep record of the process.

It is a little after mid-noon when we reach the glen—a narrow, shadowful pass nestling between two superb escarpments of dense-foliaged mountain. Masses of hoary rock, greenly arabesqued with an abundance of close-growing moss, lie in beautiful turmoil about what has once been, doubtless, a turbulent water-course, hurrying its white surge down to lower valley-lands beyond our own. But now the quietude of these immobile masses, often water-worn into curves of perfect smoothness, possesses the charm of ruined chambers, where dead voices have once sounded, or dead feet walked; and, if it speaks to the imagination with language only less forceful than that which we seem to hear while watching the stones of some dismantled fortress or castle, this is solely because it lacks the one sympathetic element always investing the footsteps of an extinct humanity.

Everywhere under the noble pines that thickly border this exquisite glen grow ferns, in that prodigal profusion which their slim, feather-like delicacy could scarcely make wearisome, I fancy, even if we found them clothing some limitless prairie. Mr. Stoddard seems filled with quiet enthusiasm over the numberless new and surprising charms of the place; while his daughter, each cheek flushed into softest rose, wanders, with a childlike bewilderment, here and there, gathers a great cluster of mingled ferns and wild-flowers, pausing a moment to murmur words of pleasure, smiling, lifting both hands in graceful rapture, and sending a new pang into the concealed torment that I am called upon to suffer!

Mr. Stoddard and I seat ourselves, a little later, on some shawls spread over the most accommodating level of moss-covered rock that we can find. Mr. Stoddard's seat is specially comfortable; it admits, presently, of being changed into a sort of Druidic couch. I perceive, a few moments after having lighted my pipe, that his conversation shows certain drowsy symptoms; and, at length, in the midst of a rather involved and wholly uncharacteristic sentence, he suddenly lapses into abrupt silence. My face is averted from him, for I am watching a trim figure, clad in dark-blue, moving hither and thither among the columnar pines; but turning, as he ceases to speak, I see with some astonishment that Mr. Stoddard's eyes are closed, and that he has dropped into unmistakable slumber.

Scarcely three minutes elapse before Agatha comes quietly strolling in our direction. When she is quite near us her face wears a rather anxious look, owing, evidently, to her discovery that her father is asleep.

"Do you think it right?" she asks, seating herself near me on a portion of the shawl-covered rock. "Is he not in danger of taking cold?"

"No," I answer. "This rock is quite dry, and the sun has been warming it; besides, he has that shawl under him. And then, too, the morning was so cool that he

was not at all overheated on reaching here. Perhaps a short nap will give him an appetite."

"Poor papa!" (in a very low and sweet voice). "I am afraid the walk has been too much for him, after all."

"And you are not tired?"

"Oh, no. I am not easily tired with walking. There are many more spots among these mountains, I suppose, just as lovely as this. I am so sorry—"

She pauses, looks at me swiftly, a little across her shoulder, and then drops her eyes upon the great bouquet which she is holding.

"You are sorry for what?" I question, watching her face steadily.

I see the infrequent color tinge either cheek very slightly again, as she lifts her eyes and answers:

"I am sorry that we have once more changed our minds, papa and I, about leaving the mountains. Has he not told you?"

"No. You have postponed your departure?"

"We have quickened it. We are going to-morrow."

I make some few surprised comments and then feel a sickening dejection lay its grasp about my heart, its seal upon my lips. Miss Aurelia has forced them to go sooner; that is what her angry look meant, there in the hall; and that explains, as well, Agatha's unwonted expression at the same moment. "Good Heavens!" I tell myself, "among all the distressing failures that Nature makes in accomplishing her more perfect creations, has there ever been so terrible a satire upon her own powers as when she gave life to this beautiful, brilliant, lovable girl?"

We sit for some time in silence. The pines near by murmur rhythmically as fitful breezes move them. Agatha Stoddard seems closely scrutinizing her ferns, which now begin drooping into limp lifelessness.

My own feelings appear a tumult then, though at this later day they yield more readily to the scalpel of analysis. It has possibly been the sharp shock of overhearing Miss Bostwick's words there upon the piazza, which has first brought the truth of my love for Agatha Stoddard out from the vague hues of an attraction, by myself neither allowed nor denied, into the sharper insistent colors of a vividly-conscious state. But the moment, so to speak, that my love sprang into absolute existence it has been called upon to defend its object against a revolting doubt; or rather (with the impetuous idealizing instinct nearly always inseparable from what we call love) it has taken up hot arms to prevent reason from ever fostering an idea of such repellent significance. The result of this mental contest has been a sort of honorable psychical peace-treaty. Reason has asserted her right to receive the repellent idea, but she has received it under a far less afflicting form—that of Agatha Stoddard's probable insanity. Yet Love, if naturally a defender, is even still more a compassionater; and Pity, ever the alert vassal of Love, has set thrilling by her strong touch what seem like heart-chorus over which no emotion has ever swept before. I long to seize the hand of this woman, as she sits be-

side me, bending above her faded ferns, and to tell her of my supreme sympathy, my deeply-commiserating love! What restrains me from this?—Is it fear of meeting her cold rebuff? or is it reluctance to shame her with allusion to an unhappy infirmity—an organic flaw in what otherwise were so flawless—for which she herself can be in no wise morally responsible? I cannot answer which sentiment is more at work within me. I only know that I sit silent for a number of moments longer, and that she is silent as well, and that the pines are sighing faintly on either side of us, with a suggestive wistfulness by no means lost upon my dreary mood.

It is she who at length breaks this silence, turning the clear light eyes full upon my face.

"I never knew you so untalkative for so long a time. Are you having sad thoughts? I saw you looking quite sad while you read a letter last evening; I hope it bore you no bad news."

I had quite forgotten the letter; but I remember it now, and with quickening pulses answer:

"It certainly did not bear pleasant news." And now I proceed, speaking nothing except plain truth: "A friend of mine, a man whom I thought of irreproachable integrity, has committed one of those business dishonesties from which his name can never recover."

She looks interested. "What a bitter disappointment to you!"

I have scarcely thought of the contents of the letter since a short while after its reception, because of weightier trouble by far. But I now answer:

"Bitter enough! And that word disappointment just expresses my feeling. One does so hate to think (for purely egotistical reasons if no others) that one has been throwing away his esteem."

Her glance has returned to her ferns while I am speaking, and as these last words are pronounced a quick start responds to them. She does not lift her eyes again, but speaks in a cold, restrained way, wholly opposite from her wonted voice.

"But are you sure that the esteem *was* all wasted? Haven't you charity enough to think otherwise? The best fruits have sometimes the deepest flaws. And—and—" (hesitating, here, for one slight instant) "are you sure that your friend's misdeed is as black as they paint it?"

Strong of nerve though I have always prided myself on being, I tremble, and my voice trembles likewise, as these words rush to my lips:

"You don't know me if you think I have no charity. Indeed, I have much! And pity, too! I can pity where others would condemn and—even sneer!"

She turns upon me a pair of wildly-startled eyes, which tell, almost with the plainness of spoken acknowledgment, that my tones have betrayed me. Just then the quiet form at my side moves, and a moment later Mr. Stoddard is asking how long he has slept. Meanwhile she is busied over her ferns again, fingering them with a hand that I plainly see is far from steady.

Not long afterward we spread out the edi-

bles contained in my knapsack, at the laughing solicitation of Mr. Stoddard, who declares himself gnawed by hunger. With her the meal is a farce; I see that she chokes down the few mouthfuls she takes; and I, wretched as it seems to me that never man was wretched before, do hardly better justice to Mrs. Powerley's ample provisioning.

Bitterly blaming myself one moment—justifying my words the next—again, regretting that our further conversation was interrupted—and yet again giving silent thanks that any worse shame was spared her, it will be understood that I am ill in condition to assume, during the rest of our stay in the glen, or during our after-walk homeward, anything like an easy or tranquil demeanor. And yet I succeed in so conducting myself as to win no comment from Mr. Stoddard, whatever symptoms of mysterious change he may privately notice.

With Agatha, however, it is wholly different. She moves, speaks, and acts, like one stunned. Her eyes persistently avoid my face. She never once individually addresses me after her father's awakening. Mr. Stoddard repeatedly remarks upon her altered behavior. Her first reply is that she has a sudden miserable headache, and all her further replies bear upon the same subject of excuse. I am glad when we reach home, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and separate in the hall. How I hate that lovely glen! How I resolve never to visit it again while I live!

The rest of the afternoon, until tea-time, I spend in my own room. Father and daughter both appear at tea. Agatha's eyes scarcely once leave her plate while she is seated. Mrs. Mackenzie Small inquires of me across the table, with the characteristic rattling accompaniment, how I enjoyed my walk, and it is by no means easy for me to give the little lady a civil response. Fortunately for my reputation, Miss Aurelia addresses no remark to me, being only conversational as regards her immediate surroundings. Mr. Stoddard is his usual affable self, though now and then I see, or else fancy that I see, a worried look possess his face, as he gives a side-glance toward the pale and crushed-looking Agatha.

They leave the table before any one else, and I almost immediately follow them, with some wild idea of begging her pardon, or at least humbling myself in her presence, no matter how clumsily.

But she is ascending the stairs—has, in fact, almost quitted them—when I reach the hall. Her father stands near the doorway, however, looking out upon the cool commencement of twilight, the darkening slopes of rich green, turfy sward, and the slow brightening of a moon that poises its pearl half-globe high above the same mountain in which it seemed to sink last night.

"Your daughter tells me that you have decided on leaving to-morrow," I at once open conversation, joining Mr. Stoddard.

"Yes," he replies, "it is true. Agatha has an idea that the sea-shore will agree better with us both. She has gone up to pack, now. Poor child, she is feeling wretchedly

ill, and I fear that the exertion will make her worse."

"Then it is not your special wish to leave the mountains, Mr. Stoddard?"

"Oh, no. It is entirely Agatha's wish. I suppose you know, by this time, that she rules me like a thorough young despot, in that quiet way of hers. I—"

"Papa!"

This interruption, clear, sharp, almost commanding, startles us both. We both turn. Agatha stands at the head of the stairs, whence, here at the doorway, she can see and be seen equally well.

"Yes, my daughter," Mr. Stoddard makes ready answer.

"I must ask you to come up here, papa, please. I can't quite get along in my packing without you."

He looks at me with the soft, amiable smile that so often breaks sunnily from under his iron-gray mustache, and goes up-stairs while replying: "Then I am quite at your service, Agatha."

I walk out into the growing dusk. It is no hyperbole to say that I am suffering mental torments, now. Reflection is misery to me. Thought of the future brings only a dreary disgust. The exquisite dewy blue of the twilight presently makes me long to escape from it. Perhaps my reason for suddenly going up-stairs into my own room, and lighting the lamp and opening a book, is half because I am nearer to her while thus situated; though her room is in a side-hall, at some little distance away from the one off which mine opens.

Three-quarters of an hour have probably passed, when I rise and throw aside my book; I have not read a word of it understandingly.

Just then I become aware of some rather loud and excited talking outside my door. It is a lady's voice, and one which I am prompt to recognize.

"Why, Aurelia, I left it on the mantel in the parlor about an hour before tea. It's that small jet fan, you know, with the heavy carvings—you've often admired it. Why *shouldn't* I suspect her, after what has happened? Nobody else would dare touch it. I tell you—"

And then the voice becomes indistinct, as the speaker and her evident companion pass on to the farther end of the hall. A little later I hear a door close. The hall is now quite quiet again.

I think that both my hands are clinched tightly as I stand near my door for a brief space, after hearing those words. My face burns hotly, too, with shame—shame for the woman whom a few hours have shown me that I love with a strong, unconquerable passion. A little later my mind is made up. She shall be spared, this time, if it is in my power to spare her. They go to-morrow. She shall be spared.

Her room, as I have before said, is in a side-hall, communicating with the one outside. Her father's room is, however, on the next story above. I open my door, and without another moment of hesitation I pass directly on to hers.

It is closed. I knock. She responds to

my summons in person. As she recognizes me, in the dim light of the little side-hall, her face takes a paler look than it already wore.

I fix my eyes steadily on that face, and begin speaking in low tones.

"Mrs. Small has lost a valuable fan. In passing my room she said some unpleasant words, full of suspicion. Is she right?"

She lifts one hand, pressed together in a white knot, and rests it directly over her heart. Her lips tremble once or twice, having grown of a pallor that well matches her cheeks.

"What do you want to know?" she just manages, in a choked, effortful way.

"Nothing that you do not choose to tell me. Give it me, if you have it—that is all. I will return it to her, and say—something—never mind what. I shall clear you in her eyes; she *must* believe me."

A silence. Her eyes meet mine, and there is something in her look which makes this conviction pass thrillingly through me: "They have lied about her; she is innocent!"

Immediately afterward she turns away. I have not waited three minutes when she again appears in the space of the partially-open door, holding the fan. I take it, while I shiver under the pang of a terrible disappointment; and as she is turning away once more I catch her hand.

"In God's name," I burst forth, "can nothing be done for you?"

Her whole face seems to harden; her hand draws itself from mine; and in a measured, frigid way that would sound utterly hopeless did it not sound so utterly without all feeling, she answers:

"Nothing."

And here she closes her door, quietly but quickly.

I wait until I am calm enough for the performance of my self-set task, and then I pass onward to the door of the room which I know Mrs. Mackenzie Small occupies.

The smart little widow opens it herself, a few seconds after I have knocked. She stares at me in astonishment while I extend her fan.

"Pray let me return this," I begin. "I took it by mistake from the parlor-mantel, thinking it belonged to Miss Stoddard, who had mislaid hers."

Mrs. Mackenzie Small receives the fan and looks bewilderedly from it to me.

"Why, yes, Mr. Embury," she stammers; "it is mine—sure enough—I thought—"

"You thought, no doubt, that you'd lost it forever," I break in, with a laugh. "Well, you are agreeably disappointed, perhaps? In the most absent-minded way I put it in my pocket, after having brought it to Miss Stoddard and ascertained that it was not her property; she had sent me to look for hers, you know, which she thought she had left somewhere in the parlor."

I speak with so much careless off-handedness of tone and manner that there is slight doubt of my words carrying full conviction, although I can detect a certain prim change of countenance in my hearer the last time that Miss Stoddard's name is mentioned.

Mrs. Small thanks me quite blandly, a

moment later, and I move away, answering with light and smiling words. Just as I reach my own room again, I hear her door closed.

And just then, also, I find myself face to face with Agatha Stoddard. She is standing at a short distance from my door. The dim lamp-light makes her countenance very indistinct.

"I heard you," she whispers, her words as slow as they are low. "It was most generous of you; and, if you value them, you have my best thanks."

"I do value them."

"Can we speak together?—somewhere else, I mean. Will you go down and wait for me on the piazza? I will join you there in a moment."

"Agreed," I answer; and at once go down-stairs, she passing toward her own room.

The piazza is vacant to-night, also. The dew lies thick and silvery on steps and railing, and the air, windlessly tranquil, has almost a sting in its moonlit coldness.

She joins me, after I have waited about three minutes, dressed as if for a walk. "Not here," she whispers. "Let us stroll out into the garden."

I assent with only a movement of my head, and we go down the steps slowly together. We are about twenty yards from the house when she again speaks, calmly, but with the calmness of braced nerves and stimulated will.

"You are a man of cultured mind, of broad intelligence. You have read and studied more than most people: you are a thinker, unbogoted, catholic, unhampered by false prejudice."

There is a pause; but I feel that my time for speaking has not come.

"Your attention may perhaps have been called, Mr. Embury, toward some of those unfortunate insanities which now and then afflict human beings. I do not mean insanity in its more usual shapes; I mean those dreadful caprices of it which make the ordinary curse seem almost a blessing."

"I understand you perfectly." (And ah! how I long to pour out my "vast pity" in words that shall leave her no doubt of its deep existence!)

After a longer pause than the preceding, she goes on:

"I am compelled to give you this explanation to-night. I should never have given it of my own accord."

"Who compels you?"

"My father."

"Your father?"

"Yes. He was in my room when you knocked at the door. He heard what passed between us. He insisted that I should tell you the whole truth."

It is impossible for me to convey an idea of how, just at the end of this last sentence, her composure wholly forsakes her—how her voice grows one succession of stifled sobs—how her eyes, shining with a rich fire in the suave moonlight, rivet upon my face their brilliant fixity.

"Some one told you about that brooch," she speeds on, the words rushing from her

lips in a pell-mell of eager utterance. "I suppose it was Miss Bostwick, although she promised me that she would tell no one. *Papa took it*; and I discovered that he had done so. I meant, at the earliest opportunity, to replace it, but because Miss Bostwick locked her door afterward I almost despaired of doing this. Then it was taken from my drawer—doubtless by the girl, Margaret, who had seen it and suspected me. Miss Bostwick met me in the hall the night of its disappearance—"

"I know, I know! You need tell me no more of that! Thank God!"

I have turned and caught both her hands in both of mine as those two final words are spoken. Each hand is trembling within my close clasp, but she makes no attempt to free them.

"And you have acted this way to shield your father! And I—I have dared to believe so differently! How can I ever dream of getting your pardon?"

"I give it without the asking," she murmurs, while bright tears besiege her beautiful uplifted eyes. "I saw how you admired, almost loved him, and this made me strong, you know. It is an insanity with him—an awful insanity, that lies like a black blot on his pure, honorable life! Very few people know about it. When it first developed itself, several years ago, he voluntarily went to a private asylum and has remained there, under strict medical care, ever since. The physicians thought him cured, and indeed recommended this change. I would have left at once, when the first symptoms of the old trouble was manifested to me, but for fear of rousing more suspicion by so very sudden a departure. Miss Bostwick met me in the hall this morning, as you know, and insisted on our leaving to-morrow. When you knocked at my door to-night I—I had just discovered about the fan—"

Her shaken voice falters into silence. The tears are streaming down her pale cheeks—I lift her hands, hardly knowing what I do, and cover them with many kisses—and then, as she draws away, I follow her, speaking passionate, headlong words, that would sound like exaggeration—like fatuity, perhaps—if I wrote them down now—but they are words that imperiously demand their answer, and that receive it, not much later. And it is an answer which makes me supremely happy!

The moon is very low over the mountain before we reënter the house, and has changed from silver to mellowest gold, bringing to my then mood the sweet suggestion of a hope that has ripened into rich golden reality!

"One thing I must exact of you," I murmur, a little while before we pass in-doors: "to let me tell Miss Bostwick and her friend the whole truth."

She smiles very faintly, and I see that her eyes, dim in the failing moonlight, are filled with soft regret.

"Well, as you please. It is only just to you now, perhaps, that they should know. But oh" (and never voice took lovelier pleading into its tones than hers takes at this moment), "promise me that you will try and rouse in both of them all the sympathy

and pity you can for—for poor papa; and, if possible, make them keep it a secret between themselves, and—make them, when they see him again—"

The tears will not let her finish; but her hand, falling upon my arm, tenderly presses it.

"I understand," is my low answer, as my lips touch her forehead. "I understand, and I promise!"

EDGAR FAWCETT.

CERTAIN LONDON SIGHTS.

IT was my good fortune, when in London several years ago, to form the acquaintance of Sir John Bowring. This learned and agreeable man, who had been known so widely as an Asiatic traveler and scholar, had been living in England many years, enjoying the cultured leisure which he had so well earned. His home was in the country, but he came to London for the "season," as is the custom of the English gentry, who regard the city merely as a temporary abode, not the place for gentlemen to live in.

Sir John Bowring was my learned "cicerone" to many of the sights of London.

It is in June, when England, rural England, is at its loveliest, when the roses and rhododendrons and every flowering shrub and tree are in fullest flower, when the hedgerows are the sweetest, when the pheasants stalks lazily like a moving gem through the tall grass, that the English people forsake their country-places and come to London—that great and motley thing called London, which is not a city, but a nation. "It is to the politician merely a seat of government, to the grazier merely a cattle-market, to the merchant a huge exchange, to the dramatic enthusiast a congeries of theatres, to the man of pleasure an assemblage of taverns. The intellectual man is struck with London as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible." Such was the summing up of London by one who knew it well. In fact, London is all you know, and a great deal more—a lifetime would not exhaust it, nor need any man's taste go a-begging. There is ample food for every one's spirit of inquiry.

Finding that, as Americans, we had an indomitable curiosity, and wanted to see every thing that was improving and agreeable that we could compass in six weeks, Sir John kindly gave us of his time, which was undoubtedly very valuable, two or three days. We went first to the British Museum, which is itself an encyclopædia of useful and entertaining knowledge. The inexhaustible purse of this great place enables it to buy every thing it wants; the admirable management, the gravitation toward it of all the learning, wit, and research of the great English nation, make it a *répertoire* of the most endless value. Sir John's knowledge enabled us to skip judiciously, and to see superficially the best things; for, had we attempted to see all, we should have been there now vainly struggling with all that the world has of human acquisition.

Professor Owen, appropriately—not exactly *gnawing* the bone of a megatherium, but examining it—was pointed out as one of the curiosities. Many of the learned men connected with the institution passed before our vision, as did the illuminated manuscripts (the best collection in the world) and the letters of distinguished men, and the Elgin marbles and the Museum of Natural History—all, all merely arousing that vain regret of all travelers that human faculties are so limited that eye cannot see, nor ear hear, half that the mind would gladly grasp did it possess supernatural powers of endurance.

Sir John also kindly took us to the Zoological Gardens of a Sunday afternoon, where we saw much fashion, much people, many animals. The huge hippopotami, Frank Buckland's pets, were disporting themselves in their basin, for the dukes and duchesses and common clay to laugh at. Nature had abandoned herself to her love of the grotesque when she made these animals. Then we went to the monkeys, Nature's effectual attempts at caricature and parody. Then to see the giraffes. I said:

"What a useless animal, with its long neck!"

"Ah," said Sir John, "you must not say that. What do you suppose the giraffe thinks of us? Remember the lines:

"What is this animal, and what's its use?"

"Man's made for mine," returned the pampered goose."

And so, with many an apt quotation and witty speech, he led us round, and showed us the pleasant spot where Londoners meet of a Sunday afternoon.

But the most amusing and unique of our explorations was to two London clubs. These haunts of masculine appropriation and retirement are supposed to be sacred and inaccessible to the foot of woman, and yet they are not. Once a week a gentleman may bring lady friends to see their lofty, splendid rooms, their rare pictures, their beautiful libraries, and well-appointed kitchens.

The Athenæum was the first we visited. It is most beautifully arranged. Its large windows looked out on a broad street, ornamented (if that is a proper word) by statues of royal dukes and a monument commemorating English victories. The library, a most quiet, opulent, learned, and Russia-leather-feeling apartment, had in it, as we entered, two English bishops, to both of whom Sir John introduced us. They were quiet, unpretending gentlemen, these lords spiritual, and both greeted us with most unhesitating and flattering cordiality. In fact, we found the word "American" a good letter. Hearing that we were going to Oxford, one of the reverend gentlemen turned to his desk and wrote us a letter of introduction which afterward unlocked for us the treasures of the Bodleian Library. The other asked us to his country-house for a visit. I mention these facts because I often hear that English people are inhospitable, cold, and forbidding. I found them exactly the contrary—in fact, willing to take more trouble than we are as a rule.

From the learned, grave Athenæum, we went to the Reform Club, where we met

Dr. Charles Mackay, the poet. He showed us the portrait of the Duke of Sussex, who had been always identified with reforms, and told us a good story of Haydon's portrait, or picture, of "Satan," which had been a sort of white elephant in the hands of its owners. Some one finally suggested, as an appropriate place for it, that it should be sent to the Reform Club. "For," said Lord Houghton, "Satan was the first great agitator and reformer!"

This club building, though less elegant than the Athenæum, struck me as being more cheerful. It is more accessible—strangers are admitted on shorter probation—it is up to its name. A few gentlemen were breakfasting in the eating-rooms, with the inevitable *Times* newspaper before them, and looked askance at the intruder who thus ruthlessly had crossed their dead-line. I afterward went with a gentleman of the military profession to see the "United Service Club," and here the glory was the kitchen, and the *chef*, who with velvet cap on head, and gold chain on neck, received me with the dignity of a sovereign. He showed us his *batterie de cuisine*; his solid silver sauce-pans; his rows of cooking-utensils, all shining with cleanliness. The gentleman with me, long connected with the New York clubs, inquired with some interest into details which were of course beyond my ken, as to supplies purchased and dinners cooked which were never eaten, etc., to all of which the *chef* gave affable and learned answers. I asked him if he gave every dish his personal superintendence. "Not the plain things," said he, "but the soups and *entrées* always; they must be, as you are well aware, my dear madam, *works of genius*!"

He seemed to me to be a man who would kill himself if the turbot did not arrive in time. An enthusiast in his noble art, would there were more of them! He evidently had his Mordecai at the gate, his "rival beauty" in the person of the cook at the Junior United Service Club, for he referred to that functionary with some asperity, and told the noble officer who accompanied us that the cook of the Juniors boasted that he served twice as many dinners as he did.

"Ah!" said the colonel, "they naturally have better teeth there than we do here at the Seniors."

Our last visit with Sir John Bowring was to the National Academy. Here he was simply invaluable, taking us to every important work of art, telling us its history, giving us the whole story of the Hogarths, the Turners, the Raphaels, and the Sir Joshuas. He paused a moment before the beautiful portrait of Mrs. Siddons, by Sir Joshua, and told us many interesting anecdotes of this daughter of genius, whom he well remembered. In fact, his conversation was all history. He had seen and known everybody, had been mixed up in the great, interesting world of London for more than fifty years, and it might be said of him, as Sydney Smith said of Whewell, that his "foible was omniscience."

The country, and the only one, which he had never seen, was our own. He was as ignorant of the United States as he was learned

about every thing else. He did not care much about it either. We had evidently not come out of chaos for Sir John Bowring. He loved the old civilizations: China was his dream and belief; yet so conscientiously hospitable is an Englishman, so absolutely the slave of a letter of introduction, that he treated us with all the tenderness and politeness with which he could have treated a disciple of Confucius. I have spoken of the word "American" as a letter of introduction; so it was, but not to Sir John Bowring; we needed with him what we were fortunate enough to possess, a letter from a man whom he much respected and admired—Dr. Bellows, of New York. Sir John Bowring died, I think, in 1874, and the world lost in him a profound scholar, a keen observer, and a very agreeable old man.

We of course made a pilgrimage early to "Temple Bar," the centre of historical London, lately revived for us in the beautiful spectacular play of "Henry V." To think that in 1772, a little more than a hundred years ago, a rebel's head figured on this gate! We could not help recalling Dr. Johnson, as he and Goldsmith chatted at the gate of Temple Bar, as Addison, Steele, and Congreve, may have done. We saw in spirit the lofty pageants that have passed under that smoky dome. Queen Elizabeth, in gay attire, drove through to St. Paul's to thank God for the destruction of the Armada; Richard II. shook his golden bells from his bright raiment here; Cromwell here laid sacrilegious hands on the keys of London, which were none of his. Brilliant living Henry V. and poor dead Henry V. alike went under the old storied gate-way. In fact, History, Literature, Romance, three knightly companions, bear us company as we drive in our cab through Temple Bar, and we look lingeringly back on their splendid pageantry. The one scarcely less regal than the other, for who shall say which is greatest—he who lives and fights, he who lives and dreams, or he who lives and writes? Which was greatest, Henry V. or Shakespeare? which could we give up?

At the Tower of London, where every American goes to put his hand directly upon history, strange to say, the heart-shaped ruby of the Black Prince interested me more than all the jewels, the armor, or the block. Our London friends were always amused at our ever-new enthusiasm for Fleet Street, Temple Bar, Ludgate Hill, and East Cheap. Old stories to them, they could scarcely understand why we had come three thousand miles to look at the familiar places. They could hardly realize that it was grandfather's house to us, that we had come to ferret out the legends of childhood, the reading of a lifetime. Americans will feel as much bereaved as any history-loving Englishman can, when Temple Bar is taken down, ugly old useless thing that it is.

After a morning spent with antiquity, we would vary the scene, and descending into the present century with some patronizing sense of condescension, we would go to see the Water-Color Exhibition, most wonderful and most beautiful. We have no idea here of the English water-colors, although many are brought here by opulent picture-buyers.

The best ones stay at home. The breadth, beauty, and variety of these pictures, their great merit, must be seen to be appreciated. Then, having tasted freshness in these pictures, we would drive out to Sydenham Crystal Palace to a rose-show, and see England's flowers in a thousand varieties. There is no doubt England's rose must be seen on English soil to be appreciated. The rose in England is a much handsomer flower than here. That moist and soft climate brings all things to perfection, and the rose-show at Sydenham in June, where every cultivator in the kingdom brings his best and most perfect flower, is a thing to live for. They arrange the charming things in moss baskets, on a long, narrow table, and the people in two processions walk on either side these tables for nearly a quarter of a mile. In fact, going and coming, I thought we had nearly a mile of the best roses in the world.

Westminster Abbey would claim us for days, and never weary us. After morning service we would drive out of London, perhaps to Kew Gardens to see the people—the humbler people enjoy the day in these public pleasure-grounds. The conservatories at Kew are the finest in England. Here are the pines, palmeries, orchid-houses, where one can find the beautiful curiosities of the air-plant—parasite family to perfection. There we saw the white dove of the Isthmus of Panama, the "St.-Esprit" poisoning its wings over a dry branch; Nature—again a plagiarist, imitating herself. Canary-birds in flowers, white rabbits peeping out of purple lilies—the orchid-flower is always an animal in disguise. Sitting in the shady grounds of Kew, I talked to my next neighbor, a poor woman of London; one of the thousands who came out to enjoy the Sabbath rest and coolness. She told me of their humble preparations, their bringing their own tea and sugar, and their stopping at a farm-house to make the tea, where they bought a little milk and bread. "The whole day only costs us a shilling," said she. "If it cost more we could not do it." The drive home from Kew is over the very roads which were once haunted by highwaymen. We are not stopped, but reach London in safety. We enjoyed going to Covent Garden Market to buy flowers and fruits. The English strawberries are immense things, twice as large as ours, and of the most irregular shape. They do not eat them as we do, with cream, but, daintily taking them by the green stem, dip them carefully in sugar, and always give two bites to a berry, which amply deserves the compliment. I once picked them from the vine, in Anne Boleyn's Garden, at Hampton Court, and whether it was the recollection of her lips, poor thing, or whether the strawberries were particularly well flavored, I know not, but I taste them still—that glorious English variety called the Queen.

Another pleasant sight of London was of course the "Ladies' Mile," that row of fair amazons in the park of a morning when the band plays in front of St. James's Palace, and you hire a chair and sit down to look on as all London's best horse-flesh and all England's best beauty, aristocracy, and elegance, file past you. An Englishwoman never looks

so well as on horseback; we thought them less handsome than our young American women, but they had fine figures, and were very stately. The men are superb, and the best-dressed men in the world.

The Crystal Palace at Sydenham is a great source of amusement. There one hears those monster concerts of a thousand, sometimes five thousand, voices. There one can see the models of the Alhambra, the famous sculptures, and almost, I had said, buildings of Europe; there the best flowers, birds, beasts, and curiosities of the world. There can one, after a day of music and sight-seeing, get a comfortable dinner, luncheon, tea, or any thing, and drive back to London comfortably tired, in time for a theatre, opera, and two or three balls. There is no doubt that London taken in this way is fatiguing, and requires a robust love of pleasure, and a strong constitution to do it, and to do it well.

The theatres in London are not on a par with her other splendors. They are small, dingy, ill-lighted, compared with ours, with few exceptions; but the acting, especially of the women, is far better. Last winter, however, certain excellent plays were produced in New York with great care. But in London, where competition is so enormous, the theatrical as well as all other business must be well done, or it does not succeed.

The dinners of London are very late, never before eight o'clock; this allows of a long drive in the park, but it effectually loses you the evening for any entertainment. It is one of the sights of London to see its well-dressed pairs, in a neat clarence or brougham, going out to dinner, each gentleman carrying his hat in his hand for fear of disturbing his well-dressed hair. The late twilight in that high latitude leaves London as bright almost as morning at eight o'clock, and the whole city seems to be going out to dine with somebody else. You almost wonder if there is a house of a respectable grade where the people are staying at home and dining off their own shoulder-of-mutton. Should you wish to go to the theatre or opera, you must refuse your dinner-party, and dine humbly at six o'clock.

It was always a sight to us to see the enthusiasm of the crowd when the Prince of Wales or any member of the royal family drove through the streets in state. Loyalty is a new sight to us here in free America, and it takes us out of our reckoning. The "Guards"—splendid men, in the most brilliant dress in the world—were another glittering and pompous sight. All this was to be had for nothing, merely a part of your day, and your own participation in it was to keep your eyes open. So with the handsome English children playing in the parks with their dogs, groups right out of *Punch*; so with the equipages, with their faultless turnout, the servants chosen for their good looks, clean limbs, and the coachmen necessarily stout, the neatness of the livery, and the perfection of the horses, harness, and belongings—all is charming.

This intense care bestowed on the equipage produces a result which is not reached anywhere on the Continent. The state-carriages of emperors and kings may flash past

you in a Continental city, but then comes shabbiness. In England the elegance never ceases, the pride of the nation seems to be in its "turn-out." The English love of horses is inextinguishable.

"Shadows we are, and like shadows we depart,"

says the old sun-dial in the Temple, which Charles Lamb loved. Oh, that Inner Temple garden, right in the heart of smoky London! Here the Knights-Templars have sat and talked of Jerusalem. Here may Shakespeare have sat, and thought out that law which the world now pronounces perfect. Here Sir Walter Raleigh sat and dreamed of glory, and of the poor maid-of-honor whom he loved, nor thought how brief was to be his hour of freedom and sunshine. Here came Beaumont and Fletcher, Wycherly and Congreve, and imprisoned the light, the fragrance, and the memories, which they afterward threw, with many a rainbow-tint, through the diamond lens of genius, on the pages of the drama. Here sat poor Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson, under yon famous sycamore-tree, which some one has called an "august mummy." Here comes now the stranger, to enjoy the hospitality of the ages. Here come the children, "in search of the lost Eden;" and here blossoms England's rose and England's hawthorn in beautiful luxuriance. I know no word to describe these half-garden, half-park paradises of England, except the old word *pleasure*, which always came into my mind.

St. Paul's was the one sight of London that disappointed me. Perhaps it was too vast. It looked naked, and grim, and lonely. "The noblest church in its style of Christian Europe, the masterpiece of Wren, the glory and pride of London," overwhelmed me with its memories, its grandeur, and its fame. I could remember only the poorer and more foolish allusions to it in modern literature. The Roman Temple, which was its site; the legend of St. Paul preaching there; William the Conqueror's Norman bishop, who interceded with the monarch and recovered the lost privileges of London citizens; William Fitzosbert denouncing Richard Cœur de Lion from St. Paul's Cross; the meetings which led to Magna Charta; Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster, threatening to drag the bishop out of the church by his hair; Richard II., dissolute, rash, and unfortunate, coming in all his pomp and splendor; even the stories of the ruthless Wars of the Roses; even beautiful Jane Shore doing penance; even Wolsey coming to sing mass and celebrate peace between France, England, and Spain—even these great ghosts failed to move me. I thought of them afterward. It is one of the imperfections of the mind that it refuses sometimes to be great with greatness, and carries its own bitterness, as a peddler might wear his pack, in the presence of royalty. I could only think of Sydney Smith's witticism about the old lady who called the vergers virgins, and who asked Mr. Smith if it was true that he walked down St. Paul's with three virgins carrying silver pokers in front of him. He shook his head. "Madame," said he, "some enemy of the Church, some dissenter, has been misleading you."

It was after I came away that I remem-

bered that Shakespeare haunts St. Paul's. He makes Falstaff here, Bardolph there; and Ben Jonson lays the third act of "Every Man in his Humor" in the middle aisle; then did I remember that "horrid, bloody, and malicious flame" which in 1666 destroyed St. Paul, and made way for Wren's genius, which raised the dome. "I build for eternity," said Wren, and it was a courageous speech.

Since 1697 the daily voice of prayer and praise has never ceased in St. Paul. One hour I do remember as fittingly spent there. In the chapel, near its historic dead, I heard service in St. Paul's. The boys' voices—"those children of Paul's"—rent the air with their delicious soprano, and fitly bore the mind upward to the grand associations and ideas which should fill that noble dome.

M. E. W. S.

A DAY WITH DUMAS.

THE day before yesterday, at nine o'clock in the morning, I rang at the door of the little hotel occupied by Alexandre Dumas, on the Avenue de Villiers—one of the wide and handsome streets that the seventeenth *arrondissement* owes to the skill of Baron Haussmann.

The house has quite a commonplace aspect. At the first glance it looks small, and one can scarcely realize that it can shelter so much talent! But on entering the house one perceives at once that one is not in the house of an ordinary person. The severely simple decoration of the antechamber, the vases filled with exotic plants, the *portières* of Gobelin tapestry, the thick carpet with its dark, rich coloring, the old lamp of wrought-iron, Bonington's great composition representing the Rue Royale in 1825—all that impresses the spectator greatly. It is the porch of a temple, not the entrance of a dwelling. And at all events the god does not keep you waiting. Dumas likes to know at once the name of the indiscreet person who comes to disturb him, so he conceals himself behind the folds of the *portière*. Thence he can see the visitor without being seen himself, and a slight sign dictates his reply to the valet who has admitted you.

In spite of the early hour, I knew that I would find the great author already up and dressed. He rises earlier than any one else in Paris. On the other hand, there are very few who retire earlier.

"I do not think that I have gone to bed after ten o'clock more than twice during eighteen years," he once said to me. "And I am the awakener of the whole house. I always light the fires in all the rooms. I have never been able to find a servant who would save me that trouble. I have often engaged servants who, finding me, when they came down-stairs, sitting on the floor before the hearth and arranging the fagots, have complimented me on my skill at that task, and who were evidently saying to themselves, 'If it amuses him we will not disturb him!'" I even think of the kitchen-fires, so that, when my cook comes down to his domain, he has nothing to do but to put on the blazing fire the soup that I take every morning regularly

before setting to work. I have tried every thing—tea, coffee, chocolate—but it is soup—which is honest food when it is well made—which has gained the preference. No matter how strong it may be, or how much there is of it, it is easy to digest. It has, moreover, that advantage which doctors, who so rarely agree about any thing, unanimously attribute to it: it whets the appetite, and puts the stomach into a good humor for the breakfast."

Having finished his soup, Dumas passes into his study, which occupies the ground-floor with the dining-room, the library, and the parlor. This study is a place where statuettes, manuscripts, pictures, books, and arms, are heaped together in picturesque disorder. Some are on the floor, others lie in confusion on the tables. There is scarcely enough room for the visitor's arm-chair and the cane-stool on which the dramatist always sits. But you will say—he must have an iron bar in his spine to enable him to pass whole hours in a seat without a back, and without support of any kind. To this remark I will answer by stating the fashion in which Dumas works. He sits at his desk just long enough to concentrate his thoughts. Then he rises, walks about, returns to his manuscript, writes again, rises again, goes to kiss his children or to change the place of one of his beloved knick-knacks, takes up the pen once more, and so on.

In the middle of the room stands the desk—an enormous piece of furniture of the time of Louis XVI., with shelves, compartments, and drawers. On the top-shelf stands an iron candlestick with three branches—four less than the sacred candlestick of Jerusalem. Its three tapers, half burned out, show that Dumas does not believe the superstition of the "three lights," and that can be readily believed when we remember that he was lighted by them while writing "Monsieur Alphonse," and the preface to "Manon Lescaut." Beside this candlestick is a hand in bronze displayed on a black-marble pedestal. This hand is small—to call it short would be more correct. Its slender, tapering fingers, whose nails are distinguished by their perfect oval, are spread apart like the claws of an eagle. The palm is fleshy, large, and powerful. One can understand that this hand had grasped almost all styles, and had treated them all with an equal vigor. It is the hand of the elder Dumas, moulded at Puy from his corpse, in 1870.

After having shown me—not without emotion—this eloquent bronze, the author drew out before my eyes the drawers of a small piece of furniture whose form recalled that of those cabinets in which coin-collectors keep their collections. I saw these hands in marble, in plaster, and in stearine; hands of men and hands of women; the ignoble hands of assassins and the slender hands of duchesses; the hand of Troppmann and that of the eldest Mademoiselle Damain—the perfection of its kind.

"I like hands," said Dumas. "They are more expressive to me than faces; I have had hands under my eyes which have revealed infamous actions, and others that have told me of great actions."

This digression has led me away from

the desk, whereon I perceive a large sheaf of quill-pens, the only kind that the great author uses. It gives him a strange pleasure to hear them scream on the smooth, blue paper which he always uses. We must not forget the inkstand—a prosaic block of glass.

"It is the inkstand that belonged to the Countess Dash," said Dumas. "The poor woman bequeathed it to me in her will. I shall use it all my life. But I changed the inks. I am satisfied with my own; the publishers are not dissatisfied, and the theatrical managers seldom complain.—But what are you looking at?"

I had caught sight of a pile of letters ready for the mail. On the top envelope, which was larger than the others, I read distinctly, "To Monseigneur Dupanloup."

"Do you know what I am sending there to the eminent prelate?" asked the author of "La Dame aux Camélias." "Well, it is my preface to 'Manon Lescaut.' I ask him to read it, and to let me know what he thinks of it. As for the others, they are of no account. I receive an enormous number of letters, and I am weak enough to answer them. Most of them are alike. Out of ten letters of my correspondents, there are seven people, of whom I had never heard, who ask me for something, two people whom I know slightly who ask me for something, and one person whom I know very well, and who—thanks me for something. You will say that the aid of a secretary would save me all this labor; that is true, but I have a horror of secretaries. I do not like that gentleman who rummages among your papers, keeps a copy of your correspondence, and who, after having lived on you during your life, continues to live on you after your death by selling to the papers, the day after your funeral, revelations more or less authentic concerning your private life. A secretary is rarely a friend; he is usually an enemy, who never forgives you for the kindness you have shown him, and who willingly allows it to be understood that he has been your collaborator. As, before telling this lie, he waits until you are six feet underground, you cannot protest against the falsehood. One's best secretary is one's self. He at least does not betray you, and he has the great advantage of dying at the same time as yourself."

After having sent off his mail, Dumas works till noon. Four hours a day (and that not every day) have sufficed for him to produce in twenty years the books and the dramas which both worlds have read and applauded. It must not be imagined that he reaches at once the clear, sparkling, and imaginative style which is the distinguishing quality of his genius.

The following anecdote will prove the contrary:

When it was rumored that the "Affaire Clemenceau" was about to appear, M. de Villemeussant, the editor of the *Figaro*, asked Dumas for the novel, with a view to publishing it as the *feuilleton* of his paper. After two weeks' reflection, the author went to see M. de Villemeussant.

"I refuse," he said; "we would both make a bad speculation. The 'Affaire Clemenceau' is intended to be read all at once, and

in book-form. The interest is not managed as it is in the works that are published in divisions, and in which the action advances by leaps. I thought at first that it was possible, but, while I was copying my manuscript for the fourth time—"

"You copied that huge volume four times over? You are jesting."

"I am telling the truth. It is by copying my productions again and again that I give them those qualities which people are kind enough to attribute to them. I find each time changes to make, expressions to modify, incidents to make more dramatic, without counting all the superfluities which I cut out. These successive revisions, made word by word, pen in hand, are wearisome, fastidious even, but I will never renounce them, for I appreciate too well what I owe to them. Whenever I deliver up one of my manuscripts into the hands of Michel Levy, I have frantic desires to tear it away from him and to copy it all over again."

I have said that there are arms in Dumas's study. The one which he takes great pride in showing is the breech-loading gun constructed by Devisme, to be used in "La Femme de Claude." At first I took this instrument of destruction for a fowling-piece, and I asked Dumas if he was a sportsman.

"Not at all," he answered. "While I admit that it is right to kill an adulterous man or woman, I do not admit that it is right to kill a rabbit."

Dumas pointed out to me an admirable picture of still-life which hung over the mantel-piece of his study.

"Vollon paints marvelously," he said. "Well, he can do still better. His genius is lazy; it needs a stimulant. It is like a horse whose action is only developed under the influence of the spur. I had reflected for a long time how to get from Vollon a Vollon superior to himself, when one day, as I was walking along the Rue d'Amsterdam, I saw, in the window of a dealer in second-hand furniture, the frame of carved wood in which the picture is set. Look at it!"

I examined the frame, whose artistic beauty had escaped me, and I uttered a cry of admiration at the sight of its two wreaths of flowers, wrought with unequalled finish, and caught together at the top by a slight knot of ribbons.

"I bought that frame," continued Dumas, "I had it regilded, and sent it to Vollon, with these words: 'You will be very good if you will put in this the dish of fruit that you promised me, and which you have not yet commenced.' To execute a picture which would make that frame forgotten, was not an easy thing to do. One does not put vinegar into a silver flask. Vollon understood that he would have to surpass himself to prevent his canvas from being annihilated by its setting, and you see he has succeeded."

Time passes swiftly in such a house and with such a host. The clock struck the hour of noon while I was admiring a composition by Madame Lemaire, one of Chaplin's best pupils.

"You must breakfast with us," said Dumas. "I have the usual disease of collectors, I like to show my picture-gallery, so I will keep that for dessert. And then I will intro-

duce you to my daughters. Come, be tempted."

I had heard a great deal about Mesdemoiselles Colette and Jeanine. They had been mentioned to me as two extraordinary children, and worthy of observation.

I accepted, and we entered the dining-room, which, for want of space, I will not describe.

I took my seat at the right hand of Madame Dumas, whose affable and hospitable welcome is never to be forgotten. Her daughters were seated opposite me, and I did not take my eyes off of them while taking my breakfast. Colette is fourteen years old, she is no longer a child, and she is not yet a young girl. Besides, she has from her babyhood defied classification. Do little children usually talk in the following manner? The day after the first representation of the "*Supplée d'une Femme*"—that drama in which a child chooses between her parents, who are about to separate—Dumas said to Colette, who was scarcely six years old:

"Papa and mamma are going away from each other. Which will you stay with?"

"With the one who doesn't go away," answered Colette, without hesitation.

"This lesson from such youthful lips terrified me," said Dumas. "It is the lesson of the piece condensed into a few words. I attribute it to chance, and a little also to Colette's home-staying instincts. If she staid with the one who remained at home, she would avoid being disturbed."

Jeanine, who is almost eight years old, makes less profound replies. One Sunday morning—she was then five years old—her nurse, whom she did not wish to accompany to mass, described to her the surprise of the Virgin when she did not see Jeanine in her usual place at the church:

"You can tell her," answered the child, "that I have gone to the country."

Colette is Dumas *père*, and Jeanine is Dumas *fils*. Colette is extravagant, prodigal, generous, and excitable. Her actions are thoughtless and spontaneous. Jeanine makes up her mind long beforehand, never gives an opinion till she knows the cause of things, and seems already to have acquired a large stock of experience.

As soon as she knew how to write—she was then six years old—Colette wrote down all her impressions every evening in a huge book. Her father has always taken care that she should keep up her journal regularly. Therein, for the last eight years, Colette has set down, in a language which has gradually become purer, her judgments and her opinions upon every thing that strikes her. Therein may be found queer accounts of plays, for Colette is passionately fond of the theatre. Jeanine has not yet developed that taste, to the present time she has preferred dolls to theatres. Her present favorite is life-size, superbly dressed, covered with Valenciennes lace, and wearing a cap trimmed with pink ribbons, and it looks, when lying on its white, *piqué* pillow, exactly like a real baby. And, as the nurse holds it carefully in her arms whenever she goes out walking with Jeanine, it often happens that friends come to Dumas, saying:

"I congratulate you, my friend, your third child is superb. Is it a boy? What is its name?"

To which Dumas makes answer in a sepulchral voice:

"It is no child of mine. Ask its father, Giroux, who keeps the toy-store on the Boulevard des Capucines."

The breakfast drew to a close. I can bear witness that the author of the "*Idées de Mme. Aubray*" possesses a splendid appetite. I expressed my surprise, however, when I saw him mix his wine with mineral water, an action which is a symptom of a difficult digestion.

"What kind of water do you drink?" I asked him.

"Simply pure water. But you may have noticed that the bottle which contains it is of a remarkable form, and has an elaborate ticket on it. The secret lies in that. One day my stomach, which is usually good-natured, picked a quarrel with me. 'I know what the rascal wants,' I said to myself. 'He sees all his comrades get mineral water, and so he is jealous and rebels. I will be more cunning than he, however. And so, ever since, I give him pure water out of an old Vichy-water bottle. He takes it unflinchingly, thinks he is satisfied, and has behaved like an angel ever since.'"

We were in the act of taking our coffee, when the servant entered, carrying a huge dish filled with bread-crumbs.

"Ah!" said Dumas, "my birds are growing impatient."

"You have an aviary?"

"An enormous aviary. Come and see it."

We entered the library, and he opened a window which looked out on the garden of the hotel. An army of talkative sparrows instantly flew up and perched on the surrounding trees. Some alighted within a few steps of us, and others seized on the wing the crumbs that the master threw out to them.

"I know them almost all," he said. "The one you see there, perched on the rose-bush on the right, is a regular *gamin* of Paris. He reminds me of a boy who, the morning of the first representation of '*Le Fils Naturel*,' stopped me on the steps of the Gymnase and asked me for a place, saying:

"I have a right to a free ticket, for I have never known my parents."

When the sparrows were satisfied, we went up to the vast picture-gallery on the first floor by a staircase whose walls literally disappeared under the mass of pictures which covered them. The most original of these paintings is a portrait of Victor Hugo at the age of twenty, painted by Deveria.

One may form an idea of the number of masterpieces collected in this house when I say that the illustrious proprietor has been obliged to place on the walls of this staircase pictures by Diaz, Corot, and Daubigny, which at least enjoy there an excellent light. The enchantment borders on ecstasy in this immense hall, adorned from floor to ceiling with all the most remarkable productions of the modern school of French art. I would consume reams of paper if I tried to enumerate the Meissoniers, the Milletts, the Rousseaus, the Duprés, that hang upon the walls.

Every medal has its reverse. If the taste of Alexandre Dumas for fine paintings gives him exquisite delight, it also procures for him intolerable nuisances.

The daubers without renown, the scrawlers out of work, the sculptors without orders, all flock to him. All of them complain of the hard times, and lament their poverty, and cry famine! The great author, who has one of the most compassionate natures that I have ever known, and who tries hard to do good with discretion, always allows himself to be moved. The poor devils who appeal to his good heart always go away satisfied, for, if he does not put money into their pockets, at least he puts much hope into their hearts.

All, however, do not yield to the salutary influences of his advice and the charm of his words. One day he received the visit of a landscape-painter, who showed him a remarkable etching.

"That is very fine," cried Dumas. "I will buy it. How much do you want for it?"

"It is not valuable," said the artist, "because I am alive; but after I am dead it will be worth something. Give me a hundred francs for it."

"There they are; but, believe me, do not talk so. Work hard, and you will succeed."

That very evening Dumas heard that the artist had returned home, had paid his debts with the hundred francs, and had blown out his brains!

Then there are others who bring him a picture and say:

"I do not ask you to buy this canvas, only put in into a lottery; your connections are extensive, and you can easily dispose of the tickets."

Dumas consents, and advances the required sum to the needy artist. Then he cuts out fifty squares of paper, adorns them with pretty numbers, takes half himself, and offers the rest to his acquaintances. But that which succeeds a hundred times fails the hundred-and-first time. Dumas offers them in vain; he sighs, and takes ten more numbers. "I can certainly dispose of fifteen," he says to himself. At last a visitor comes who lets himself be tempted. But six months pass without another person being taken in.

In the mean time the gentleman who took the single number besieges Dumas with letters, and asks him, in pressing terms:

"When are you going to draw the lottery?"

If he meets him on the street, he calls to him from afar:

"Will the lottery be drawn soon?"

Tired of waiting, and in order to get rid of the troublesome man, Dumas takes the other fourteen tickets, which gives him forty-nine out of the fifty. He then proceeds to draw the lottery, and, to cap the climax, it is the gentleman with the one ticket who draws the picture!

I said just now that Dumas possesses a great many drawings by Meissonier. The most interesting one is, without doubt, one called "*The Interior of an Artist's Studio*." It represents the woman who inspired the novelist with the "*Affaire Clemenceau*" posing nude before her husband. It was a present made by the great artist to the great

author some time after the publication of his famous book, and it was only after the author's repeated requests that Meissonier wrote at the foot of the sketch, "To my friend Dumas."

"Why did you not wish to write that inscription?" asked the latter.

"My dear fellow," said Meissonier, "drawings with inscriptions are always sold cheap."

"But I do not intend to sell yours."

"Then you must be very rich."

Dumas possesses among his pictures marvelous compositions which he procured for nothing, and which are now worth fabulous sums. He is slightly vain of having been by turns a picture-dealer and connoisseur.

"The profession which would have given me most satisfaction," he said, "is that of a *bric-à-brac* dealer. To speculate in pretty things is at once the most amusing and most profitable of pastimes. There is nothing more stupid or disagreeable than to sell candles and tooth-brushes; but Raphaels, Corots, old ivory, or old tapestry! . . . If ever I perceive that my faculties are growing weak; if, as clever as Rossini, I know when to stop, neither too soon nor too late, I will set up a huge shop for the sale of works of art. It is the best possible business. To live with the masterpieces of the past and of the present; to have them under your eyes; to inhale their venerable dust; to exchange them or dispose of them at a profit when one is tired of admiring them; to buy others, and contemplate them anew—what a vision! And then there are surprises, chances. Is it not flattering to see a Rothschild enter your shop, who pays you ten thousand francs for the unique vase which you discovered in the provinces, in a narrow alley, in the possession of an old merchant of iron-works, who asked you three francs to be certain of getting thirty sous for it—what an easy fortune! That is independence, earned not by hard work, but by great enjoyments. I know something about it; I was on that scent early in life, and I possessed a gallery long ago, so I was enabled to answer Montigny fifteen years ago when he asked me to write a play, the subject of which did not suit me, and who said, in order to persuade me, that the play would bring me in at least a hundred and fifty thousand francs: 'If I am in pressing need of that sum, I will sell ten of my pictures. . . . I would rather traffic in the art of others than in my own.'"

Side by side with the pictures for which Dumas has paid their weight in gold, and others that he has bought for a song, I saw others that he has won at billiards. At billiards? Yes, at billiards.

The immense *salon* which, with the apartments of Madame Dumas and her daughters, occupies the whole of the first floor, contains for its furniture a large table covered with albums, sketches, and pamphlets; an *Érard* piano; a colossal divan, which divides the room in halves in the middle; and a small billiard-table. A game at billiards is the favorite relaxation of the new academician. He knows almost all the tricks and *ruses* of the game, and is so proud when he conquers his adversary that he recalls the pretensions of Ingres to be considered a good violin-

player. I think that Dumas is as much interested in the issue of a game as in the success of one of his plays. His playing is sure, but I think the style lacks elegance. It is among the intimate friends of the family that Dumas finds his spectators and his usual partners; they are called Lavoix, Denayrouse, Protais, Philippe Rousseau, Vollon, and Meissonier.

It is after his meals that Dumas loves to indulge in his passion for billiards. Madame Dumas and her daughters talk in one corner of the room to Charles Narrey. Other intimates stand round the billiard-table and criticise the players, and, as the game does not require the concentration of mind needed for whist, Parisian wit does not abdicate its rights. It is a running fire of jokes and conundrums. Sometimes the epicurean Nisard, the brother of the great Nisard, throws into the midst of the fun philosophical remarks and Latin quotations, but Chamfort always gets the upper hand of Tacitus. In short, it is a charming atmosphere wherein the most stupid become witty. Witness the happy *mot* of a certain husband who was married to a young girl of unspeakable ugliness. This husband sees his wife just as she is. As he was taking leave one evening, Dumas said to him:

"Kiss your wife for me." "Very well," said the other, with a sigh, "but it is only because it is you."

The conversation often takes a serious turn. The guests discuss the last drama, the lately published books, or the last session of the Chamber of Deputies, but, whether grave or frivolous, the conversation ceases at ten o'clock. At that hour Dumas makes his guests understand that he is ready to drop "into the arms of Morpheus." He yawns, and every guest makes a rush for his overcoat. Sometimes they protest. The author is inflexible. He extinguishes all the lamps one by one, and the rebels find themselves suddenly in darkness. They are obliged to grope their way out, and they hear the ironical good-night that Dumas, candle in hand, calls to them from the third story where his bedroom is situated—the empire of Alexander.

It has a very strange aspect, this little nook crowded under the roof beside the linen-room. On the mantel-piece stands the bust of Desclée, and in the frame of the looking glass are stuck photographs, autographs, invitation-cards, entrance-tickets for the races, for the museums, etc. On the walls hang drawings, water-color sketches, old engravings, and a crayon portrait of Madame Duplessis, "*la Dame aux Camélias*."

Two lateral dressing-rooms leave a recess in which stands the author's bed, a wide, low bed, on which is flung, in guise of counterpane, a soft square of the rich woolen stuff of Smyrna.

At the back of this recess hang three pictures, one of General Davy Dumas, the author's grandfather, another of his father, Alexandre Dumas; the third, very simply framed, is a sketch representing a dead woman; it is the mother of Dumas *filis*.

My tale is ended. I took my hero when he got out of bed, I leave him when he is about to return to it.—*From the French.*

AN EVENING AT A HAREM.*

WE will dress like natives: we are about the same height and figure, and therefore you can use my clothes. You will wear a pair of lemon-colored slippers, pointed at the toes; white-linen trousers, like two large sacks, which are gathered at the waist and at the ankles; and a large garment, like a fine linen dressing-gown, prettily embroidered; it fastens round the throat and is belted round the waist; it falls to the knees. As your hair is golden you must wear a pale-blue waistband, a blue neck-ribbon, and a blue turban. I shall kohl your eyebrows and eyelashes. Your hair shall hang loose down your back, and be tied in a knot of blue ribbon behind like a colt's mane. You will be covered with jewelry of all colors, sizes, shapes, and sorts, regardless of "sets;" your turban will be literally crusted and caked with it. A small bouquet of two or three flowers will be fastened in your front-hair, so as to hang down your forehead, reaching between your eyebrows—at first it will make you squint. I will also kohl a few stars and crescents on your face. You shall have an oblong white-lace veil, about three yards long and one broad, which you will throw round your head and about your shoulders, falling down your back in two long tails. We will then put on our *izars* and *mandile*, and walk to the neighboring harem.

The moment we arrive and are announced the whole family will run to meet us at the boundary-gate which separates them from the world. They will kiss us, and take our hands and, with all the delight of children, lead us to the divan, and sit around us. One will fly for sherbet, another for sweets; this for coffee, that for nargiles. They are so pleased with a trifle—for example, to-day, that we are delighted because we are dressed like them, and they consider that we have adopted their fashions out of compliment to them. They find every thing charming, and are saying how sweet we look in their clothes. If we were habited in our own clothes they would be equally happy, because they would examine every article, would want to know where it was bought, what it cost, how it was put on, and if they could find it in the "*Sûk*." Their greatest happiness is to pull your hair down to see how it is done, and to play with your hat. If you come in riding-habit, they think you are dressed like a man. A lady's cloth riding under-garments are an awful mystery to them, and they think how happy we are to dress like men and follow our husbands like comrades, while nobody says any thing against us on that account. They envy us our knowledge and independence, and they deplore the way they are kept, and their not being able to know or do any thing.

This feeling, of course, exists only among town harems, who receive enough visits to know there is another sort of woman's world than the one they enjoy. The countryfied and old-fashioned never heard of this; but Nature implants on the brow and eyes of the strictly-kept wife who has two or three sister-wives a melancholy, soured, discontented, hopeless expression, which may be of a trusting resignation, or may be of a vicious, spiteful tendency, as though she would revenge herself on account of her sex. It is only fair to state that those of this latter kind would only feel about us, and perhaps say it to one another, "Here comes the bold, bad European woman with her naked face, to try

* From "The Inner Life of Syria, Palestine, and the Holy Land. From my Private Journal." By Isabel Burton. London, 1875.

and take our husband from us. Allah be praised, we are the only honest women," etc.; and you must try to become sharp enough to feel when there is sincerity and when there is not. This is a work of time and practice.

Do you see that old woman? She is a sort of faithful dependent in this harem. Do you hear what she is saying? You have by mistake put on your black-kid gloves, and she is asking why your face is so white and your hands are so dark. She probably thinks the human race in our part of the world has piebald specimens. Pull off your glove and throw it on the ground. There! she has run away shrieking. She is one of the old school, and is quite innocent of anything European. Your glove, being of a thin kid, stands out open like a hand upon the ground, and she confidently believes you have torn your skin off for the pleasure of astonishing her. She will not touch it for the world.

They say that we must stay all the evening with them, and are overjoyed at hearing that we accept. They will prepare music and dancing, and send round and gather their friends. Do you hear the tom-tom in the garden? That means that the Sitt Leila invites all the harems on her visiting-list to a "small and early." In about an hour a hundred women of their *intimes* will drop in, all dressed like ourselves, more or less magnificently. There will be a perpetual nibbling of fruit, sweets, and nuts, a similar sipping of coffee and sherbet, amid the bubble of the fountains and fifty or more nargiles. The singing, music, and dancing, will be performed by the guests, who will throw in a good deal of talent. It will be quite modest, and not require checking like the professional performances.

Now you can take a look round, and make your remarks in English. I must not forget to tell you that whenever you speak of any person or thing, whenever you admire anything, especially a child, be sure to preface your remarks with "Mashallah!" or they will think that you have put the "evil-eye" upon it, and will persuade themselves that it will wither and die. I have seen women clear their children from me as if I had the plague until this was made known to me.

The girl whom you see yonder in yellow cotton is very clever. Her greatest wonderment is that, although I have nice gowns, I never wear any thing but riding-habits and water-proofs, and above all no jewelry, that I spend but little time on divans, but take hard exercise, and am always busy. . . .

That old woman is a relation of her husband. They married very young, and he has the greatest respect for her; she accompanies him on all his expeditions, veiled and with the baggage, of course, and she is the only woman who has this privilege. He asks her advice behind the scenes, for she has natural talent and good sense. She is the head wife, but, as you see, she is old; he constantly invests in a new wife, a Circassian slave, or what not, and the new-comer enjoys a short reign as the toy of a month, when another succeeds her. She is jealous and miserable, spite her age, and he laughs, and cannot think how she can be so foolish as to care, or to suppose it could be otherwise. But though the skin is shriveled and the eye is sunk, the woman's heart has never yet learned to be a philosopher in these matters, nor has it in any clime, or age, or race—and it never will! She alone is "Bint el Naas" (daughter of a good house), the others are all "Sur-rayeh" (bought ones).

Now notice that other, a thin, brown, plain little woman, who looks about five-and-twenty. There is nothing apparently very attractive, but she has an innate knowledge of the world, she rides, she makes the house comfortable, she receives well, she under-

stand's her husband's comforts, she is sympathetic—in a word, she really loves him. When he comes in, notice the gleam of intelligence that passes between them. She is the "favorite." He will not notice nor speak to her, but will come and sit by us, with a word perhaps to No. 1. These two are the principals; all the rest may be young and good-looking, but they are as nothing. You ask if the women in the harems are generally pretty. No; in all the houses of Syria I have seen three or four women who would be singled out as beauties in Europe, and theirs was chiefly *la beauté du diable*, which withers at the first act of neglect or unkind treatment.

Now I will show you that they have the same feelings as ourselves. Go and sit by the old wife. Do you see how pleased and how affectionate she is? After a few minutes ask to have one of the others brought up, to sit at the other side of you. Do you see how her face clouds, and how jealous and vexed she looks? See, she moves away. She describes the "favorite's" slippers at the top of the stairs, and she has given them one vicious kick and sent them flying from the top to the bottom. Poor woman! that is only an emblem of her feelings. How well we understand it! She dares not do any thing more than what is figurative.

You see around you about one hundred and fifty women. Not a man is to be seen. They know the harem have a party, and will avoid even coming near the gate. You noticed that the master of the house vanished on the announcement of the first arrival. You perceive all are dressed more or less alike, only in various colors, and some better, others worse. A few are quite young girls of nine or ten; and some that you think quite childish are married women. That one whom you take to be a disappointed girl of thirty, wizened and soured, is only twelve, with bad health. We shall all sit on these divans, and in groups upon the cushioned floor, changing places occasionally till perhaps past midnight. Every now and then one girl or another will get up and sing or dance for us, and others will play for them. The performers require a little pressing, but after a few "Wallah! ma ba'arifs" (By Allah! I know not how), they begin. A clever girl will improvise as she goes on. At interludes we shall talk, and they will ask me every possible and impossible question about our *vis intime*. Of course the subject which they are most fond of discussing is our and their domestic life.

You asked me the other day why I called everybody Abú So-and-so, instead of calling them by their own names. When we have talked to these women for half an hour, you will learn the importance of their becoming mothers, and especially the mothers of sons. It is considered such a misfortune and disgrace not to have children, that the moment a wife presents her husband with a babe he changes his name for one of higher respect. Instead of the father remaining Sulaymán and the mother Nejeme, their own names, they are addressed by all, even by their intimate friends, as Abú Salím (father of Salím), and Umm Salím (mother of Salím), the name of their first-born son, and they will retain those appellatives for life. If they are unfortunate enough to have no son, their friends will out of respect pretend to suppose that they have one, and call them Abú and Umm Yusuf. . . .

Leila is now trying to ask me some questions.

"How many sons hast thou?" (This is their alpha and omega.)

"Not one."

"Then how many daughters hast thou?"

"Also not one."

"Mashallah! Are they all dead?"

"I never had any."

"How! Thou hast never had a child, O lady!"—with much pity and more astonishment.—"Let us hope that Allah may be merciful, and remove thy reproach. How many years art thou married?"

"So many—say ten."

"Listen to us, thy friends, who wish thy happiness."

I need not inflict their advice on my readers; suffice it to say that I have gone through hours of it, and have brought home a boxful of curiosities, all the best proofs of friendship and good-will, from my Eastern friends.

"And does not the Sidi Beg, the 'honor of the house,' want to put thee away, and take a second wife? Dost thou not, Ya Sitti, feel insecure of thy place, and jealous of his going out and coming in?"

Naturally my wondering and amused expression has gradually developed by this time into a good, hearty laugh, in which they all join.

"Mashallah! See what a danger the Helwe (the sweet one) is running, and hear how she laughs!"

"Oh, no, no; there is no danger! You are all mistaken. Now listen to what I want to explain to you. Our lives and your lives are quite different. You are set apart to dwell among one another, mostly in-doors, in a settled place; your lives would indeed be a failure without children. You are three or four, and your lord and master honors most who has the most sons; and why? Because your ancestor, in the old law, exactly as to-day, could not 'meet his enemies in the gate' without being backed up by his stalwart sons and their sons, his brothers, and his uncles and their sons. In short, the family who could show the most fighting-men were the most honored, and carried the greatest weight in their town or tribe. So men chose wives who could bear them sons, and visited with their displeasure those who could not. The men of our races marry one wife, and a family will commonly be from six or eight to ten children. I have seen a woman nursing her twenty-fourth child." (Loud murmurs of applause, and Mashallahs.) "Children are from Allah. If he sends them we bless him, and if he does not we are contented, for we know that it is for some good purpose, some special mercy to ourselves. The English husband would not put his wife away for any thing. I feel quite secure of my place. The Sidi Beg may marry another after my death, but not before. I never think about jealousy, and it is not in our customs that the 'honor of the house' should notice his slaves, or any one but his wife."

"But what would you do if your husband did bring home the second wife?"

"If I were brought up to it, if it were in my education and religion, if I knew nothing else, it would come to me like any other custom; but that not being the case, I fear that number two would be made very uncomfortable."

"Ah, how happy you are! You are all like men; you wear men's clothes (riding-habit), you bare your faces, you ride by your husband's side, and share all his dangers and counsels with him like a brother; and we are kept here like donkeys, and not allowed to see any thing or know any thing. You are secure of your husband's affections, and are alone (only wife) whether you have children or not!"

"Some day, perhaps, you will all be like us. Your husband will begin to adopt European habits. Already the Stamboulis are beginning to change a little, but the move must not be made too fast."

"That is true! that is true! Inshallah! Inshallah!"

"Now I have answered all your questions, I want you to answer some of mine, if you

can understand, as you seem to do, my broken Arabic."

"Go on! go on! When you speak Arabic, your words drop out of your mouth like sugar. We could bear it all night—for a week!"

Encouraged by this affectionate bit of flattery, which is not strictly true, but far more pleasant to hear than the northern guffaw at one's failures, I proceed:

"Well, then, your life is as curious to me as mine is to you. Tell me a little, I beg of you. How do you like veiling your faces?"

"We do not know what it is to unveil before a man. We should only do so if we meant to insult him, and no good woman would do this. We should feel ashamed, uncomfortable, and ill at ease."

As soon as a girl begins to ripen into womanhood, she is obliged to hide her face; and you will see little things of eight or nine assuming the dignity of womanhood, and refusing to answer a man's "Good-morning."

"I also want to know how, as you never go out, never see any man but your husband, the young girls contrive to be married?"

"Well, the mother and the aunts of the young man whom they want to marry go about visiting all the harems, and when they have fixed upon a girl likely to suit, and have made all necessary inquiries concerning her, they go home and describe to the son her appearance, what she can do in the house, what she is likely to have in worldly possessions. . . .

"Then the young man's mother and father go to the girl's parents, and arrange the match among them. The wedding takes place, and the young man sees his bride for the first time when he lifts her veil after the ceremony."

"But suppose that on their first sighting each other they take a dislike to one another, one or both?"

"In that case it is very easy for the man, but very difficult for the woman. She must not show her feelings, but must remain quite passive, and neither seem pleased nor displeased, for fear of being accounted bold. Frightfully cruel and unjust things are sometimes done on various pretenses; and though it is easy for the mothers and aunts of the bridegroom to deceive him, all sensible women would be prudent, for fear of such an unhappy ending to the wedding."

"Now I wish to inquire further still. How do you feel afterward about the other wives?"

"If we please our bridegroom, and he pleases us, we are very happy for about a year. If a child, especially a son, is born, we feel secure to a certain extent; if not we are very unsettled and anxious, but we are sure that, under any circumstances, before two or three years are passed there will be a second, perhaps a third; and as soon as we are old—and we are old much sooner than your races are—we are not much considered."

They pointed out to me a really old woman, who was the grandmother of the harem, in a cotton frock without a single ornament, working like a menial. I thought she was the servant; she was waiting upon all the family, apparently very little more respected or thought of—and that I found the rule more or less in harems. I grieved for this, and explained how we honor our old age. In the East the young seem, on the contrary, to have a horror of it. Yet it is only fair to own that I have seen the same thing in Southern Europe.

"Now tell me, Leila," I continued, "when you see your husband devoted to Nejme or to Shems, what do you do?"

The answer was true, tender, and womanly.

"Ya Sitti, what can I do? I go away and cry!"

It was then their turn to question.

"Tell us, in return, how you manage to keep your husbands, and to be on equal terms with them. Some say that you who have blue eyes have the 'evil eye,' and can make them do what you like."

"Do not believe that. We have no 'evil eye' among us; we do not know it. We all meet in society, men and women alike. In Franguestán girls are not veiled: they see young men in their father's houses. Men and women are all alike to us, except the one we mean to marry. Eventually a young man will say to himself, 'I have to choose one woman with whom to live all my life, to love and respect her, and to trust every thing to her prudence. I feel that such-and-such is the only one with whom I would willingly pass all my days.' Then he goes to the girl, and he asks her to be his wife. If she says 'No,' there is an end to the matter, and nobody ever hears of it. If she says 'Yes,' they go to their fathers and mothers, and ask their blessing. The parents consent, and arrange the wedding. They are then betrothed, and have time before marriage to learn all each other's faults and good qualities, and to know exactly what they have taken upon themselves."

"Mashallah! and how does it go on afterward?"

"The woman must take as much pains to look pretty and dress well as she did before; she must love her husband, be very respectful to him, make his house bright and comfortable—even if it be poor, she must try not to make it look so to his friends; she must be constantly waiting upon him, and thinking what she can do to please him; she must also educate herself, that she may be able to be his companion, friend, adviser, and confidante, that he may miss nothing at home; and, finding all that he can desire in his wife, he has nothing to seek elsewhere; she must be a careful nurse when he is ailing, that he may never be anxious about his health; she must not unjustly or uselessly squander his money; she must take an interest in all his pursuits, and study them; she must not confide her domestic affairs to all her friends; must observe the same refinement and delicacy in all her words and actions that she observed before her marriage; she must hide his faults from every one, and always be at his side through every difficulty and trouble; she must never allow any one to speak disrespectfully of him before her, nor permit any one to tell her any thing of him or his doings; she must never hurt his feelings with a rude remark or jest, never answer when he finds fault, nor reproach him when he is in the wrong; never be inquisitive about any thing he does not volunteer to tell her; never worry him with trifles, but rather keep the pleasant news for him when he comes home, and be looking her brightest and her best. Above all, she must see that all his creature comforts are ready. The wife who follows this recipe, O Leila, is never put away; she has no need of the 'evil eye,' nor love-potions, nor papers written by the sheik. Her husband could not do without her; he loves her, and knows her as himself. He will listen to no voice but hers, and he would find a second wife very much in the way."

"Mashallah! You speak like a book, and how much you know! Of course it is true, but what do we know of all this?"

The women will understand and talk well for hours on such subjects. And is it not natural? They are not educated, in our sense of the word; few can read and write. They have never traveled; they go out very little, except in this way, and see nothing but what we are seeing now. Their lives are, therefore, a round of household duties, after which they dress, receive their harem friends thus, or they visit other harems, or they ride to

the Sûk and buy trifles. I know some men who are so strict that they will not allow their harems to pay a visit, or to shop for themselves, but order every thing to be sent to the house. These, unfortunately, are thrown on their own society and their own resources, seeing only the master of the house, at times when, perhaps, he is out of humor. Even if he be in the best of tempers, each can claim only part of his attentions. Consider the amount of talent, education, philosophy, mental preoccupation with an object, that we should require to enable us to lead such a life of solitary confinement and monotony. Use enables them to bear it, but even so you see dullness written on the foreheads of strictly-kept harems. They vary as much as families in London. A first-class Constantinople harem is one thing; at Damascus the same rank is another; while those of the middle and lower classes are again different in their degree. I am now quoting the average provincial. They are always delighted, therefore, to talk of the things they do know, or to hear and learn any thing we can tell them. They never forget these conversations, and when they think they have mastered a good new idea they will try and put it in practice.

"Ya Sitti, I remembered what you told me a month ago, and I have tried it, and I am so glad, and so much obliged to you. Do come and talk again by the fountain."

This has frequently been my greeting, long after I have forgotten the visit. They show wonderfully good feeling, and they are mostly very refined. I shall never forget all the kindness and hospitality of a real, hearty, cordial nature I have received among them. . . .

"Tell me, Leila, about your law of divorce. I mean when your husband wants to put you away, or you him?"

"We women of Syria never put our husbands away, but they divorce us on the smallest pretext, and no one takes any notice of it or knows of it."*

"Will any other man marry you in that case?"

"Yes, they will; but if a man has divorced his wife by a triple divorce, i. e., saying, 'I divorce you,' three times, and afterward he is sorry and wishes to take her back, and she be willing, she must, by our law, marry another man and be divorced from him before it can be accomplished. The Shi'ahs have temporary marriages; we Sunnis think this an abomination. A Shi'ah says to a woman, 'Will you be my wife for such a term of years, months, or days, for such a settlement?' She agrees, and they write a paper. If any circumstance makes them wish to separate, he says: 'For such and such reasons, I must leave you. I now make you a present of the remainder of your time, and the whole money agreed upon, with which you will keep yourself and the child.' And the woman, among the Shi'ahs, goes forth honorably and undisgraced. She is open to another marriage, permanent or not."

"Have you any kind of liberty?"

* I report these conversations verbally, but they must be taken with many a grain of salt. My husband, who knows the Moslem East, if any man does, assures me that Leila was very far from the truth. It is easy to perceive that the mere fact of having to pay the prenuptial settlement (*mahr*) must deter many from the step, and even a greater obstacle is the certainty of a feud with the repudiated wife's family. Easterns are very cautious, and for good reasons, about making enemies for life. In Persia, I am told, men, by systematic ill-treatment, sometimes drive their wives to demand a divorce, and so to forfeit their money-claims. But at Damascus, as in Constantinople and Cairo, the cad's court is far too hasty and too efficient for this manoeuvre. In fact, I believe that, as a rule, the men suffer most from legal proceedings. It has been said in England that a woman rarely sues for divorce unless she has ulterior intentions, and the same probably applies here.

"Yes, if our husband is not too severe. When every thing in the house is arranged, we dress in *izar* and *mandil*; we go down to the *Súk* and buy, and we visit all the other harems of our acquaintance. We might even stay on a visit to them of a fortnight if we liked. We are only forbidden to see a man, or to unveil our faces, except in one another's presence."

"I cannot understand, living thus among one another, and going out muffled up as you do, how the breath of scandal can ever touch you."

"Ah, Ya Sitti! it is all the same! Bury thyself, and the worm will bring bad report. When the rain patters on the house-top, do we expect her to come through and wet us? Yet with all care this will sometimes happen. Do we know when the serpent is in the rafters of the ceiling until she drops on the bed?"

I was once invited to contribute to a weekly journal, whose object, doubtless of doing good, was to collect information concerning every race, creed, tongue, mode of life, and condition of woman. This is an admirable safety-valve for all classes at home, where, if there is any grievance, you can hold a committee, and apply knife and fire to the root of the evil. But, if you cannot do so, what is the use of talking it over? what is to be gained by lifting up the curtain of the domestic theatre? I am writing for my own sex, and especially for my own country-women, and yet I leave a thousand things unsaid which would be information, because it would please neither my Eastern friends nor my Western sisters to read a detail of habits so totally different from their own. I do not think that my reasoning will induce *El Islám* to adopt monogamy, nor to educate one wife, nor to raise her to companionship with himself—yet this alone would root out many hidden evils. To a great extent the morality of society is marvelous; but it is enforced. It is also an inheritance of families, tribes, races. The large towns, of course, are almost the only tainted places. If intrigue is suspected, the police have the right to enter the house and drag the accused into the street; and, although four eye-witnesses are necessary to condemn them, they both know they will certainly die by the hands of their own relatives. In wilder places, if a girl is unfortunate, the parents, relatives, and all the village, dress her like a bride, and make a feast like a "wake" round the mouth of a deep hole; they throw her into it, and return, singing and making merry. The parents have done a meritorious action—the honor of the family is cleared. The man also dies, and there is a *thar*, or blood-feud, *à perpétuité*. None of these savage acts have taken place in our time, but in the mountain opposite our summer quarter there is one of these deep caves; and we were assured by the villagers that two years before we came one of these horrid feasts took place there in the winter-time. A father or brother will beat his daughter or sister for looking round at a man out-of-doors, even if accidentally or unintentionally. If a man pass a maiden and say "Good-morning," she must not answer him, unless rudely, to ask how he dare speak to her. Then he says, "That is a good lass; that is the wife for me." If, on the contrary, she return a civil good-morning, or stop and speak a few words to him, he forms a light opinion of her, and looks for marriage elsewhere. In the villages the youths test girls' characters by these experiments. But I see Leila is trying to tell us something. . . .

Now they are preparing supper, and you see the huge, flat brass trays perched upon round, small mother-of-pearl stools, and covered and balanced with various dishes. A slave will now bring round a brass jug and

platter, with rose-water and a bit of rose-colored scented soap, and slung over her shoulder a silk and embroidered towel. We wash our fingers, but not like Englishwomen, dipping them in the basin. We only use the water from the ewer, and the moment it has left our fingers it becomes ceremonially impure. All sit round these trays. We shall eat with our fingers, dipping into the dishes with bread, and for liquids they will hand to us mother-of-pearl or wooden spoons. There are plates full of rice, with bits of meat and fat; a kid roasted whole, stuffed with pistachio-nuts; *kibbeh*, or meat, chopped and mixed with *burgh'ol*, bruised and boiled wheat; *mudjadard*, lentils (*adas*), and rice, or *burgh'ol*, mixed with a brown sauce, and very tasty; *kussah*, or *badingdn*, cucumber or vegetable-marrow scraped out and stuffed in sausage-form, with chopped meat, herbs, rice, pepper, and salt. The forced meat is called *mdahi*. *Kubab*, a dish known to Englishmen as *cubob*, is roast-meat, fat and lean, sliced, and impaled with onions on a stick, like our cat's-meat, and grilled at the fire with salt and pepper. There are bowls of *leben*, every sort of fruit and vegetable in season, and piles of sweetmeats. The bread acts the part of plate; of these large, round, flat scones, some are thick, and others are thin as a wafer.

Some time after supper, we will wish good-night; the whole harem accompanies us to the door, thanking us, and giving us all sorts of nice blessings, such as, "May Allah send you happy dreams!" "We shall hear your voice in our sleep," "May your night be blessed!"

They will perhaps continue their festivities for another hour. But before we part I must have a word with you. They were very kind, but I am not in the least deceived by their many "Mashallahs." They listened with exemplary patience to my preaching, they allowed me to have my say, and I know that they drew me out with great tact, and even tenderness. They permitted, and even assisted, me to enthronize myself upon my high moral pedestal. But woman's nature is much the same all the world over. The moment the door closed upon us, and privacy was restored, our charming hostesses probably indulged in a long titter, and each said to her neighbor:

"Mashallah! my dear, it is very nice to be a man, but don't you think that as women we may perhaps be better as we are?"

That was the query of the young and pretty. While the other category would exclaim:

"*Istaghfar*! Allah! why, this is neither man nor woman, nor any thing else. Allah preserve us from this manner of pestilence! 'Amin.'"

Also, we must qualify that idea that we have in Europe, viz., that there is no education in a harem. Reading and writing are only means, not ends. The object of education is to make us wise, to teach us the right use of life. Our hostesses know every thing that is going on around them. The husband, behind the scenes, will often hold a council with his wives. They consult together, and form good and sensible judgments, and advise their husbands even in political difficulties. Can we do more? Of course, you will understand that I am now speaking of the higher classes. When I compare their book-learning with that, for instance, received by girls at home fifteen or twenty years ago, I can remember that the lessons learned by heart, and painfully engraved upon my memory, have required a toil of unlearning and relearning since I have mixed with the world. As regards mere accomplishments, some ride, dance, sing, and play, as well in *their* way as we do in ours; some read, some write, and almost all can recite poetry and tales by the hour. The manners of some are soft and

charming. The best speak purely and grammatically; slang is as unknown to them as dropped "itches." Finally, in the depth and fervor of their religious belief, many of my friends are quite equal to us—in *their* way.

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

YOU shall not know her—she who sat
Unconscious in my heart all time
I dreamed and wove this wayward rhyme,
And loved and did not blush thereat.

The sunlight of a sunlit land,
A land of fruit, of flowers, and
A land of love and calm delight;
A land where night is not like night,
And noon is but a name for rest;
Where conversations of the eyes
Are all enough; where beauty fills
The heart like hues of harvest-home;
Where rage lies down, where passion dies,
Where peace bath her abiding-place. . . .
A face that lifted up; sweet face
That was so like a life begun,
That rose for me a rising sun.
Above the bended seven hills
Of dead and risen old new Rome.

Not that I deemed she loved me. Nay,
I dared not even dream of that.
I only say I knew her; say
She ever sat before me, sat
All still and voiceless as love is,
And ever looked so fair, divine,
Her hushed, vehement soul filled mine,
And made itself a part of this.

Oh, you had loved her, sitting there
Half hidden in her loosened hair:
Why, you had loved her for her eyes,
Their large and melancholy look
Of tenderness, and well mistook
Their love for light of paradise.

Yea, loved her for her large dark eyes;
Yea, loved her for her brow's soft brown;
Her hand as light as heaven's bars;
Yea, loved her for her mouth. Her mouth
Was roses gathered from the south,
The warm south side of paradise,
And breathed upon and handed down
By angels on a stair of stars.

Her mouth! 'twas Egypt's mouth of old,
Pushed out and pouting full and bold
With simple beauty where she sat.
Why, you had said on seeing her:
"This creature comes from out the dim
Far centuries, beyond the rim
Of time's remotest reach or stir.
And he who wrought Semiramis
And shaped the sibyls, seeing this,
Had bowed and made a shrine thereat,
And all his life had worshiped her."

I dared not dream she loved me. Nay,
Her love was proud; and pride is loath
To look with favor, own it fond
Of one the world loves not to-day . . .
No matter if she loved or no,
God knows I loved enough for both,
And knew her as you shall not know
Till you have known sweet death, and you
Have crossed the dark: gone over to
The great majority beyond.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A RECENT paper by Charles O'Connor, on "Democracy," takes the ground that the only hope for the permanency of the institutions of our country lies in the extinguishment of governmental borrowing. Just so long as governments are enabled to borrow money, there will be recklessness and corruption: recklessness because the public are indifferent to public extravagances that are to be paid for at some far-off, indefinite time; corruption because the power to borrow money indefinitely enables the politician to enter into schemes for his aggrandizement, and to cover his expenditures in all the incertitude of floating and bonded debt. This is all true, and the remedy for the evil is likely to come soon in a sharp and effective manner. Borrowing will necessarily cease with many of our State governments and municipalities in the same way that it ceases with many merchants—that is, by bankruptcy. It will be simply impossible for many of our local governments to go on increasing the public debt in the way many of them have done in the past and are now doing. There is a limit to the capacity of the tax-payer; a point beyond which revenues cannot be stretched; a period when an ever-swelling debt becomes a burden greater than can be endured.

But even if it were practicable for governments to go on borrowing money indefinitely, there are still supreme reasons why the power to do so should be withdrawn from them. The ability to pay, for instance, may remain intact, and yet the burden of paying become onerous; then the direct collection of money for current expenditure brings the citizen into closer contact with the government, awakens his concern, stimulates his interest, and leads him to hold the administration of the funds to stricter account than would otherwise be the case; and nothing, perhaps, would so effectually keep government to its few legitimate duties as the necessity of paying as it went. Just so long as there is a great unknown future which may be discounted in the way of bonds, governments will be tempted by schemers and enthusiasts into endless improper enterprises. Tainmany Rings and Crédits Mobiliers are possible only where there exists the power of borrowing. The tax-collector may be enabled to appropriate a small proportion of his collections, but the directness and simplicity of our affairs under a no-credit system would reduce corruption to its minimum.

Doubts very likely arise in many minds, and arguments in all. We are so inured to the idea of a local government full of enterprises and lavish of expenditure, laying out

parks, opening streets, furthering railways; building school-houses and markets, and other public structures; constructing wharves, dredging rivers, erecting bridges, laying sewers, that we are rather startled at the idea of doing all this with money in hand. But when we come to look a little into these things we'll find that the debt-system not only increases extravagance and prompts enterprises that should not be undertaken, but continually shifts cost from where it should fall, upon the interests specially concerned, to the shoulders of the public at large. We see debts continually created for special ends, and to the benefit of a class which the public as a whole must eventually pay for. Revenues, moreover, are not looked after; it is so much easier to issue bonds than to form careful systems by which cost may be liquidated by special taxes. It would not be at all difficult for a partnership of businessmen to so conduct affairs in a city like New York that its incoming funds from licenses, rentals, etc., would be ample for all its expenditures. Governments general as well as local should be put on the no-credit basis, although just at present the crying evil in America is the extravagance of local governments, which touch so many of the ordinary details of life, and so many of which are running up their indebtedness with dangerous speed.

PERHAPS nothing can better illustrate the badness of our current municipal methods than the way street-paving is usually done. In New York the charter and the laws upon this question have been so tampered with that chaos has ensued. Streets can now be newly paved only by consent of a certain proportion of the owners of property on the street; this consent is almost impossible to be obtained, and so the pavements are likely to become intolerable, mere repairing in many instances being insufficient. Now, it is entirely obvious that the wear and tear of street-pavements are caused solely by vehicles. When a street is first opened, the grading and paving may well be assessed upon the adjacent property, because this property is enhanced in value by access being given to it; and the cost of replacing pavements removed for building sewers, or setting gas or water pipes, should fall upon the special interests concerned; but the cost of repaving streets, and the cost of all repairs with the exceptions made, should be paid from a special tax upon vehicles. There can be no disputing the justice of this. The friction is caused solely by vehicles, and they ought to make good the wear and tear they have caused. Just now the omnibuses and a few public trucks pay licenses, but the sum thus collected is fairly infinitesimal beside the amount expended to

keep the streets even in the poor repair that we find them. There was a time when nearly all the carrying of merchandise was done by public cartmen or licensed vehicles, but the growth and centralization of business have led every wholesale trader and very many others to set up their own vehicles, and these pay no license. Our streets are crowded with ponderous trucks transporting heavy merchandise hither and thither, crushing and grinding up the pavements, all of which pay nothing whatever toward restoring that which they injure. Look at the thousands of ponderous ice-carts that grind up the pavements, which property by assessment, or the general public by tax, must pay for! Every vehicle should be taxed on a scale graduated according to weight and purpose for which it is used. Not even the light buggy-wagon should escape; not the private carriage; not the market-wagon from the country. There should be no free list. If all were taxed fairly to an extent just sufficient for the purposes in view, none would have a right to complain. Even a portion of the cost of cleaning the streets should be included in this tax, inasmuch as the accumulations removed are largely caused by this travel. This principle should also be applied to the wharves, and indeed to every thing when it is practicable to do so. The cost of collecting ashes and garbage should be paid for by those benefited thereby. This is the rule with the Croton water supply; it should be the rule in every thing else. The police are for the benefit of the whole; the lighted streets are for the benefit of the whole: let the cost of these departments be met by special taxes falling upon every individual, but all other expenditures should be refunded by the special interest or class concerned. There is nothing delusive or illusive in these suggestions; they are simply the plain common-sense principles that control all private business, and when introduced into public affairs will work a great revolution for the better.

OUR English cousins seem never to be tired of talking and writing about the habits and manners of Americans. We do not please them in any thing we say or do, and hence the question is likely to arise ere long whether Americans sufficiently consider their dignity in becoming guests of a people who have for them always the critical and rarely the kindly word. We believe it to be true that no nationality is ever fully in sympathy with any other nationality; there is something in the whole mode of thought and grain of character of each people that is strange and repellent to the mode of thought and grain of character of every other people; and hence when we see two nations in constant

contact with each other, each of which profoundly believes in itself, there are pretty sure to be all sorts of collisions and antagonisms. One might argue that the people of the United States and Great Britain are too nearly allied to justify the hatred and ceaseless bickerings that exist between them; but this very nearness is undoubtedly an aggravating cause. The bitterness of family jealousies is proverbial. English social circles tolerate with equanimity the strange manners of the Orientals, but resent the slightest violation of etiquette on the part of those who are supposed to have the same maxims of breeding; and the American, tolerant enough of the peculiarities of all distinctly foreign races, is exasperated at the *hauteur*, the rude brusqueness, and the lordly assumptions of John Bull. In these frictions neither Englishman nor American sees the other quite rightly, and each magnifies greatly the defects exhibited by the other. Nations as well as individuals that profoundly believe in themselves are very apt to be excessively disagreeable to other nations in possession of the same self-confident patriotism. But it seems to us that the irritation which Englishmen feel toward Americans is continually on the increase. The bad taste or bad breeding of one of their own set is forgotten as soon as the occasion passes; but the bad taste or bad breeding of an American is magnified by watchful eyes, and cherished with a perennial passion. One nowadays can rarely take up an English journal without finding something disagreeably critical of our people—often unfairly critical and unnecessarily disagreeable. It is not wise nor in good taste for one to be forever dwelling on the defects of his neighbors; they have their defects, no one will deny, but in this world of glass houses it is only prudent to refrain from seeing and fretting over all the evil ways of other people; and if our English friends hence wouldn't put us under the microscope so ceaselessly, it would be better for their and our peace of mind.

As an instance of what we have to encounter from unfriendly critics abroad is the subjoined wholly gratuitous piece of criticism from the correspondent of an English newspaper:

"As regards private society, there can be no doubt that our transatlantic friends are made very welcome, and they would be made still more welcome but for one peculiarity, which nine-tenths of them seem unable to get rid of, unless, indeed, when a lengthened residence in Europe works a cure. This peculiarity on the part of nearly every American one meets is a profound self-consciousness of his being American—a self-consciousness which continually provokes him to comparison. He seems to be haunted by the notion that the English people have a poor opinion of America, and that he must on all occasions prove the superiority of every thing American to

every thing European. This is patriotic, but tiresome. An Englishman is not anxious to defend the institutions of his country in argument, because he considers them impervious to attack. But an American has not arrived at this pitch of complacency, and especially within the first month or two of his stay over here he must needs go about making all manner of comparisons between this country and his own, of course to the advantage of the latter. He does not see how heartily tired of this painful self-consciousness his English friends become, nor yet the admirable self-control with which they refrain from arguing with him, and replying to his reflections with obvious retorts."

The first answer that occurs to this is, that it is not true. Altogether too large a proportion of Americans abroad are greatly enamored of English life and institutions, and the comparisons they ceaselessly institute are to their country's disadvantage. There are other travelers who go to Europe with immense expectations, and discover that after all there are a few compensating things on this side of the Atlantic; the comparisons they make, with too much freedom, perhaps, arise from the interest they take in the contrast of the two civilizations, instead of from that frightful "self-consciousness" which the critic sets his lance at. And then as to the retorts which the Englishmen do not utter, why, doubtless the critic does not hear them—one always only sees and hears that which he is interested in seeing and hearing—but the often-rasped tympanum of the American hears them far too frequently for his temper or his peace of mind; and let us say that if this critic will take into his confidence a few Americans, he will learn that here the same identical complaints are made of the traveling John Bull in our midst—who is reported by critical and over-sensitive observers to be ever supercilious, contemptuous, arrogant, depreciative, and prone no less than the American abroad to be "patriotic but tiresome."

Under all the circumstances it might work well if both sides stopped nagging. This, however, is probably asking too much. The pleasure of fault-finding is something that the ordinary man or woman is wholly unwilling to forego.

In a recent address, ex-President Woolsey, of Yale, boldly advanced the idea that men who feel themselves well qualified for office should openly and frankly propose themselves for it. This is the English fashion; in the United States, our public men are, to appearance at least, more shy and modest. There is a perverse streak in the average human nature which leads people, the moment it is known that a man would really like an office, to object to him on that very account. The very fact that he wants it is considered an excellent reason why he

should not have it, no matter what his qualifications may be. The escape from the dilemma is not a very difficult one. Instead of committing the frank impropriety of asking to be a candidate outright, the office-wisher has only to mention the matter confidentially to one or two intimate friends. Then little complimentary paragraphs begin to appear in the papers; the idea of the propriety of electing a certain gentleman to a certain office seems often, strangely enough, to strike several editors at the same time. Then, in the caucus or convention, the name is launched, laudatory speeches are made, and the nomination is carried. Of course, the candidate is not present; of course, he is overcome with surprise when he is waited on by a committee to conduct him "before the convention," though it is a curious coincidence that the committee knows exactly where he is, and finds him with delightful facility; and, of course, he is only induced to accept the nomination by the evidences that he alone can lead the party to triumph, and that he must fain sacrifice his own wishes and convenience to the country, the state, or the township, as the case may be! It must be confessed that these little subterfuges and hypocrisies are not a favorable beginning of a public career, nor do they augur well for the scrupulous uprightness of the would-be public servants who employ them. There is really nothing disgraceful in the desire to occupy an office of trust and honor, and there is no reason why a man who knows that his experience and talents qualify him for it should not express the desire, or why he should be voted against on account of such an expression. The chances are that an honest and capable man who openly confesses that he desires an office will fill it far better than one who pretends that he does not.

M. GAMBETTA is deserving of no slight praise for declining the duel proposed to him by that young imperialist fire-eater, Paul de Cassagnac. In this country, where dueling has gone out of fashion, and has grown happily discreditable, it is not easy to appreciate the moral courage which is required of a Frenchman, especially a Frenchman who is prominent in the public eye, and has a reputation for personal fearlessness to sustain, in refusing a challenge. That Gambetta has had the nerve not only to decline to set himself up to be shot at or lunged at by a political enemy, but to say that his life is needed by his party and France, and is not at the disposal of a hot-blooded young man who imagines he has been insulted, is one more proof of the ex-dictator's sound sense and good judgment. It must not be forgotten that Gambetta is himself an eager partisan

and a man of warm passions. He is from the sunny South, and his manhood has been for the most part passed in the Bohemia of Paris. But he has very serious work before him—to aid in fully establishing the republic; and he has little leisure or disposition for the dangerous by-plays of what is still too much regarded in France as manly gallantry. It is to be hoped that he has credit enough to set a new fashion, and to recall to the French mind the truth which has been found out long ago in England and America, that a man who kills another in a duel does not prove himself right, nor is he who is killed proved thereby to be in the wrong. The union of the rapier and the pen in Paris sanctums has been too productive of false notions of honor, not to speak of the tragedies which have now and then resulted from it; and the sooner it is divorced the better it will be for the good of French society and the tone of the press. That “the pen is mightier *with* the sword” is the Parisian rendering of Bulwer’s famous motto; but the belligerent journalism which has adopted it has not proved its truth by the event. Gambetta will have added one more claim to the gratitude and admiration of all his right-minded countrymen by showing that it really requires more courage to decline than to accept a duel.

Who does not envy the angler, who, armed *cap-a-pie* with all the deft modern contrivances for pursuing the game of the waters, from reel-rod to bait-pouch, in these days may be seen taking train or steamboat for the mossy haunts he knows but will not tell of? To us who have to remain in the dust and heat of the town, how provokingly cool and breezy he looks! What shady nooks, and deep, cool woods, and grateful solitude, and unanxious reverie, and gentle excitement, does he bring up in the fancy! Despite what people say who have never followed Peter’s example, or put themselves under the quaint and genial tutelage of old Walton, angling is a manly, healthy, altogether reasonable sport, one which is always in fashion—and only those habits are always in fashion which are rooted in the core of human nature—and one of which he who once fairly tastes its joys very rarely tires. Happily our country is yet large enough for all its anglers; there is a string of trout or a basket of pickerel, blue-fish, or bass, somewhere for every man. We may rightly give a chuckle of satisfaction at this when we think of our English cousins, who have to buy their fishing unless they are lords of the manor; and many of whom we welcome here, coming across the Atlantic as they do in shoals to enjoy free angling to their heart’s content.

Literary.

WE imagine that it will give the catalogue-makers some trouble to classify Mr. Drake’s “Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast” under any of the usual heads.* It is not a guide-book, though it will serve admirably as a guide to all points of interest in the localities treated of. It is not a history, though the reader who has finished it will find himself possessed of more facts in old Colonial and Revolutionary history than he has gathered, perhaps, from all other sources combined. Neither is it a collection of legends, traditions, and anecdotes, though each of these receive a goodly share of the author’s attention. It is all of these, in fact, and more; for, in addition to its picturesque descriptions, its curious bits of historical learning, its rehabilitations of old legends, traditions, anecdotes, etc., it presents vivid sketches of famous local personages, and of the pursuits, habits, and characteristic traits of the people of to-day: The portly volume, in short, is a sort of commonplace-book, classified by locality instead of by topics, into which a writer, who is at once an antiquarian, a student, a traveler, and an artist, has emptied the contents of his notebooks, memory, and sketch-book. The arrangement of the materials, moreover, harmonizes perfectly with their miscellaneous character; and a perusal of one of its chapters is like an actual ramble, without guide or *chaperon*, through an unfamiliar old town—full of surprises, of digressions, and of unexpected sights and experiences. The subject of one paragraph affords no clew whatever to the character of the next, which is more likely than not to deal with a wholly different matter. A crumbling fort, a shapeless heap of stones, an old well, or a weather-beaten house, will furnish the text for a curiously-interesting historical sketch; a tombstone or a family name will recall some famous exploit of “the brave days of old;” a jutting headland, or cape, or island, leads us off into nice speculations on the topography of the early voyages of Captain John Smith, of Champlain, of Cartier, or De Monts; a light-house or a ragged reef suggests some thrilling story of shipwreck and storm; and a fisherman’s wherry floats us off into a description of the methods of catching, curing, and marketing fish. All this is told in a deliberately unmethodical way; but the reader finds, nevertheless, that when he has finished the chapter on Marblehead, for example, he knows the famous old town as he never knew it before.

The nooks and corners to which Mr. Drake invites us are not, as might be supposed, out-of-the-way or little-known spots, but places the names of which at least are very familiar. Beginning with Mount Desert, which, by-the-way, he describes in its winter aspect, he drops down successively to Castine, Pemaquid Point, Monhegan Island, Wells Beach, Kittery Point, the Isles of Shoals,

* Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast. By Samuel Adams Drake. With Numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Newcastle, Salem, Marblehead, Plymouth, Provincetown, Nantucket, Newport, New London, Norwich, and Saybrook. Though he has a keen eye for the picturesque, and describes the natural attractions of the several places with exceptional spirit, Mr. Drake is evidently in search not so much of geographical by-ways as of what is quaint and interesting in its historical, architectural, or personal aspects; and, of course, such a search would lead him naturally to those famous old towns on the New England coast which contain almost all of antiquarian interest that America has to show, and the main attraction of which lies in the past rather than in the actual present.

Whether the reader will draw a sufficiently favorable inference from what we have said above seems doubtful, so we will say pointedly that we have found the book a very charming one. A pleasanter volume, indeed, to carry along on a summer’s jaunt it would be difficult to name, for it does not demand continuous reading, and may be dipped into at any point with the certainty of finding something both to instruct and amuse. As for those who contemplate a visit to any of the places described, it should be regarded as an indispensable item of their luggage.

The illustrations are profuse, numbering upward of three hundred, and are notably good. There are maps, too, and charts which will prove useful to the tourist.

Or all the attempts made in recent years to popularize science, or rather the knowledge which science has brought to light, a little volume entitled “The Childhood of Religions,” by Edward Clodd, F. R. A. S. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), is one of the most successful. Its object, indeed, is not merely to popularize the information which it imparts, but to present it in such simple and elementary form, and in such pleasing guise, that it will take hold upon the mind of children. There is urgent need of such treatises; for science will never secure its due hold upon the thought and feelings of mankind until the new light which it throws upon the things that are usually taught to children is brought before them at the same time, and children will never acquire this knowledge unless it is made at least as attractive to them as other forms of knowledge. Most of the efforts hitherto made to provide these have failed, either through lack on the part of the writers of perfect mastery of their subject, or from their inability to meet the peculiar intellectual demands of the young; and we do not recall another instance than Mr. Clodd’s where perfect success has been achieved. The qualifications which Mr. Clodd brings to the task are an abounding knowledge of the subject of which he treats, and of all subjects related to it, a wonderful aptitude for picking out the cardinal facts and grouping them in picturesque and striking relations, and a singularly simple and clear but vivid and almost poetical style. Though treating of a subject as solemn as any that can engage the human mind, and treating it in a serious and reverential spirit, “The Childhood of Religions,” from the first page to the last, is as charming as a fairy-tale, as

fascinating as the myths and legends which form a large part of its subject-matter.

The book may be described in general terms as an account of man's advance from lower to higher stages of religious belief. This is its principal subject, but it also treats incidentally of the origin of man, of his early history, of the teaching of astronomy and geology concerning long-past ages of the world, and of the contributions which the study of language has made to our knowledge of "prehistoric" times. The standpoint is that of a man who accepts the Christian faith and reverences the divine example which it holds up to the race, but who believes also that "it will give each of us, whose nature is made to trust, a larger trust in, and more loving thought of, Him to learn that our religion is one among many religions, and that nowhere is there an altogether godless race;" and that Christianity, "while beyond question the highest of all, takes a place not distinct from, but among all religions, past and present." As to the special contents of the volume, we cannot do better than adopt Mr. Clodd's summary, as given in his introductory address to the children:

"I think you will be interested in listening to a few curious stories in which men of old have striven to account for the universe, how it all began to be and what keeps it going. Some of these stories have only come to light during the last few years, and this through the patient labors of learned scholars, who have found them buried in the sacred writings of certain religions of the East. We will then see what our men of science have learned from the story-book of Nature about the earth's history in the ages long, long ago, when as yet no man lived upon it—when no children, with eyes laughter-filled, made nosegays of its flowers, and ran after the jewels which they were told lay sparkling where the rainbow touched the ground; but when God, ever working, never resting, since work and rest with Him are one, was fitting it to be the abode of life.

"Following the same sure guides into that dim old past, we will learn a little of the mighty changes which, wrought by fire and water, have given to the earth's face its rugged, ragged outline, and also a little about the strange creatures that lived and struggled and died ages before God's highest creature, man, was placed here. Then, after telling how the earliest races of men slowly covered large parts of the earth, the way will be clear for an account of the great parent-nation, whose many children have spread themselves over nearly the whole of Europe, over large portions of Asia, and, since its discovery by Columbus, of America. We will learn something about the life these forefathers lived while together in one home, the language they spake, the thoughts that filled their breasts, and how those thoughts live on among us and other peoples in many shapes, both weird and winsome. For I expect it will be news to some of you that the dear old tales which come nowadays bound in green-and-gold and full of fine pictures, such as 'Cinderella,' 'Snow-White and Rosy-Red,' 'Beauty and the Beast,' are older than any school-histories, and were told, of course in somewhat different form, by fathers and mothers to their children thousands of years ago in Asia, when Europe was covered with thick forests, amid which huge wild beasts wandered. . . .

"Lastly, though by no means the least, we

will open some of the sacred books of India, Persia, China, Arabia, and other lands, to see for ourselves what the wisest and best of the ancients have thought about this wondrous life and what is to come after it. For *thought* rules the world. It makes no noise, but lives on and reigns when all the bustling and the shouting that seemed to stifle it are hushed, and while the great works which it guided the hand of man to do have perished, or remain to tell of pomp and glory gone forever, it is with us in the words of wisdom that 'shall not pass away,' and to which we do well to give heed."

It is only fair, perhaps, to say that the book departs widely in its teachings from the orthodox standard; but its conclusions are founded on the sure rock of science, and it contains no word which will not deepen and strengthen that spirit of trust and reverence in which all true religion must find its root.

"THE FRENCH AT HOME," by Albert Rhodes (New York: Dodd & Mead), is a very slight, but lively and entertaining little book, shrewd and incisive in its judgments, but not too analytic, and written with a truly French vivacity of style. Mr. Rhodes's long residence in Paris, in connection with our consular and diplomatic service, has given him unusual opportunities of studying Frenchmen—or rather Parisians, for the Parisian forms a type quite distinct from the provincial population—in all their social phases, and he has evidently found instruction as well as amusement in the study. Like all foreigners, too, who have come to know the French intimately, he has learned to admire and respect—nay, almost to love them, in spite of their characteristic follies and weaknesses, which, nevertheless, he points out with much humor and a good deal of insight. One of the most curious of these follies, in view of the national contempt and traditional hatred of John Bull, is the recently-developed fashion among the Parisian *jeunesse dorée* of aping English manners, costume, and taste:

"The central point of interest," says Mr. Rhodes, "of the young men who make pretensions to elegance is the Jockey Club, where one of the requisites of membership is a certain income. Imitation of Englishmen is in vogue in this society, and it is an interesting spectacle to see one of these young men affecting his ways. In public he discards his nourishing and toothsome *bordeaux* for pale ale at dinner, and washes down his cold beef with decoctions of weak tea at breakfast. He has been educated to take tea only in case of sickness, and when he declares a preference for it the truth of his statement may reasonably be doubted. He cannot acquire the English language in spite of fits of assiduity in that direction, but learns a few words considered indispensable to every member of his circle. He pities him who says *club* (French sound of *u*), which he ostentatiously pronounces *kleub*. He may achieve beef, but in moments of forgetfulness he says *bif*. To shake hands is considered an English custom, and he frequently joins the word *shak-and* to the action. He is responsible for several ill-assorted marriages between English and French words, such as *boule-dog* and *black-bowler*, and is the author of such hideous hybrids as *dogue-car* and *monde-sportique*. On meeting an American or an Englishman, he makes a heavy draft on his

knowledge of the language, and turns off several words with expansion, becomes bankrupt, and goes into liquidation in his own tongue. . . . The young men set in Fashion's mould are generally garbed in the English cut, a trifle modified where the lines are hard—a natural result of their finer sense of art. They are an improvement in manner, if not in dress, on their neighbors across the Channel. In affecting English ways, which came in with the horse-race, they have, however, lost some of their good-breeding as compared with their seniors who are passing away. There is a suavity about the elders which they do not possess."

The politeness of Frenchmen, which seems to be a truly national trait, extending to the very lowest classes of society, Mr. Rhodes never tires of dwelling upon; and, unlike most foreign critics, he does not consider it mere affectation and formality, but as the outcome of pure good-nature and a genuine desire to please. Vanity, no doubt, has a good deal to do with it, but it is that harmless sort of vanity that comes from the consciousness of having made a pleasant impression upon others:

"In comparison with the rude covering with which the Briton clothes his acts, the pliant grace and kindly solicitude of the Gaul in presence of his fellow-men compel admiration. Yet, if one could read the heart of this Briton, it would, perhaps, be found that his sentiments of humanity are deeper than those of his neighbor. The rudest husk sometimes covers the sweetest kernel. When the Gaul performs a gallant act, he extracts all the honey that is to be gotten out of it. If he gives up his seat to a woman, he takes off his hat, and points to the vacant place as if he were surrendering an empire and inviting a queen to enthrone herself thereon. If he hoists her umbrella, it is as if he were spreading out the canopy of heaven over her head. If he picks up a fallen glove, he offers it to the owner as if he were placing his sword and honor at her disposal for the rest of his life. If he quits her at the foot of a stairway, he looks after her as a chamberlain of the court might do when her majesty mounts the throne. And in each instance the woman meets him half-way in grace and affability. All this makes him happy. The consciousness of having conducted himself as a chevalier without reproach, the probability of having produced an impression on the heart of her whom he has thus encountered, and the recollection of her enticing manner; bring ripples of pleasure across his mind whenever the scene recurs to him."

Those who desire an elaborate description or philosophical analysis of French character and society will hardly be satisfied with Mr. Rhodes's little book, which is no more than a series of sketches on three or four salient topics; but such readers as wish to get in a couple of hours' time a reasonably clear idea of Parisian habits, customs, manners, amusements, and modes of life in public and in private, will find it just to their liking.

The volume is tastefully gotten up in the popular "Saunterer" style, and contains about thirty woodcuts, large and small, which are fearfully and wonderfully bad—so bad that one can hardly help speculating on the reason for which they were put in, since scarcely one in five has any relevancy whatever to the text.

THE publishers have embraced the opportunity afforded by the preparation of a new edition of the work to issue Darwin's "Descent of Man" in popular shape.* The new edition is complete in one volume, contains all the matter of the original edition, and all the illustrations, and presents the results of the very careful revision which Mr. Darwin has bestowed upon the work during the four years that have elapsed since its first appearance. This revision covers a few corrections of considerable importance, and many minor ones, and introduces the most valuable of such new facts as have come under Mr. Darwin's notice or been brought to his attention since 1871. At various points weak or doubtful evidence has been replaced by more decisive; and, in addition to the changes in the text, new illustrations have been introduced, and some of the old drawings replaced by better ones.

The most important item of the supplemented matter is doubtless the note by Professor Huxley, "on the nature of the differences between the brains of man and the higher apes," which affords striking confirmatory evidence of the evolution theory; but the most interesting feature of the new edition is the preface, in which Darwin defines his position with greater precision than heretofore.

"I may take this opportunity," he says, "of remarking that my critics frequently assume that I attribute all changes of corporeal structure and mental power exclusively to the natural selection of such variations as are often called spontaneous; whereas, even in the first edition of the 'Origin of Species,' I distinctly stated that great weight must be attributed to the inherited effects of use and disuse, with respect both to the body and mind. I also attributed some amount of modification to the direct and prolonged action of changed conditions of life. Some allowance, too, must be made for occasional reversions of structure; nor must we forget what I have called 'correlated' growth, meaning thereby that various parts of the organization are in some unknown manner so connected that when one part varies, so do others; and if variations in the one are accumulated by selection, other parts will be modified. Again, it has been said by several critics, that when I found that many of the details of structure in man could not be explained through natural selection, I invented sexual selection; I gave, however, a tolerably clear sketch of this principle in the first edition of the 'Origin of Species,' and I there stated that it was applicable to man. This subject of sexual selection has been treated at full length in the present work, simply because an opportunity was here first afforded me. I have been struck with the likeness of many of the half-favorable criticisms on sexual selection, with those which appeared at first on natural selection; such as that it would explain some few details, but certainly was not applicable to the extent to which I have employed it. My conviction of the power of sexual selection remains unshaken; but it is probable, or almost certain, that several of my conclusions will hereafter be found erroneous; this can hardly fail to be the case in the first treatment of a subject. When

naturalists have become familiar with the idea of sexual selection, it will, as I believe, be much more largely accepted; and it has already been fully and favorably received by several capable judges."

THE publication of the "Hôtel du Petit St.-Jean," two or three years ago, brought its author general praise as a "promising writer," but it would be difficult to find in "Iseulte" (New York: Harper & Brothers) the fulfillment of any promise whatever. It is a thoroughly commonplace story, some of the worst faults of which come simply from a lack of painstaking on the part of the author, who seems to have thought that the war episodes (the scene of the story is laid in France) would compensate for all other deficiencies. These episodes, however, are painful and nothing more; and the public has lost its interest by this time in the kind of writing with which the "war-correspondents" have made us unpleasantly familiar. As to the characters, so called, there is no one of them who succeeds in awakening any real interest. Iseulte, who is introduced to us as "the orphan daughter of a scholar, the ward of an unscrupulous man of business, the abandoned wife of a fraudulent financier, the cousin of a *savant*, and the sister of a nun," turns out after all to be a very humdrum, inoffensive, and rather stupid sort of person, in whose "trials" it is hard to feel more than a perfunctory interest. Her sister is a mere phantom; and the male characters resemble actual men in the same way and to about the same degree that a tailor's dummy does. The style is a sort of patchwork of English and French, the English being further deformed by outlandish adjectives, and such hybrids as "predeceased."

"Iseulte," in short, is a story that is very far from creditable to an author who has shown that she can do better work.

MESSRS. HENRY HOLT & Co., the authorized American publishers of all Auerbach's works, have issued an entirely new translation, by Simon Adler Stern, of "On the Heights." A translation of this book was published several years ago in Boston, and had a great run; but it was so defective that Auerbach bought and destroyed the plates, and arranged for the present reissue. We have compared the two translations at various points, and find that Mr. Adler's is greatly superior, being more accurate, more graceful, and incomparably more clear. So much improved, indeed, is the story in its new form that it will be quite worth the while even of those who are already familiar with this masterpiece of modern German fiction to give it a new reading; they will get a new idea of its literary beauty and elaborate finish, if not of its power. The work is issued in tasteful library style, and also in the style of "The Leisure Hour Series," in which it makes two volumes.

THERE is considerable divergence of opinion among the London literary journalists as to the merits of Tennyson's "Queen Mary." The *Spectator* agrees with us in thinking that it is full of dramatic force and fire: "We will not say that it is Mr. Tennyson's best work, but it is among his best works. It is strong

from end to end, which could not be said of nearly all his earlier poems. It is so thoroughly dramatic that it might, with an adequate cast of actors, be produced with the highest effect on the stage. Almost all the characters who play a real part in the drama, however slightly touched, are clearly defined—*Philip*, whose disgust for the *Queen* is powerfully painted, but who remains otherwise something of a cold, cruel, and sensual shadow, being perhaps in some degree an exception." In conclusion, it says: "On the whole, we think we may say that this is a play which will compare with something more than advantage with Shakespeare's 'Henry VIII.' Of course, that is by no means the finest even of the historical plays of Shakespeare—and we only mention it because it, too, contains a study of the good and of the evil qualities of the Tudor character—but then no play of any modern poet's would be likely to rank with any of the greater plays of Shakespeare. Certainly we should be surprised to hear that any true critic would rate 'Queen Mary,' whether in dramatic force or in general power, below 'Henry VIII.,' and our own impression is that it is a decidedly finer work of dramatic art."

The *Athenæum*, on the other hand, regards the result as not such as to encourage Mr. Tennyson to further effort in the same direction. "It could not, indeed, be otherwise. No English poet is more essentially narrative or lyrical than the laureate. . . . Never is there that collision of interest, that feud of motive, which are indispensable in a true drama; nowhere is there a situation which is really dramatic, or which might not as well, or better, have been brought before the reader by narrative. . . . While, however, the verdict upon 'Queen Mary' as a drama is that it lacks all essentially dramatic quality, that it fails to stir or to rouse, it is none the less a work of serious effort and sustained purpose. It presents vividly before the reader the state of England during this reign of terror, and gives elaborate pictures of the principal actors in the great tragedy then being enacted. So much more valuable, indeed, is the play from this point of view than from the dramatic standpoint, that it is easier and more practicable to dwell upon the separate characters than upon the progressive action."

The *Academy* is disposed to agree with the *Athenæum* as to the dramatic deficiencies of the work: "A monotonous and continuous mental distress—the distress of jealousy, of lovelessness—is only broken for a moment by hope of child-bearing. The suffering finds no vent in action, unless the cutting of *Philip's* picture out of its frame be action; the pain is unrelieved by incident, unless the burning of Cranmer may be considered as a relief." It concedes, however, that "Queen Mary" is full of various interest and insight; it shows powers unguessed at, and as yet scarcely to be appreciated. This is too early a day to guess at its future place and rank in English poetry and among the works of Mr. Tennyson."

MR. G. W. SMALLEY, London correspondent of the *Tribune*, gives an interesting account of the circumstances under which it was decided to put Tennyson's "Queen Mary" on the stage. He says: "I believe the idea of bringing out his drama occurred first to Mr. Tennyson during a visit to the Lyceum. He was charmed, as well he might be, with the acting of Miss Isabel Bateman, and asked to see her. In conversation with Miss Isabel and her mother, he mentioned his forthcoming 'Queen Mary.' Presently Mr. Irving was sent

* The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex. By Charles Darwin, M. A. With Illustrations. New edition, revised and augmented. Complete in one volume. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

for, in whom, also, Mr. Tennyson became much interested, finding him converse in private with an intelligence not less remarkable than his acting showed in public. In the end, Mr. Tennyson proposed to send the MS. of his drama, when completed, to Mr. Irving for his opinion on its suitability for representation on the stage, asking Mr. Irving to suggest such omissions as he thought necessary, or other alterations. This was done, and it was done in a way creditable to both Mr. Irving and Mr. Tennyson. Mr. Irving is a conscientious as well as cultured artist, with a knowledge of dramatic literature not common on the stage or off it, and understands perfectly the practical requirements of the stage. Anybody could see that the length of the poem was far too great for actual performance. Mr. Tennyson was aware of it; possibly he was not aware how much would need to be cut out. Mr. Irving did his work thoroughly—so thoroughly that I hear the MS. was rather a spectacle when it came back into Mr. Tennyson's hands, who, nevertheless, took it all in good part, and accepted his revision as the basis of its dramatic representation. Then came consultations between Mrs. Bateman, now sole lessee and manager of the Lyceum, and Mr. Tennyson. Visits were paid to the poet at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight. The business arrangements were settled amicably, and on terms which secure a very liberal remuneration to the author if the play succeeds, while protecting the manager against loss should 'Queen Mary,' by possibility, fail to draw. Mrs. Bateman has become the owner of the exclusive right to perform Mr. Tennyson's drama during five years, both in England and America. She pays the author a fixed sum per night for each representation—nothing when not performed, nor any lump sum for the whole right secured."

M. AUGUSTE LAUGÉ has just published in Paris a collection of biographical essays, entitled "Grand Historical Figures." The subjects chosen to represent political philosophy are William of Orange, John of Barneveldt, Josiah Quincy, and Charles Sumner. . . . "Actes et Paroles; Avant l'Exile," is the title of Victor Hugo's new volume. A correspondent of the *Tribune* says of it: "Excepting an occasional editorial note, marking the causes and occasions of this or that speech, the only new matter of this new volume is an introduction entitled 'Le Droit et la Loi.' This piece, of only fifty pages, serving in some sort as preface to the eventful life of the author, and to the discourses of the orator, is notably characteristic of the writer and the man. It presents sample ends, so to speak, of his most generous sentiments, of his broad humanity, and his curiously-narrow Chauvinism; and with these a little biographical episode of his childhood, in which a beautiful scene of idyllic repose and the truest spirit of large charity are combined by the harmony of truth with Hugo's unique master-hand." . . . Auerbach has published a new volume of short stories which, it is said, excel in poetic fancy, originality, and hearty geniality any of his earlier compositions. . . . Mr. George Henry Lewes has in press a little book "On Actors and the Art of Acting," which will be sure to be read with interest. . . . Reviewing Ouida's "Signa," the *Saturday Review* says: "In every page—style, story, and detail—we seem to hear an echo of something we have heard before, and to see a copy of something we have seen before. Ouida, eccentric as she is, never seems original; embodying as she does many of the characteristics of the worst kind of

French literature, but incapable of its distinctive merits. What the French chronicler of vice paints with a few master-touches, Ouida stipple up with tiresome elaboration; and her attempts at mental analysis are generally failures. Her *forte* lies in description, which she overdoes, and in situation, which is sure to be vicious and unnatural, however strong. If her books were easy and pleasant reading, they would be extremely objectionable, but tediousness is a great, redeeming virtue." . . . The *Athenaeum* has discovered that one of the most popular, and often disastrous, forms of speculation in the United States is that of starting newspapers. . . . A French translation of Poe's "Raven," by Stéphane Mallarmé, with original illustrations by Edouard Manet, has just been published by Richard Lesclide in Paris, in folio form. The English verses are placed side by side with the translation, and the illustrations are said to be of a highly-fantastic character. . . . The *Athenaeum* thinks Mr. Frank Lee Benedict a "smart" writer, but does not like his last novel, "St. Simon's Niece." "An atmosphere of tobacco-smoke from cigarettes smoked by feminines," it says, "of champagne and absinthe, palls a little; and we think our author is rather too fond of sailing near the wind. Mr. Benedict's craving for touches of impropriety is probably incurable, and his style certainly does not show much promise. At the same time his book is not dull; we have burblings of bubble companies and railway-accidents, and comparatively few lurid sunsets and flashings of liquid eyes. If he could correct faults which we fear are incorrigible, he might yet write a tolerable novel." . . . Mrs. Arthur Arnold has nearly completed her translation of Castelar's "Life of Byron." . . . Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian Chancellor, who is a great proficient in French, is said to have been taught the language by a brother of the infamous Marat.

The Arts.

A RECENT writer on modern Household Art dwells on its abuses. A good many ignorant people, he tells us, suppose that the odd, the cheap, and the peculiar, are necessarily excellent, a supposition than which nothing could be more mistaken. To make common materials attractive requires a trained taste and a mature judgment, and, as the chaff and the grain ever recur to be divided in human experience, it is not every girl nor each amateur artist who may hope to secure good results in this range of subjects more than in any other.

The same writer, very sensibly, we think, condemns the indiscriminate use of cheap materials in the adornment of houses, and warns inexperienced young persons against pinning too much faith on the prescriptions for making charming apartments that are to be found in fashion-books and sensational newspapers. He tells us that deal-tables, covered with pink chintz and white cambric, though they may be attractive at the outset, soon become tawdry; and that the chromo, that looks bright and cheerful at the start, possesses fewer of the attributes for enduring charm than a plain black-and-white photograph of a fine picture or building.

This side of the subject, we think, should be seriously dwelt upon, and in this new fash-

ion everybody, from the artist to the ignorant school-boy, should take great care not to go further than he knows what he is about, and not "o'erstep the modesty of nature."

A recent collection of Oriental articles in New York, and a small exhibition of artistic articles in a neighboring city, each showing the marked distinction between the artistic goats and sheep, brought the remarks of the writer we have cited very vividly before us. In the pages of the *JOURNAL* we have often dwelt on the importance of not despising the "days of small things," and we have endeavored to show the charm of the simplest materials and designs when fittingly used. But ever and anon one's head comes hard against the wall, and the end of Household Art, like all other ends—

"Like the horizon bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as we follow, flies."

And this matter in unskillful hands fulfills Tennyson's lines, which tell us that—

"All experience is an arch, wherethrough gleams
that untraveled world
Whose margin fades forever and forever as we
move."

Little means in the hands of a true artist or a magician become immortally charming, as witness some slight accessory of a torn glove, a string of beads, or a bit of stuff in a great picture. A privileged few possess from the start a pure instinct for such things, which enables them to cull simples that are a delight to every one. Visitors to Tiffany's a few winters ago may recall some stray bits of summer-time that had been gathered and condensed in stray pieces of silk or crape, embroidered by the hand of an unknown artist. Folded away in little boxes on the shelf, to some individual here and there who had an inkling of their existence, these magic fabrics were unearthed. Of them we recall a section of a grape-vine, such a portion as a person might catch a glimpse of through one pane of a window, when the yellow sunlight shining through them should make luminous the outer leaves and the tendrils and the angular shape of the stems. In the cool, shady recesses of this grape-vine other leaves appeared gray-green and dusky against their bright neighbors, and, by suggesting a world of light outside, a background of yellow satin symbolized the very concentration of summer glow and warmth. Blue, gossamer-winged flies buzzed in the spaces between the leaves, and the fine threads of a spider-web caught the light.

Another of these fairy pictures, made with needle and thimble and floss, on a bit of dull-gray crape, that was the softer and more broken in its tender, vaporous haze, that it had been worn and faded by sun and weather, was a group of willow-buds on pinkish-yellow stalks. The swelling of the larger buds was just breaking their polished sheath, and those at the end of the stem, fine as a dart, showed the different stages of the development of this early growth of cloudy April days and damp meadows—this neighbor of running brooks, but lately ice-bound, and now bordered by a margin of faint-green grass.

One more of these pieces of embroidery was redolent of sweet-smelling arbutus, whose

pink flowers peeped forth from amid brown skeletons of leaves and the earthy mould filled with roots and scraps of moss. In yet a fourth, apple-blossoms, with birds alit among the leaves, shone bright against a deep-blue sky. Many others of these simple pictures furnished episodes of Nature, true and beautiful.

The works of this artist arose no one knew how, and have ceased or now come rarely. As we have before had occasion to remark, the Japanese artists work in a similar vein to these pictures, and uniformly, so far as we know, they keep a certain level of excellence, through the good training and positive ideas of the artisan. There has scarcely been a better opportunity of judging of their work and its artistic excellence than in the rich and varied collection of it recently sold at Leavitt's. One is sure, in this Oriental handiwork, of significant and thoughtful expression, be it in an enamel vase, with its colors the result of centuries of experiment, or in the shape of flowers, birds, and objects of Nature reduced, if not to their most pre-Raphaelite, at any rate to their most characteristic ultimates of expression. But by no means are these merits found in young American taste, striving vainly for Household Art in ignorant expression. We have referred to an exhibition in a sister city of various household articles, made by women mostly, and showing native design and ingenuity. There was a very good side to this display, and some needle-work that deserved to have been made in the ideal realms of King Arthur's court indicated the same taste and feeling and artistic conception as our summer pictures at Tiffany's. Then there was stained glass, and one rose-window in particular was formed of three cherubs' heads in different shades of flesh-color and of amber, with streaks in their little wings rich and subdued as forest leaves tinted in autumn, and with faces as soft as Carlo Dolci's angels. Unconventional in touch as charcoal drawings rubbed in with the fingers, this stained glass, in its original treatment by a young lady who was an art-student in painting and drawing, besides being charming as a bit of color had interest and originality of its own. Many other pieces of industry were here, kept within genuine artistic limitations, but beyond these were works that were a lesson and a caution in this department, as in all others, of the danger of going beyond one's depth.

Scattered among harmonious and pleasing decoration, were strange results of wasted time—purple grounds whose material had no meaning nor bearing on disjointed designs scattered confusedly upon them. Solidly-covered, striped bed-tick, simple and agreeable in itself, was worried up into a meaningless web by party-colored worsted wasted prodigally upon it. China that, left white, would at least have been negatively agreeable, became offensive by an ostentatious pedantry of industry. It is often remarked that, for women who have no taste in dress, black clothes are a positive blessing, and we know of many a blank canvas more valuable than its bedaubed mate. The limitations of art are inflexible, and, as a caution to persons who now threaten to overwhelm the world

with their ignorant, good intentions, we would warn them, for their own sake and for that of other people, not to go beyond their depth. As a matter of household taste, if you don't know what to do, do nothing. Almost any plain color is better than an ignorant mixture, and time can be better spent than in showing ignorance. Art resembles music, inasmuch as what is not surely right in it is surely wrong. Only a few people have the gift of genius like our artist of Tiffany's. And at present few Americans have the trained instinct of the Orientals.

Natural objects in the original or faithful copies are usually, perhaps always, safe; one color is so, or time will make it so, and plain forms are at least inoffensive. Further than this, one must know by science or instinct secondary and tertiary tints and their complements, and the theory and mystery of lines and of light and shade, before he can rightly attempt their use. But, outside of this solid basis, empirical experiments are almost sure to be wrong.

MANY readers will be surprised to learn that the humorous artist, John Leech, has only just been introduced to the French public. The *Gazette des Beaux Arts* for June has a paper upon him, in which the writer affirms that the name of John Leech, which has been almost a household word in English homes for the last quarter of a century, is scarcely known in France. Several fac-similes from the "Children of the Nobility" are given in illustration of his artistic powers, and a long quotation from Taine's "Notes on England," in which that eminent critic analyzes minutely the *Punch* illustrations, in which he finds reflected so many traits of English national character, is made to do duty instead of any original criticism on the part of the writer. . . . The Louvre has bought for twelve thousand francs the statue of the Virgin recently discovered at Touraine, which is said to be a fine specimen of French art of the sixteenth century. . . . "One of the most memorable and graceful acts of Señor Castelar, when in power at Madrid," says the *Athenæum*, "was to establish upon a permanent and liberal basis a fine-arts academy in Rome. Great interest was taken in its progress by the late Señor Fortuny and other Spanish artists working there. It is said that the students profit by the instruction supplied. Whether or not this academy has aided to produce the modern school of Spanish art, it is difficult to say; but the academy exists, and Spanish artists working in Rome produce pictures which realize high prices in Spain, England, and France." . . . A fine specimen of Jules Bréton is now on exhibition at Snedecor's Gallery, Fifth Avenue, New York. It represents a group of peasants in a rude tavern. There is also a showy and strong picture by Dubufe, the scene being a gleaner in the harvest-field, who has fallen asleep on a pile of wheat-sheaves. The strong, sober earnestness of Bréton is well contrasted with the brilliant glitter of Dubufe, whose gleaner looks like a lady masquerading in a park. . . . Church's "Valley of San Isabel" is still on exhibition at Kuedler's, where there are also some good specimens of French painters. French ladies dazzling in silks and laces show forth their splendor in a canvas by Bagniet, and in one by Boutibonne. . . . Millais seems to be getting it severely from the London critics. The *Saturday Review*, in its Academy article, says: "Mr. Millais again abuses his acknowl-

edged genius; his portraits are daring and dashing; they manifest what in trade is known as 'the economy of manufacture.' 'Miss Eveleen Tennant' is singularly opaque and plastered, while 'Eveline, Daughter of Evan Lees, Esq.,' appears unwashed, especially in the bare legs and feet; the eyes of the poor child, who is seated almost like a pauper by the wayside, have urgent need of an oculist. We are bound to say that, in an experience pretty widely extended over galleries ancient and modern, we have never seen a pair of eyes, not to speak of other features, so utterly careless in the drawing." . . . The same journal says: "Landscape-art has in recent years—consequent in great measure on the brilliant example of Turner—received a worldrous accession of light, and it may not be altogether fanciful to draw an analogy between this modern manifestation and a well-known development in architecture. In the first beginnings buildings were cavernous and shadowy, but with the advance in structural skill interiors exchanged the gloom of twilight for the sunshine of the day. Landscape-painting has passed through a like transformation. In Mr. Brett's 'Spires and Steeples of the Channel Islands,' the effort has been made to paint actual sunlight sparkling on a summer sky and sea. The effect is very lovely; and in such hazardous attempts we recognize in some measure the reversal of the long-recognized principle that the highest light casts the deepest shade. The supposed law applies to interiors, especially when illuminated artificially; but in the open air sunshine may be so superabundant as to bring reflected lights and colors into gray nooks and corners. This is especially the case in Italy and other southern climates. These exquisite phenomena are transcribed sensitively and sympathetically by artists who each year gain in ardor and in knowledge."

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

June 29, 1875.

THE weather has been of late the oddest for June that I have ever experienced. Cold, showery, and only not variable because it never clears up, there are great complaints being made against the Paris climate. The bright open-air existence which is so pleasant in Paris at this season of the year has been entirely quenched by the perpetual showers. The *cafés chantants* and open-air halls are deserted. *Per contra*, the theatres are doing a thriving business. People are delaying their departure to the country, and water-proofs and umbrellas are the height of fashion. The grass and trees in all the gardens, and parks, and avenues, are green as emeralds, with that fresh, rich verdure that is characteristic of English scenery. We hear, on the other hand, from London, that the weather there is lovely, with cloudless skies and balmy breezes. As for myself, I like this weather. It is fresh, bracing, and invigorating, and it is *not* warm; for which last boon Heaven be praised!

Quite an important *début* has taken place at the Grand Opera, and a successful one at that. It was that of a young Hungarian girl, a *Mademoiselle de Reszké*, who made her first appearance on any stage the other day in the rôle of *Ophelia* in the "Hamlet" of Ambroise Thomas. She is only eighteen, and has much to learn in the way of acting; but she possesses a noble soprano voice, powerful, sweet, and sonorous, and most thoroughly cultivated (she

was, I believe, one of the pupils of Madame Viardot), and she achieved a great success. She is a tall, handsome girl, with blue eyes and a profusion of lovely fair hair; but she possesses a little "tip-tilted" nose, of which the critics are inclined to make much fun. But, notwithstanding her nose, she is, I think, destined to become a prominent member of the troupe of the Grand Opera. As to the opera itself, "Hamlet" without Faure is "Hamlet" without *Hamlet*, though Lasalle, who replaces him, acquitted himself fairly well of his difficult task. The scenery, the chorus, and the ballet, were all beyond description magnificent. There was a touch of real poetic effect in the scene on the ramparts (called the Esplanade in the French libretto) where the ghost appears. The snow-capped turrets, the brilliantly-illuminated castle in the background, and a vast, sullen mass of buildings, with frowning towers and gloomy portals, at the right, rising dark against the moonlight, prepared the mind for some weird and supernatural event. Yet, strange to say, though the Esplanade was covered with snow, the next act showed a blooming and rich-foliaged garden, wherein *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* had a little talk. However, most things are strange in the "Hamlet" of the operatic boards. Once you admit the possibility of a wine-bibbing, drinking-sing-singing *Hamlet*, you will have but little difficulty in accepting the idea of a winter's night being followed by a summer's day. The last act, which has never been produced upon the American boards, is very wonderful to behold. The two grave-diggers enter, and, after imbibing much spiritual comfort from a pocket-flask, sing a doleful duet in a minor key, to which *Hamlet* listens with great edification. Then *Laertes* comes in, and he and *Hamlet* instanter fall to fighting a duel, which is interrupted by the arrival of the funeral-procession of *Ophelia*, a very beautiful and impressive pageant, by-the-way, including a band of young girls clad in white and crowned with white roses, and any number of guards, courtiers, etc. The body of *Ophelia*, in white robes and white-rose wreath, was borne on an open bier, only shrouded from view by a covering of white lace; the effect was beautiful, and would have been very impressive had not the living *Ophelia* possessed very fair hair and her supposed corpse very dark tresses. Then, in the midst of the funeral rites, up pops the ghost (a very substantial-looking spectre, by-the-way) from behind a bush, and *Hamlet*, being thus recalled to a sense of his duty, at once draws his sword and slays his uncle beside *Ophelia's* grave, afterward declaring solemnly that he means to live for the good of his people, or words to that effect. I regret very much that the authors of the libretto did not see fit to resuscitate *Ophelia* and marry the lovers at last, winding up the piece with their coronation as King and Queen of Denmark! There were some comical inaccuracies visible in the costumes. The dress adopted throughout was that of the reign of Henri IV., which did as well as that of any other period; but the ghost of the king was attired in Scandinavian armor with a winged helmet, and *Ophelia* in the play-scene fanned herself with a pointed nineteenth-century fan with gilt sticks. So much for the accuracy of the Grand Opera. The night that I was there a huge piece of plaster, detached from the mouldings of the ceiling by the heat of the extra gas-jets encircling the dome, fell with great violence into the amphitheatres (which correspond to the last twelve rows of the parquet-seats at home). It struck an old gentleman on the arm, and injured him

so severely that he nearly fainted with the pain, and had to be removed from the theatre. Had it fallen on his head it would doubtless have killed him instantly. A fresh appropriation of two million francs (four hundred thousand dollars) is asked for in order to finish the Opera-House, many parts of it, notably the refreshment-rooms, still remaining incomplete.

And now that I am on the subject of the Opera-House, let me ask you, O sapient JOURNAL! how many operas you imagine have been produced at this costly temple of art during these first six months of its existence? Five only—namely, "La Juive," "La Favorita," "Guillaume Tell," "Les Huguenots," and "Hamlet." In two weeks the Vienna Opera-House presented nine operas, and in six weeks the one in Berlin gave fifteen. Was it worth while to spend twelve million dollars on an opera-house merely that it might serve as a shrine for a staircase and a foyer, or as a conversation-hall for the French aristocracy?

Gossip from London on the subject of the Italian opera in that city informs me that Nilsson's voice has been greatly injured and worn, some say by her recent illness, and others by her exertions in singing in "Lohengrin," the noisy instrumentation of Wagner being fatal to the voice. She is also (alas for the inasthetic rumor!) reported to be getting very stout. "She is nearly as large as was Parepa-Rosa," quoth my informant. O fair and angelic Christine! is it to this complexion thou hast come at last? Patti still reigns unquestioned queen of the operatic boards, untiring and adored, with powers and voice that mature with wear and time, and are not in the least impaired.

As an instance of her vigor and energy, I am told that, a few weeks ago, during the preparation of the revival of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," she, one evening at the close of the evening's performance, turned to the manager and said to him:

"We are all here; let us have a rehearsal of 'Romeo and Juliet' at once."

"But, madame," remonstrated the astonished manager, "you have just got through a long opera, and it is one o'clock in the morning—are you not tired?"

"Tired!" quoth the indefatigable little Queen of Song, "I am *never* tired!"

However, the suggestion of the energetic prima donna was not adopted. Patti now receives the highest prices ever paid in London to a prima donna, namely, one thousand dollars per night in gold for each performance at the opera, and two hundred and fifty for every song she sings at a concert, with one hundred and fifty for each *encore*. In one day she made seventeen hundred dollars. I hear that Madame Titiens is positively engaged for an operatic and concert tour for next season in the United States. I do not think that the engagement will be a successful one, great artist as the lady is, for she is growing old, is not at all prepossessing in appearance, and her voice is much worn. Miss Abbott's *début* in London has been postponed till next season. The rumor that I before mentioned, namely, that she had studied the opera of "La Fille du Régiment," in which she was to have appeared, from the original score and not as it is now performed on the Italian boards, was correct, so that when she came to rehearse the opera it was found that she would have to relearn it entirely before attempting to sing it in London. So, on the night appointed for her *début*, Mademoiselle Marimon took her place. Miss Blanche Tucker has signed an engagement for five years with Mr. Gye, but is to study for another year in Italy before ap-

pearing in opera. Mrs. Knox (Miss Florence Rice that was) is positively to make her *début* next season at the Grand Opera in Paris, either as *Leonora* in "La Favorita," or as *Selika* in "L'Africaine." Miss Montague, who is reported to be the most promising of the young embryo *prime donnas* of the present day, is said to be engaged to sing in English opera with Miss Kellogg next season.

There has just been brought out a new style of jewelry, which is very lovely and very effective. It is carved out of the pink shell from which those pink cameos were cut that used to be the delight of our mothers and grandmothers. Set in a rim of dingy gold, their appearance used to be more suggestive of scented soap than of any thing very artistic or precious. But the skill of the carver, joined to the exquisite tints of the material, has resulted in ornaments of the greatest beauty. The styles are precisely those adopted for coral jewelry, namely, sprays of flowers and leaves, groups of birds and flowers in high relief, etc. A necklace of sea-shells was very beautifully carved, as were also bracelets of roses, composed of rows of the flower, linked together with a fine gold chain, without buds or foliage. Sprays and coronets of flowers and leaves for the hair were shown, as well as sets of every size and style. Nothing can possibly be imagined more beautiful than the coloring of this new jewelry, shading from the most vivid yet delicate rose-color to purest white, exquisite in tint as the edges of the petals of a rose or the sun-flushed snow of an Alpine peak rising against a summer sunset. Pink coral has a yellowish tinge, but this new material might be composed of petrified rose-leaves for purity and delicacy of hue. Imagine a radiant blonde, attired in palest blue, and with a *parure* of these new ornaments—the effect would be delicious! Unfortunately, the fine workmanship and the beauty of the material make this new jewelry almost as costly as coral. It was in the show-rooms of Tiffany & Co., on the Rue Châteaudun that I saw this charming novelty, so that it will speedily be introduced to New York.

Laferrière, in the last published division of his memoirs, gives an anecdote of Châteaubriand, which was related to him by the Viscount d'Arincourt, and which places the author of "Atala" in no very favorable light. To thoroughly understand the story, it must be stated that the cherished vision of Madame Récamier in her later days was to be called, even in her dying hour, Madame de Châteaubriand. In 1846, the Viscount d'Arincourt met Châteaubriand and Madame Récamier in Rome. They were traveling together, the recent death of Madame de Châteaubriand having left the illustrious widower perfect liberty of action, and the great age, both of himself and his celebrated friend, being a thorough protection against scandal. All the prestige which had once surrounded Madame Récamier had long since faded, her marvelous beauty had completely vanished, and she was almost blind. M. d'Arincourt went to pay them a visit. He says:

"I found Madame Récamier motionless in her arm-chair, and following with her clouded gaze the voice of Châteaubriand, she was listening to him, poor woman, she who cradled in adulation had listened so little to her flatterers.

"My dear d'Arincourt," said Châteaubriand to me, breaking as he spoke the pen which he held in his hand against the marble mantel-piece, 'I am weary! I am disabused about what men call genius, and henceforth I shall never write another line.'

"I protested warmly against such a determination.

"Oh, can a poet thus profane his own renown!" cried Madame Récamier, in a troubled voice; "I implore you, d'Arlincourt, tell M. de Châteaubriand that he has no right to break his pen, and that his glory will but increase with every fresh line that he writes."

"Châteaubriand stopped before Madame Récamier, shrugged his shoulders, and then began to pace the floor, saying, in a tone of whose cruel hardness the most vitriolized pen could convey but a faint idea:

"Do not listen to her, d'Arlincourt—'tis but an old woman's dotings!"

"Madame Récamier turned livid; she bowed her head, crushed by this insult, which was the first she had ever received, the most cutting that could have smitten her, for in that moment she was forced to bid adieu to all hope of ever becoming Madame de Châteaubriand."

Barye, the celebrated sculptor and designer in bronze, died the other day, at the age of seventy-nine. Carpeaux is very ill, having been smitten with paralysis of the lower limbs, and he will probably not long survive the attack.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND'S "Log-Book of a Fisherman and Zoologist" will be the delight of many a student of natural history. Mr. Buckland ever writes in a lively vein: he discourses to you of scientific matters in the most pleasant way. One of the editors of *Land and Water*, and an inspector of salmon-fisheries (his father, the late Dean of Westminster, was the author of a "Bridgewater Treatise"), he goes to and fro with his eyes and ears open to their widest, and whatever he sees or hears that is strange or peculiar in the animal world at once makes a note of. And these "notes," by-the-way, are mostly jotted down in railway-trains. Mr. Buckland's duties as inspector necessitate frequent and long journeys; as he is being whirled along by the "iron-horse" he writes his articles. Most of the papers which go to make up the present volume—in size, a goodly one—first appeared in the paper he helps to edit. Very amusing some of them are. Among these papers is one descriptive of a dinner of American game given at that fashionable English hostelry, the Langham Hotel, by your countryman, Mr. Morton C. Fisher. This dinner took place in 1871, and on the occasion our author sat next to Mr. Leland, who, says he, "gave me much information about the various dishes put before us"—dishes fit for a king. There was terrapin-soup, which Mr. Buckland thought was "exceedingly good," and wonders it has not been introduced into England; there was buffalo, which was "exceedingly tender," more so than any rump-steak he ever tasted; there was wild-turkey, "more tender," in our epicure's opinion, "than the English turkey;" there were sweet-potatoes, "literally what their name professes;" there was cranberry-sauce, which "has a nice, sharp semi-acid about it which goes well with turkey, and would probably be found a great adjunct to roast-pheasant;" there was—but it would be easier to tell what there was not than what there was. Suffice it to say that Mr. Buckland was highly delighted with his repast, and not less so with the cigarettes that were provided during one of the intervals. Regarding this dinner custom of yours, Mr. Buckland remarks: "If cigarettes were introduced at an early period of English public dinners, I feel certain that

the host would keep his guests together much longer than at present, and that the speeches would be much more eloquent. Medicinally speaking, I feel convinced that there is no greater adjunct to digestion, and no greater prompter of good-fellowship than a whiff of tobacco." Coming, as these words do, from one who, in his younger days, had a great deal of experience as a medical man, his utterances have weight. The other papers in Mr. Buckland's "Log-Book" are very various. Here is an article on "The Emus and Kangaroos at Blenheim Palace;" there one on "Singing-Mice;" here, again, is another on "The Woodpecker and the Bittern;" yet a fourth on "Habits of the Fur-Seal;" and a fifth on our author's own monkeys, whose ways were certainly "peculiar." A most curious contribution is that on "Sir Edwin Landseer's Favorite Red Spot," in which Mr. Buckland shows that nearly all that great painter's pictures have a bit of red introduced into them for the sake of effect. Doesn't Turner enliven up one of his dullest sea-pieces with a vermilion berry?

Our critics—"reviewers" I always prefer to call them, for there are but few real critics now—are waxing most enthusiastic over Mr. Tennyson's just-published drama, "Queen Mary." The "leading journal" hints that it is the greatest piece of its kind since the time of Shakespeare; the "leading journal" also says that one of the finest passages in the volume is the following, as, by-the-way, does also the *Daily News*:

"He hath awaked! he hath awaked!
He betwixt within the darkness;
O Philip, husband! now thy love to mine
Will cling more close, and those bleak manners
thaw
That make me shamed and tongue-tied in my
love.
The second Prince of Peace—
The great unborn defender of the Faith,
Who will avenge me of mine enemies—
He comes and my star rises.
The stormy Wyatts and Northumberlands,
The proud ambitions of Elizabeth,
And all her fiercest partisans—are pale
Before my star!
The light of this new learning wanes and dies;
The ghosts of Luther and Zuñgulus fade
Into the deathless hell which is their doom
Before my star!
His sceptre shall go forth from Ind to Ind!
His sword shall hew the heretic peoples down;
His faith shall clothe the world that will be his
Like universal air and sunshine! Open,
Ye everlasting gates! The king is here!
My star, my son!"

The unfortunate *Queen* declaims, I need hardly say, these lines herself, what time she is under the impression that her cold husband is softening toward her, and that, after all, she is likely to become the mother of a race of Roman Catholic kings. I am certain, however, if I were to look very carefully, I could find a grander passage than that. Fine though it undoubtedly is, surely it is not natural. What a power of language is there! A too powerful flow, it seems to me. The various characters are over-apt to "talk like books." Still, as a whole, "Queen Mary" is a notable work. It has humor as well as pathos—a fact that will be a matter of wonder to none of Mr. Tennyson's admirers now, though it would have been quite a surprise before the publication of his "Northern Farmer."

"Queen Mary" reminds me of Mr. Irving. I will tell you why. A few days ago the two hundredth performance (mark that, ye sneerers at the legitimate drama!) of "Hamlet" took place at the Lyceum, on which memorable occasion, as in duty bound, the young tragedian

made a speech to the brilliant audience assembled. In this speech he referred modestly to his great success, dwelt lovingly on the death of his benefactor—for a benefactor he was—Mr. Bateman, and then proceeded to make two announcements. One of these was that Miss "Leah" Bateman is about to join her mother's company; the other was—and here's the point—that Mr. Tennyson's "Queen Mary" will be played at the Lyceum next season, with Miss Bateman as the *Queen*, and himself, perhaps—though this is not quite settled—as *Philip*. Before "Queen Mary," however, "Macbeth" will be played. Some wit, hailing from ayont the Tweed, has said that when Mr. Irving appears as the Scottish king he will be "kilt" entirely. But you mustn't believe it, though the fact remains that Mr. Irving's legs are undoubtedly slim.

Mr. Buckstone has also, I may as well tell you here, been addressing a theatrical audience. He has just taken his annual benefit at the "little house"—Mr. Buckstone himself always calls it lovingly the little house—in the Haymarket, when he of course spoke his usual "few words." As usual, too, these "few words" were well ordered; they are ever worth listening to, even apart from the unctuous way in which they are delivered. Henceforth, the venerable comedian told his listeners—and they crowded the house—that Mr. Southern will administer the theatre in his stead both "before and behind the curtain," he himself, however, still figuring as an actor and the lessee. Further, he intimated that Mr. J. C. Clarke, regarding whose artistic merits I am glad to see you and I, Mr. Editor, are at one, is engaged for next season, as is also Mr. H. J. Byron, who will play the hero in a new piece of his own.

Rossini's "Semiramide" has been the great attraction at both our opera-houses during the last few days. A notable fact this, seeing that when the piece was first produced in Venice, fifty years ago, it was a complete failure. It was Méry, the poet, was it not, who used to button-hole his friend Rossini and say to him, "Now, my dear *mastro*, sit down and let me tell you—I am sure you don't know it—what your genius has conceived and executed in the music of 'Semiramide!'" How French! Yet Méry himself could hardly have foreseen how popular the opera would become.

In a recent letter, I told you that Mr. Black and Mr. Blackmore were running, as it were, a race together. The race continues. "Three Feathers" and "Alice Lorraine" are now both in their fifth edition. Issued as they are by the one publisher, and advertised as they invariably are together, novel-readers are beginning to look upon them as companion-works. So much the better for Mr. Blackmore, whose stories have hitherto had a very limited sale, and this notwithstanding that all of them are characteristic and full of color.

WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE SAND-BLAST.

SECOND PAPER.

HAVING in our former paper directed special attention to the improved forms of sand-blast machines, we would now briefly refer to the character of the work accomplished by them, and its relative value as compared with that attained by the old and slower processes. Second only to the in-

genuity displayed in the construction of these machines are the zeal and enterprise which in so brief a period have brought the work up to so high a standard of excellence that it shall successfully compete with that accomplished by the long-established and perfected methods.

Before describing the special processes by which glass plates and globes may be ground and engraved, we would refer to several other departments of labor where the blast is made to render efficient service. Among these may be mentioned the cleaning of metal castings and sheet-metal; the graining of zinc plates for lithographic purposes; the frosting of silver-ware; the cutting of figures on stone and glass for jewelry; and the cutting of letters and devices on monuments, tombstones, etc. As a practical example of what is now being actually accomplished under this latter head, we are informed by Mr. Blake that a contractor is now filling a large contract for marble head-stones designed for the several government cemeteries. In this work, which is being conducted at Rutland, Vermont, three machines are used. These are tended by one man, who employs a dozen boys to sort out and attach the cast-iron letters, which act as stencils, to the smooth slabs. By this method there may be turned out handsomely-cut inscriptions, averaging eighteen raised letters, at the astounding rate of three hundred stones a day. It thus appears that, though young in years, the sand-blast is an accomplished and demonstrable success. Although in this and several other departments great progress has been made, the signal and most marked achievement, as has already been stated, is in the several departments of glass-cutting and engraving. The work under this head may be divided into two classes—that of flat glass and of curved surfaces. The former includes all plain ground or ornamental plates for doors, offices, window-screens, etc., while the main work in curved

At present the best work on flat plates is done at the New York factory, 81 Centre Street, where may be seen in operation the large machine illustrated in our last number. The spherical or globe work is done mainly at the Boston branch, 93 Federal Street. The illustrations here given are taken from photographs of actual work, and as such justly represent this work, both in design and finish.

In these illustrations, both of the plates and globes, the dark portions represent the ground or depolished surfaces, the light portions being untouched or transparent.

We will now enter the room where this work is done, and follow the glass plate through the several processes by which it is first prepared and then cut. Having been laid down on a low, flat table, the plate is covered over its whole surface with a thin layer of tin-foil. Upon this bright metallic surface the artist sketches lightly any desired design such as here indicated. The lines of this sketch are made with a pencil, and thus appear black. The plate with its coating of tin is then removed, and placed over a gently-heated surface, where it receives over its entire face a thin layer of melted wax. This latter is sufficiently transparent to permit of the lines of the sketch being seen beneath it. When the wax has hardened, a third artisan, by the aid of a sharp knife, cuts down through the wax and zinc along the lines indicated. This being accomplished, the zinc, with its coating of wax, is pulled off from that portion which it is desired to grind or depolish, leaving the rest covered. It is now only needed to place the plate with its stencil surface up on the bands or carriers of the machine, and the whole rapidly passes under the sand, and the work is finished—that is, the exposed portions are ground, while those parts covered with the zinc sheet and its wax coating are still untouched. This, in brief, is the general method at present in use for accomplishing such work as that of the

letters and designs are printed on thin paper, and the whole sheet thus prepared placed on the glass plate. The force of the blast tears away the unprotected paper, while that

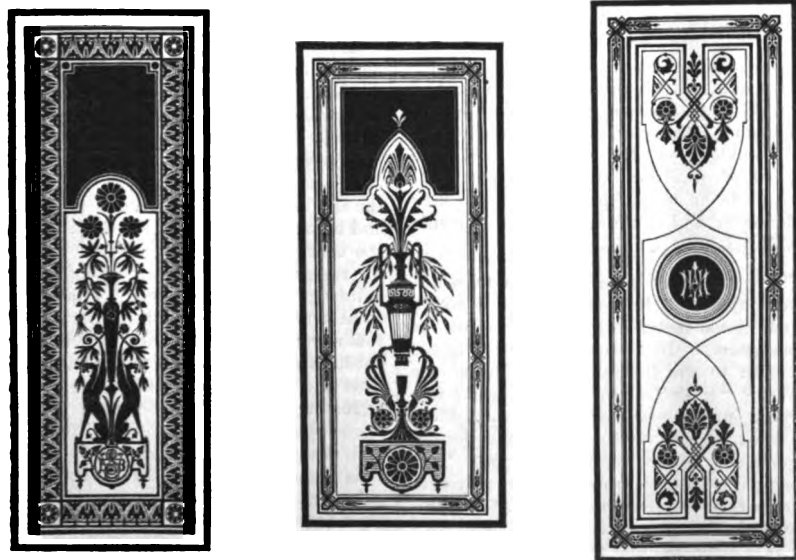


portion which has received the rubber ink is untouched, and thus the surface beneath it is unground. It may be seen how by this method work may be rapidly duplicated.

The task of ornamenting globes is one requiring a more complicated mechanical device, though the general methods are the same. After the pattern has been put on the globe, it is placed on a revolving spindle attached to a frame which brings every part of it over the blast—this blast being of the general character illustrated in the smaller of the figures given last week. The globe is thus engraved in less than a minute. By this method it is estimated that three gross of globes may be ornamented a day. The process of ornamenting tumblers, etc., is of this same general character.

Though these illustrations, prepared with special attention to truth, in no way exaggerate the beauty of this work, yet the delicacy of the effects here produced has been greatly exceeded. The department best illustrating the delicacy with which the sand may be made to do its work, is that of copying engravings or even photographs. From an authority before quoted; we learn that photographic negatives in bichromated gelatine from delicate line engravings have been thus faithfully copied on glass. In photographic copies in gelatine, taken from Nature, the lights and shadows produce films of gelatine of different degrees of thickness. A carefully-regulated sand-blast will act upon the glass beneath these films more or less powerfully in proportion to the thickness of the film, and the half-tones or gradations of light and shade are thus produced on the glass.

If we apply the sand-blast to a cake of brittle pitch or resin, on which a picture has been produced by photography in gelatine, or drawn by hand in oil or gum, the bare surface of the material may be cut away to any desired depth. The lines left in relief will be well supported, their base being



surfaces is illustrated in the ornamentation of globes and shades. To these may be added the engraving of tumblers, decanters, and all kinds of table furniture, vases, etc.

plates here shown. We learn, however, that new methods are being constantly adopted. Among these might be mentioned the use of a pliable rubber paint, by the aid of which

broad than their top, there being no undercutting, as is apt to occur in etching on metal with acid. An electrotype from this matrix can be printed from in an ordinary press.

It thus appears that the sand-blast even enters the field of art-labor, and promises to prove an efficient ally of both engraver and artisan.

We might dwell at great length, and without undue zeal, upon the possible future of the American sand-blast process. Enough has been written, however, to justify the choice of this subject as a theme for special notice, and if we have omitted to direct attention to any important achievements it has been rather from an over-supply than from a lack of material. Being in no sympathy either with the sentiment or truth of the idea that labor-saving devices injure the prospects of the laborer, we hail with satisfaction the advent of the sand-blast as marking an advance in all of the several branches of skilled labor where its services may be available.

THE character of the accident which occurred on a Long Island railway on the Fourth of July last, was such as naturally to add increased interest to all methods by which the approach of trains toward each other, or to stations, may be automatically announced. The fact that in the case here noticed it was understood that a certain allowance was to be made for difference in the watches of the conductors, proves that no simple reliance on "time-tables" can be regarded as safe. Already the electric system of signals has been adopted on certain of our roads, though it is evident that there is yet room for improvement in the method now in use. Among these recent improvements is that proposed by Sir David Salomons, a working model of which was exhibited at the rooms of the Society of Arts. From a report of these proceedings, as given in the journal of the society, we obtain the following description of the purpose of the invention and the method of its adaptation to so-called "block-signaling." "The object of the invention is to enable trains in motion on a line to communicate with stations, and to be warned of the presence of trains before or behind them. For this purpose a slight insulated rail is laid down between the ordinary rails, and on this a wheel, carried by the engine, runs so as to keep up electrical communication between the rail and a machine or battery on the engine. The line being divided into short lengths, the engine-driver is thus enabled to receive information at once of the presence of a second train on the same length, and apparatus may also be arranged by which the steam can be automatically cut off and the breaks applied. The lengths are arranged so as to 'overlap' for some distance, and thus enable the train, when near the end of one length, to communicate at once with the lengths in front and that behind, and for this purpose there are two wheels on the engine which are brought into action alternately. For sidings there are special arrangements by which the battery can be thrown out of contact to admit a train; at other times they are protected by a similar arrangement to that above described."

THE question of the extinction of fires in ships is regarded as one of so great importance that the Society of Arts has offered the Fothergill gold medal to any successful competitor in this field. Communications, illustrated if

need be by models or drawings, must be sent to the society in London not later than the 31st of December next. In our science column of last week we described the proposed plan of Lieutenant Barber for accomplishing the extinction of fires below-decks by the release of carbonic-acid gas; this was to be retained under pressure in a liquefied state till occasion called for its use, when it would be set free by the opening of suitable cocks and valves. The *Illustrated London News* of June 12th gives an illustrated description of certain experiments made with the pyroleter, an apparatus designed for the same purpose. As in the plan of Lieutenant Barber's, the extinguishing agent is also carbonic-acid gas, but the method of its application is different and apparently more complex. This apparatus is described as of such a size and dimensions as to allow of its being quickly worked and easily moved from place to place. Its action is simple, and may be readily comprehended. One small pump draws a chemical mixture from a tub or bucket, while a second pump draws another mixture from a similar vessel. Both mixtures meet in a generator, or mixing-chamber, and instantaneously pass into a separator, whence the dry gas passes through suitable piping to the hold or compartment where the fire has arisen. When a moderate-sized pyroleter is worked at an ordinary speed, thirteen hundred and twenty-six cubic feet of air will be so charged with the gas in one minute that it will not support combustion, and this stream may be kept up for any length of time by supplying the material, which is conveniently packed in small bulk, and is not costly. It is estimated that every minute the instrument will give off what fills a space equal to thirty-two tons measurement; so that, making allowance for the space occupied by cargo, which may be taken at one-half, a vessel of twelve hundred and eighty tons would be filled in twenty minutes, and the fire completely extinguished. During this process the cargo need not be disturbed, nor the hatches removed. The experiments above alluded to are said to have been successful.

CERTAIN interesting observations have recently been conducted with a view to determine the influence of season on the skin of fetal animals. It was determined that calves born in winter have a longer and thicker coat of hair than those born in summer; and even when the hair is removed there is still a difference of more than a pound in the weight of their skin. The same proves true of goats and lambs. Moreover, this difference cannot be dependent on diet or other incidental changes of condition, since the experiments were made on the offspring of animals kept under cover, and on the same food all the year round.

THE constantly-increasing uses to which paper may be put have stimulated the search for additional materials from which it may be manufactured. In a recent note we directed attention to the possible utilization of the waste or "trash" of the sugar-cane for this purpose, and we now learn that the alfa-fibre, the most important vegetable production of Algeria, may be used for a like purpose. This vegetable is said to grow spontaneously over vast tracts of country where cultivation is impossible. Ten million acres are covered with it. It is estimated that from this source alone a supply of paper-making material could be obtained equal to three-fourths of all the rags sold annually throughout the world.

THE Norwegian Government has entered the field as the patron of scientific research,

having voted the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars for deep-sea explorations. The waters to be explored are those lying between Iceland, Spitzbergen, the Faroe Islands, and Jan Mayen Island. The method of these operations will be similar to that adopted by the Challenger. It is also announced that this latter vessel will complete her work within the year, and is expected home by April next. In the mean time her former captain will have entered upon the new perils of the north. No news has yet been received from Captain Nares and the Alert and Discovery.

WE learn from *Nature* that for several months past a firm of engineers have been experimenting, privately at the Crystal Palace, with an aerial steamer of a promising and novel character. Though weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, the propelling agent is a two and one half horse-power steam-engine, which, with water and fuel, weighs eighty pounds.

REPORTS from the Manchester Aquarium justify all our anticipations regarding the zeal and ability of its director, W. Saville Kent. In addition to several examples of wolf- or cat-fish, and three of the monk- or angel-fish, there has lately been placed in one of the great tanks of this aquarium a sturgeon eight feet in length.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

AN article in the *Contemporary Review*, on Corot, gives an admirable analysis of the great painter's characteristics. We quote a passage or two:

At sight of a picture by Corot, the dominion of the clouds is the first thing noticeable. He himself, it is said, began each picture with the painting of the sky; and it is certain that from this point the spectator is compelled to begin his survey. To the sky and its influence all common facts of landscape are made subject. If there is a pool of water, its first function is to image the fleeting forms and uncertain colors of the heavens. The grass at our feet loses its hues of vivid green, and becomes pale to whiteness in obedience to the fleecy clouds that whiten the sky. The forms of trees and the outlines of distant hills are held imprisoned in a mystery of delicate light and floating mist, and even the remote blue of the sky beyond the clouds loses its intensity, and becomes faint and pale as it passes under the control of "mes huages gris." And having recognized this constant aspect of Corot's painting, we are left to seek its motive. Of what service to the painter are these forms that advance and recede, now penetrating the substantial air so far as to become half-distinct and tangible shapes of Nature, and again retreating till they are no more than mere vague symbols in a world of shifting lights and shadows? For what purpose does he thus summon these shapes into momentary existence, leaving all else concealed? and of what beauty are the songs of which these are the few stray notes? . . .

Although the French landscape-painters acknowledge the power of Constable's work, and even admit its guidance, the distinction between men like Constable and Corot is important. The art of the English painter, though it employs all the moods of Nature,

employs them in a way that is essentially dramatic. We do not receive from any of his pictures the impression of a distinct, personal sentiment in the mind of the painter. All the powers of the air are admitted to set the landscape in motion, but the artist's observation is still fresh and unprejudiced in its sympathy, and the particular moment chosen for artistic expression is like a moment chosen from a drama where the passion, though strong and energetic, is not the passion of the author. Every picture from his hand records some sudden concord in the things of outward Nature—some moment when bright blue sky and drifting cloud, the hues of running water and the restless branches of blown trees, meet to register a phase of fleeting beauty. And as a result of this impartial selection from the moods of landscape, the first and most impressive quality of Constable's work is the fidelity of the portraiture. True to a land where fair and foul weather come in rapid succession, his landscape is neither over-bright nor over-gloomy. If we carry away from his pictures the remembrance of heavy clouds and advancing shadows, we may also recall the sharp green of leaves dancing in sunshine, and spaces of sky of bright and laughing blue. The brightness is no longer the brightness of the earlier painters because it belongs to a single moment and is not of the enduring character of the scene. And in this truth of the moment, in the impression of movement and progress, as of drama, lies the strength of Constable's art. The facts of scenery merely as such are neglected or suppressed. No one would seek from the painter of the "Cornfield" or the "Leaping Horse" an exact imitation of separate flowers, or a precise outline of the leaves that seem to rustle in each passing breeze. It is no longer the scene itself, but the appearance of the scene as it yields to passing influences of weather, that the painter strives to interpret; and it is his perception of the appropriate color of each changing aspect, whether of gloom or gladness, that gives to his work its unapproached merit.

But the later school of landscape, as represented with so much fascination by Corot, goes further than this. To understand the distinctive quality of his work, we must recall his own phrase: "*Je ne suis qu'une alouette; je pousse de petites chansons dans mes nuages gris.*" The art is no longer dramatic, it is no longer registers with impartiality the changing moods of weather, taking the grave and the gay as they alternate in the actual world. If these men were poets instead of painters, we should denote the distinction by saying that it was an exchange of the dramatic for the lyrical faculty; and even in painting these words will serve for a symbol of what we mean. Using this symbol, then, as Corot himself used it, the fitness of his own description of his art becomes very evident. His pictures are in reality songs sent forth from the gray clouds that overspread the world of his art. For, to turn to the first appearance of Corot's pictures, what is it that most distinguishes them? As compared with Constable's painting there is everywhere a failure of local color. The harmony of color, not less perfect, is reduced to narrower dimensions; the separate incidents of each scene, grass and flowers, trees, and the sky itself, sacrifice more of their individual character, and take a tone more uniform, and even personal. As compared with early representations of landscape, these pictures may be roughly said to have the qualities that belong also to Constable; there is in both the record of weather

as a principal agent in controlling the appearance of the scene, and in both the consequent neglect of precise form and minute details of color. But in comparison with Constable himself, new features are revealed in Corot's art. We detect at once the source and the expression of the French painter's originality, we recognize the freshness and distinction of his attitude toward Nature. Still keeping to the criticism of his technical method, it may be observed how marked is the increased importance given to the use of tone. At the first sight, Corot's works scarcely suggest the presence of color; all tints are so far subdued that we recognize scarcely more than their agreement on some neutral ground of gray. On the side of form a similar tendency is manifest. Constable's drawing of a tree is precision itself, compared with what serves for drawing in Corot; his definition of a scene is full and exact by the side of the French painter's timid and tremulous outlines, that lose themselves in a pale, uncertain sky. And when these appearances in Corot's painting are taken in connection with the effect they are intended to produce, it is seen at once that they are deliberately given, and are not the results of carelessness or imperfect resource. Outward Nature to him is a means of expressing himself. Constable perceived and interpreted the drama of wind and clouds, of sun and shadow. But to Corot these changing aspects of the earth are serviceable only as interpreters of different phases of personal emotion. The artist employs the moods of Nature as a musician employs the notes of music, and invests the facts of scenery with particular sentiments, charging them with the color of his own thoughts. It is because this purpose is the controlling element in his art that his pictures of scenery, merely as pictures, are permitted to be imperfect. From a single scene he selects only a few of the features important to his design—the rest are left half-concealed or wholly hidden. And with this desire to select a few things out of many, to summon here and there as he wills the shapes and colors of the earth, the presence of atmosphere, and the constant control of mist and cloud, are valuable assistants. Behind these clouds the landscape rests under the dominion of the painter. What he needs for the thought he would express may be brought into view—all else may be suppressed without loss of natural truth; for the changes of atmosphere afford all degrees of distinctness, and the painter familiar with all may choose what he will.

Blackwood, in its review of the Royal Academy pictures, dashes in its own vigorous fashion at the painter Millais, who, it declares, was twenty years ago the rebellious yet beloved hope and favorite of the Academy:

What has come to the daring and splendid youth which once took us by storm, all prejudices and articles of faith notwithstanding? Mr. Millais has resigned himself to Mammon, or, what is the same thing in his case, to portrait-painting; yes, to portrait-painting, notwithstanding the fact that the first picture bearing his name which meets our eye is a so-called landscape. Just as he painted a little girl without shoes, and a little girl with them, in another room—and a young lady with a hat over her eyes, and a young lady without any hat at all, in a third—so he has painted the portrait of a bit of undulating hill-side, "somewhere in the neighborhood of Dun-

keld," say the newspapers. We have not the slightest doubt that it is very like, and that the summer day blazed just so over the rising ground, and upon the clumps of heather and red trunks of the fir-trees. It is like the scene, just as "Mary, daughter of J. Jones, Esq.," and "Jane, daughter of W. Robinson, Esq.," are alike—features and frocks, and little fat legs—we mean shadows and lights, and the gray dike running across the slope, and the broken hedge. The name of this is not "Mary Jones," but the "Fringe of the Moor." How much more is there in the name than the picture—the fringe of the moor!—looking away, no doubt, over that long broken undulating surface, all purple with heather, or green before the coming of the heather, or blurred and pathetic with the bloom going off, and the climax over; with mysterious hollows in it, and faint watery gleams, and tufted knolls rough with whins and blaeberries, and here and there a stunted fir strayed and belated out of its way, or forlorn young birch waving her silvery branches, with languishing lamentations over her own solitude. And then the mysterious sweet skies above, dark with presage of storm, or heavy with sweeping of ruin like human eyes worn out—or bursting forth into a pathos of delicious brightness, as who should say which of us can tell whether this sweet sun may ever come again? Such are the moors we know, not dull things inanimate and expressionless, but alive in every line, full of thought and sentiment and mystery. How the sun glows upon them when he comes, and a hum of universal life breaks forth, soft, all-pervading, multitudinous! How the great ling-bushes glow, and the daintier bell-heather waves its round tufts of bloom, and the green gale breathes sweetness under the wayfarer's feet! We have seen pictures out of which the very fragrance of the gale and the hum of the insects came breathing, making canvas into poetry. But Mr. Millais perhaps never trusted the damp footing where the bog-myrtle grows; anyhow, his "Fringe" has as little to do with the moor as if it had been the prosperous smooth slope of an English hill. It is the portrait of a well-to-do landscape, where, no doubt, cows would find good grazing, comfortable breathings of warmth and profit; which, to be sure, are fine, solid things compared to such foolishness as the mysterious atmosphere over the moor, or the sweetness of the gale.

And just of the same class are the pretty little Marys and Janes aforesaid. We verily believe that a far-sighted woman could tell within a few pence how much a yard was given for the pretty muslin-work of which these little garments are made—and the little pink shoes and open-worked socks would be the adoration of a nursery-maid; but what manner of child it is which is enshrined in all that redness and whiteness, who could guess? Does any one remember nowadays that saucy sweet little Lady Geraldine Somebody who is walking out of the sky with her little petticoats held up, and dainty rosettes upon her shoes, in Sir Joshua's delicious picture? or the absorbed angelical gravity of that other child in the national gallery whose portrait is called the Age of Innocence? A century ago, that was what art could make out of a child's portrait. To-day, is this all that art can make of it? Surely Mr. Millais is strangely unworthy of himself when he forces us to ask such a question. If he will paint portraits, it is a worthy and a noble art, and one in which Englishmen have been splendidly successful; but, in the name of all that is worthy, why

should he paint these sweet little specimens of humanity as if they were their own dolls? Even at three or four there is a something in a pair of living eyes, liquid with dew of childhood, that tells more than this—an open secret which he who looks for it may divine and disclose, a delicious betrayal which is no treason.

Neither could it have been on the wonderful production entitled romantically "The Crown of Love" that Mr. Disraeli looked when (with the smile concealed beneath the lines of his impenetrable countenance) he spoke of the power of the imagination as exhibited in the pictures of 1875. Here a slim but well-formed youth is visible carrying a robust young woman, who, throwing her arms out, is evidently trying her best to overbalance him. It is intended to represent that story of Charlemagne's secretary or page, who, having been found out to be privately the lover of Charlemagne's daughter, was given the chance of winning her by carrying her to the top of the nearest hill. No wonder he died when he got there, poor young fellow, if she was like this large and stalwart maiden. We wonder if Mr. Millais remembers a picture which made a great noise twenty years ago, and was called "The Huguenots!" It is to be found in reflection all over the country nowadays, in poor little prints and blurred photographs. When a boy at school has got beyond the gamekeeper's stage, it is the first indication of improving taste, and shows what a leap his mind has taken when he hangs up this picture over his mantel-shelf, dethroning Landseer in its favor; and it is the first illustration of her walls which the girl thinks of when she becomes the proud possessor of a maidenly bower of her very own. And how fine it was! the tender, wistful woman, all her soul in her anxious eyes, making her forlorn attempt to cheat him into safety—the man not beautiful, almost ugly in his worn and untrimmed strength, with the shadow of a tragedy upon him, tenderly undecieving her with sad, fond smile at the impossible. That was imagination, if you please: a whole dim chapter of history—a chapter dim with blood and treachery and horror, so revolting in its heat of massacre that we shudder and pass by, almost missing the heroism for hatred of the crime—grew suddenly visible on the noble side, comprehensible in its anguish and heroic truth and duty; which was a worthy deed for a painter to do if he had never done another. Here are two again, the man and the woman—only the back of him, which is perhaps as well, for the veiled sinews and their strain are always something; but the face of her—in which the expression is little but a weak *abandon* of fondness, incapable of comprehending the tragical dangers in the way.

But why should we rail? "The Crown of Love" is about the same size as "The Huguenots." It is as genuine a "Millais" as its predecessor, and will probably suit in the picture-market as an investment of capital just as well. What does Mammon care for imagination—he who even in heaven thought more of the golden floor than of any thing more lovely? And why, indeed, should the artist give himself the labor and strain of producing "The Huguenots," when a "Crown of Love" brings in as much money, and fills up its place quite as well? Is it for the satisfaction of a set of peevish critics that he is to give himself all this trouble? and, who knows, the critics, presumably disappointed painters, who have never themselves been able to succeed in any thing, might not be contented all the same?

In a recently-published letter by Charles Dickens, the great novelist expresses himself as opposed to tragic climaxes in fiction; and this expression elicits from the London *Daily News* the following sound comments:

It is to be feared his remarks will lead the public to believe that the writer of a story can do just as he pleases with his characters, plunging them into utter misery at the end of the three volumes, or winding up on the "marry and live happy ever after" principle, just as the caprice of the moment may dictate. Well, this may be true of the manufacturers of mechanical fiction—and it must be remembered that Mr. Dickens was tendering advice to a mere aspirant or amateur, not to a master of the craft—but it is assuredly not true of great writers of fiction, like Mr. Dickens himself. Unless the characters in a work of fiction grow in reality in the mind of the man who is going to write about them to such a degree that they take their destiny altogether out of his hands, and live their life in their own fashion, they will remain mere puppets to be pulled with a string. Oddly enough we can appeal for confirmation of this theory to Mr. Dickens's own experience. Did he not at one time receive, not only from all parts of England, but from all parts of the world, letters begging and imploring him not to let Little Nell die? How easy it must have seemed to those people for the great writer to save the child from destruction, and send joy to thousands on thousands of households that were already fearing the end! Dickens knew of this vast amount of pleasure he could give; he knew of the keen pain he must himself experience in describing her death; but the true instinct of the artist overmastered all other considerations. All the king's horses and all the king's men could not have enabled him to twist aside the inevitable doom. . . . Now, we are not arguing that stories should end gloomily, but only that certain sets of circumstances, acting on certain characters, must necessarily, if the writer is a true artist, produce a tragic climax, and that to interfere with that climax in order to please people who like pretty endings must inevitably involve an artistic failure. There is another point mentioned in these brief letters which is interesting enough. Mr. Dickens seems to hint that the public would probably

turn aside from a story that it knew ended painfully. This assumption is in direct opposition to every thing that can be learned from the history of literature. Tragedy has always held an overmastering power over the mind of man, and that for the simplest of reasons. The mystery of evil and unmerited suffering, the most awful and insoluble of problems, has never ceased to exercise an irresistible attraction for the imagination. We laugh at and are pleased by a comedy; we remember a tragedy. The pretty ways of *Rosalind* are pleasant enough; we like to see *Perdita* scattering her blossoms; the bewilderment of the two *Dromios* gratefully passes the present hour; but when we think of Shakespeare, we think of the utter misery of *King Lear*, of the gloomy fate of *Macbeth*, of the perishing of *Juliet* among the tombs. In the domain of fiction, there can be no doubt that those stories which end tragically have a better chance of being remembered than those which end with the "marry and live happy ever after" business. The people who get through all their troubles, and are comfortably settled for life—why should one trouble one's self further about them? We bid them "Good-by" and hope they will enjoy their honey-moon. But the memory of the brave or beautiful soul crushed down by the irresistible cruelty of a hapless fate—that is something to ponder over and recall with a sad and wistful regret. Suppose that "Paul and Virginia" had ended with a commonplace marriage—what mother would remember her interest in the book for twenty years after her reading of it, and insist on her daughter reading it also, to see if the younger generation had also a capacity for unlimited tears? If the unutterably tragic story of *Margaret's* woes had not been incorporated by Goethe into the old legend of "Faust," who would care to read and reread the desultory metaphysics of that famous poem? When people heard of the story of *Hetty Sorrel*—which is almost identical with that of *Gretchen*—did its painful character deter all England from reading "Adam Bede?" Pain in a novel may be "unnecessary," but fiction would soon cease to have any relation with the realities of life if it systematically turned aside from the darkest problem of existence, and dealt only with the rose-water trivialities which are the proper pabulum of album-verses.

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A TROPICAL PARADISE.

II.

THE contrast between the present and the near past of Hawaii is indeed wonderful. Only thirty years since a large majority of the natives were given over to a brutal paganism, hardly to be surpassed among any of the savage tribes of the world. Many of the temples wherein their bloody and cruel rites were practised are still standing, and furnish a melancholy clew to the depths from which they have arisen. On the leeward side of Hawaii, near the village of Waimea, is the

of Oahu. The shape is an irregular parallelogram, two hundred and twenty-four feet long by one hundred wide. The walls are built of lava-stones in a very solid and compact style. There were paved platforms all around the side for the accommodation of *alii*, or chiefs, and the people in their orders. At the south end there was an inner court, where the principal idol stood, surrounded by a number of inferior deities, for the Hawaiians had many gods. Here also was the

they were bound and taken alive into the temple. The priests in slaying their victims were careful not to mangle their persons. They were laid in a row, with their faces downward, on the altar before the idol, and, if hogs and bullocks were offered with them, the whole mass was left to putrefy together, poisoning the air for miles around with an inconceivably sickening stench. At the close of the rites the chiefs and the people gave themselves up to hideous debauch, accom-



THE MOUNTAIN MAUNA-KEA, FROM HILO.

great Heiau, the last heathen temple built. On entering the huge pile, which stands naked and desolate on a steep hill-side, the story of the old bloody paganism of the people flashes on the mind.

The entrance is by a narrow passage between high walls, through which the sacrificing priests dragged the wretched victims into the presence of Tairi, a huge wooden idol crowned with a helmet, the favorite war-god of Kamehameha the Great, the conqueror

anu, a lofty frame of wicker-work, shaped like an obelisk, within which stood the priest when delivering oracular utterances to the king. On the outside of the inner court was the *lele*, or altar, on which human sacrifices were offered. On the day of dedication eleven victims were immolated. These were taken from the captives, or those who had broken *tabu*, or rendered themselves obnoxious to the chiefs. Sometimes they were dispatched at a distance with a stone or club; oftener

panied with the most licentious orgies. Many old inhabitants still remember and describe these carnivals of Moloch which desecrated the smiling face of a natural paradise. To this savagery of less than half a century since let us contrast Miss Bird's description of a garden-party at the charming villa of ex-Queen Emma at Honolulu:

"The people arrived shortly before sunset, and were received by Queen Emma, who sat on the lawn, with her attendants about

her, very simply dressed in black silk. The king, at whose entrance the band played the national anthem, stood on another lawn, where presentations were made by the chamberlain; and those who were already acquainted with him had an opportunity for a few minutes' conversation. He was dressed in a very well-made black morning-suit, and wore the ribbon and star of the Austrian Order of Francis Joseph. His simplicity was atoned for by the superlative splendor of his suite; the governor of Oahu, and the high chief Kalakaua,* who was a rival candidate for the throne, being conspicuously resplendent. The basis of the costume appeared to be the Windsor uniform, but it was smothered with epaulets, cordons, and lace; and each dignitary has a uniform peculiar to his office, so that the display of gold-lace was prodigious. The chiefs are so raised above the common people in height, size, and general nobility of aspect, that many have supposed them to be of a different race; and the *alii* who represented the dwindled order that night were certainly superb enough in appearance to justify the supposition. Beside their splendor and stateliness, the forty officers of the English and American war-ships, though all in full-dress uniform, looked decidedly insignificant; and I doubt not that the natives who were assembled outside the garden-railings in crowds were not behind me in making invidious comparisons.

"Chairs and benches were placed under the beautiful trees, and people grouped themselves on these, and promenaded, flirted, talked politics and gossip, or listened to the royal band, which played at intervals, and played well. The dress of the ladies, whether white or colored, was both pretty and appropriate. Most of the younger women were in white, and wore natural flowers in their hair; and many of the elder ladies wore black or colored silks, with lace and trains. There were several beautiful *leis* of the *gardenia*, which filled all the garden with their delicious odor. Tea and ices were handed round on Sèvres china by footmen and pages in appropriate liveries. What a wonderful leap from calabashes and *poi*, *malos*, and *pau*, to this correct and tasteful civilization! As soon as the brief amber twilight of the tropics was over, the garden was suddenly illuminated by myriads of Chinese lanterns, and the effect was bewitching. The upper suite of rooms was thrown open for those who preferred dancing under cover; but I think that the greater part of the assemblage chose the shady walks and the purple night. Supper was served at eleven, and soon after the party broke up."

Both the men and women of Hawaii have no little claim to personal comeliness, which age does not touch quickly, as it does the harassed, care-worn people of more energetic nations. The laughing, careless faces of the Hawaiian women are a perpetual marvel. But the expression has little of the innocence and childishness of the negro physiognomy. They are a handsome people, scornful and sarcastic looking even in their mirth, and those who know them best say they are always quizzing and mimicking each other. The women are free from tasteless perversity, both as to color and ornament, and have an instinct of the becoming. At first the *holuku*, which is only a full-yoke night-gown, is not attractive, but its devices are wise. It conceals awk-

wardness, and fosters grace of movement, and, equally adapted to riding or walking, it has the general appropriateness desirable in costume. The women have a peculiarly graceful walk, with a swinging step from the hip, in which the shoulder sympathizes. It has neither the delicate shuffle of the Frenchwoman, the robust, decided movement of the Englishwoman, the stately glide of the Spaniard, nor the stealthiness of the squaw. A majestic *wakine*, with small, bare feet, a grand, swinging, deliberate gait, hibiscus-blossoms in her flowing hair, and flower-wreaths trailing over her *holuku*, has a tragic grandeur of appearance which makes the pale-skinned foreign lady marching in high-heeled shoes by her side look grotesque and insignificant.

The island of Kauai, belonging to the island group, is specially distinguished for the personal beauty and grace of its people. Indeed, the whole island, though not so exigent in its startling demands on the admiration of the visitor, has an extreme and characteristic beauty of its own. Its sparkling rivulets and swelling uplands have the charm of the quiet scenery of New-England, and again its broken woody ridges and broad sweep of mountain outline recall the picturesque Alleghanies. It has not the warm tropical coloring, the luxuriant vegetation, nor yet indeed the volcanic wildernesses of Hawaii; but the scenery is charmingly calm and restful to the eye, full of quiet subtle effects, which the beholder never wearies of studying. The principal foreign household has for its head a venerable old Scotch lady, who emigrated with her family to New Zealand many years since. The story is quite a romance:

The husband was accidentally drowned, and the widow left to take charge of a large property, and bring up the children. Her great ambition was to keep her family together on the old patriarchal system. When the children grew up, and the New Zealand property became too small, she sold it and embarked with her family and movable possessions on a clipper-ship, owned and commanded by one of her sons-in-law, to sail through the wide Pacific in search of some suitable home wherein to erect her household gods. They were strongly tempted by Tahiti, but some reasons decided them against that island. Mr. Damon, the seamen's chaplain, on boarding the trim bark, was amazed to find this great family party on board, with a beautiful and brilliant old lady at the head, books, pictures, work, and all that could add refinement to their floating home, and cattle and sheep of valuable breeds in pens on the deck.

The island of Nihau was then for sale, and was purchased of Kamehameha V. at a ridiculously low price. There they were established for seven years, but finally moved to Kauai, the second son only remaining in their former homestead. This patriarchal family consists of a bachelor son, two widowed daughters with six children, three of whom are grown-up young men, and a tutor, a young Prussian officer, who was on Maximilian's staff at Queretaro. The remaining daughter, married to a Norwegian gentleman, lives on the adjoining property. All the young people are thoroughly Hawaiianized,

speaking the language fluently; are great athletes, and bold surf-riders, an accomplishment generally supposed out of the reach of foreigners. Such is a typical example of many foreign families who have settled in the Hawaiian Islands, and on whom the future prosperity of the little toy kingdom will largely depend.

One of the show-places of the island is a superb cañon. The valley which leads to it is walled in by *palis*, two hundred feet in height, grooved vertically in layers of conglomerate and basalt. The cañon itself is about twenty-five hundred feet in depth, not so grand, indeed, as the famous cañon of the Colorado, but so clad in verdure and parasitic trailing vines as to make the precipitous sides an inconceivable wealth of color. The upper end of the cañon is closed in by a superb waterfall, formed by the river Hawapiipi falling over a wall three hundred and twenty-six feet in height. Two high and stately peaks form an imposing gateway for the entrance of the stream. Numberless other small cascades also contribute their little warble to the deep diapason of the whole. Into this cool, dark abyss only the noontide sun ever penetrates; all beautiful things which love damp—all shade-loving parasites—flourish here in perennial beauty. Only a scarlet tropic bird occasionally flashes across the solemn silence, and the arches, buttresses, and columns, suggest a grand temple.

The island next to Hawaii in size and importance is Maui, which contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, and is highly cultivated for the most part, there being many wealthy and enterprising foreign residents. It is specially distinguished for the crater of Haleakala (House of the Sun), the largest crater in the world, though now, fortunately, extinct. The mountain is a dome ten thousand feet in height, with an enormous base, and the windward side is gashed by streams which, in their violence, have excavated large pot-holes, which serve as reservoirs. On the leeward side several black and fresh-looking streams of lava run into the sea. The whole coast for some distance above the ocean-level, indeed, shows signs of terrible volcanic action. The great surprise of Haleakala to the visitor is that where, according to calculation, there should have been a summit, an abyss of vast dimensions opens below. It is as if the whole top of the mountain had been blown off by some inconceivable convulsion. Though its girdling precipices are nineteen miles in extent, the whole crater can be taken in at a glance. The vast, irregular floor is two thousand feet below the opening. New York could be hidden away in it, with ample room to spare. On the north and east are huge gaps as deep as the crater, through which oceans of lava once found their way to the sea. The volcanic forces, by one gigantic effort, seem to have rent the whole top of the mountain asunder, and then passed into endless repose.

The crater seems composed of a hard, gray clinkstone, much fissured, and the internal cones look as if they had just gone out, so glowing is their red. Not even a hot spring or steam crack is found in any part of the mountain. With its cold ashes and

* It need hardly be said that the chief here referred to is the present King Kalakaua who recently visited the United States, Luanillo having been on the throne when our author was in the Sandwich Islands.

dead form it is an impressive spectacle of the force of fire, hardly less imposing than the fierce activity of Mauna-Loa, for it is the witness of a catastrophe which had not only blown off the top of a great mountain, and scattered it over the island, but disemboweled it to the depth of two thousand feet.

Haleakala is specially celebrated for its splendid cloud-scenery. There is the gaunt, desolate abyss, its fiery cones, its rivers and surges of black lava, its walls dark and frowning, everywhere splintered and riven, and clouds perpetually drifting in through the great gaps in the mountain-sides. The clouds often surround the whole mountain in the most fantastic shapes, not in vague, flocculent, meaningless masses, but with the sculptured semblance and distinctness of icebergs, floes, and packs, glistening with polar frosts in an arctic ocean. One fancies snow-drifts, avalanches, and seas, held in a bondage of ice, all massed together, and stretching away over the broad channel which divides Maui from Hawaii. Far away rise the blue, jeweled summits of Mauna-Kea and Mauna-Loa, crested with snow even more dazzling than the clouds. Suddenly the scene shifts, the clouds break away, and the beautiful valleys below appear—the noble fields of cane, the flushed palm-fringed coast, and the deep-blue sea reposing in perpetual calm.

The different islands of the Hawaiian group before Captain Cook landed, and indeed for some years afterward, were separate chiefdoms, or sovereignties, and the whole group was kept in a turmoil, which caused great waste of life, by internal dissensions and incessant wars. There is enough of reliable fact in early Hawaiian history, however, to show that there were regularly-organized communities on these islands for a long time which indicated a polity quite advanced for Polynesian heathenism. The kingly power was hereditary and absolute, the chiefs and priests being admitted to some share of power, sufficient to assist in holding the people chained by the most rigorous of feudal systems. With Kamehameha the Great, the Napoleon of the Pacific, began a new era. He united an overweening ambition to remarkable gifts as a ruler, and, without education, training, or political precedent, animated not merely by the lust of conquest, but by the desire to build up a nationality, he subjugated every thing within the reach of his canoes, and fused a rabble of savages and chieftainships into a united nation, with a feeling of something like patriotism. His wars were not petty squabbles or accidental conflicts. When he meditated the conquest of Kauai he organized an expedition of seven thousand picked warriors, twenty-one schooners, forty swivels, six mortars, with an abundance of ammunition. His victories are celebrated in many unwritten songs, said to be marked by real poetical feeling, and to resemble the Ossianic poems in majesty and melancholy. He founded the dynasty which for seventy years has ruled with considerable efficiency and wisdom, though its institutions flourish rather as an exotic than with the force of native energy and growth.

The king was forty-five years old when he ended his wars, and set himself to the task

of constructive government. Governors were placed over the islands, and minor officials appointed with keen political acumen, if such a word is applicable in a kingdom just emerging from barbarism. The tax-gatherers were obliged to keep regular accounts, and held to rigid responsibility. He appointed a council of chiefs, and another parliament of wise men to assist in framing and administering laws, and all matters of national importance were decided with their advice. Statutes were enacted against theft, murder, and oppression, and, though the king himself was arbitrary, justice was so severely administered that the people enjoyed a golden age compared with what had gone before. Swift and decision characterized the redress of grievances, and the institutes of law and justice were applied with great formality and equity. Kamehameha modified the cruel regulations which had attended the tenure of land, and, while he did not relax his own arbitrary hold, he softened the harsh aspect of Polynesian life in no slight degree. Many wise regulations were enforced as to the planting of cocoa-nuts, and agriculture in various ways was shrewdly encouraged. Immense fish-ponds were constructed, and commerce organized. The king exported four hundred thousand dollars' worth of sandal and other valuable woods in one year, though it must be confessed that the wily savage monopolized all the benefit.

From Vancouver he learned of the power of Christian nations, and expressed a desire to have teachers sent to his kingdom. This request was ignored, and the great Polynesian ruler died in the darkness of paganism. Perhaps the unwillingness to send Christian missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands had some connection with a well-known story of Kamehameha's peculiar way of discussing theological problems. We are told that some wandering preachers of the Gospel attempted his conversion. After listening to their eloquent statements, the wily king proposed a test, which was quite a different and less harmless matter than Professor Tyndall's prayer-gauge. He proposed that the teachers of the new faith should hurl themselves over an adjacent precipice, and made his reception of their religion contingent on the result—a mode of proof by no means acceptable to the pious strangers. To the end he remained devoted to the state religion, and the various altars reeked with human sacrifices. While showing one of his temples to the traveler Kotzebue, he said: "These are our gods whom I worship. Whether I do right or wrong, I do not know; but I follow my faith, which cannot be wicked, as it commands me never to do wrong."

Since 1819, the year of the great ruler's death, the history of the Sandwich Islands is comparatively familiar. It was not till 1880 that the last relics of the old pagan faith and practice were banished from the minds of the people. On the whole, Kamehameha was a monarch who would have exacted Carlyle's admiration and eloquent eulogy—a wise, daring, large-minded man, cruel and imperious, indeed, but governed in the main by noble and patriotic instincts.

Then as now, Hawaii was the principal

island, the seat of the regal court, and the centre of power. In many respects there was a prosperity more solid and desirable than that of the present. Certainly, as regards the health and longevity of the people, conditions were far more favorable. In spite of the delicious salubrity of the climate, the natives are dying off with great rapidity. The horrible disease of leprosy is extending its ravages in spite of every care of prevention. The island of Molokai is set apart as a quarantine, where the lepers are isolated as fast as they are discovered, and the living foci of disease thus segregated. The natives seem perfectly reckless about the risk of contagion, and the gregarious instinct is so strong that they will smoke the pipes, wear the clothes, and sleep on the mats of lepers! Indeed, they conceal the victims of the disease as long as possible, and the government officials have great difficulty in ferreting out the infected persons.

Let us take a rapid glance at the leper-settlement of Molokai, which is alike a hospital and a charnel-house; for there is no cure for the awful pestilence. It is the duty of the sheriffs of the island, on the certificate of a doctor that a man is a leper, to commit him to death in life at Molokai. Here he slowly rots away in a terrible exile, for there is no release for him except the merciful hand of death. The agonized parting and the woe of the friends as they cling to the bloated limbs and kiss the glistening, swollen faces of those who are exiled from them forever, are said to be something almost heart-rending. There are no individual distinctions among the sufferers. Queen Emma's cousin, a man of wealth, and Mr. Ragsdale, the most influential and eloquent lawyer among the half-whites, share the same doom as stricken Chinamen and laborers from the plantations. The necessity is terrible, but no less a necessity; and, in the case of Mr. Ragsdale, who gave himself up voluntarily, the case was aggravated by the fact that he is a man of great accomplishments and almost unbounded control over his countrymen, one who, had it not been for his fearful disease, would have risen to a very prominent position in state affairs.

Molokai, the Island of Exile, is a land of precipices, with walls of rock rising two thousand feet above the sea in extreme grandeur and picturesqueness, but slashed, as in Hawaii, by gulches opening from natural lawns down to the sea. The road from the sea-landing is a zigzag bridle-track, which winds over the face of the precipice, and this abode of death is in all respects worthy of the grim functions to which it is devoted. Three miles inland from the port is the leper village, the home of hideous suffering, where science is unable to grapple with despair; where the only business of the community is to perish; where there are husbandless wives, wifeless husbands, children without parents, and parents without children, condemned to watch the loathsome steps by which each of their doomed fellows glides down to death.

Most of the victims live in brown huts, but the more wealthy ones have white cottages, where every comfort is provided for them. The hospitals, twelve in number, are roomy and well arranged, built on an airy

height. In the centre of the hospital square are the dispensary and the office-buildings, where the statistics of the settlement are kept, and the leper governor holds his leper court—for all the officials, even to the doctor and the chaplain, are the victims of the disease. The rations of food are ample, and the contributions of the benevolent suffice to provide little luxuries and extras, such as tobacco, pipes, knives, toys, books, pictures, and working implements and materials for amusement; for the lepers become pauperized when they are sent into exile, and no longer have any claim on their property.

The sensibilities of the visitor are shocked when he sees the throngs of active-looking exiles, who shrink away from the proffered hand, as if abased at the thought of what they are. But what shall be said of the awful spectacles in the hospitals, wherein every thing is pervaded with the sickening odor of the grave; where all around, crouched on their mats and shivering with despair, are seen the yet breathing corpses of the poor wretches who leer for a moment out of their ghoul-like eyes, and then shrink into themselves again, caricatures of life, masses of rotting flesh with but little semblance of humanity! Though the mystery of death which hangs over the valley of Molokai discloses some of the more woful features of the curse, it is pleasant to know that the poor outcasts are as kindly cared for as the resources of the government will permit. The most strenuous efforts are being made to stamp out the disease and provide for the comfort of those who are isolated.

Let us turn from this picture of woe and despair to pleasanter scenes. Miss Bird, shortly after her visit to the leper island, and which she passed *en route* from the minor islands to beautiful Hilo in Hawaii, had an opportunity of ascending Mauna-Loa, and visiting the summit-crater of the great fire-mountain in company with a scientific gentleman well known on the island. The mountain had for some time been active at both of its huge craters, and no little fear was aroused at some impending catastrophe; for those who live under its shadow do so as under the sword of Damocles. The adventurous sight-

seers first visited Kilauea, described in a former paper. They found the lake agitated with convulsions of indescribable beauty and splendor, lurid, gory, raging masses of red, half-molten rock playing in the great central whirlpool, which sent up waves forty feet high. The sublimity was enhanced by the fact that the visible was only the twentieth part of the fearfulness of the unseen, while sulphurous masses of smoke, thunderings and crashings, beat on the eyes and ears.

smoking pit in the midst of a dreary waste of desert-land. Let us record our author's own account of the impressions made by the spectacle on the summit-crater of Mauna-Loa, reached after long and tedious toil over lava-precipices, a vision no less striking than, but in many respects a contrast to, the phenomena of Kilauea:

"We rode as far as a deep fissure filled with frozen snow, threw ourselves from our mules, jumped the fissure, and more than

eight hundred feet below yawned the inaccessible blackness and horror of the crater of Mokuaweo, six miles in circumference, eleven thousand feet long by eight thousand wide. The mystery was solved; for at one end of the crater, in a deep gorge of its own above the level of the rest of the area, was the lonely fire, the reflection of which shone one hundred miles at sea for more than six months. Nearly opposite us, unlike the gory gleam of Kilauea, a perfect fountain of pure yellow fire was regularly playing in united jets, throwing up its glorious incandescence some six hundred feet in height. The sunset gold could not be purer. Distance robbed it of awfulness, and made it all a thing of beauty. In the distance there had only been a vibrating roar. At the crater's edge it was a majestic sound, the roar of an angry sea mingled with the hollow boom of surf echoing in sea-caves, murmuring on, rising and falling like the thunder-music of Windward Hawaii. . . .

"This area, over two miles long and a mile and a half wide, with precipitous sides eight hundred feet deep, and a broad second shelf about three hundred feet below the one we occupied, at that time appeared a dark-gray, tolerably-level lake, with great black blotches, and yellow and white stains, the whole much

fissured. No steam or smoke proceeded from any part of the level surface, and it had the unnaturally dead look which follows the action of fire. A ledge, or false beach, which must mark at once a higher level of the lava, skirts the lake, at an elevation of thirty feet, probably, and this fringed the area with various signs of present volcanic action, steaming sulphur-banks, and heavy jets of smoke. The other side, above



A FOREST-STREAM IN KAUI.

Kilauea is different from European volcanoes, which send lava and stones into the air in fierce, sudden spasms, and then subside. Ever changing, now resting, the force which stirs it rages continually with the strength and fierceness of the ocean. Its labors unfinished, and possibly never to be ended, its very unexpectedness adds to its sublimity; for you reach the very terminal wall of the crater before it appears any thing else than a

the crater, has a ridgy, broken look, giving the false impression of a mountainous region beyond. At this time the luminous fountain, and the red cracks in the river of lava which proceeded from it, were the only fires visible in the great area of blackness. In former days people have descended to the floor of the crater, but, owing to the breaking away of the accessible part of the precipice, a descent now is not feasible, though I doubt not that a man might even now get down, if he went up with suitable tackle and sufficient assistance.

"When the sun had set, and the brief red glow of the tropics had vanished, a new world came into being, and wonder after wonder flashed forth from the previously lifeless crater. Everywhere through its vast expanse appeared glints of fire—fires bright and steady, burning in rows like blast-furnaces; fires lone and isolated, unwinking like planets, or twinkling like stars; rows of little fires marking the margin of the lowest level of the crater; fire molten in deep crevasses; fire in wavy lines; fire, calm, stationary, and restful—an incandescent lake two miles in length beneath a deceptive crust of darkness, and whose depth one dare not fathom, even in thought. Broad in the glare, giving light enough to read by at a distance of three-quarters of a mile, making the moon look as blue as an ordinary English sky, its golden gleam changed to a vivid rose-color, lighting up the whole of the vast precipices of that part of the crater with a rosy red, bringing out every detail here, throwing cliffs and heights into huge black masses there, rising, falling, never intermitting, leaping in lofty jets with glorious shapes like wheat-sheaves, eoruscating, reddening, the most glorious thing beneath the moon was the fire-fountain of Mokuaweoweo."

It is possible that the whole interior of the huge mountain is fluid, and that the mountain-sides give way as unable to bear the pressure from within, thus allowing the fiery contents to escape. In 1855 one of the sides split open, and the lava gushed forth for thirteen months in a stream which ran for sixty miles, and flooded Hawaii for three hundred square miles!

Hawaii is, indeed, of all places on earth, a land of beauty, and for those who seek them of magnificence and terror. One can readily understand how words fail to describe such scenes as are opened to him that looks into the awful volcano-depths, and how no less language is hardly adequate to paint the tropical languor and loveliness of the summer-lands by the sea. We cannot farther pursue our author's adventures in detail, but enough has been given to convey some impression of one of the paradises of the earth. Here winds are things almost unknown, except the trade-winds, which blow ever gently and steadily with a breath of balm and healing. Low breezes whisper softly morning and evening, rain drops with the softest of touches, and the murmur of drowsy surges alone breaks the stillness. The great expanse of ocean is disturbed by little more than mere ripples. The skies are rose in the cool morning, gold in the cool evening, while sails come

and go no larger than butterfly-wings on the horizon; people speak in hushed voices, and move as in a lethargy. Life is dead, and existence little more than delicious languor. Even the energetic foreigners soon yield to the spell, and become as Tennyson's lotoseaters:

"They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
...; but evermore
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam;
Then some one said, 'We will return no more.'"

Here every thing in Nature is profuse, fervid, passionate, vivified, and pervaded by sunshine. The earth is restless in her productiveness, and constantly repeats the miracle of Jonah's gourd. All decay is quickly concealed, and through the glowing year flower, bud, and fruit, watch each other side by side on the same tree. Ferns are always uncurling their fronds, bananas unfolding their shining leaves, and Spring continually blends her promise with the maturity of Summer. Is it wonderful, then, that the native pines and dies when away from his Pacific home, and that even the foreigner who has once tasted its delicious life looks back with longing to Hawaii?

A MASTER-STROKE OF BUSINESS.

I.

THE Long-Branch season was at its height when Esmond Drury strayed there for a month's excitement. The drives were crowded with splendid equipages and the huge hotels overflowed with people. But where Esmond Drury looked for excitement he found worse than loneliness. Where all the ladies talked of fashion and all the men of stocks, there was nothing for him but boredom. His dreamy, poetic temperament, as his father called it, could not live in such a turmoil of pleasure-seekers. Two days had been enough for him. He packed his trunk on the afternoon of the second, and asked when the next train would leave for New York. At 5.07. It was then just two. Could he exist three hours longer in that place? He paid his bill, ordered his trunk down from room No. 42, and ordered a seat in the omnibus for him at 5.07. In the mean time, he would take a walk among the cottages. No. The sun was hot and the white sand of the road glared with the heat. He would look in at the Ocean Hotel. No, nor that. It was a long walk to that immense caravansary, where the turmoil was even worse than here, and he'd remain on the piazza of the West End. Then he strolled into the summer-house, and watched a few dripping, drizzly, uncomfortable bathers. The surf was rolling high, and seemed so cool and inviting in the hot August sun, that he thought he'd bathe. No, it was too much trouble. He smoked.

Two trim figures, in trim blue bathing-suits, ran hand-in-hand down the shining sands and plunged into the rolling surf—the trimmest, tidiest figures he had ever seen;

two young girls they were. Usually, women looked so wretchedly damp and misshapen in bathing-suits. These were wonderful exceptions, and Esmond Drury felt a very perceptible spark of interest. He thought he'd watch them. They plunged boldly out to meet the battling breakers, and disdained the heavy buoy-rope to which most of their sex clung, limiting their bath usually to two feet of water and ankle-deep of sand. These tidy bathers absolutely dived under the heavy surges and swam outward, even turning on their backs and swimming that way, and venturing in their boldness to wrestle one another in the waves. Esmond Drury suddenly found his cigar unlighted and himself at the bath-keeper's, bargaining for an extra-hand-some bathing-costume.

"Not an old woollen concern half worn away," said he. "Give me something that does not dissipate all semblance of the human form."

The old man who acted as bath-keeper was slow of speech and disposed to reminiscences.

"I hain't any very becoming, that I must say," said he, sententiously. "You can't make bathing-suits to fit. It ain't in Nature—"

"Oh, come," said Esmond, impatiently; "what has Nature to do with it?"

"The intention of bathing-suits, I think, is to be loose. I remember when old Jedge Magruder, of Boontown, used to bathe here, he always said that no man or woman could afford to have a bathin'-suit that fitted. Be you from New York?"

"Yes, yes!" If the old man did not hurry up, those beautiful bathers would be out of the water before Esmond got in. And what if they were? Surely he did not propose to go in simply because they were there. Then, on sober, second thought, he concluded that he would not care to go in if they were not there. Why?—he gave that up.

"Then you likely didn't know Jedge Magruder? A funny thing he said to me onct. 'Why,' says he, when these 'ere new special bathing-suits came in fashion, says he, 'there's no use putting on airs in a bathing-suit. You can't tell an Eve from a Medusey in 'em, and there's no use trying.'"

Esmond suddenly glanced at the bathers again. Far out in the sea were two white faces, rising and falling with the swelling waves. They were his Eves. The Medusas still clung to the buoy-rope. The judge was wrong. There was an immense difference. He finally got his bathing-suit, and in five minutes was buffeting the waves with the rest. With long, easy strokes he left the shallows, and sought the deep-green fields where the two Eves disported. Beyond the wall of waves which intervened between them and him, he could occasionally hear their merry laughter. Then he heard in the midst of this merry laughter a low, breathless cry:

"Nora, what's the matter?"

He instinctively quickened his stroke.

"Nora! Good Heavens! Nora!" Then a sudden shriek, half stifled by the splash of the waves. Then—

"Help!"

Esmond rose upon another outgoing wave, and from this height could see the trim bathers, whom he had noticed from the shore, seemingly battling with each other. The face of one wore a terribly pale and frightened look, over which the unrelenting waves broke with every surf, while her arms weakly sought to clutch the form of the other. That other's face wore a look of such sharp anguish that Esmond's heart was lacerated even in that dreadful moment at sight of it. Her two hands were desperately seeking to sustain the sinking figure at her side, and desperately beating the remorseless waves.

"Help!"

Not a soul on shore moved. The sound could not be heard above the roaring waters and the adverse winds. The laughter and coarse jesting of the bathers at the buoy-rope were borne back on the breeze as if in mockery of their despair and danger.

Esmond mounted another wave, and was within arm's-length of his Eves.

He caught the drowning girl by the arm.

"Courage," he whispered. "The sea is buoyant. Only your fear drags you down. Let me help you. Keep your arms down and I will lead you to safety."

But the head of the struggling girl had fallen on her breast, and she was unconscious. The other was still desperately beating the waves.

"Slowly and steadily," he said to her. "Don't exhaust your strength. Nora is safe."

She heard and obeyed. She conquered her terror. Soon she was pulling long, leisurely strokes shoreward with all the ease that she had first exhibited. She looked back occasionally to see that all was going well. And thus the three made their way toward the shore and safety.

Soon they were in shallow water, and a group of more discreet bathers were splashing water about them, unconscious of any scene of peril so recently imminent. Consciousness was returning to the rescued girl, and as she finally stood on her feet, and reached forth her hand to her sister, Esmond, with a sudden impulse, plunged again into the sea, and was soon buffeting once more the outer breakers. An occasional glance toward the beach showed him the two trim figures, one leaning on the other, slowly taking their way, seemingly unnoticed, among the crowd of bath-seekers, and presently disappearing in the shakely row of bath-houses. Then Esmond leisurely buffeted his way to shore again, and soon resumed his ordinary dress.

During all this time, peculiar thoughts had stirred Esmond's soul. Here was the germ of a pleasant and exciting romance with which to enliven his stay at Long Branch. It did not fall in the way of many young men to rescue a lovely damsel from drowning, and it was not likely that such an event would go without its sequel. And in that sequel were gratitude, love-making, and love (two essentially different things, by-the-way), and a delicious season of courtship, ending presumably in a happy marriage in accordance with the precedent in all orthodox romances. She was lovely. He had seen enough to be sure of that. Her face, as he

had seen it for the few moments that her head rested on his shoulder, although under circumstances rather inopportune for observing beauty—her face was unusually lovely. True, her mouth was tightly closed, so that he could not define its outlines, and her eyes were shut, so that he had really been unable to see the soul of her beauty, but her face was plainly of a soft, oval shape, with a white, almost bluish-white complexion, owing, probably, to her uncomfortable immersion; her forehead was low and well shaped, her nose was archly chiseled, while her dark hair clustered in long, heavy masses far down her back. She was, undoubtedly, very handsome even without her eyes and teeth—so to speak—and Esmond's interested soul scorned any suggestion that these undoubted essentials to a perfect beauty would not prove to correspond with the rest of the face. She was also *petite*—he had noticed the slight, trim form as she had tripped so lightly to the bath, and by the same light he had discovered what high, arched, and handsome feet she had. Upon these observations, Esmond Drury, impressed with the necessity of pursuing his romance to the end, built himself an image of girlish beauty, which he expected at any moment to encounter on Ocean Avenue, on the piazza, the supper-room of the hotel, or the ballroom. With that expectation already fully developed in his mind he seated himself in the summer-house again, lit a fresh cigar, and tranquilly prepared to welcome his lady-love at her first approach.

As Esmond ruminated with every new thought of the lovely unknown whom he had rescued from the sea, a deeper interest in her seized upon him, and those emotions which are said to lead to love sensibly assailed him. Pity for the terrible danger that almost overwhelmed her was succeeded by an intense sorrow for the terror that must have seized upon her when she found herself hopelessly in old Ocean's grasp, and this was succeeded in turn by that sentiment akin to paternal love, which one feels for something lying helpless in his arms—something whose life has depended on his strength, whose closed eyes have opened again only at his bidding, whose pale-blue lips have regained the ruddy color of life and hope at his will. There seemed to him to be here an ineradicable bond, binding the unknown Nora forever to himself—a bond which could not be sundered by any after-act, whether he ever or never met his Nora again. And with this romantic bond arose a sense of loyalty to his unknown that seemed to bind him in return.

II.

As Esmond arrived at these romantic conclusions, he discovered that his cigar was out. The Drive was full and gay, as usual of the late afternoons, and the sun in the west was already casting a long, black streak of shadow up the beach. Two young ladies, richly dressed, both fair and tall, one slightly taller than the other, were painfully toiling up the wooden staircase from the beach. The smaller one stopped at the top to help the other up. The latter looked pale and wearied. Esmond remained seated in his summer-house as they slowly went by.

"Never again, Nelly dear," said the younger, passionately pressing the hand of the other. "It was too terrible!"

"What would papa think?" said the other, in a low voice. "We dare not tell him, Mamie."

"We won't tell him. It was too terrible!"

"No, no! not for the world."

"O Nelly, Nelly—"

The rest was lost to Esmond's somewhat inattentive ears, and the two passed by, and glided gracefully across the lawn to the hotel.

Esmond gazed after them involuntarily.

"That taller one, now!" he thought—"what a handsome mien she has! I wonder who she is? But I forget. I must think of nobody but my own unknown Nora. It is due to—well, it's due to romance that I should be loyal to Nora. Let me see, by-the-way, if there are any Noras on the hotel-register. A happy suggestion!"

He crossed the lawn to the hotel, entered the large room where the clerk's desk stood, turned over the register for several days-back, and looked for Noras. It was evidently a scant time for Noras, for there was not one on the list. Nearly all the ladies were Mrs. or Miss, and had no Christian name visible.

"She's an elder daughter, doubtless," whispered Hope to the young man.

It was now half-past five o'clock. He must prepare for dinner.

"Give me the key to room 42," said he to the clerk.

That individual had just completed the test of a diamond ring on his finger by looking at it in a dark niche formed by the hollow of his hand, but, in reply to Esmond's polite request, he raised his head, and bent one ear inquiringly toward the guest.

"The key to 42, if you please."

A passing acquaintance at a distance attracted the attention of the gentlemanly clerk at that moment, and he made a languid bow over Esmond's shoulder, and wearily showed his white teeth in smiling recognition.

"52?" he inquired.

"42," responded Esmond.

The languid gentleman ran his eyes lazily over the key-rack.

"In the door," he said.

"42 in the door?" said Esmond, sharply. "I left it here."

"It's in the door," repeated the gentleman, with the slight animation of astonishment in his gaze, as he wonderingly viewed this rebellious guest. Esmond turned away half angrily, and went up-stairs.

"What the deuce can any one be doing in my room?" he thought. "Chambermaids, probably, cleaning up."

The key was in the door. He turned the knob and entered. Two steps from the door he stopped. These were not chambermaids cleaning up.

The room was a large one facing the sea, and the western sunlight, slanting in at the open windows, softly lit up the scene before him: two women, one kneeling by the Turkish chair on which the other sat, her hands clasped, her face upraised, her lips trembling, her hair disheveled; the other, with her arm

about the kneeling girl's neck and her head bent down until her lips touched the kneeling girl's cheek; a crushed sea-side hat near them, a rumpled newspaper, a shawl thrown idly on a footstool, a parasol lying on the floor. No wonder that Esmond stopped, and the angry frown on his face gave way to an expression of unqualified amazement. He was about retreating when the kneeling girl sprang to her feet.

"Nelly!" she said.

The other raised her head, and saw with wonder this unexpected intruder. She rose majestically to her full height at once, and made one step toward him.

"What do you want, sir?" she said, with a voice in which there was but the faintest tremor.

"Nothing whatever, ladies," replied Esmond, with a bow, and taking off his hat; "but this is my room."

"Your room? Impossible!" replied the young lady. "You have mistaken the number."

Esmond glanced quickly at the door. No. 42 was there as plain as day.

"I beg your pardon, ladies, but I am not mistaken. This is my number."

The young lady suddenly clasped her hand to her breast.

"Can we possibly have made a mistake?"

"I fear so," replied Esmond, as pleasantly as possible. "This is No. 42. Probably your number sounds similarly."

"Exactly like it," said the young lady, resuming her dignity again. "Our room is No. 42."

"Ladies," said Esmond, "I will leave the room to you, as mistakes often occur. But I cannot consent that I should labor under the odium of having intruded here. I *know* that it is my room. I left it three hours ago merely to bathe. But I cheerfully give it now to you, with the simple request that you ring the bell, and have the servant inquire for you at the office if room No. 42 is not occupied by Mr. Drury. When the answer comes you will see that it is you who have made the mistake, not I; and I hope you will remember at that moment that the mistake, which I fear has been very annoying to you, is not at all so to me. Pray, ring the bell."

And with that Mr. Drury bowed himself out, taking another good look at the number on the door as he went, and descended to the clerk's desk again. And, as he went, he had thought for further rumination. The two girls in room No. 42 were the same who had passed by him in the summer-house, and the one who had replied to him in the room was the tall one whose figure he had involuntarily noticed there. Strange that he should thus meet these two girls twice within two hours! If they were only the true Nora and her sister, he could understand it. Then it would be Romance and Poetic Justice advancing his suit. But neither of them would answer for Nora. They were both too tall to begin with, and they were both fair with light hair. Of two things he was sure: Nora's hair was dark—say, a dark brown—and Nora was not tall. Then, besides, he had heard these young ladies call each other Nel-

ly and Mamie, and he could not see that either Nelly or Mamie could be Nora.

He was in a somewhat abstracted mood, with all these thoughts crowding him, when he reached the clerk's desk. The same languid gentleman waited behind it, as steadily inert and lifeless as before. Esmond felt a sort of malicious pleasure in compelling this artistic individual to exert himself a little.

"A mistake has occurred, sir," said Esmond.

The lay figure bent its pink eyes wonderingly on him.

"You have put two ladies in a room which belongs to me."

The lay figure slowly shook his head.

"Please look on your register and see who occupies room No. 42."

The languid gentleman glanced absently up and down the oblong board, covered with slips of paper, usually seen in hotel-offices, and said, languidly:

"Two Misses Darcy."

"What!" cried Esmond.

The lay figure calmly reverted to the pleasing duty of cleaning his nails, and cast a half-glance of wondering disdain at this disregard of majesty.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Esmond, quite angrily, "that you have vacated my room and given it to some one else without a word to me?"

The languid gentleman positively opened his eyes at this astonishing statement. He closed his penknife, and brushed an atom from his shirt-bosom.

"Name?" said he.

"Drury. I have occupied room 42 for two days."

The clerk looked through a huge ledger, as large as himself, ran his finger down the index, hurried over to the letter D, and closed the book with a clap like thunder.

"You vacated the room, Mr. Drury, and went off on the 5.07 train."

III.

It took half a dozen turns round the veranda to enable Drury to recover himself after this cruel blow. He remembered now that he had paid his bill and ordered his trunk checked on the 5.07 train, and, therefore, he *had* vacated the room, and the young ladies were in rightful possession, and he *had* intruded upon them, and he remembered, with a shudder, with what confidence, what impertinent assurance, he had informed them that they were mistaken and he was not. It was a cruel humiliation! It was almost more than he could bear. Had he not better take the very next train and flee from the presence of these fair witnesses of his degradation? His loyalty toward Nora intervened between this proposition and himself, and then the remembrance that the young ladies knew his name put an effectual stoppage on its consideration. They would be interested enough in hearing the rest of the story to inquire all about him, and if he fled now he would remain forever under the imputation of being an impertinent intruder. He had better face the difficulty. It was a very commendable characteristic of Esmond that he faced all difficulties at once.

He returned to the clerk's desk, obtained another room, telegraphed to Sandy Hook for his trunk, and then sent the following note by a hall-boy to the young ladies in room 42:

"Esmond Drury presents his regrets to the Misses Darcy for his mistake as to room 42, and requests the privilege of assuring them personally that he was not an intentional intruder."

When this note reached the Misses Darcy, their father, Manton Darcy, of 7—Exchange Place, was in room No. 42 with them, having arrived from the city on the 6.30 train, and being now somewhat nervously and abstractedly trying to master the contents of a fourth edition, varying his efforts frequently by a savage stride across the room, or a frequent and always eager consultation of a telegraphic dispatch which he kept clutched in his hand. The daughters of Mr. Darcy knew this state of mind on the part of their father too well to disturb it. Stocks had often given him such a turn as this, and he had always come out all right. Nevertheless, Miss Nelly, the elder, more than once looked toward him with an anxious glance. When the hall-boy brought in this note on the customary silver platter, Mr. Darcy happened to be near the door in one of his turns, and he took it.

"Why, girls," he said, suddenly, "what the devil does this mean? 'His mistake as to room 42.' 'Not an intentional intruder.' What sort of a transaction is this?"

The girls were unusually demure this evening, Mr. Darcy had observed. They had been whispering together in a shy way ever since he had arrived, and he had not failed to notice, amid all his business perturbation, that there was some girls' secret between them. But he did not bother himself much about it. It was some little surprise that they were preparing for him doubtless, as they had prepared many before, and it would be a cruelty for him to interfere. He had vaguely hoped that there was no money to be expended in it. That was the main thing just now, especially with this unexpected rise in stocks. When this note came he connected it at once with the supposed secret, and in that connection the secret looked bigger than he had expected.

"What does all this mean, Eleanor?" he asked, in dismay. "We must allow of no impertinence on the part of adventurers here, you know."

"Well, really, papa," said the elder, quietly, "the gentleman seemed to be in real earnest."

"And so much of a gentleman, too," added the other.

"Bother!" said Mr. Darcy, sharply.

"How do you know he was a gentleman? These scapegraces can put on the most innocent air in the world when they mean the infernal villainy."

"But he was really distressed."

"All put on," said Darcy, impatiently. "It's all a game. Some of these disreputable people would stick at nothing to secure a speaking acquaintance, and compromise you in some way—when you've got money, you understand!"

"But, pa," replied Eleanor, sharply, "don't you suppose we know a real gentleman when we see him?"

Mr. Darcy's face flushed with anger as he replied:

"How do you know him? By his clothes? Some of the most dressy men at the Branch are dealers of faro, and the most innocent-faced rascals that promenade the verandas call the numbers at roulette. You may know a gentleman occasionally, but you know the company he keeps, and his business, and family, at the same time. My opinion is that this exceedingly gentlemanly young man is no more nor less than a 'roper in,' if you know what that is, and he is trying the confidence game on you, just as he, doubtless, has often done on the green countrymen in town."

"O papa!"

"I can hardly believe it."

A knock came at the door, and a hall-boy appeared.

"Well, what is it?" said Mr. Darcy, capriciously.

"Mr. Drury, sir, desires an answer to his note."

The two young ladies clasped their hands in affright at the storm that seemed likely to break forth through this persistency of the young gentleman.

"Mr. who?" cried the old gentleman.

"Mr. Drury, sir."

"Why, bless my soul, is it Mr. Drury?" he said, whirling his chair round to face the young ladies, and referring again to the note. "Mr. Drury—Esmond Drury! Why in the world did you not tell me this before? Please ask Mr. Drury to walk up. Stay! Just say to him that Mr. Darcy sends his compliments and would be pleased to have his company here. That will do. Bless me, Esmond Drury!"

And the great broker rubbed his hands quite satisfactorily.

The two girls had no time to ask questions. Two exclamations sufficed to discover their feelings over this sudden veering of the wind.

"Surely you are not going to ask him up here, papa, and we in this fix?"

"Not dressed at all, and our hair in such a bundle!"

Then the two flew about the room righting things here and there, rescuing a summer-hat from the sofa, hiding away a shawl and a parasol that had been sprawling over an ottoman, and dusting a chair or two as they sped, not neglecting, in the mean time, to take sundry sharp glances at themselves in the mirror, and rapidly twirling a curl here or smoothing out a braid there.

"Dear, dear!" said Nelly, petulantly, "if I could only put on that other bow at the throat!"

"And I," said Mamie, "would give any thing just to put my hair up right."

During all this scramble Mr. Darcy, as if to doubly aggravate the torture of the situation, had held the door open, and stationed himself therein, in order to welcome the coming guest. Esmond very promptly made his appearance, and at once announced himself to the expectant Darcy.

"I suppose," said he, when the introductory civilities were exchanged, "that these young ladies have made you acquainted with the very annoying circumstances under which I intruded into this room."

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Darcy, with an unusually solemn manner, receding slowly from his stand at the doorway; "they have told me about it."

The stiff dignity which Mr. Darcy had suddenly assumed was unaccountable to his daughters, and for a moment they feared that a disagreeable scene was imminent. It seemed impossible from their stand-point that the Mr. Drury who then presented himself could be the Mr. Drury of whom their father had had such affectionate remembrance a few moments ago, or else why such a cool reception of him? They did not fully understand the human nature which pervaded Mr. Darcy's composition.

"I hope, then, sir, you will permit me to assure them how utterly unintentional of any intrusion I was on that occasion, and to inform them how the mistake occurred."

"Certainly, sir," said the elder gentleman, with a bow; "but you will understand me, I hope, when I say that, not having the pleasure of your acquaintance—"

"My name is Esmond Drury, sir," said Esmond, gravely. "I hope the unfortunate intrusion would have explained itself if you had known me."

Mr. Darcy coughed, preliminary to the introduction of a little bit of emotional acting, which he deemed the occasion called for.

"Are you a son of Henry J. Drury?"

"Yes, sir."

"Henry J. Drury, of Broad Street, the banker?"

"I am his son, sir."

"Well, I am heartily glad to know you," cried the elder, with well-affected astonishment. "Your father and I are old friends—have been old friends in business for years. Come in and be seated. My daughters, Eleanor and Mary.—Dears, this is Mr. Drury—Mr. Esmond Drury—son of my friend the eminent banker, of whom you have so often heard me speak.—Esmond was your mother's name, I remember. And I remember the wedding very well. But I really never thought my friend Drury had a son as large as you!"

IV.

Esmond expressed himself delighted at finding an old friend of his father in Mr. Darcy, and was the more delighted, he said, as that fact gave him a better opportunity to explain the ridiculous error which led to his unpleasant intrusion upon the young ladies.

"Never mind," said Mr. Darcy, boisterously. "We do not need any explanation. We had thought it might be some scamp or other—"

"Why, papa!" said Nelly.

"Oh, no," said the father, changing his boisterous manner to his sly laugh and a familiar nod at Esmond—"no, no, I'm wrong. These sly pussies never thought it was a scamp. They said all along that it was a gentleman. They professed to be able to tell one at the Branch simply by his appearance."

And the old gentleman gave a boisterous laugh, ending up suddenly with a sharp cough, and a rapid recurrence in the interval to his telegraphic dispatch again.

"A rather uncertain rule, I should think, in most cases," said Esmond.

"Just what I told them," burst forth Mr. Darcy, with another laugh; "some of the gentlemen of the club, for instance—eh, Drury?"

"I hardly think the appearance always indicates the gentleman, but am, nevertheless, grateful to the young ladies that they did not mistake me for a ruffian bent on mischief."

"We did not imagine any thing so hard as that about you for a moment," replied Nelly; "and, since papa is satisfied, we do not know that there is the least reason for making any more elaborate explanation."

"But, for my own satisfaction," said Esmond, turning brightly toward Nelly. "I had become dreadfully bored by the Branch, having been here two days, and finding no one to whom I felt sufficiently attached to make existence a social pleasure, and I determined to leave. I then occupied this room, and gave orders to have my trunks taken down and a seat held for me in the omnibus at five o'clock for New York. I paid my bill, and, as there were several hours intervening, I went to the beach and took a bath. Well—in fact, I forgot all about having vacated the room, and was utterly astounded to find it occupied."

"Then," said Nelly, quietly, "your explanation amounts to this—you forgot."

"In fact, yes," said Esmond, somewhat abashed, "but there were circumstances of which I hesitated to speak, which conspired to make me forget."

"Ah," said Mr. Darcy, "the great rise in North Atlantic, perhaps? By-the-way—" and Mr. Darcy seemed upon the point of foregoing all further explanations just for a moment's confidential interchange on the state of the market, but he stopped suddenly and took a sharp turn across the room in place of finishing the sentence.

"We moved in but an hour or two ago," said Nelly, "understanding that a gentleman had just vacated the room, and your explanation is consequently quite satisfactory."

"To forget, I fear," said Drury, "is hardly a sufficient reason. But, in truth, at the beach I became witness to a sight that rendered me for hours afterward entirely oblivious of time."

"Ah," said Mr. Darcy, raising his eyes from his dispatch. "What was that?"

"I saw a young girl sinking in the breakers, throwing her arms wildly to Heaven in supplication and calling frantically on deaf man for help—her voice and gestures lost in the surly roar and the upheaving breakers of the sea—"

"Bless me!" cried Mr. Darcy.

"I saw that sight, sir, and when it was over, all thoughts of my change of quarters and departure for New York had gone out of my head!"

"Upon my word, this must be looked to," said Mr. Darcy. "The undertow is dreadful here, I'm told. And who was she? do you

know? The daughter of one of our wealthiest citizens, probably. Did she drown?"

"No. She was rescued and brought to shore, but after such moments of anguish as I dread to recall."

"Saved, eh? By the bath-keepers, I presume. Noble fellows, some of those bath-keepers. For men in their condition of life, I don't know any class so worthy of—"

The two young ladies had been startled at Esmond's impassioned warmth as he began to speak, but when the matter of his story unfolded itself, Mamie half rose to her feet, and Nelly, with a pale, anxious face, and arms half extended, leaned forward from her seat, as her father spoke. However, Nelly, too, rose to her feet, and spoke excitedly.

"No," she said; "it was not by the bath-keepers. Some young man was swimming near, and he saved her."

"Bless me! what do you know about it?" interrupted Mr. Darcy, in wonder. Nelly had felt the sharp pull of Mamie's hand on her dress, and was recalled from her excitement.

"We—we heard of it," she stammered.

"Go on, Mr. Drury," said Darcy; "go on, this becomes quite interesting."

"As Miss Darcy says, sir, she was brought to shore by a young man who was bathing at the time, and I saw them no more. But, as I tell you, I was deeply interested, and must confess that I hoped to see the young lady again, to know at least that she had fully recovered from her fright and exhaustion—"

"Ah, ha!" interposed Mr. Darcy, with a harsh laugh, "you felt a little romantic over it, I suppose—but you forgot that she belonged to the other gentleman. There's justice in romance, you must remember, and to the rescuer belongs the rescued."

"Yes—yes!" said Esmond, stammering. "I thought of that, too—but then—"

"Well?"

"Well, she could not be seen any more, and while I sat in the summer-house and waited—"

"Expecting to see her in every carriage that rolled by, I presume," broke in Mr. Darcy, with his disagreeable laugh, "hoping to descry your unknown in every golden-haired maid that sauntered along the beach—"

"I must confess that some such fancy crossed my mind," said Esmond, lightly. "But I have told you and the young ladies more than I intended. I found that my room was vacated at my order, and that I was wrong when I so persistently insisted that you were; so I beg your pardon, and will bid you good-evening."

"But, Mr. Drury," said Mamie, with a flush of excitement on her features, "you cannot break off your romance in this manner. Pray, tell me who did save the young lady?"

Esmond stopped half-way to the door.

"I can only tell you who had the happiness and good fortune of bringing her to the shore. As to saving her, any other possibly might have come to her rescue, but I was nearer than the rest."

"Then you saved her?" said both girls, excitedly, with an eager movement forward.

"Yes!" replied Esmond, with a slight smile. "I had that happiness, and now you can probably understand better than my rather bare story could have informed you why I was so abstracted as to mistake my room. I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you again, ladies, and you, Mr. Darcy!"

"Yes, yes!" said Darcy, eagerly, as he accompanied Drury to the door. "You saved her, eh? A perfect hero you must be, Drury, a regular hero of romance. We will certainly see you again. We walk on the veranda every evening. Yes, yes. Good-evening."

Esmond lifted his hat and was gone. Darcy gazed a moment after his handsome figure, as it strode down the corridor, then withdrew inside, and pettishly slammed the door to. "He can gallivant out here," he said, petulantly, "rescuing young women from drowning, while his Christian father works corners in railroad-stocks in Wall Street, and ruins his friends! Damn—!"

He stopped as Nelly and Mamie both sprang in surprise toward him, and gazed abstractedly at them for a moment as if he had been unconscious of their presence. He waved them off with a painful smile.

"It's nothing, nothing," he said, in reply to their unspoken inquiries. "A gallant fellow, isn't he, Nelly?"

"Yes," she said, faintly.

"Rich—rich as Midas—that was the rich man in the classics, wasn't it?" and the painful smile again clouded his face. "Well, he's rich as Midas, and his father is the best business-man I ever saw."

"Yes," said the two girls, uncertain of the meaning their father could put upon all this.

"A good catch, Nelly," he said, suddenly, with a harsher voice.

"O papa!"

"A d—d good catch!" he said, with teeth closely set. "Do you understand that?"

"Why, papa, what can have come over you?" cried Nelly, in alarm.

Mr. Darcy brushed his hand across his face with a weary motion, and the painful smile had vanished. There were two heavy furrows where the smile had been, and ten years of age imprinted in those ten minutes on his face.

"Daughter, look at that. Is it all Greek to you? I s'pose it is. Well, it's all agony to me. Let me translate it for you."

And he showed her the telegraphic dispatch, on which, after the address, were written these hieroglyphics: "North A., 96; S. Minn., 83; gold, 112½.—AKKER."

"It is all Greek to me, father," said Nelly, plaintively, with an anxious look into his strangely worn face.

"Ha, ha!"—a painful laugh. "Well, here's what they mean: 'North A., 96,' means Northern Atlantic, 96—that is, that the stock of the North Atlantic Railroad is selling at ninety-six cents on the dollar. These are curbstone quotations after hours, you know, but they are unerring indications—"

"Yes, father."

The voice of the broker had become husky and labored as he proceeded, and he

had stopped to brush his hand across his eyes again.

"You understand that, Puss? Well, 'S. Minn., 83,' means that South Minnesota is at 83; and 'gold, 112½,' means that gold is at 112½. All outside quotations, you know."

It was still Greek to Nelly, but she tried to assume for her father's sake that she knew it.

"Yes, outside," she said.

"Curbstone," said Darcy, absently; then, suddenly, with set teeth, "Confound these curbstone quotations—they sound the market like a plummet!"

Nelly could only look wise, and wonder.

"But now you *will* understand," said he, again, with sudden vehemence, and he crushed the telegram in his hands. "I have just sold thirty-three thousand shares of North Atlantic stock at 98½—sold 'em this morning to be delivered to-morrow; and whom do you think I sold 'em to?"

Nelly could only look her wonder.

"To nobody else but Drury himself—Henry Drury, the father of this gallant young fellow, Esmond—sold 'em at 98½, and they have already gone up two and an eighth since I made the sale, and will keep on going up till every share of stock in the market is in Drury's hands. Do you see the trouble now?"

"You have lost—"

"Lost? I don't know what I haven't lost. It may be fifty thousand dollars before to-morrow, unless I can strike the market again. It's terrible!"

"Not so terrible, father," said Eleanor, anxiously. "We can retrench. We can go back to our own home and live cheaper."

"No, no!" replied the father, petulantly. "That would never do. That would eternally ruin my credit at once. I may be able to stave it off by borrowing, and a lucky margin may put me on my legs again to-morrow. I think I'll have a chance at a corner in Erie soon"—and his eyes wandered away abstractedly for a moment, as if calculating the chances in that corner—"but, but I want you to be a little—a little—kindly, you know, to young Drury—kind o' win his fancy—"

Nelly drew back instinctively.

"He might prove a catch for you," persisted the father, harshly, "and he would, too, if you put your mind to it."

"O father!"

"And it would be a good thing for me, too," he continued, resenting his daughter's reluctance—"a devilish good thing for me. There are hearts in railroad-stock as well as every thing else, and it would be a noble alliance, in a business way, for me."

The old man clinched his hands, but at that moment Eleanor looked up, and, seeing the anguish in his face, smiled faintly.

"Of course you see it that way," he said, gayly. "I knew you would. Besides, he's a gallant fellow—a perfect hero of romance, whom you girls ought to fall in love with on sight. And, as for that other girl whom he rescued from drowning, why, never mind her—some common hussy, no doubt, or she would not have ventured to bathe alone at a public beach.—There, now," he said, after a slight pause, coaxingly, "we'll go down for a

walk on the veranda to-night. It's going to be beautiful weather, and you are both looking so well. We'll meet a number of friends, and I want you to look your brightest.—And you, Nelly, I wish specially that you would wear that diamond rose in your hair, that becomes you so well."

CHARLES GORE SHANKS.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

"UP LAUREL."

WHEN, after much deliberation, Louise Chalmers and her brother decided to take a holiday, it became an important secondary question where that holiday should be spent. Though they lived in a quiet boarding-house on a quiet street in Baltimore, these young people were Carolinians; and, as soon as the word holiday was mentioned, they looked at each other, and uttered with one accord another word—home!

"Do you remember," said Louise, "the mountains where we always spent the summer when we were children? O Paul! should you not like to go there?"

Paul's pale cheek flushed.

"I remember very well," he answered, in a low voice, and his clear eyes looked wistfully out of the window, as if he would fain wander away in search of that lost, happy childhood—a childhood which seemed like another existence to the young cripple on his couch of pain. "To think that I should ever have climbed mountains, waded streams, and robbed birds' nests!" he said, with a faint, sad smile. "It would certainly be pleasant to go back and look at the Arcadia where such things were possible—but the question is, Bonniel, can we afford it?"

"Oh, I think so!" replied Louise, with all her heart in her voice. "It will cost a good deal to get there, but, when once we are there, living is ideally cheap."

So it was decided that they would go—a foolish decision, no doubt, since their means were exceedingly limited, and they could have found many cheap and pleasant resorts near at hand. But who has not occasionally taken pleasure in being imprudent, in giving the reins to self-indulgence, and turning one's back on the counsels of economy? Both Paul and Louise were longing for the wild, sweet beauty, the absolute repose and freshness of those green Carolina mountains they had once known so well, and, with the improvidence of poverty, they determined to gratify this desire. A golden August day found them at the end of their long railroad journey, standing before the door of the stage-coach which plies between Old Fort, at the foot of the Blue Ridge, and Asheville, beyond it. Paul having been established, with air-cushions and pillows, in a corner of the back-seat, Louise went into the hotel for a missing satchel. When she returned the landlord had stepped away, and there was no one to assist her into the coach. Now, there are few things more difficult, from a feminine point of view, than an ascent into a stage-coach; and so she hesitated, uncertain whether to spring desperately or call for a chair.

While she hesitated, a voice behind her said, "Will you allow me to assist you?"

She turned quickly. The speaker was a tall, dark gentleman, who seemed slightly amused by her embarrassment. There had been something kind and frank in the voice which the face seconded very well. It was not a handsome face—rather a plain, strong one—but its very plainness and strength were reassuring. Louise, who would have drawn back, and uttered a cool "No, thank you," to a handsome butterfly of fashion, looked up with her soft eyes, and, smiling, said, "If you will be so kind," to this man.

He assisted her into the high-swung vehicle with a skill which is very different from mere strength, handed her basket and satchel after her, then asked Paul if he could do anything to render him more comfortable. "I am going on top," he added, after the young man had replied in the negative, "but, if I can be of service to you in any way, pray do not hesitate to call upon me."

"What a considerate person!" said Louise, as he drew back to allow a stout woman and two peevish children to be hoisted in. "Who is he, Paul—do you know?"

Paul tossed a card in her lap.

"He gave me that in the hotel," he said, "after speaking to me in the kindest possible manner. It will tell you all that I know about him."

George Dunwardin was the name on the card—one altogether unknown to Louise. She had a theory with regard to the fitness of things, however, and the name seemed to suit, in a certain subtle fashion, the person who bore it. She thought this, with a smile, as the coach set forth on its jolting way, but the many discomforts of her position soon banished Mr. Dunwardin from her mind.

It is a beautiful road, that which for six miles leads directly to the summit of the Blue Ridge through Swannanoa Gap, but it is also a very rough road—so rough that one is tempted to doubt whether one will arrive whole or in pieces at the end of it. To see Paul's pale face distorted with pain as the heavy coach jolted and swung to and fro over the stones of all sizes and shapes which covered the road, seemed to Louise almost more than she could bear. With tender hands she drew his head down on her shoulder, and heaped shawls and cushions around him, but with little effect. After a while his very lips turned white, and she knew that he had fainted.

It was no uncommon thing in the paroxysms of great anguish which sometimes came to him, but just now she was unstrung, and for a moment lost her self-control. She put her head out of the window and called, asking the driver to stop.

"My brother has fainted," she said; "I must have water."

There was a tense chord in her voice that, even before the driver drew up his horses, made George Dunwardin spring to the ground.

He hurried round to the window, and, leaning in, felt Paul's pulse. Then he looked at Louise.

"There is no danger," he said. "Don't be alarmed. Have you any thing in which to get water?"

One of the other passengers anticipated her by handing a cup, which Mr. Dunwardin filled from a clear stream running quickly along by the side of the road. With this he bathed Paul's face, and gave him a liberal dose of the medicine which Louise produced. Before long the young man revived, and opened his eyes languidly.

"Dear, have I frightened you?" he said. "I am so sorry!"

"He will do now," said Mr. Dunwardin, cheerfully. "But, if you will let me take your place, Miss Chalmers, I think he may do better. I am stronger and better able to sustain him. One of these gentlemen"—looking at two insiders—"will, no doubt, give you his place, and take mine on top."

"I cannot think of troubling you," said Louise, eagerly, as one of the insiders in question immediately rose: "My brother is accustomed to me, and I am quite able—"

"If you will excuse me," said Mr. Dunwardin, looking at her, "you are not able at all. Pardon me if I press my services. Mr. Chalmers, I am sure, will accept them."

Mr. Chalmers indicated an assent. "He is right, Louise," he said. "You are tired, and the motion of a coach always makes you sick."

So Louise was reluctantly forced to resign her place, and Mr. Dunwardin took it. He proved so good a nurse—at once strong and gentle—that Paul was able to bear much better the remainder of the terrible six miles. When they reached the top of the gap, and horses and passengers together drew a long breath of relief, he declared himself so much better that he urged Mr. Dunwardin to return to his place on top.

"I wish you could take poor Louise with you," he said. "A little fresh air would do her good."

"Paul, you know I would not leave you," said Louise, quickly.

"But you can do nothing for me," said Paul, "and the worst of the road is over now. If Mr. Dunwardin will arrange my cushions, I shall do very well, and perhaps go to sleep."

"Don't you think you had better come on top for a little while?" asked Mr. Dunwardin, looking at the pale, gentle face with a great deal of kindness in his glance. "It will make you feel better."

"Go, Louise—pray go!" said Paul, earnestly.

So, again with reluctance, Louise consented, telling herself that it was very good of Mr. Dunwardin to take so much interest in her when she had no prettiness or fashion to commend her to his notice. She did feel very much better when she was elevated on the deck-seat of the coach, breathing the air which was a very elysium of softness and freshness, and feasting her eyes on the outspread glory of the fair mountain landscape. Her companion was pleased to see the animation that came into her face.

"Thank you for bringing me," she said to him. "How lovely every thing is! How I wish Paul could be here! It would make him think so much of the dear old times."

"You know this country, then?" asked Mr. Dunwardin.

"My home—at least, one of my homes—used to be here; but I have not seen the mountains before in years."

"Your brother tells me that you live in Baltimore."

"Yes, but we are Carolinians. I am an artist," she went on, looking up at him with a certain graceful dignity; "at least I try to be. Therefore, I hope to unite business with pleasure in coming here this summer."

"It is a beautiful and almost an unknown country," said Mr. Dunwardin. "The very place for an artist, I should think."

He said nothing more than this, but Louise, whose perceptions were very quick, felt that she had not suffered in his estimation by the statement just made. His manner lost none of its kindly courtesy—indeed, she perceived that it gained a shade of added interest—and when he turned the conversation to art in general, and the writings of Ruskin and Hamerton, she found that she had a cultivated as well as pleasant companion.

It followed that she was soon thoroughly at ease with him. More than once he descended from the coach to see if Paul needed any thing, but he insisted that she should remain aloft, and since Paul joined in the request, she was glad enough to obey. As afternoon passed softly into evening, and deep, purple shadows began to wrap the encircling mountains, it was pleasant to overlook fair valleys and crystal streams, dark-blue heights and deep gorges—pleasant to watch the tints of sunset casting their glow over the great crest of the Black Mountains, and the scarcely less imposing peaks of Craggy—pleasant to see the gorgeous colors die out of the west, and the silver lustre of a new moon reign in the violet sky.

The night was considerably advanced when they reached the lovely valley of the Swannanoa, with the fairy river brawling over its rocks. The faint moonlight touched lightly, yet with exquisite effect, the drooping trees and tangled vines that fringed its course, while the music of its voice filled all the summer night. To Louise it was the voice of an old and dearly-beloved friend. All the happy days that she had spent by the side of this pearl of rivers came thronging back to her. If Paul had been sitting by her she would have said, at every turn, "Do you remember?" As it was, she fell into silence, and her companion did not disturb her by any attempt at talk. In this way they journeyed on until they reached those green and softly-swelling hills which Asheville crowns.

The next morning Mr. Dunwardin greeted the two young people like an old friend, and as they sat together after breakfast on an upper piazza of the hotel, he ventured to ask what their plans were. These were briefly told. They intended to take lodging at some farm-house in the neighborhood of Asheville—perhaps at that ideal hostelry known to all travelers in Western Carolina as "Alexander's on the French Broad."

"I should like to go there," said Louise. "I must write and ask if we can obtain rooms."

"You need not take that trouble if you will allow me the pleasure of rendering you a

slight service," said Mr. Dunwardin. "I shall go down the French Broad to-morrow, and probably stop for a day or two at Alexander's. I can, therefore, make arrangements for you."

This offer was accepted with thanks, and it soon transpired that Mr. Dunwardin was engaged in mining affairs, and had been drawn to Western Carolina by accounts of the great mineral wealth of the region. He was now on his way to verify some of these accounts. Paul looked a little grave when he heard where he was going. "To Laurel?" he said. "Do you know that the settlement along that river bears a black name for the lawless, desperate character of its inhabitants? I hope you don't mean to go alone."

"Yes, alone," answered Dunwardin, carelessly. "One or two gentlemen, interested in the matter as well as myself, were to have met me here, but they have failed to do so, and I cannot afford to lose the object of my journey because they have failed. I shall go alone, therefore."

"There may not be absolute danger," said Paul; "but people here will tell you how the name of the Laurel settlement sounds in civilized ears."

"Why do you endeavor to frighten Mr. Dunwardin by telling him such things?" asked Louise. "I dare say the Laurel people are slandered."

"You do not think that your beloved mountains can harbor any thing wrong," said Paul, smiling. "By-the-by, you have not been out yet to look at them. Put on your hat and go at once. No rebellion! I insist upon it—and perhaps Mr. Dunwardin may like to go with you."

"Should you?" said Louise, turning to Mr. Dunwardin.

That gentleman answered that nothing would give him greater pleasure; so they went out together, climbed the rolling hills over which the town is scattered, and saw the blue mountains spreading afar, range upon range, like azure billows. The child-like delight of Louise pleased her companion even more than the bright beauty of the scenes to which she directed his attention with an air of pride and proprietorship that was amusing. Now and then tears rose into her eyes, and her voice stopped short with something suspiciously like a sob, but these April moods did not more than checker the sunlight of her pleasure.

"If only Paul could come," she said more than once, "how happy I should be! I could forget every other trouble under such a sky as this, and among such scenes as these."

"He might be driven out," said Mr. Dunwardin. "Let us bring him here this afternoon" (they were on the summit of that beautiful hill which is absurdly called Beaucatcher). "He could come in an easy-carriage."

"I fear he has not sufficiently recovered from the journey over the Gap," said Louise, hesitating.

"To-morrow, then?"

"But I thought you were going down the French Broad to-morrow?"

"A day more or less will not matter," answered her companion, carelessly.

An hour or two later, Louise came in and

stood by Paul's couch—her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining.

"Look what lovely flowers!" she said. "I gathered them in *our* dell, and to-morrow you shall gather some for yourself. That kind Mr. Dunwardin has gone to see if he cannot find a *very* easy carriage in which you could be driven out to Beaucatcher and see—oh, think of it, dear!—all the blue mountains that you love so well."

That kind Mr. Dunwardin found what he wanted in the way of a carriage, and the expedition on the following day was altogether a success. When the brother and sister came down to breakfast the next morning, however, it was to find their pleasant acquaintance arrayed in traveling-costume, ready to bid them good-by.

"The coach for the Warm Springs leaves in a few minutes," he said, "and I shall go in it as far as Alexander's. Miss Chalmers, when do you wish to go down to the latter place?"

"Whenever we are sure of finding rooms," Louise answered. "If there are any to be had, and it would not trouble you too much to send a line to that effect by the coach up from the Warm Springs this evening, we might go down to-morrow."

"I think I can undertake that responsibility," said Mr. Dunwardin. Then he shook hands, waived all thanks, and departed.

In the course of the day Louise discovered that she missed him, and said as much to Paul when she came in from a solitary walk.

"How soon one grows intimate with people in traveling!" she said. "But, then, Mr. Dunwardin was a particularly pleasant person, and must have been a particularly kind person to have paid so much attention to us."

"You speak as if we were beyond the pale of kindness," said Paul.

"I should be ungrateful if I thought that, but, again, I should not be grateful if I did not feel that we have never—since we became 'poor but respectable,' as story-books say—met such kindness as Mr. Dunwardin's."

"I like him very much," said Paul, "and I hope we shall see him again."

This wish was gratified sooner than the speaker anticipated. Instead of "a line" from Mr. Dunwardin, that gentleman himself arrived on the evening coach. He smiled at the look of surprise with which Louise greeted him.

"Don't you know," he said, "that Alexander's is only ten miles below Asheville? I reached there before eleven o'clock, and left after five. That gave me a day in which to discover that it is a delightful place, to arrange my plans, and to engage your rooms."

"You have engaged them, then?" said Louise. "How good of you!"

"Good of me? Not at all. I did not make them."

"But what has brought you back?" asked Paul. "I thought you only meant to take Alexander's *en route* to Laurel."

"Oh—several things brought me back," answered Mr. Dunwardin, nonchalantly. "I thought, for one thing, that Miss Chalmers might need somebody to take care of her on top of the coach to-morrow."

Miss Chalmers's eyes opened wide.

"Do you mean that you are going down the river again to-morrow?" she asked.

"Why should I not?" demanded Mr. Dunwardin, with the air of one put on his defense. "I thought it rather clever of me to come up, in order to tell you about the rooms, and have the pleasure of your society down to Alexander's."

"We think it something more than clever," said Louise. "You are very kind."

Paul echoed this opinion, but Paul also drew his own conclusions from the kindness. Just before Louise left him in his own room that night he took her hand and said, smiling yet wistful:

"Bonnie, what do you think brought Mr. Dunwardin back?"

"To go down with us to-morrow, beyond doubt," answered Bonnie, calmly.

"To go down with us! Don't you think it might be more accurate to say 'to go down with you?'"

"Paul!" Louise was so amazed that for a moment she could utter nothing more than that. Then a tide of bright color rushed to her face, and she looked at her brother reproachfully. "Paul, I am astonished, and—ashamed of you!" she said. "Such a suggestion does not sound like you. Mr. Dunwardin is a kind-hearted, sensible man, with no nonsense about him—indeed, it would not be possible for any man to connect such nonsense as that with me. Don't say any thing of the kind again, dear, or you will make me constrained with him—and that would be a pity. Good-night."

"Yes, it would be a pity," Paul thought, "so I'll not say any thing more—but there's no harm in having an opinion, all the same."

This opinion became strengthened after they were settled at Alexander's, and Mr. Dunwardin still lingered with them—deferring his search after the precious metals which he had come to seek. A week passed—a week during the long, bright days of which Paul and Louise felt as if they had entered Arcadia indeed—the lost Arcadia of their childhood, which in this fair land had waited for them, with beauty and freshness undimmed. Who, that has once known, can ever forget the repose which seems to rest like a spell on the great Carolina hills, and

"on the spirit gentler lies
Than tired eyelids on tired eyes?"

These hills, in all their blended softness and grandeur, inclose the narrow valley in which Alexander's is situated. Not more than twenty yards in front of the house the emerald current of the French Broad sweeps by, under drooping trees and towering cliffs, dividing a little lower around a lovely islet. On the leaf-shaded upper piazza of the house Paul would lie for hours quite content, listening to the ceaseless refrain of the river, and watching the shifting lights and shadows on the splendid heights. Louise was often with him, but often, again, she went on sketching or botanizing excursions, accompanied by Dunwardin. Paul watched her with delight during these days. She seemed to grow "more like herself," he said—"prettier," other people said—with every hour.

Louise was the only person not conscious of this. It did not occur to her for the simple reason that she was preoccupied with other things, and personal vanity had long seemed to her something in which she had no share.

It was a sudden blow to her childlike enjoyment when Mr. Dunwardin said one day, with a calmness which in itself was amazing:

"I have grown to love you very much, Miss Chalmers, so much that I can ask nothing better in life than that you should put your hand in mine, and promise to marry me. You do not know a great deal of me, but perhaps you know enough to tell whether or not there is any hope for me."

They had been on a long excursion among the hills, and, at the time of this declaration, they were sitting together on a bold, picturesque bluff which overlooked the impetuous river and the long, green island it encircled. Louise glanced up, startled, half doubtful if she had heard aright. She had just emptied the ferns which she had been gathering into her lap, and they lay there, a green, feathery mass on her cambric dress.

"I—do not think I understand you," she said, blushing a vivid crimson.

"I am sure you do," Dunwardin answered. "I cannot well put it plainer. I love you with all my heart, and ask you to marry me. Is that clear enough?"

"Too clear," said Louise, with the color forsaking her face as quickly as it had rushed to it. "I am very, very sorry that you should care for me. I did not think such a thing possible, or I should not have seemed to encourage you, as very likely I have done."

"Encourage me!" repeated Dunwardin. "No, you have done nothing of that kind. You have simply been frank and natural, for which I am very grateful. The pleasant intimacy you have allowed me during the past ten days has been more to me than I can tell you. And you need not blame yourself for anything. No prevention would have availed in this case. I fell in love with you that first day on top of the stage-coach. One cannot reason or understand these things. I don't count it folly, and I am not sorry for it. Even if I cannot win you, I shall never forget that I have known you; but—O Louise, is there no hope?"

He leaned forward, the dark face flushing, the dark eyes passionately eager. But there was scant ground for hope in Louise's sad face and eyes full of regret.

"I am so sorry—so sorry!" she repeated, again. "But there is no hope, my friend, not any. I am not worth your regard, I am not suitable to you in any way, and above all I have no heart to give you."

"Ah!"—he drew a sharp breath—"you love some one else, then? I did not think of that."

"No," she answered, quietly. "I *did* love some one else, long ago; but it is all over now. He, the man to whom I was engaged, acted very unworthily. When we lost our fortune, he showed me that he desired his freedom, and I gave it to him. I did not regret him—how could I after that?—but my heart seemed to lose the power of ever loving again."

"It is impossible," said Dunwardin. "A

heart so gentle and tender cannot have lost the power to love. You may fancy that it is so, you may let the memory of that man blast your life until—it is too late; but I am sure that you *can* love."

"You know very little of me," she said, with a certain dignity. "I am no longer very young, and then my life is bound up in Paul's. But don't think me ungrateful," she went on, quickly. "I thank you with all my heart—"

"No, don't thank me," he interrupted. "Why should you? Even in loving you, am I not selfish? Do I not want to secure your presence for myself, your sweet face to light my life? But, since this is not to be, we will say no more about it."

They did not. He began at once to speak of the ferns, and, as they presently walked back to the house together, Louise caught herself wondering once or twice if that brief conversation had not been all fancy.

The brother and sister had no secrets from each other, and when Paul heard what had occurred, he was deeply disappointed. "I like him so much, Louise," he said, "I hoped you might have fancied him."

"Do you mean you would have liked me to marry him, Paul?" asked Louise, much surprised. "I did not imagine for a moment that you would."

"Why not?" asked Paul. "Do you think me so selfish I could not share you with some one else—some one with the will and power to brighten your life? Louise, if I only felt sure you did not refuse him on account of that other—you know whom I mean—I should be better satisfied."

"Then be satisfied," said Louise. "That other has gone out of my life and my thoughts completely. But I think I burnt up all the supply of passion which Nature gave me, and I have none left now, not enough to make the faintest blaze. You would have felt that I had done a shameful thing if I had returned Mr. Dunwardin's kindness by accepting him when I did not care for him, would you not? Yes, I am certain of it; and so, dear, there is nothing to regret, except that I should have been forced to pain one whom we like so much."

A day or two after this Mr. Dunwardin announced that he must make his long-deferred journey to Laurel. "I shall be back in a week or ten days," he said to Paul, who was regretting that he must go. "Of course, I cannot determine the time with absolute certainty. I have several places to visit, and you know it is impossible to obtain any clear idea of distance from the natives of this country."

"Pray be careful!" said the young cripple, earnestly. "Any one will tell you that the settlement is the most lawless in the mountains."

"I shall be careful," the other answered, smiling; "though, luckily, there is nobody depending on me if the good people of Laurel shall take it into their heads to dispatch me."

In this manner he departed, bearing himself to the last in a manner very unlike rejected suitors in general. He shook hands with Louise at parting, and bade her be sure and finish by his return a sketch of the place which she had promised him.

"Take care of yourself!" was the farewell adjuration of everybody; and so he rode away.

The allotted week of his absence passed uneventfully. The boarders at Alexander's were very quiet people. The transients came and went without exciting much attention: there was nothing to break the placid repose of a life that almost seemed to realize a lotseater's dream. Louise walked and read, and talked to Paul. In Asheville she had frankly said that she missed Dunwardin. Now she did not say so, and Paul, with a shrewdness beyond his years, decided that this was a good sign.

At the end of ten days the adventurous traveler had not returned, and another week passed without any sign of him. Paul was inclined to be uneasy, but the proprietor of the house pooh-poohed the idea of any harm having befallen him. "When those mining fellows set out they never know where to stop," he said. "I've seen too many of them with their pockets full of ores. Depend upon it, Mr. Dunwardin will turn up all right."

Louise said little, but as the days wore on there came an anxious look into her eyes, and in her walks she almost invariably followed the road down the river, as if she hoped to meet the returning wanderer. She looked and hoped in vain, however. The days slipped by, and the third week of his absence found September throned in golden beauty on the earth.

Then the brother and sister said to each other that they began to fear some harm had befallen their friend. Since he left Alexander's nothing had been heard from or of him. It was certain that he had gone alone into one of the wildest and least accessible as well as one of the most dangerous parts of the mountains, and it was impossible to deny that there was ground for uneasiness.

"If I were a man, like other men, I would go in search of him," said Paul.

"Woman as I am, I would go—if I had any right to do so," thought Louise.

Three more days of increasing anxiety passed. Then a thunder-bolt fell. It occurred late in the afternoon when Paul and Louise were sitting on their favorite end of the upper piazza, while on the one below several of the other guests were gathered. Immediately in front of the house ran the turnpike, along which two horsemen came riding briskly, and drew up before the gate. As they appeared in sight, Louise looked at them eagerly, but, perceiving that neither was the person she wished to see, she sank back with a sigh into her seat behind the vines. When they stopped, one of them uttered the customary country salutation—"Halloa!"

"No accommodation to-night," responded a voice from the piazza; "house full."

"I reckon you'll have to put us somewhere," said the first speaker. "We've come on a pertikler errand. Didn't you have a boarder here what went up Laurel on minin' business?"

"Mr. Dunwardin boarded here, and went up Laurel on mining business," replied the voice from the piazza. "What about him?"

"Well, a man's bin drowned up there, and some of the folks thinks it's him—that's all."

There was a quick volley of exclamations from the piazza below, but neither of the two above uttered one word. Louise's hand closed on Paul's like a vice, but she made no sound. She only leaned breathlessly forward, peering down through the green net-work of vines.

Two or three men went hurriedly down the short walk to the gate, and a conversation ensued, of which every word was audible on the piazzas. The matter, it seemed, stood briefly thus: the body of a drowned man had been found in Laurel, lodged against some driftwood which had accumulated in the middle of the stream. He was a stranger, and there was nothing found on him, by means of which he could be identified. Whether there had been foul play or not, no one could say; but there were no signs of violence, and the inference was that he had been drowned accidentally.

"You see there's been a pretty considerable freshet in our part o' the country," said the narrator, "and all the waters has been monstrous high."

"But how do you know that the drowned man is Mr. Dunwardin?" asked a voice.

"We don't know; we only s'pose so; and that's what we've come fur. Hasn't he got no relations or friends here what could go and say whether it's him?"

"There are some friends of his here," said some one, hesitatingly.

And then there was a pause. Paul's voice broke it. He leaned forward and spoke clearly:

"Bring the man here, if you please. We are Mr. Dunwardin's friends, and we want to hear all about the matter."

The man was brought, and told his story again. The body, he said, was lying at his (the speaker's) house on the banks of Laurel, not very far from where that river emptied into the French Broad. All he wanted was that some one should come and identify it. "The kurroner's there," he said. "He'll tend to every thing else. All you've got to say is whether or not it's him."

Those around looked at each other. What could be said? Who could go? It was clearly impossible for Paul to do so. The journey down the French Broad would be terrible, the journey up Laurel much worse, to one like him. He felt this not less clearly than the others, and put his hand to his face with a low groan. "If I were but a man!" he said.

"Don't trouble, Mr. Chalmers, over what can't be helped," said his host, kindly. "I'll go. It's my duty to do so."

Louise turned quickly, and spoke for the first time.

"I thought you would go," she said; "and you'll take me with you—will you not?"

"There's no need for that—" he began, when she interrupted him.

"Yes, there is need. It is all that we can do for him, and he—ah, he did so much for Paul and me! I *must* go! Don't say any thing to dissuade me—only tell me when to be ready."

"We'd best start as soon after daylight as we kin," said the man standing by.

Very soon after daylight the next morning Louise bent over Paul, and kissed him a ten-

der good-by. He took both her hands and held them together.

"Keep heart!" he said. "It may be all a mistake. It may not be what we fear. I don't think he is the kind of man to be accidentally drowned."

"But he may have been robbed, and—murdered," said Louise. "Paul, I feel sure that it is he; and oh, my dear!"—and the great tears began to roll down—"I am so sorry that the only return I ever made for—for all his kindness was—was to give him pain."

"Never mind," said Paul, gently. "You did what you thought right, and he knew it."

"One often makes great mistakes about what is right," said Louise. Then she drew down her veil and departed.

Left alone, Paul sighed deeply. Despite his attempt to speak hopefully, he felt sure that the man who lay dead by the side of Laurel was the friend whom they had liked so well. He also felt sure that a partial revelation of her own heart had come to Louise during these weeks of absence, and he feared that Dunwardin's death would make that revelation complete. "If so, she will go through life bearing a hopeless burden of regret and self-reproach," he thought. "My poor Louise!"

At another time the journey down the French Broad to the mouth of Laurel would have been to Louise an occasion of pure delight. Nothing can be conceived more grand and at the same time more beautiful than this gorge. The cliffs tower hundreds of feet overhead; the splendid mountains rise heavenward crowned with an almost tropical verdure; the impetuous river rushes, whirls, and foams along the channel which it has torn for itself through the heart of the great hills; and the streams which come to swell its current are clear as clearest crystal. But to-day Louise saw none of these things—or else saw them without interest, as shapes in a dream. The ceaseless voice of the river, tearing madly over the immense rocks that strew its channel, lost all music to her ears; there was terror, not beauty, in the wildness of the gorge as it deepened toward the fatal waters of Laurel.

They traveled rapidly, and early in the afternoon Walnut Mountain—at the foot of which the Laurel flows into the French Broad—rose in sight. The first glimpse of the clear water of the former stream filled Louise with sadness beyond expression. As it sweeps between two lordly mountains, and empties into the tumultuous French Broad, it is a thing of beauty never to be forgotten, but she saw only horror in the swift flow of its translucent current. Turning, they followed a road which led along its banks, winding at the base of the overshadowing cliffs. How far they traveled Louise scarcely knew. To her it was all one terrible monotony of sounding water and towering rock, one great confused picture of the brightness, the greenness, the ineffable beauty of earth, from which one presence had forever departed. Her companion was kind, and during all the long hours said little to her. She had undisturbed time for reflection, and there were some thoughts from which she always afterward shrank—connected, as they were, with the

keen suffering of that fair, sad September day.

At last they reached the home of their guide—a substantial log farm-house situated in a valley, where the mountains receded a little from the banks of the river. As they came in sight they perceived that it was evidently the scene of commotion and excitement. Horses were fastened to the fence, and under the trees men were lounging here and there; a group of women stood gossiping by the door. Louise turned so faint—that deathly faintness which comes only from the heart—that every thing grew black before her. She clutched her companion's arm.

"Please take me in at once," she said. "I cannot bear this suspense much longer."

So they went in at once—stopping to hear nothing, putting aside those who would faint have spoken.

"Only show us where the body is," said Louise's companion. "That is all we ask."

Some one led the way, and pushed open the door of a lean-to room. They entered, and the sick horror seized Louise again as she saw the outlines of a rigid figure extended on a bed, covered with a coarse sheet. But she was resolutely determined that she would not fail until all was over—until *she knew*. She held herself, therefore, in a powerful constraint, and walked steadily forward. As she lifted the thick veil which she wore, a man who was standing by the bed turned quickly around. For one breathless moment they faced each other. What was this? Had the dead risen? If so, the dead could speak, for this man cried:

"Louise!—for Heaven's sake, what has brought you here?"

Poor Louise! The revulsion was too great. All her self-control gave way suddenly, and she fell forward fainting in George Dunwardin's arms.

When she recovered it was to hear a story which can be more briefly related than it was told by Dunwardin on the banks of Laurel. In his mining expeditions he had been led farther into the mountains than he had anticipated, but had been abundantly rewarded for hardships and delays by finding all—and more than all—of which he was in search. On his way back to Alexander's he had been stopped by news of the drowned body—supposed to be his own—lying within this farm-house. He identified it at once as that of a Methodist preacher whom he had met the week before among the mountains, and who had been, no doubt, accidentally drowned in attempting to cross the swollen stream.

"If I had traveled faster, if I had been a day earlier, I might have spared you all this," he said, remorsefully, in ending his story.

But Louise laid her hand on his.

"Don't regret your delay," she said, in her sweet voice. "No doubt it was best. I have suffered terribly, but if this suffering had not come, I might never have learned how much I love you."

And so, to this day, Dunwardin says that he won his wife "up Laurel."

CHRISTIAN REID.

TEN DAYS WITH THE SEMINOLES.

I.

SO jealously do the Seminoles hold themselves in seclusion that their existence is regarded by many writers as purely mythical. Of the thousands of people who annually visit Florida, not ten—rarely does one—get a glimpse of the swarthy red-man.

The waters of the St. John's, the mighty river which the Seminole once held as his own, is the winter resort of hundreds who little suspect, as they pass the forest-covered fields and mounds that the Indian once owned and cultivated, that the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants yet live in the State. Far down in the swampy Everglades a ruined and degraded people eke out a bare existence upon a tithe of the lands which their ancestors once claimed by right of conquest.

Few Northern men have ever visited them, so well have they covered the trails to their hiding-places.

No tribe—or remnant of a nation, rather—has preserved its blood so free from contamination as this. No tribe has so sacredly guarded its customs and dress from innovation as this.

Despite the changes and rude shocks which the war must have occasioned, the Seminoles have retained their old-time habits of speech, ceremonies, dress, and traditional rites of religion. They have adopted the dress and habits of the white man only in such a degree as will benefit them, but they cling to the primitive style of garb and speech that their chiefs and old women strove so zealously to preserve in the early part of the last century. They are, therefore, more interesting as a tribe than any other in the United States.

During the late war they maintained a strictly neutral position, though often approached with propositions that they should fight the Yankees. It is possible that they may break the bonds of caution that now restrain them, and dig up the hatchet so long buried, for they are subject to many persecutions by the white settlers who have penetrated into the unattractive Indian reserve.

It has been the writer's fortune to twice visit this people, which he did at much risk, and after incurring many dangers, and he has had very favorable opportunities for studying the red recluse in his own stronghold.

The Indian settlement near Lake Okechobee is about thirty miles from the Indian River, upon the Atlantic coast. Between the coast and the settlement, at the time of my first visit, there was but one white man's cabin, and this was some ten miles inland. From that cabin, one April morning, emerged the settler aforesaid and myself.

We mounted two tough stallions and turned their heads westward. My guide was owner of several hundred head of cattle, which roamed in a half-wild state through the woods and over the prairies, and these horses we were astride were especially trained for hunting those wiry cattle, and admirably fitted for our purpose.

We each carried a gun, a pint-cup, and a knife, and across our horses' backs were thrown two well-filled saddle-bags of provender for man, and two more of corn for beast.

A narrow trail led across the vast Alpattokee Flats, following dry creek-beds, through cypress-swamps and saw-grass jungles, beneath gigantic pines, and through dense palmetto-shrub. We followed this Indian trail in a southwesterly direction, till we struck the saw-grass bordering the Black Cypress, a cypress belt of swamp nearly forty miles in length, but scarcely a mile in width. Through this swamp was a narrow, blind trail, carefully hidden, lest the white man should discover it.

The precautions the Seminoles had taken to guard it were useless, for my guide had trailed Indians in that very swamp years before, and it was to him as plain as noon-day. Dismounting, we attempted to lead our horses through it. Bleeding and torn, we emerged from the saw-grass, whose serrated edges had cut and gashed us, to enter the blackest swamp that ever defiled the face of Nature. The tall cypress grew high above our heads, excluding every ray of light. Long, trailing vines, and hooked, cruel-looking briars, hung athwart our path, and festooned every tree. The mud in which we struggled was black, and exceedingly soft and tenacious. Stagnant pools of slime-covered water gave lurking-places to numberless alligators and poisonous snakes, which latter reptiles untwisted themselves in dozens from the gnarled cypress-roots, and wriggled silently away after darting at us their forked tongues. It required the utmost vigilance to elude the snakes and the alligators, and the desperate leaps of our frightened horses, as we waded on ahead leading them by the bridle.

Never was daylight hailed more joyfully than by us at the moment we emerged from the swamp, and dragged our mud-covered horses out upon the solid ground. The Black Cypress was passed; a few miles over level prairie, and we saw the first habitation. This, then, was the Indian country. This was the last refuge of a persecuted tribe, this half-dozen miles of prairie, bounded north and east by the swamp; south and west by forests of pines.

The scene before me was of peaceful rest and happiness. The meadow-lark trilled his clear note from the grass as we rode along; the quail whistled merrily; and the woodpecker tapped the aged pine. Paroquets flew by on golden wings, and the mysterious ibis winged his silent way overhead.

As we neared the village the entire population came forth to meet us, for those at work in the hammocks had been apprised of our arrival, and were there to greet us.

The shanties were grouped together, about thirty in number. They were simply constructed; four posts supported a pitched roof thatched with palmetto-leaves. Open at the sides and ends, a full view of the interior could be obtained. A raised platform of logs, three feet from the ground, was used to sleep upon, and hold the family treasures.

The people that surrounded me were

strange in appearance, and would have startled me by their strange disregard for clothing had I not already met some of the warriors hunting a few weeks previously.

The men are generally tall, well-shaped, and muscular, though there were exceptions. An old sub-chief, Tiger, who had fought us in the old Seminole War, was a good representative of the average Seminole. He was above medium height, broad-shouldered, with massive arms and legs like mahogany pillars worn smooth by many a brush with thicket and briar. Nose and lips were large, indicating that some remote ancestor may have been of negro extraction. His iron-gray hair was coarse, and straggled over a greasy bandana bound about his temples. The dress he wore may be taken as a specimen of that worn by all the adult males. Two ragged shirts of "hickory," or homespun, hung from his shoulders and reached nearly to his knees, the inner one a foot longer than the outer, and both exhibiting many a rent and tear. Breech-cloth and moccasins completed his attire. The most noticeable brave was young Charley Osceola, a descendant of the famous Osceola who caused the whites so much trouble forty years ago. He was about twenty years of age, tall, over six feet in height, with broad shoulders and finely-shaped limbs. Erect and proud, with the dignified bearing of a prince, he was my *beau idéal* of a brave. His eyes were small, black, and keen; nose straight, mouth small; hair thick, coarse, and black, with the changeable, metallic lustre of a raven's wing. This was shaven close at the sides of his head, leaving a ridge some two inches high on the crown, which ran from the forehead back like the crest of a helmet, spreading at the back of the head, and hanging in braids upon his shoulders. His dress was similar to Tiger's, though neater, without rents, and about his slender waist a broad belt confined his shirts.

The children were miniatures of the men; the boys deputed themselves with the same gravity and walked fully as dignified. Boys under fifteen wore, sometimes, a shirt; often, nothing at all.

How shall we describe the women?

They are indescribable. Some were beautiful as bronze Venuses; others as hideous and ugly as Sin in a cast-iron gabardine.

The girls and young squaws were much superior to their degraded cousins of the West in point of cleanliness and beauty, of medium height, with well-shaped limbs, and small hands and feet. Their faces were round; heads small; eyes large, black, and lustrous; nose small; mouth small and full-lipped. Their hair, long, black, and abundant, was gathered in a graceful coil at the back of the head, and worn short in front, after the prevailing fashion among Northern ladies a year ago. Their complexion was not so swarthy as that of the men, being a light brown where that of the latter was very dark. Altogether they were not repulsive—attractive rather. The older women were less prepossessing, as older women generally are.

All had low, musical voices, which, though not resembling "the singing of birds," as an old writer would have us believe, were very pleasant to the ear. I beg leave to except

the old hags who had lost their teeth, and those who chewed tobacco to excess.

Their dress was simple. Had it been simpler I could not have described it. It reminded one of the maiden who was arrayed in the full dress of becoming modesty and native innocence. A short cape adorned the shoulders; a short petticoat depended from the waist. A fine pair of *stillepikahs*, or moccasins, made of deer-skin dressed as soft as silk, encased their little feet and dainty ankles. Around their necks they wore a profusion of beads—coil upon coil of great glass beads. They would omit any portion of their attire sooner than these beads, which are of all colors, shapes, and sizes, and the accumulations of years. So long as there is space between the chin and breast, so long do they crowd in beads until the weight is burdensome. Some of these strings have been weighed, and turned the scale at twenty pounds. They are slaves to fashion, these untutored sisters. The only exception to the general style of dress was in the case of a young widow, who, according to the fixed and unalterable laws of the tribe, was permitted to wear no beads, no cape, no bustle, or polonaise. The law regarding widows is, furthermore, that they shall not leave camp for two years, nor comb their luxuriant hair during that period. If they pass the time of probation with credit, they may marry again.

To summarize in respect to dress: Children of both sexes under five cavorted about in a state of nature. The boys enjoyed this freedom, unrestrained, until ten or twelve years old; but the children of the softer sex donned a petticoat. At fifteen the boys arrived at the dignity of a shirt. The girls of that age had accumulated vast possessions of beads, and when turned sixteen were allowed to wear a cape.

Upon great occasions both men and women ornament themselves regardless of expense. The men disguise themselves in shirts of fine make, and long, flowing gowns of large-figured calico, embroidered elaborately and belted at the waist. Their legs are encased in fringed leggings, and their moccasins are shapely and highly ornamented. Around their heads they wind a large, gayly-colored shawl, making a huge turban, from which the fringe hangs gracefully. Heron and egret plumes are thrust into the hair, and from the neck are suspended huge gorgets of silver.

The women use a profusion of ribbons, bracelets, and beads. About their ankles they tie shells of the box-tortoise, which are bored with holes, so that they make a loud noise when struck together. They manufacture ear-rings from silver half- and quarter-dollars without any instruments for working save the most primitive.

These observations I made while surrounded by the motley crowd, and during my subsequent residence with them.

After a short rest, we were invited by Indian Parker, a sub-chief, to inspect his plantation. It was a mile away in the cypress hammock. Their houses are built in the pine-woods for health, while their gardens are in the more fertile, swampy hammocks.

His wife and children were hard at work

when we arrived, but desisted at the first intimation of visitors, washed themselves in a creek, donned their clothing, and gathered about us with offerings of the fruit of the place—corn and sweet-potatoes. The corn we roasted in the ashes, and ate the great milky ears with much satisfaction, though our sleeves did not brush away all of the clinging dirt.

It was in April, and Parker had corn six feet high, and pumpkins, beans, peas, and melons, in flourishing growth. All worked!—men, women, and children. There were no shirks. This is a pleasing characteristic of the Seminole. He will hunt all the time that he can be spared from his plantation, but when the season of planting comes, the rifle and arrow are laid aside, and he takes up the hoe and axe. Labor is mutual. The warrior kills the deer and bear, skins it, prepares the meat, and brings it home or to camp. The squaw, sister, or daughter, dries and dresses the skin, smokes the meat for future use, and performs all the labor incident to the camp.

From Parker's plantation we went beyond, to that of Tiger, his father-in-law.

I had met Tiger two weeks previously. He had visited my camp and eaten me out of provisions. At the time of his visit I had enough food, with the game we shot, to last three weeks. He came with ten younger Indians, staid two days, and left behind him at his departure an impoverished party of two, my guide and myself, who were obliged to flee to civilization to avoid starvation. Tiger was one of the few I shall never forget. His feats had won upon me, I'll not say how. He welcomed me warmly, conducted me around his cornfield, and introduced me to his squaw, a hideous, bony old hag, with skinny arms and legs, and fingers like eagles' claws.

The language of the Seminoles is a curious mixture of Indian and bad English—a conglomeration which only an experienced ear can understand. My guide always went upon the principle that you could make any foreigner (Indian included) understand you, provided you spoke loud enough. I could hear him when engaged in ordinary conversation a mile away. He would thunder out the worst English I ever heard in tones so loud that my ears would ring, and then would curse the ignorant aborigine for not understanding questions so clearly enunciated.

I append an excerpt of a conversation between Tiger and my guide. We wished to find Lake Okechobee, a wonderful, almost mythical lake, and Tiger knew the way there, but would not tell us:

Guide. "Okechobee, you savez?"

Tiger. "Hingkah" (Yes).

Guide. "Okechobee: me go: walkah (oxen) go: Yankee go?"

Tiger. "Hingkah. Walkah; me eatum: good!"

Guide. "No, you old fool; you know more'n you pertend. Walkah no slumpy-um-py; no sticky-icky in the mud, that's what I mean."

Tiger. "Haigh?"

Guide. "Oh, you old black-leg, you cussed old manatee! can't yer talk Istachatty (Indian), or do yer mean to go back on yer

native tongue? Why don't yer talk Yankee talk, and not such doggoned nonsense an' hog Latin? There! I'll give it up; the beathenish old chatty-micco can't un'stand Seminole no more'n a cracker."

Then turned Tiger to me and said:

"You humbuxj!"

I repelled, with scorn, the insinuation.

He repeated it:

"You lowkow! humbuxj!"

This assertion, made with such coolness, exasperated me, and I retorted by saying that I was not a low cow, but that he was a bull-hide of the lowest bovine order. Smiling, he seized me by the shoulders and faced me about so that my eyes focused upon a small shanty, beneath which was a small group of Indians, elbow-deep in several iron pots.

Like a flash of light it dawned upon me that humbuxj was, to eat. As I had eaten nothing since morning (it was now late in the afternoon), I lost no time in humbuxj-ing.

Here was an opportunity! Tiger had eaten me out at Alligator Creek; I would now have revenge. Revenge is sweet. Where was my guide? He had disappeared, and I must play a lone hand. Undaunted, I unbuckled my belt, laid aside my revolver, and joined the band of revelers.

There were three iron pots, and an Indian at each receptacle. In pot the first was "oafka," or thin drink, made by boiling corn with hickory ashes. It was too thin for me. It looked like a kettle of year-old dish-water. While I wondered how the huge spoon, which was as big as a baby's head, could be properly manipulated, a shock-headed urchin seized it, filled it with this delectable nourishment, drew it forth full, elevated it till the handle pointed toward the zenith, when the dish-water disappeared. The spoon was returned to the pot with a snoot of satisfaction, and the next Indian took it. After drawing the bowl of the spoon across the skull of an interloping youngster, and smiting a mangy cur in the ribs, he duplicated the performance and passed it to the other Indian, who did the same as the others. Then came my turn. I was hungry. I knew that, for I had ridden thirty miles, and had eaten nothing but corn since morning. But my appetite was gone. I forgave Tiger for devouring all my flapjacks. I promised myself to forget it. What was the loss of a little food? But I must eat, or lose my prestige. Gently I grasped the spoon, shuddered, gulped—lo! 'twas done.

The second kettle contained some thirty feet of sausage. If I knew the Indian name for sausage I would give it; but I don't, so forbear. One of my fellow-revelers would seize one end of the membranous rope, store away as much as his mouth would contain, and then, severing by a dexterous cut the adipose tissue, pass the end to the next. Sausage was never my favorite viand, and my refusal was couched in language more concise than elegant.

The third kettle contained small pieces of meat, boiled, very juicy, and savory.

My appetite returned. Tiger yet should suffer. The meat was tender; moreover, it

had a delicious flavor I had never found pork possessed of before. Of course it was pork—pork; it was not venison, nor common bear. I would obtain the receipt, and the next porcine quadruped that crossed my path should be offered up. To convince myself that it was pig, I said to my next neighbor, imitating the Indian style of conversation:

"Um: good, too much. Sho-ko-sal-iko?" (Shokosaliko is pig.)

"Um: no! Efà!" (Efà is dog.)

Probably a less-experienced traveler would have departed, convinced that the Seminole enjoyed his canine equally with the Chinaman. But I knew better (although my occupation was gone for the time); it was an Indian joke.

The Indian dog never arrives at the dignity of a roast. He is too poor; never acquires fat enough to make his skin pliable. So noted is his leanness, that it has become proverbial.

We afterward returned to the settlement, where I was assigned the chief's shanty as a special honor, old Tustenuggu being out on the hunting-trail. It in no way differed from the rest, and probably the round logs of my bed were just as hard as the others.

FREDERICK A. OBER.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

A FEW FRESH ANECDOTES.

OUR readers will probably recall the publication, a few years ago, of the memoirs of the famous English tragedian of the Kemble period, Charles Mayne Young, with extracts from the journals of his son, the Rev. Julian Charles Young. This volume was crowded with numerous anecdotes and reminiscences of distinguished people in English art, literature, and society, affording many very delightful glimpses of persons the world is never tired of hearing of. Since the publication of that volume, Mr. Julian Young has died, and we have now from the English press a supplementary volume, edited by his widow, entitled "Last Leaves from the Journal of Julian Charles Young," which brings the record down to the time of his death, two years ago. From this volume we glean a few anecdotes of well-known persons, and other passages likely to entertain the reader:

March 20, 1885.—I paid two or three visits during my stay in Paris, at his own request, to Lord Hertford. I breakfasted with him one morning, when he showed me over his magnificent hotel. After examining with delight his splendid collection of pictures, and china, and *vertu*, I was riveted by two enormous vases of Gros Bleu. I asked him their history. "Ah," said he, "I mean those for Bagatelle!" (his *campagne* in the Bois de Boulogne). "There is a curious circumstance connected with them. When I first gained possession of them, they were besplashed with human clotted blood. After the murder of the Duc de Praslin, I heard there was to be a public sale of his effects. Fearful that if once the emperor knew of these, which were among them, he would buy them, I went and offered a very large sum for them before the

sale. My offer was accepted, and I carried them off in my carriage, just as they were." While breakfasting with him I was made to feel how valueless wealth and station are without health. He wore a violet-velvet cap and gorgeous dressing-gown during the meal; but, though there were *cotelettes de mouton*, and quails, and other luxuries, he hardly ate of any thing! He sipped his Mocha and smoked his cigarettes, and looked wretched, and as if he would give the world for a new sensation. He asked me if I had seen his pictures in Manchester Square. I told him I had, and that Henry Meynell had taken me to see them. "I will give you a general order if you like," said he; but I did not care to go again, so did not remind him of his offer. The number and quality of his possessions, of which he is totally ignorant, is very noteworthy. He has pictures of inestimable value, some collected by his father, and some purchased by commission for himself, which he has never seen. One day he was walking with his chum, Cuthbert, when an English groom rode by on a splendid horse.

"Oh," said he, "I must have that horse! Let us jump into this *facre*" (he was standing by one on the Boulevard des Italiens), "and follow the man."

With some difficulty they kept up with him. At last Lord Hertford thrust his head out of the window and asked the groom, in English, whose horse it was.

"I'm not bound to tell you, am I?"

"No, but be civil; is it the emperor's?"

"No, it is not! If you must know, it belongs to the Marquis of Hertford!"

He knew neither his own horse nor his own groom!

Greenshields's statue of Scott, which stands placed at the end of the corridor in the Advocates' Library, from the crown of his lofty skull to the rude simplicity of his shoe-strings, is perfect. All the portraits I have seen, except Sir F. Grant's, give him a heavy, lowering look, which at all events is neither pleasing nor, I will add, characteristic. No doubt, when abstracted, or when music, in which he took slight pleasure, was going on, a cloud would come over his face; but I humbly maintain that, before his misfortunes fell upon him, the ordinary expression of his face was one of amenity, benevolence, and waggery; and these qualities are legibly impressed upon the face which Greenshields has given him. I cannot say how important an accessory in recalling my recollection of him I found the apparel, for it proclaimed the man. My acquaintance with him was but of some ten days' duration, but of no man I have ever seen have I such a vivid recollection. I fancy I see his movements with his arms and his limp now, and that I hear his genial chuckle as Adam Ferguson moved him to mirth. His hearty laugh was as infectious as Sydney Smith's irrepressible guffaw. During the few days I was at Abbotsford I do not think ten minutes ever passed without a smile lighting up his face. What I have been rash enough to say of modern busts reminds me of a story I was told more than thirty years ago. Mr. Lyne Stephens, the father of the gentleman who married Duvernay,* a man of large fortune and liberal ideas, gave an order to a well-known English sculptor, resident at Rome, for busts of the twelve Cæsars, stipulating that he should receive them within eighteen months. Two years having elapsed without the fulfillment of the condition, the patience of the

* The celebrated *danceuse*.

patron became exhausted, and he wrote to his *protégé* to say that, if the twelve Cæsars whom he had bespoken did not reach him within two months from that date, he would not receive one of them into his house. The forfeiture of so valuable an order was a serious consideration with the artist, and having, when the threatening letter arrived, only completed eight of the Roman emperors, he impressed into his service the busts of four private gentlemen, which he had executed to order according to the received classic type, and dispatched them with the other eight as veritable Cæsars.

The anxiously-expected treasures happened to arrive at their destination when Mr. L. Stephens had his house full of company. When they had been carefully unpacked and deposited in the gallery, on pedestals which had long been prepared for them, the guests were taken by the host to see them. The names of each of the emperors having been written in pencil at the back of the bust, they were transferred to the pedestals, and lettered in gold, so that there was no difficulty in distinguishing them.

"This," said Mr. L. S., "is considered *very fine*. It is Marcus Aurelius. This is Commodus. This is Pertinax. This is Didius. This is Severus. This is Caracalla. This is Maximus; and I must beg your attention to this, for it is considered the sculptor's *chef-d'œuvre*—it is Elagabalus."

"No, no, I'll be hanged if it is!" said a well-known master of hounds; "it is no more Elagabalus than I am. It is Gratwicke,* and the sculptor showed it me two months ago in his studio as Gratwicke!"

December 11, 1871.—Took a long walk with Lord Lytton. Among other subjects which cropped up was phrenology. In the general principle he had faith, but not in the details, on which professors are so apt to refine. I amused him mightily by telling him what a very clever lady of my acquaintance, a Russian, had told me, with implicit faith in the truth of what she herself had heard, viz., that in one of the battles between France and Germany a French soldier, in single combat with a German, was felled to the earth by the butt-end of a musket, and the *left* side of his skull fractured. As a wounded prisoner, he was taken to hospital, trepanned, and cured. On the recovery of his general health, it was found that he had entirely forgotten his native tongue, his name, his condition of life, etc., etc. Unfit for further military service, he resided for two years in Germany, acquired the German tongue, and adopted the calling of a bricklayer. One day, while at work upon a house, he fell from a scaffold, and fractured the *right* side of his skull. When once more he was restored it was found that he had forgotten all the German he had learned, that his former knowledge of his mother-tongue had returned, and that he recollected he was a married man, and the father of two children.

December 30.—Dined with Lord Lytton, Mr. and Miss Froude, Sir Thomas and Lady Symonds, Mrs. Vivian, Mrs. Cosway, Messrs. Edmund, Boyle, Sievwright, Cosway, W. H. Smith, M. P., and the Rev. Mr. Patch.

We had an animated discussion on the character of the ex-Emperor Louis Napoleon. Lord Lytton spoke of him, as he invariably does, with great regard. He said that he was by temperament kind to weakness. He gave an interesting account of a long evening and

a confidential chat he had had with him, after dining with him, and after the company had been dismissed, which ran into the small hours of the morning. He had seen much of him when he lived in a small lodging in King Street, St. James's. He was then occupying a handsome house, as Prince Napoleon merely, in Carlton Terrace. He said he had never seen any man so confident of his future as he was. He showed him the flag which his uncle unfurled with his own hands, when, at Embabeh (close to Cairo), he directed his infantry to form squares to receive the charge of Murad Bey and his Mamelukes, and called out to his men, "From yonder pyramids forty centuries behold your actions!" Among other precious relics, he showed him also the ring which had belonged to Charlemagne. He said that his uncle prized it enormously, and regarded it as a talisman of magic power, which insured good fortune to its possessor so long as he had it on his person. He declared positively that it always forsook him when he had it not. Before embarking for Elba he lost it, and offered rewards of incredible amount for its recovery. He attributed his failure at Waterloo to its loss. I forget through what means Louis Napoleon regained it, but regain it he did, and treasured it as much as his uncle did. Louis Napoleon never scrupled to acknowledge that he was superstitious! He reposes implicit faith in a prediction made to him by some one or other—I forget whether witch or wizard or conjurer—as to his end. That end was to be death in the streets of London in the hour of victory. He said, "I feel as certain as that I am now smoking with you, that I shall one day be the foremost man in France, whether president or emperor I cannot say."

September 3, 1872.—Sat for a considerable time with Dean Ramsay, with whom I found Lord Torphichen. The dean was in high force, and told me more anecdotes than I can recall. One, however, I remember well. He had been talking of the nationality of his countrymen, and I had been justifying it, when he said: "An Englishman was speaking on the same theme one day to a Scotchman. The Scotchman said:

"It is not mere national pride if I say, *what is a matter of fact*, viz., that my country is the finest in the world!"

"Well," said John Bull, "if it be the *finest*, it is not the biggest! I suppose you'll allow that England is bigger than Scotland?"

"Deed, sir," answered Sandy, "I'll allow nae sic a thing; for, if oor grand hills were rolled out as flat as England is, Scotland wad be the bigger o' the twa!"

"Well," retorted John Bull, "you'll acknowledge that Shakespeare was not a Scotchman?"

"Discomfited at this home-thrust, but not disheartened, he once more replied:

"I'll acknowledge that Shakespeare had pairs' (parts) 'that would justify the inference that he *was* a Scotchman.'"

A Presbyterian minister, who had not long before married a couple of his rustic parishioners, had felt exceedingly disconcerted, on his asking the bridegroom if he were *willing* to take the woman for his wedded wife, by his scratching his head, and saying:

"Ay, I'm wullin'; but I'd *rather* hae her sister."

As the name of Moore and his Bessy are on the *tapie*, I must take the opportunity of mentioning a circumstance which the delicacy of my informant has hitherto kept religiously secret from the world, but which I am permit-

ted by him to divulge, now that all the near connections of the parties implicated are no more. I think, as it is an anecdote which reflects honor on the character of Mrs. Moore, it would be an injustice to her memory any longer to withhold it. . . . When living in Dublin, where Moore was the observed of all observers, he was engaged in some private theatricals when he made acquaintance with Miss Bessy Dyke, who had recently made her *début* as a ballet-dancer on the Dublin boards. Moore was smitten with her at first sight, and, having access to the greenroom, used to seek her out and converse with her, whenever he could, behind the scenes.

One night, as the celebrated Sir Philip Crampton, one of the very ablest medical men that ever lived, was just dropping off to sleep, after a day of great fatigue, he heard a violent and agitated knocking at his bedroom-door. "Come in," he said, and a voice, which he at once recognized as that of his friend Moore, spoke through the half-opened door, "Phil, Phil, for God's sake, get up and come with me without a moment's delay!" Sir Philip jumped up, hurried on his clothes, and went out with him. It was about two o'clock, in a bright summer's morning, and the streets were entirely deserted. As they walked rapidly together, Crampton in vain appealed to Moore to tell him what was the matter. The only reply he received was, "You'll see soon enough. Come along quick, for God's sake! There's not an instant to be lost." They hurried down Dawson Street, reached Suffolk Street—a short street at right angles to Grafton Street—and about half-way up that street, lying prostrate on the flags, Sir Philip beheld, to his amazement, what appeared to be the body of a young woman. So it proved to be—not a dead body, but an insensible one, and bleeding copiously from the head, which was severely injured. On going up to it they found an old woman standing by it, and keeping watch over it. Sir Philip Crampton, with Moore's assistance, lifted the body from the ground, and carried it up-stairs to her rooms, which were on the first floor. After a considerable time she was brought back to consciousness by the skill of the great practitioner. The ugly wound which she had received did not prove so serious as had been feared; so that, after a while, she gradually recovered, and (here is the curious part of the story) the heroine of this little drama lived years and years after, and lived to become "the darling Bessy" of Tom Moore.

It would seem that on the night in question Moore had accompanied her to her lodgings in Suffolk Street, and while there made use of opportunity to express his feelings toward her passionately. If she were blamable for having admitted a man to her apartments at such an hour, it must be borne in mind that she was really and truly a pure-minded, unsophisticated girl, who, though flattered, naturally enough, by the undisguised admiration of a man so sought after and distinguished as the modern Anacreon, yet had been treated by him invariably with such respect as to inspire her with confidence. However, his advances were made so warmly that his ardor got the better of his prudence, and he rushed forward toward her, hoping to grasp her in his arms. When she perceived his intentions, she said to him in the most decided tone, "Stop, sir! If you come one step nearer to me I will throw myself out of that window," pointing to one that, on account of the sultriness of the weather, had been left wide open. Not imagining her to be in earnest, he continued to approach her, and in one moment she sprang

* A gentleman well known on the turf and in Sussex a few years ago, but now no longer living.

out of the window, and fell on the pavement, bruised, mutilated, and insensible. His terror, consternation, and self-reproach, may be imagined. All in the house were in bed. The watchmen, as was their wont, were asleep in their boxes; and there was Moore standing appalled and helpless by the bleeding body of his love in the silent, solitary street on that memorable summer's morn. At length he succeeded in rousing up the old woman-servant of the house, and, consigning the young lady to her charge, he ran off for his friend Crampton. The rest of the story is easily told. Moore was captivated by the heroic conduct of his virtuous Bessy, and the blind passion which he had conceived for her was converted into profoundest admiration. He made her an honest, heart-felt, earnest proposal of marriage, to which at last she yielded with good grace.

The following is an extract from his journal when at Hampton Court in 1831:

Theodore Hook dined at General Moore's, and as usual was the life and soul of the party. His wit and humor, his sayings and doings, his pranks and his practical jokes, his hoaxes and political squibs, are so well known that I am almost afraid to reproduce any of them, lest I should be accused of bringing stale goods to market. However, I do not think the two following stories, which he told us yesterday, have ever been in print: Not long since, he went by stage-coach to Sudbourne, to stay with Lord Hertford. Inside the coach he had but one companion, a brown-faced, melancholy-looking man, with an expression of great querulousness, quite in character with the tone of his conversation, which was one of ceaseless complaining. "Sir," said he, "you may have known unfortunate men, possibly, in your day—you may, for aught I know, be an unfortunate man yourself—but I do not believe there is such another unfortunate man as I am in the whole world. No man ever had more brilliant prospects than I have had in my time, and every one of them, on the very eve of fulfillment, has been blighted. 'Twas but the other day that I thought I would buy a ticket in the lottery. I did so, stupid ass that I was, and took a sixteenth. Sir, I had no sooner bought it than I repented of my folly, and, feeling convinced that it would be a blank, I got rid of it to a friend, who I knew would thank me for the favor, and at the same time save me from another disappointment. By Jove! sir, would you believe it!—I know you won't; but it is true—it turned up thirty thousand pounds."

"Heaven and earth!" said Hook, "it is incredible. If it had happened to me, I should certainly have cut my throat."

"Well," said he, "of course you would, and so did I;" and, baring his neck, he exposed to Hook's horror-stricken gaze a freshly-healed cicatrix from ear to ear.

On his return from his visit by the same coach, there were but two inside passengers—a very pretty but very delicate-looking young lady, attended by a very homely-looking maid. The coach stopped for twenty minutes to allow of dinner. Hook returned first to his place; the maid next. During the absence of her young mistress, Hook said to her, in a tone of great sympathy:

"Your young lady seems very unwell."

"Yes, sir; she suffers sadly."

"Consumption, I should fear?"

"No, sir; I am sorry to say it is the heart."

"Dear me! Aneurism?"

"Oh, no, sir! it is only a lieutenant in the navy."

MODELS, AND ARTIST-LIFE IN ROME.

DURING the last quarter of a century the Italians have been politicians and soldiers rather than artists. In 1848 their country was largely mediæval, at the fag-end of European nations in modern respects; at that date, having resolutely decided to tear off their motley wear, they had to form and fashion themselves in the ways and means of the nineteenth century. From the outset sensibly giving themselves quite up to the task, they have really achieved that of which they may be proud; to-day Italy is united, prospering materially and developing intellectually, after twenty centuries of division, ruin, and decay, resulting from foreign barbaric invasion and tyranny. During this recent transitive and constructive stage, they had neither time nor money to spend on luxuries, and accordingly art was confined to the shelf. True, side by side with the busy workers, there were a few self-styled artists; but, without encouragement, these wasted and pined away into nothingness, after eking out a few pennies by copying for foreigners the masterpieces in the great galleries. This laying aside of art-effort was a subject of general regret, but it was confessed there was no help for it; under the circumstances, the gun and the pen excluded the brush and the chisel. Italian palaces, houses, and galleries, are stocked with the masterpieces of painting and sculpture to a degree that would constitute satiety in other lands not so addicted to them. Even under more favoring circumstances than those consequent upon their national resurrection, it is not likely that the Italians will ever again give the same encouragement and patronage to art which they gave to it in the past, although there is every reason to believe that in this line they will eventually recover some of their lost ground. The modernization of the peninsula which has taken place, and which is going on at rapid rate, may certainly lessen its charms and advantages in art, but cannot possibly obliterate them. The old costumes and customs will not have wholly faded away for some time to come, and Rome and Florence will hold their own for the brush and the chisel, whatever betides.

Over all the great centres of the peninsula, Rome predominates as the inexhaustible treasury of art, and the ever-fascinating, cherished home of the artist. Florence is bright and pleasing, and offers many attractions both to painter and sculptor; but, as affording them the greater spiritual advantages and material facilities, Rome bears the palm. No other city is so rich and well supplied as Rome is in "models," of both sexes, reaching from infancy to extreme old age, trained, or capable of being trained, to adapt themselves to the designs and fancies of the sculptor and painter.

In the Roman studio very frequently dozens of models are employed by an artist for a single picture or statue, for it is next to impossible to find in one alone all the desired perfections—thus working somewhat after

the fashion of the old Greeks, who, more fortunate, however, were liberally supplied with models by their amiable authorities at the cost of the state treasury. For the best of models there is great rivalry between the occupants of the studios, persuasive and pecuniary means being both freely applied to secure fine eyes, handsome faces, well-turned limbs. A model may have the run for profile, bust, eye, nose, mouth, chin, forehead, hair, hand, foot, leg, complexion, size, age—for any one or several of these points; and any single one, carried from studio to studio and copied in clay or on canvas at so much a sitting, may fetch in a comfortable livelihood to the owner.

Models are generally engaged by the hour, whether to sit one day or more; but at times they may be monopolized and kept, so to say, under lock and key, until the job for which they may have been engaged be completed. Prices in this line, as in most others since the Italian occupation of the city, have had an upward tendency, although the highest rate—when rivalry among competitors does not run up the bidding—paid at present is not over one *scudo*, or one dollar, per day. The patience, skill, and taste, exhibited by most of the Roman models are remarkable, and of inestimable aid in the studios. Their ready adaptability to whatever is required of them is something to be seen before it can be fully appreciated, or even conceived of. Little children, acting, for instance, in the capacities of young John and the Infant Jesus, will stand immovably throughout the attitude allotted to them with the most smiling and interested countenances, though the fatigue incurred may be any thing but light for their youthful frames. In their eyes, it is incumbent upon them to help in the execution of a beautiful design; and surely, if never any modern art-wonders are turned out in the Eternal City, it is not because suitable models are lacking there.

Most of the valued confraternity are professionals, but there are of them who combine the profession with some other and less distinguished calling. Sewing and scarf-weaving girls and clerks hire themselves out for modeling purposes when out of work or during leisure hours. Their profession has its fixed and accepted rank; it is an honorable one, inasmuch as models are simply classed as the necessary attendants on art. One still meets them as of yore, sitting to and fro in the Babuino, Corso, Condotti, and Piazza di Spagna, wearing the picturesque dress and accoutrements of long-faded epochs, and presenting quite a contrast with the plain, modern cut of clothes which wellnigh everybody wears, even in those thoroughfares until recently given up to unusual and fanciful costumes. Their principal headquarters are yet on the stairway of the Trinità dei Monti and in Via Sistina, where they congregate with a few relics of the most famous band of beggars that ever infested a city—the pope's own—sung in poetry and prose from Byron to Hawthorne. During the closing ten days of the carnival season they are up to all kinds of sport, and are particularly fond of performing the old-fashioned peasant-dances, *tarantella*, etc., to the sound of merry tam-

bourines and admiration of gazing Pulcinellas and Columbines of such modern build as to be without much salt or flavor. Lovers of the antique and of novelty are always on hand to witness their antics, and the passing artist, recognizing the favorites of his studio, never fails to accord them a nod, a word of encouragement, or perhaps promises. They are, in a manner, members of his own home-circle—sometimes very precious and intimate ones, occupying the best seats in the castles of his imagination.

One of the peculiar sights of Roman streets is entire model families, children attired in gaudily-matching colors, and led by papa and mamma as brigand and brigandees, shepherd and shepherdess, grouped on the pavement on their way to and from the studio. One family may be able to supply several studios at once, and then, of course, to the greater glory and revenue of that particular household, and the rivalry and envy of others less fortunate. Vendettas among them are not frequent, however, and on the whole they are a peaceful set in the community, softened and tamed down by *ingenue* artes. The elders bring the young ones up, verily, in the ways they should walk; and all modern ideas, ways, and bits of dress especially, are spurned and kept out of their reach as constituting the plague. No modern gewgaws and gimeracks for them—the simple sandals and sheepskin garments of the original and time-honored fathers amply suffice.

Many of the professional models are of rustic origin, wandering peasants who dwell on the Campagna or on their Sabine farms, when at home. The migrating peasants pass under the *sobriquet* of *ciocciari*, or those who wear *cioccie*, thick pieces of leather upon which the feet are placed as upon soles, and which are turned up over the toes and tied with strings or bands around the ankle, in rough imitation of the genuine old sandal. The tiny, circularly-built villages perched on the hill-sides between Albano, Velletri, and Monte Cassino, on the line of rail from Rome to Naples, are inexhaustible sources whence models are evolved. Their peasant-costumes, though immutable, and not made for wear and tear, are often very pleasing, and always productive of effect—articles of luxury rather to be looked at than used.

In autumn, winter, and spring, they lead an entirely out-door life in the streets of the capital, basking in the warm sunshine, or playing games while unengaged on their sittings in the studios. During summer, when malaria or fear of fever drives foreigners northward, the model crowd also proceeds to the country to summer on their native patches and slopes, to eat figs and soothe cares with wine after the Horatian pattern, if not degree. Their little home-hamlets are always dearer to them than the great city, and are affectionately called *la patria*. The villages of Saracenesca, Subiaco, Olevano, etc., are all in all to the inhabitants thereof; and each village is jealous of the other. If the villagers even know the meaning of the word Italy, it weighs nothing beside *la patria*. Such intense specimens of local attachment and steeple-love could scarcely be found outside of the old States of the Church. Withal,

these same Saracenescons, Subiacians, and Olevanites, have been transmitted in marble and canvas into the luxurious and splendid abodes of all Europe.

The flower-girls who formerly served as models are on the wane; even in the selling of bouquets they have been replaced by *floriste* from Florence, once so charming and attractive, but now fallen on a level with the lowest types of Parisian *lorettes*. Those of the Roman flower-girls still left over migrate in summer to the neighboring villages in company with the models, and return in autumn to sell bouquets to strangers. Few of the latter who visited Rome within the past decade can have forgotten the manifold importunities and sonorous beseechings with which they were plied by the youthful *floriste*, chiefly gathered around the doors of the jewelry-shops in Via Condotti. A famous little band, composed of three comely girls and a little boy, dressed in the gayest of mountain-styles, continue to besiege all lunchers and loungers at Spillman's, Nazzari's, Café Greco. Agatha, Santa, Maria, Giovanni, are as universally petted under the royal rule as they were under the papal *régime*—perhaps more, for now their competitors have fallen away. In their capacity of celebrities the members of this little band reap a rich harvest of pennies by selling their own photographs equally with the violets and roses out of their baskets. The money made by all young flower-girls and models is, to the last *soldo*, handed over to their parents, and they are severely punished if, during the day's operations, they make the least outlay without permission. When at home at night, in the wretched dwellings around the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, they are subjected to the strictest discipline, fed on the coarsest, scantiest food. Their sale of roses yields them no bed of roses.

In these days of travel and easy access a loud and bitter wall arises from among the cultivators of art in the peninsula over the vast and increasing crowds of elegantly and fashionably equipped tourists who throng in its renowned and quiet temples and retreats "to do" the wonders of sculpture and painting. No art curiosity is held sacred or free from the wayward inspection and clatter of the fashionable gentry, who, it is not to be denied, do contrast frightfully with the surroundings. The ribbons and curls of modern attire now flaunted on Italy's pavements do seriously interfere with the tasteful and well-designed costumes handed down from the tunic-toga era of the Cæsars, as also from the fanciful days of Raphael and Titian. Art decrees the beggar, street-child, old man or woman, though ragged in the few remnants of the unadulterated but fast-fading national garments, to be infinitely above the overdressed travelers turned out of hand-boxes by Paris tailors and *modistes*. There is truly a stunning difference presented, even to profane optics, by the two types, as seen side-by-side in the dingy gondolas of Venice, the shady Cascine of Florence, the palace-girt Corso, the crowded Toledo of Naples. The frocks, swallow-tails, and trousers of Poole, and the tracteries and fretwork of Worth, will not stand up in the studio—of this there

is no denying. The native *virtuosi* are shedding sorrowful tears because, as they allege, foreigners are doing their utmost to spoil those indigenous beauties which they would heartily like to see preserved. The model folks themselves are conscious of the immense decline in toggery, and of being left gradually high and dry on the sands while so many are imitating Paris.

Nowhere else as in Rome is artist-life so free and easy, and uninterrupted by the whims and exactions of fashionable society. Until the four years and a half just passed, only two callings might have been said to exist in the city, viz., religion and art—the artist standing next to the pope and his cardinals. They dress and live very much after their own fancy, whether at work in their studios, at home in their apartments, loitering in fashionable circles, or peering after their wants in the labyrinth of dingy, narrow, crooked *vicole*, corners, and dens which form that portion of the city known as "Old Rome," lying between the Corso and the Tiber. Surrounded, as in the past, on all sides by the precious relics and monuments of classic and mediæval art, sculptor and painter find in them a continual incentive to put forth all the effort of which they may be capable: for recreation or study they have only to step into the most famous and well-filled galleries and museums, kept constantly at their disposition by the state and the historical families.

One of the most availed of delights for artists residing at Rome consists in frequent excursions to the neighboring country, in the lovely environs just outside the walls, or over the majestic, solitary plain of the Campagna into the Sabine and Alban slopes of the Apennine chain. These short excursions are generally made on Sundays or other festive days when workmen abandon the studios; and an *impromptu* jaunt *extra muros* at any time is always hugely enjoyed. On these festive and sketching trips material for work and fun is secured from every and anything encountered, not omitting the very donkeys bestraddled. The old crumbling aqueducts, standing, after two thousand years have passed over them, as monuments of the rule of consuls and emperors, are climbed over and sketched from every point; old ruins in process of excavation, as the villa of Hadrian near Tivoli, and the buried seaport town of Ostia, are examined, when perhaps coins, medals, statuettes are picked up, pocketed, and borne off as prizes to ornament the studio; rare nooks and out-of-the-way grottoes and chapels are visited, and the day's performance is liberally interlarded with omelets, sausage, cheese, black bread, and white wine—*vino sincero*—under humble but extremely picturesque roofs and reed-thatched stands by the wayside. Excursions of this kind require only a single day, the points aimed at being Albano, or Tivoli, or Subiaco, or Frascati, or Monte Cava, or Tusculum (celebrated for Cicero's villa and orations—with very little of these lying around, although the villa's foundations are pointed out), or Ostia, or Civita Vecchia, or Velletri, or Monte Rotondo, or, nearest to the city, Ponte Molle. Traffic or signs of business in the highways or paths leading to these places

are not to be seen; they are either quite deserted or dotted over with excursionists, mounted on troops of donkeys, attended by their drivers, and sundry field-peasants leisurely wending their way to or from "town." Sometimes many days or weeks are consumed in these charming trips; and there be artists who flee to the villages and mountains in order to "bury themselves alive." In the summer season extended voyages are made to Venice, Perugia, Urbino, Siena, Capri, Paestum; but those who thus stray far off are very glad to get back to their studios in Via Margutta, Via Babuino, Via Sistina, Piazza Barberini, etc., and the November day of their return is one of jubilee not only for themselves, but for the workmen, flower-girls, models, cabmen, and boot-blacks, as trade then revives and business grows brisk apace. One of the first cares of the returned holiday-takers is to revisit the art *bric-à-brac* market on the old open square called Piazza d'Erbe, which formerly served as a vegetable-market. The treasures of antiquity and curious relics spread out on benches and tables, and on the ground, in beautiful disorder—so dear to the heart of the artist—on this famous piazza twice every week, present an odd, unique array. The artists ransack these collections unsparringly, and generally find something to suit their fancy, if not precisely what they started out in search of.

Such inestimable facilities, familiar haunts, fascinating scenes, and solid advantages, fasten with hooks of steel the resident native and foreign artists to old Rome.

FREDERICK DANIEL.

THE AGE OF GOOD.

I HAD a vision of mankind to be:
I saw no grated windows, heard no roar
From iron mouths of war on land or sea;
Ambition broke the sway of Peace no more.
Out of the chaos of ill-will had come
Cosmos, the Age of Good, Millennium!

The lowly hero had of praise his meed,
And loving-kindnesses joined roof to roof;
The poor were few, and to their daily need
Abundance ministered. Men bore reproof—
On crags of self-denial sought to cull
Rare flowers to deck their doors hospitable.

The very bells rang out the Golden Rule,
For hearts were loath to give their fellows
pain.
The man was chosen chief, who, brave and
cool,
Was king in act and thought. Real power
is plain,
Despising pomp and show. He seemed to be
The least in all that true democracy.

O Thou, the Christ, the Sower of the seed!
Pluck out the narrowness, the greed for
pelf;
Pluck out all tares; the time let come, and
speed,
When each will love his neighbor as him-
self.
The hopes of man, our dreams of higher
good,
Are based on Thee; we are Thy brotherhood.

HENRY ABBEY.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"IT is the jealousy," remarks an English writer upon American affairs, "of a democracy against culture and character, and all kinds of personal and hereditary superiority, which has wrested power from the hands of the natural leaders of society, and ostracized wealth and intellect, and hereditary influence." This sort of thing is said so often, not only by foreign critics but by many of our own people, that it ought to contain some measure of truth. But while the iteration and reiteration of a falsehood may give it credence with the multitude, they never can affect its character with those who look into things clearly and think for themselves. Now, it is true that the tendency of affairs here is to withdraw power from the "natural leaders of society," but the reason of this does not arise from "the jealousy of a democracy against culture and character, and all kinds of personal and hereditary superiority." There is undoubtedly a jealousy of "hereditary superiority," that is of power and position derived wholly from hereditary names and influence; democracy believes that every man should stand on his own and not on his ancestors' merits; but we deny that there is with the mass of the people any prejudice against "personal superiority," or any "jealousy against culture and character." The majority do not appreciate culture as highly as they ought in all instances, no doubt; they have a not altogether misplaced confidence in the superiority of common-sense and character above the over-refinements of dilettanteism; but in truth the reverence for education in America amounts almost to a superstition—often, indisputably, an ignorant reverence, with a disposition to unduly exalt the practical above the æsthetic; but, nevertheless, a reverence that would never dream of jealousy against any of the attainments of study.

How, then, it will be asked, is it that the better class of our people are not found in politics? The responsibility for this much-to-be-regretted fact largely lies with these "better people" themselves, who permit demagogues to usurp the place they should fill. There are not a few good reasons for their doing this: nothing comes save from due and adequate cause; but the fact remains that the withdrawal from politics of our best men is wholly voluntary. They are not driven out by a "jealous democracy;" they are not "ostracized;" they are simply deserters. They have deserted because they dislike the fire and heat and disorder of the battle-field. Politics in America is too rough and fierce for their sensitive natures; there is too much acerbity, scandal, reckless lying, and rude

denunciation, to render a political career specially inviting. Moreover, the rewards for all these disagreeable experiences are not very brilliant, unless the aspirant has the "itching palm." The professions or commerce have greater promise, and those who follow them are secure from unfounded suspicion and all the heart-burnings that pertain to a struggle for political place or leadership. So generally are these facts recognized that the last thing a father would think of selecting for his son would be a career in politics. Every young man is warned against politics; distrust is always excited if a young lawyer or a young merchant evinces a too eager interest in political campaigns. How in the world can we hope to see "power in the hands of the natural leaders of society," when within the circle of this class it is never the example of statesmanship, but the warning against politics, that is made the precept? If our better class of men would enter into politics, they would do much not only to redeem many of the evils of the state, but their presence and influence would go far toward stopping a good deal of the dirt-throwing which the lower politicians have encouraged in their partisans. As for the people as a whole, they are not probably very fastidious nor always accurate judges, but we may confidently believe that they would rather see in high places men of character than men of buncombe.

In his book "On Actors and the Art of Acting," just from the London press, Mr. George Henry Lewes gives the opinion "that there is a vast and hungry public ready to welcome and reward any good dramatist or fine actor; but, in default of these, willing to be amused by spectacles and sensation pieces." In this brief sentence there is condensed a truthful and complete response to all the wordy clamor about the decadence of public taste with which ignorant and unobservant critics assail our ears. A great deal of this talk, whether literature or art is concerned, arises from the notion that the public is a unit. There are, of course, many publics: a sensual public finding delight in gross spectacles, and a cultured public gathering to applaud chaste plays and intellectual acting. But there is also, no doubt, a large body of people who, in the absence of high dramatic art, are willing to be amused by trifles; who even prefer good spectacles and strong sensation plays to bad renditions of what is called the legitimate drama. There is, however, no instance in recent periods—if any can, indeed, be found at all—when a really good actor in the higher drama has been neglected because of the attractions of spectacle or sensational pieces. In these things public taste is not cultivated to a very

high point, perhaps, but really good dramatic art has that within it which makes the whole world kin; and it compels the suffrages of even those who have only sensibilities of average keenness, or tastes of no more than ordinary culture. There is, in fact, always a public for first-rate execution in any of the arts.

So far, indeed, from there being a decline of taste in regard to the drama, there is now a great revival—a revival more noticeable in England, perhaps, than here, but we are not without certain profound stirrings in the matter. Mr. Irving recently gave, in London, his two-hundredth consecutive performance of *Hamlet*, an achievement unparalleled in the history of the stage; and not only unparalleled as a popular success, but very rarely has any performance caused so much elaborate criticism and such wide discussion. Tennyson's "Queen Mary," it appears, is to be acted; and this announcement is exciting the English literary and dramatic world intensely. Well it may, for the accession of a poet like Tennyson to the ranks of the dramatic writers is something very noteworthy and significant. If "Queen Mary" prove a success as an acting play, there is not a poet anywhere that will not be tempted into the same field. There is no success so fascinating nor so substantial in its rewards as a dramatic one; and hence, under this Tennyson example, we may yet see Swinburne, Buchanan, and Morris, in England, and Longfellow and Lowell here, employing the stage and the actors as their media for reaching the public. In England new plays are continually appearing; here very little is done in this way, and those who do this little would render a service to the community if they withheld their hand. Our national poverty in this particular, however, would soon be followed by a happy harvest, we may hope, should our men of literary mark coquet a little with the dramatic muse. Why should not Holmes and Aldrich give us each a comedy? Why should not Lowell, or Longfellow, or Stedman, or Stoddard, consult with Booth and Barrett in regard to a tragedy? If our poets do make an essay in this direction let them be governed by Bulwer's wise example and take into their confidence some experienced actor whose professional knowledge may serve them in the stage-requisites of the play. These poets would not fail in the fire, the passion, the wit, the poetry; if they should succeed in wedding these to good construction all would be safe. There is, as Mr. Lewes says, a hungry public for good plays and fine acting; the public waits, the theatres are ready, the actors are eager—let the poets now come forward and lift our dramatic art, in which there is now so much awakened interest, to a level of that of any other land.

ONE who signs himself "A Puzzled Novelist" writes to a London newspaper in regard to the copyright question, which just now seems to be agitating literary circles in the English metropolis. "A Puzzled Novelist" cannot understand why the right of property in literature should have a legal limitation as to time, while all other kinds of property may be held in *perpetuum*. He says:

"You are aware, sir, that a grateful nation granted, through Parliament, half a million to build the Palace of Blenheim for the great duke whose services were thus rewarded. What services have the present duke and duchess rendered to the state that they should enjoy this property? Yet they do enjoy it; and nobody grudges them its enjoyment; but if the descendants or representatives of John Bunyan were to claim property in his books—which would probably, if it were granted, cause the cheapest edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' to be published at half a crown, to the extinction of the little rag that is now sold in the streets for a penny—we should have a pretty noise over it. 'Why, you dolts and asses,' says one (and really, sir, this is pretty much how they address us; but we don't mind it, for the reviewers have accustomed us to it), 'don't you know the difference between corporeal and incorporeal property; between property that is visible and tangible, and property that is merely an ideal right, existing only by virtue of the law? The land exists; it is there and tangible; it must have an owner. Copyright does not exist at all except merely as the creation of the law.' But then, sir, I thought they told us that all property was the creation of the law? The land exists, certainly; do not 'Hamlet' and 'Ye Mariners of England' exist also? The land must have an owner, certainly; but there would be no difficulty in finding owners if the state were to seize it and sell it sixteen years after the present proprietors' death. The ownership of land, which the law guarantees forever, is in reality just as much an incorporeal hereditament as the ownership in a book, which the law guarantees for a few years. It is quite as intangible and invisible a creation of law as copyright is. It has nothing to do with the occupation of the land, as many folks seem to consider; many ladies and gentlemen enjoy the ownership of land which they never saw—at Nice or Mentone they carry about with them the invisible but highly-valuable ownership of land in the Hebrides. The occupier and tiller of land, the farmer, is in relation to its ownership precisely as the publisher is in relation to the temporary ownership in a book—with this difference, that the farmer does not find that, after a certain number of years, he or anybody else can work the land without paying any thing for it, whereas the publisher, after a certain number of years, finds that he or anybody else can deal with the book as he pleases."

This is really very convincing. It is claimed that, inasmuch as the state guarantees and protects rights in literary property, it is permitted to give that guarantee under such conditions as it may see fit to impose. But in truth the state does no more for this kind of property than for any other. The peculiar nature of literary property is such that the common law of property cannot protect

it, and hence a special statute is necessary in order to secure the writer or holder against infringements. But this special statute in no wise alters the attitude of the government toward this kind of proprietorship; it is simply an enabling act, whereby the authority and protection of government may be extended over a class of things which in its ordinary operations it cannot reach. And inasmuch as the sole legitimate purpose of government is for the protection of its citizens, it is rather extraordinary to see it making terms, in special instances, and imposing conditions for the protection that it guarantees.

We cannot attempt to touch upon all the arguments that are advanced in favor of the present system. The theory that the public welfare is advanced by confiscating literary property is a presumptuous one; it would be just as fair to confiscate lands for public parks as to seize upon an author's writings for the public benefit. It is fully as incumbent upon people collectively to pay for what they use as it is upon individuals to do so. It is, moreover, a mistake to assume that an author's copyright would have more than a very slight influence upon price. Books are cheap or dear according to demand. We find popular, low-priced editions of Tennyson in England, and of Longfellow here, notwithstanding that these are copyright works. It is very clear, we think, that literary proprietorship should be as lasting as all other kinds of proprietorship. Assuredly an author's descendants have as much moral right to enjoy the fruits of his labor as the descendants of a cotton-spinner have those of his.

The "Puzzled Novelist" from whom we have been quoting says: "About the year 1840, if I am not mistaken, Wordsworth told a friend of mine that all the money he had ever got for his poems did not exceed three hundred pounds; I should say that if the copyright of these poems existed at the present moment it would be worth two thousand pounds a year." Here we find an author wholly inadequately paid for his productions during his life, and by the time his books become of any decided monetary value they are confiscated for the public use. If this is not rank injustice, what is injustice?

MACAULAY'S (or rather Mrs. Barbauld's) New-Zealander, who is some day to sit akimbo on London Bridge and moralize over the ruins of London, will perhaps listen with incredulity to the legend that this nation which abolished slavery in her colonies, and put down the slave-trade, also forced opium upon a vast people by sheer force of arms. We who are nearer the events of fourteen years ago, however, know that it is but too

true that the disastrous drug made from the Indian poppy was prohibited by the "heathen Chinese," only to be again foisted upon them through the cannon's mouth by the Christian Englishman. There was a debate in Parliament the other day on this subject. An inconvenient Scotchman, supposably verdant in the House, ventured to hint that the opium-trade between India and China is a moral abomination. He could not see that what was morally wrong could be politically right; and he had an odd notion that it ill-becomes a nation so ostentatious in its philanthropy to forcibly beset a whole empire for paltry gain!

One would imagine that there was not much to be said in reply to this. But official ingenuity is equal to any emergency, and can afford to be especially acute when a revenue of six millions sterling is involved. So young Lord George Hamilton, son of a duke, and a rising Tory hope, proceeded to apprise the importunate Scot that opium is really a blessing to the Chinese. It appears that it is virtuous, not vicious, to cram it into their throats *nolens volens*. Why, opium is just the thing for the Celestial constitution; were it withdrawn, "one-third of the Chinese nation would die." The Chinese take opium as the Scotch take whiskey and the English beer; and so Lord George would not perhaps object to see the Scotch compelled to have whiskey, and the English beer, whether they would or not.

Another utterly false argument was that the Chinese would have opium, and, if they did not get it from India, they would from somewhere else. Every rum-seller in the world may thus make of his trade a virtue. The opium-trade is a scandalous blot on English morality, and no official, self-hood-winking, or attempts to hoodwink others, can wipe it out. It would be bad enough for the most benevolent of nations to raise it and sell it; but to keep the Chinese bound down by stringent treaties, backed by war-fleets, to receive and consume it, is a masterpiece of the inconsistency which is not less characteristic of nations than of individuals. The effort to prove opium not only harmless, but actually a tonic and necessary stimulant, would be amusing, were it not for the hypocrisy of the excuse and the sordidness of its object.

SOME friends of excellent art, and admirers of fruitful but unfortunate genius, are trying to lend a helping hand to old George Cruikshank. Melancholy indeed are the latter days of a "veteran lagging superfluous on the stage." To find one's self old and poor, though famous, seems a saddest ending to a long and laborious career. Whether Cruikshank is poor from fault or misfortune,

it seems enough to know that he who has for generations given so much delight to thousands, whose wit and skill have been so long employed to inspire kindly smiles and joyous laughter, is really poor. Who is not familiar with his inimitable and always recognizable style, his combination of a certain quaint exaggeration, which seems old-fashioned and yet not old, with a perfectly exquisite humor? Cruikshank has been at work these fifty years. You may find his illustrations in German and Italian fairy books, his original etchings in Continental collections, eulogies of his works in elaborate Spanish essays; everybody knows how much more vivid, real, imperishable he made Dickens's stories; he created fun for the million year after year in the comic almanacs and the funny squibs of the best English humorists. Thackeray, himself a humorous artist, used to acknowledge Cruikshank to be at the summit of that branch of art; and Ruskin said of his etchings that "they are the finest things, next to Rembrandt's, that have been done since etching was invented." The proposal is to purchase a collection of his works, of which there are eleven hundred disposable, comprising oils, water-colors, and proof-etchings, to be acquired by the nation, and placed either at South Kensington or in the National Gallery. It is to be hoped that the American admirers of Cruikshank will have an opportunity to contribute to this object, which at best will scarcely yield the genial old artist more than fifteen or twenty thousand dollars; and his deserts are all the greater as he has refused to accept an out-and-out money "testimonial," thus declining to incur the bitter gratitude of absolute mendicancy.

THE recent assault upon a woman in the compartment of an English railway-carriage prompts many people to inquire why the plan of the American car is not adopted abroad. We imagine that the dangers pertaining to the English system must increase greatly before travelers there will abandon their quiet and comfortable carriages for our dusty, cramped, and wholly disagreeable cars. These "outrages," of which so much is said, are after all only occasional: in view of the immense number of trains always coming and going, their percentage is low enough to warrant a tolerable confidence with each traveler that he is going to escape them. But, if the English do change the construction of their carriages, they will find better models in Switzerland than with us, where a car is used with rear and front platforms and central passage-way through, as ours are, but with the vehicle divided into compartments, just as in England. By this method there is every necessary seclusion, without

entire isolation from other parts of the carriage. These Swiss railways may be studied to advantage in more particulars than one. They have in use on some of the lines a carriage that should be seen by those into whose hands the approaching rapid-transit road in this city is to fall. It is a double-tier or two-story car, the upper section being covered, but open at the sides. This upper tier is in no wise rudely or roughly constructed; the seats are very comfortable, and the arrangement very good; and a most charming eyrie does the position afford for the traveler who is desirous of plenty of fresh air, or is seeking for good views of the country through which the train is passing. Cars like these would prove to be a most agreeable feature of our trains when the elevated railway comes; they might, indeed, be introduced on our city roads to the great comfort of the now much-crowded and much-oppressed passengers.

THE English republicans have been trying to get up a breeze of popular indignation against the grant to pay the expenses of the Prince of Wales in India. But the English refuse to be agitated in hot weather; besides, there is such a general condition of apathy in British politics of late, that for the time at least the resources of popular indignation are exhausted. It is true enough that a million sterling, at least, which the princely tour will cost, is a heavy sum to pay for a royal pageant which is to take place at the antipodes; but then, as long as the English have a royal family, and cleave to it, such things must be, and an expenditure of this sort is not inconsistent. Still, the radicals who wish to do away with royalty are right to make a fuss every time fancy sums of this sort are voted; for while the English may properly think that royalty should be maintained with becoming state as long as it exists, these incidents are so many arguments against doing away with it altogether. Meanwhile the prince's visit to Hindostan may have political results well worth the money.

Literary.

IF criticism is either a science or an art, it is singular that as yet no progress has been made in formulating its laws or classifying its results. For a century or more literary criticism has been practised by some of the leading minds in England and Germany, and during Sainte-Beuve's lifetime, at least, it overtopped every other department of French literature; and yet its definitions are even now so meagre that every trivial story and commonplace poem has to be either analyzed, elucidated, and described, as if it were an entirely new type in letters, or simply handed over to the reader with a dogmat-

to indorsement or condemnation. Every one whose acquaintance with books, and especially with current literature, is at all intimate, knows that they fall into species, and even genera, almost as distinct as those into which the animal and vegetable kingdoms have been divided; and nothing would seem more certain than that literary criticism only needs some critical Cuvier in order to be developed at once into that stage of a science in which its mere definitions are adequately descriptive. It hardly needs to be pointed out, perhaps, how greatly the critic's task would be lightened if, like the naturalist, he could make the nature and quality of a book clear to the reader's mind by some such simple formula as this: *order*, fiction; *genus*, subjective-analytical; *species*, trash.

Our consciousness of the great convenience which such a classification would prove, however, shall not tempt us to undertake it here; and we shall only avail ourselves of the suggestion so far as to say that in any system of the kind "*Wildmoor*"* would rank among the lowest species—probably under that which might be defined as "painstakingly-dull." It is a book that has quite evidently cost its author an immense amount of trouble—it is her "work" in the most homely signification of that term. Her preparations for it apparently included a careful study, not only of the way in which novels are divided into chapters, the narrative broken up into dialogue, and the secret on the keeping of which the interest of the story is supposed to depend, let out in the second or third chapter; but also of the qualities which people in novels are supposed to admire, of the way in which they express this admiration, of their manner of falling in and out of love, of their deportment under sorrow, and of their genial custom of consenting to be taken off at precisely the moment most convenient to all concerned. The very phraseology appropriate to the various circumstances and occasions has been carefully noted, and the author has followed out her programme with the conscientious exactness of a Brahman at his prayers. But, though such genuine painstaking is entitled to recognition in these days of flimsy and careless writing, the result can hardly be said to be otherwise than dull. In fact, Miss Burckett fairly invited failure from two different directions: first, by localizing her story in England without knowing any thing at first hand of either English scenery or English society; and, second, by adopting what, next to autobiography, is perhaps the most difficult form of composition—that of telling a story through the medium of several different persons, writing independently and with no common object in view. This, of course, demands a strong power of conceiving and representing individual character, but the people who figure in "*Wildmoor*" do not even attain to the dignity of puppets—no machinery could make them so much as imitate the movements of real men and women. There is nothing that amounts to a variation of tone between the chapters which "*Miss*

Brent writes," and "Hope writes," and "Geoffry writes;" and, after reading half the book, the reader would find it difficult to turn over a dozen pages and, without looking at the head-lines, say who was writing—almost as difficult as to say what was being written about.

"FATED TO BE FREE,"* though very far indeed from being a first-rate novel, shows a marked advance over its author's previous work, to which it is a sort of sequel, "*Off the Skelligs*." It is shorter, for one thing; its plot is better constructed; the action is more dramatic, and the parts more equally distributed between the several characters; and there is a kind of coherence and continuity of interest about it that "*Off the Skelligs*" sadly lacked. Miss Ingelow is evidently acquiring better command over her materials—she has learned, for instance, that a series of "studies of character," however good they may be, do not alone constitute a novel; and this, together with her very decided literary skill, entitles us to expect even better work at her hands in the future.

The peculiar plot of "*Fated to be Free*" (a revelation of which would impair the reader's enjoyment of the story) forbids our analyzing its structure, and it would be useless merely to enumerate characters who take their chief interest from the careful minuteness and delicacy of touch with which they are drawn. As piquant as any thing else in the book—to us, at least—is the "Author's Preface to the American Edition," in which, after premising that she sees the folly of an author's attempting to explain what should explain itself, and confessing that she did it at the request of her American publishers, she goes on to criticise her two stories as follows:

"I am told that they are peculiar, and I feel that they must be so, for most stories of human life are, or at least aim at being, works of art—selections of interesting portions of life, and fitting incidents, put together and presented as a picture is; and I have not aimed at producing a work of art at all, but a piece of Nature. I have attempted to beguile my readers into something like a sense of reality; to make them fancy that they were reading the unskillful chronicle of things that really occurred, rather than some invented story, as interesting as I knew how to make it. It seemed to me difficult to write, at least in prose, an artistic story; but easy to come nearer to life than most stories do.

"Thus, after presenting a remarkable child, it seemed proper to let him (through the force of circumstance) fall away into a very commonplace man. It seemed proper, indeed, to crowd the pages with children, for in real life they run all over; the world is covered thickly with the prints of their little footsteps, though, as a rule, books written for grown-up people are kept almost clear of them. It seemed proper, also, to make the more important and interesting events of life fall at rather a later age than is commonly chosen, and also to make the more important and interesting persons not extremely young; for, in fact, almost all the noblest and finest men

and the loveliest and sweetest women of real life are considerably older than the vast majority of heroes and heroines in the world of fiction."

As criticism, this is fairer, probably, than most of the criticisms bestowed by authors upon their own works, and as an explanation of Miss Ingelow's theory of novel-writing it is evidently entirely candid; for it insists upon what we had intended to point out as the chief fault of both stories. Miss Ingelow has written largely for children, and all her works show that she is consistent in claiming for children more attention than they usually get in literature. "*Off the Skelligs*," for example, was an attempt to demonstrate that boys and girls could furnish very satisfactory heroes and heroines for a story designed for adult readers; and the numerous pages devoted to children in the present work would, if separated from the context, and bound together, make an almost incomparable juvenile. It is certain, too (and this demonstrates the faultiness of her theory), that the book would be greatly improved, in an artistic sense, by such elisions. We wonder if Miss Ingelow has ever reflected on the reason why "books written for grown-up people are, as a rule, kept almost clear of children?" She has jumped to the conclusion, apparently, that it is because the opportunities which children afford to novelists have been overlooked or purposely ignored; but we think it has arisen from an instinctive sense of fitness on the part of novelists. Human life, and of course any representation of human life, takes its interest from the relations between persons whose actions are free, and whose conduct may therefore be regarded as indicative of characters that have gone beyond the inchoate or merely impulsive stage, or from the struggle of man with his environment. Childhood can comply with none of these conditions; for children are but passive actors at best—their conduct is judged not by its proximate results, but by the tendencies or "line of development" which it reveals. Furthermore, children can take no part in the one universal human passion which alone touches universal human sympathies. A novel for "grown-up people" in which children play more than a subordinate part is as untrue to Nature as it is defective in art; in fact, it is defective in art, *because* it is untrue to Nature.

It may be well to add that while "*Fated to be Free*" is a sequel to "*Off the Skelligs*," it is also complete in itself.

MRS. C. JENKIN is the only novelist who, writing English (and excellent English, too), finds herself more at home in France and among the French people, and who chooses her subjects accordingly. All of her previous novels have been simply sketches of French society, chiefly in the southern "provinces," as they are called; and, though a third of the volume is devoted to a Scotch country-family, "*Within an Ace*" (New York: Henry Holt & Co.) is no exception to the rule. An Englishwoman's experiences among the old French nobility would necessarily be piquant and picturesque, so the author appears to have thought, and her story was evi-

* *Wildmoor*. A Novel. By Florence Burckett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

* *Fated to be Free*. A Novel. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

dently constructed for the special purpose of revealing these. This is the key to whatever portion of "Within an Ace" is dependent upon the story; but Mrs. Jenkin is a thorough-going convert to the modern theory of novel-writing, in which the story is nothing and revelation of character every thing, and the interest which her present work may be supposed to excite is concentrated exclusively upon the relations between the Comte de Jençay and his wife. And just here lies what is at once the strength and the weakness of the book. "Cattie" is a very lively and life-like person, and a mere passing glimpse of such a character would be well enough; but she is the only portrait that is drawn at full length, and she fails either to interest or amuse the reader—she simply irritates. We do not demand, of course, that a heroine shall be of the perfect and immaculate sort; but it is difficult to feel any keen interest in a young wife who, conscious that her husband loves her, and more than suspecting that she loves him (though she married him to escape home troubles), not only destroys his happiness and her own, but drives him to the verge of distraction by a course of conduct which is at once silly, violent, and spiteful. Such people may exist in real life; probably they do; but they are not a fruitful subject of contemplation, and they certainly are not amusing. So thoroughly, indeed, does "Cattie" tease us during our forced acquaintance that we are hardly satisfied with the author's assurance that "she had to give years of self-discipline" to the reconquering of her husband's heart, which she had thrown away in an hour of willful caprice. We are afraid she succeeded at last, and are certain that she deserved to fail.

Perhaps, however, we are treating Mrs. Jenkin's work too seriously. At its best it is but froth on the surface of literature. It may be consumed in any quantity without danger of causing mental indigestion, and perchance this will commend it to those who are in search of a summer diet.

It is never a pleasant task to sit in judgment on such a book as Edward Garrett's "Doing and Dreaming" (New York: Dodd & Mead). Strictly speaking, it is not literature at all; it claims a verdict not on artistic grounds, nor for the instruction which it may impart, but rather as an instrument of "doing good." Viewed from this point, even, it is difficult to feel any confidence in the result. Its doctrines are undeniably true, if somewhat trite; its precepts of morality are unimpeachable; its theories of social and personal duties are such as we could all wish to see obtain a wider acceptance. But the question remains whether human conduct is to be influenced in any appreciable degree by the reiteration of formulas which have for generations been the common property of the race, even when they are thinly disguised under the drapery of fiction. Personal interest, as "Edward Garrett" (who is a woman) is far too well informed not to know, is awakened only by persons; and it is hard to believe that it is not as clear to her as to us that Charlotte, and Elizabeth, and Will, and

Hugh, and the other phantoms in "Doing and Dreaming," approach about as near to real life as the personified Virtues and Vices of the old mediæval Spanish plays. The truth is, the author is not writing a novel, but preaching, and no paraphernalia of homely names and conventionally common circumstances could disguise the fact beyond the first page or two.

THE *Athenæum* has a second notice of "Queen Mary" this week, and adheres to its unfavorable verdict. It says: "Reviewing the play as a whole, we have nothing to add to the remarks we made last week, but it may be pointed out that the work should be compared, not with Shakespeare's historical plays, but with such a drama as Mr. Swinburne's 'Chastelard.' It is with reluctance that we declare that the results of such a comparison will not prove favorable to the elder writer. The world is indebted to Mr. Tennyson for so much fine poetry that it is painful to have to speak of any achievement of his in other words than those of praise, but, in spite of the merits of certain passages in the new volume, deep regret must be felt that the laureate has deserted the ground in which his strength lay to make an experiment in the drama. From what has been said, and from the extracts that are given, it will be seen that 'Queen Mary' is unsuited to the stage. The work is, however, to be at once produced at the Lyceum, and, with the omission of the act relating to Cranmer, the greater portion of the scenes concerning Sir Thomas Wyatt, and other matter, it may be brought within the dimensions of an acting drama. That it will attract a succession of audiences, and enjoy that singularly-barren triumph, a *succès d'estime*, is probable enough. It would be difficult, however, to adduce any sound reason for Mr. Tennyson's introducing so withered a leaf among the green leaves of his chaplet. When 'Queen Mary' has been brought on the stage, there can be no cause why every portion of Mr. Froude's elaborate history should not undergo the species of adaptation bestowed on his fifth and sixth volumes."

"THE PAPERS OF A CRITIC," just published in London, is a collection of the reviews written by the elder Dilke for the *Athenæum*. The volume is prefaced with a biographical sketch of his grandfather by Sir Charles Dilke, and contains reminiscences of many literary people of the last generation. . . . The old Tumbard Inn, made famous by Chaucer, is now in process of demolition. . . . The author of "A Member for Paris" has written a new novel, a sort of political squib, in which, under the name of Mr. Paramount, he gives a lively sketch of a certain well-known statesman, who is himself not guiltless of such satire in times past: "If Mr. Paramount had a weakness, it was for the surroundings which great wealth affords. Pictures, gorgeous furniture, satin *menus*, wines of rare brand, choice music, and rich hues of ladies' dresses, filled his purple imagination with Oriental visions unavowed; and, dreaming himself an Asian potentate, he was perhaps consoled for long exclusions from Downing Street. Birth had a lesser fascination in his eyes, for, besides certain races who trace their descent from the infancy of time, the pedigrees of modern peers are small things indeed." . . . The Spaniards are at last beginning to recognize their obligation to do justice to the memory of the famous author of "Don Quixote." A new literary periodical, called *Cervantes*, is soon to be

started in Madrid, the profits of which will be devoted to the erection of a monument at Alcalá de Henares, in honor of the man whose name it bears. . . . Carlyle recently closed an interview with a London correspondent of a San Francisco newspaper with the following characteristic growl at California: "You are doing no good there: you are harming the world. Cover over your mines, leave your gold in the earth, and go to planting potatoes. Every man who gives a potato to the world is the benefactor of his race; but you with your gold are overturning society, making the ignoble prominent, increasing everywhere the expenses of living, and confusing all things." . . . Mr. George Grove, the eminent Biblical scholar, is said to be the responsible editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*. . . . A new quarterly review, to be called *The Mind*, will be started in London in October. . . . The *Saturday Review* "takes it out of" Mr. Henry Kingsley's last book in the following lively style: "'I am afraid,' says Mr. Kingsley, in beginning the last chapter, 'that our story has been very immoral, and that every character in it, with the exception of the two young French ladies, Héloïse and Clotilde, and of Lady Rhyader, ought to be picking oakum in Coldbath Fields.' There is nothing very immoral, so far as we can see, about the story. It is very unnatural and very stupid. As for ourselves, we would, we think, rather spend our time in picking oakum than in reading such a story as 'Number Seventeen.'" . . . The whole of Swedenborg's MSS. are to be reproduced in fac-simile by photo-lithography, in pursuance of a resolution passed by the General Convention of the New Church in America. Some of his writings have already been so treated, and copies so widely dispersed over the United States that it is thought that nothing less than a flood sweeping the continent bare can place them in jeopardy of loss or destruction. . . . Few young journalists, however clever, attain such worldly success as has befallen Hans Forssell, the Swedish writer on politics and philosophy, who has just, in his thirty-second year, been called to take a seat at the Council of State as Minister of Finance.

The Arts.

IT is only within a few years that out-door sketching has been at all common, except by professional painters. By degrees some of the young men on their vacations, and some of the maidens who, with Alpine sticks and shade-hats, swarm in summer in the mountain-regions and by the sea-shore, have found out that there is something more interesting in watching a painter copy the soft bloom of a mountain-side in the haze of a low sun, or in seeing him imitate the amber tones of a mountain-brook running over pebbles and moss, than in gossiping over worsted-work or crochet. It may be a troublesome process to the artists themselves to have their sketches examined, and the merits of camp-stools, sketch-boxes, and black or white umbrellas, discussed with them, yet their presence in the picturesque regions of our country in summer-time has, no doubt, helped largely to create a taste for drawing and painting among a considerable class of our people.

Summer sketching has long been a common and pleasant accomplishment among the

English, skilled in water-colors, and during the past few years it has become an object of much stronger interest than for mere amusement among the more intellectual of them. Through the influence of Ruskin and his followers, young people of both sexes, who formerly looked upon drawing as an agreeable recreation, have come to understand that amateur drawing, equally with music, must have intrinsic merit, and that if it be ignorantly and poorly executed it has no claims to consideration whatever. From the daughters of the queen downward, all sensible English people seem to have resolved that their efforts must be good as far as they go, and, while one of the English princesses exhibits very good busts at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, another of them, we learn, is earnestly studying with the hard-working scholars of the South Kensington Museum.

One of the pleasantest summer books published this season is "Our Sketching-Club," by Rev. St. John Tyrwhitt. It gives a vivacious account, in the guise of a story, of one of the little associations of persons in England which have formed themselves for the study and practice of art. In the introduction to this book, Mr. Tyrwhitt tells us that he has written it at the suggestion and desire of American as well as of English friends, and the whole tone of the book, as well as the special instruction he gives for beginnings of good water-color drawing, would make it as acceptable and suggestive to educated Americans as to his own countrymen. Hitherto we have been far behind the English in this most charming branch of an elegant education—music having gotten decidedly the start among us. All the girls and many of the sons of our rich people for the past thirty years have been taught the use of the piano, and under suitable masters have been required to practise rigidly many hours a week. But scarcely a man or woman could make an outline of even so simple a form as a common chair, and American girls who could sketch a bit of natural scenery, either in pencil or water-colors, were few indeed. But, thanks to our growing familiarity with artists in country-resorts, and the sight of their pictures and sketches in their studios in winter, a taste for and some knowledge of painting is now no longer very rare, and a great many people who do not make painting or drawing a profession are yet trying to learn to do what they can and to do it well.

Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his "Sketching-Club," describes its leader as either a professional artist or at least a person of good technical experience, who, while his pupils and friends make trips to distant sketching-grounds, criticises their work, and gives suggestive hints, written or by word of mouth. A record of the club is kept, and, from many rules and regulations, much very good work and analysis of Nature and pleasure in it are the results. At present we don't know of any such complete organization among us as this which Mr. Tyrwhitt describes, but something very like it has sprung into existence.

A great many people know Mount Desert by this time. The charms of its landlocked bays, its low, green, sloping hills, its cliffs,

and, above all, its cool, healthy climate, have been dwelt on and described over and over again. Bar Harbor, which is the favorite resort of this island, stands upon a little bay, the upper end of which is formed by a bar which the low tide leaves dry. In this bay many small craft lie at anchor, and, from the pleasure-yachts which anchor here in little fleets, with tiny flags waving in dozens from each one of them, to the fishing-boats and the birch-bark canoes of the Indians who frequent this spot in summer, the small bay is alive with vessels all day long. In early morning and at evening, when the billows of sea-fog have either rolled up and dried on the hill-sides, or retreated to their fastnesses on the remote wastes of the ocean, the villagers and the summer guests of Mount Desert may be seen in great numbers lingering along the shores, or in small row-boats plying over the still, glossy surface of the bay. Not every day, but very often, one of these boats may be seen making good time as it speeds across in the bright morning or the opal-colored evening light, from one of the high, rocky islands that bound the harbor on the north. This boat contains not exactly a sketching-club such as Mr. Tyrwhitt describes, but a party of highly-educated and traveled persons, who, under the guidance of Miss Susan Hale, paint in water-colors out-of-doors for a few hours each day when there is no fog nor rain.

Miss Hale and her brother, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, are friends of Mr. Tyrwhitt, and are among the Americans at whose suggestion his "Sketching-Club" was written. Miss Hale herself is an accomplished water-colorist, having studied in the best schools abroad, and her fresh energy in walking about among the woods and rocks of the islands of this region, as well as in rowing to picturesque nooks along the shore, where the sea ripples on a pebbly beach, or beats into small caves, gives a sort of English tone of life to her party, otherwise accustomed, as most Americans are, to the languid indolence of a summer vacation.

So much has been said and written in the last two or three years on the subject of water-colors, that nearly every one has had the chance to learn the improvement that has been made in them, both by the English schools and in the Water-Color Society of New York. Mr. William M. Hunt, in his "Talks on Art," dwells particularly on the importance of attending to the "values," as artists designate relative dryness of light and shade, and also on not trying to see too much detail in the landscape. The new effects to be got by using plenty of color at a time, instead of the thin washes which formerly made water-colors synonymous in the minds of many people with feebleness, and Mr. Hunt's teaching of the "values," are specially useful for rapid sketching, and under Miss Hale's judicious guidance day after day this sketching-class brings in pictures of boldly-massed, brown rocks, their base wet by a sparkling tide, and gleaming hill-sides, where the soft sunshine lights meadows and pine-groves. Done in a crisp, sharp touch, these pictures are often made in an hour, and the care with which the great contours of the rocks are

preserved, the general iron tones of the rocks marked, and their breadth of light and shade, remove these summer jottings far above the mincing and inaccurate daubing of amateurs that was formerly considered "sketching."

To paint carefully a few hours a week with some good master in winter-time, and then in summer to be in close intercourse with Nature two or three hours a day, learning critically her moods, her changes of color from hour to hour, and how the long gray or purple shadows of morning and at sunset lessen and nearly vanish in the short, sharp forms of light and shade at noon—to watch and fix on canvas or in sketch-book islands and sails grown rosy in the surface of the blue summer sea, while near pastures and pine-woods sink dim and gray into cool shadow—these are only a few of the charms that belong to this new kind of picnic.

Many persons have the notion that nothing can be done in art except by those possessed of high natural talent. But, from Ruskin to Walter Smith, everybody who has had any experience assures us that special talent is not requisite for fair drawing or sketching. Careful work and a little common-sense are sure to succeed, and a man or woman who can tell the difference in shade between a gray cravat or apron and a black gown or jacket, or between a red apple and the green tree on which it hangs, can learn to distinguish accurately enough for sketching the darkness of a rock rising from a pale sea, or the green of a field with its background of purple hill-side.

We have heard of one or two other of these sketching-parties made up from winter classmates and companions in painting; non-professional lovers of Nature and of art, who have gone on picnics of a few weeks to pleasant places, where they have painted, sketched, walked, and rode, and where their master, in one case William M. Hunt, of Boston, occasionally came to visit them, and criticise their work.

There is a fashion in household art, and a passion for Japanese embroidery, and it may be that summer sketching-parties will come into vogue with the same class of our prosperous population, and we sincerely hope that it may, for the pleasure, the health, and the refining and poetical knowledge of Nature that such an employment brings with it.

THE latest addition to the collection of statuary in the Central Park is George Simond's "Falconer," a colossal bronze figure executed in Rome in 1871, and presented by Mr. George Kemp, of this city. The statue is notably one of the most artistic and spirited conceptions now in the Park, and is receiving the warmest praise from the most critical observers. The Park collection of statuary, with the exception of Ward's "Indian Hunter," and possibly one of the colossal portrait statues, is not greatly esteemed for its spirit, hence the addition of a manly ideal like the "Falconer" relieves it from much of the severity which has heretofore belonged to it. The statue stands upon a rocky eminence on the main drive, overlooking the lake, one of the most commanding

sites in the Park. The height of the figure is about seven feet, and the pose and action are suggestive of youthful vigor and the enthusiasm of early manhood. The weight of the body rests upon the right foot, which is firmly placed on the ground, while the left leg is extended as in walking. The right arm is bent across the waist, and the left arm is raised, and upon the gauntleted hand sits a falcon, with outstretched wings, poised for flight. The head of the falconer is thrown back, and his eyes are eagerly watching the movement of the bird. The face of the figure is handsome, without being effeminate, and a jaunty little cap, with an eagle's feather stuck in its crown, serves to keep his flowing hair in order. The chest is broad and full, and the firm lines of the neck and body are as positive as those of an athlete. The muscular action of the figure is one of its strongest features of excellence, and it is emphasized by tight-fitting drapery. The body is covered with a simple hunting-shirt, which covers the hips, and the legs are incased in trunk-hose. This costume has given the sculptor a fine opportunity for the display of his anatomical knowledge, and he has availed himself of it with great success. The only accessories in the way of costume are a hunting-bag slung over the shoulder and hanging against the right hip, and a hunting-knife suspended from a belt. The extraordinary grace and spirit of this work attract the attention of all observers.

THE statue of Lafayette, which was ordered by the French Government, under Thiers, in 1871, for presentation to the city of New York as an expression of gratitude, and in remembrance of the friendly offerings and kind feelings of its people during and at the close of the late war, arrived at this port last week, consigned to the Consul-General of France, and in the honorary charge of M. A. Salmon, president of the Cercle Français de l'Harmonie. The statue was finished one year ago, but no arrangements had been made for its shipment, nor would there have been at this time had not M. Salmon taken upon himself the duty of investigating the matter, and assumed the expenses attending its removal. The figure is seven feet high, exclusive of the pediment, and is the work of M. Frédéric Bartholdi, an eminent sculptor of the French school, and a native of Colmar, in Alsace. The design represents General Lafayette in his twentieth year, and was suggested to the sculptor by the passage taken from his memoirs, in which he says: "As soon as I heard of the Declaration of Independence, my heart was enrolled in the cause." He stands upon the bulwarks of the ship, as if in the act of speaking. His right arm is thrown across his breast, the hand grasping the hilt of his sword; the left arm is gracefully extended, and supports a mass of drapery, which falls at his feet. The body is firmly posed upon the right foot, while the left leg is extended, and only the toe of the military boot rests upon the bulwark. The head is partly turned to the right, and is strikingly in accord with the action of the body. The pose of the figure is excellent, and the simple yet graceful arrangement of

the drapery adds greatly to its force. The military cloak envelops no part of the figure; but, as it falls from the arm, lends a grand suggestion of strength to the design, and the formal lines of the military costume assume a picturesqueness which is really attractive. The portrait was studied from paintings of Lafayette taken from life, and is said to be accurate. The sculptor received one hundred and fifty thousand francs for his work. It is the wish of the French residents in New York that the statue should be erected in the Central Park, and this has been acquiesced in by the Park authorities. No time has yet been set for the unveiling ceremonies, and before this can be done a proper pedestal must be provided, as well as the necessary expenses connected with it. M. Salmon, as president of the Cercle Français de l'Harmonie, has already communicated with the Park authorities in regard to the erection and unveiling of the statue, and the ceremonies, we may hope, will take place without any unnecessary delay.

Those of our readers who have seen Millet's "Sower" at the Boston Athenæum, will be pleased with the following upon this painting from the *Contemporary Review*: "We may take this picture of 'Le Semeur' as representative of the noblest qualities of Millet's art. No one who has seen it can have missed its grandeur or its simplicity, its grace or its truth. As we gaze at the darkened figure broadly scattering the grain, we perceive at once how close and accurate has been the painter's knowledge of the facts of rustic life. There is here neither ignorance nor shirking of common truth; the peasant is not unfit for his place on the hill-side, and his gesture is strictly appropriate to the simple and world-worn duty he has to perform. But although this is a true peasant presented with unerring fidelity, by one who knows the reality of peasant-life, it is also something more. Looking at the plan of the picture, the sloping line of the dark hill-side, the space of waning light, and the stress and energy of the sower, we note that the peasant has become a grand figure in a grand design. The movement of his outstretched arm, the almost fierce energy of his progress across the barren landscape, seem to take a new significance. All sense of the individual laborer, all thought of his occupation, are lost in the contemplation of a splendid and majestic picture in which these things serve only as material. We pass with the painter from the obvious appearance of the scene to its deeper beauty. We perceive how out of this simple physical duty, performed again and again, he has drawn new discoveries of the dignity of human form. The very monotony of the employment helps the impressiveness of the picture; the figure of the sower, that by the painter's art is kept forever in this one attitude of grace, seems to present in grand epic fashion an abstract of all human labor. There is a sadness in his persistent progress, a hopelessness that has been strangely imported into the aspect of this single figure, and which belongs rather to the vision of the painter than to his subject, the expression of a wider truth thrust into individual form. And when the full significance of this profounder motive has been realized, we may again return to a simple view of the actual scene to note once more how all this has been expressed without disturbance of the obvious simplicity and direct truth of the view

of rustic life. The sense of style and the familiarity with the employments of the country have united without conflict for a single and harmonious effect."

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

July 6, 1875.

THE inundations in the south of France continue to be the leading topic in all circles. As the details of the disaster arrive, it becomes apparent that things are even worse than they were at first reported to be. The danger of a pestilence, caused by the overflow of river-mud which has spread over the vast area (two hundred miles square) that was covered by the waters, is rapidly increasing, and physicians are ordering away all those who can possibly leave. The stench arising from the unburied bodies, not only of animals, but of human beings, is said to be terrible. People dare not enter those houses which were flooded, as their foundations have become so insecure that in several instances they fell in upon those who had opened the doors. Many sad and strange events of the great disaster are chronicled. Especially tragic is the story of a priest who was hearing the confession of a lady-penitent. In the midst of her avowals the floor gave way beneath their feet, and they were precipitated into the flood amid the ruins of the falling house. "Absolution—grant me absolution!" cried the poor woman as she sank. The absolution was given, then priest and penitent were parted by the rush of the torrent. The priest managed to clamber on a floating beam and was saved, but the poor woman never was again seen alive. Many people refused to leave their houses while the water was as yet only ankle-deep, and remained to perish beneath the ruins. One of the most heart-rending features of the scene were the cries of those who were beyond aid in the submerged and falling buildings. It is said that the loss of life can only be computed by thousands, over three thousand persons being already officially known to have perished. Sixty million dollars' worth of property has been destroyed. The subscriptions are pouring in on all sides. Every theatre in Paris has either given, or is organizing, a benefit-performance. That of the Opéra took place last Saturday. The programme, as is usual in such cases, was excessively scrappy, consisting of separate acts of "Faust," the "Huguenots," and the "Trovatore," one act of the ballet of "Coppelia," and a miscellaneous concert. In this last, the superb voice of Mademoiselle de Reszké, the *débütante* whose success I chronicled in my last, showed to great advantage in the Bolero from the "Vêpres Siciliennes," and the quartet from "Rigoletto." It is reported that this performance was the last appearance of Madame Gueymard, who is going to retire definitely from the stage. It is surely time, for the lady is old and fat, and wellnigh voiceless, her once-powerful organ having been worn to shreds by long years of prima-donna-ship at the Grand Opéra. Madame Rosena Bloch has already succeeded her in the rôle of the Queen in "Hamlet," and the change is a great improvement.

Concerning the *débütante*, Mademoiselle de Reszké, any number of romantic stories are afloat. She is a Hungarian, is the sister of the tenor De Reschi, and is said to be immensely wealthy, and to have gone on the stage from sheer love of art. Of course, this latter story is to be received with even more than the pro-

verbal grain of salt. Her noble and powerful voice is peculiarly fitted to interpret the music of Verdi. That is fortunate, as two of his most renowned interpreters, Mesdames Stoltz and Waldmann, who have made such a success in "Aïda" and the "Requiem," are, it is said, about to quit the stage, the latter to marry and to retire into the shades of domestic life. It is to be hoped that they will sing in "Aïda" at Les Italiens before taking this final step. Two of the blond beauties of the Parisian stage are about to espouse or have already given their fair hands to barytone singers: Mademoiselle Reichenberg, of the Comédie Française, having married M. Bouhy, of the Opéra Comique, and Angèle Moreau, the fair and sympathetic creatrix of *Louise*, in "Les Deux Orphelins," being engaged to M. Caron, of the Opéra. I think I mentioned this latter report to you before, but it has just received official confirmation. Neither of the two lovely ladies will quit the stage.

The sixth and last volume of Taxile Delord's "History of the Second Empire" is announced to appear on the 7th of this month. This volume treats of literature, science, arts, and the press, under the Second Empire, as well as of the last events of the reign of the third Napoleon. Gladly Brothers continue to largely advertise their forthcoming edition of the "Imitation," by Thomas à Kempis. Their last advertisement contains the announcement that they are going to reproduce for it the celebrated plates relating to Madame de Maintenon, but when the work is to be published they do not yet state.

The historical novel being no longer in vogue, M. Elie Berthet is about to try his hand at a prehistorical novel, or, rather, series of novels. Inspired by the recent discoveries of science, M. Berthet intends to revive, for the benefit of his readers, the man of the lakes and caverns, and to show us, in the midst of antediluvian landscapes, the combats of the uncouth and monstrous animals of the period. If well done, the novels will certainly be very curious, but how they can contain any human interest it is hard to imagine. The first one, which is to be called "The Parisians of the Stone Age," is to appear in a few days, and is to be succeeded by "The Lacustrian City" and "The Founding of Paris." A comedy, in one act, by the lamented Amédée Aohard, is shortly to be produced at the Gymnase. It is entitled "The Boar of Ardennes."

Gérôme, the celebrated painter, is studying Turkish architecture in Broussa and Constantinople; it is said that he is going to try his hand at painting marine views—a complete change of style, and one that I should hardly fancy would prove beneficial. The "Respha" of Georges Becker, the huge picture which at the Salon caused so much controversy, has been purchased by the government, probably for the Luxembourg. The price paid for it was only three thousand francs (six hundred dollars), which, considering its size and the labor bestowed upon it, seems marvelously little. However, the painting, by reason of its size and subject, was totally unfit for any private gallery. It is an exasperating fact that two of the finest pictures of modern days are totally lost to the public by reason of their being in the hands of a wealthy member of the *demi-monde*. I allude to the "Vicaria" of Fortuny, and the celebrated "Salomé" of Henri Regnault, which now ornament the gallery of a superb hotel near the Arc de Triomphe. It is a singular fact that the world owes the latter picture to the suggestion of Fortuny. In the spring of 1870, Regnault,

Fortuny, and some other artists, were talking over the approaching Salon.

"Why do you not exhibit this year?" asked Regnault of Fortuny.

"Because I am not a Frenchman," made answer the Spanish artist, "but why do not you?"

"I have nothing ready," replied Regnault.

"Nay," said Fortuny, "take that head which you sketched lately and put a body to it; nothing could be better."

His advice was taken, and the result we know, and the universal sensation and excitement which were created by that weird and striking picture. It confirmed the fame of Regnault, and was the last picture ever exhibited by him. Before a year had expired, his brief, brilliant existence, too, had closed. How sad is the story of these three gifted artists—Zamacofs, Fortuny, and Regnault—friends and compeers, not one of whom attained the age of forty! Zamacofs was only twenty-nine when he died.

The remains of the old Opera-House have at last been cleared away, and the ground has been sold, but for what purpose still remains a mystery. It was hoped that the government would take advantage of the vacancy left by the fire to complete the Boulevard Haussmann by prolonging it to the Rue Drouot, but that project seems to have been definitely abandoned. Next it was reported that the Hôtel des Ventes, on the Rue Drouot, was to receive a very necessary addition in the shape of a supplementary *saïlle*, on the other side of the street, with a gallery connecting it with the main building. That rumor, too, has proved false. The Rue Chauchat is to be prolonged over part of the vacant ground, and that is all that government means to do in the matter. As to the rest of the lot, it is to be left to private speculation. There is talk of erecting a new theatre there, but the theatres existing already in Paris are not getting along so well that any more need be erected. For the fact has recently come to light that half of the Parisian theatres are in a failing condition. The Ambigu Comique, the Châtelet, and the Lyrique, all lost heavily during the past season, and it is probable that the first two will not be reopened in the fall. The Vandeville went from failure to failure till it was on the verge of ruin. The Gymnase also has sustained heavy losses, none of its new plays during the past season having attained to more than a half-success. The Galté made money with "Orphée," but the money thus made was swallowed up in producing "La Haine" and "Geneviève de Brabant." This theatre is owned by a stock company, and the stockholders, who never get a penny of dividend, no matter what the receipts of the theatre may be, have in disgust sent Offenbach to the right-about, and have installed his stage-manager, Vizentini, in his place. The public will suffer by this change, for Offenbach did things royally; such scenery and costumes, such masses of supernumeraries, and such a *corps de ballet*, never before adorned the stage of the Galté, and I fear never will again. The Comédie Française, the Porte St.-Martin, and the Odéon, have all done well this season. As to the Palais Royal and the Variétés, they always do well. The new manager of the Galté makes brilliant promises for next season, including a new piece, with music by Offenbach, called "A Journey to the Moon," a revival of Sardou's "Don Quixote," and a revival of "La Belle Hélène." Our old favorite Aimée is to appear in the first-named piece.

Strauss, stimulated by the success of his

"Reine Indigo," is at work on a new operetta for the Renaissance. Sardou is to furnish the *pièce de résistance* for the coming season at the Gymnase, in the shape of a comedy bearing the thrilling title of "Remorse."

As to Alexandre Dumas, the Comédie Française is henceforth to possess him entirely. And, *à propos* of Dumas, here is a criticism which he recently pronounced upon Alfred de Musset. Some one remarked in his presence that De Musset had something Shakespearean about him.

"Yes," replied Dumas, "De Musset was a compound of Shakespeare, Mauvaux, and a strolling player!"

Which, leaving out the first, was probably correct enough.

And now that I am on anecdotes, here is one of Théophile Gautier: There exists in the Champs Elysées an hotel belonging to a lady of undoubted reputation, the steps of the main staircase of which hotel are composed of precious stones, such as malachite, lapis-lazuli, carnelian, sardonyx, etc. Three wealthy lovers were ruined in order that this staircase might be finished. The proud proprietress of this ill-bought splendor was one day displaying it to Théophile Gautier, and asked him finally what he thought of it.

"Madame," he said, "you have just proved to me the fact that the successive steps of Vice are far more dazzling than are those of Virtue!"

The poet is dead and buried, but the staircase and the owner thereof still adorn the Champs Elysées.

The *Temps* recently published quite an interesting article about Stendhal, containing many anecdotes and personal reminiscences. He was very severe toward his contemporaries. Of Victor Hugo, when young, he says, very unappreciatively:

"The talent of M. Hugo resembles that of Young, the author of the 'Night Thoughts'—he is always coldly exaggerated. Nor can it be denied that he does not know very well how to write French verse."

Among Stendhal's papers, after his death, was found a paper headed "My Wishes." Among these was to be found the singular and prophetic phrase, "I should like to die of apoplexy at the corner of a street!" The same idea is expressed in his correspondence: "It seems to me that there is nothing ridiculous about dying in the street, if it is not done on purpose," he writes. His death was exactly that which he had desired. He fell dead of apoplexy one day while passing through the Rue Neuve des Capucines.

It is reported in Paris that the Princess Girgenti, the oldest daughter of Queen Isabella of Spain, is about to be married to a Prussian prince. Considering the lady's maternal and grand-maternal antecessors, and the fact also that she is as thin as a rail and as plain as a pikestaff, and that her first husband, Count Girgenti, is said to have committed suicide on account of the intolerable shrewishness of her disposition, I am inclined to look upon this alliance as the beginning of the avenging of France. LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN seems to delight in getting into hot water; he is even worse in this respect than that other well-known member of the *genus irritabile*, Mr. Mortimer Collins. In the last number of the *New Quarterly*—a young magazine which, I am sorry to say, is not doing so well as it might and ought—Mr. Bu-

chanan has an article on "The Modern Stage," which is full of personalities. He falls foul of our dramatic critics; he falls foul of more than one of the London managers—for instance, he declares that Nature clearly intended Mr. Chatterton to manage a hippodrome instead of a theatre; and he falls foul of certain of our dramatists. The playwright for whom he has the greatest admiration is seemingly Mr. Wills; him he rightly calls "an exceedingly clever though undoubtedly careless writer." No; after all he has a greater admiration for Mr. Gilbert; him he describes as the English Aristophanes, adding—and I believe you will agree with the remark—that "no living writer has his" (Mr. Gilbert's) "originality, and no living writer has his quiddity." Mr. Gilbert's burlesque of the "Happy Land," Mr. Buchanan further believes to be "the primest political satire of this generation." Of Mr. Tom Taylor, too, our critic speaks kindly, but holds that, though he is the author of some of the very brightest pieces of the day, he is oftentimes "too consciously theatrical." So far, praise in the main; but our poet does not go on in this strain for long. When he comes to consider Mr. Boucicault's claims to be called a dramatist, he grows angry indeed. "It is clear," remarks he, "that when the stage secured a Boucicault, literature lost a Close;" the famous bald-headed actor-author can only be described, in short, as "the Shakespeare of the New Cut and Seven Dials." As to Mr. John Oxenford, the dramatic critic of the *Times*, our irascible poet belabors him soundly, certain as he is in his own mind that he (Mr. Oxenford) has no wish to raise the drama, for, if he had, asks Mr. Buchanan, would he be a "producer of stuff merely written for the market? Mr. Oxenford," continues he, so that there shall be no possibility of his being misunderstood, "writes too many worthless plays to be a trustworthy reporter of the modern theatre for the leading newspaper in the kingdom."

There is a good deal more of a similar kind among other notabilities, the result of all which is that Mr. Buchanan is being "hauled over the coals" by the whole of our periodical press. Fortunately, he is used to that kind of thing, and bears it in the coolest way possible. But I opine that when his next play is produced (he mustn't ask Mr. Chatterton to bring it out!), he will be paid back with interest.

I mentioned the "poet" Close just now. What an eccentric old man he is! Lord Palmerston, you will remember, got him placed on the Civil List, when up came a dozen people—many of them disappointed authors themselves—to prove that Mr. Close was not a poet at all—that, in fact, he could not write half a dozen lines grammatically. And so it really is. His verses are the merest doggerel, yet he makes money out of them by chronicling notable events and praising (in print) the loveliness of the rich ladies and the generosity of the rich lords who visit him at the little book-stall which he keeps at Kirkby-Stephen, near Lake Windermere. He is constantly forwarding a minute account of his movements to me for publication; poor man! he seems to think all the world is interested in them. Now it is to say that Lady Broudbrook has given him a sovereign; anon to announce that he is about to dedicate some verses to my Lord of Woodland. His last letter is to the effect that he is writing "a grand epic poem" (the words are his own) on—whom do you think? Why, on Captain Boyton, who, it appears, is about to visit the lakes. Further, he assures me that, though in his sixtieth year, he is (*horrible*

dictu!) "composing *impromptu* verses every day!"

Here is an anecdote anent Mr. H. J. Byron—whose "Our Boys" and "Weak Women" are still running merrily at the Vaudeville and Strand respectively—which has never appeared in print: Years ago a new piece of his (I forget the name of it) was produced at Liverpool. It was somewhat "slow," for at that time Mr. Byron was trying his "prentice-hand." The audience began to show signs of impatience, and just as a few hisses were becoming audible, a sawing sound was heard. "What was that, Byron?" asked the manager, who was standing beside the young dramatist, at the side-wings. "Oh," replied Mr. Byron, "I suppose it's the carpenters cutting down the piece!" Mr. Byron, by-the-way, is always saying witty things in conversation—just as Mr. Albery is. If their remarks were judiciously taken down, I have no doubt they could be made to contribute not a little to the success of some new comedy.

The *Pull Mall Gazette* (which is edited, I may tell you, by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, the brother of James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual") has just done a very kindly thing. It has called attention in glowing terms to a little volume of patriotic verses written by a humble Irishman, one Mr. O'Connor. Mr. O'Connor is, it seems, a working-man settled at Deptford, and is at present trying to gain a very minor post in our school board. That he has considerable poetic instinct is certain. Take, for example, his "Backwoods Song":

"We camp beneath the tall pines,
We're trappers true and tried;
From early dawn till shadows fall,
O'er hills and dales we ride.
At evening in the clearing
Dear Ireland's hills we see,
Where freedom fell through striking well
For God and Country."

"The shades of night are falling,
But light or shade fails to blind
The broken-hearted exile
From the land he left behind.
But a truce to grief! Let's pledge
Every home and altar free!
And be our boast, our backwoods toast—
For God and Country!"

"For God and Country!
For God and Country!
Boys, be our toast and proudest boast,
For God and Country!"

Is not that very inspiring? I can fancy I hear that chorus given by half a dozen brawny Irish immigrants. How it would echo among the pines! Again, the following lines on "The Vanthee," a good old housewife, have surely the true lilt:

"Let some go praise our maidens fair—
To me a jewel rich and rare,
A gem, a priceless gem to me,
Is Ireland's pride, the Vanthee."

"When winter nights were cold and long,
Who cheered our hearts with jest and song
Till laughter shook the old roof-tree?
Oh, who but Ireland's Vanthee."

"Who oft on feast of Hallowe'en
Made glad the heart of each colleen,
And burned the nuts? 'He'll cross the sea,'
And 'She'll get wed,' said Vanthee."

"'Twas sad from Erin's hills to part,
But oh, what mostly broke my heart
And made it grieve to exiled be
Was parting with the Vanthee."

"She's dear to me, and, by the day!
You may believe the words I say:
Were I a king, a queen should be
My dear old, brave old Vanthee."

"Come, fill we to the brim each cup,
And froth it up, boys, froth it up!
Here's Ireland o'er the deep blue sea!
Here's Ireland's pride, the Vanthee!"

I don't think I ever mentioned that Mr. William Black, the novelist, is a most ardent sportsman. He is, though, and your readers may like to know it. There are few better shots. Almost every year he hies to the Scotch moors, and does terrible execution among the feathery tribe.

Mr. Irving made a rather telling speech on the occasion the other day of the thirtieth annual festival of the Royal General Theatrical Fund. He presided, and was supported by Signor Salvini among others. After telling his audience that some twenty years ago he, then quite a boy, might have been seen standing by the door of the London Tavern (where the present festival was held), watching eagerly the guests as they assembled for the Fund's dinner, he candidly admitted that he could not make so eloquent an appeal for the charity as had many of his predecessors. "I am unable to draw gold by my glowing words," added he. "Eloquence such as theirs, the true philosopher's stone, I don't possess." Then he went on to show that "actors are a proverbially benevolent and open-handed race. They certainly have a great temptation to live well," remarked he, "and I remember a famous comedian once saying to me, 'Sir, when I play *Charles Surface* I dine off the liver-wing of a chicken, moistened by a bumper of sparkling Burgundy.' Artistic instincts," he continued, "are frightfully opposed to business habits. Remember, ladies and gentlemen, I am not speaking of the fortunate London actor with his snug room here, his comfortable cottage there, and a handy little sum at his banker's. I am speaking of the poor country actor who, on twenty-five or thirty shillings a week (when he can get it) to fulfill an engagement, has to journey from Aberdeen to Plymouth, who has to play lords, dukes, and electors and Counts Palatine, and dress them all himself; who has, perhaps, to exist four, five, or six months out of the twelve, chameleon-like, on air, and perhaps with a wife and several small children. How is this unfortunate being to put by for the rainy day? And if the man be earnest and a student, he must spend money in artistic work. He wants a wig for this, and shoes and buckles for that; in short, every thing that has been worn since clothes were invented. And all this on twenty-five shillings a week! He must try and look the character he acts, and the more artistic the man's mind, and the more fastidious his taste, the more is he tempted to be what the thoughtless call extravagant."

Mr. Irving's words had much effect, as was shown by the large sum subscribed then and there for the institution. A right modest man is he; but he is by no means a good after-dinner speaker. Like Miss Cushman, he carries the theatrical intonation into private life.

WILL WILLIAMS.

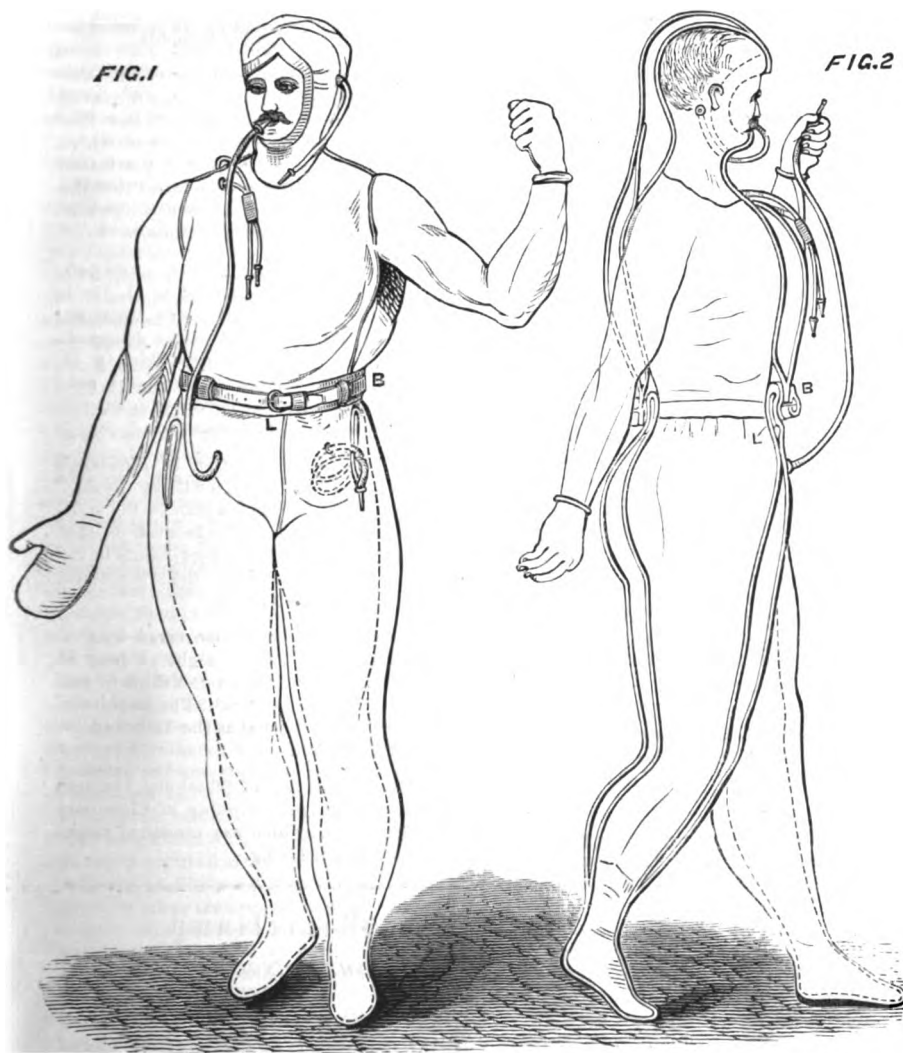
Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE BOYTON-MERRIMAN LIFE-SAVING DRESS.

WITH the story of Captain Boyton and his adventurous voyage across the British Channel, our readers are familiar. Clad in his Merriman's life-saving suit, this bold swimmer paddled himself from Boulogne in France to Folkestone on the English coast

in twenty-four hours, the distance traversed being over twenty-five miles. So universal was the popular interest manifested in the

demand an extended description. A brief reference, however, to certain special points may serve to render the design more plain.



success of this venture, that the story to its minutest details has already been made public. In addition to these descriptive accounts, many of our contemporaries have published picturesque illustrations of this living sea-craft—now battling with the rough sea, now reposing for rest on the very crest of the waves, and again dashing along under full sail before the wind. Even the “noontide meal” was partaken of by the swimmer, with his head resting upon an inflated cushion, and his paddle fastened at his side.

While these illustrations were truthful, no doubt, and served their purpose in conveying to the reader the possibilities of the life-saving dress, they yet failed to present any clear idea of the peculiarities of its construction, its actual form, and the method of its adjustment. For these reasons we are prompted to refer, after this lapse of time, to the subject, in order to lay before our readers, aided by suitable descriptions, the accompanying outline drawings of Boyton or any other swimmer equipped in the Merriman suit. Originally prepared for the *English Mechanic*, these drawings are so clear as hardly to

Fig. 1 represents the swimmer or shipwrecked passenger in full outfit, and ready to jump or be cast overboard; while the sectional view given in Fig. 2 best illustrates the peculiarities of construction, the method of inflation, etc. Referring to this latter figure, it will be observed that the rubber suit is in reality two suits, the one inclosing the body closely, while the other, fitting over this loosely, leaves at intervals open spaces or air-chambers. These, when inflated, are sufficiently buoyant to sustain the inclosed body upon the surface of the waves. The suit, which is of stout rubber cloth, consists of two parts—jacket and pantaloons, secured at the waist by a belt. Besides these two grand divisions, there are, in the jacket, several lesser ones, formed by the stitching or fastening together of the outer and inner coats. By this means separate air-sacks are formed, one in front and the other behind, while that portion extending along the back of the neck and head is also separated, and when inflated acts as a pillow.

The process of inflation is a simple one. To each division or air-sack a rubber tube,

ending in a suitable cock and mouth-piece, is attached. By means of these the wearer can inflate all or any of the desired sections. The inflation is simply a process of blowing up. Hence, should there be any slight escape of air, it can be readily replaced even in the water. As the only exposed portion of the body is the face, or at least that small part of it which includes the eyes, nostrils, and mouth, the only line where there is any need of compression is that which marks the boundary of this space. This is effected by means of a light but strong elastic band, which fits closely over the space indicated by the dotted lines in Fig. 2. Should it be deemed advisable to leave the hands exposed, a similar band about the wrists accomplishes this result.

As it is not improbable that an assortment of these suits will soon become a feature of every steamer's furniture—as are now the well-known though rarely-serviceable cork life-preservers—a careful examination of their form and methods of use may yet prove of practical value to our readers; and, as we are instructed, as a feature of wise statesmanship, that in times of peace we prepare for war, so it may not be amiss that the hour of safety be made, by means of this and like observations, to serve us in preparing for that danger which awaits all who “go down to the sea in ships.”

THE following facts, as given by the *Virginia Enterprise*, will doubtless prove suggestive to those who are interested in certain problems in the department of terrestrial physics. We were permitted to present recently certain interesting facts regarding the retention of frost by rocks and along rocky strata, and, in the following facts, it seems demonstrated that when unexplored, or under pressure, rocks may be made to retain heat for great periods of time: “On the 30th of October last, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the large, new air-shaft of the Belcher mine, then completed to the one-thousand-foot level, took fire and was destroyed. The timber of the shaft all burned out and the rock fell in and blocked it up. After mature deliberation, it was thought that it would be better and cheaper to sink a new shaft than to try to clear out the old one, so badly were the sides caved and so great was the quantity of rock that had fallen into it. The new shaft was sunk a short distance to the west of the old one. It has now reached a point near the one-thousand-foot level, where it will be continued down an incline. The incline was started at the one-thousand-foot level, and carried up to meet the vertical portion of the shaft. The course of this incline carried it through the remains of the old vertical shaft; but, as soon as it was tapped, the men found that they could do nothing in it on account of the ashes, burnt earth, and rocks, that poured down into their incline. A tunnel was run until it had reached a point a short distance west of the old shaft, when a vertical upraise was made to the line of the proposed incline to be run up to meet the new shaft. The men then began to work down on the incline in order to reach the point from which they were driven in trying to come up. They have succeeded in getting into the bottom of the old shaft, where, much to their surprise, they found the rock still red-hot. In trying to put in timbers they were set on fire, and in order to work at all it is found necessary to

bring a line of hose into the place and play a stream of water upon the rocks wedged in the bottom of the old shaft. There is no timber on fire among the rocks. They seem to have been heated to a degree so intense at the time of the fire, that they have remained red-hot ever since. When we find so small a mass of rocks as can be contained in the bottom of a shaft remaining hot for over five months, after having been heated to whiteness, should we be incredulous on being assured by scientists that the centre of the earth, once a molten mass of rock, still remains in a molten state after untold ages? Nearly three years after the great fire in the Yellow-Jacket mine, places were found in the lower levels where the rock was still red-hot."

THE dreaded Colorado beetle, the history, form, and habits of which were made the subject of a recently-illustrated article in the JOURNAL, has at length, as then predicted, made its appearance along our Eastern coasts. In New Jersey and Eastern New York this pest is now actively at work, and one of the attractive features of a Fulton-Street seed-store is a little glass cage of the beetles, alive and active. In all respects they correspond with our description, and, guided by that, no reader need fail to recognize the presence of the invaders. "It is an ill wind that blows no good," however, and hence the manufacturers of Paris-green are driving a brisk trade in this dangerous poison, regarding the efficacy of which opinions are divided. In the mean time the maroh is still eastward, and already our English neighbors have taken fright, and are starting measures to repel the invaders should they succeed in landing on their shores. The President of the Entomological Society, in his recent anniversary address, directs attention to the subject as follows: "The Colorado potato-beetle is an enemy whose rapid advances toward the shores of the Atlantic are a menace to Europe. When once established on the seaboard, they may wing their way to vessels in port, being accustomed to fly in swarms, and may thus be borne over to found a colony in this country, irrespective of conveyance with the tubers themselves. Agricultural and horticultural societies should make provision for the dissemination of correct information respecting these insects; and specimens of the beetles themselves should be obtained for distribution, with the view to familiarize persons with their aspect, and to prevent their diffusion." It will be seen that the English authorities advise a course of proceeding which we have already adopted, and should our readers have listened to the warnings already given them, we doubt not they have been aided in an early recognition of the enemy.

THE Egyptian Geographical Society, recently organized under the patronage of his highness the khédive, with Dr. Schweinfurth as president, has entered at once upon an active and promising career. The khédive has placed at the disposal of the society a handsome suite of apartments, furnished in suitable style, including a valuable library, having also headed the subscription-list with an endowment-fund of two thousand dollars a year. In his inaugural address, Dr. Schweinfurth referred to geographical research as follows: "It has become an immense domain, the meeting-place of all branches of human science. The geography of the present does not aim at merely describing the form of the earth or the vesture which it has assumed; it seeks to show the chain of hidden causes of which this form is the expression." It thus appears that, though or-

ganized as a geographical society, it is the evident purpose of its president to embrace in its service all departments of physical inquiry. Nor would it be strange should the Egyptians—so long distinguished as lovers of the marvelous—under this new tutelage again come to the front, directing their labors in more legitimate channels, instead of wasting them, as heretofore, in attempting to solve the mysteries of Nature by reading the stars, or exacting the secret of life from the alembic and elixir.

THE increase in the number of "gas-wells" opened throughout the petroleum regions is leading to active inquiries as to the possible service they may be made to render. It is believed that, could this natural gas be all utilized, it would rival in value the oil itself. Already in certain cities and towns natural gas is made to render service as an illuminator, and in the oil-regions it is often used as fuel beneath the boilers of the drilling and pumping-engines. We learn from the *National Oil Journal* that a gas-well near Sarversville, in the Butler oil-regions, flows with a pressure of three hundred pounds to the square inch, and is roughly estimated to yield a million cubic feet of gas a day. It is proposed to lay a six-inch pipe from this well to Pittsburg, a distance of about seventeen miles, and thus to supply manufacturing establishments of this city with gaseous fuel. In the present connection, we would note the discovery of a similar gas-well in Kansas. It was opened by workmen digging for coal at Wyandotte, and the gas which escapes daily is estimated at a quarter of a million cubic feet. Though often impure in its natural state, this gas may be submitted to special purifying processes, by which it is rendered available for ordinary illuminating purposes.

MR. MACLEAY, whose zeal and generosity in the cause of science we have already commended, has entered actively upon the organization of his projected expedition to New Guinea. For this purpose he has fitted out at New Sydney a four-hundred-ton man-of-war, which vessel will be transformed into an exploring and supply ship. Though he announces as his chief object the enriching of his natural-history collection, yet the fact that several naturalists have been invited to join the party proves that this generous patron of science has in mind a broader service than the personal one he gives forth. There will be instituted an extensive series of deep-sea dredging, in addition to which the rivers of the country will be ascended by means of a steam-launch.

It is announced that Seth Green, having failed by persuasion and argument to induce the North River fishermen to leave their nets open for one day in the week so as to allow the shad to pass up the river, has at last resorted to a novel expedient whereby this reasonable demand may be enforced. This consists in hatching and turning into the seine-infested river forty thousand young sturgeon. It is claimed that, when these have grown to a sufficient size, they will find a way along this water-course or make one by breaking the nets. Should this new ally prove as staunch a one as is predicted, the fishermen will have occasion to regret their stubborn refusal to listen to the entreaties of the veteran fish-culturist.

It is stated that eggs may be preserved for a long time by simply dipping them in paraffine. Great care must be taken to procure fresh eggs, as this treatment will not serve to check decomposition after it has once begun.

As the main purpose of this and all kindred processes is merely to exclude the air and protect the surface from the approach of spores, it is surprising that this method has not before suggested itself. Paraffine is an article so readily obtained and applied that a test of this statement might readily be made.

M. VON HULLE, chief gardener of the Botanical Gardens at Ghent, having observed the buoyant power of the leaves of the *Victoria regia*, was led to test this power, which he accomplished by loading one of the leaves with bricks. By this means he found that the single leaf was able to sustain a weight of seven hundred and sixty-one pounds.

ALREADY the honors of a discoverer and public benefactor are being granted to M. De la Bastie, the inventor of the process of toughening glass, recently described in the JOURNAL. The jury of the French Central Society of Horticulture have awarded to him a large gold medal "on account of the services his discovery is likely to render to horticulture."

IN a brief communication in *Silliman's Journal* on the "Rate of Growth in Corals," Professor Joseph Le Conte advances the opinion, supported by personal observation, that the annual growth of madreporine-points in the Gulf of Mexico is not more than three and one-half or four inches a year.

THE two new asteroids discovered by Professor C. H. Peters on the night of June 3d last, have been christened "Vibilia" and "Adeona," Nos. 144 and 145. The magnitude of the former is estimated at the 10th, and of the latter the 11.5th.

PROFESSOR BAEYER, of Strasburg, has been appointed to the professorship of Chemistry at Munich—a post which has remained vacant since the death of Liebig.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

FROM a volume by George Henry Lewes, just published in London (being in the main, however, a collection of papers that have appeared in the periodicals), we derive the following just comments on a well-known complaint current among actors:

It is thought a hardship that great actors in quitting the stage can leave no monument more solid than a name. The painter leaves behind him pictures to attest his power; the author leaves behind him books; the actor leaves only a tradition. The curtain falls—the artist is annihilated. Succeeding generations may be told of his genius; none can test it.

All this I take to be a most misplaced sorrow. With the best wishes in the world I cannot bring myself to place the actor on a level with the painter or the author. I cannot concede to the actor such a parity of intellectual greatness; while, at the same time, I am forced to remember that, with inferior abilities, he secures far greater reward, both of pudding and praise. It is not difficult to assign the causes of an actor's superior reward, both in noisy reputation and in solid guineas. He amuses. He amuses more than the most amusing author. And our luxuries always cost us more than our necessities. Taglioni or Carlotta were better paid than Edmund

Kean or Macready; Jenny Lind better than both put together.

But while the dramatic artist appeals to a larger audience, and moves them more forcibly than either painter or author, owing to the very nature of his art, a very slight acquaintance with acting and actors will suffice to show there can be no parity in the rank of a great painter and a great actor. Place Kean beside Caravaggio (and, though I select the greatest actor I have known, I take a third-rate painter, not wishing to overpower the argument with such names as Raphael, Michel Angelo, Titian), and ask what comparison can be made of their intellectual qualifications? Or take Macready, and weigh him in the scale with Bulwer or Dickens.

The truth is, we exaggerate the talent of an actor because we judge only from the effect he produces, without inquiring too curiously into the means. But, while the painter has nothing but his canvas, and the author has nothing but white paper and printer's ink with which to produce his effects, the actor has all other arts as handmaids; the poet labors for him, creates his part, gives him his eloquence, his music, his imagery, his tenderness, his pathos, his sublimity; the scene-painter aids him; the costumes, the lights, the music, all the fascination of the stage—all subserve the actor's effect: these raise him upon a pedestal; remove them, and what is he? He who can make a stage-mob bend and sway with his eloquence, what could he do with a real mob, no poet by to prompt him? He who can charm us with the stateliest imagery of a noble mind, when robed in the sables of *Hamlet* or in the toga of *Coriolanus*, what can he do in coat and trousers on the world's stage? Rub off the paint, and the eyes are no longer brilliant! Reduce the actor to his intrinsic value, and then weigh him with the rivals whom he surpasses in reputation and in fortune.

If my estimate of the intrinsic value of acting is lower than seems generally current, it is from no desire to disparage an art I have always loved, but from a desire to state what seems to me the simple truth on the matter, and to show that the demand for posthumous fame is misplaced. Already the actor gets more fame than he deserves, and we are called upon to weep that he gets no more! During his reign the applause which follows him exceeds in intensity that of all other claimants for public approbation; so long as he lives he is an object of strong sympathy and interest; and when he dies he leaves behind him such influence upon his art as his genius may have effected (true fame!) and a monument to kindle the emulation of successors. Is not that enough? Must *he* weep because other times will not see his acting? Must *we* weep because all that energy, labor, genius, if you will, is no more than a tradition? Folly!* In this crowded world how few there are who can leave even a name! how rare those who leave more! The author can be read by future ages? Oh, yes, he *can* be read: the books are preserved; but *is* he read? Who disturbs them from their repose upon the dusty shelves of silent libraries? What are the great men of former ages, with rare—very rare—exceptions, but *names* to the world which shelves their well-bound volumes?

* The illustrious mathematician Jacobi, in his old age, was once consoled by a flattering disciple with the remark that all future mathematicians would delight in his work. He drew down the corners of his mouth and said, despairingly, "Yes; but to think that all my predecessors knew nothing of my work!" Here was vanity hungrier than that of the actor.

Unless some one will tell me in sober gravity (what is sometimes absurdly said in fulsome dinner-speeches and foolish dedications) that the actor has a "kindred genius" with the poet whose creations he represents, and that in sheer intellectual calibre Kean and Macready were nearly on a par with Shakespeare, I do not see what cause of complaint can exist in the actor's not sharing the posthumous fame of a Shakespeare. His fame while he lives surpasses that of almost all other men. Byron was not so widely worshiped as Kean. Lawrence and Northcote, Wilkie and Mulready, what space did they fill in the public eye compared with Young, Charles Kemble, or Macready? Surely this renown is ample!

If Macready share the regret of his friends, and if he yearn for posthumous fame, there is yet one issue for him to give the world assurance of his powers. Shakespeare is a good raft whereon to float securely down the stream of time; fasten yourself to that and your immortality is safe. Now, Shakespeare must have occupied more of Macready's time and thought than any other subject. Let fruits be given. Let us have from him an edition of Shakespeare, bringing all his practical experience as an actor to illustrate this the first of dramatists. We want no more black-letter. We want no more hyperboles of admiration. We want the *dramatic* excellences and defects illustrated and set forth. Will Macready undertake such a task? It would be a delightful *object* to occupy his leisure; and it would settle the question as to his own intellectual claims.

The foregoing was written in 1851. This year (1875) the "Reminiscences and Diaries of Macready" have been given to the world by Sir Frederick Pollock, and they strikingly confirm the justice of my estimate, which almost reads like an echo of what Macready himself expressed. In those volumes we see the incessant study which this eminently conscientious man to the last bestowed on every detail connected with his art; we see also how he endeavored by study to make up for natural deficiencies, and how conscious he was of these deficiencies. We see him over-sensitive to the imaginary disrespect in which his profession is held, and throughout his career hating the stage while devoting himself to the art. But, although his sensitiveness suffered from many of the external conditions of the player's life, his own acceptance by the world was a constant rebuke to his exaggerated claims. He was undeniably a cultivated, honorable, and able man, and would have made an excellent clergyman or member of Parliament; but there is absolutely no evidence that he could have made such a figure either in the church or senate as would compare with that which he made upon the stage.

LADY POLLOCK, in *Temple Bar*, in an article entitled "The Poet and the Stage," has something to say calculated to disabuse some of the current theories in regard to the greatness of past dramatic periods:

Garriick, independently of his special art, was a clever, cultivated man, but the fever of a restless self-love was in his blood, and he sacrificed his authors on all sides. He killed the living and mutilated the dead. In "*Hamlet*" he cut down whatever scenes he thought ineffective for his glory, and took into his own part favorite passages belonging to the other characters. In the same spirit he degraded "*Richard III.*" to a series of stage-clamors,

and called in Tate and Colman to give him a lively ending for "*King Lear*."

The grand days of the drama are often talked of with reverence, when Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith, were the frequenters of the theatre, and Garrick was the tragedian; but they were actually the grand days of the player as opposed to those of the poet. If Garrick's taste is to be judged by the tragedies brought upon the stage during his time, it must be pronounced low, indeed. Before this period there had been at least a great deal of literary merit engaged in dramatic productions which prevented them from being totally worthless. Eminent authors, although they did not prove themselves to be eminent dramatists, yet scattered through their plays some sparks of talent: it would be impossible to read Addison's "*Cato*" without the conviction that its writer was no common man—singularly accomplished even in tedium; or to peruse Rowe's "*Jane Shore*" without regretting that its author had not sufficient sensibility and imaginative power to produce as good a drama as he could a stage-play; but there is nothing to hope or fear from Garrick's pet writers.

Among these, William Whitehead, the laureate, produced his feeble "*Roman Father*;" then Mr. Cripe, known in Madame d'Arblay's diaries as "dear Daddy Cripe," made a miserable play of "*Virginia*;" and the industrious Murphy suspended his labors in classic translations and borrowed learning to struggle with his "*Zenobia*" and "*Orphans in China*." At this time Henry Jones, the bricklayer, left his trade to manufacture plays, and Glover invented new *Medææ*, and Mallet *Eloiras* and *Alfredæ*.

Dramatic literature, crushed out by Puritanism during the time of the Commonwealth, had blossomed again into the full-blown sin of the reactionary movement under Charles II. It borrowed classic rules from the French in bombastic tragedy, and took to itself all the licentiousness of the court—manners in its comedy. To humor audiences impatient of seriousness, the tragic authors of that time apologized for the pathos of their subject, as soon as the curtain fell, by indecent epilogues; and this fashion, with some modification of its grossness, was carried on into the eighteenth century.

Garriick was looked to as a master in this species of composition, and did his best to encourage it; his literary talents were precisely of that kind which luxuriated in the short compass of a prologue. Here they were at home; here there was just a sufficient demand for easy rhyme, confident, unfettered fancy, and bold, unexpected meanings, which looked like wit. Nor did Garriick in these compositions forget his managerial tricks; so great a quantity of stage-business was given by him to prologue and epilogue that at last few actors but himself were accomplished enough to do them justice. He was always ready with some ingenuity to divert his public. Sometimes a bewildered country boy wandered on to the stage with a prologue to his supposed master's play, or a tipsy sailor rolled forward, reading the play-bill for the night, or a charming actress, after having drowned the stage in tears, sprang from behind the curtain as the Comic Muse. All these contrivances prolonged the custom of prologue and epilogue; but the better judgment will in the end prevail against a bad fashion; and first condemned by Thomson, and next sternly rejected by Home (the author of "*Douglas*"), other critics afterward ventured to protest, and gradually these things ceased to be.

One of the principal causes of the rapid de-

oline of dramatic literature during Garrick's management to the yet lower position than the low one it had previously occupied, is to be found in the general character of the great player's genius. Before his time the management had been in the hands either of some one individual not himself upon the stage, or of several actors all equally concerned in the character of the pieces performed at their theatre, but differing in the direction of their own talents for the stage. Wilkes, Cibber, and Dogget, and Wilkes, Cibber, and Booth, were a junto of this kind. Garrick was supreme at Drury Lane, both as actor and manager, and had the power to exercise a fatal influence. If he had by a happy chance been a fine critic, he might have contrived to gratify his vanity without injuring Shakespeare, and without dictating his imaginary stage necessities to the playwrights, among whom he gradually alienated the most respectable. It is an evidence of the force of the great tragedian that Garrick's audiences, consisting in great part of literary men, made no protest against his barbarous dealings with our greatest poet or his encouragement of our meanest scribblers. Satisfied with the passion he roused, they did not question the instruments he used. His despotism was accepted. That a fine actor has considerable dominion over the authors he represents is indisputable, yet it must be remembered, somewhat to diminish the marvel of Garrick's proceedings, that his own bad taste was but an exaggerated growth of his period, and that Johnson, the oracle of that age, has left us many criticisms to laugh at.

At the end of the Garrick epoch the literature of the stage was completely debased; a great quantity of new plays were produced every season, which only existed by their novelty, and were not for a moment supposed to have any other principle of vitality in them; the consequence was that when Mrs. Siddons and her brother John Kemble appeared upon the scene they found no author worthy to write for them.

Lady Pollock (who the reader will recollect is wife of Sir Frederick Pollock, editor of Macready's "Diaries and Reminiscences," recently published) proceeds in her entertaining paper to give her views upon Fechter and Henry Irving:

In the worst period of literary stagnation, some ten years after Macready's retirement, M. Fechter, a clever French actor, came to London to wake the echoes of Shakespeare's music with a foreign accent. In the character of *Hamlet*, partly by the surprise which was excited by his attempt, and partly by his real merit, he met with considerable success. He was a skillful artist, but he made frequent mistakes of emphasis, and he was deficient in sustained force. He was good in a flash of passion, or a graceful movement; but he had no depth of feeling, and there were deficiencies of heart as well as of language when he sought to interpret the highest passion. His representation of *Othello* deserves to be recorded as a proof of the player's influence on the poet. The actor, being incapable of any great poetical conception, substituted paltry devices and petty elaborations of action for the majestic movement of passion; the play was for the time vulgarized, and all its richness of sound and vastness of imagination were cramped into such mean dimensions that it seemed no better than a prosaic Parisian drama of the Dumas school. It was so little liked that

M. Fechter produced no more Shakespearean plays.

Twenty-four years have passed since the day of Macready's retirement, and now for the first time an English actor has appeared whose genius gives us reason to expect the restoration of poetical drama to our stage. Mr. Henry Irving brings to whatever character he undertakes fine thought and vivid emotion; these qualities have been evident in all his representations, but the complex character of *Hamlet* has given him the freest scope for the use of his powers. Out of solitary contemplation he has drawn his inspiration, for he came upon an empty stage, where there was no departing or reigning greatness to kindle or to guide him. His fervent imagination imparts life, the first requisite in acting, to his personation; a life taken from the poet's heart into the depths of his own. He is the impressionable, flexible *Hamlet*: tender by nature, stung into bitterness by an intolerable sense of wrong, but never strong and resolute. Fitful, moody; alternately meditative and impetuous; passionate in imagination, and too subtle in thought for a persistent course of action, he is carried to the verge of frenzy by the unequal conflict of the inner man with the circumstances which surround him. But his fury is short-lived, and his spirits instantly fall back into that profound dejection which makes the young prince weary of his life. Such is the interpretation to which Mr. Irving's swift emotions and fine intellectual perceptions give a singular vitality and interest. He delivers what may be termed the set speeches, somewhat tarnished by frequent handling, as if he were thinking them out for the first time, and gives back to them the full freshness of a new impulse. Mr. Irving's attributes are essentially poetical, and therefore it is not to be feared that, as a disciple of the natural school of acting, he will mar its excellence by exaggeration. He has too delicate an appreciation of beauty to let slip in a slovenly utterance the melody of a poet's thought; he has too true a dramatic instinct to suffer a grand towering passion to sink into the tone of a drawing-room platitudes for the gratification of certain spectators who hold that Nature is best served by depriving her of all nobility and all grace. His taste will reject that evil fashion of his time; nor is he likely to yield to those temptations which have been described as haunting the onward path of the favorite tragedian.

A LONDON writer discusses the influence of the doctrines of Swedenborg on literature:

The influence of Swedenborg on imaginative literature is nowhere so obvious as in the novels of Balzac. There are traces of his theory of Correspondences in a place where they might not have been looked for, in the "Fleurs

du Mal" of Charles Baudelaire. The poet, in "a mystic strain of verse," sings how colors and sounds and scents mingle and blend in the world, and produce an inaudible harmony, a color invisible, to the eyes and ears of the uninitiated. In the pretty tale of "Spirite," too, a masterpiece of Théophile Gautier, it is Swedenborg's theories of conjugal love that are travestied, and it is a Swedenborgian mystic who unlocks to the lover of Spirite the gate of the spiritual world. But the gross, sensuous Balzac—Balzac whose ideas of *la vie conjugale* are so frankly material—really felt, more than any other man of literary genius, the attraction of these new regions of which Swedenborg was the Columbus. Balzac's "Louis Lambert" is partly autobiographical, a sketch of his own sufferings when, as a school-boy in Vendôme, he neglected his Latin exercises to pore over such works as "Heaven and Hell revealed." Lambert in the novel is a secluded and unappreciated genius, whose life is an attempt to develop the true, the angelic nature that is hidden within our frames. Even as a boy, Lambert is second-sighted, beholds places in vision, and recognizes them later in fact, as Swedenborg saw the fire of Stockholm three hundred miles off, and as Shelley used occasionally to do, or say he did. The dream of his life is to meet an angel-woman, and meet her he does, like other people, at last. Unfortunately, he falls just before his marriage into a state which may be beatific contemplation, or may be idiotcy, and when he opens his lips after months of silence it is only to say, "The angels are white." In his more lucid intervals he would make such profound remarks as, "The Abstract thinks, the Instinctive acts." In this failure and decay of the mystic vision, when it seemed on the point of solving the secrets of the universe, Balzac probably symbolized his own mature views as to the mysticism that always attracted him. To him the system of Swedenborg is like his own mysterious Séraphitus Séraphita, a brilliant, sexless creature of strange birth, tantalizing, alluring, fading at last out of human view among the glittering snows and glacial peaks of the mountains round the Stromfjord. Séraphitus Séraphita allures her lovers to heights where the breath is caught by the sharp air, where the sight grows dim, and the brain reels. She vanishes from those who love her, leaving only a memory and a hope, the sense of having seen wonderful sights with eyes waking or dreaming, the trust that these marvels have a meaning and a promise, and the certainty that, after all, the life of earth, and not the visions of the Alpine summits, is the only life for men. Perhaps this is no uncommon result of the reading of Swedenborg's very voluminous writings, which are not, however, destitute of humor, if the seer is correctly reported to have said that the English all hang together, and see few foreigners, in some circle of the invisible world.

Notices.

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THE QUINCY MANSION.

IT would be rather surprising to find a person who had not heard of Quincy, since bits of the town have for a half-century at least been distributed from one end of the Union to the other. It was only the other day that a shaft of its granite obtained a

of Yorktown, should ever mingle under one flag and one country. This is what the commemoration of historic events has brought about. Through the spontaneous outbursts of patriotism, more good has been accomplished in a day, I might almost say in an

sive, and enduring. A solid man of Boston is by no means a petrification. Ask Ireland, Crete, France, or, to come nearer, Portland, Chicago, New Orleans, if he has not a heart.

Besides its granite, which the reader will,



QUINCY MANSION, QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.

broad and happier significance, when on Bunker Hill the representatives of several Southern States grasped the proffered hands of men of New England in sincere amity, and confessed, as men gathered about an altar, that the blood of Bunker Hill, of Eutaw, and

hour, than statesmanship with its wisdom could have secured in years. After this who shall say that history is not a power?

Granite may be, as some affirm, typical of New England character, hard, inflexible, and insusceptible to polish; but it is strong, mas-

perhaps, wonder could lead any man into a train of speculative philosophy, where else but in Quincy can you find the houses of two Presidents of the United States?

Readers of the JOURNAL have hitherto followed my rambling up and down this quiet

and restful old town.* We have been admitted within the sacred precincts of more than one historic mansion, have held mystical converse with their departed inhabitants, and have, in turning away, mused on the lessons of their lives. There is much in these associations which, if we are not quite able to analyze, we yet feel the full force of. Stupid people may laugh, if they please, and accuse us of a sickly sentimentality, but we feel that it is good for us to cultivate a sentiment that leads us to honor the memory of the great and good who have lived before us.

Close by the sea, where you can scent its full flavor and inhale its invigorating gales, is the ancient Quincy Mansion—less antique, perhaps, than other roofs scattered about the town, but a good specimen of colonial architecture a hundred years ago. It is placed on a gentle swell of ground at the extremity of the noblest private estate in New England. Its five hundred broad acres of meadow and woodland give the idea that you have suddenly dropped into an English park come down since the Conquest by entail. A broad and leafy avenue a quarter of a mile long leads from the high-road to the mansion. There are delicious glimpses of the sea, of Boston Harbor and its islands, and of the countless white sails continually winging their way into port.

The house was built in 1770, by Colonel Josiah Quincy, of Braintree,† on ground purchased of the local Indian sagamore, as early as 1635, by Edmund Quincy, of England. The estate has ever since remained unalienated.

When I happened to be rambling in the neighborhood, I found hospitable welcome at the old mansion from the daughters of Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard College. In four successive generations a son has borne the name of Josiah, and, as two of the Quincys were mayors of Boston, while all of them have been more or less distinguished in political life, the patronymic becomes a little perplexing. Beyond question, there may be, to a genealogist at least, many good arguments against the continued use of the same Christian name by a family.

When I was fairly within the house, which is furnished as houses were furnished a century ago—where antique-dressed portraits looked down from the walls, and where sedan-chairs in cool corridors invited to post-prandial naps—I felt that modern life had little right to intrude itself into such a place. Every visitor, I would suggest, should be required to don a powdered periwig, laced coat, and silk stockings, in order that the prevailing idea may not be disturbed. The fragrance of the old life and manners still lingered about those wainscoted apartments, and a half-hour's visit converted the imaginary into the real.

How quaint are those entries in John Adams's diary: "Drank tea at Grandfather Quincy's," or, "Spent the evening at Colonel Quincy's with Colonel Lincoln!" The men

talked politics, and the ladies talked about the fashions by the last London packet. Both the Adamsees, father and son, frequented this house. Here Hull after destroying the *Guerrière*, and here Decatur, were entertained.

The four Quincys who bore the name of Josiah should not be confounded the one with the other. Colonel Josiah Quincy, who built this house, and occupied it during Washington's investment of Boston, is easily identified by his military title. He used to ride to camp with projects to drive the British fleet to sea or sink it to the bottom of the harbor. He scratched on the window-pane with a diamond the date when that fleet finally stood out of the bay under a press of sail, while the Continental drums were beating "Yankee Doodle" in Boston streets. The grim satisfaction with which the old colonel watched the enemy's ships was dashed with bitterness: for one son was an exiled royalist, and of course his father's political enemy. The name of this son, however, was Samuel, and not Josiah.

Colonel Quincy had another son, the Josiah Quincy, Jr., of the early Revolutionary period, whose memoirs, first written by his son Josiah, have lately been revised by his granddaughter, Eliza Susan Quincy, in a manner every way worthy the subject. Josiah Quincy, Jr., as he is still styled, from having died in the lifetime of his father, had a great mind imprisoned in a feeble body. He was admitted to the bar in 1766, when bar-mootings were held in the coffee-houses, and the barristers took punch or flip while questioning a candidate. It provokes a smile to note how John Adams groans in spirit at the admission of Quincy and other young men into a profession he then thought to be overcrowded.

Young Quincy espoused the patriot cause with the zeal of an ardent spirit and the eloquence of an orator by birth. His voice rang through the aisles of the Old South Meeting-house, which the land-speculators want to pull down and the nation wishes to keep untouched. In 1774 Mr. Quincy was in London, and wrote to his friend Joseph Reed, of Philadelphia: "My heart is with you, and, wherever my countrymen command, my person shall be also." While in London, Josiah Quincy, Jr., with his friend Franklin, had the honor of being distinguished by the censure of Lord Hillsborough, who said in the House of Lords that there were three men walking in the streets of London who ought to be in Newgate or Tyburn. While returning from England the gifted and patriotic Quincy died within sight of his native shores. Mrs. Sigourney dedicated some impassioned lines to his memory.

Nothing is easier than to write the biography of the third Josiah Quincy. Wherever you walk in Boston you are certain to meet with evidences of the breadth and genius of his enterprises, and the vigor of his execution of them. The Quincy Market-house and the long ranges of granite warehouses standing on land that he reclaimed from the filthy basins into which the tide had flowed, are among his monuments; and he deserves unstinted praise, the more, for having met and overcome the full power of that *vis inertia* for

which the Boston of his day was remarkable. Mr. Cotting and Mr. Quincy prostrated old-foggydom with the magical word "Progress."

Mr. Quincy was a representative in Congress during the exciting sessions of the War of 1812. He was, as his constituents expected, a strong anti-war man, and made some pretty incisive speeches against Mr. Madison's war policy. A man of his pronounced character very soon exasperated the fire-eating portion of the lower chamber, and it is said he once narrowly missed having a duel on his hands. He became the subject of party caricature, and was openly denounced as a British partisan.

After serving as the second Mayor of Boston, Mr. Quincy became, in 1829, President of Harvard University. In executive ability, and in the short, sharp, and decisive method of dealing with questions perplexing or difficult, there could scarcely be a greater contrast than between Josiah Quincy and Edward Everett, his successor. If a trifle despotic, the former was able to control elements of discord which overwhelmed the latter. If the students found a master in Mr. Quincy, the college also found a benefactor. He never touched any thing upon which he did not leave a permanent record of himself. Gore Hall, the beautiful depository of the library, was his work.

The fourth Josiah Quincy, who is now living, also became Mayor of Boston. It was during his incumbency that the Cochituate water replaced the irregular and insufficient supplies from the Jamaica-Pond Aqueduct or the old town-pumps or wells. At the age of seventy-three Mr. Quincy still takes an active interest in whatever affects the prosperity of Boston. Another son of President Quincy, Edmund, is widely known as a political and miscellaneous author. His memoir of his father is a fitting supplement to the work mentioned, as written by that father in memory of a parent. Miss E. S. Quincy, sister of Edmund, is also an authoress, having, in addition to the revision of the memoir of her grandfather, assisted her father in his compilation of the valuable "History of Harvard University," and in 1861 prepared, for private distribution, the memoir of her mother—a most interesting book of personal reminiscence. A nephew of President Quincy performed a soldier's part in the Civil War of 1861, and has of late been usefully associated with the government of his native city.

SAMUEL A. DRAKE.

A MASTER-STROKE OF BUSINESS.

V.

THE lobbies, corridors, and verandas of the West End had become suddenly an excited stock-market. The men of the street crowded each other in every nook, discussing the sudden jump in stocks and the great corner in North Atlantic. Sharp voices were raised in the discussion in tones more like anger than business, but there were no physical encounters more serious than that of rib

* See JOURNALS of April 25, and September 26, 1874.

† Braintree was the ancient name of Quincy. It was incorporated under its present name in honor of the Quincy family, 1792.

and elbow as the excited crowd worked in and out. The click of the telegraph-instrument was heard continually in one corner, and the crowd, choosing this as the scene of greatest interest, encroached upon the table and leaned over the operator. A book-stand adjoining had also been appropriated, and the men of the street had ensconced themselves behind it among magazines, and dime-novels, and unsold dailies. Above the telegraph-operator was a bulletin-board, on which the stock quotations, forwarded by the telegraphic stock-indicator, were written from time to time by the operator's messenger-boy—a proceeding that was always marked by a profound silence in the crowd as the figures began, and by an unwontedly noisy discussion as they closed. Along that portion of the veranda near the main hall, or office, equally excited crowds were gathered, and quiet agitations were even in progress on the grassy plots and graveled walks in front.

Esmond had strolled several times around the veranda before he had become aware of the excited state of the crowd. His own romantic thoughts had been unreasonably busy amid this Babel-mart. He was trying to take a loyal sense of pleasure in the weird picture which he had drawn of his unknown Nora, and it was with a feeling half of resentment that he found his thoughts intent rather upon Nelly. It seemed a sacrilegious invasion of the rights of romance that Nora should not occupy the sole thought of his heart. Do not think, gentle reader, that Mr. Drury's tenderness was of an exaggerated kind. The world will always cling to those who owe it gratitude. There arises a vague sense of being a grand hero in the eyes of one whom we have saved from imminent peril which average human nature will not complacently forego, and the love outgrowing from so romantic a beginning seems removed to a higher and more delicious plane than that of more commonplace origin. To replace his romantic passion for the unknown by a plain matter-of-fact love for another, about which clung none of the glamour of this grateful worship, seemed likely to be the fate of even so romantic a lover as Esmond, and it was therefore with a feeling partly of regret and partly of resentment that he found his heart tending so prosaically to thoughts of some one else than his phantom Nora.

With these thoughts occupying his mind the discussions on the veranda had but little interest for him. He met one or two friends who began the jargon of the Stock Exchange, but he had been born with an antipathy for that language, and he avoided long conversation with them. The crowd increased so steadily that it became plain to him at last that some sensation had occurred in the market, but, when the desultory conversation of those about him revealed that it was a corner in North Atlantic, he was content to inquire no further. There were knots of ladies assembled here and there on the piazzas in front of the ladies' parlors, but there were few men with them, business proving stronger than gallantry. The band was playing very sweetly at an open window, and a few young girls were whirling one another around

in the listless circles of the waltz on the ball-room floor, and several elderly ladies sat rigidly against the wall, like silent venders of the ware they exhibited on the carpet.

Esmond strolled along the veranda leisurely, hoping to see the Misses Darcy, but he saw them not in the few promenaders whom he met, and it was not until he had reached a far corner of the piazza, where the great mass seldom strayed, and where the noise of the stock contention had not reached, that he found them. The cavaliers had deserted even them for the stirring strife about the bulletin-board, and they sat alone, with their India shawls about them, in the shadow of one of the huge columns of the veranda.

"Here is Mr. Drury!" cried Mamie, as he emerged from the numerous shadows of the piazza, and the broad moonlight just rising beyond the sea struck full on his face. And the impulsive girl sprang from her camp-chair, and, rushing to him, grasped him by the hand with a remarkably unfashionable heartiness that for a moment startled Esmond. "Here are Nelly and I," she said, "without an escort—completely deserted for the more fascinating stocks, and your apparition is a vision of joy."

"Can it be possible that watering-place beaux are so dull?" he said, lightly.

"Watering-place beaux that are in stocks," replied Mamie, leading him to the little circle of camp-chairs that surrounded Nelly, "are beasts."

"Bulls and bears," said Esmond, laughingly, as he bowed to Miss Darcy, and took a seat. "And they are very rampant just now in the lobby."

"Are they speculating even here?" asked Nelly, anxiously, with a glance toward Mamie.

"Yes, even here, where it is popularly supposed they came for pleasure," replied Esmond. "I am convinced that pleasure for some men is a myth."

"I know it is for papa," said Nelly. "He cannot enjoy himself in any other way than by discussing stocks, even after he gets home from that horrid stock-exchange."

"That is what you would call being literally in stocks."

"Yes," said Mamie, "and I think papa's stocks are as severe a punishment as the stocks down in Delaware."

"When we consider the matter," said Esmond, philosophically, "shop and shop-talk are naturally more engaging to a true business-man than any ordinary subjects. Household matters are to him unknown, and dress, and balls, and parties, and operas, do not interest him."

"Mamie," said Nelly, slyly, "I think Mr. Drury ought to know our friend Mr. Roseblossom."

Mamie responded with a hearty laugh.

"Yes," she said, "you should know him by all means, Mr. Drury. He is my especial beau, 'special beau for all of us, in fact. He can talk of matters that are near and dear to our hearts, and he's a thorough business-man, too—the most delightful shop-walker you ever saw!"

Esmond had to join in the hearty laugh that accompanied this sketch.

"He knows everybody and can tell all about them," continued Mamie, "what they were and who they are, how long since their mother retired from the grocery business, and when their father failed in stocks, and which of their brothers is fast, and how many of the young ladies of the family eloped to get married. Oh, he's a treasure! I advise you, if you want to find out who anybody is, inquire of Mr. Roseblossom."

"Really, he's a very valuable acquaintance," replied Esmond, dryly. "I suppose I'll have to inquire of him who my unknown Nora is?"

A sudden silence fell on the gleeful sisters, and Mamie nervously twitched her chair nearer to Nelly's.

"Don't you know who your unknown Nora is?" asked Mamie, presently, in a voice that sounded slightly tremulous even to Esmond's uncritical ears.

"I haven't the remotest idea," he said, carelessly, "except that she's short and dark—and is called Nora."

"Short?" said Mamie, in such unmistakable astonishment that Esmond turned his head sharply in her direction.

"Yes," said he, "short, *petite* rather, and dark!"

"*Petite* and dark!" echoed Mamie, with continued astonishment. "Why, that is not the Nora that I know!"

"Ah, then you know a Nora?" said Esmond, eagerly—"a Nora, probably, that may prove to be my Nora? Come, tell me of her!"

The impulsive Mamie was upon the point of bursting upon Esmond with a flood of gratitude, and telling him all. But a sharp pressure of the hand of the cooler Nelly restrained her. A strong sense of propriety urged both the young ladies to preserve the secret from Esmond. His frequently-expressed interest in the unknown whom he had rescued, his hearty expression of a hope to meet her again and to pursue the acquaintance, the very fact that he had seen Nelly and not recognized her as the heroine of his romance, and, more than all, the perturbing intimations of their father as to Mr. Drury's eligibility, all combined to impress upon them the impropriety of admitting now Nelly's identity with Nora. Mamie's impulsive temperament and hearty sense of gratitude toward Esmond had almost carried her beyond these barriers, and the pressure of Nelly's hand came just in time. But she had hesitated, and Esmond was convinced that she knew something of his Nora.

"Tell me of your Nora," he repeated, turning about on his camp-stool to question more closely the faces of the two girls. Those faces had become flushed and pale by turns in the short interval of his quick questioning, but the cold, grayish light of the moon just tipping the distant breakers gave him no sign. "Is it not my Nora?"

Mamie coughed.

"I almost think it is," she said.

"Then tell me who she is!"

"I must really find out first if it is the same person."

"But surely there can be no mistake. Noras are not rescued from drowning in vast numbers every day, nor are they so plentiful

that you are likely to have a great number of them among your acquaintances. If you know a Nora who was in bathing to-day and lost her presence of mind, and allowed herself to be towed ashore by a very enthusiastic young man, I am convinced that is my Nora."

"But my Nora," said Mamie, "does not answer your description at all. She is taller than I am, and I am not *petite* by any means, and she is rather fair, and has brownish hair, and so she does not answer to your description at all, you see."

"That's very strange," said Esmond, musingly. "And did she pass through the same adventure that my *petite* Nora did?"

"The very same!"

"And to-day? The same day?"

"This very day."

"Don't you think it very strange? A most wonderful coincidence, it seems to me. Will you point out your Nora to me some time?"

"Some time I may."

"I must rest content with that."

VI.

At this moment a little man, dress-coated and gloved, carrying his hat in his hand and disclosing a very bald head, presented himself as suddenly as a harlequin in the midst of the party, and greeted with the utmost effusion everybody present by name, including Esmond, who was positive he had never seen the gentleman before. This was Mr. Roseblossom, the universal scandal encyclopædia of the summer resorts, who knew the *personal* and history of everybody who was anybody, although he was entitled to shake few of them by the hand—and of whom Nelly had just spoken. He plunged at once into a descriptive list of fashionables, not at Long Branch alone, but at Newport and Saratoga, with such avidity, directing his remarks especially at Mamie, that Esmond felt a sentiment of high dudgeon. He coolly excused himself for interrupting the gentleman in the midst of his list, and asked Miss Nelly if she would not like a stroll around the verandas, and, leaving the unselfish Mamie to bear the brunt of the gossip's companionship, he drew Nelly's arm beneath his own and leisurely began the promenade of the broad veranda. The waltzers were still whirling their tireless round, and the vendors sleeplessly pinned their heads to the wall, but the miniature stock-exchange, which had confined its limits to the lobby and the veranda immediately fronting it, had overflowed, and leaning against the veranda columns in both directions, and even sitting in the windows of the ballroom, were knots of men excitedly discussing the corner in North Atlantic.

"See how business-men pursue pleasure," said Esmond. "In ages to come, when New York shall have become old and rich and leisurely, we will probably have a watering-place where people will go for rest."

"A consummation devoutly to be wished," said Eleanor. "A watering-place, too, where women will not dance away the summer nights in the heated light of ballrooms as they do here."

"True," said Esmond. "Why, by-the-way,

should we take pleasure in such peppery doses? I mean, why is excitement pleasure to us? Fishing on a sleepy lake is the true model of pleasure. Some such quiet, lazy method of passing time is my ideal of a true existence."

"I fear Long Branch is the worst place you could have come to to put your system into practice."

"If the stock-exchange is to be transferred here, I shall fear so, too. Why, for a sensation, Miss Darcy, just hear the kind of talk which entertains these men, and by men, you must understand, I mean the grand old definition—one made in God's own image."

"North Atlantic's rising so high," said a gray-haired gentleman, leaning against a column, to a knot of younger ones eagerly gathered about him, "that there's bound to be a smash among the operators. The corner was devilish well conceived."

"South Minnie's rising, too, you know."

"T'leder-Wab'sch, and 'Laukee-Sinpaul are all running up same way."

"How earnest they are!" said Esmond. "What object is there in life to them at the present moment except stocks! Do you remember, Miss Darcy, the story of that broker Meyer, who bought gold during the Black Friday corner at 150 and 160 and 62 and 64, steadily paying the rising price and loading himself with liabilities, in the confident assurance that the corner was sound, and that the manipulators would run all the gold in Wall Street, and could ask any price for it—do you remember it?"

"Yes," said Nelly, nervously, "I remember it. I think I remember all the great stock transactions, for they were all father could discuss when he came home."

"Yes? Well, the most dramatic picture that I have ever seen or read of was the sudden fall of that man. The government suddenly sold gold to break the corner, and it fell, like a house of cards, from 64 to 38, and the fall crazed that broker's brain. He stood in the gold-room, long after the rest had accepted their losses, and shrieked out '164,' for the gold that was now at 138, and kept shrieking it out as if in defiance of Fate until the gold-brokers turned away sick at the scene, or remained only to laugh at his mad antics. There was a lesson in that scene—"

Drury's own name, mentioned in a group near, attracted the attention of both of them.

"Drury made a deuced big haul on North Atlantic."

"Oh, he's running the corner."

"Yes, him and Capsheaf."

"I observe," said Esmond, "that my honored father has been exercising his business talent in the general display—making some less fortunate operator suffer, no doubt."

"This is almost painful to me," said Nelly. "Let us go."

"It sounds very puerile and hollow," said Esmond, huskily. "Strange, is it not, Miss Darcy, that Nature goes on her way complacently, while the affairs of men are in such a crisis? The moon dances on the water there, the waves lap the shore, and murmur their unceasing hymn, all the same, unmoved, while pitiful man, whose whole sum

of life could be sponged forever off the slate by one of that great ocean's bubbles, stands here excited and desperate over a rise of one per cent. on his favorite stock! Come, let us drop the 'shop,' and talk of nobler things."

He glanced downward into his companion's face. It was pale, and there was an anxious expression about it, for which he could not account. She looked up at him quietly, however, and said, in low tones, "I am listening."

"Do you notice," said he, softly, "what a magnificent effect these tall columns of the veranda produce? Look at them now with the moonlight beyond. They remind one of some of the long corridors in the old Alhambra—"

A voice in a group near them said:

"I'm told Darcy has lost to Drury like the devil!"

Nelly instinctively grasped Esmond's arm and halted.

"See," said Esmond, without a change of tone, quietly drawing her forward as he spoke, "how effective is the long vista with its black shadows and its silver streaks, and the interminable stretch of dancing blue and gold beyond—"

"And I hear," said another voice in the group, "that he's trying desperately to hedge to-night. He's been offering 95 for 30,000 of North Atlantic."

Then the group laughed.

In a larger group, gathered on the grassy plot at the corner of the veranda where the promenaders now were, a sudden commotion ensued. A hand filled with papers was raised above the heads of the others, and a thin, shrill, excited voice, the sound of which made Nelly cower, shrieked out:

"I'll give 95 for 30,000 of North Atlantic—95, who'll take it?"

And that group laughed.

As Esmond felt the shiver that agitated Nelly Darcy's frame, and felt her grasp tighten and her weight increase upon his arm, and saw her head droop and presently rest unconscious against his breast, he put his arm about her waist, and quietly drew her to one of the many vacant chairs that were scattered all over the veranda.

"Courage, Miss Darcy!" he whispered. "Take courage; all is well."

As he murmured these words in her ear, he felt within himself again that sudden glow of love for helpless beauty that had so strongly assailed him when the drowning Nora clung to him for help.

Mamie sat with her gossiping companion but a few yards away. Esmond beckoned to her, as he caught her glance turned in his direction, and she hurried toward him without even excusing herself to her companion, who was just at that moment telling, with the deepest interest, how Miss Mackintosh had dressed herself for the great ball at Saratoga—all in diamonds, and her father had suspended that very day.

"It is merely a faint," said Esmond, as he pointed to Nelly. "The crowd was oppressive. I will go for water."

As he turned away, he heard the voice of Nelly returning to consciousness:

"It's nothing, dear."

Then he heard a low, startled wail as Mamie sank upon her knees at Nelly's chair:

"Nora, dear Nora, what is it?"

Esmond stopped for an instant. Then he strode along again, half bewildered, but with his head in the clouds. The same voice, the same words, the same name, that he had heard appealing from the sea.

VII.

THE miniature stock-exchange was still at its busy height as he passed into the lobby. He sent a hall-boy with a glass of water to the two young ladies on the front-piazza, rightly deeming that it was best to relieve them of his presence for at least a moment. He met one of his stock-broking friends near the clerk's desk—one whom he had found a consummate bore two days before, with his eternal Erie, Northern Kamtchatka, Central Eutopia, and other shuttlecocks of the mart. But now an unaccountable elation animated Esmond, and he glowed with an effusive feeling of affection and kindness toward all mankind. And in that spirit of brotherly tenderness his eye brightened with delight even at seeing the bore.

"Well, Sharpless," he said, "you are having a lively session here."

"Yes. What are your private advices to-night?"

"Mine? Haven't any! Haven't got a single stock on the list."

"The devil you haven't!" replied young Sharpless. Then suddenly he assumed the jocose, confidential air, and, running his cane into Esmond's button-hole, half whispered, "Should think the old man might 'put you up to a thing or two!'"

"The old man!" said Esmond, blankly.

"Ye—es! Your governor, you know. Damme, he knows the market for two weeks to come."

"Oh! my governor. Yes. I understand."

"He got on to old Darcy hard, eh? buying them thirty-odd thousand of N. A. from him at 98%, when everybody thought they were going to the devil in the general smash. Hefty, that, don't you think so?"

"Well, how did they go?" asked Esmond, blandly.

Sharpless opened his eyes.

"Why, don't you know? It's an everyday matter with your old man, I presume?"

"Positively I haven't cared for business much since I came here, and—"

"Well, they run up two and a half this afternoon, and kept a-running long after closing-hours. Old Capsheaf—the president, you know—they say he mortgaged every cent he's got and put it into the road, and sent word that he'd bust before N. A. should, and up it went. And that's the way your dad cleans Darcy out. What I call getting on his head with both feet, don't you?"

"Twas rather a lucky stroke of business," said Esmond.

"Lucky! Yes, devilish lucky, that was! I'd like to ha' been in the corner that worked that piece of luck; that's all—don't you think so?"

Esmond laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"I wouldn't have to wear my traveling-duster for an overcoat next winter if I'd had my nip at that little game, you can bet! But come, now," he said, suddenly, putting his mouth close to Esmond's ear, "what points have you got? Capsheaf and your dad are hand-and-glove in the corner, and you *must* have heard how N. A. is going to-morrow."

"No, sir," said Esmond, quite coolly. "I have not heard, and have no points."

He quietly shook himself free of the grasp of Sharpless, and walked away. Behind the office-desk stood his inert friend of the afternoon, who was listlessly looking at the busy crowd, while two young men were pouring into his seemingly-inattentive ears some marvelous story of stocks. He never changed his position as Drury advanced. A slight glance, cast somewhat contemptuously upon the rebellious guest of a few hours before, was the only sign of recognition which Drury caught.

"Has my trunk arrived?" asked Esmond.

The figure turned an abstracted gaze upon the questioner.

"Has my trunk arrived?"

"Name?"

"Drury."

The figure seemed suddenly endowed with remarkable animation. It looked up quickly at the tall form of the young man, and then glanced sharply at the two others who had been entertaining him.

"Your trunk," he said, quite briskly. "Let me see—wherefrom?"

"From Sandy Hook. I sent it there inadvertently this afternoon."

"Yes, yes! I remember. See in a moment." He touched a hand-bell near him.

"Rather lively in the stock-market to-day, Mr. Drury," he said, during the interval before the hall-boy's arrival.

Esmond silently bowed.

"Ask the porter if Mr. Drury's trunk has arrived from Sandy Hook."

The hall-boy was off.

"North Atlantic went up pretty rapidly to-day, Mr. Drury."

Esmond arched his eyebrows, and said nothing.

"I'm told," said the inert clerk, leaning far over the desk, and gently feeling the texture of Esmond's coat—"I'm told that Darcy has lost heavily on N. A."

The porter arrived as the remark ended.

"Mr. Drury's trunk come?" inquired the clerk, with a show of despair at being interrupted.

"No, sir."

"Can it possibly arrive to-night?" asked Esmond, sharply.

"Yes, sir, on the 9.30 express."

"Then I want it placed in my room the moment it comes."

"That will be all right, Mr. Drury," said the clerk.—"Be sure and see to that, porter."

Then Esmond walked away. As he passed a window, looking from the office on to the veranda, he could see the clerk and his two friends bending their heads closely together over the counter again. Their eyes were greedily following him.

"They, too, have heard how Drury has

warmed Darcy on N. A.," thought Drury, bitterly. "To be in old Capsheaf's confidence, and bet heavily on a certainty, is quite an assurance of fame, I see!"

He stepped round to where he had left the Misses Darcy, but they were gone.

The trunk did arrive on the 9.30 express, and was placed in Mr. Drury's room with marvelous dispatch.

Esmond searched through its contents until he came upon an old letter, with its creases soiled and partly torn and the envelope cracked and broken at every corner. He took out the letter, lit a cigar, and sat by the open window under the gas-light, and re-read it:

"NEW YORK, December 26, 187—.

"MY DEAR BOY: I observe that your travels are greatly improving you. Habits of correctly observing human nature are plainly developing in your temperament, and I am excessively glad that it is so. Books are as nothing to the science of man. You cannot make yourself a just man nor a learned one until you have tried and studied your fellow-men. You know how anxious I am that you should be trained in the right path. I want you to have experience. I am willing that you should pay for it in the only way that experience can be bought—by personal inconveniences, if necessary—and I am doubly willing to pay the money prices that usually accompany the personal inconveniences. To-day is Christmas, and the exhortations to justice, integrity, upright dealings, and charity, which I might urge upon you here, will, I believe, be strongly suggested by the associations of the day. I hope and pray, my boy, that you will be known as the honest, upright gentleman, the true Christian, and the kindly brother in a brotherhood of man.

"As to your choice of business, I do not propose to bind you at all, as you well know. I would like you to follow my own avocation, and confess that I hope to perpetuate the house of Drury in my son and yours. If you find your inclinations running in a business vain, try your hand. If you lose, that is the experience which is not too dearly purchased. If you gain, I shall be glad mainly over an evidence of your business capacity. I feel sure, however, that your mind runs rather to the æsthetical than the practical. You are more of a poet and a dreamer than a 'speculator' or an 'operator,' and I am content. But I must confess that I should very dearly like to hear in your travels that you had transacted some purely business affair—something that might stamp you at once as a practical worker in the world's harvest—some master-stroke of business!

"I write these lines as a guidance to you in your coming contact with the world. Whether you follow them or reject them, you will always be the one cherished object of affection in this world to

"Your devoted father,

"HENRY J. DRURY."

VIII.

ESMOND had read this letter over often enough to know it by heart, but recent de-

velopments had suggested a new philosophy concerning it. "This is the upright man of business," thought he, "who has just driven Mr. Darcy to such desperate straits by his railroad corner. He who writes thus has bought a heavy load of stocks, at a price which he alone has reason to know is almost robbery, from a friend, and even while he exhorts me to integrity, and just dealing, and especially to charity, he urges me with all the force that so good a father's simple request should always have, to try and prove a practical worker in the world's harvest such as he reaps, and accomplish a master-stroke of business—such as a corner, I suppose, in North Atlantic!"

Esmond's cigar was out. He looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock. Occasionally, on the veranda below, he could hear the murmurings of the busy sea of speculation. He put on his hat, turned down his gas-light, and opened his door. His ear caught the sound of voices in low and earnest conversation in the corridor. He heard his name mentioned, and stepped back.

"You may swear young Drury is posted here to watch the market," said one, "and the stock, I can swear, will go down to-morrow."

"But if he's got the point that it's going down, why didn't he sell to Darcy?"

"He couldn't do it openly. His father holds the stocks heavily, and the first sale he makes will set all the operators on the jump. And, you understand, we must jump first."

"He was devilish innocent when I talked with him a while ago. Sort o' bridled up when I called his dad governor."

"Then you may swear to what I tell you," said the other, fiercely. "That's one of his deep moves. He's here to sell out, and the instant he makes a move we've got to unload in a hurry."

"He won't talk—"

"Hang it!" responded the other, savagely. "You know him. Go to him at once and sound him. Get him drunk if you must, but get his points."

Then the two walked away. Esmond could see their backs as they traversed the long corridor. He knew that one of them was Sharpless.

"This is a conspiracy," said Esmond to himself. "I wonder if I could not charitably transact a master-stroke of business with these knavish friends of mine?"

He descended the stairs to the hall. The miniature stock-exchange was still raging. Two men watched anxiously at the clerk's desk, one of whom was Sharpless. They saw him, and came briskly toward him. Mr. Darcy stood alone in the wide doorway, looking wildly about for a speculator who would give him the chance to recover the losses of the day. Esmond avoided Sharpless and his friend, and accosted Mr. Darcy. The latter grasped him warmly by the hand.

"It's been a warm night," said the elder, spasmodically.

Esmond thought it had been quite chilly, but he said, quietly, "Yes."

Then he took Darcy's arm, and asked a moment's conversation with him. As they walked through the crowd Esmond said, in a

voice seemingly intended for Darcy's ear alone, but which reached the shrewd ears of Sharpless and his co-conspirator as they lingered near:

"I heard you offering 95 for N. A. just now."

"Yes," replied Darcy.

"Would you still give it?"

Sharpless and his confederate were following them up closely. Mr. Darcy became suddenly suspicious. The stocks must have already fallen, he thought, or why should Drury's son be making such a proposition as this?

"Still give it?" he echoed, with a view to save time.

"Yes," said Drury, as Sharpless and his friend almost stumbled over him. "I'd like to let you have 5,000 at that rate."

Darcy hesitated.

"Or," said Drury, as Sharpless and his friend began a disinterested conversation on the last opera, near them, "between me and you, I would be willing to let them go at 94 $\frac{7}{8}$."

Sharpless and his friend disappeared hurriedly in the crowd, leaving the last opera undissected.

"I think the stock is going down to-night," said Darcy.

"It's not going any lower than I've offered," responded Drury, quietly.

"You have advice?"

Drury smiled meaningly, and Darcy's suspicions were aroused in the other direction. Young Drury might have had instructions to "bear" the stock now in order to "bull" it hereafter. If he only knew just how much this young man was in the confidence of his father!

"I guess I'll take your 5,000 at $\frac{7}{8}$," said he, slowly.

Drury bowed, and the two entered the transaction on their note-books.

Then Drury bade the other good-night, and went to his room. From the window overlooking the veranda he heard, before midnight, many whispered negotiations by which "N. A." was disposed of at 94 $\frac{7}{8}$, and he recognized Darcy's tones in more than one of them. If that eminent stockholder had not covered his losses during the night, it was not because of lack of charity on Esmond's part in his first "master-stroke of business."

The early birds of business had flown to the great dove-cote long before Esmond reached the breakfast-table. The morning papers contained full reports of the terrible crisis in the stock-market, and it behooved gentlemen interested in that species of commodity to be early at their posts. It was a rather enigmatical proceeding to the inert clerk, who kept flashing his eyes and his diamonds momentarily on Esmond, that the son of the banker was not away with the rest. But Esmond had thrust the whole business from his shoulders with the following letter, which left to the firm of Henry J. Drury the closing of his transaction with Mr. Manton Darcy.

"WEST END, August —."

"DEAR FATHER: I think I have made the master-stroke of business to which you ex-

hort me. Last night I sold 5,000 of North Atlantic to Manton Darcy at 94 $\frac{7}{8}$, for which please settle. Yours lovingly,

"ESMOND."

IX.

THE long morning passed wearily as mornings at a great sea-shore resort, where all the men run away to the city every day, usually do, Esmond taking little delight in any thing but his own thoughts. As the afternoon began to wear away, however, he studied with unusual interest the telegraph stock-indicator. All was still excitement and turmoil in North Atlantic, and for a moment a flurry downward seemed to have seized on the stock. Then it recuperated again and reached 98.

"Hardly enough for Darcy to make his losses good," muttered Esmond. "It would be rather disastrous if my master-stroke of business had ruined the firm of Drury, and Darcy, too."

He walked away with a somewhat nervous sensation toward the beach. He tried to shake off his nervousness by a persistent thinking of Miss Nelly Darcy, and of the remarkable revelation of another Nora, unlike his original, who had undergone the same experience as his own heroine on the same day. As his thoughts were thus engaged, he found himself upon the beach near the summer-house in which he had first viewed the trim figures that took their way so deftly to the bath, which had nearly proved fatal to them. Seated therein, and gazing listlessly toward the sea, were the Misses Darcy. They were somewhat startled at his approach, but smiled upon him and made room for him between them.

"I did not mean to disturb you, ladies," said he, easily. "I only meant to inquire after Miss Darcy's health."

"You must have thought me very weak," replied Nelly, "but I was very unhappy last night."

"Let me act the prophet," said he, "and assure you that you will be much happier to-night."

"So I have been assured by Mamie, but I fear neither of you are so infallible as the prophets of old."

"At any rate, keep courage," he said. "I will be able to prove my infallibility before the afternoon is over. But, by-the-way, do you know that it was in this very summer-house that I first saw you young ladies yesterday?"

"Here?"

"Yes, and I believe I came very near discovering that you had done something which you should not have done."

The young ladies looked inquiringly at one another, and then laughed.

"Why, what do you mean?" said they.

"As you came up the wooden steps from the beach, and passed by me, I was ruminating on general affairs, when these words, or words of similar effect, reached my ears: 'What would papa think?' said one, and 'We must not tell him,' said the other—so you see how near you were to detection."

"And what else?"

"One of you said, 'O Eleanor, it's too—'

terrible!" and then I thought that it was a very serious matter, and closed my ears."

"Well, it was very considerate in you, Mr. Drury," said Nelly.

"And we really ought to make confession to him for his kindness," said Mamie.

"First," said Nelly, "I think we ought to catechise him on a very important matter."

"I will submit to any catechising," said Esmond, "for such a reward."

"Then please to inform us how you discovered that Miss Nora whom you saved from drowning is *petite* and dark?"

"Upon my word," said Esmond, laughing, "the aptness of the question to the subject in hand is startling."

"Never mind. Answer it."

"Well, I saw her walking to and from the water—"

"In her bathing-suit?"

"Yes."

"Do you think she would have looked taller in a long dress?"

"Since I think of it," said Esmond, still laughing, "she undoubtedly would."

"There, that point is settled," responded Nelly. "Now, you say she was dark and had dark hair?"

"Yes, it seemed so. I only saw it in the water."

"Do you think that it might have proved lighter if it had been entirely dry?"

"That seems true enough, but—"

"One moment. Do you remember what you said to Nora when you reached her?"

"I think I said, 'Courage, bear up, etc.—the usual thing.'"

"You said these words, Mr. Drury," said Nelly, with a slight show of emotion, "and I think I will never forget them, 'Courage,' you said, 'the sea is buoyant. Only your own fear drags you down. Keep your arms down, and let me lead you to safety!'"

"Can it be?" said Esmond, suddenly starting from his seat. "Nelly—Eleanor—the name is so different."

"It *can* be, Mr. Drury," said Mamie, "and it is. The terrible thing that we dared not tell papa was, that we had been in dreadful danger of drowning, and this is the Nora whom you rescued!"

"The Nora," said Esmond, half bewildered, "my Nora?"

"I call her Nora—when I'm very serious—short for Eleanor," curtly replied Mamie.

"Sorry for the disappointment, Mr. Drury," said Nelly, smiling. "Your heroine of romance is not what your fancy painted her, but I cannot forego the right of expressing my gratitude, merely through a regard for a poetic fancy of yours."

"Fancy painted well, but reality has outdone her," said Esmond, rapturously. "I am entranced, bewildered, overjoyed. Why, there was a dim notion of this in my sluggish brain last night, when I heard Mamie's cry of distress, 'Nora, dear Nora!' as I had heard it before."

As they walked together to the hotel, a colored boy saluted them, and gave Esmond a telegram, which he read aside.

"Now, I claim the infallibility of the

prophet of old," he said. "Your father bought back his losses last night. Read that." It read as follows:

"ESMOND DRURY,

"West-End Hotel, Long Branch.

"Your master-stroke was a failure. N. A. has gone to 99%, and rising. Try again.

"H. J. DRURY."

The miniature stock-exchange on the veranda of the hotel held another lively session that evening, and Sharpless and his fellow-conspirator were the nervous and excited bidders. But they were too late. The greater part of the stock had already been coined into the capacious pockets of the "corner" clique, and they failed to repair their losses.

Mr. Darcy, however, was ruddy with delight. He had covered all his losses in "N. A.," and had made a handsome margin on the rise. In his exuberance, he insisted on having Esmond dine with himself and his daughters at their especial table in the great dining-hall, and at this time his elation of spirits expended itself almost rudely upon Esmond.

"What do you think your father said when I went to settle with him on your sales?" said he, lying back in his chair to laugh.

"He said, I presume, that I had rather visionary notions of business."

"Well, he did say something like it," responded Darcy. "Says he: 'That boy of mine must have had some poetry in his head when he made that sale.' Then he laughed, and said in a meaning whisper, with a solemn shake of the head, says he, 'In fact, the boy's in love!'"

Here Mr. Darcy leaned back and laughed so jovially that everybody in the dining-room knew that he had lost nothing on North Atlantic.

"By-the-way," said he, abruptly, as the laugh subsided, "why the deuce did you sell at those figures?"

Esmond caught a glimpse of Nelly's face opposite as he raised his eyes to answer. She was looking at him with a half-wondering air, as if some dimly-defined thought were struggling for full recognition in her mind. As Esmond caught her eyes, they assumed the plain, unmistakable expression of questioning. They thrust the question plainly before him, and plainly demanded an answer.

"Why did you sell at those figures?" That was also Nelly Darcy's question.

"I suspect I was rather absent-minded," replied Esmond, quietly, "and did have poetry on my mind. I had been thinking all evening of my bathing adventure, and I thought I heard a cry of distress come up to me again, as it had come up from the sea before."

Mr. Darcy gave a little "H'm" in reply to this. "He's kind of poetic rhapsodizing," he thought. "Enjoys it, no doubt," and he exchanged an assenting nod with the young gentleman. But Esmond saw in the still wondering yet believing eyes of Nelly Darcy, opposite, that she understood it all and thanked him, and that was enough.

CHARLES GORE SHANKS.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER I.

THE LADIES OF BASILWOOD.

"FOR lo! the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land!"

By these immemorial and infallible signs had Spring declared her sovereignty in our valley; and, before the sun was well above the wooded hills beyond the river, Miss Basil was in the garden, attired for work in an old, well-worn drab merino, a pair of leather gauntlets that had seen service, and the huge, traditional sun-bonnet of the South, formed by stretching a piece of calico over a sheet of pasteboard. It was a point of conscience with this indefatigable woman to be in the garden betimes; for there was always much to be done, and the laborers were few—consisting, in fact, with the exception of a little occasional extra help, of none but herself and old Thurston, the gray-haired negro man-of-all-work, who, with a peculiar fidelity compounded of laziness and rheumatism, still clung to the impoverished remnant of his "ole marster's family."

The magical radiance of the April morning, scattering the mists that hung about the river and the valley, revealed many a fair upland green with springing corn, and a rusty little town half veiled in vines; but nowhere, in all that beautiful, hill-circled valley, through which our narrow and impetuous river pursues its tortuous course, did that April morning linger with so tender, so revivifying grace as about the picturesque old country-place of the Basils, a mile beyond the deep and tangled glen that marks the northern limit of our town of Middleborough.

A large, old-fashioned house, with wings and galleries, sadly in want of paint, surrounded by extensive but long-neglected grounds, here proclaimed in the face of rejuvenated Nature—"Nature, au front serein, comme vous oubliez!"—the sad legend, *Tor was!* and the April sunbeams, playing at hide-and-seek amid the tangled shrubbery, or tracing quaint arabesques on the weather-stained walls and moss-grown roof, seemed now to be in quest of the vanished past, and now to be doing their utmost to adorn what they could not restore; while from the grove beyond the boundary-fence, where a Cherokee rose lavished its star-like blooms, the murmurous voice of wood-pigeons lent its rustic charm to the scene, and mingled harmoniously with the gurgling cadences of the brook rushing through the ravine.

But the pale, care-worn woman, whose huge sun-bonnet shut out the sight of every thing but the weeds she was industriously

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

pulling from among the strawberry-vines, cared for none of these things. It was business and not pleasure that brought her into the garden so early, and in her grim idolatry of duty she would have thought it an extravagance to yield a moment to idle enjoyment of the charms that spring had thrown around the scene of her labors. She gave herself to her allotted task, not with sullenness, indeed—for Miss Basil expected to make money by that strawberry-bed—but with that joyless briskness characteristic of one who, in old Thurston's forcible *parlance*, "was set on to a bigger day's work than twenty-four hours could be made to compass without transgressing the night!"

A sore trial to him was Miss Basil's unflagging energy, and, but for the convenience of rheumatism, he must have found the place too hard on his dilatory, ease-loving nature. But though, like all energetic people, Miss Basil had an uncompromising abhorrence of laziness, she believed in the old man's rheumatism firmly and feelingly, having herself a slight personal acquaintance with the complaint; and old Thurston was not slow to take advantage of her credulity and her sympathy.

"Look at her, to be sho'!" he grumbled, as he came up the broad walk with a laborious hobble, assumed for the nonce the moment he espied the figure in the strawberry-bed; "down on her knees in the dew an' the grit, an' 'zaustin' the quality of her raisin' with constant harryin' the ground. Sich distraction after work is ill-convenient to a born lady. That poo' white trash, now, waitin' at the gate on his skeer-ow horse, think she's good as she is."

Thurston, who had not yet taken hoe in hand, was coming from the mournful contemplation of the nettles among the raspberry-bushes, in answer to a call of "Hello! hello! hello!" repeated at short intervals in a monotonous, hopeless voice, which proceeded, apparently without any volition on his part, from a small, fallow, ill-clad lad of twelve or fourteen years, perhaps, who, seated astride a starveling horse, was waiting at the gate that opened on the grove.

This lad, Aleck Griswold, who lived about half a mile beyond, always brought the mail over from town for the ladies of Basilwood. That is to say, he brought the mail whenever there was any thing to bring; but, generally speaking, he came empty-handed, and then, merely waiting for old Thurston to appear, he would shake his head, dig his heels into his poor beast's hollow sides, and make off, leaving his victim grumbling at "them deceivin' ways of poo' white trash." This morning, however, the ladies of Basilwood were favored; the boy held three letters in the freckled hand extended over the gate.

"There'll be one apiece," said old Thurston, receiving the letters with an air of importance.

"There won't be one apiece, nuther, as you'll see when you make out to read the backing on 'em," said Aleck Griswold, desisively. "There'll be two for one, and one for t'other. Little Miss Joanna don't never count in the way of letters."

"Two white ones and a yaller one," mused old Thurston. Now, old Thurston could not read a line out of the time-honored, blue-backed spelling-book; but he knew that Miss Basil, who for years had been house-keeper and manager-general of the domestic affairs of Basilwood, often received these yellow envelopes from a certain provision-merchant in the town, to whom she, on her own responsibility, consigned whatever surplus supplies the small territory under her command could be made to yield; for, while Mrs. Basil, true to the tradition of her fathers, was planting cotton (by proxy, so to speak, in the person of Mr. Josiah Griswold, who rented her land on shares), and hardly making more than enough to pay taxes, Miss Basil, who had early learned to honor the day of little things, was quietly adding to the small revenue of Basilwood by turning a penny here and a penny there, in every way that industry and ingenuity could devise. "The yaller one is certain for Miss Pamela?" said old Thurston, inquiringly.

"You hit it that time!" said the boy, giving his skeleton nag the accustomed admonition to move on. "Now, don't drop 'em, nor nuthin'!" and, with this caution, he rode away.

"If you don't mind and hurry back to yo' hoe, the grass'll be on to yo' tracks," muttered old Thurston, looking after him; then, in a highly self-satisfied condition, he went on to the house to deliver Mrs. Basil her letters. It was only proper that Mrs. Basil should be served first; and the strawberry-bed was rather out of his way; why should he, "all disjoined" as he was, take any unnecessary steps? He could carry the yellow envelope to Miss Basil as he went back to contend with the nettles. So he came, bareheaded, and bowing with a suppleness that belied what he called "the array of his j'int's," into Mrs. Basil's presence. One of the old school was Thurston, and proud of the manners which he boasted of having learned from old Judge Basil himself.

He found Mrs. Basil in the large, rather sombre apartment that during the judge's lifetime had been used as a library, but which was now converted into a sitting-room. Here, when there were no visitors in the house, Mrs. Basil, who could never conform to Miss Basil's extremely early hours, took her meals alone. A small, round table, with a service of old-fashioned silver and china, stood near the open window, through which this April morning poured a flood of sunshine, and in a large, well-worn arm-chair at the side of this table sat Mrs. Basil, waiting for her solitary breakfast.

A white-haired, near-sighted, handsome woman of fifty-two was this stately, *fainéante* widow of good, easy, old Judge Basil. Her black dress was not new, but it was of fine material. She wore no ornaments; but her left hand rested lightly upon an ivory-headed staff of curious workmanship, itself no mean ornament, and without which she was never seen. It was not on account of any infirmity that she always carried that handsome staff, but because it was an heirloom in her family, and because, perhaps, it added to that

air of lofty calm which was her peculiar characteristic; for Mrs. Basil had been much admired in her day, and knew her good points and how to enhance them. She was not above medium height, but so erect was she, and so much did that conspicuous staff add to the dignity of her presence, that people naturally thought her tall. The world, we know, was not correctly informed in regard to the stature of the Grand Monarque until long years after his death; and so, until the inevitable measure was taken, Mrs. Basil's world entertained an exaggerated estimate of her inches.

There had been a time within the memory of Middleborough when Mrs. Basil, who became old Judge Basil's second wife at a somewhat mature age, lived in splendor; and something of the tarnished glory of that luxurious era still seemed to cling to her in the many habits of a luxurious life that she still retained. She submitted with dignity, indeed, to many privations that could not be avoided; she willingly denied herself in the article of dress; she did not murmur when the one poor horse that drew the unpretending (not to say shabby) little rockaway she had been forced to substitute for her handsome carriage was harnessed to the plough; and she resigned herself very composedly to the necessity of having one man-servant fulfill the duties of gardener, coachman, and general factotum; but two things there were in which the old judge's thrifty cousin could never prevail against the old judge's impoverished widow—Mrs. Basil would never refuse to entertain her relations, and she would never consent to take her meals at those uncivilized hours which Miss Basil, for health and economy's sake, rigidly adhered to.

"You have letters for me, Thurston?"—extending her small white hand, and speaking in the soft, indolent voice of a person of infinite leisure. "Oh, I hope Miss Basil sees that little Aleck Griswold receives some trifle for his trouble?" This she invariably said whenever the arrival of letters reminded her of the boy, but she just as invariably forgot him the next moment.

"Yes, ma'am," said old Thurston, bowing low—not that he knew, for Miss Basil rarely let her right hand know what her left hand did.

Mrs. Basil did not hear him; she was already absorbed in her letter, which she had opened eagerly the instant she saw the well-known writing, without staying even to glance at the other which she held in her hand.

"Any orders, ma'am, for Miss Pamela?" said old Thurston. It behooved him, he thought, to discover whether these letters foreboded visitors, as letters at this season generally did; for Mrs. Basil's kinsfolk from the coast still found Basilwood, even in its decadence, a pleasant retreat in warm weather: the rooms were spacious, fruit was plentiful, and Mrs. Basil, in spite of straitened means, was a gracious hostess.

"Oh, I'll see Miss Basil myself," she said, without looking up. "You may go."

"There'll be visitors certain, and Miss Pamela she'll take it hard about providin'," said old Thurston to himself, as he made his

way toward the strawberry-bed, so full of speculation that he quite forgot to limp, although Miss Basil, who had risen from her stooping posture, stood watching every step.

But Miss Basil was not thinking of old Thurston's steps.

"Any letters for me, Thurston?" she asked, anxiously.

She had pushed back the deep sun-bonnet which, indeed, she did not wear through any regard for her complexion, but as a safeguard to health, and the pale, delicate face, with the restless, sad gray eyes, and the dark hair streaked with silver, was exposed to the full blaze of the sun. Tall, and slight, and angular, was she, and utterly without grace of pose or motion, yet she had all the dignity of a thorough lady, and old Thurston bowed as low before her as he did before Mrs. Basil herself.

"One of these yaller letters," said he.

"Is that all?" said she, in a disappointed tone, and a look of dismay crept into her eyes.

"And two white ones for the madame."

"How do you know they are for her?" said Miss Basil, impatiently, crushing the letter Thurston had already given her, unread, into her pocket. "Let me see them," she demanded, peremptorily stretching out her hand.

"Alec Griswold, he told me so," said old Thurston, apologetically; "and I carried them straight to the house. It's all right, Miss Pamela; I give 'em into the madame's own hands."

Thurston always spoke of Mrs. Basil as the "madame."

A flush of vexation swept over Miss Basil's pallid face.

"In future, Thurston," said she, evidently struggling to speak calmly, "always bring the mail first to me. Mrs. Basil is not up every day at this hour."

Old Thurston, with rather a crestfallen look, went off to "study" about taking up the hoe against the nettles, and Miss Basil began again to pull up the weeds. How long she had worked she did not know—for her thoughts were afar—when a voice at her side said:

"Pamela, here is a letter for you; it was given me by mistake."

Miss Basil almost thought she had dreamed the words, they were so true to her hope, so foreign to her expectation; but when she turned suddenly and saw Mrs. Basil standing before her, she started up in alarm; it was so very unusual for Mrs. Basil to come out before the dew was off.

Poor Miss Basil! who had lived for years on a trembling hope of which Mrs. Basil had no suspicion, was forever haunted by the shadow of a fear. She knit her shaking fingers together as if to steady herself, and stammered, wildly:

"What—what is—the matter?"

Her voice died away in a terrified whisper.

"A letter for you," said Mrs. Basil, coldly.

She was not nervous nor excitable herself, and she had no sympathy for nervous, excitable people.

"Oh, thank you," Miss Basil said, trying to speak with equal indifference.

She did not look at Mrs. Basil, and her face was hidden by the big sun-bonnet, so that the two slow tears rolling over her faded cheeks fell unseen. One glance she gave the letter before she consigned it to her pocket, and then, to Mrs. Basil's surprise and annoyance, she dropped on her knees among the strawberry-vines again without another word.

"Pamela is *such* a drudge," Mrs. Basil thought, with impatient contempt. "She hasn't a thought above work. She makes nothing of my coming out in this morning dew for her accommodation."

How, indeed, was she to understand that Miss Basil, who was unconscious now of the sort of frantic industry with which she was pulling up the weeds, had dropped so suddenly upon her knees with no other thought than quietly to offer up a devout thanksgiving? Mrs. Basil contemplated her a moment in half-scornful silence before she said:

"Pamela, I have something to say to you after a while. I cannot stand here now; I have not yet breakfasted."

"Very well," said Miss Basil, from the depths of her sun-bonnet. "Shall I come to you in half an hour? It is not prudent to walk out in the morning on an empty stomach, I know."

Mrs. Basil turned away impatiently.

"She tries to evade me, as if she thought I would pry into her correspondence!" she said to herself, indignantly.

She would have resented the imputation of low curiosity, yet she was conscious, as she walked back to the house, of a feeling of disappointment. She had tried in vain to decipher the blurred, illegible post-mark, and thought she might have sent the letter by the servant that brought in her breakfast, but she had preferred to deliver it herself. It seemed a little hard that after she had taken all that trouble Miss Basil had not appreciated it sufficiently to offer a word in explanation of a correspondence for which Mrs. Basil found it difficult to account.

"It is not possible that she can have a lover," she mused, as she sipped her coffee. "She's not ten years younger than I. It must be from old Miss Hawkesby, I fancy; but I don't see why she should be so reticent about a letter from that old woman. However, it is no affair of mine."

And thus Mrs. Basil thought she had dismissed the subject from her mind.

CHAPTER II.

WHO COMES NOW?

MISS BASIL'S position at Basilwood was neither easy nor altogether pleasant, but habit and circumstance had combined to fix and keep her there. She had come to Middleborough a stranger, and though more than twenty years had now passed, a stranger she still remained, and something of a mystery, which is always the case when a person seems sedulously to shun society. Yet no one had ever hesitated about receiving her, for had

not the estimable Judge Basil, whose remote cousin she was, graciously accorded her a home beneath his roof? She was homeless and friendless when she came to him, but in time she had requited his kindness a thousand-fold by an unselfish devotion to his domestic interests. For, though the judge's first wife was then living, she was a confirmed invalid, and but for Miss Basil the household affairs must have been sadly neglected, and the little orphan grandchild, Joanna, who, some years after Miss Basil came, was born and left motherless at Basilwood, must have suffered for proper care.

The second Mrs. Basil, who succeeded the first after a very short interval, was never known to assume any burden that she could avoid, and finding so excellent a house-keeper and manager in charge when she became mistress of Basilwood, was too well content in the ease and comfort afforded by such an arrangement to disturb it; and thus it had continued, and seemed to promise still to continue, for Miss Basil having far less enterprise than energy, shrank more and more from the turmoil of the outer world. She was not fond of the judge's widow, but she had a strong attachment for the old homestead, where she had led, for so many years, the peaceful life of a recluse, and she was still pleased to remain, although she knew that she was spending her energies with no prospect of an adequate return. Mrs. Basil herself had only a life interest in Basilwood, which after her death would pass into the possession of her nephew, Arthur Hendall. For this reason Miss Basil entertained no favorable regard toward young Hendall, whom she had never met, and did not wish ever to meet.

It must not be supposed that Judge Basil did not appreciate all that Miss Basil did in his home. He was the last man in the world to accept so lavish a requital of his kindness and hospitality as a matter of course; but, good, easy gentleman of the old school that he was, while he knew and feelingly acknowledged that his friendless cousin's services were inestimable, he would have deemed it an insult to offer her a house-keeper's salary. She was a lady, he said, with pride, and she should live in his house forever as a lady. Her services, therefore, were rendered of her own free choice, and not at his instance. It was always his intention, however, to make some provision for her in his will; but death overtook him suddenly, he had lived extravagantly, and his estate was found to be insolvent. Basilwood, once a highly-improved place, was mortgaged for more than its value, to old Mr. Hendall, Mrs. Basil's father, who settled it, together with two or three hundred acres adjacent, upon his daughter during her life, and, after her death, upon his grandson, Arthur. It was not to be expected that old Mr. Hendall, in settling his affairs for the next world, should take thought for Miss Basil, who was supposed to be able to take care of herself, nor yet for the judge's destitute granddaughter, whose own relations—the few that remained—ignored her; was it not enough that she too, by the grace of Mrs. Basil, continued still to find shelter at Basilwood?

The world, the gossiping Middleborough world that commented on everybody's affairs, said loudly that Mrs. Basil had done remarkably well, *all things considered* (a saving clause, always thrown in as a balance to judgment), by her husband's relations, when she continued to that queer Miss Basil, and that forlorn little Joanna, the friendly shelter of Basilwood. Miss Basil, had she chosen so to do, might easily have shown the world how indispensable she was to the judge's moneyless widow; but Miss Basil was the most reticent of women, and all she asked of the world was to be let alone. She was well content to immure herself at Basilwood, that she might thus secure a proper home in which to keep the little Joanna.

She had accepted this child, motherless from the day of her birth, as a sacred trust, for the sake of Judge Basil's well-tried friendship, and everybody commended her unwearied devotion to her young charge. And Miss Basil was indeed devoted to the child, but with a devotion in which a stern sense of duty usurped the blind, unquestioning faith of love. Joanna was to her an object in life, but not the object for which she lived.

Middleborough had long quite forgotten that bright young lad, whom, years ago, the judge had received at Basilwood as his ward; but Miss Basil remembered him always; he was enshrined in her heart, the idol of her affections, and his place no other could ever take. He was but a baby of six years, Judge Basil's little namesake, when he was brought to Basilwood, where Miss Basil had already been some time established in her responsible post; and when he came crying for the father and mother he had left dead in the distant town of the West that she used to know, she took him in her lap and cried with him, and day by day, with unflagging tenderness and devotion, so won the child's heart that he asked, at last, to call her mother. But prim Miss Basil said "no" to this; she did not think it would be right; he might call her "Pamela," however. Yet she gave him all the mother-love her heart could hold. The little Joanna who came a few years later, and was given to her from the day of her birth, received, indeed, every motherly care and kindness; but all the passionate tenderness of Miss Basil's heart was monopolized by the handsome boy now growing into a bold, promising youth, in whom Judge Basil took no little pride. Somewhat spoiled, somewhat willful, perhaps, the boy was; but so affectionate, and so devoted to her, that Miss Basil could see no fault in him; and her influence over him was such a support to the judge's mildly-exercised authority, that in spite of some discreditable escapades, some boyish follies and extravagances, it might safely have been predicted that he would sow his wild-oats early and do well at last.

But—he had run away soon after the judge's second marriage, driven, as Miss Basil firmly believed, by Mrs. Basil's want of forbearance. Whither he had gone none knew, and no one cared except Miss Basil. When he left, she had a long illness, and lay for many days at death's door. Many good

people said that it was a visitation on her for making an idol of human clay; and everybody sympathized with—"poor, dear Mrs. Basil who had had such a trial in that boy;" thus voting his departure a good riddance, they made all haste to forget him. No one suspected, as the years went by, that from time to time letters came to one faithful, patient watcher, for Miss Basil was good at keeping her own counsel, and nobody in Middleborough imagined that she looked for the day when Basil Redmond should return, "bringing his sheaves with him."

Sustained by such a hope, Miss Basil could patiently await a time, not far distant now, she felt, when Mrs. Basil should be made to suffer remorse and humiliation for her harshness and impatience toward the judge's young ward, whose small patrimony had vanished somehow in the reckless extravagance and bad management that had followed upon the judge's second marriage.

Yet Miss Basil was not conscious that any leaven of malice and uncharitableness infected the fair hope that fed her very life; was she not, by every means in her power, day after day, and year after year, serving Mrs. Basil better than Mrs. Basil, who had no head for business, would ever know? Did not Mrs. Basil find her always ready to wait upon her commands? At this very moment she knew, by an unfailing instinct, that Mrs. Basil was going to speak to her about making a room ready for some visitor. And was it not hard that any one should come now to eat up the early strawberries without paying for them, when she knew of two or three epicures and invalids in the town that would give a good price for the first that ripened? She did not approve of entertaining so much company; it was expensive and troublesome, and the burden of providing for the comfort of the guests all fell upon her; but she knew that it was useless to remonstrate, and, when she had pulled up all the weeds she meant to pull up that morning, she went in and changed her dress for a neat, dark calico, in which she presently appeared before Mrs. Basil.

Mrs. Basil was ready for the conference. She had breakfasted, and sent away the table.

"Pamela," said she, "which is the pleasantest room in the house?"

"Yours is," answered Miss Basil, with stoical calm.

She never openly rebelled against receiving visitors; but she could be aggravating. But Mrs. Basil would never condescend to notice any thing of that kind.

"Could you make the large room opposite mine ready to-day?"

There would have been no use in saying "No," as Miss Basil very well knew, so she said, "Yes."

"Do so, then, if you please," said Mrs. Basil, with unusual blandness; and then she paused, as if she would be inquired of.

But Miss Basil remained provokingly silent. What difference did it make to her who was coming? Were they not all more or less alike, these numerous relatives of her cousin's widow, self-indulgent people, who for the last five or six years had found it convenient and economical to spend more or less

of the summer at Basilwood? Whether they came singly, or in couples, or in trios, they meant trouble, and they gave trouble, and Miss Basil could only thank a kind Providence that there were no children in the connection.

"You will see that every thing is made *thoroughly* comfortable," said Mrs. Basil, after a little pause. "To-morrow or next day I expect my nephew." She made the announcement with an air of triumph that seemed to demand congratulation; but Miss Basil clasped her hands with a start, and exclaimed in dismay, before she was well aware of her words:

"Mercy defend us! *The little Joanna!*"

It was an involuntary remonstrance against the inevitable; for poor Miss Basil had long known that sooner or later Mrs. Basil's nephew would come to Basilwood; and, unexpected though the announcement was, she felt as if she had lived all her life for this supreme moment. It would be an evil day, the day of his coming, she feared, for Arthur Hendall, she knew, was a young man of the gay world, and oh, what a giddy child was the little Joanna, with her heart upon her sleeve!

There was no need to give her thought further words, however; Mrs. Basil, though she did not share these fears, understood them perfectly.

"Pamela," said she, stiffening visibly, "Joanna is a mere child—as yet."

But this reminder had no comfort for Miss Basil. She remembered (with what a sinking of heart!) that this little Joanna had lately acquired the art of twisting up her crisp, bronze-brown hair in a way that did not appertain to childhood, and, further, that she had clamored but yesterday for a demi-train! And how these notions of dress had arisen in the mind of this secluded child baffled Miss Basil's penetration, which was never very acute where character was concerned; yet, with an intuition very rare in her experience, she perceived that these aspirations after the vanities of the toilet gave a flat contradiction to Mrs. Basil's estimate of Joanna; for certainly, by these tokens, she was not "a mere child."

Perhaps Mrs. Basil, though she had never noticed how Joanna wore her hair, and though she was ignorant of the dispute about the demi-train, read Miss Basil's thought, for she added, immediately:

"Your fears, in any case, are absurd. Do you suppose that all the world is going to see Joanna with your admiring eyes?"

"But I don't admire Joanna, Heaven knows!" said Miss Basil, peevishly, resenting such an imputation upon the soundness of her judgment. "What is there to admire in her? A poor little brown mite that will never repay my care! Reckless, heedless, given over to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world—that's Joanna, for all my prayers, for all my pains—"

"There, Pamela," said Mrs. Basil, with dignity, "I can see no necessity whatever for thus disparaging my husband's granddaughter."

Mrs. Basil made rather a display of always remembering that Joanna was her hus-

band's granddaughter; she was pleased to have the child call her "grandmamma;" but she was not fond of her, and, though she had checked Miss Basil, she herself saw so little to admire in Joanna that she could not understand why she should be an obstacle in the way of Arthur's coming to Basilwood. She wished to keep Arthur with her; she hoped to induce him to give up civil-engineering, with which he seemed just now to be infatuated, and devote himself to planting; for, though planting was no longer the *otium cum dignitate* it had once been, Mrs. Basil found it hard to abjure her hereditary faith in the might of cotton. But, if Miss Basil was going to make a fuss about it on account of the little Joanna, she thought Miss Basil would do better to complain to old Miss Hawkesby, Joanna's great-aunt, who never yet had troubled herself about her young relative; and Mrs. Basil was proudly conscious that she had done a good part by her husband's granddaughter.

She did not say any thing of this kind to Miss Basil; it would have sounded too quarrelsome; but, remembering the letter Miss Basil had that morning received, she was moved to ask whether Miss Hawkesby ever wrote.

"Sometimes, not often," said Miss Basil, reluctantly.

"She does remember Joanna, then? Pray what kind of woman is she? You know I have never seen her?"

Now, concerning old Miss Hawkesby, Miss Basil thought, and not altogether without reason, that if she would be content to settle down in some quiet place and economize, instead of wasting her time and her money traveling hither and thither, she might be able to do something for the little Joanna, as well as for Anita, Joanna's half-sister, whom the old lady had taken to live with her. Miss Basil, therefore, was not disposed to say any thing particularly flattering about old Miss Hawkesby.

"Heaven forbid that I should judge her!" she answered, with a highly-judicial air.

Mrs. Basil smiled faintly.

"Oh, I hope she may yet do something for our little Joanna," she said.

"I don't expect it, and I don't encourage the child to expect it!" Miss Basil answered, hastily, not without bitterness. "Joanna is very well as she is; I don't wish to be rid of her." An uneasy suspicion that Mrs. Basil meant to banish the child began to creep into her mind.

"Nor do I," said Mrs. Basil, serenely unconscious that any such wish lurked in her heart, and satisfied that she was influenced solely by a desire for Joanna's welfare; "but consider, Pamela, you and I cannot live forever."

Miss Basil turned pale, not at the thought of death, but at the suggestion of Joanna left to struggle alone.

"The Lord will provide," she said, faintly.

"I honor your faith," Mrs. Basil answered, rather coldly; "but in your place I should think it necessary to make some provision for Joanna's future."

"I shall make provision for Joanna's future," said Miss Basil, hastily; then, seeing

Mrs. Basil's surprise, she added, in some confusion, "by teaching her to lay up treasure where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt. And I don't see," she continued, dolefully, "why we need discuss Miss Hawkesby. I am willing to keep Joanna; I've always taken care of her."

"O Pamela, if you disapprove of Joanna's profiting by her own relations," said Mrs. Basil, with an offended air, "it's no affair of mine; but I had only her good at heart, I'm sure."

Then Miss Basil grew penitent.

"You are very kind," she faltered; "and I'll go now and attend to the room."

TEN DAYS WITH THE SEMINOLES.

II.

THE next day we visited the cornfields again, and staid until the gathering clouds and muttering thunder betokened rain.

Then there was a scampering. Parker's squaw appropriated my guide's marsh pony, and Tiger had mounted my bay stallion.

It was a unique procession that wound through the shady cypress-swamp and over the prairie.

First came Parker's two daughters—young ladies of sixteen and seventeen respectively—who had captured one of the old Indian's colts, and, mounted astride its back, led the cavalcade. They seemed to enjoy themselves, and their musical laughter came floating back at every leap and kick of their half-broken steed. Next came Parker's squaw, astride my guide's pony, with a solemn-looking papoose on her back, holding up her scanty skirts with one hand, while with the other she clung to the bridle. After her came Tiger, with my rubber blanket over his head, a tin kettle on one arm, an iron pot swung from the other, and a lapful of corn.

My guide, a host of pickaninnies, eleven dogs, a colt, and a hog or two, came next.

Parker and myself brought up the rear.

The procession started. The girls had stripped, and were clinging to the pony and to each other for dear life. We had gone but a few rods when the pony suddenly elevated his heels, landing the girls—a confused vision of legs and arms—yards away in the marsh. With another flourish, and a snort of defiance, he then scoured away over the plain.

That started all the rest.

Never shall I forget the expression of Tiger's face as he dashed off, clinging desperately to the horse, and shouting broken fragments of Seminole and English:

"Che la ko holawangus; hock to che holawangus; dam!"

The colt then went for the scene, upsetting a whole row of dogs, and extorting profane exclamations from the patient Parker.

After we had reached the shanties, the party came in, one after another, and, removing their garments (such as had any), squatted about the fire.

In my walk with my Indian friend I had

discovered an interesting and valuable plant, an antidote for snake-bites, called by the Indians "pah sah;" by the whites, "rattle-snake-master." I am not aware that it is known to the materia medica, and think it is new to toxicologists. It grows in the low prairies and open woods. The Seminole always carries a piece of the root about him.

Examine the contents of a Seminole's medicine-bag—a little square bag woven of palmetto-fibre, which he never is without—and you will find this root, a piece of iris-root, and perhaps a shred of tobacco.

The mode of operation in case of snake-bite is simple. The root is macerated in the mouth and placed upon the wound. As my friend explained to me:

"Chitta (snake) bite um; kill um. Chitta bite um; pah sah you got; no kill um."

Certain it is that an Indian is never killed by snakes; and equally certain that they are often bitten, as they wade swamps and hammocks with no protection for their legs, and hunt in the most horrible places. Curious is their veneration for a snake.

They believe that if they kill a snake its spirit will incite its surviving relatives to kill them.

We passed a large moccasin snake (a deadly species) right in our path. I was about to kill it, when the Indian stopped me, saying that I had the pah sah; if the snake bit me, I had the cure; if I killed it it would be bad for me.

I killed it nevertheless.

That evening, gathered about the camp-fire, we entertained one another with stories, though our red brothers did little more than grunt an assent now and then.

The most interesting was told by my guide, who had been present at their annual feast of the harvest, or "busk."

The ceremony is undoubtedly one of purification—a propitiatory offering to the Great Spirit. Every year at the ripening of the harvest they gather all the people of their tribes, and hold a grand powwow, lasting several days.

They burn and destroy all the filth and useless utensils of cooking, etc., and burn all condemned old clothes, purify themselves by sweating and washing; after which they elect chiefs, and transact such business as needs attention.

As my guide was at their feast last year, let him relate the story as he told it to me that night, by the smouldering camp-fire, with listening Indians:

"'Twas about the first of July; and me and Aleck thought we'd go out and kind of celebrate the Fourth among the Indians, seeing's we'd been invited. Well, we got out here; 'twas over the same trail we took the other day, but the flats was full of water, and 'twas just awful getting here.

"The Injuns give us a shanty, and we turned loose our horses, and the next day the performance commenced. You see that cleared place there, about a hundred feet across? Well, that was all smooth, and was used to dance on, about that pole in the centre, which was all hung with leaves and one thing and another.

"This house here, to one side, was a sort

of sweat-house, and they had it stopped up tight, and a big kettle of water—two or three of them—in one end.

"The women, they went round and collected all the old stuff and made a big heap of it, and then set it afire. Then they went out and got some kind of a root and made a strong drink, and that physicked them, you bet.

"This took about all day.

"Next day they got together on that level place, and danced about the pole. They didn't like it because we was there, and some of the Big Cypress fellows threatened to kill us, but Aleck had brought out a keg of real good whiskey, and the promise of that, when they was through, made every thing all right.

"The women had them turtle-shells strapped around their ankles, and they'd clap 'em together and make a noise you could hear a mile. First they'd dance kind of slow, then gradually quicken their steps till they would fairly wake things, and sing and howl fit to wake the dead. All these two days they hadn't had nothing to eat, and wouldn't give us any thing, and, if we hadn't brought something, we should have starved.

"Every once in a while, one of the chiefs would get up and make a speech, and then dive into the sweat-house, where they had got up steam by chucking red-hot rocks into them kettles of water. There he would stay till nigh about dead—for the house was all full of steam—and then he'd rush out and jump into that pond, there, stark naked, and yelling like sixty!

"All this time the old doctor seemed to be the master of ceremonies, and he was a-mumbling over big words, hard enough to choke a white man, and pretended he was conversing with the Great Spirit. Toward night of the second day they seemed to think they'd got things about clean enough, with their sweating, and physicking, and dancing, and all the girls went off and got corn, and melons, and pertaters, and they had a reg'lar feast, and they eat and eat, till everybody had enough to make up for a two months' fast.

"This is all the ceremony these heathen have, and they don't care no more for religion than a cat. If they are good when they are on this earth, they will go to a land of plenty where things is cheap and whiskey and game is plenty. If they don't be good here they will go to the land of the Bad Spirit, who is half starved, and has no bears'-oil or whiskey. After the ceremonies was all over, they elected old Tustenuggu, chief, instead of Tiger-Tail, who has been chief so long, and that came near making a fight; but it was proved that Tustenuggu was descended from old Micanopy, and had ought to have been chief long ago."

Giving a last look to our horses we retired to sleep upon the hard legs, awoke early the next morning, bade adieu to our kind friends, and departed, intending to return in a few days.

Of the week that followed; of our being lost in the woods, and finally emerging at the settlement we sought, I will say nothing, for that had nothing to do with the Indians.

When we returned we found the shanties

deserted. Not a living being within sight or sound.

Carefully stowed away beneath the thatch were deer-skins, tortoise-shells, and small household articles. In one shanty we found a rifle and a spelling-book.

We were out of provisions, and must find some Indians, or starve. Starting for their plantations, darkness gathered about us before we could find the trail through the swamps. Wheeling the horses about, we galloped over broad stretches of prairie, toward the trail through the Black Cypress, for that way the trail led, and we felt sure we should eventually overtake them. The moon came up and flooded the prairies. We passed a group of deserted dwellings, and were greeted by the hoot of "oopah," the owl, from their bare ridge-poles.

Soon we entered the gloom of the Cypress, where scarcely a moonbeam could penetrate, and struggled for an hour in the horrible blackness, with the terrors of our previous passage increased tenfold by the darkness. Exhausted, we led our horses out into the moonlight, mounted and rode on, soon striking the prairie upon the other side. The trail of the Indians was fresh, and my guide followed it without difficulty. On and on we rode, the outlines of the cypress, curved and beautiful, melting away in the distance. Halting to give our jaded beasts a bite of grass, we mounted again, anon falling in with herds of cattle, and giving chase.

The monotonous, long-drawn cry of wolves wailed out faintly on the air. My guide assured me that there was nothing to be feared from them, as well I knew; yet that cry caused me to grasp my rifle tighter and look back over my shoulder more than once. Another wail, nearer now, and another answering, gave promise of good watchmen, in case we had to camp alone. Our horses pricked up their ears at the sound, and pressed forward with renewed speed. A long spell of silence, broken only by the thud of hoofs, ensued, worse in its suspense than the noise of the wolves.

"They are on our track!" said my guide, "but I don't know what it means. I ain't seen a wolf on this prairie this year, and there's either a big pack after us, or a starved one." We entered the shadow of a palmetto-grove, and dashed over the cracking fans as though we heard the wolves on our track. At the farther end we halted, just a minute—patter, patter—I seemed to hear the noise of many feet, and urged my horse on, while a cold thrill ran down my back.

In the midst of a heavy canter, we saw the gleam of lights at our right, heard the barking of dogs, and, wheeling about, soon found ourselves in the midst of friends.

A host of dogs came forth to meet us, and leaped about and frolicked just as white men's dogs would do. A sleepy Indian greeted us as we crashed into the hammock, over dead and brittle limbs and leaves, who assigned a place for us to sleep, and roused a drowsy squaw, who set out various vessels of food, and then retired.

Kicking the embers of their camp-fire together a blaze leaps up that brings out the weird features of the scene: lofty palmettoes,

with imbricated trunks, stand out gray and ghastly, supporting an arching roof of broad leaves, beneath which, singly and in groups, are stretched the sleeping Seminoles. Many strange objects loom up, and familiar things take unfamiliar shapes, but we are too tired to analyze the picture, and only too grateful to stretch our weary limbs beneath the palms, safe in the company of friends.

It was long past midnight when we had finished our attack upon the meat, sausage, and thin drink, and the sun looked in upon us several hours before we awoke next morning.

An Indian camp in this village, moved into the forest, *minus* the houses. Nearly all their personal property is carried with them. Hogs, dogs, hens, cooking-utensils, and every thing movable, is taken with them when they set out on a grand hunt. This party was destined for the prairies of the St. John's, intending to be gone a month, and procure hundreds of deer-skins. They marched by easy stages, and hunted as they went. They were to stop here a few days to kill a couple of bears in the cypress-swamps near, then would move on.

Tied to a tree near my head is a half-grown bear, who lunges at me fearfully as I arose and threw off my blanket. Two small pigs are tied by the middle to another tree, and through all the day they raise their pitiful voices to heaven for deliverance. A litter of puppies, with eyes yet unopened, snarl and whine beneath the shade of a palmetto. Upon poles, stretched from tree to tree, are piles of deer-skins, and large bear-hides curiously stretched with sticks and thongs. From the trees hang pots and kettles, spoons, dippers, blankets, bladders, bottles, fawn-skins of honey, deers' brains wrapped in moss, leggings, saddles, saddle-bags, bear-meat in huge flakes, axes, knives, and thongs, and as miscellaneous and varied a wardrobe of feminine garments as ever adorned an Indian camp. After breakfast, the squaws and girls busy themselves with the various employments left them by their husbands and fathers. One dresses skins, another prepares bread from the powdered "contikatte," coontee, or bread-root; while the little ones run about stark naked, save their beads, gleaning the fragments left from breakfast, inverting themselves in the huge kettles in search of some choice morsel, or licking the bowl of some huge spoon.

I never tired of watching their antics. They were as cheerful and as jolly as white children, and carried on their games with as much gusto. They never cry. There was a babe there but three weeks old, laid out on the palmetto-fans, which never even whimpered. They made curious little shelters for the children of palmetto-leaves. The stalks of some of these leaves are three feet long, and the leaves as much in diameter, and these would be thrust into the ground, the leaves joined at the top, forming a charming little tent, turning rain and dew, and allowing free play for the wind between the stalk-supports.

The process of dressing the deer-skins is interesting. The skins are fleshed, thrown into water until the hair peels off readily;

then thrown over a post sunken into the ground at an angle of about 45°, rubbed till perfectly smooth with a piece of wood, and then smoked. This smoking process colors them, in shades varying from yellow to brown, makes them comparatively water-proof, and gives them a villainous odor of smoke, which is retained as long as the skin exists.

To smoke them, they dig a small pit, build a fire at the bottom, place upon the fire pieces of rotten wood, and over the pit place the skins, which have been previously softened with a mixture of deers' brains in water. After smoking, the skins are hung up to dry, and are ready for market.

Toward noon one of the girls led the surly bear-cub to a neighboring pond to drink. He walked by her side peaceably enough until he got opposite us, when he darted so fiercely in our direction that the thong that held him parted. Forgetting the peculiarly ursine predisposition to climb, so inherent in a bear, I started up the nearest tree. It was smooth. A dozen feet from the ground I hung, unable to proceed. It was a desperate situation. Below was a raging bear, sharpening his claws in bloody anticipation; above, the smooth bole of the tree, slippery and smooth as glass. I ask the reader, What would you have done? Verily, you could have done no different from what I was doing—digging toes and finger-nails into that miserable tree. But there is a limit to human endurance. My arms weakened, legs shook, muscles quivered, one desperate effort—I was gone!

So was the bear! After playfully scratching at the root of the tree a while, he allowed himself to be caught and led away. Not being aware of that, I had hung to that tree full fifteen minutes after his departure. I never did love bears.

Late in the afternoon a handsome squaw came in from the swamps with a huge load of brier-roots. Without vouchsafing a word to any one, she deposited her load on the ground, procured water, washed a kettleful carefully, and then placed them in another kettle half filled with water. This she hung over the fire, packed a thick layer of Spanish moss over the top, and placed over this a strip of the inner fibre of the palmetto; all this was done to keep in the steam.

A few hours' steaming over a slow fire was sufficient; they were taken from the kettle, mashed to a pulp, strained in several waters, dried, and then reduced to a fine flour. This was the "ah-há," or China brier, by some called the wild-potato. This and the coontee furnish the Seminoles with an abundance of farinaceous food. It is of a brick-red color; the powder of the coontee-root is of the color and appearance of rye-flour. The squaws baked thin cakes of it, and gave them to us, served up in honey. The honey found in these woods is delicious, made mostly from the wild-penny-royal. The Indians are exceedingly fond of it, and spot a bee-tree a long way off. They carry it in fawn-skins, said skins being stripped from the animals nearly whole, stretched out till dried, when, with the nose tied up, they make water-tight bags.

The Indian fire is a peculiar institution with them. They can produce a flame when it seems impossible, no matter how strong the wind, or how wet the wood. They go about it systematically; place the ends of the wood together, radiating from a common centre like the spokes of a wheel.

These ends, once aflame, will slumber and smoulder a long while. Should the flame die out in the night, you have but to kick a few sticks into the centre, when they burst into a blaze. One can always distinguish an Indian camping-place by the disposition of the charred brands.

At an hour before sunset we heard the report of a gun, then another; that was all, but the squaws looked at one another, and said, "No ko-sé" (bear), and busied themselves in preparing a repast for the hunters and putting the kettles in order for trying out the oil.

A little after dusk the braves came in.

First came villainous-looking but honest and pleasant Parker and his son, each loaded down with bear-meat, and behind them Parker's son-in-law, bearing a quantum of meat and a huge hide.

Old Billy came next, the most perfect specimen of an old Indian I have met with. He was tall, with brawny limbs, a large Roman nose, and large eyes. Tommy Tiger, a Spanish Indian, followed after him, threw his meat at the feet of his squaw, and stood upright, with folded arms, eying us savagely. Tommy Tiger was a son of old Tiger. He was over six feet in height, large and muscular. His eyes were black and fierce; his mouth, firm, but not cruel, was shaded by a small black mustache. We soon made friends with him, and found him gentle and pleasant-voiced.

Every thing was now full of activity; the squaws took the bear-meat and venison, cut the former into small slices, which they strung upon sticks to smoke, and trimmed the hams of the latter.

The brave's work for the day was done. He had procured the meat and skins; the squaw was to prepare and preserve them.

Though wet, weary, and hungry, they were very kind and courteous, answering quietly the questions of the children as they clung to their legs and hands, while at the same time conversing with us.

And this has been my experience with the Seminole. I have found him ever kind, hospitable, generous, and brave; worthy a better fate than is before him. So long, however, as he is left alone, he asks nothing more. He is happy. The forests and rivers furnish food in abundance; and if the native Floridian does not extend his encroachments further, the Seminole will continue to live in peace and harmony with mankind, asking nothing, needing nothing.

We remained with them several days; and, were this but a tale of adventure, I might prolong it many a page; but my only aim has been to represent the Seminole as he is in these pictures of camp and village life, and enough has been written to show the manner in which he lives.

A few words in regard to his intellectual status. He is supposed to be ignorant, and

in many things he is; yet he has a system of numeration as perfect as and much simpler than ours, and some of the warriors have a rude system of signs in writing which no one but they can understand. Glance for a moment at their numeral system:

Hum-kin, one; hokolin, two; totschanen, three; orstain, four; sha-ka-bin, five; epahken, six; kolopahken, seven; kenapahken, eight; orstapahken, nine; pahlen, ten. The beauty of their system lies in its simplicity.

Twelve is ten and two, thus: pahlen-hokolin; twenty is two tens, thus, pah-le-hokolin; thirty, pah-le-totschanen, etc.

Undoubtedly this system may have its defects. The principal one lies in the necessary length of such a string of words as results from hitching together so many numerals.

I easily acquired the necessary information for reading this multiplication-table up to a thousand, which was "chopkacholehum-kin," but I respectfully submit that no mortal man, without an impediment in his speech, could successfully give utterance to their denomination for a million. How appalling would the United States debt appear expressed in Seminole!

FREDERICK A. OBER.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

AN IRISH CENTENNIAL.

IN a remote and rugged corner of the Irish county of Kerry, in the midst of wilds so desolate and crags so barren that they form one spot in Ireland, at least, that is sparsely settled, and on a wooded promontory which overlooks the most gloomy and forlorn of all Atlantic shores, stands the gray pile of Derrynane.

It is an ancient, spacious house, with its court and wings, its chapel and lookout, its stables and shrubberies. To reach it from the fair land of Killarney requires a day or two of rough jolting over uncouth roads: one goes by roaring cataracts, by wonderful precipices, through gorges, across the breezy Kenmare; rocky ranges rise rough and grand at intervals before you; the eye sometimes, but rarely, lights on meadows of the richest, greenest green; Turk Lake lies imbedded in profusest foliage; Eagle's Nest rises boldly in the midst of bald eminences; black cliffs confront you; Nature here wears her sternest and most forbidding aspect.

Yet, when an Irishman wishes to make a patriotic pilgrimage, his thoughts turn to the desolation of Derrynane. Derrynane is the Irish Mount Vernon, the Irish St. Paul's, the Irish Potsdam. For at Derrynane lived the kingliest of modern Irishmen—Ireland's would-be Washington; who towered above all others of his race and time in intellectual greatness and in country-loving ardor, as he towered, in a drawing-room, in physical stature, above the men about him; he whom Irishmen loved to call "the glorious counselor"—Daniel O'Connell.

Ireland has her centennial this year as well as America. DANIEL O'CONNELL was born on the 6th of August, 1775. On the 6th of

August, a century has gone since he saw the light. Nor can we doubt that Ireland will celebrate the event as lustily and lovingly as we celebrate the birth of our own Revolution. O'Connell, the patrician heir of Derrynane, with a descent more ancient than the Howards and the Talbots, may be said to have almost been himself a revolution personified. It is nearly thirty years since the "glorious counselor," while on a pious pilgrimage to Italy, died in that distant land—a prey to age, to disappointment, and to despair. But time has blotted out the remembrance of the neglect and chagrins of his later years: the ingratitude of his countrymen killed his body, but not his fame; and to-day no name is held in such reverence, honor, and love, as his, from one end of Erin to the other.

There never lived a conspicuous public man concerning whom more diverse judgments have been passed. The bitterest vituperations and the most extravagant eulogies were lavished upon him for twenty years. The English Tories denied his high birth, refused to admit his eloquence, scoffed at the purity of his patriotism, called him a ruffian, a brawler, and a speculator. The Irish really believed him to be a sort of demi-god. In their eyes there was no talent or excellence that he had not. We may, however, at this distance from the period of his stormy, fitful, but brilliant career, form perhaps a juster estimate than either his enemies, blinded by their fury, or his lovers, dazzled and delighted by his undoubted triumphs, could make.

O'Connell, though of good descent, was not of a rich family. At first he was destined for the Church, and studied at Douay and St-Omars. But just at that time the disabilities of the Catholics were so far relaxed that they were admitted to practise at the Irish bar. O'Connell saw that his forte was not in celebrating masses and hearing confessions, but in politics and the law. He set to work with a giant will—"bottled up" more law, says Sir Jonah Barrington, than any student of the day. His rise at the bar was very rapid. This century had scarcely got well on its way before he was acknowledged to be the first advocate in Ireland. He bore down juries with an impetuous eloquence which paled the fame of Curran, and fairly eclipsed Shiel. He used the law, in arguing to the judges, as a familiar and readily-wielded weapon. Then he began to be drawn into the maelstrom of politics. Soon he had the long and dreary tale of Ireland's wrongs at his fingers' ends. It began to be seen that O'Connell's sonorous voice and vehement gestures, his impetuous declamation and burning words, fired the Irish heart as none had done before. He became a patriot and an agitator. In 1809 he proposed in Dublin the formation of a patriotic committee. This soon grew to be that "Catholic Association" which afterward became the dread and terror of England, of king, lords, and commons, for many a year. O'Connell labored with all his Herculean might to make this body at once representative and irresistible. He drew within its fold peasants, peers, and priests; he extended its ramifications throughout Ireland; he established branches in every city

and town; he traveled from county to county, holding monster meetings, to win the warm support of the masses to his project; and, finally, by 1823, we find the Catholic Association meeting annually as a representative assembly in Dublin, assuming to be a sort of voluntary Parliament, and to express the demands of the Irish people upon English justice. It went so far, under O'Connell's vigorous lead and inspiration, as to receive petitions to have a census taken and to levy what was called the "patriotic rent," in every parish throughout the land; and its decrees were read by the priests from the altars of the churches, and even by bishops from their cathedral thrones. It had its organs among the newspapers, and the speeches of O'Connell and Shiel were scattered broadcast by the medium of these and of pamphlets. The immediate object aimed at by O'Connell and his "Parliament" was Catholic emancipation.

So powerful had the Catholic Association become in 1825, that George IV. and his ministers were fully aroused to the dangers it threatened. To grant its demands was, in their eyes, absolutely impossible; George could not foresee that in four short years they would be forced upon his most unwilling acceptance by so stout and stubborn a Tory as the Duke of Wellington. The Liverpool cabinet resolved to suppress the Association. An act was passed prohibiting it for three years; but O'Connell had not forgotten his law. A new society was formed in such a manner as to evade the act. It was ostensibly devoted to the cause of education. "Every week," says Sir Erskine May, "a separate meeting was convened, purporting to be unconnected with the society. Fourteen days' meetings and aggregate meetings were also held; and at all these assemblies the same violent language was used, and the same measures adopted, as in the time of the original society."

The act expired, and straightway O'Connell revived the old Catholic Association. The same agitation and strategy were resorted to as before. This time it had its effect. The Liverpool cabinet had vanished, and Canning's; the Duke of Wellington guided the helm of state. In 1828, he carried through a bill abolishing the test and corporation oaths which had excluded Dissenters from office. He gave indications of yielding to the Irish clamor. Meanwhile the parliamentary seat for Clare became vacant. O'Connell, backed by the Association, put himself into the field as a candidate. He was not yet eligible to the House of Commons; his shrewd object was to give point and stress to the agitation, to swell the storm he had raised into a tempest, about the ears of Wellington and his colleagues. The priests led the peasants to the polls, and O'Connell was triumphantly chosen over Vesey Fitzgerald, one of the ministers. Worse than this, it was found that the Catholic soldiers stationed in Ireland could not be trusted to resist the mob. The Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel, his ablest and most powerful lieutenant, were now convinced that to grant Catholic emancipation had become a necessity. O'Connell demanded his seat in Parliament as

his right, and as the right of the Irish people.

A grave obstacle remained to be overcome in the obstinacy of the king. George IV., unfortunately, grew weaker instead of wiser, as he waxed older. He talked about his coronation oath, and his "revered father," and threatened to "go to the baths abroad, and thence to Hanover." "I'll return no more to England," he said; "let them get a Catholic king in Clarence." When at last he was forced to yield, with the terror of revolution before his eyes, he took care to vent his ill-nature upon every one who supported the measure, cutting bishops and lords at his levees. Wellington, having first carried a bill suppressing the Catholic Association, pushed through another relieving the Catholics of their disabilities. This opened the doors of Parliament to members of that faith—not only Parliament, but all corporate, civil, political, and judicial offices, excepting those of the ecclesiastical courts, and the offices of regent, lord-chancellor, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

This great measure passed on the 10th of April, 1829. O'Connell at once claimed his seat for Clare under the new law; but as it only applied to elections had subsequent to its passage, he was excluded from its benefit. Declaring this to be an outlawry against himself, he hastened to Ireland to become again a candidate for Clare; and so great was the enthusiasm for him in a county which contained many Tories and Protestants, that he was re-elected without opposition. His return to London was a series of triumphs. Everywhere the Irish demonstrated their joy by the wildest acclamations. He hurried on to the new arena of his ambition, sped by the most sanguine hopes of his people. Everywhere, in the bogs of Ireland, and the clubs of Pall Mall, men wondered what this big, broad-shouldered, loud-voiced, heavy-bodied Irishman would say and do. He had succeeded at the bar, and on the "stump;" he was the idol of the Irish; he could deal with them in their own rough, ardent way, and with their own extravagance of language. But on the forum of English gentlemen, in a body comprising illustrious statesmen like Peel and Russell, Oxford champions like Gladstone, scions of great houses like Althorp and Bentinck, lawyers like Denman and Sugden, how would he demean himself? Would he prove a brawler, or maybe a buffoon? Would he be listened to, or coughed and hooted down?

O'Connell at least had courage and self-confidence. The whole Irish nation was at his back. A word from him would light the fire of insurrection. He held in his palm the alternative of peace or war. He felt that, when he spoke to the House of Commons, his words would have the weight of authority. From the moment that he opened his lips, there was no longer any question of his capacity to hold his own. The Tories obstinately refused him the palm of eloquence; but the Whigs, who did not like him, were forced to concede it, and all England felt that he was an orator of no ordinary power. He was a chief and leader in the House. He compelled the reformers to consult him. He made and unmade cabinets. When it suited his purpose, he could bring legislation to a dead-

lock; and this he did, whenever he saw that the interests of Ireland demanded it.

Emancipation did not satisfy his political digestion. His life was in agitation. Aware of his power alike in Ireland and at Westminster, he resolved to advance a long step farther. He now began to clamor for a repeal of the legislative union between Ireland and England. Finding that it was useless to draw the Whigs further in the advocacy of Irish relief, he dissolved his alliance with them, and started forth in a design to make Ireland so hot for the English that repeal would have to be conceded. He was now in the prime of his manhood, the maturity of his eloquence, and at the acme of his power over the Irish heart. He organized meetings, at which he appeared and spoke to thousands of his excited countrymen in the rich, rugged, and vehement style of which he was so complete a master. In the House of Commons he fearlessly braved the foremost English parliamentary orators; nor could his forensic battles with men like Palmerston, Stanley, Disraeli, and Peel, ever be forgotten by those who heard them. O'Connell had a powerful argument in favor of repeal, which he did not fail to use with great effect. The union had been effected by bribery, wholesale corruption, and utterly against the will of nine-tenths of the Irish people. Yet his crusade for repeal was a visionary and hopeless one. If it could not be accomplished under Liberal cabinets like those of Grey and Melbourne, there was little hope of forcing the Tories under Peel to listen to reason. To the threatening multitudes who flocked in town and country in Ireland to hear "the glorious counselor" speak, and to catch inspiration from his lips, the British Government had but one response—the army. For O'Connell himself were reserved criminal prosecutions and the threat of imprisonment. He fought gallantly, sturdily, for a while hopefully; but he saw at last that the battle was a losing one, and it produced despair. Even the potato-rot did not help him; and, when he found that the result of his struggles was only to rivet the chains of national servitude the more rigidly upon Ireland, he threw up his mission, left Parliament, and wandered away to Italy to do penance for his sins, and to die!

O'Connell was a many-sided man. The idea that he was a rude and vulgar demagogue is entirely refuted, even from the mouths of English aristocrats, who knew, saw, and hated him. There are as many contradictory descriptions of him as there are of the first Napoleon, whom, by-the-way, he in certain qualities strikingly resembled. Crabb Robinson, speaking of him as he appeared in 1830, says he was "thick-set, broad-faced, and good-humored, and talked with an air of conscious superiority." In arguing before the Irish courts he usually betrayed "mildness of manner, address, and discretion;" and alike with judges, bar, and people, he seemed a sort of elephantine pet. He had a large, heavy, but by no means ungainly figure; a large, square face, illumined by great and expressive blue eyes; his nose was rather thin, with wide, sensitive nostrils; his lips thick, his smile genial and very winning.

Greville, a patrician cynic who rarely praises anybody, and who, in certain parts of his journal, is extremely severe on O'Connell, acknowledges that he was learned in historical and constitutional lore, and "a man of high moral character and great probity in private life." It must be confessed that another picture by Greville indicates the reverse of this; for in it O'Connell appears shameless and perfidious, cowardly and without conscience; yet even here Greville says that "nobody can deny him the praise of inimitable dexterity, versatility, and prudence," or that he is "a highly-active and imaginative being." In society the same chronicler describes O'Connell as "lively, well-bred, and at his ease."

Whatever the political vices and insincerities of O'Connell—and those who study his career without bias cannot but suspect that there was a great deal of the demagogue in him—in private life and in personal qualities there can be no doubt that he was generous, amiable, hospitable, and hearty. There was a time when he was revered and loved by nearly all Irishmen, Orangemen of the north included; when the Irish pride in him almost reached the height of idolatry. But yet Ireland at large did not know him as did the folk, especially the humble folk, of his own county, Kerry. There, indeed, he was a demigod. They, beyond all others, knew of his kindnesses and the genial warmth of his nature; not less confident were they in the vastness of his wisdom, and charmed by the vivacity and exuberance of his humor. Crabb Robinson once upon a time journeyed with O'Connell from Killarney to Derrynane. At one of the post-inns the car in which they were was approached by a very old woman indeed, who began to beg of the "glorious counselor."

"Why," said O'Connell, "you are an old cheat. Did you not ask me for a sixpence last time to buy a nail for your coffin?"

"I believe I did, your honor, and I thought it."

"Well, then, there's a shilling for you, but only on condition that you are dead before I come this way again."

The old woman began to caper about, crying:

"I'll buy a new cloak!"

"You foolish old woman," said O'Connell, "nobody will give you a shilling if you have a new cloak on."

The journey of O'Connell toward his domain was almost like a royal progress. "At several places," says Robinson, "parties of men were standing in lanes. Some of these joined us, and accompanied us several miles. Some of the men ran along by O'Connell's horse, and were vehement in their gesticulations and loud in their talk. First one spoke, then another. O'Connell seemed desirous of shortening their clamor by whispering me to trot a little faster. Asking, afterward, what all this meant, I learned from him that all these men were his tenants, and that one of the conditions of their hold under him was that they should never go to law, but submit all their disputes to him. In fact, he was trying causes all the morning."

When at last the English guest arrived in

the court-yard of hospitable Derrynane, he was charmed to see "the eagerness with which O'Connell sprang from his horse, and kissed a toothless old woman, his nurse."

The home-life of O'Connell at Derrynane was that of a well-to-do Irish gentleman "of the real old stock." Some of his habits there are well worth recalling. William Howitt represents him as appearing at breakfast habited in a reddish, well-padded dressing-gown, and a "repeal" cap of green velvet, with a narrow gold band. He had a table to himself at breakfast, and sat long at it, reading his newspapers and letters. At dinner, the company, whether of guests or only comprising the family, were entertained by the traditional piper, who stood apart in an alcove: O'Connell, as a good and zealous Catholic, had his own father-confessor, attached permanently to Derrynane on a comfortable salary—a jolly-looking priest, named Father O'Sullivan. "It somewhat startles you," says Howitt, "to hear, during the day, the sound of merry children's voices from the drawing-room, and, on entering, to behold, amid all the noise and childish laughter, the holy father walking to and fro, as if totally unconscious of the juvenile racket around him, with his breviary in his hand, muttering his prayers." At nine each morning the bell rang for mass, and family and servants gathered in the chapel. The round of amusements were not unlike those of an English squire's house. There were music and games within-doors, hunting, driving, and water-excursions without. "Nowhere," says Howitt, "does O'Connell appear to more advantage than in the midst of his own family. He seems to be particularly happy in his family relations; children, grandchildren, guests, and domestics, appear animated by one spirit of affection and respect toward him. It speaks volumes that, within doors and without in his own neighborhood, the enthusiastic attachment to him is greater than anywhere else."

As an orator, O'Connell undoubtedly ranked among the foremost of his time. He had all the exuberance and imagination of the Irish temperament, toned by a fine education, and yet tinged with an exaggeration which often made it more effective. It is true that he did not display himself at his best in the House of Commons. "There," says Sir Erskine May, "he stood at a disadvantage—with a cause to uphold which all but a small band of followers condemned as base and unpatriotic, and with strong feelings against him, which his own conduct had provoked; yet even there the massive powers of the man were not unfrequently displayed. A perfect master of every form of argument; potent in ridicule, sarcasm, and invective, rich in imagination and humor, bold and impassioned, or gentle, persuasive, and pathetic, he combined all the powers of a consummate orator. His language was simple and forcible, as became his thoughts; his voice extraordinary for compass and flexibility. But his great powers were disfigured by coarseness, by violence, by cunning, and audacious license. At the bar and on the platform he exhibited the greatest but most opposite endowments." It was well said of his

manner of expression by Shiel, who was long his Irish rival for eloquence in the House of Commons, that "he brings forth a brood of lusty thoughts, without a rag to cover them."

Twice O'Connell's violence brought him, despite his cunning, into the meshes of the law. The first time was in 1831, when he had begun and was carrying forward his violent agitation in behalf of repeal. He was arrested by order of the lord-lieutenant, on the charge of holding meetings in violation of the proclamation. O'Connell was not yet ready to brave English justice; and after entering a plea of not guilty, he withdrew it, and pleaded guilty. The government, on the other hand, dared not proceed further; and the agitator was not brought up for judgment. His second arrest and trial took place twelve years later, in 1843. Once more monster meetings had been held, and O'Connell is said to have addressed a quarter of a million people on the historic hill of Tara. His language was so violent and threatening that Sir Robert Peel, then prime-minister, resolved to bring the turbulent "counselor" once more to justice. He was arrested, with his son and some others, and indicted for conspiracy, sedition, and unlawful assembling. The trial attracted the eager attention of the three kingdoms. The court-room was guarded by soldiers, and the judge was escorted to and from his house by a strong force of red-coats. O'Connell defended himself with vigor, though he was now nearly seventy years of age; but, after a trial of over three weeks, he was sentenced to imprisonment for a year, a fine of two thousand pounds, and to give security for good behavior for a period of seven years.

The severity of this condemnation, however, had so serious and alarming an effect, not only among the Irish, but among the radical English, that the House of Lords, tempering its judicial severity with discretion, had the prudence to reverse the sentence on a writ of error; and after having been confined for four months, O'Connell found himself once more at liberty. He received an ovation at Dublin that seemed like old times. But he was old, and the government, rather by letting him free than by condemning him, had effectually shorn this Samson of Repeal of his locks. The cause of repeal was effectually dead; the magician had lost his art of magic; the great and tempestuous career of the "counselor" was over; and unhappily he survived not only his glory as a patriot, but the gratitude and trusting allegiance of the people for whom he had struggled so long and so doughtily.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

GOETHE'S "FAUST."

IN the University Library at Heidelberg, Germany, the writer of this article found catalogued one hundred and twelve volumes, in the German tongue, all devoted to the better elucidation of Goethe's immortal poem, "Faust." The tendency of the German mind to look for something deep and difficult of comprehension, especially in the writings of their great national poet, seemed evident in

the massiveness and quality of the literature which gathered about this renowned drama. In Goethe's lifetime, the wonder had grown colossal among the critics as to what the *purpose* of the "Faust"-poem could be, and endless speculations made their appearance under this inquiry. Goethe, knowing the value of mystery as an element in fame, left the critics unaided, and even augmented their difficulty by confessing that he himself did not fully know its purpose. He withheld his sanction from each and every theory put forward; so the interest in "Faust" was kept in a living condition, and cumulative withal. After a perfect comprehension of any subject, we pass on to something else, no longer inspired by curiosity or the charm of mystery. It will be remembered that the First Part of "Faust" is the form of the poem most read, and likewise the part that is truest to the chief points of the mediæval *myth* on which the poem was founded. The Second Part, finished in the author's eighty-second year, though it uses largely the elements of the *saga*, has a marked departure from the plot thereof, especially as regards the *destiny* of Faust, who, according to all the legendary forms, went to hell at the close of his earthly career. The broad philosophy of the poet, in the Second Part, overrides the legend, in making for Faust a heavenly destiny at last, on the ground that he had never given up the struggle against evil, and that the errors, sins, and sufferings through which he had passed should naturally end in the salvation of his hero.

Goethe, when a youth and in love with Lilly, for a brief time entertained the idea of taking her in marriage and coming to America. Had he done so, it is not certain that "Faust," as a drama, would have been written; but, had he written in English and to an American public, there had been no great wondering about the *purpose* of his drama. The American would readily have seen and said: "Goethe is a poet who believes in working up the poetic material of his own nation in its honored past. Having already succeeded so marvelously on the road to fame by turning into drama the brave chronicles of Götz von Berlichingen, the 'Iron Hand,' the last of the lordly barons who stood valiantly for class prerogatives, how could he neglect the one gigantic myth of the Fatherland in whom the ages of magic and sorcery expired? His inevitable *purpose* was to convert the myth into an immortal poem, taking all the freedom in *method* which genius, in the great master, uses. We will see *how* he succeeded." Having thus settled the matter of purpose by reading the myth and the poem together, no library would have known afterward a hundred volumes, or a dozen even, which, like vessels fitted out to find Sir John Franklin in the arctic mysteries of snow and ice, should explore the fields of erudition to attain its *ultima finis*. Both the German and the American are, doubtless, compensated for their different tendencies.

Götz von Berlichingen, the warlike baron, died July 23, 1562, which gives him in chronology a later place than Faust occupied, though Faust was deemed the contemporary

of Luther. In 1525 he rode the weighty wine-cask out of Auerbach's cellar at the Leipsic fair—a cask which the physical force of the company present could not remove. As the light of the Reformation began to spread, the darkness of the preceding periods culminated and expired in Faust, showing that the deepest darkness just precedes the day. To what extent Faust was a personality, whether he was a man or wholly a myth, may not be determined to the satisfaction of all, but it is certain that he is a strongly representative person, that his name characterizes an epoch as real to Europe at one time as science is at the present day. I take the position that he was not a man, but a myth, claiming that the representative character he held as respects the *conflict* of humanity in the perfect form of the *saga*, first printed at Frankfort, 1587, one hundred and sixty-two years before Goethe was born, is strong evidence, if not fully conclusive, of this view. The fact, unquestioned by any, that all the characteristic stories that had in previous ages been told of other magicians became fastened on Faust, implies that the national imagination created him. The bewildering impossibilities which surround Faust disguise a central figure, who permanently stands for the darkness and doubt, the temptation, and varied antagonism, which encompass man on the battle-field of life; also for those diviner longings and idealizations which induce painful dissatisfactions with the actual limitations of life, whose walls none may escape. It is because each man and woman of the world is, in these respects, a little Faust, that the *saga* and the poem are of undying interest. Asia, from time immemorial, made the conflict inherent between matter and spirit.

The example of Goethe, at once so successful in working up the historical materials of his own country's past into the attractions of dramatic form, was productive of results in other lands: it led Walter Scott to immortalize the chivalric legends of his country in the middle ages both in verse and in story. The Waverley Novels are a success on the same line, as the great Scotchman, Thomas Carlyle, gave us to understand in these words: "If genius could be communicated like instruction, we might call this work of Goethe's the prime cause of 'Marnion' and 'The Lady of the Lake,' with all that has followed from the same gifted hand."

It will be remembered that Scott's first literary enterprise was the translation of the drama "Götz von Berlichingen," written when Goethe was twenty-three years of age.

Though this drama is easily translated and understood, it is far otherwise in the case of "Faust," as all translators confess. The subject lies very much in the weird realm of mystery and the occult powers; in the great and misdirected forces of the soul. It is the ambitious and false solution of the problem of life, ending, as all such attempts must forever end, in teaching the wisdom and goodness of the limitations of the natural laws against which the maddened ambition rebels. It teaches the futility of all leagues with the devil—that is to say, of all instrumentalities not morally sacred for winning the highest wisdom and happiness;

that the harmony between our sky and our earth, our ideals and our actual facts, can only come by well-directed efforts in so struggling against evil, whether it be within or without, as to secure the rightful conquest over it. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things"—the only solution worth trying for each and every form of the problem.

The Faust story reached the ears of Shakespeare, and was once recognized in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Marlowe, in England, had written a play about Faust, and different authors in Germany had attempted a transmutation into tragedy before the gifted Goethe lifted upon the mountainous *saga* the hand of a creator. Among them all one only made the grand success. The word Faust is now the eternal monument of Goethe's genius:

"Striving to be gods, the angels fell;
Striving to be angels, men rebel."

Well may we glorify the wisdom of all *natural* orbits and spheres. In them all may shine and do shine, from seraph to glow-worm; out of them all are dimmed and broken at last.

Preserved, saved, is the member of the spiritual world who is persistent in his struggle against evil; thus teaches one of the closing stanzas of the Second Part of "Faust." "With joy the heavenly hosts go forth to meet him." As Faust rises from the terminus of his earthly pathway of error, sin, and repentance, up to heaven, the prologue to the First Part, which opens in heaven, seems to grow into truer consonance with the end.

If the devil in "Faust" is too much of a scholar and a gentleman in his accomplishments to answer the common conception, let it be remembered under what numerous forms of the more exterior refinements, not unfrequently of mental and social cultivation, the poison of moral evil lurks and disseminates itself. The wilds of grossness cannot retain Mephistopheles. He adapts himself to parlor, studio, and the professor's gown, in these modern times; knows habiliments of silk and broadcloth with golden ornaments, so that the symbols of lion, ass, poodle, and serpent, do not express all that appears in his manifoldness.

That "Nature is the living garment of the Deity," that the "spiritual world" (*Geisterwelt*) "is not closed," except as the closed inner sense and the dead heart of man shut it out ("Dein Sinn ist zu, dein Herz ist tot"), and that the divine agency is incessantly active in weaving the texture of the living cosmos, are among the many exalted sentiments of this poem. The love of Nature which always distinguishes Goethe is displayed in not a few of its passages; it was his permanent consciousness that he was a part Nature, and in accord with its order and spirit.

In a former article* I spoke of the first universal type of the human conflict with life's limitation in the character and acts of the first woman, Eve, the earliest aspirant for deific knowledge; in looking over the last two lines of the Second Part of "Faust," it is somewhat gratifying to find the great poet fully confessing to the high rank and

quality of the womanly influence in leading humanity to continually higher levels:

"Das Ewigweibliche *
Zieht uns hinan."

"The forever womanly
Leadeth us upward and on."

Goethe, born at Frankfurt, 1749, dying at Weimar, 1832, had a long term in which to work out a great series of literary and I may also say scientific results, for he was what his countrymen have always called him—the "Many-sided."

His genius was too calm to be tragic after the manner of Shakespeare; too serene to leave a display of dead bodies on the stage. But, without killing the body, life is often deeply tragical. To speak in metaphor, high mountains may be seen on his landscape, but not broken, wild, jagged, and volcanic, like the wildest of natural scenes. No Vesuvius or Niagara expresses him. Still, in temperament and variety, he may justly be compared to a mountain such as South America not unfrequently contains, and which in temperature runs up through all the latitudes and zones of the earth, bearing their respective flora on its sides, and lifting its summit high above its cloudy banners in the eternal light of sun and stars. His English biographer, I think, summed up quite happily the opinion of the highest grade of literary persons when he said, "Goethe was a poet whose religion was beauty, whose worship was of Nature, and whose aim was culture."

E. G. HOLLAND.

CRUELTY TOWARD ANIMALS IN DAMASCUS.†

A FEW words about the street-dogs, as I have become very familiar with their habits and customs. In all Eastern towns they have sprung up from the time of the Creation; they multiply extensively, they belong to nobody, they are not held sacred, but, as they are the town scavengers, nobody kills them. In Brazil, the vulture, a large, black, repulsive bird, supplies the place of dogs, and is therefore protected by a twenty-pound penalty. With the Moslem it is a sin to take life, but it is allowable, or rather it is the practice, to torture, maim, and ill-use short of death. These poor brutes live on the offal of the town, they sleep in the streets, they bring forth their young on a mud-heap, and at a tender age the pups join the pack. They are ill-used by the whole population, and, like Ishmael, their hand is against every one, and every one's hand is against them. The people beat them, kick them, stone them, so that out of eighteen thousand you will not see a dozen

* Pickering's second edition of the Second Part of "Faust," as completed in 1831 (London, 1842), translates the last stanza thus:

"CHORUS MYSTICUS.

"All is of this earth's sphere
Seeming alone;
The insufficient here
Being has grown.
The indescribable,
Here it is done:
The virgin eternal *
Leadeth us on."

* "Das Ewigweibliche"—the ever-compassionate—the eternally womanly—leadeth us on.

† From *The Inner Life of Syria, Palestine, and the Holy Land*, from my Private Journal, by Isabel Burton. London: 1876.

elders with a whole body, or four sound legs. They are so unused to kindness that if you touched one it would bite your hand off like a wild beast, supposing that you were going to injure it. Were you to remain alone in a bazaar at night, shut up with them, it is probable that they would attack you in a pack, and kill you. There is a story of a sea-captain who drank a little too much, and lay down in a public place. In the morning, only a gnawed bone or two, his sailor's cap and tattered clothes, told the horrible story. It is quite possible that this should happen, the animals are so starved. Their habits are regulated by laws of their own. I have grown, in the solitude of Salahiyyeh, to learn them. At night, when profound stillness reigns in the village, you suddenly hear a dog coming down from the Kurdish burial-ground on the roots of the mountains. He communicates some news to the dogs nearest the borders of the village. There is a chorus of barking; it ceases, and a single dog is commissioned to bear the news to the dogs of our quarter. They set up a howl, which ceases after a few minutes, and one of our lot is detached, and flies down the gardens to the dogs near the Báb Salahiyyeh. Whatever the canine news is, in about twenty minutes it is passed round to all the dogs of Damascus.

I cultivated the affections of those of our quarter, and found that in attachment and fidelity they differ in nothing from the noblest mastiff or most petted terrier; every time my husband or I went out, a dog was sent on guard by their community to accompany us to the border of his boundary, when he appeared to pass us on to a friend in the next boundary, to wag his tail for a bow, and to take his leave, as a savage chieftain would frank you from tribe to tribe. If a stranger comes, they set up a chorus of barking, and follow him in crowds. If a dog goes into another territory, all the others fly at and fasten on him, as if they said—"Who's that, Bill?" "A stranger." "Then 'eave 'arf a brick at him!" If an English dog comes among them, they bark around and try his mettle, and he has to settle the question for himself the first day, like a new boy at a public school. A butcher in Beyrout had an awful-looking English bulldog, which had an ugly reputation, and when he turned out, every pariah fled from the bazaar. I brought with me a St. Bernard pup, a perfect beauty, as big as a young calf. He was so unusually big that I have seen country donkeys and ponies shy at him, probably mistaking him for a wild animal; but the dogs were not afraid of him—he was so good-tempered that they used to worry him in packs, just like human beings. But the bull-terriers, though they were only pups, the street-dogs dared not even look at. They used to fly at the sight of the leopard, and the leopard worried them, but never touched the bull-pups. I established two caldrons to collect the leavings of the house—the good was given to the poor, the refuse to the street-dogs; not less than fifty used to live near, and crowd round our door. Every time I came out they formed a flock around me. There were two in particular that I used to compassionate—one was paralyzed in its hind-quarters, and used to drag itself along by the fore-paws. I one day rolled up some medicine in a ball of meat, and threw it to the poor creature, who swallowed it greedily, and got well. The other was a half-starved, mangy, idiotic-looking cur, with one eye, too weak to fight for itself. When the caldron of food came out it got nothing, so I used to set its portion apart. No matter when I went out, where, or for

how long, you would see these two poor misshapen beasts following, sitting patiently at a respectful distance if I stopped anywhere, and accompanying me home, as if they were afraid of losing sight of me, or fearing some accident might befall me without their protection. Long after I left Syria my neighbors wrote that it pained them to see my *protégés* there; that if they could forget me the dogs would shame them, that every time the house-door opened, the pack used to rush to it, and then sit and whine because I did not come out. You will say for the food. Yes; but it shows that they have affection, intelligence, gratitude, and memory.

There is a pious custom here to the benefit of the lower animals. When a good Moslem is on his death-bed, or when during life he wants a petition to be granted, he does not give to the poor, but he leaves a legacy for bread for the dogs. Often he makes a vow, "If I gain such and such a cause, I will devote so much money to feeding the *kiláb*:" and you often see some one with a basket surrounded by dogs, throwing the fragments until all is distributed. There is also the *Diyet*; if a man kills a pariah it is hung up by the tail, and he is obliged to buy as much wheat as will cover the body up from muzzle to tip, which is made into bread and given to the dogs. My husband tells me that in former times, at home, the same penalty was paid for killing the king's cats.

My pups led me into several scrapes. One day when the baker came, one and all seemed to take a dislike to him. I was on the house-top, so I saw only a very long man, apparently fighting with the air, screaming and spinning, in a cobweb-like pattern, all over the courtyard. I began to laugh, supposing he was dancing some new measure, or acting a play for the servants. Suddenly, I found to my horror that he had a bull-pup hanging to each arm and each leg. I flew down-stairs, called them off, gave him restoratives, dressed his wounds, and made him a present, especially a new suit of clothes. I was sincerely grieved and shocked, and he was very good, and never said a word more about the matter. Many people would have brought me to the tribunal. They never did such a thing before nor since. One, however, was a sneaking little thing, who secretly hated the Jews—I suppose she knew them by their dress. Some of them were very much attached to us, but the moment they came in she would go and sit by them, and when no one was looking she would take a sly bite at their legs, and then, instead of running away, sit looking the picture of innocence. None of the other three ever did so, and at first I would not believe them until they showed me the mark of her teeth. I was obliged to correct her, and ever after to shut her up when any of them called.

I scarcely know if this is a good moment to introduce an appeal for a "humane society" in Damascus; I believe it could easily be arranged if our consul-general would ask the Wali to favor the merciful project—if Europeans would form it, and make it rather a distinction to admit influential natives. While I was there I had to be my own humane society, and frequently was in trouble with the natives, caused by rescuing some unhappy brute from their cruelty. To set forth the necessity of the society, I must detail a few of the horrors I have seen. In doing so I shall rend the heart and excite the anger of my readers, especially of women of fine feeling—I will be judged by them. If they feel so much at reading these things, what must I have felt

at seeing them? In a place where no authority would take notice of such trifles, could I remain a passive spectator?

I lent our camel to groom No. 2. He had to ride seventy-two miles to Beyrout, wait two days, and return. He knew exactly how he would have been obliged to treat the animal in my presence. Presently I noticed a strange odor in the stables, and found that it did not eat, and that the tears streamed from its eyes. The man said it was fatigued, and would be all right in a few hours. I rode down to the town on the donkey, and then met one of our dragomans, who said to me:

"Do you know about your camel?"

"No; what is the matter? I have just seen it."

"When you ride back, make it kneel."

I rode back to the stable, called Hanna, and said:

"Make that camel kneel."

I removed the cloth that covered him, and to my horror saw a large hole in his back, uncovering the spine. It was already mortifying.

"Explain this!" I said.

The man confessed that he had never taken the saddle off from the time of going out to coming in again; that the stuffing had given way, and that the pommel, which is like a metal stick, had run into its back and caused a hole bigger than a man's fist; that he only discovered it on returning and taking the saddle off, some eight hours before. Hitherto he had only been guilty of disobedience, and proved himself not to be trusted with an animal out of one's sight; but his unpardonable cruelty was, after knowing the state of the case, hoping to hide the affair for fear of being discharged, and allowing the poor brute to remain in that agony many hours longer than necessary. I at once sent for the "vet.," and ordered warm water. Hanna returned with a saucepan of boiling water, and was about to pour it into the wound. I had kept my temper until then; I was only just in time to save the poor animal from what would have obliged us to put a bullet through its head. Hanna and the saucepan made a very speedy exit out of the stable, never to enter it again. I cured the camel, and after two months sold it for a trifle as unsound.

There was a small pariah dog that lived about my door. One night I heard a moaning under the window, but it was dark, blustering, and bitter cold, and I could neither see nor find any thing. In the morning I saw my *protégé* lying there paralyzed with the frost. The poor little thing was past cure, it had only one paw to crawl upon. While I was dressing to go down and take it in—for none of the servants would have touched it—I saw many who passed give it a kick, and the boys trying to drive it about when it could not crawl out of the way of their brutality. At last a crowd began to collect to torment it. Its screams were piteous. I begged my husband to go out and shoot it; but he had too good a reputation to risk it by taking life. My Moslem servants would not. The Christians were afraid of the former; so I got my little gun, threw up my window, and shot it dead. The crowd quickly dispersed, with many a *Máshálláh* at my sinfulness, and all day I could see them telling one another, and pointing at my window.

Another night I heard cries of distress somewhere in the orchards near our house. Thinking it was one of the usual brawls, and that somebody was being killed, I seized the only thing at hand, a big English hunting-whip, and ran out in the direction of the noise. Then I perceived forty or fifty boys in a crowd

throwing huge stones as big as a melon against a dead-wall, from which issued howls of agony. I dispersed them right and left. Some fell down on their knees, others ran, and others jumped over the wall. I was left alone; it was very dark, and I said to myself, "Where can the victim be? It must have escaped in the confusion." I was going away, when I perceived something brown near the wall. I lit a match, and found a large bundle tied up in a sack. I thought perhaps it was a girl, or a baby, but it was a big pariah dog: they had caught it asleep, laid a huge stone on its tail, bundled head and fore-legs into a sack, and were practising the old Eastern habit of killing by stoning. The difficulty was, how to let the poor animal out: it would, perhaps, think that I had done the cruel act, and fly at me. However, I could not go back to sleep and leave things thus, so I mustered courage. Firstly, I cut the strings with my knife, and pulled it off the head and body, leaving the stone for my own protection; and then, finding that it did not hurt me, I managed with considerable effort to remove the weight. The wretch behaved better than many human beings—he crawled up, licked my hand, and followed me home.

I saw a donkey, staggering under a load fit for three, in a broiling sun. It passed our fountain and turned to drink. The man, grudging the moment, gave the donkey a push that sent it with a crash on the hard stones, crushed under its load, bleeding at the nose from thirst and over-exertion. Maddened by the loss of time this would entail, the owner jumped upon its head and tried to stamp its brains out with his wooden boots. The servants, hearing the noise, and seeing what I was about, thought the human brute had attacked me, and set upon him like hornets. I did not stop them till he had received his deserts. Then we obliged him to unload his donkey, to let the beast drink, to wash its wounds, and to wait while it ate barley from my stable. I also sent a servant on horseback to tell the whole story to his master. The fellow had acted, in fact, as a Lancashire "purrer" treats his wife.

A man brought me his favorite cat, with back and hind-quarters crushed by a boy, and asked me if I had any medicine to cure it. I said:

"Do let me have it killed; one of my servants will blow its brains out—it is horribly cruel to keep it alive one moment."

"May God forgive you such sinfulness!" he replied. "I will put it in a room, and let it die its natural death" (starvation).

Half an hour afterward I saw that the boys were torturing it in the street. I sent a servant to bring it in, and to dispatch it with a bullet. The man was very much shocked.

A boy brought a donkey to water at the fountain near our house. It was evidently worn out with fatigue and thirst, and had either a strained back or a disease in the loins, so that the suspicion of any thing touching its back was a terror to it. Every time the poor beast put down its head to drink the boy touched the tender place with a switch, which made the whole body quiver. It might have been a cabman establishing a "raw." I called a servant, who took the donkey away, letting it first eat and drink, and sent it back to the master. The boy was never sent again.

I saw a girl of about twelve or thirteen jumping on a nest of kittens on the road-side, evidently enjoying the distressing mewing of the mother. I have often seen boys steal pups in the mother's absence, carry them away perhaps for a quarter of an hour, play at ball with

them on the hard stones, and throw them down maimed and to starve. I have seen parents give pups and kittens to their children for this purpose, to keep them quiet.

The worst thing I saw was not done by a boy or by a brutal boor, but by an educated man, and, moreover, a European, in charge of an establishment at Beyrout. He used to tie up his horse, a good, quiet beast, and with a cow-hide thong beat its head, eyes, and the most tender parts for ten minutes. His sister used to ride the horse, but lately it had become fractious and ill-tempered through bad usage. Any one who understood animals could see that the poor brute's heart was broken from beating and starvation, or from inability to eat. The first time I saw this cruelty I "gave him a bit of my mind." My dragoman (Mulhem Wardi) held me back.

"For God's sake, Sitti, don't speak to him; he will strike you; he is a madman."

I begged him to consider his country, his profession, the European name before natives, his pretensions to be a gentleman.

"But look," he said, in a whining tone; "look what the horse is doing!"

The poor beast was standing quite quiet, with despair in its eyes. I could not speak politely.

"You make me sick, sir. Your horse is broken-hearted—it hasn't even the courage to kick you."

He then said that he was of too nervous and sensitive a disposition; and I told him that in that case he ought to be locked up, for that he was a dangerous man to have charge of a public institution. I told his consul-general what had occurred, and he agreed with me that it was a scandal that pained the whole community; but it was not an official matter which could be reported to the ambassador. I heard afterward that he had lost his appointment for roughness to those under him. It was a thousand pities, for he was a clever professional. I heard a story that is not bad if true—but I will not vouch for it—that a person with a sense of humor sent for him, but put a loaded revolver on the table close to hand.

"What is that for?" said the horse-torturer.

"Oh, that," said the person, "is in case you get one of your nervous and sensitive attacks while you are attending on me!"

It was added that this episode did him good.

I was walking one day through the village of Bludán, our summer quarter in the Anti-Lebanon, and I saw a skeleton donkey standing near a cottage, holding up one foot, of which the hoof was hanging by a mere thread.

I called to some of the villagers.

"Whose animal is that?"

An old woman came out and claimed it as her property.

"How came that about?" I asked, pointing to the foot.

"Well, I don't know, Sitti. Hard work over the stones."

"Why is it so thin?"

"You see it could not work any more, and we couldn't afford to keep it idle, so we turned it out, and these four months it has only had what it can pick up on the mountain."

(The mountain was as bare of vegetation as my paper.)

"What are you going to do with it?"

"We had arranged to-night to drive it out on to the mountain, and tie it to a stone, and then the wolves will come and eat it."

"Alive?" I asked, in horror.

"Why, yes, Sitti," she said, looking at me

as if I were an imbecile. "Who could carry it there if it was dead?"

"Will you sell it to me for twenty-five piastres (fifty pence)? If I can cure it, the luck is mine; if I can't, my money is lost."

To this she joyfully agreed, though she could hardly help laughing in my face at what she supposed to be my knowledge of ass-flesh.

I paid my money, and drove home my donkey, but it was so weak that two hours on its three legs were required to reach our garden close by. I need not say that its last days were happy. A thick litter was spread in a soft, shady place under the trees; a large tub of fresh water, and another of tinned corn, stood by it during the rest of its time; its hoof was washed, bandaged, and doctored daily. It grew fat, but the vet. discovered that a young hoof had begun to grow, and that from total neglect the worms had eaten it away. There was no hope that it could ever move from that spot, so I had it shot, which the villagers thought very sinful. They admired the mercy, but they never could understand the necessity of putting an animal out of its misery.

I will not quote any more cases. What I have said will suffice to show the daily occurrences of this kind, the brutality of the lower orders, and the utter indifference of the better classes. Every person of good feeling will know what a trial it is to witness acts of cruelty and oppression, especially when exercised upon women, children, and dumb brutes. I respect the Moslem's thorough regard for the sanctity of life, which among us, perhaps, is too little regarded.* In Europe I should have complained to the police. But here there is no legal penalty for barbarous acts, and one must often become one's own police. But, right or wrong, I could not, and I never will, remain a quiet spectator of brutality. I would rather lose the esteem of those who are capable of condemning me. People of delicate health, selfish dispositions, and coarse minds, can always bear the sufferings of others placidly. These will probably disapprove of me, but I can bear it.

I am sorry thus to be my own trumpeter, and to tell how much good I did; but on these occasions I have sat with and explained to the offenders why these acts are so sinful and shameful, how Allah made the animals, gave them to our care, recommended them to our mercy, and expects an account of our stewardship; how faithful, patient, and long-suffering the poor dumb thing is; how dependent on our will; how it has all the toil, too often starvation and bodily injuries, at our hands. I often wonder what the brutes must think of the human race, and what a disappointment many of us "higher animals" must be to the lower. The people have listened and thought, and said, "Sitti, I never heard all this before, and I really will try not to do it again;" and they deserve the high praise not only of understanding me, but of allowing themselves to be guided by a woman and a stranger.

During the last fifteen months of our residence no cruel acts took place near my house at Salahiyyeh, or at our summer quarter above Bludán. I maintain that if a society "for the prevention of cruelty to animals" were established at Damascus it would quickly bring its own reward.

* My husband tells me this story of the South American *gaucho*:

"Juan, why did you cut Pedro's throat? He was an old chum of yours."

"Ah, senor, the *pobrecito* had a bad cold, and so I put him out of his misery."

THE AULD WIFE.

THE world has had enough, auld man,
Enough o' thee an' me:

'Tis time that we had gane frae it
To meet our bairnies three
That gaed frae us sae lang, lang syne
In twa wat, bitter Mays.
Ah! Duncan, i' the kirk-yard lies
The sunlight o' our days.

We mony a silky fleece can claim
Withi' the bieldin' fauld;
Our sheld cow leads a sleekit herd
When loanin' time is called;
High-heapit bings they tell for us
At our gay, routhie kirns:
Fu' store o' winter cheer ha'e we
Whilst winter ingle burns.

I' Rutherglen thou'st steekit enough
O' gowd for thee an' me,
An' we should live a score o' years
That we shall never see.
An', better still, we ha'e, auld man,
Some tried an' trusty frien's
To gi'e us greetin' at their doors,
An' welcome to their bens.

But, Duncan, we are stoopt an' gray,
As we were unco poor;
An' had na rief to tent without
Nor wair withi' the door;
An', though we lo'e ilk ither weel,
The time gae lang an' lane,
An' the eerie croone cooms sabbin' aft
For the nestlin's that are gane.

Oh! the hungry heart can na' be filled
Wi' frien'ship nor wi' bread,
That's longin', longin' evermair
For the luve o' ane that's dead.
An' we ha'e sought thro' creepin' years
Our grim dool's counter-bane,
Till we gae stiff an' sair wi' toil—
Yet here's the same auld pain.

An' tho' we've ilk for ither tried
To play the cheerin' part,
An' hide, by smilin' o' the lips,
The weepin' o' the heart;
Yet ilk kens that the ither lo'es
Far mair the gowan's snaw
Upo' three little kirk-yard groes
Than a' the hadden braw.

That we are weary bidin' now
Our darlin's we maun show;
But shall ane gae alane aboon
Whilst the ither left below?
Oh, wad the mornin' sun might light
Our twa brows quit o' care,
Whilst our twa souls our bairnies elaped
Where partin' cooms na mair! *

L. A. W. S.

* GLOSSARY.—*Wat*, wet; *bieldin'*, sheltering; *sheld*, speckled; *sleekit*, sleek; *bing*, heap of farm-produce; *routhie*, plentiful; *kirns*, harvest-suppers; *steekit*, shut up, stored; *dens*, inner apartments; *rief*, plenty; *tent*, watch, take care of; *wair*, to use; *croone*, moan; *dool's*, sorrow's; *gowan's*, daisy's; *groes*, graves; *hadden*, a piece of land, the stocking of a farm, the furniture of a house; *braw*, fine, handsome; *bidin'*, awaiting; *maun*, must; *aboon*, above.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE have sometimes taken occasion to say that the corruption in official places so prevalent in our country is not a crime peculiar to the United States, nor one due to democratic institutions. We are glad to find the *New York Evening Post* uttering similar views. Of course it was not our purpose, nor is it the purpose of our contemporary, to defend the malfeasancess of our public men, or in any way to weaken the public detestation of crimes of this character. But so many people are prone to believe that Tammany rings and *Crédits Mobiliers* are special outcomes of democratic governments, and consequently to take an altogether gloomy view of the future of our country, that it is well to look into the records of other nations, and see if history justifies this opinion or these apprehensions. That speculation has been rife in Russia, the most monarchical of countries, is well known; it is also known that France under the despotic rule of the late Napoleon was really rotten to the core in all its political life. Great Britain, however, presents a very different picture; and that country lies so close to us socially and politically that the unhandsome contrast our public records exhibit causes, naturally, no little chagrin—many of us forgetting all the time how different a story until recently the mother-country had to tell. The *Post*, in the article we have referred to, refreshes the memory of its readers with a few facts in evidence that political profligacy is not the offspring of popular institutions. Our readers will be glad to have us reproduce them:

"Walpole's habit of buying up members of Parliament, which gave rise to his famous maxim that 'every man has his price,' and which was so openly followed that his agents stood at the door of the House with bags of guineas in their hands to be given to the servicable voters, is well known. But this shame, as May reports, was carried to greater perfection by Pelham, under George II., and was continued under George III. Lord Bute kept a special pay-office in the Treasury, where the members who supported his measures flocked for their rewards. Sometimes he distributed as much as a hundred thousand dollars in this way in a single day. His mode of raising loans was to assign a large part to the members at ten per cent. discount from the market price. Of one of these, amounting to fifteen million dollars, more than a million went to those who voted for it. . . . Lord Grenville was no less profuse in his gratuities and bribes, and so unrestrained that a gift to his supporters came to be regarded as 'a customary compliment.' Lord North's loan of sixty million dollars, to carry on the iniquitous and disastrous American War, was one-half of it assigned to the House at a profit of over four millions. . . . Another mode of securing votes was by the grant of lucrative contracts to members and their friends, by which the people were robbed and stupendous private

fortunes accumulated in the course of a few months.

"But the people who elected these members were just as corrupt as their representatives. Elections to Parliament were made either by boroughs, which were owned by certain noble lords, or by open sale in the market. Those members sent from the boroughs were the mere slaves of their patrons, voting with them always, or voting against them at the cost of their political lives. Those who succeeded by purchase were the slaves of others who advanced them the money. Popular elections were, in fact, not a conflict of principles, but a rivalry of great houses for the mastery. The Duke of Portland once spent forty thousand pounds in contesting a district, and Lord Spencer on another occasion spent seventy thousand. Contested elections have been known to cost one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which was all laid out, of course, in hiring editors and agents, and debauching the electors. The Nabob of Arcot, though a foreign prince, owned eight members of the House of Commons, and even so pure and virtuous a man as Sir Samuel Romilly bought a seat, as the only way in which an independent man, or a man of convictions, could attain influence in the councils of his country. 'The practice is detestable,' he said, 'but it is better than belonging to some great lord.' The price of seats ranged from two to ten thousand pounds. They were often bought on speculation, and the buyer expected to realize the purchase-money again out of the sale of his votes. Compared with these flagitious transactions, our *Crédit Mobilier* scandals sink into insignificance; even Tweed's efforts at 'statesmanship' dwindle into contempt; and the Canal and Indian rings, which fill us with horror, are Lilliputian imitations of a Brobdingnagian model."

Every reader of history is familiar with these facts, but many readers of history are prone to forget them. It may be said that these citations lose their force because the corruption they refer to belongs to a past period; that now, although parliamentary elections are by no means without stain, it is yet very rare that we hear of bribery in Parliament, or of official malfeasancess of any kind. But, in truth, if the appalling condition of affairs described in the extract from our contemporary has nearly ceased to be, this circumstance is full of consolations for us—it indicates what can be accomplished in the way of reform almost within the period of one sovereign's reign, and it shows that democracy cannot tend to a decay of probity, inasmuch as the great reforms in affairs in Great Britain have come about at the very period when republican and liberal ideas have been advancing, and while aristocracy has been losing something of its supremacy.

The change wrought in England has been really almost marvelous. There was a time when its better men doubted whether it would be possible for English society to survive the current bribery and corruption; but the change came, and this fact ought to inspire all honest Americans with the assurance that it is possible to create a public sentiment which shall reach so thoroughly through all classes,

that speculation in any of its forms would not dare to trifle with it. In some particulars our methods need reforming: the primary meeting and the caucus should be shorn of their powers, and the opportunities to do mischief must be brought down to their minimum; but these reforms of method will come, we may be assured, in due time, if the public feeling against public corruption, already well aroused, be strengthened and organized. If all those people who look upon our future so despairingly will take, in view of the lessons of history, a more hopeful survey of affairs—will but recognize that a little prolonged effort and struggle will assuredly in the end clean the Augean stables of our political life—we shall soon be able to make all the scandals of the day matters of by-gone history, just as the English have all the shameful doings of their Parliaments a generation or two ago.

Those who advocate phonetic spelling are accustomed to assert that the opposition to it comes almost exclusively from men past middle age. Youth is ever hospitable to new ideas, they affirm, while age becomes fixed in its ruts of habit and prejudice. What if this be true? Inasmuch as life and living, so far as we can measure them, consist solely of relation and association, why is it not only perfectly natural but absolutely necessary for our well-being that the associations out of which our existence is built up should be tenaciously held to? What sort of life would that be in which, day by day, every thing must be newly learned, and one's whole garner of impressions be ceaselessly undergoing metamorphosis and reconstruction?

Every one, no matter how firmly wedded to the established orthography, must admit that his dislike to changes in the spelling of words arises from long familiarity with them in their present guise. There is no fundamental reason, in most cases, why the forms of words should not take some other shape, and in many instances good reason why proposed alterations should be made. It is simply because one's eye has been long trained to recognize words by a certain definite combination that a change is resented. While this is all true, the assumption that this training, this habit of mind, is some light thing that could be and ought to be thrown off upon the first demand, is a serious mistake. Habit of mind makes up the existence of mind. Life consists of memories, associations, experiences, and impressions, all growing out of its relationship to the things about it. If mind have any fibre, any power of retention, any form of settled action, it cannot fall under the dominion of every new theory brought before it. If it were possible to live in a state of mental celibacy, with the mind

wholly unwedded and unrelated to its surroundings, then a man could become a Turk by going to Constantinople, an Arab by a sojourn in the desert, a Celestial by a visit to Peking. It is, therefore, simply absurd to make the tenacity of one's habits a matter of reproach. It would be rather trying to one's comfort to be under the necessity of training the palate for new flavors at every dinner; or to find it necessary to undergo a distinctly new experience and adjustment every time a new garment is put on; and equally vexatious would it be to find in every new book strange and unknown combinations of letters. It is certain that the letter *c* is pretty nearly useless in the language, as it has, except in its connection with *h* (as in *ch*), always either the sound of *k* or of *s*. But a book printed with this letter omitted, *kan* always turning up for *can*, *sent* for *cent*, and so on, would seem to everybody greatly disfigured. We are told that we should get used to changes of the kind. Not altogether. For many years now we in America have been printing *color*, and words of like termination, with *w* omitted, but so tenacious are early impressions that to this day we, for our part, never see the word *color* without feeling that somehow all the color has been taken out of it. And "getting used to it" is no defense of a change in established usages. One might teach himself to become a Turk, or to get used to a Mongolian diet, or to like Carlyle's English, or to undo all his sum of likings and dislikings, and take upon himself a new entity, as it were; but why should he do so? In some things he is compelled into new relationships—there is a gradual change going on in all organisms, in all mundane things—and these inevitable changes are enough without any forcing processes.

If men grow with their years more and more tenacious of accustomed methods, this is only because experience has taught them the advantage of established forms. And if it has sometimes happened that men beyond middle age have too stubbornly resisted a new thought, an investigation into the facts would show, we are convinced, that the wise negative of advanced age has far more often saved society from injudicious novelties than it has checked genuine progress.

If we venture upon a word or two in regard to the summer vacations, it is not with the intention of assuming the self-appointed office of instructor and guide. It is always difficult to understand why there must be exhibited so much irritation by those who adopt one kind of recreation against those who have other ideas of enjoyment. Because one likes the seclusion and quiet of a farm-house in his summer rest, why must he look down with such lordly contempt upon

those who find pleasure in the bustle and animation of Long Branch or Saratoga? He should see that, if everybody was in search of secluded and quiet farm-houses, he would have to pay very much more for his coveted privileges, and find in the thronged neighborhood resulting that his seclusion and quiet had both taken their places among the lost arts. Let each taste have its sway. Because a man likes his regular dinner and must have a spring-mattress to sleep upon, he needn't growl so fiercely at those who attain health and find amusement by roughing it in the Adirondacks. One may detest fishing, without setting down all who go a-fishing as so many fools. The bee finds honey often in the most unpromising flowers; and there are human natures capable of extracting pleasure from all kinds of conditions.

Now, if we were to follow the example of many of our contemporaries, and flower into advice, admonition, and instruction, in this matter of summer recreation, we should be tempted to apply the too-many-times-quoted advice of *Punch* on the marriage question, and say—don't! For, after all, are these summer vacations all that poets and newspaper correspondents from the watering-places assert them to be? Do people return from their vacations as refreshed as their hopes had promised and the theories of vacations had held forth? In many instances there is a great strain of exertion previous to a vacation in order to snatch from pressing business the time necessary for the planned expedition; and a corresponding excess of labor after the vacation is over in order to bring up and adjust the business accumulated in the interim of pleasure. And a period of enforced idleness abruptly and sharply thrust into the routine of labor is apt to throw the pleasure-seeker off his balance—he either attempts too much, and returns from his vacation exhausted and fagged, or, in a reaction from excessive application, becomes unnerved in wistful and uncertain idleness. In both of these cases each takes his tonic of rest and pleasure in too strong and condensed a dose. It would be better with each if the vacation had been distributed through the summer-season—a sail of two or three hours one day, a whole or a half day's fishing upon another occasion, an excursion to the sea-shore or to the mountains a third time, and so on. This division of one's pleasures would keep them always fresh and attractive; there would be no excessive fatigue, no weariness, none of the *ennui* which sometimes overtakes the pleasure-seeker in spite of himself. The recreation would be interwoven, as it were, with one's occupation—would give to each day or week its relish, and make of summer a sort

of lasting *fête*. It is in human nature to weary of unbroken pleasure, just as it does of unbroken labor, while each derives a felicity from its contrast with the other. We may be sure, therefore, that he who succeeds in carrying his pleasures and his rests along parallel, as it were, with his duties—who doesn't plunge into a month of holidays at one season, at the expense of excessive labor all the rest of the year—is really deriving from his recreations the best attainable results. This, however, is simply our view of the matter. As we said at the beginning, let each taste have its own course. We are content that men and women shall follow the bent of their minds; but if any of our readers deplore a necessity which excludes them from the watering-places and the long tour to the Adirondacks or the White Mountains, they may be assured that a vacation broken up into little episodes in the way we have suggested would not be without its ample rewards and its abundant charms.

THE English have always been a dining and wining people. Dr. Johnson's hearty "I like to dine, sir," was but the echo of a chorus of centuries of burly *bons-vivants*. Alfred's feasts were doubtless no less lusty, though it is to be hoped they were less scandalous, than those of "Gentleman George," at Carlton House. An English novel without the literary hospitality of a series of dinner-parties scattered through its pages would be a rash venture. Fancy Dickens's or Thackeray's stories without their feasts, solid and substantial, their jovial wine-passing and punch-drinking, their facetious, after-dinner speech-making! Imagine what even the plays of Shakespeare would be without the revels of *Timon* and *Macbeth*, of *Sir John Falstaff* and *Sir Toby Belch*, the gorgeous banquets of the Plantagenets, the merry-making of the gay folk of the comedies! Of how many humorous English stories is the dinner-table the central scene! The English idea of hospitality is to hurry the guest to Pall Mall to dinner. If an Englishman dines you, it is because he wishes to do the right and proper thing by you, to honor your social credentials, to compliment at once the introducer and the introduced. If he asks you to breakfast, it is because he personally likes you. The two invitations may be compared to the kiss upon the forehead and the kiss upon the lips: the one means respect, the other affection. So it is that the English of all ranks and conditions, in every highway and by-way of life, smooth their path and speed their way with gastronomic lubrications. When a joint-stock company seals a large contract; when a father betrothes his daughter; when a son comes of age; wh-

the good-natured uncle or the adventurous brother goes for a journey; when a ship comes home laden with fortune; when statesmen meet for the session, or part for the grouse-shooting; when dusky potentates visit the English shore; when "glorious Apollos" inaugurate their president; when a play is to be brought out; when a long-lingering, wealthy aunt dies at last, and leaves Jenkins her fortune—on all such occasions the English hasten to get their legs under the mahogany, and discuss this or that event, leisurely and ruminatingly, over the walnuts and the wine. It is just at this midsummer period that the season of English dining reaches its acme. The lord-mayor, the ideal British host, is feasting the bishops and the ministers, worshipful companies of fishmongers, and the royal Arab from Zanzibar. Ere long Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues will discuss the victories and mishaps of the session, over whitebait and fine old crusted port, at Greenwich. The Star and Garter is the scene of perpetual revel, while in many a quaint old city tavern heavy men of moneyed interests are comparing notes with the aid of barons of beef and choice vintages. The fashionable season thus ends, as it began, with contenting the lusty British palate, and warming cockles of the British heart.

AN eminent Englishman of science reports, after careful investigation, that the physical stamina of the children employed in factories is steadily deteriorating. The number of those who are unfit to work on full time is increasing. This is attributed less to the hard labor these poor little creatures have to undergo than to the wretched habits of the factory operatives. Too early marriages, slovenliness, intemperance, want of proper open-air exercise, and the excessive use of tobacco, are noted as main causes of the deterioration. Whatever the causes, the fact is an alarming one. It is a serious question whether children should be allowed to engage in exhausting factory-labor at all—whether the devotion to this hard work from an early period is not itself a prominent cause of the bad habits observed. But, if children are to be so employed, there is no doubt that their hours of labor should be limited; and a further duty is cast on the mill-owners. This is, to so look after the habits of their operatives that the children may have a chance of entering upon their cheerless life-work with tolerably good constitutions. In Germany parents are not allowed to derive any income from the labor of their children until they have had a thoroughly good schooling, and have grown wellnigh to manhood and womanhood; the consequence is, that Germany contains both the healthiest and most efficient race of laboring young men and women in

the world. The English law is as yet notoriously deficient in protecting the health and condition of the children of the manufacturing districts; and, unless more vigorous reforms are made, the prospect is that factory-labor will become more weak and more scarce, while the bill for parish relief will become a heavy burden to the tax-payer and a discouragement to the philanthropist.

Literary.

THE third volume of Mr. Bancroft's "Native Races of the Pacific States"* is devoted to myths and languages. It is not so interesting, perhaps, to the general reader as the earlier volumes, but it marks a new stage in Mr. Bancroft's great work, and deals with a higher order of phenomena. In it we pass the frontier which separates mankind from animal-kind, and enter the domain of the immaterial and supernatural; phenomena which philosophy purely positive cannot explain. We contemplate the Indian, not simply as a wild though intellectual animal, struggling with its environment, but as a human being, possessed of the faculty of speech, and groping after an explanation of the eternal mysteries of life, death, and futurity.

This volume shows the same patient industry, the same affluence of materials, and rather more than the literary skill of the two preceding ones. Mr. Bancroft seems to acquire self-confidence as he advances; facility has come by practice; and a certain crudeness of expression, which was noticeable in the opening volume, has now entirely vanished. Indeed, some of the chapters in the present volume are models of what compilation should be: the expositions are clear, the narrative animated, and the style picturesque and pleasing.

The first and larger part of the volume is assigned to "Myths"—under which general term Mr. Bancroft includes the various religions or cults of the Pacific tribes, their moral and political maxims, and their historical traditions and legends. All these are classified under "Creation Myths," or such as deal with the origin and end of things; "Physiæal Myths;" "Animal Mythology," "Gods, Supernatural Beings, and Worship;" and myths of the "Future State." The creation myths, like those of all barbarous or semi-barbarous peoples, are strangely grotesque and puerile—an animal being represented as the creator in most of them. Some of them, however, indicate a dim perception of physical laws; and a few hint at the idea of a supernatural god operating through natural agencies. Mr. Bancroft has not attempted to classify these myths, and any description would be inadequate; so we will content ourselves with a single favorable specimen, taken from the traditions of the Southern California nations:

"Two great beings made the world, filled it with grass and trees, and gave form, life,

and motion to the various animals that people land and sea. When this work was done, the elder Creator went up to heaven and left his brother alone upon the earth. The solitary god left below made to himself men-children, that he should not be utterly companionless. Fortunately, also, about this time, the moon came to that neighborhood; she was very fair in her delicate beauty, very kind-hearted, and she filled the place of a mother to the men-children that the god had created. She watched over them, and guarded them from all evil things of the night, standing at the door of their lodge. The children grew up very happily, laying great store by the love with which their guardians regarded them; but there came a day when their heart saddened, in which they began to notice that neither their god-creator nor their moon foster-mother gave them any longer undivided affection and care, but that instead the two great ones seemed to waste much precious love upon each other. The tall god began to steal out of their lodge at dusk, and spend the night-watches in the company of the white-haired moon, who, on the other hand, did not seem on these occasions to pay such absorbing attention to her sentinel-duty as at other times. The children grew sad at this, and bitter at the heart with a boyish jealousy. But worse was yet to come: one night they were awakened by a querulous wailing in their lodge, and the earliest dawn showed them a strange thing, which they afterward came to know was a new-born infant, lying in the doorway. The god and the moon had eloped together; their Great One had returned to his place beyond the ether, and, that he might not be separated from his paramour, he had appointed her at the same time a lodge in the great firmament, where she may yet be seen, with her gauzy robe and shining, silver hair, treading celestial paths. The child left on the earth was a girl. She grew up very soft, very bright, very beautiful, like her mother; but, like her mother also, oh, so fickle and frail! She was the first of womankind, from her all other women descended, and from the moon, and as the moon changes so they all change, say the philosophers of Los Angeles."

It will be seen from this that, however defective they may be as cosmogonies, the myths of these native races are not destitute of poetry. In fact, a striking poetic undertone pervades nearly all the myths which attempt an explanation of physical phenomena; in illustration of which we quote the following pretty story of the Yosemite nations, as to the origin of the names and present appearance of certain peaks and other natural features of their valley:

"A certain Totokónula was once chief of the people here; a mighty hunter and a good husbandman, his tribe never wanted food while he attended to their welfare. But a change came: while but hunting one day the young man met a spirit-maid, the guardian angel of the valley, the beautiful Tiasyac. She was not as the dusky beauties of his tribe, but white and fair, with rolling, yellow tresses, that fell over her shoulders like sunshine, and blue eyes, with a light in them like the sky when the sun goes down. White, cloud-like wings were folded behind her shoulders, and her voice was sweeter than the song of birds; no wonder the strong chief loved her with a mad and instant love. He reached toward her, but the snowy wings lifted her above his sight, and he stood again alone upon the dome, where she had been.

* The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Volume III. Myths and Languages. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"No more Totokónula led in the chase or heeded the crops in the valley; he wandered here and there like a man distraught, ever seeking that wonderful, shining vision that had made all else on earth stale and unprofitable in his sight. The land began to languish, missing the industrious, directing hand that had tended it so long; the pleasant garden became a wilderness where the drought laid waste, and the wild beast spoiled what was left, and taught his cubs to divide the prey. When the fair spirit returned at last to visit her valley, she wept to see the desolation, and she knelt upon the dome, praying to the Great Spirit for succor. God heard, and, stooping from his place, he clove the dome upon which she stood, and the granite was riven beneath her feet, and the melted snows of the Nevada rushed through the gorge, bearing fertility upon their cool bosom. A beautiful lake was formed between the cloven walls of the mountain, and a river issued from it to feed the valley forever. Then sang the birds as of old, laying their bodies in the water, and the odor of flowers rose like a pleasant incense, and the trees put forth their buds, and the corn shot up to meet the sun and rustled when the breeze crept through the tall stalks.

"Tisayao moved away as she had come, and none knew whither she went; but the people called the dome by her name, as it is indeed known to this day. After her departure, the chief returned from his weary quest, and, as he heard that the winged one had visited the valley, the old madness crept up into his eyes and entered, seven times worse than at the first, into his empty soul; he turned his back on the lodges of his people. His last act was to cut with his hunting-knife the outline of his face upon a lofty rock, so that if he never returned his memorial at least should remain with them forever. He never did return from that hopeless search, but the graven rock was called Totokónula, after his name, and it may still be seen, three thousand feet high, guarding the entrance of the beautiful valley."

Poetry, however, is by no means the only element in Indian mythology. Thick, black clouds, portentous of evil, hang threateningly over the savage during his entire life. Genii murmur in the flowing river, in the rustling branches of trees are heard the breathings of the gods, goblins dance in the vapory twilight, and demons howl in the darkness. All these beings are hostile to man, and must be propitiated by gifts, and prayers, and sacrifices; and the religious worship of some of the tribes includes practices which are frightful in their atrocity. Here, for example, is a rite of sorcery as practised among the Haidahs, one of the northern nations:

"When the salmon-season is over, and the provisions of winter have been stored away, feasting and conjuring begin. The chief—who seems to be principal sorcerer, and indeed to possess little authority save for his connection with the preterhuman powers—goes off to the loneliest and wildest retreat he knows of or can discover in the mountains or forest, and half starves himself there for some weeks, till he is worked up to a frenzy of religious insanity, and the *navloks*—fearful beings of some kind not human—consent to communicate with him by voices or otherwise. During all this observance the chief is called *taamish*, and woe to the unlucky Haidah who happens by chance so much as to look on him during its continuance! Even if the *taamish* do not in-

stantly slay the intruder, his neighbors are certain to do so when the thing comes to their knowledge, and if the victim attempt to conceal the affair, or do not himself confess it, the most cruel tortures are added to his fate. At last the inspired demoniac returns to his village, naked save a bear-skin or a ragged blanket, with a chaplet on his head and a red band of alder-bark about his neck. He springs on the first person he meets, bites out and swallows one or more mouthfuls of the man's living flesh wherever he can fix his teeth, then rushes to another and another, repeating his revolting meal till he falls into a torpor from his sudden and half-masticated surfeit of flesh. For some days after this he lies in a kind of coma 'like an overgorged beast of prey,' as Dunn says; the same observer adding that his breath during that time is 'like an exhalation from the grave.' The victims of this ferocity dare not resist the bite of the *taamish*; on the contrary, they are sometimes willing to offer themselves to the ordeal, and are always proud of its scars."

Among the most interesting chapters in the volume are those in which Mr. Bancroft gives a detailed account of the old Mexican religion—one of the most elaborate and complex ecclesiastical systems that the records of mankind have to show. Religion, indeed, was the very basis of the Aztec state. The high-priest stood next in authority and honor to the king, and the king himself took no important step without first consulting the high-priests to learn whether the gods were favorable to the project. Some idea of the hold which their religion had gotten upon the life of the people may be gathered from the fact that the city of Mexico alone contained two thousand sacred edifices, and that the whole number throughout the empire was estimated at eighty thousand. Each temple had its complement of ministers to conduct and take part in the daily services, and of servants to attend to the cleansing, firing, and other menial offices. In the great temple at Mexico there were five thousand priests and attendants; the total number of the ecclesiastical host must therefore have been enormous. Clavigero places it at a million. The vast revenues needed for the support and repair of the temples, and for the maintenance of the immense army of priests that officiated in them, were derived from various sources. The greatest part was supplied from large tracts of land which were the property of the church, and were held by vassals under certain conditions, or worked by slaves. Besides this, taxes of wine and grain, especially first-fruits, were levied upon communities, and stored in granaries attached to the temples. The voluntary contributions, from a cake, feather, or robe, to slaves or priceless gems, given in performance of a vow, or at the numerous festivals, formed no unimportant item. Quantities of food were provided by the parents of the children attending the schools, and there were never wanting devout women eager to prepare it. In the kingdom of Tezcuco, thirty towns were required to provide firewood for the temples and palaces; in Meztitlan, every man gave four pieces of wood every five days. It is easy to believe that the supply of fuel must have been immense, when we consider that six hundred fires were kept continually blaz-

ing in the great temple of Mexico alone. The most acceptable offering, however, to the Aztec divinities was human life, and without this no festival of any importance was complete. The number of human victims sacrificed annually in Mexico is not exactly known, but Zúmarra states that twenty thousand were sacrificed every year in the capital alone! That the number was very great we can readily believe when we read that from seventy to eighty thousand human beings were slaughtered at the inauguration of the temple of Huitzilopochtli, and a proportionately large number at other celebrations of the kind.

The section devoted to language, though more valuable to the anthropologist, perhaps, than any that has gone before it, is rather dry reading, consisting for the most part of vocabularies and grammatical analyses. Mr. Bancroft maintains that the American languages, while analogous in some few particulars to other families, constitute an entirely independent group, deserving to rank in importance with the Aryan and Semitic groups. While sufficiently related, however, to be classed in one family, there is an astonishing variety of different languages and dialects; and this has produced one of the distinctive peculiarities of the group:

"The multiplicity of tongues, even within comparatively narrow areas, rendered the adoption of some sort of universal language absolutely necessary. This international language in America is for the most part confined to gestures, and nowhere has gesture-language attained a higher degree of perfection than here; and, what is most remarkable, the same representations are employed from Alaska to Mexico, and even in South America. Thus each tribe has a certain gesture to indicate its name, which is understood by all others. A Flathead will make his tribe known by placing his hand upon his head; a Crow by imitating the flapping of the wings of a bird; a Nez Percé by pointing with his finger through his nose; and so on. Fire is generally indicated by blowing followed by a pretended warming of the hands; water, by a pretended scooping up and drinking; trade or exchange, by crossing the five fingers, a certain gesture being fixed for every thing necessary to carry on a conversation. Besides this natural gesture-language, there is found in various parts an intertribal jargon composed of words chosen to fit emergencies, from the speech of the several neighboring nations; the words being altered, if necessary, in construction or pronunciation to suit all."

Another peculiarity of the American languages is the frequent occurrence of long words. The native of the New World expresses in a single word, accompanied perhaps by a grunt or a gesture, what a European would employ a whole sentence to elucidate. He crowds the greatest possible number of ideas into the most compact form possible—taking the ideas by their monosyllabic equivalents, and joining them in a single expression. An illustration of this peculiarity is found in the Aztec word for letter-postage, *amatlacuiloliltquitcoatlaxlahuilli*, which, interpreted, literally signifies "The payment received for carrying a paper on which something is written." The Cherokees go yet further, and express a whole sentence in a single

word, *winitawitigeginaliskawlungtanawnelitiseeti*, which translated forms the sentence, "They will by that time have nearly finished granting favors from a distance to thee and me."

Our notice, inadequate as it is, has already overrun the space which we had intended to occupy, and we may appropriately conclude it here with a quotation of the paragraph with which Mr. Bancroft concludes his book:

"He who carefully examines the myths and languages of the aboriginal nations inhabiting the Pacific States, cannot fail to be impressed with the similarity between them and the beliefs and tongues of mankind elsewhere. Here is the same insatiate thirst to know the unknowable, here are the same audacious attempts to tear asunder the veil, the same fashioning and peopling of worlds, laying out and circumscribing of celestial regions, and manufacturing and setting up, spiritually and materially, of creators, man and animal makers and rulers, everywhere manifest. Here is apparent what would seem to be the same inherent necessity for worship, for propitiation, for purification, or a cleansing from sin, for atonement and sacrifice, with all the symbols and paraphernalia of natural and artificial religion. In their speech the same grammatical constructions are seen with the usual variations in form and scope, in poverty and richness, which are found in nations, rude or uncultivated, everywhere. Little as we know of the beginning or end of things, we can but feel, as fresh facts are brought to light, and new comparisons made between the races and ages of the earth, that humanity, of whatsoever origin it may be or howsoever circumstanced, is formed on one model, and unfolds under the influence of one inspiration."

MR. JOHN B. BACHELDER disclaims for his "Popular Resorts and how to reach Them" that it is a *guide-book*, preferring to have it called a "gazetteer of pleasure-travel;" and though the distinction is rather obscure, we are quite willing to give him the benefit of it. If we were criticising the work as a guide-book, we should say that it was incomplete and badly arranged, and that it gave indications of a decided bias on the part of its author in favor of certain localities and particular lines of travel; but perhaps such criticism does not apply to what is only a "gazetteer of pleasure-travel." The book contains a fairly good map, is profusely illustrated, and will very probably prove useful to any summer traveler in the New England or Middle States—the popular resorts in other parts of the country receive but little attention. Before purchasing it, however, we would advise the reader to turn to the places which he proposes to visit and see what treatment is accorded them; for it is one of the peculiarities of the work that while some "resorts" are described fully and in detail, others, of apparently equal importance from the tourist's point of view, receive little more than a mention of their names. (John B. Bachelder, publisher, Boston.)

VOLUME XIV. of "Little Classics" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.) consists of Lyrical Poems, and the contents are: Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," "Lotos-Eaters," and "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Welling-

ton;" Bulwer-Lytton's "Good-Night in the Porch;" Jean Ingelow's "Divided" and "High-Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire;" William Motherwell's "Jeanie Morrison" and "Sword-Chant of Thorstein Raudi;" Robert Buchanan's "Langley Lane" and "Old Politician;" Longfellow's "My Lost Youth;" Poe's "The Sleeper;" Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality;" Lowell's "Ode to Happiness," "Extreme Unction," and "Commemoration Ode;" Milton's "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas;" Buchanan Read's "Drifting;" Thackeray's "End of the Play;" Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard;" Hood's "Bridge of Sighs;" Ralph Waldo Emerson's "The Problem;" Robert Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix;" Pope's "Messiah;" Dryden's "Alexander's Feast;" Collins's "The Passions;" Scott's "Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee;" Campbell's "Lochiel's Warning;" Macaulay's "Naseby;" Whittier's "At Port Royal;" Mrs. Browning's "Mother and Poet;" Fontenoy," by Thomas Davis; "Nathan Hale," by Francis M. Finch; "The Bivouac of the Dead," by Theodore O'Hara; and "Home, wounded," by Sydney Dobell. This collection is excellent, as far as it goes; but our criticism upon the first volume of the poems applies here also. No one of the selections could be spared, but there are not enough of them to represent fairly the classical lyrics of English poetry.

In its notice of Tennyson's "Queen Mary," the *Nation* strikes upon one thought that we have not seen advanced elsewhere, and one that seems to us well worthy of attention: "It is plain that Tennyson has chosen his subject not merely because of its fitness for dramatic presentation, but because he felt that the lessons to be drawn from Queen Mary's reign needed to be pressed home upon the England of to-day. The subordination of English interests to the behests of Rome, the temper of the Roman Church, the quality of character fostered and developed by its teaching, the logical consequence of this teaching in the destruction of liberties and in fostering intolerance and persecution, were shown in Mary's brief reign of five years as in no other period of English history. In reading the signs of our times, it would not be surprising if Tennyson read with alarm signs of a renewal of Roman influence in English affairs, and of a revival of the authority of the Roman Church among the higher as well as the lower classes of the people. The conditions of culture and of opinion throughout Europe are such that the claims of the Roman Church, asserted as they have lately been with astonishing audacity, and pushed far enough to test the most elastic credulity, are admitted, with more or less intellectual reserve, by increasing numbers of men of weight in opinion and affairs. The Roman Church represents with a consistency to which no other church can lay claim the principle of authority in matters not merely of faith but of policy. The red-shirts of Paris, the skeptical philosophers of Germany, the modern school of scientific thinkers in England, the feeble and confused sects of Protestantism, are allies in driving a large set of men toward the gates if not within the walls and defenses of Rome. The love of mental repose and support, the desire to rest with absolute reliance upon a definite author-

ity, are traits in many natures obviously inherited from a remote period. Few men can comfortably rely upon themselves; and the case now is such that a logically-minded man must either be content to fall back upon the reserves of his own intelligence or to haul down its flag and surrender his soul and life to the guidance, direction, and authority of the Roman Church. What this surrender and subjection mean is what Tennyson desires to bring home to the minds and to the hearts of his readers. He has no controversial purpose, but he has conceived of the reign of Mary Tudor as the time in which the principles and practices of the 'grim wolf' of Rome were most plainly displayed in England, and with terrible suffering and degradation, and loss of honor to the land. The history of these years reads itself to him into the drama, into the tragedy that he has written out—a tragedy with a whole people as its protagonist, and with the vast, vague, dreadful figure of the Scarlet Woman embodied in the miserable Mary for its heroine."

In the last number of *Fora Clavigera* Ruskin favors his readers with another installment of his autobiographical confidences. He evidently does not recall his childhood with much pleasure, nor his parents, who "were good and careful, but adhered too rigidly to the strict line of duty." Of his early training he says: "My mother never gave me more to learn than she knew I could easily get learned, if I set myself honestly to work, by twelve o'clock. She never allowed any thing to disturb me when my task was set; if it was not said rightly by twelve o'clock, I was kept in till I knew it, and in general, even when Latin grammar came to supplement the Psalms, I was my own master for at least an hour before dinner at half-past one, and for the rest of the afternoon. My mother, herself finding her chief personal pleasure in her flowers, was often planting or pruning beside me—at least, if I chose to stay beside her. I never thought of doing any thing behind her back which I would not have done before her face; and her presence was therefore no restraint to me; but also no particular pleasure; for, from having always been left so much alone, I had generally my own little affairs to see after; and, on the whole, by the time I was seven years old, was already getting too independent, mentally, even of my father and mother; and, having nobody else to be dependent upon, began to lead a very small, perky, contented, conceited, Cock-Robinson-Crusoe sort of life, in the central point which it appeared to me (as it must naturally appear to geometrical animals) that I occupied in the universe."

Few books of recent times have received such hearty and universal praise as Green's "Short History of the English People." Even *Blackwood* surrenders to it, and says that it is reduced to "the humiliation of being obliged to confess that we don't know how to express ourselves about this history in ordinary words. It is simply the ideal history which we have been looking for since ever we knew what history was—the simple, straightforward, rapid narrative, clear and strong and uninterrupted as a vigorous river, carrying you on with it in an interest too genuine and real to leave you any time to think of style—yet with a style which is perfectly adapted to the purpose, neither florid nor rigid, neither ornamental nor austere, but, far better than either, unconscious, like the voice of a man who has so much to say that he entirely forgets how he is saying it—a grand condition of natural elo-

quence. To quote the book, unless we could quote it all, and cram it in still smaller print than the original, into the apron of Maga, would be futile; and, indeed, we are afraid even to open it, lest the same disastrous result should ensue as before, and nothing be heard of us till to-morrow." . . . It is said that Edmund Clarence Stedman has so enlarged the scope of his forthcoming work on the "Victorian Poets," that it will be a complete guide-book to the entire range of British poetry during the present reign. . . . Another contribution to the history of the war by actors in it is announced. This time it is General Hood, who intends to give an accurate and circumstantial account of his operations around Atlanta and his subsequent campaign in Tennessee. . . . Dr. Bessels has nearly finished the official report of the ill-fated Polaris Expedition. It will fill three large volumes of about four hundred pages each, and the first is already in the printer's hands. . . . Tennyson's "Queen Mary" is said to be selling poorly in England, lying on the book-stalls uncut and unsought for by buyers; in this country, however, the sale has been and is very active, it having been several times out of print since the day of its publication. . . . The late Lord Lytton left a large quantity of MSS. which will serve as notes for a biographical memoir. The present Lord Lytton is editing and preparing them for the press. . . . A collection of poems, bearing the title of "Dolores; and Other Rhymes of the South," and a novel from the pen of Annie Chambers Ketchum, of Dunrobin, Tennessee, authoress of "Nelly Bracken" and the translation of "Marcella: a Russian Idyl" (published in this JOURNAL a few months since), will be published shortly, in London and Boston simultaneously.

The Arts.

IN the new architecture of this section of the United States, no feature is more interesting than that of towers and spires. The New York churches built within the past twenty years have exhibited very great improvements in this particular. The old Gothic form—square, with battlemented top, and the spire simple in its sharp point—has always been a prominent feature of our churches in towns and cities, as well as in the white villages where the meeting-house formed the central figure in the group of buildings on the hill-side or along the wooded stream.

But time, which has introduced a knowledge and practice of Italian, French, and Oriental architecture, has brought numerous changes; and now, besides these simple and primitive forms, our public buildings and churches are furnished with many varieties of towers, some of which are of great elaboration. On Fifth Avenue beyond Fourteenth Street, at several intersections of the streets with the avenue, the eye is caught by the number of domes, spires, and towers, that cluster within short spaces. One of the finest of these is the brown spire of St. Thomas's Church, very lofty, and built in a succession of compartments, each smaller than the one below it—a series of lessening towers that end finally in a spire, and surrounded by flying buttresses and lesser projections much more elaborate than appear on the smaller churches of England, and nearly as fine as any except

those of the cathedrals. The same glance of the eye rests upon the Byzantine domes that guard the two angles of one Jewish synagogue, and the beautiful and effective ornaments of another. Resting on towers that are themselves well lifted above all the surrounding buildings, these turban-shaped forms, smaller at the bottom, then swelling into the shape of a horseshoe in the middle, and ending in a pointed summit, are on a level with the highest church-towers. They are fine and of a very novel effect among so much Gothic and Western architecture. Another Jewish synagogue is covered almost across its entire top by a large and broad dome, secured at the many corners of its polygonal form by broad projections, and giving another variety to the many contours that rise above the dead level of the city. Of the picturesque beauty of some of the church-towers on Madison Avenue we have formerly had occasion to speak, and we have mentioned some of the new buildings down-town, as the tower of the Union Telegraph Building, and the tower of the *Tribune* Building, which, if open to criticism, indicate new possibilities in our architecture. There is a very striking and picturesque tower on the new school structure of Trinity Church, in the rear of the church, on New Church Street.

While these and many similar changes are going on in our own city, the advancement of Boston in these respects is yet more noticeable. Crossing the Back Bay, as it is called, from Cambridge, the buildings on Beacon and Charles Streets rise from the level of the waters on the right. And above these houses many new and interesting towers are to be seen. A great square mass of gray stone, big almost as an Italian campanile, rises high and massive above the new Old South Church, which is now being erected for the congregation of the old one so famous in the history of Boston. Then there is a tall, red-brick tower, which widens near the summit, with openings in its sides, and is roofed by a slightly-pointed top. It rises fairly above all neighboring buildings, and for a great distance can be seen contrasting well with the church-spires. This tower, unlike any we remember in America, and reminding us strongly of the bell-towers on the old convents in Tuscany, placed on the hill-sides, and among cypresses and the round-headed stone-pines, seems to have been removed from its natural habitat and set down among the pavements. It belongs to the new Providence Railway Station, of which fine building, thought by many to be the first of its class in the United States, it is by no means the sole ornament.

Until recently high spires and towers have been built almost exclusively upon churches, and other public buildings have come in for those of an inferior growth. Small cupolas, and little towers and domes, except in Washington, have been the accepted standard of distinction; but now, in the more ambitious structures belonging to great corporations, a direction has been given from which we may, in time, hope to have an outgrowth which shall make the towers on our railway-stations and our city-halls rival those on the *Hôtels-de-Ville* of Bruges and

Brussels. Spires and bell-towers constitute a class of architectural forms by themselves, and appropriate to the service they will render, but a new kind of shape and of decoration is fit for secular purposes, and those our architects seem to appreciate and to be hastening to improve.

Owing to a recent resolution of the council of the National Academy of Design, which postpones the fall opening of their Free Schools of Design from October until December, and dispenses with the services of an art professor as head-master, the students of the institution have formed an association under the name of "The Art-Students' League," and have secured rooms at the corner of Ninth Avenue and Sixteenth Street for meeting and class purposes. They have secured the services of Professor Wilmarth, who has been several years in charge of the Academy schools, and raised them to a high state of efficiency, and will organize classes for the study of the nude and draped model, of composition and perspective, on the 15th of September. The members of the League, in their circular letter, say:

"It is intended to place the advantages of this society within the reach of all who are thoroughly earnest in their work, both ladies and gentlemen; the question of dues will, therefore, be managed as economically as is possible under the circumstances.

"All art-students whose characters are approved of are eligible for membership, and as it is considered desirable to strengthen the society as much as possible at present, all persons receiving this circular are cordially invited to correspond with the secretary of the society with the view of becoming members."

This action on the part of the students indicates that the council of the Academy have resolved to return to the old system of teaching under their own supervision, and that the reform movement which culminated in the election of Mr. Page as president of the institution, some three years ago, and had for its main purpose the higher development of the Academy schools, has been overthrown. The Academy made an appeal to the cultured classes in New York last winter for aid to extend the usefulness of its schools, but, if we may judge from the recent resolution of the council, the appeal was a failure, or, in any event, this action will tend to render it so.

MR. SARONY, who combines the genius and education of an artist with his chosen profession of photographer, has recently finished a large-sized crayon-drawing of the courtship scenes in Shakespeare's play of "Henry V.," between Harry of England, as he was popularly called, and the Princess Katherine of France. The couple are represented standing in a mediæval apartment, with the light from a richly-ornamented window falling upon their persons. The figures are cleverly grouped, and their grace of attitude is very striking. The prince has thrown his arm around the princess, and she, in turn, rests her head upon his breast. The draperies, particularly the long, flowing robe of the princess, are drawn with much taste, and, although done in black and white, have all

the feeling and expression of a work in color. In the background there are several old pieces of carved furniture, which are in accord with the scene and period. Aside, however, from the detail of the composition, which is excellent and creditable to Mr. Sarony's genius, the artistic execution of the work possesses peculiar merit. The faces are drawn with exceeding care, and they bear an expression of tenderness and feeling which is rarely secured in crayon-pictures. The management of the light, too, is fine; and as it streams through the recessed window it gives relief to the figures, and invests them with a charm the spirit of which is suggestive only of refinement and the most delicate fancy. Wilkie Collins, in a recent letter to Mr. Sarony, complimented him greatly for the artistic taste shown in the composition of his photographic pictures. He said that he had "brought photography and art together." In the present instance we have pure art, executed without the aid of the camera, and it indicates that Sarony is as accomplished in the former field as in the latter.

THE group of the Crucifixion in stone, ordered by the King of Bavaria, will soon be erected at Ober-Ammergau, on the mound above the stage on which the Passion Play is performed. . . . A colossal statue, by Professor Drake, of Humboldt, designed for the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, has been exhibited at the artist's studio in Berlin. . . . It is asserted that the Parthenon at Athens is being shockingly wrecked and ruined. Tourists every season visit it, knock off limbs of statues, pull down portions of the frieze which Lord Elgin left, and, clambering up with hammer or stone, break off bits of the Doric capitals. . . . "How amazing," exclaims *London Society*, "is the taste for art! On one single day could be counted up a programme of no less than twenty-five distinct picture-exhibitions!" . . . "The art of 'Black and White,' says the *Saturday Review*, in its notice of the London exhibition of 'works in black and white,' may be said to assume three phases: first, that where 'black' preponderates; secondly, that where light prevails; lastly and best, the intermediate condition, where the balance is struck between the two extremes. The English, as a rule, with timid, painstaking care, with small touches which deck out the subject prettily, play in a high key, and preserve, as a means of light the white ground of the paper. It can hardly be said that they understand the language of *chiaro-oscuro* in its whole compass from the zenith of light down to the depth of 'a darkness visible.' On the other hand, the French often begin with darkness, and so through twilight work their way into day; but even the day threatens rain and thunder. Such landscapes are funereal. The works before us are for the most part partial and one-sided; they show the limit and monotony rather than the inimitable variety of the method. We can only hope that another year this praiseworthy attempt may find a more worthy fulfillment." . . . In the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* there is a very exhaustive piece of art-exposition, description, and history, by Professor Sidney Colvin. It is all about a pavement; but a pavement wrought all over with imagery in engraved and inlaid marble—a pavement like nothing else in the world, the pavement, in short, in the Church of Our Lady, in

the Tuscan city of Sienna, over which have passed the reverend feet of Dante, and some of the episodes in which he has by his pen made more enduring than the marble in which they are traced.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

July 13, 1875.

I HEAR from London that a report is current there to the effect that the heirs of the Countess Guiccioli have recently offered the letters exchanged between Byron and herself to several of the leading publishers of England for sale, but could find no purchasers. This is as it should be. No literary nor historical interests could be served by the publication of these letters; there would merely be a revival of much of the old scandalous talk which has now happily nearly died away. A lady who was the intimate friend of the Marquise de Boissy (Madame Guiccioli) in her later years informs me that these letters were all written in Italian, and would, perforce, lose much of the beauty of their language in translation, and that, being simply impassioned love-letters, they would possess no literary value whatever. I had recently the pleasure of holding in my hand a locket which Madame de Boissy had presented to the lady in question. It contained two locks of hair, one a dark, slender ring, which had been clipped from Byron's head after death; the other a lock of silky, golden chestnut, unfeathered with a single thread of silver, though Madame de Boissy was sixty-five years of age when she severed it from the mass of her still-abundant tresses to join it to Byron's in the gift for her friend. She preserved most of the traits of her wondrous beauty, her pearly teeth, her exquisitely-moulded shoulders, the grace and winning charm of her manners, to the latest hour of her life. She always wore around her neck the miniature of Byron, and the greatest proof of affection that she ever gave to her American friend was the permission to have this miniature copied. While the work was in progress she sat beside the easel, watching and directing the progress of the pencil. This miniature lay on her heart when, an aged lady, she was borne to her grave after a life which, apart from the one error of her youth, had been singularly noble and blameless. As the Marquise de Boissy, she was a veritable queen of society, and her receptions were celebrated as being among the most brilliant and successful ever held in Paris.

A lady who has just returned from a somewhat lengthened sojourn in Florence tells me some items respecting the celebrated "Ouida" (Miss de la Ramé), who is at present residing there in much style and splendor, occupying superb apartments, and driving out daily in an elegant open carriage. She is a woman somewhere on the shady side of forty, with abundant yellow hair, but with no other pretensions to personal attractions, if we may except a very small and shapely foot, which she is extremely fond of displaying. She goes a great deal into society among a certain set, those conversant with Florentine social life being doubtless able to imagine which set I mean. She is very vain, more so of the personal charms which she does not possess than of the mental ones to which she has undeniably every claim. She is fond of attitudinizing, and of getting herself up in all manner of picturesque costumes. The portraits published of her represent her at her best, and

are rather flattered than otherwise. The great success of her works, in the teeth of a persistent pressure from the moral and religious classes of the community on both sides of the Atlantic, is one of the literary phenomena of the age.

Dentu has just published "*Les Cinq*," a new novel by Paul Féval, and one by Elie Berthet, entitled "*Maitre Bernard*." He announces "*The Defense of Paris*," by General Ducrot, with forty-five colored maps. Klincksieck, 11 Rue de Lille, has on sale the concluding volumes of the correspondence of Leibnitz with the Electress Sophia, the mother of George I. of England, extracted from the papers preserved in the Royal Library of Hanover. Gladly Brothers announce a novel in that scientific style which the success of Jules Verne's works has rendered so popular, entitled "*The Conquest of the Air, or Forty Days of Aerial Navigation*," by Jules A. Brown. H. Champion announces a new edition of the works of Rabelais, edited by Paul Favre, and ornamented with steel-engravings, among which are three ancient portraits of Rabelais. Of this edition only seven hundred copies have been printed. Plon & Co. publish a work on Spain, by P. L. Imbert, entitled "*The Splendors and Miseries of Spain*," and illustrated with numerous wood-engravings from designs by Alexandre Prévost, who is, some say, a rival, others an imitator of Gustave Doré. "*The Diplomatic History of the Late War*," by M. Sorel, is attracting much attention; it shows very conclusively what helpless puppets Napoleon III. and his counselors were in the strong and skillful hands of Bismarck.

And, *à propos* of the late war, a French gentleman who has recently made an extensive tour through Alsace and Lorraine regretfully informed me that, if the votes of the inhabitants of Alsace were now taken as to whether they would remain German or become French again, the majority in favor of Germany would be immense. "*Lorraine*," he said, sighing, "is more French in its proclivities, but Alsace has become thoroughly Germanized." The educational facilities, and the advantages offered to the Protestant religion by Prussian rule, have probably had much to do with this change in the public sentiment of the transferred province—Alsace being largely Protestant.

An exhibition of the works of art purchased by the city during the past year has just been opened at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. The pictures are scarcely worth a visit, being mostly devotional subjects intended for the interior of certain churches. There is a very pre-Raphaelite-looking Corot representing the "Baptism of Christ." Two large frescoes by Lenepveu, representing scenes in the life of St. Ambrose, and intended for the church of that name, show much power and talent. There is a fine painting of "Justice between Guilt and Innocence," by Bonnat, intended for the ceiling of one of the halls in the Palais de Justice. Speaking of Bonnat, I hear that the government has succeeded in purchasing from Madame Pasca her splendid full-length portrait by that artist, and it is to be placed in the Luxembourg. Two paintings by Millet, and one by Jalabert, have also been recently added to that gallery.

The Great American Circus, concerning which sundry rumors have been afloat for a long time, is about to become an established fact. Mr. Myers, the proprietor of the enterprise in question, has leased the huge Magasins Réunis, on the Place du Château d'Eau, and is to convert it into a circus forthwith. The building is of colossal proportions, and

will seat, I should think, some twenty or thirty thousand. Combined with the circus there is to be a menagerie, containing twelve elephants and nine lions, with other beasts in due proportion. The six chandeliers already ordered for the house are to cost one thousand dollars each. Mr. Myers has worthily inaugurated his enterprise by subscribing two hundred dollars to the fund for the victims of the inundation. John S. Clarke, our celebrated and favorite comedian, purposes coming all the way to Paris, from his country-seat at Boulogne-sur-Mer, to give a representation for the same charitable object. If he can secure a theatre he will come here toward the last of this month, bringing with him a complete English company. Madame Patti, who was prevented by Mr. Gye from lending her aid to the grand benefit performance for the *inondés*, in London, has offered her services to M. Halanzier for a representation at the Grand Opéra. Of course, her offer was eagerly accepted. As she has no time at her disposal till the last of September, the benefit performance will not take place till early in October.

It is highly probable that Mademoiselle Aimée will not appear in Paris next winter, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Since her return from America, she has placed so high a value upon her services, and has put on such airs, that managers find it hard to come to terms with her. Vizenini of the Gaité tried to make arrangements with her to create the leading character in "The Journey to the Moon," which is to be the *pièce de résistance* at that theatre next winter. But the fascinating singer exacted, among other conditions, that her name in large letters should be placed at the head of the bill, that the piece should not be termed a fairy-spectacle, and that she was to be allowed to alter or refuse any *morceaux* of the music that did not suit her. As Offenbach is to compose the music, that last condition in particular was looked upon as an impracticable one. So Mademoiselle Zulma Boultar has been engaged in her stead.

Notwithstanding the season, a certain activity is reigning at present at the Grand Opéra. This is the period of the year when ambitious singers from the provinces, and aspiring *débütantes* fresh from the hands of their teachers, are admitted to the honors of a hearing before the manager. It is whispered that several important engagements have been in this way already formed. A young tenor, M. Vitaux, who made a great sensation in "Guido e Ginevra" last winter, at Bordeaux, is shortly to make his first appearance on the boards of the Grand Opéra as *Raoul*, in "Les Huguenots." Another tenor, M. Valdejo, from Lyons, is in treaty with the management. The new drama of "Lea," which was to have been performed at the Gymnase this week, has been indefinitely postponed, owing to the illness of Mademoiselle Tallandiera. It is said that this fiery and impassioned, but crude and unrefined, actress is shortly to enter the Comédie Française, and it is also whispered that she will owe her advancement to the powerful protection of Alexandre Dumas, who persists in seeing in her the great coming actress of the Parisian stage. Mademoiselle Blanche Baretta is shortly to appear at the Français in the rôle of *Victorina*, in "Le Philosophe sans le Savoir." That will be the third character which she has assumed since she was transferred from the Odéon to these classic boards. The Théâtre de l'Odéon itself is threatening to tumble down, and extensive repairs of the foundations have been undertaken. It is one of the oldest theatres in Paris, having been

the home of the Comédie Française before the first Revolution, but it is also one of the most solidly built. There is talk of creating a second French Opera—that is to say, of reviving the functions and *répertoire* of the old Théâtre Lyrique. As the Grand Opéra has so decidedly run to seed on staircase and *foyer*, the idea is not a bad one. M. Arsène Houssaye is spoken of as its probable director if the enterprise ever assumes definite shape.

A work by M. le Vicomte de Beaumont-Vassy is shortly to be published by Sartorius, bearing the title of "Papiers Curieux d'un Homme de Cour." Some passages have been quoted from its advance-sheets, among which is stated the curious fact that the boat that conveyed the Duke de Nemours from Boulogne to England, when the family of Louis Philippe fled from France, in 1848, brought back on its return-trip two passengers, Prince Louis Bonaparte and M. de Persigny. The prince, on hearing the news of the proclamation of the republic, had left London at once, and had taken the first boat he could find to bring him over. At Amiens the train conveying the future Emperor of France missed the connection with the train for Paris, and the travelers were forced to wait for some time at the little station of Czersan, notwithstanding the feverish impatience of Louis Napoleon. At last, word arrived that the train which they had missed by a few minutes only had met with a frightful accident, by which some twenty or thirty persons had been killed. The protecting star of Louis Napoleon had already arisen.

The road being thus incumbered, the party were forced to pass the night in this miserable village, where there was not even an inn. The prince, his confidant, and MM. Biesta and Aragon, passed the night in a wretched wine-shop, smoking and conversing about the great political change which had just taken place. There, upon the wine-stained table, the prince drew up his letter to the Provisional Government, wherein, "without any other ambition than that of serving his country, he offered his services to the republic." Thus the very first utterance of the future emperor, in his first steps toward the throne of France, was a deliberate falsehood. LUOY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

THE editor of the *New Quarterly*, Mr. John Latouche—otherwise, Mr. Oswald Crawford, her majesty's consul at Oporto, as I think I have already told you—has just issued through Messrs. Ward & Lock his "Travels in Portugal." The volume consists of the articles on Portugal which he wrote for his magazine, and a very interesting book do they form. Mr. Latouche tells us much about the character, superstitions, and manners and customs of the inhabitants—they are, he assures us, "well-tempered and well-mannered"—and much about the agriculture of the country. He tells, too, more than one good story. Take this, for instance: "A traveler should do even more than speak French fluently; he should be able to discriminate between the accents and idioms with which other European nations speak it—no very difficult matter, and ignorance of which once brought the present writer into a somewhat awkward predicament. It was on the occasion of finding myself on board a large ocean-steamer. My cabin companion was a very lively foreign gentleman, whom I set down as a Swiss. We talked upon things in general, and the conversation falling, as it always will fall between chance ac-

quaintances, upon the characteristics of different nations, my new friend descended with some humor upon this subject, and I followed suit as well as I could. We had expended the small artillery of our ridicule upon the foibles of the people of nearly every country, excepting always England and Switzerland—as I thought our respective fatherlands—we had said smart and foolish things about Frenchmen, Germans, Russians and Danes, Italians and Spaniards; and, as for Dutchmen, I said they would be a great nation, in spite of their canals and even their trousers, if it were not for that story of the wooden nutmegs; it has made them absurd and shown them to be rogues the wide world over. 'Sir,' said my acquaintance, with a sudden accession of dignity, 'I was born at Rotterdam!' Imagine the climax! Our author is very hard upon what he calls the "mere tourist—the ignorant, conceited, incurious, moneyed tramp"—and he thinks that, owing to the bad food in the less frequented districts, the bad roads, etc., this class of people—and their name is, unfortunately, legion—would find it by no means pleasant to travel in the Peninsula; at the same time, he says that those who would quietly sojourn, either permanently or temporarily, in a charming winter climate, should go there.

I see you have been quoting from the bright series of articles in *Fraser* on "German Home-Life;" ergo, you may like to know the name of their writer. It is the Countess von Bothmer.

Will you allow me to mention, as a matter of literary news (not, mind you, as an advertisement), that my forthcoming mid-monthly, the *London Magazine*, will contain some unpublished scenes—including a page in facsimile—from Edgar A. Poe's tragedy of "Politian!" These will be incorporated in an article on the play in question by Mr. John Ingram, who has within the last few weeks acquired possession of the original manuscript. Mr. Ingram's edition of Poe has, I may tell you here, sold remarkably well. The first five hundred copies of the initial volume were cleared out on publication day, and since then there has been a steady demand for it and the others.

The farewell dinner to Barry Sullivan came off, as I told you it would, on the 14th, and a very grand affair it was. The scene of it was the Alexandra Palace; and among those who were there to see, hear, eat, drink, and make merry, were Mr. Benjamin Webster and Mr. W. Creswick, the authors; Mr. James Albery, the young dramatist; Mr. Charles Gibbon, the novelist; Mr. F. Maccabe, who amused you so much lately by his motley impersonations; Mr. Joseph Hatton, Mr. Fiske's successor on the *Hornet*; and Mr. Ashby-Sterry, one of our very best essayists and writers of society verses. A live earl was actually in the chair—the Earl of Dunraven, a member of the Savage Club, by whom the dinner was organized—and his lordship, in proposing the toast of the evening, referred to the well-known tragedian in a most flattering—and, let me add, somewhat stilted—way: "As an interpreter of the greatest intellect the world had ever seen, they would find it hard to name his equal, while no man living had done more to familiarize the people of his country, and of far-distant English-speaking lands, with the great works of Shakespeare." So ran one of the earl's sentences. After an address wishing him prosperity and God-speed had been read, Mr. Sullivan, as the penny-a-liners have it, "then rose to respond." He declared that he never felt happier in his life, that his feelings were overwhelming, that he would not

bore them with words, mere words; and then he sat down.

Mr. Charles Gibbon is going to try his hand at an English novel. The scene of it will be laid in one of the most pleasant of our many pleasant English counties.

Tennyson's "Queen Mary" is not selling at all well—for Tennyson. The "advance" notice—and a fulsome one it was—in the "leading journal" by no means did the book good. Puff preliminary seldom does. By-the-way, the *Spectator*, in its notice, is equally laudatory. It holds that the poet-laureate's drama is a greater work than "King Henry VIII." of our Master Shakespeare. Fact! Listen to its concluding remarks: "Certainly we should be surprised to hear that any true critic would rate 'Queen Mary,' whether in dramatic force or in general power, below 'Henry VIII.' and our own impression is that it is a decidedly finer work of dramatic art." How the critics differ, to be sure! Here is the *Graphic*, notwithstanding what the *Spectator* says, declaring that Mr. Tennyson is totally wanting in dramatic power, and that the drama, as a drama, is a failure! Those are my sentiments also.

I don't know how it is with you, but Joaquin Miller's "The Ship in the Desert" is being severely handled over here. The *Athenaeum's* opening article the other day was devoted to its consideration. "Never before have we had occasion to read a poem so vague in conception and execution," is the reviewer's verdict. Then he goes on to point out grave faults in its rhyme, rhythm, and similes. This, thinks he, is the best passage in the book:

"O thou to-morrow! Mystery!
O day that ever runs before!
What has thine hidden hand in store
For mine, to-morrow, and for me?
O thou to-morrow! what hast thou
In store to make me bear the now?"

"O day in which we shall forget
The tangled troubles of to-day!
O day that laughs at duns, at debts!
O day of promises to pay!
O shelter from all present storm!
O day in which we shall reform!"

"O safest, best day for reform!
Convenient day of promises!
Hold back the shadow of the storm.
O blest to-morrow! Chiefest friend,
Let not thy mystery be less,
But lead us blindfold to the end."

WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

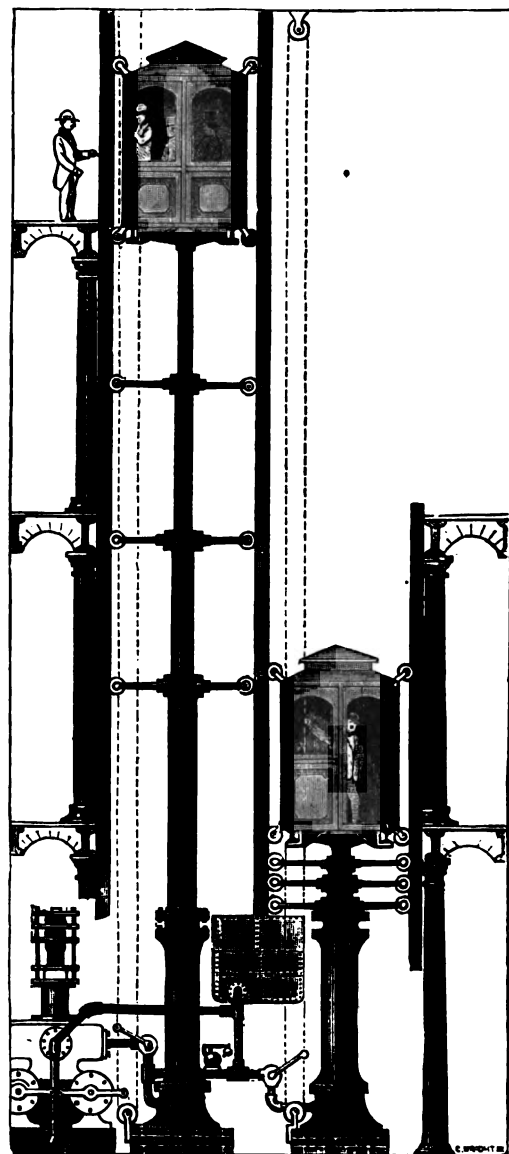
A NEW HYDRAULIC ELEVATOR.

THE introduction of the elevator into our hotels, warehouses, commercial and private buildings, etc., bids fair to effect a marked change in the architectural features of all modern cities. We have already taken occasion to notice at some length the general character of this change, relating as it does to the modification of "ground plans," and the relative value for business purposes of lower and upper stories. With the general principles of the ordinary passenger-elevator our readers are familiar. A substantial and often richly-decorated car is drawn up and lowered by means of wire ropes extending over pulleys above, and attached to drums or pulleys below. These drums are caused to revolve by steam-engines specially adapted to the purpose.

A second form of elevator, and one recently described in these columns, is that wherein the motive power is obtained from a weight. This weight is a bucket which, when filled with water, is heavier than the elevator-car with its full load. When the car is at the top of the building, the water-bucket, which by its weight on the opposite end of the pulley-rope caused it to ascend, is at the bottom. In order to descend, the conductor, by means of a rope or rod, causes a valve in the bucket below to open, through which the water finds an exit until the bucket is lighter than the car, which at once descends, thus hauling the bucket up. Once at the top, the bucket is refilled with water from an adjacent tank till it is again sufficiently weighted to overcome the weight of the car. Thus, by this process of filling and emptying, the ascent and descent of the car are accomplished. The water with which to supply the reservoir is pumped up by a special engine. In this case, as in that of the common rope-elevator, it is evident that the main dependence for strength and safety is the rope, which in turn must be supported on pulleys fastened above.

In accordance with a purpose already announced, we are prompted to give a descriptive account of a novel and what appears to be a marked improvement on the two kinds of elevators above described. We say that this "appears to be" an improvement, by which it should be understood that, so far as direct indorsement of the new appliance goes, we are ready to accept any criticisms which may be brought to our notice, having in mind at present the simple illustration of a compact, simple, and certainly very ingenious adaptation of hydraulic power to the special purpose under discussion. This new form is known as the Telescopic Hydraulic Elevator, and is the invention of Mr. Thursby. As suggested by the title, and made plain by the accompanying illustration, the motive power is derived from pumps, and applied through a series of wrought-iron tubes, shutting into each other as do the tubes of a telescope. When at the lowest landing, the position of these tubes is that shown on the right of the illustration. When an ascent is desired, the conductor, by means of the ordinary valve-rope, opens the pipe leading from the pumps. By this means a stream of water enters at the base of the lower or stationary tube, and at once the upward pressure of the column of water causes the tubes to ascend. As the car is attached to or rests upon the upper or smaller tube, it must ascend also, being literally

pushed or lifted up by hydraulic force. When a return is desired, a second movement of the valve-rope shuts off the supply, at the same time opening a valve by which an exit is made for the water, which in flowing out permits the car to descend by its own gravity. The feature of this device, which will at once attract attention, is the absence of all ropes, pulleys, or gearing, above the car, as the whole motive power is applied from below. There is, of course, no need of a strengthened roof or danger from breaking ropes, etc.



Whatever may be said as to the relative economy of the method, there can be no question as to its safety.

Although it is our main purpose to present this sketch as illustration of an ingenious adaptation of hydraulic force, yet a careful examination of several large elevators now in operation convinces us that in practice, as well as in theory, it is a success. The new building now occupied by the *Evening Post* has adopted this device, which is now in constant use, and the fact that twelve of them

are "set up" in the new Post-Office building is evidence that we are not alone in commending the invention to the attention of those interested. Since, however, no architect will be likely to adopt so decided an innovation upon the old methods without a thorough personal examination, we are freed from any charge of favoritism in commending it to public attention. And we are certainly, from careful personal observation, prompted to commend this or any device which, like it, shows the mark of genius coupled with practical engineering skill and knowledge.

Among the many different problems which our complex system of custom-duties compels the official examiner to decide are those relating to the constitution of the so-called mixed fabrics: if the duty on wool be a given amount, while that on cotton is another, silk still another, and so on throughout the whole list of textile fibres, it is evident that, when fabrics composed of indefinite mixtures of two or more of these substances are entered at the custom-house, the question of "rate," though in itself a complicated one, must in all cases depend on the question of relative quantity of constituents. Hence it is that chemists and microscopists are constantly called upon to aid the examiner in his work. Again, in this age of adulterations, the consumer is often, and with good reason, at a loss to know whether the material he is purchasing is "all wool," "all silk," or a mixture of cotton, etc. In view of the general interest of these questions, and the importance to the community, as well as the state, of a simple and sure method of deciding them, certain eminent chemists have made them the subject of long and thorough experiment. Though not designing to review at length the course of these experiments, we are prompted to give the following concise summing up, as made by M. Pinchon, and recently published in a French chemical journal. Though in certain of the cases noticed the services of the chemist may be required, yet in many the method of detection is so simple that it may be applied by those less familiar with the arts of the laboratory. In the tests here given the process of detection is shown in *italics*, to distinguish it from the substances experimented upon:

"Substances which dissolve ENTIRELY when left in a caustic lye of potash or soda—silk, mixture of silk and wool, wool, phormium tenax, hemp, flax, cotton."

"Substances which dissolve PARTIALLY in the same lye, fibres injured thereby—mixture of wool, silk, and cotton, ditto silk and cotton, ditto cotton and flax."

"Dissolves ENTIRELY in chloride of zinc cold; alkaline solution blackens with a salt of lead—silk."

"Dissolves PARTIALLY, or NOT AT ALL, in chloride of zinc; soluble portion does not blacken with a salt of lead; insoluble portion blackens with the same—mixture of silk and wool."

"Does NOT dissolve in chloride of zinc. Fibre reddens when treated successively with chlorine-water and ammonia-water. Reddens also with nitric acid or peroxide of nitrogen—phormium tenax."

"Does NOT dissolve in chloride of zinc. Does not color when treated successively with chlorine and ammonia water. Fibre colors with an alcoholic solution of fuchsin (one - twentieth), which color resists washing. Fibre turns YELLOW when treated with an aqueous solution of potash, or with iodine and sulphuric acid—hemp."

"Does NOT dissolve in chloride of zinc. Does

not color with chlorine followed by ammonia-water. Fibre colors with an alcoholic solution of fuchsin (one-twentieth), and color resists washing. An aqueous solution of potash, or iodine and sulphuric acid, color the fibres BLUE—flax."

"Does NOT dissolve in chloride of zinc. Does not color with chlorine followed by ammonia-water. Colors with a fuchsin solution, but colors will not bear washing. Fibres do not turn yellow with potash—cotton."

"Dissolves PARTIALLY in chloride of zinc. Partly blackened with salt of lead. Fibres which remain insoluble in chloride of zinc may be partly dissolved in potash solution; those that resist this second treatment may be dissolved with Schweizer's reagent—mixture of wool, silk, and cotton."

"Dissolves PARTIALLY in chloride of zinc. Does not blacken with salt of lead. Picric acid turns a portion of the fibre yellow, the rest remaining white—mixture of silk and cotton."

"Does NOT dissolve in chloride of zinc. Nitric acid colors a portion of the fibres, the rest remaining white—mixture of cotton and flax."

THE *English Mechanic*, referring to the rapidly-increasing production of cheese and butter in Denmark, describes the system pursued in certain recently-established schools of industry. These schools receive government aid, and their main design is to train the pupils in the several branches of dairy-manufacture. Referring to M. Svendsen's school on the island of Zealand, the report is as follows: "From 1st September to 1st November the establishment contains only girls, from 15th November to 1st August only lads, both classes entering the school at fifteen to eighteen years of age. They pay about two pounds a month for their board and education. The instruction is both practical and theoretical. For two or three hours daily they receive lessons in the keeping of accounts, dairy management, and natural history; they are instructed in the physiology of milch-cows, the action of the mammary glands, the food of cattle, etc.; and in the afternoon some time is given to music and singing. The greater part of the mornings, however, is devoted to practical work in the dairy, where the students are distributed to their allotted tasks of milking, making butter, cleaning utensils, preparing rennet, etc. About three to four hundred quarts of milk are treated daily, all the operations are carefully explained, and the establishment is provided with the newest and best apparatus for dairy-work. The students entering these schools (M. Svendsen has about forty yearly of either sex) are chiefly sons and daughters of farmers and proprietors. They come with a good previous education, and generally leave the school with a real enthusiasm for its pursuits. The success of the system is such that many applicants have to be refused admission every year. Norway and Sweden are following the example of Denmark." Surely there is that in this announcement to attract the attention of our Herkimer County readers, and by following the example of the Danish dairymen they will but anticipate the inevitable course of things which makes the establishment of more technical and special schools a foregone conclusion.

ACCORDING to recent advices, the saloon-steamer Bessemer, an illustrated description of which recently appeared in these columns, has been made fast to the Millwall docks, where it is made to serve as a kind of mechanical museum, visitors being permitted to view the "cabin that did not work," at the rate of one shilling a head. It is proposed to place

the steamer on the docks in order to repair the damage done by the collision with the Calais pier. As she must wait her turn, however, it is highly probable that several months will elapse before she is again afloat. "We cannot help thinking," says the *Engineer*, "that these two months might be more profitably employed in taking out the swinging-saloon, which, apparently, will not swing, and decking her in. A weight of over two hundred tons being thus removed, her designed draught might be obtained, and consequently greater speed and better steering. Although the saloon is so far a failure, the ship herself is admitted on all hands to be a success, as her low bows and large bilge-keels give her comparative immunity from both disagreeable rolling and pitching, and if the saloon were removed she would be the quickest and most comfortable vessel on the Channel service." Were it not for the numerous evidences we have of the indomitable energy and zeal of the inventor, we should be inclined to indorse the views of the *Engineer*; as it is, however, it may be as well to withhold any adverse judgment until Mr. Bessemer has himself admitted the failure of this his pet scheme. So far as we can learn, no test has been made to disprove the principle on which the oscillating saloon is built, and if the defects be merely those of mechanical construction, by no one can these defects be more certainly remedied than by the inventor of the Bessemer steel process and the hydraulic crane.

HAVING recently briefly announced the discovery of a boiling lake in the island of Dominica, we would again refer to the subject, additional and interesting particulars having been received. Mr. H. Prestoe, Superintendent of the Trinidad Botanic Gardens, having paid a visit to the lake, published an account of his observation, from a report of which we condense as follows: The lake lies in the mountains behind Roseau, and in the valleys surrounding it are many *solfataras*, or volcanic sulphur-vents. In fact, the boiling lake is little else than a crater filled with water, through which the pent-up gases find vent and are ejected. The temperature of the water ranges from 180° to 190° Fahr. throughout the whole extent. The points of actual ebullition change from time to time. Where this active action takes place, the water is said to rise two, three, and sometimes four feet above the main surface, the cone often dividing so that the orifices through which the gas escapes are three in number. This violent action of the cones causes a general disturbance over the whole surface of the lake. Though these cones appear to be special vents, yet the sulphurous vapors arise in nearly equal density over the full extent of the lake. There seems to be in no case any violent action of the escaping gases, such as detonations or explosions. The water is of a dark-gray color, and is highly charged with sulphur. As the outlet of the lake is rapidly deepening, it is believed that soon the water must be drawn off, after which it will assume the character of a geyser, or sulphurous crater.

It is probable that we shall be soon able to announce the worthy triumph, on foreign soil and among foreign competitors, of a worthy American invention. From unofficial sources, we learn that in a great trial of railway-brakes in England the Westinghouse Air-Brake gave the best results throughout the series of experiments. As there seems every reason to believe that this trial was a thorough and impartial one, the official report is awaited with

interest, and, should it confirm the generally-accepted opinion, the victory of the Westing-house brake will be as signal as it is deserved. In view of these facts, the question naturally arises, Why are our own railway companies so slow to recognize and adopt so important an improvement? to which we suppose the answer must be given, "It won't pay."

In a recent paper on "Anæsthetics," Dr. Prévost states that when the sleep produced by chloroform has continued so long that it is dangerous to administer more chloroform, the anæsthetic state may be safely prolonged by the injection of small quantities of morphia under the skin. It is also said that, if morphia be first injected, a much smaller dose of chloroform suffices to produce insensibility.

Among the special attractions of the coming Geographical Congress at Paris will be an exhibition of the large map of France, executed by staff-officers of the French Army. As originally prepared, it was in sheets, which, when joined together, will form a continuous sheet, or panorama, of immense size. The map will be reduced by a photo-microscopic process.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

WE select from Mr. Lewes's "On Actors and the Art of Acting" a few paragraphs in regard to his impressions of the drama in Germany:

In the course of a few weeks' ramble in Germany this summer (1867) I had but rare opportunities of ascertaining the present condition of the dramatic art, although during the last thirty years I have from time to time been fortunate enough to see most of the best actors Germany has produced. Now, as of old, there is a real respect for the art, both in the public and in the actors; and at each theatre we see that striving after an *ensemble* so essential to the maintenance of the art, but which everywhere else except at the *Théâtre Français* is sacrificed to the detestable star system. In Germany we may see actors of the first eminence playing parts which in England and America would be contemptuously rejected by actors of third-rate rank; and the "condescension," so far from lowering the favorite in the eyes of the public, helps to increase his favor. I remember when Emil Devrient, then a young man, came to play *Hamlet* at Berlin, as a "guest," the great tragedian, Seydelmann (the *only* great tragedian in my opinion that Germany has had during the last quarter of a century), undertook the part of *Polonius*. It was one of those memorable performances which mark an epoch in the playgoer's life. Such a revelation of the character, and such *maestria* of execution, one can hardly hope to see again. Had he played *Laertes* (and he would doubtless have consented to play it had there been any advantage in his doing so), he would still have been the foremost figure of the piece. At any rate he would have been the great actor, and the favorite of the Berliners.

And here it is only fair to add, in extenuation of the English actor's resistance against sacrificing his *amour propre* to the general good, that if he obstinately declines to appear in a part unworthy of his powers or his rank in the profession, he does so because, over and

above the natural dislike of appearing to some disadvantage, he knows in the first place that the English public cares little for an *ensemble*, and in the second place that the majority of the audience will only see him in that unworthy part, and consequently will form an erroneous idea of his capabilities. It is otherwise with the German actor. He knows that the public expects and cares for an *ensemble*, and he desires the general success of the performance, as each individual in an orchestra desires that the orchestral effect should be perfect. He knows, moreover, that the same people who to-night see him in an inferior part saw him last week, or will see him next week, in the very best parts of his repertory. He has, therefore, little to lose and much to gain by playing well an inferior part. Further, his payment is usually regulated by the times of performance.

Be the reasons what they may, the result is that always at a German Hof-Theater one is sure of the very best *ensemble* that the company can present; and one will often receive as much pleasure from the performance of quite insignificant parts as from the leading parts on other stages. The actors are thoroughly trained: they know the principles of their art—a very different thing from knowing "the business!" They pay laudable attention to one supremely important point recklessly disregarded on our stage, namely, elocution. They know how to *speak*—both verse and prose: to speak without mouthing, yet with effective cadence; speech elevated above the tone of conversation without being stilted. How many actors are there on our stage who have learned this? How many are there who suspect the mysterious charm which lies in rhythm, and have mastered its music? How many are there who, with an art which is not apparent except to the very critical ear, can manage the cadences and emphases of prose, so as to be at once perfectly easy, natural, yet incisive and effective? The foreigner, whose ear has been somewhat lacerated by the dreadful intonations of common German speech, is surprised to find how rich and pleasant the language is when spoken on the stage; the truth being that the actors have learned to speak, and are not permitted to call themselves actors at a Hof-Theater until they have conquered those slovenly and discordant intonations which distort the speech of vulgar men. I was made more than ever sensible of this refinement of elocution by having passed some weeks in a retired watering-place wholly inhabited by Germans of the tradesman class, whose voices and intonations so tormented me that I began to think the most hideous sound in Nature was the cackle of half a dozen German women. To hear the women on the stage after that was like hearing singing after a sermon.

Next to excellence of elocution, which forms the basis of good acting, comes the excellence of *miming*—the expression of character. There are three great divisions of mimetic art: first, the ideal and passionate; secondly, the humorous realism of comedy; and lastly, the humorous idealism of farce. In the first and last divisions the German stage seems poorly supplied at present. But in the second division there is much excellence. And I remember this to have been always the case: tragic or poetic actors are rare, their power over the emotions fitful, but comic actors are abundant, though seldom successful in the riotously and fantastically humorous. Now precisely in this division, wherein Germany displays greatest power, England has at all times been most feeble. There has, in-

deed, of late years, arisen a certain ambition on the part of actors, and a demand on the part of certain audiences, which may be said to be leading our drama into the region of humorous realism and high comedy; nor is it without significance that this movement should have been coincident with an almost complete extinction of the passionate and ideal drama; but without making invidious mention of a few exceptions, it is simple justice to say that the efforts of our stage in this direction are but trivial beside the German, and men with us gain a reputation as "natural actors" for mimetic qualities which would be quite ordinary in Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, or Weimar.

One excellence noticeable on the German stage is the presentation of character in its individual traits, with just that amount of accentuation which suffices to make it incisive and laughable, yet restrains it from running over into extravagance and unreality.

THE anticipated production of Tennyson's "Queen Mary" on the English stage leads the London *Daily News* into a few suggestive comments on the historical drama:

In producing Mr. Tennyson's "Queen Mary," Mrs. Bateman, who in coöperation with her late husband has done so much to restore the poetic drama to the theatre, will only continue, as it were, the tradition of the English stage, and add another to the chronicle plays which are, some of them, the finest and almost all among the most "useful" works of Shakespeare. People who know English history only through their Shakespeare know it by no means badly. The poet who outdid all antiquity, and before whom all future time is abashed, was not provided with the modern critical apparatus. He knew nothing of searches in the register-office, the records of Simanca were far out of his way, the pictorial pages of Holinshed and Stowe and Froissart served his turn. To these authorities Shakespeare must have added a wide acquaintance with the oral traditions of the English monarchy, which were no doubt much more lively at his date than in the later centuries. English history before Shakespeare's time was very personal, the wild passions of Plantagenets and Tudors left a deep mark in the popular memory. Kings and queens were great travelers, nowise chary of showing themselves to their people; and their people, having no reading and writing to impair their memories, and being deeply interested in their willful lords and masters, would long retain traits of their character. Any one who should set to work now to write a tragedy on George I.—and though the idea at first seems absurd, there is well-known matter for a tragedy in the story of Sophia Dorothea—would find no help in popular memory. All the breath almost has gone out of oral tradition, and the facts of a new historical drama must be carefully collected from printed histories, from the opinions of the best scholars, and from a critical comparison of facts. It is difficult to give life to an historical play thus painfully and studiously pieced together. Yet if the English stage is ever to resume its old functions of teaching to the people the people's history, it is by the critical method that the historian must work. This is the great disadvantage that Mr. Tennyson has had to struggle with, and has encountered, it may be said, with no dubious success. Our generation, which is nothing if not critical, has done good work in historical criticism. Old tales are weighed,

and found wanting; estimates of character change; much of the romance that was current in Shakespeare's time has been proved to be of a mythological quality. The fact remains that Shakespeare's science of life and sense of character, his instinct, and his insight, enabled him to present Richard II., Henry IV., and the rest, as people so living and so natural that they will always be, to the popular mind, what Shakespeare made them. With his power almost of divination, he created them so like what the most critical research proves them to have been that he and learned history teach the same lesson, and he, of course, far more persuasively and effectually.

Mr. Tennyson's new play, like the historical plays of Shakespeare, brings the life of our ancestors before the eyes of the spectator. It takes up the chronicle where Shakespeare left it broken, it passes from Henry VIII. into the chaos to which Henry led the English people. It was a chaos of opinions, of doubts, and fears, and of desires, a time in which no man knew what faith was safest to hold, what authority could claim respect, whether king or pope had to speak the last word about religion, when none could well call his lands his own, or his soul his own; when England was in danger of becoming a geographical expression under the power of Spain, when wild visionaries were crying that all things should be in common, and all authorities swept away, when bigotry and the new learning were in their fiercest struggle. This tumultuous time is the background of Mr. Tennyson's tragedy. In his play the murmurs of the street come to us, and the babble of the market-place; we can faintly see the beginnings of a defined faith, the faith, namely, in England and in freedom of judgment, lit in the hearts of the people by a spark from the pile of Cranmer. The great personages that cross the stage—Mary, drawn as only a great poet, who can pardon all because he understands all, could draw her; Philip, the sensual and heartless; Pole, the renegade of learning; Lord Howard, the liberal Catholic (if the anachronism is permissible) of that date—have their own web of fate to weave and tangle. It is something to teach, through the stage, that the best hated of English women was after all a woman, with courage, love, maternal hope in her nature. It is much to bring within the knowledge and before the eyes of Englishmen that she had claims to pity as well as scorn; that her fate was most miserable, even if hardly tragical. None of the criticism through which Mr. Tennyson's play has had to run the gantlet but admits that he has caught the spirit and the confused color of the years whose history he deals with. But it may be doubted whether his chief characters are so involved in tragical relations of love and jealousy, hope and fear, as these unseen actors, the people of England, who are blindly and bravely working out their destiny behind the scenes. It is from a word or two dropped here and there, from the voice of the Anabaptist preacher, from the grumbling of Pole at men and women who crowd into the fires, "for what? no dogma," that we learn how the fires were becoming a beacon in the darkness of these days, how England was solving her problem by silent resistance to all foreign force in politics and religion. This blind movement toward light, a movement felt to underlie the action of the play, raises "Queen Mary" high in the ranks of the drama. It is easy to guess some of the opportunities it gives to the players, how much might be made of the queen, as her life "narrows and darkens down," and what kingly

majesty may ring half true in Philip's declaration of the names of his dominions. It is pleasant to think that the play only continues an old and noble work, the dramatic exposition of that history which is to us what the tales of Thebes and Argos were to the tragedians of Hellas. Mr. Tennyson has certainly followed the advice of Aristotle, and altered nothing; while he has made many things clear in the poem that takes up again the task of Shakespeare. There is much hope for the stage in the production of a play by the poet who has touched England more universally and more intimately than any singer of our generation.

Our readers will recall a recent extract from a charming paper on "Peasant-Life in North Italy." The subjoined from the same article gives a highly-graphic description of a church-festival among the people of the Apennines:

It is Sunday, and the great *feats* of San Giovanni Baptista. The church and the piazza since break of day have been well stocked with men and women in holiday costume, and the bells ring and jangle as of old. Since four o'clock the two priests have been hard at work at the altar, taking it by turns, with the masses. The air of the chancel, and even of the nave, is by this time faint and heavy with incense. The organ peals out quiet snatches of waltz and opera tunes. The congregation changes rapidly, for each service the church is more or less crowded, and when the hour for the preaching draws nigh, a new influx pours in from the piazza and from the roads and hamlets around. The people, who have been hushed and devout during the first part of the high mass, now begin to shift and shuffle in their seats, and there is a great whispering, and a sound even of suppressed laughter, while the priest ascends the little steps of the marble pulpit. Men lounge about the building, standing in groups around the door, crouching on the steps of the organ-loft, or even of the chancel, close packed, and careless in their attitudes, but absorbed and intent, as no more genteel congregation would have been, when once the preacher's voice has had time to assert its power. The sermon is in the dialect of the valleys—short, concise, and pithy; matter-of-fact and plain spoken too, with none of the trimmings and sentimentalities of religion, yet breathing of courtesy and neighborly care for the people's interest. How silent they sit, and how teachable these men and women are, who without upon the piazza, or in their cottages, are apt to treat their pastor but as one of themselves, to fall or to stand according to his pluck and his cunning in the wisdom of the world! Even that kindly and terrible Caterina, beneath whose iron rod he is wont to pass his days, sits now beneath his pulpit as though willing to hearken to the advice of her own slave. So with masses and sermon passes the morning of the great day, and in the afternoon is the procession. The peasants trudge home in their various directions across the parish to eat their holiday dinners, and by three o'clock the little piazza is again thronged with loiterers waiting for vespers. Little booths and tables stand about, whereon are sweets and filberts displayed for sale; rosaries and gay-colored clay figures of saints; crosses and amulets to be worn around the neck; rings of the Virgin or the patron saint. Groups of people stand around laughing, boys and girls, men and children; it is a gay and changing crowd, bright with sunny

colors, and glittering in movement. There is a great glaring sun, and the piazza is but little shaded by the tall cypresses which grow there, yet the people do not seem to mind. The women, it is true, have covered their heads with their yellow and crimson kerchiefs, but the men seem strangely careless of the sun's might. All along the way down which the procession is to pass many-colored trappings are hung along the hedges—scarlet and green and blue stuffs of the peasants perhaps, or else things belonging to the church, and used for many a long year on similar occasions. They make a rare and gaudy effect; and down the steps of the church and across its piazza the women have spread white sheeting, spun and woven by their own hands—for the girls work hard at this coarser kind of linen weaving in our Apennine valleys, and in the most industrious cottages the loom is scarcely silent all day. Flowers, too—sweet and scattered petals of golden bloom of vetch and cistus—are strewn over the white carpeting, while files of children hem the way to scatter more blossoms again when the procession shall pass. The bells begin to tinkle anew; and now a fair company of white-veiled damsels issue forth. They bear lighted tapers in their hands, and around their gayly-adorned figures the *panotto* (or muslin veil of the country) is cunningly draped. One girl in the front—and it is the tall and strong-limbed Bianca; ever the first to assert herself—carries the great silver-mounted cross. Behind, and in due order, follow more girls, then the older women, and after the women the men, among whom many wondrous and time-honored figures, crosses, and banners, are also borne aloft above the heads of the people. In their midst are the priests, who move along, chanting slowly, beneath a fringed and gilded canopy. And the people sing, and the bells chime, and the children scream when the pop-guns are fired off. So the procession comes to an end, and soon after the day comes to an end, too—only before the night is quite there, the youths and maidens must meet upon the green that they may dance awhile to the sound of the fiddles, and then the *feats* is fairly over in truth. It has been a long day, and the people are almost weary with the unwonted pleasure-making.

AFTER reading the subjoined, the reader, if he is also an author, will have good reason to hope that critics are as liable to render wrong judgments to-day as they were two hundred years ago:

It must not be supposed that any special regard for the poet's intentions saved "Othello" from molestation at the hands of the playwrights. "A Short View of Tragedy, its Original Excellence and Corruption, with some Reflections on Shakespeare and other Practitioners for the Stage," written by one Mr. Rymer, servant to their majesties, and published in 1693, clearly exhibits the extremely contemptuous feeling entertained for the poet at that date. Mr. Rymer was enamored of classical example, and found great satisfaction in the severity of form lately adopted by the dramatists of France; notably in regard to their addition of a chorus to their tragedies, deeming that a very hopeful sign. Naturally he found much to condemn in Shakespeare; and he did not hesitate to express his opinion. He held that Shakespeare had altered the story from the original of Giraldi Cinthio in several particulars, and always for the worse. The moral he derides, as simply a warning to wives to take better care of their linen; and to hus-

bands, that before their jealousy be tragical, the proofs may be mathematical. He proceeds: "Shakespeare in this play calls them the super-subtle Venetians. Yet examine throughout this tragedy, there is nothing in the noble *Desdemona* that is not below any country chambermaid with us. And the account he gives of their noblemen and senate can only be calculated for the latitude of Gotham. The character of that state is to employ strangers in their wars. But shall a poet thence fancy that they will set a negro to be their general, or trust a Moor to defend them against the Turk? With us a blackamoore might rise to be a trumpeter; but Shakespeare would not have him less than a lieutenant-general. With us a Moor might marry some little drab or small-coal wench; Shakespeare would provide him the daughter and heir of some great lord or privy counselor. . . . So much ado, so much stress, so much passion and repetition about a handkerchief! Why was not this called the 'Tragedy of the Handkerchief?'" he demands. There is much more criticism to the same effect. The catastrophe he finds to be "nothing but blood and butchery, described in the style of the last speeches and confessions of the persons executed at Tyburn." He concludes: "There is in this play some burlesque, some humor, and ramble of comic wit, some show and some mimicry to divert the spectators; but the tragical part is plainly none other than a brutal farce without salt or savor."

THE *Saturday Review* has something fresh to say about scruples:

There are some things of which we should have neither too much nor too little, and among these are scruples. Unscrupulous is a term of just reproach; the unscrupulous man is dangerous in whatever capacity we have to deal with him, but the man of scruples is not therefore desirable as such. He may be eligible and deserving, but we should like him better without his scruples, for nothing is a graver barrier in social matters than obtrusive scruples which we do not share. Scruples are essentially private things; when two people agree together in an objection or an opinion, we view it in another light, and probably call it something else. Scruples represent private judgment exercising itself in small matters; that is, they appear small to common-sense or to prevalent public opinion, though they are large and predominant to the scrupulous mind. Not that scruples are independent of the prevailing tone of thought in the world, but they are the means by which some persons take their share in it, and they constitute the originality of a certain class of intellect—they furnish an opportunity for that self-assertion which is a natural object with thinkers of every class and grade.

Of course virtue has scruples. The minuter duties of morality have, we may say, an equal obligation with the weightier matters of the law; but in one case public opinion is accepted as exponent and interpreter, while the scrupulous conscience owns no law but itself, and sees no farther than the letter. Honesty of the straightforward, social sort agrees that it is a sin to steal a pin, but it does as it would be done by; and, holding itself justified by general usage, it takes the pin on an emergency and does not call it stealing. The scrupulous person goes pinless at the cost of being a less competent and efficient member of the body politic, but is not the less confident and satisfied. The scruples which fairly bear the character of scrupulosity are those which warp

the judgment and obscure the perception of the relative importance of things. The man who is governed by them may be a guide to himself, but he is no guide for others; his conscience and his reason are not on sufficiently good terms. And it may be observed that nobody can be scrupulous all round; a pet scruple often makes a clean sweep of collateral obligations. The scrupulous temper is liable to large and eccentric omissions where the conscience is off its guard. People cannot act as members of a family or a community whose notions of private duty cover all their view and engross their attention. We live in this world in many capacities, all imposing moral duties, of which common-sense has to adjust the claims where they seem conflicting; but common-sense, even candid and unselfish common-sense, is despised and abhorred by the mind possessed by a scruple, or regulating itself by a code of scruples. The duties that cannot be reconciled, or will not fit in, are set aside—overlooked as not of obligation. We know of a clergyman who had a scruple against reading any of the words in *italics* which occurred in the Lessons for the Day. He simply passed them over as not dictated by inspiration. It was indifferent to him that he made nonsense of the Word of God, which it was his office to set forth; he saw one side of his duty so very plainly that he saw nothing else, and we need not say was utterly unpersuadable. Nor need scruples be of this absurd type to show an equal want of grasp of the leading idea. It would appear that the capacity for a large general view is never found in conjunction with this microscopic activity of conscience. All scruples are conscientious, and carry with them a sort of religious obligation. But it depends on the character how deep this goes. Many people scruple to play a rubber who will plunge into reckless speculation without a twinge. It was a conscientious scruple which induced Pepys, on receiving a letter and discerning money in it, to empty the letter before he read it, "that I might say I saw no money in the paper;" and this is only a type of the action of a great many scrupulous persons who desire to profit

by the consequences of a certain course of action without incurring the responsibility of it. And, short of this, scruples constantly stand in the way of an honest perception of right by stopping at the letter. A mind given to small scruples has the judgment in leading-strings, and often misses the flash of truth amid the minute questions which occupy it. Perhaps the most common form of hypocrisy is this self-deception.

SWINBURNE opens his papers, entitled "The Three Stages of Shakespeare," with the subjoined fine passage:

The first of living poets has drawn a parallel of elaborate eloquence between Shakespeare and the sea; and the likeness holds good in many points of less significance than those which have been set down by the master-hand. For two hundred years at least have students of every kind put forth in every sort of boat on a longer or a shorter voyage of research across the waters of that unsounded sea. From the paltriest fishing-craft to such majestic galleys as were steered by Coleridge and by Goethe, each division of the fleet has done or has essayed its turn of work; some busied in dredging along-shore, some taking surveys of this or that gulf or headland, some putting forth through shine and shadow into the darkness of the great deep. Nor does it seem as if there would sooner be an end to men's labor on this than on the other sea. But here a difference is perceptible. The material ocean has been so far mastered by the wisdom and the heroism of man that we may look for a time to come when the mystery shall be manifest of its farthest north and south, and men resolve the secret of the uttermost parts of the sea: the poles, also, may find their Columbus. But the limits of that other ocean, the laws of its tides, the motive of its forces, the mystery of its unity, and the secret of its change, no seafarer of us all may ever think thoroughly to know. No wind-gauge will help us to the science of its storms, no lead-line sound for us the depth of its divine and terrible serenity.

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AMONG THE PHILIPPINES.*

I.

WHAT the Roman emperor, Titus, reproached himself for, figuratively, when he said he had lost a day, the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands underwent lit-



TAGAL GIRL.

erally on New-Year's day, 1844. When Magellan, in his first circumnavigation of the world, discovered the Philippines, his pursuit of the sun in his apparent daily flight around the world made a difference of time amounting to sixteen hours. When he arrived again at the longitude of his departure his log-book showed he was a day behind the time of the port. The error remained uncorrected in the Philippine Islands till about thirty years since, when, by a royal decree, it was resolved to skip New-Year's day altogether, and make the almanac right again.

This incident has a typical significance as bearing on Spain and Spanish colonies. These have for a long time been behind the rest of civilization, lost in a sluggish acquiescence with the immediate ne-

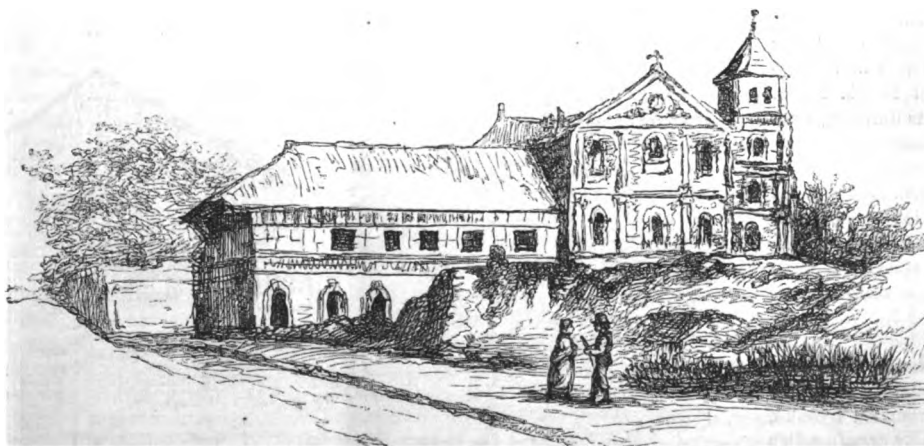
cessities of existence. The policies justified by two centuries since, but changed by the growth of the world, have remained intact, the monuments of a sterile conservatism. A government which has looked on its dependencies as mere feeders of the central power—pasture-fields for the support and aggrandizement of an indolent aristocracy—and a Church which has remained rooted in all the untimely traditions of the past, have combined to blight the prosperity of some of the most fertile islands in the world. If vicinity to the United States has saved Cuba from some of such attendant evils, no such good-fortune has alleviated the lot of the Philippine Islands, located in the East Pacific, only a few days' sail from China and Japan.

In the nineteenth century, when commerce is the most important pivot on which the interests of the world swing, the trade-tactics of a nation or community speak more to the point than all other problems that can be questioned. No tropical colony is so favorably situated to serve as the principal entrepot of commerce, now growing into such large dimensions, between Asia and the western coast of America, as the Philippines, and it is only in minor matters that the Dutch and English Indies ought to compete with them for the favors of the Australian market. The position of Manila is extremely favorable to the development of a world-wide trade; its bay is one of the noblest in the world, being one hundred and twenty nautical miles in circumference, and washing the shores of five different provinces. At the

time of the northeastern monsoons all vessels making the Asiatic voyage are obliged to pass close to these favored islands. They would seem to have been designed by Fate to become a leading factor in the Oriental commerce of the world.

But the relations of trade are delicate and sensitive, and the restrictions of Spanish bigotry and intolerance have so far proved an iron cramp beyond which there is no passing. The colonial policy of Madrid has sown hatred and dissension between the different races and classes, under the idea that their union would imperil the sway of the mother-country; and that important element, the planter class, is almost entirely wanting. Pride, hatred, place-hunting, and caste hatred, are the order of the day. The crown and its favorites, until recently, have persistently thought of nothing but extracting every thing possible from the colony, and in pursuit of this policy aimed as far as possible to exclude foreigners, especially the enterprising English and French merchants, who have been attracted by the unrivaled natural facilities of Manila. The most absurd distinctions were made in favor of Spanish bottoms as against all others, and a powerful effort even made to prevent the inhabitants of the Philippines from importing articles from China and India direct.

Without further alluding to the details of the destructive policy by which Philip II. extended his influence down to the present century, it suffices to say that it is only since 1869 that any radical change for the better



A CHURCH AND CONVENT IN MANILA.

* *Travels in the Philippines.* By F. Jagor. London: Chapman & Hall.

has been inaugurated. The commerce of the Philippines then ceased to be a relic of mediæval barbarism by the establishment of a liberal tariff and wiser port-regulations, though the islands have as yet only commenced to arouse from the slumber of centuries.

The city proper of Manila is a hot, sun-baked place of two hundred and fifty thousand people; full of monasteries, convents, barracks, and government buildings. Its inhabitants make up a picturesque assortment of Spaniards, creoles, Tagals (natives), and Chinese. Though it shares with Goa the honor of being the oldest city in the East Indies, it is extremely provincial in appearance, and has a sombre, sullen aspect from the character of its structures, for safety, not beauty of architecture, was the aim of the founders. A handsome old stone bridge, of ten arches, crosses the Pasig, on whose banks the city is built, and more recently a costly suspension-bridge has been added to the means of inter-communication. Foreigners reside on the northern bank of the river, in Binondo, the headquarters of the wholesale and retail commerce, or in the pleasant suburban villages, which blend into a considerable whole.

There is but little social spirit, however, among the foreign residents, such as makes the mercantile colonies in other East Indian ports so pleasant. With the arrogant and envious Spaniards there is hardly any intercourse, for the latter look on the strangers as interlopers, and regard their gains as so many robberies committed on themselves. The very houses, though spacious, reflect the spirit of jealousy, distrust, and envy, which corrupts the people of the whole city. They are gloomy, ugly, and badly ventilated. Instead of light and airy *jalousies*, they are fitted with heavy sash-windows, which admit the light through their oyster-shell panes scarcely two inches square. These dwellings are, for the most part, made of planks, bamboos, and palm-leaves, supported on isolated beams or props, and the space beneath is used for ware-rooms or servants' offices. Such constitute the mass of the houses, though some of the foreign residents have elegant and commodious dwellings, and such have they been since the days of the adventurous Magellan.

The exterior forms of the life of Manila reflect its dullness, stagnation, and monotony. The sluggish Pasig slips along, covered with green scum, typical of the people that vegetate on its low banks. Floating on its waters dead cats and dogs, surrounded by mud, like eggs in a dish of spinach, may



MANILA DANDY.

be noticed every few rods, and in the dry season the canals and ditches of the suburbs are so many stagnant drains, exhaling poisonous vapors that breed fever and pestilence for the unacclimatized resident.

This is no inviting picture, yet Manila life has a bright and picturesque side, which interests the eye of the stranger. In the beauty of the women, who lend animation to the streets, Manila surpasses all other towns of the Indian Archipelago. Not a few French travelers have depicted these in glowing words. Alexandre Dumas wrote a charming description of Manila street-life in the very amusing "*Aventures d'un Gentilhomme Breton*," the materials of which were furnished by a French planter, M. de la Gironière, himself the author of a very entertaining book on life in the Philippines. De la Gironière, who married a beautiful and wealthy Spanish half-caste lady, however, saw life generally *couleur de rose*, and paints with a warm, rich coloring, very different from the keen, prosaic method of observing characteristic of our present author, Mr. Jagor, though the latter indulges in a qualified admiration of the noticeable comeliness of the Tagal women.

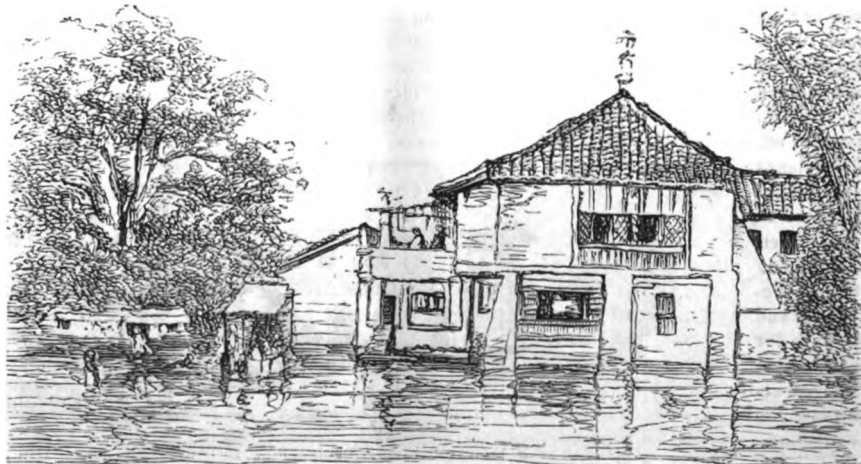
Many of the prettiest "Indians" are of the fair European type, and thereby easily distinguished from their sisters of the outlying provinces. The religious festivals in and about Manila are well worth attendance on account of the beauty of the Tagal and half-caste women who make their appearance in the evening, and promenade the streets, which are illuminated and profusely decked with flowers and bright colors. The spectacle is a charming one to the stranger just arrived. The Indian women are very beautifully formed, with luxuriant black hair, and large, dark eyes. The upper garment is of homespun but costly material, of transparent fineness and snow-white purity. From the waist down is worn drapery of brightly-striped cloth (*saya*), which falls in broad folds, and is lightly compressed as far as the knee with a shawl closely drawn around the figure; so that the rich, variegated folds of the *saya* burst out beneath like the blossoms of the pomegranate. This swathing allows the young girls to take only short steps, and the dove-like timidity of gait, in conjunction with their downcast eyes, lends an aspect of great modesty, though often belied in practice. On the tiny, naked feet are worn embroidered slippers, so small that the toes often protrude for want of room.

The poorer women go about clothed in a *saya* and a shirt so extremely short that it frequently does not reach the first fold of the former. In the more eastern islands grown-up girls and women wear, with the exception of an amulet, nothing but these two garments, which, when newly washed, are quite transparent.

A hat, trousers, and shirt, worn outside, made of coarse cloth, compose the dress of the men of the poorer classes, while the wealthy use an expensive homespun material, woven from the fibres of the pineapple or banana, and ornamented with silk stripes. The hat is a round piece of home-made plaiting, often adorned with valuable silver ornaments, and used both as an umbrella and sunshade. The Manila dandies bring out the inherent ludicrousness of the European costume by illustrating its travesty. The Tagal "swell" of the Philippines adorns his naked feet with patent-leather shoes, wears tight-

fitting trousers of glaringly contrasted colors, a starched and plaited shirt, and, with a light cane twirling in his fingers, sails along in full-blown complacency, a most laughable caricature of his French or English congener, who strolls through the Boulevard des Italiens, or Rotten Row, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form."

Many of the half-caste women



HOUSE ON THE PASIG.

are married to Europeans, and adopt the full dress of the latter class. As a rule, these are prudent and thrifty, faithful wives, good mothers, and clever business-women, but in conversation awkward and tedious.

This can hardly be ascribed to lack of education, for many of the Spanish ladies, who know nothing but the breviary, are charming talkers, full of tact and grace of manner. The cause lies in the equivocal position of the half-castes, haughtily repelled by their white sisters, while they themselves disown their mother's kin. They are entirely lacking in the ease and social management characteristic of the women of Spain in every relation of life.

While the immediate environs of Manila can boast many beautiful spots, they are not the resort of the local rank and fashion, the object of whose promenade is the display of the toilet, not the enjoyment of Nature. All the wealthier people are driven every evening during the hot season along the beach promenade, where the band of a native regiment plays capital music. All the Spaniards are in uniform or black frock-coats. One moment the air is musical with the gay buzz of conversation and laughter. Suddenly the convent-bells ring out the signal for vesper service. Instantly every soul yields to the magic call, no less potent than the solemn cry of the *muezzin*, which subdues the soul of the Mussulman: carriages, horsemen, pedestrians, all stand motionless. The men take off their hats, and everybody seems absorbed in earnest prayer. Another moment, and the careless chatter again swells on the evening air. Whatever taint of formalism and hypocrisy may lie at the heart of the custom, it has a certain pathos and beauty, which strongly affect the stranger, and sweep him irresistibly into doing the like. Among the places of public interest, there was once a magnificent botanical garden at Manila, in which there was a vast deal of local pride. But it has not flourished under Spanish auspices, and it has now gone to rack and ruin, a mere inclosure overgrown with giant weeds.

The amusements in the capital of the Philippines are limited in number and not over-choice as to quality. Plays both in Spanish and the Tagal tongue are often done at the theatres, but these are for the most part ineffably stupid, and would send any European or American auditor infallibly to sleep—even could he understand the inanities of the dialogue, and unravel the thread of the plot. Even the Chinese plays, enacted for the benefit of the almond-eyed residents, who make up a very considerable portion of the population, are preferable: as the latter are at least unique and entertaining for a little while from their oddity, and the absorbed interest with which the placid Celestials watch the nightly development of the interminable loves of the heroes and heroines. In fact, the pompous and showy religious festivals are the principal events which enliven the dull monotony of existence. The natives, it may be added, have an unfailling resource in cock-fighting, to which they are devoted with a passionate eagerness.

Nearly every Tagal who would have any

consideration with his fellows breeds fighting-cocks, and many of them are rarely seen out-of-doors without pugnacious pets under their arms, ready at any time to give or receive a challenge. The question of pedigree is watched with as keen an interest as in the racing-steeds of Ascot or Newmarket. Oftentimes fifty dollars or more are paid for single birds of choice breed, and a celebrated victor of many battles commands almost any price the envied owner chooses to exact. A Tagal cock-fight is a curious and suggestive sight, repulsive though it be to the European eye.

The ring around the cock-pit is crowded with natives, perspiring at every pore, ejaculating thanksgivings to the saints, or curses, as the case may be, and with the ugliest passions imprinted on their faces. Each bird is armed with a sharp, curved, steel spur, capable of inflicting the most serious wounds. At the slightest sign of flinching the recreant cock is plucked alive, and torn to pieces by the enraged spectators. Incredibly large sums are bet on the results oftentimes, and the Tagal does not hesitate to impoverish

which experience has inspired the native in his dealings with the Spanish and foreign residents, our traveler mentions that the Tagal hackmen always demanded the fare before permitting him to ride, in spite of the fact that he was known to be the guest of one of the most wealthy and respected merchants of the city. Most of the Spanish officials in the Philippines are adventurers whose standing at home compelled them to seek the colonies as a sort of social Botany Bay. Too lazy to acquaint themselves with the language or the customs of the natives, they yet arrogate an idle superiority, which by no means imposes on the shrewd-witted Tagals, who are generally acquainted with the Spanish tongue, while their masters are ignorant of that spoken by the Indians. A secret feeling of contempt hidden under the mask of deference is thus engendered, and the natives always remain an enigma to their indiscreet masters, which their conceit prevents them from deciphering. The respect of the natives for Europeans is thus diminished by the character of the extravagant, indolent, and improvident Spaniards. Yet on the whole the races



FISHERMEN'S HUTS.

himself and his family to back his favorite fighting-bird. The demoralizing effect on a people addicted to idleness and dissipation can be easily imagined, as it makes them unable to resist the temptation of procuring money without working for it. The malign passion leads frequently to theft, embezzlement, and highway robbery, and most of the land and sea pirates who infest the country are ruined gamblers, who seek thereby to repair their broken fortunes.

In such a land, of course, the higher fruits of civilization are not to be looked for. Manila furnishes but few readable books, and such a thing as a club is unknown, though the foreign colonies in the Chinese and Japanese cities are abundantly supplied with these adjuncts of enjoyment. The feeble newspapers are rarely enlivened with any excitement, and the fortnightly news from Hong-Kong, at the time of Mr. Jagor's visit, was so industriously sifted by priestly censors that little remained except the chronicles of the Spanish and French courts to feed the barren columns.

As an illustration of the distrust with

of the Philippines rest lightly under the Spanish yoke, which in these islands was never cemented by any such cruel and barbarous policy as cursed the early history of Spanish America. The Tagals have adopted the religion, manners, and customs of their rulers, and there has been a permanent and fruitful amalgamation between them—a result largely owing, perhaps, to the celibacy of the priesthood, the tenets of whose faith, prescribing the law of universal love, as Mr. Jagor slyly intimates, may have been widely illustrated in practice.

Distinctly-marked national customs, such as may be found in most isolated portions of the world, in spite of the force of civilizing agencies, have here entirely disappeared. There seems to be an utter lack of originality in the Tagal mind. The natives quickly adopted all the rites and forms of the new religion, copied the personal externals of the conquering race, and learned to despise their own manners as heathenish and uncouth. The result is ludicrous, and not unworthy of philosophical comment. They sing Andalusian ditties and dance Spanish dances, but

with a mechanical precision utterly lacking the spirit of intelligence. It is the body without the spark of life. They imitate every thing accurately in detail, but without any soul.

Their artistic productions, though the work of marvelous skill and patience oftentimes,

Nearly all the dwellings are built by the water's edge, for the river is a self-sustaining highway, on which loads are carried to the foot of the mountains. The huts are built on piles, like those of the ancient lake-dwellers of Switzerland, and the appropriateness

the most characteristic charms to the landscape. The parallel position and toughness of the fibres render it easy to split, and when split its pieces are all of extraordinary pliability and elasticity. To the gravelly soil on which it grows are probably owing its durability, its firm, even, clean surface, and the brilliancy and color which always improve by use. It is a wonderful provision of Nature, too, that, amid a population with such limited means of conveyance, the bamboo is to be found in such numbers and of every possible size. Its floating power is unsurpassed, and it is preëminently fitted for a country poor in roads, but rich in water-courses.

The stranger traveling in the interior learns to appreciate the hospitality of Nature. The air is so equitably warm that one would gladly dispense with all clothing except a solar hat and a pair of light shoes. Should one desire to pass the night in the open air, the construction of a hut from the leaves of the palm and the fern is the work of a few moments, and it is always easy to obtain the necessities of life at a reasonable rate. He will everywhere meet with *semaneros* (performers of menial duties), ready to serve him as messengers or porters for a trifling fee. On one occasion Mr. Jagor desired to send a man who was playing cards and drinking palm-wine on an errand. The native said he could not go, for he was a prisoner; but one of his guardians, leaving his charge lolling in the shade, proceeded to discharge the labor in the midst of the intense heat. Prisoners have but little cause to complain of the rigid severities of justice. The only drawback to the comfort of the petty criminal is the severe flogging to which he is liberally treated by the authorities, even for a trifling offense. The natives, though, seem from long experience to have become almost callous to corporeal punishment. The acquaintances of the victim on such occasions stand around to enjoy the spectacle, and jeer at him, asking how the whip-lash tastes. After the whipping, all, spectators, criminal, and executioner, walk away together, laughing and joking, the very best of friends. Thieving and robbery are very common crimes in the islands, and the wealthier classes suffer much from kleptomania on the part of the servants. In some districts the most trifling articles are apt to disappear the instant the owner takes his eyes off them. The Philippine-Islander seems to have had omitted from his organism any clear notion of the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, and regards theft as the merest peccadillo, the whole objection to which consists in being detected in the commission.

Every village has its *casa real*, or *tribunal*, where the traveler can take up his quarters, and be supplied with food at the market-price. Yet the European visitor, from the proclivities of the natives just alluded to, finds himself easier in mind as a guest at the *convento*, or dwelling of the priest, who is always right glad to dispense such hospitality. Oftentimes the priest is the only white man for miles around, and he is only too anxious to house so rare a guest, giving up the best bedroom, and offering all that kitchen and



BAMBOO HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS.

are wearisome, unnatural, and devoid of character. In Java, Borneo, and the Malaccas, the utensils in daily use are ornamented with so refined and subtle a feeling for form and color that they are praised by artists as patterns of decoration, affording proof that the labor is one of love and presided over by intelligence. The natives of the Philippines rarely display such sense of beauty. Even the celebrated Pina embroideries, fabricated with such marvelous skill and patience, and displaying a peerless fineness of work, are, as a rule, spiritless imitations of Spanish patterns.

In most countries with so mild a climate and fertile soil, the inhabitants would have been ground down by native princes or ruthlessly plundered by foreigners. In these richly-endowed and isolated islands, pressure from above, impulse from within, and stimulus from without, are all wanting, and the satisfaction of a few trifling wants suffices for ample comfort. Here, under the shade of the palm-trees, blossoms the full knowledge of the *dolce far niente*. A trip across the Pasig gives a foretaste of life in the interior. Low, wooden cabins and bamboo-huts, surmounted with green foliage, gorgeous flowers, and trailers, are picturesquely grouped along the river-bank, with groves of palm and feather-headed bamboos. The shore is fringed with canoes, nets, rafts, and fishing-apparatus. Boats float down the stream, and canoes ply from bank to bank amid the groups of bathers. The liveliest traffic is carried on in the large sheds which open on the river, the great channel for trade. These are rare attractions to the sailors, who resort there to enliven existence in the fascinating pursuits of gambling, smoking, and betel-chewing.

Sometimes a native may be seen floating down the stream asleep on a heap of coconuts. Should the raft of nuts collide with the shore, the drowsy voyager raises himself up, pushes adrift with a long bamboo, and, as his eccentric raft regains the current, again yields to the luxuriant dreams induced by the betel-nut.

of the position is evident, for the stream, of course, is the very centre of activity. The river-side is a pretty sight, when the men, women, and children, are bathing and frolicking in the shade of the palm-trees; when the young girls are filling their water-vessels, large bamboos, which they carry on their shoulders, or water-jars, which they bear on their heads; and when the boys are standing upright on the backs of the buffaloes, and riding triumphantly in and out of the water.

In these localities the cocoa-palm most flourishes—a tree that not only supplies food and drink, but every material necessary for the construction of huts and the manufacture of household utensils. Inland the tree bears but little fruit, but close to the shore yields most plentifully, even when growing on wretched soil. It is said that cocoa-trees growing by the sea-side are wont to incline their stems over the ocean, the waters of which bear the fruit to desert islands and shores, thus playing an essential part in the ocean vagabondage of Polynesia and Malaysia.

One of the most striking and characteristic trees of the Philippines is the bamboo, whose luxuriant, leafy top may be seen almost everywhere. This gigantic plant is almost indispensable to the comforts and conveniences of tropical life. Nature has endowed it with so many useful qualities, casting all others of her gifts in the shade, that its splendid beauty ceases to be thought of in the comparison. Possessing an extraordinary strength in proportion to its lightness, the result of its round shape and the regularity of the joints, a few sharp cuts of a knife suffice to convert it into any form needed. The ingenious cottager, inheriting the simple traditions of his hereditary craft, manufactures with extraordinary rapidity nearly every implement necessary to his life: chairs, tables, fishing-nets, baskets of every shape, ropes, mats, troughs, roofing-tiles, gates, knives, and forks, are turned out as if by magic at the hands of our rude artisan from the one slender tree, whose graceful crown lends one of

cellar can yield. Every thing is placed before the stranger in a spirit of such undisguised friendliness that he is bestowing instead of accepting a favor. Sometimes the hospitable *padres* have been known to attack the *tribunal* with a force of followers when travelers have been known to be present, and carry off their prizes in triumph to their dwellings *vi et armis*.

Most of the dwellings of the priests are dirty and squalid, but in the larger towns the *conventos* are often spacious and noble structures. Such especially our author found the church and *convento* at Majajai, built by the Jesuits, and splendidly situated. The lake of Bay was seen to extend to the far northeast; in the distance the peninsula of Jalajala; the island of Talim, with its Soson-Dalaga volcano; and the spires of Manila terminated the vista. From the *convento* to the lake stretched an endless grove of cocoatrees, while toward the south the slope of the distant high ground grew suddenly steeper, forming an abruptly precipitous conical hill, intersected by deep ravines. This was the Banajao or Majajai volcano, and beside it San Christoval reared its bell-shaped summit.

Mr. Jagor was anxious to make an ascent, but the rainy weather which prevailed presented too great an obstacle. The volcano is about six thousand five hundred feet in height, and the crater about seven hundred feet deep. At the last eruption in 1780 the mountain burst into flames on its southern side, threw up streams of water, burning lava, and stones of an immense size, ravaging and desolating the country for many miles in the fiery track.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER III.

THE MASTER OF BASILWOOD.

"My surmise was correct, then," said Mrs. Basil to herself, as she sat alone. "That letter was from Miss Hawkesby. I'm glad she does not utterly forget the child; for if Pamela should die—she's never sick, it is true, but then some people do drop off so unexpectedly; the judge, her cousin, did—and if she were to die, what would become of Joanna? What could she mean by saying that she would make provision for Joanna's future? If she thinks to marry her to Arthur, she has less sense than I gave her credit for. It would be a fine thing for Joanna, but—as if Arthur could be such a fool! No, no; there is not the least danger; Pamela may spare her pains, as I shall not scruple to tell her, if I see any symptoms. But, then, it would be nice for Joanna if Miss Hawkesby would take her away—for some day she must cease to be a child—and give her a fair chance in this life. She has no advantage here, poor thing! and really I

wonder Pamela doesn't make an effort to rouse the old lady to a sense of her duty."

Some slight fear that Miss Basil might endeavor to bring about a match between Arthur and the judge's granddaughter had begun to trouble Mrs. Basil's mind, but there was no need for any such fear. A scheming woman, indeed, with an ordinary talent for match-making, would have seen in young Hendall's advent a rare chance for the little Joanna; but Miss Basil, though a most notable manager, was no schemer. She had not that absolute control of her feelings and prejudices so essential to a schemer. Human nature does not require strictly reasonable grounds for its likes and dislikes, as those of us who know some Dr. Fell are well aware; and Miss Basil, disliking Arthur Hendall for no better reason than that he was Mrs. Basil's nephew, and the prospective owner of Basilwood, was very far from desiring to see Joanna married to him; she hoped, indeed, that Joanna would be sensible and never marry. As for any prospect of her marrying young Hendall, Miss Basil herself did not see more clearly than that, with all the advantages he had enjoyed, a simple country girl like this poor little Joanna was no match for him, in any sense. But she did not, like Mrs. Basil, believe so devoutly in the saving dignity of the Hendall blood; she did not believe that this young gentleman, rich in all the arts of worldlings, as Miss Basil could not doubt he must be, would deny himself for honor's sake, nor for dignity's sake, the pleasure of an idle flirtation, by way of pastime, if opportunity offered. And Joanna—Joanna was a little fool, and would believe every word he uttered!

So poor Miss Basil went sorrowing about her work, and turning over in her mind the means of guarding the inexperienced Joanna against the fascinations of Mrs. Basil's nephew. Not knowing exactly what would be best to say on the subject, her great object, just now, was to avoid Joanna; she did not choose to have her assistance in making ready for Mr. Hendall. But passing through the large, barn-like hall that led to the south wing, there was the girl, curled up in the window-seat, and playing with her kitten. At any other time Miss Basil would have reproved her for trifling, but now she took comfort in the sight; it seemed to prove Joanna still a child, in spite of her ready knack at hair-dressing, and her aspirations after demitains.

The little Joanna was not, ordinarily, a source of comfort to her precise, methodical kinswoman; for though removed from worldly influences, and growing up "like to a rose in a withering bower," under Miss Basil's own watchful eyes, the girl had come now to be, much to Miss Basil's confusion, a careless, idling young dreamer of seventeen, the very opposite in every respect of what her matter-of-fact cousin had striven to make her. She had received a desultory, haphazard sort of education; how far it had extended in regard to books, Miss Basil could never accurately tell; but she knew that Joanna could knit, could sew, could darn, could keep accounts, could bake bread, could make a custard and an omelet, for all these use-

ful things, and many others, she herself had faithfully taught her; and she knew, moreover, to her sorrow, that this "child of many prayers" delighted in reading story-books, and hated Dr. Johnson and Hannah More with a hatred that was not ashamed. And no more than this, after seventeen years of intimate companionship, no more than this did Miss Basil know of Joanna; which, however, is hardly to be wondered at, seeing that, of all God's creatures, the most incomprehensible, perhaps, is a girl of seventeen.

Miss Basil, finding Joanna so childishly employed, wished her to remain a child, and began stealthily to retreat; but Joanna, looking up, with her thumb and forefinger arrested in the act of playfully pinching the kitten's ears, broke into a laugh, and said:

"Why do you go 'mousing' about so like an old cat, 'Mela? I'm wide awake'"—so she was, indeed, Miss Basil sighed, to see—"what a time you've been talking with the grandmamma. Who is coming, now?"

"Never you mind, child; young people should not be inquisitive. Play with your kitten," Miss Basil replied, with useless and therefore unwise evasion.

The little Joanna had asked this innocent question season after season, and had always received a direct answer. With a quick, impulsive movement she slipped from her high seat, dropping the startled kitten upon the floor, and fixed her large, dark eyes upon Miss Basil with a searching look; and Miss Basil never liked to meet those eyes, so unflinching, so unfathomable, so *comprehensive* were they; to *feel* them upon her now made her fidget uneasily.

"Pamela," said Joanna, deliberately, "I know; it is the—nephew."

"How *should* you know any thing about it?" said Miss Basil, in an injured tone, and flushing hotly.

"How should I know?" repeated Joanna. "Why, old Thurston told me there were letters for the grandmamma, and don't we all know that means visitors? And, if Miss Archer, or Mrs. Carew, or *that* Miss Ruffner were coming, you would say so at once."

Truly, her argument was conclusive. Joanna knew all about Mr. Arthur Hendall's title to Basilwood; Miss Basil had felt in duty bound to explain it as soon as the child was old enough to understand her position, but she had deemed it advisable to have as little as possible to say about young Hendall himself; she did not wish Joanna to run any risk of becoming interested in him in any way, and she invariably checked every attempt to make him the subject of conversation. But now the perplexed woman began to think she had made a mistake; she had lost so many opportunities of giving Joanna's mind the proper bias against him. It was not yet too late, however, perhaps; so she said, grimly:

"You know he is the master of Basilwood, Joanna; let us not forget that." It was not the wisest thing she could have said. Her words placed young Hendall before Joanna's quick imagination in a sort of picturesque light. *The master of Basilwood!* Did not that imply that the grandmamma's nephew occupied a peculiar position in regard to

* *Entered*, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

herself? Joanna had read too many romances not to feel a certain charm in the situation when she thought it over; and Miss Basil, who had hoped, as she would have said, "to set the child against the inheritor of her grandfather's old home," felt vexed and disappointed to see her begin again, with infantine playfulness, to pinch the kitten's ears. She did wish Joanna would show some human feeling.

"However, she is but a child, I suppose; and God forbid that I should teach her to cherish 'envy, hatred, and malice,' against any one!" Miss Basil said to herself, and went away; but, returning half an hour later, she was rather startled to find the volatile Joanna still sitting in the window, her kitten forgotten, her eyes bent on the floor, her whole demeanor expressive of deep thought. Miss Basil knew, by old experience, that these fits of meditation boded no good; and she said, irritably:

"Get down, child, and find something to do. How often must I remind you of the folly and the sin of wasting your time?"

Joanna rose quickly, saying, with unwonted submission, "I am sure, 'Mela, I am willing to be useful. If you are going to see about Mr. Hendall's room, I am ready to help you. I have been thinking about my duty—"

Miss Basil trembled at the words. What was not this unaccountable Joanna capable of, if she had begun to think about *her duty*? "I don't want you; you will be in my way; go play with your kitten, child," she said, shortly, and made haste to leave her.

"Go—play—with—your—kitten, child," repeated the little Joanna, slowly, staring after her. "What can have come over Pamela to suppose that I can be playing with a kitten forever?" Then she turned again to the window, and pursued the current of her thoughts.

These summer visitors, so dreaded by Miss Basil, were hardly a source of greater pleasure to Mrs. Basil herself than to Joanna. True, she was always in the distant background, for Miss Basil, by way of keeping her young charge unspotted from the world, had never permitted her to mingle freely with Mrs. Basil's guests; but their mere presence at Basilwood gave her a glimpse of that alluring outside world from which she had been all her life so carefully secluded; and, better still, these well-bred, well-dressed people afforded her *models upon which to form herself*. For Joanna was ambitious; conscious of her deficiencies, she was laudably anxious to improve, and eager to seize every opportunity for improvement that offered. These were not many, for Basilwood was remote and isolated; and, partly on this account, partly because of Miss Basil's extremely retiring habits, poor little Joanna had grown up without companions or playmates, having never been at school. Miss Basil had taught her a little, and, for the rest, having a quick mind, she had picked up a fair stock of information, foraging among a lot of long-forgotten books stowed away in the garret, where she could read unmolested.

"A solitary child, shutting herself up between the leaves," books had taught her

much; but, with ready intelligence, she had soon perceived that there was something to be learned about this world and the people in it that books alone could never teach. The ladies that visited Basilwood, elderly, cold, and formal, for the most part, were not particularly attractive to young persons; yet, though she kept aloof from them, Joanna observed them studiously, and soon learned from them an idea of style and elegance which she greatly affected. She had thus acquired a theoretical knowledge of the ways of the fashionable world that would have amazed Miss Basil. The girl had very grave notions about fitting herself for life, for society, and she hoped that young Hendall would be an advantage to her in this way. It was no fault of his that he was master of Basilwood; "and surely," thought she, in the simplicity of her heart, "being a man, he must be wondrous wise."

But these innocent aspirations after "something better than she had known" Joanna buried in the depths of her own heart, not from any sense of shame, but from a dawning consciousness that her excellent cousin's idea of confidence was limited to the rigid truth about indisputable realities, and that her notion of sympathy meant nothing more than ministering to bodily ailments. Any thing that could not be classed as an actual, tangible fact, Miss Basil denominated fancifulness; so Joanna, perforce, having no one else to reveal herself to, kept her own counsel, and became a dreamer of dreams. She was dreaming now, as she sat in the window, an innocent dream of youth's fair possibilities, that she would not have hesitated to confide to Pamela, if only Pamela could understand!

But Miss Basil, all alone up-stairs, waging war against the dust and cobwebs that had accumulated during the winter, did not need to be told that Joanna's idle reveries were full of "the grandmamma's nephew;" she knew it instinctively—"and Joanna was the despair of her life!" she said, passionately. But she had striven hard to train up the child in the way she should go, and no sense of discouragement could make her relax her efforts—certainly she was not going to spare them now; she meant to do her duty by Joanna at all hazards—if only she knew what to do! Could she have believed that the warning would be heeded, she might have been willing to relate to Joanna a page out of her own history; but nothing could have persuaded Miss Basil that any good would come of revealing her sad, romantic story. She could, however, be more than ever watchful; Joanna must be kept more strictly within bounds, for wasn't she a child still? and children should be retiring—she had always impressed that upon Joanna; it was no new doctrine she was about to preach. It had been a great cross to her, in these hard times, that Mrs. Basil would not conform to her hours for meals—an obstinacy that entailed much trouble and extra work—but now she saw a special providence in Mrs. Basil's luxurious habits; there would be the less occasion for Joanna to meet Mr. Hendall.

While she was meditating a suitable discourse to deliver to Joanna, or, rather, while

she was debating with herself whether or not it would be advisable to say any thing on the subject of her fears, Mrs. Basil came in to inspect the room. She would gladly have assisted the work of preparation, but she never did know what to do. She always awoke to new life when the season came that brought the company she loved. In winter she vegetated; what was there for her to do but sit and wait for summer to bring back some semblance of the old, easy, joyous time when three-eighths of a cent more or less in the price of cotton made no difference to her? Easy as it seemed by comparison, her lot was really a harder one than Miss Basil's, who had the absorbing work of the garden, the orchard, the dairy, and the poultry-yard, to occupy her thoughts, not to mention the disappointing little Joanna.

Except an object to live for, Mrs. Basil had had every thing that life could give—wealth, beauty, position, influence, all had been hers, and what now remained but the dregs? Youth had vanished, wealth had vanished; she said very little about her losses in either respect; but her head had turned while contemplating the hopeless decadence of her condition, and often she was weary of her life. But not to-day; for was not her nephew Arthur coming at last?

Mrs. Basil had never seen him since he was a little fellow in his father's house, when she was living there, a *passée belle*, and fonder of his childish prattle than of all the homage she had ever commanded in society. No one had ever come so near her heart as this only child of her only brother. But Fate had been against her here. When his parents died, Arthur went to his mother's relations, and he might have been utterly alienated from his aunt but for his interest in Basilwood. Mrs. Basil, therefore, had no jealousy of his claim upon the place, since it attached him to her; and now that his mother's childless brothers had gone out of the world like so many other men of reputed wealth in these times, leaving no vestige of their fortune behind them, Arthur must settle down to planting. It would be a good thing for him, it would be a good thing for her; he would have all that stanch respectability attaching to a landed proprietor, and he would improve the finances of Basilwood; something of the easy charm of old times would come back.

Mrs. Basil had long desired this day, and for joy could hardly contain herself. Under ordinary circumstances, she would not have cared for Miss Basil's sympathy; but now, without knowing what it was she wanted, she came restlessly into the room, passed her hands over the pillows, peered into the bureau-drawers, turned up the blinds and turned them down again, and annoyed Miss Basil not a little.

"O Pamela, are you sure that every thing is thoroughly attended to, the bedding well aired, and all that? You should have had Myra up to help you."

"But Myra is busy with the ironing," said Miss Basil, and in her heart she wished Mrs. Basil had something to do to keep her busy. But Mrs. Basil could do nothing but sew a little, and she did not always have the material to sew upon.

"Well, we must find an extra servant, I suppose," said she, as complacently as if an extra servant would cost nothing. "It is always the way in summer. I hope the room is well aired, and the bedding; I am very particular, because Arthur is by no means so well as I could wish him to be."

"An invalid?" queried Miss Basil, with interest, adjusting in her mind the advantages and disadvantages likely to result from Mr. Arthur Hendall's inability to leave his room. It would certainly keep him out of Joanna's way; but it would also entail much unprofitable labor. The advantages and disadvantages seemed about evenly balanced, and Miss Basil sighed.

"Yes," said Mrs. Basil, brightly, mistaking the sigh for sympathy; "a tertian ague, attended by rheumatic symptoms, with some gastric disturbance."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Miss Basil, with an air of experience. "The remedy is quinine; and iodoform would benefit him."

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Basil, in an offended tone; "I consider it quite serious; it is the result of exposure in the swamp through which the New Central road is now being surveyed."

"Oh!" said Miss Basil, meekly.

She always wilted when Mrs. Basil begged her pardon.

But Mrs. Basil turned away unappeased. There was yet more to tell about Arthur, and in her then mood she might have told it if Miss Basil had not slighted his "symptoms" so. As if she would be permitted to prescribe in such a case! No, indeed; Mrs. Basil intended to send for Dr. Garnet as soon as Arthur should arrive.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS BASIL TAKES REFUGE IN A SONG.

YOUNG HENDALL arrived the next morning. He was a tall, handsome young man, but evidently the worse for the tertian ague and attendant symptoms, and when Miss Basil saw him her heart smote her.

"Heaven forgive me," she sighed, "that ever I should have rejoiced at his being obliged to keep his room!"

Bodily suffering always moved her compassion, and, though she mistrusted all handsome young men in general, and this one in particular, she went immediately to prepare for him such delicacies as only she could concoct; for, except administering physic, Miss Basil liked nothing so well as making dainty dishes for the sick.

But her compassionate feelings were doomed to meet a sudden shock. Intent upon her benevolent design, she came near stumbling over the little Joanna, who had been peeping through the crack of the dining-room door, at the imminent risk of pinching her nose.

"Mercy upon us, Joanna!" she exclaimed, in wrath. "What are you doing there?"

She almost wished the child had pinched her nose.

"Oh, do tell me what he is like, 'Mela!'" Joanna asked, eagerly.

Miss Basil, though she would have it that Joanna must remain a child, demanded, none the less, the discreet reticence of conscious womanhood.

"You are very improper, Joanna," said she, sharply, as she walked resolutely to the store-room. "All sick men are alike—be sure of that—never thinking of the everlasting trouble they give."

"O 'Mela!'" exclaimed Joanna, following in Miss Basil's wake, and speaking with enthusiasm. "I should not mind the trouble, for it isn't mere common sickness in his case. Haven't you heard? Only think of his being wounded with a pistol in a—contest!"—Joanna had an extravagant ambition to use "superior" language, and, no matter what she talked about, would hesitate for a high-sounding word—"with those dreadful burglars that broke into Mrs. Stargold's house in Westport the other day—the other night, you know I mean—Mrs. Elizabeth Stargold, the grandmamma's cousin!"—Joanna never said "my grandmamma"—"an elderly lady, 'Mela, she is, living all alone, and e—normously wealthy, I do suppose. You see, I can tell you all about it. The papers called it a thrilling adventure, 'Mela, and—"

By this time they were in the store-room, and Miss Basil was trying on a large calico apron. She had appeared not to be listening, but she had heard, with the silence of exasperation, every word that the little Joanna, following at her heels, poured forth so eagerly; and she had finally made up her mind that this unwarrantable enthusiasm must be checked. As if it were not enough that Arthur Hendall must come to Basilwood at all, but he must come with the prestige of a hero! Yet, Miss Basil was going to make something good for him; oh, yes, she would repay him with kindness!

"You talk too much, Joanna," said she, giving a vicious tug at the apron-strings.

"But the grandmamma herself told me," persisted Joanna, simply. "You see, I wished to know, and so I asked her."

"You—asked her!" repeated Miss Basil, astonished. "Why, Joanna!"

"Why, of course," answered Joanna, with simplicity. "Why should I not ask her?"

Miss Basil couldn't explain why; so she said, lifting a warning finger that Joanna always associated with forbidden fruit:

"Take care, child; forwardness, you know, is not becoming in the young."

"But," said Joanna, argumentatively, "it was not unbecoming, for the grandmamma was pleased, I assure you. She commended my—my *urbanity* in asking about her nephew."

"Oh, good gracious, Joanna!" exclaimed Miss Basil; but whether from perplexity at Mrs. Basil's want of judgment in thus encouraging idle curiosity, or from impatience at Joanna's ambitious language, she herself could not have told.

"She did," said Joanna, quietly.

Miss Basil, having no words in which to express her conflicting sentiments, began with a great clatter to gather together an array of bowls and spoons.

"What are you going to make, 'Mela?'" said Joanna, with great interest, planting her elbows on the table, and cradling her cheeks in her hands. "Let it be something very, very nice, do; for, oh, he is as brave—as brave as a lion! And I do admire—*proves* in a man!"

"Joanna, child, I wish you wouldn't!" ("Wouldn't" *what*? Miss Basil did not, under the circumstances, know how to be definite.) "You always do contrive to get just in my way!" said poor Miss Basil, lugubriously.

"*Blanc-mange*!" cried Joanna, clapping her hands softly, as she moved away to the other end of the table at the instigation of Miss Basil's remorseless elbows. "And you do make such delicious *blanc-mange*, 'Mela! I hope you are going to put it in the rose-mould."

"No, I am *not*," said Miss Basil, crossly. "Don't be silly, Joanna. It's only a milk-punch I shall make."

"I am sure he would like that," said Joanna, not feeling the rebuff; for was not 'Mela always cross when grandmamma's company came?

"And why should you mind what he likes?" said Miss Basil, severely. "I dare say we may rue the day he came."

"I'm sure he's much nicer to have here than the Archers or that Miss Ruffner."

"Joanna," said Miss Basil, suspending the spoon over the yellow bowl of milk, "Mrs. Basil's relations, remember."

"She's just horrid, Miss Ruffner is, for all that!" said Joanna, unabashed. "Don't I know her? Forever and forever boasting about her—her *pedigree*, and always, always calling me 'child,' and asking whether I know my catechism, and I every bit of sixteen last summer when she was here! But, O Pamela!"—clasping her hands with fervor, in a sudden transition from intense indignation to intense admiration, and sighing forth her words fervently—"she *did* wear *love-ly* trains!"

And Joanna, with her hands still clasped, bent her supple knees so as to make her short skirts trail on the floor, looking down at them over her shoulder with an absorbing interest, very distressing to poor Miss Basil, who thought the love of dress the root of all evil.

"Ah, child, 'vanity of vanities!'" she murmured, warningly.

"Oh, yes, I know all about *that*!" said Joanna, with an impatient twitch at her skirts. "I've heard it a *thousand* times. It's all because you don't care for trains and the like."

"Trains and the like are not exempt from moth and rust; remember that, child," said Miss Basil, dolefully. "I must always remind you, Joanna, of the folly of setting your heart on the things of this world."

"Oh, dear, 'Mela!" said Joanna, with a shrug. "Were you never young, in all your life, that you can't understand my feelings?"

"Yes," replied Miss Basil, promptly; "I've seen the folly and the vanity of youth in my time."

"Then you might let me see the folly and the vanity of it in my time, which is just come," said Joanna, coaxingly.

"Which is just come!" repeated Miss Basil, in dismay, thinking of young Hendall. "Joanna, what do you mean by such an expression? But it is no matter what you mean, you silly, thoughtless child; it is my duty to warn you, without fear or favor, that youth is a snare and a delusion!" Miss Basil had great faith in the power of pious song; when nothing else would subdue the recalcitrant Joanna, she sang to her; Joanna might protest in the beginning, but, before the strain was brought to a close, she was dumb and spiritless. So, now, by way of persuading her obdurate young auditor to a better frame of mind, she began immediately to sing, in a fearfully high key:

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's delusion given."

Joanna clapped her hands over her ears and frowned.

"Pamela! Pamela!" she cried, "your hymns are doleful, and I hate them; and I love the world, the beautiful, beautiful world; and I am glad that I am young! Everybody, yes, *everybody*, would rather be young than old!"

But this remonstrance only moved Miss Basil to sing the louder, in a voice of nasal melancholy, while Joanna, with her eyes fixed upon the orchard where the sun was shining, and the bees were coming and going among the apple-blossoms, thought, impatiently:

"Such dolefulness may do for people that have had the rheumatism, but it doesn't suit me. How *can* she, in a world of apple-blossoms?"

But a change was about to come over the spirit of her dream. Just as Miss Basil sang the last line of the last verse, Mrs. Basil looked in at the open door, with disapproval written on every line of her calm, handsome face.

"Pamela," said she, in a voice which, though cold, was soft and silvery, contrasting strangely with the discordant tones that had just ceased—"Pamela, excuse me, but really you cannot be aware how very loud your singing is, nor how trying to a person out of health. My nephew cannot bear it; he begs that you will spare him."

Now, Miss Basil was not vain of her voice; indeed, she had no reason to be; but neither was she ashamed of her singing. She sang as she did every thing else, from a sense of duty, and she could not see how any right-minded person could object to a purely religious exercise. However, as she was not disposed to consider young Hendall a right-minded person, she only said:

"I didn't suppose I could be heard upstairs."

She was busying herself with the young man's breakfast all the while, and Mrs. Basil, seeing these preparations going on, was pleased to show, by a nod and a smile, as she withdrew, closing the door behind her, that she was appeased.

If there was any discipline to which Miss Basil resorted, more irksome than another to Joanna, it was this doleful singing, and ordinarily she rejoiced at any interruption; but now she began to feel, with a bitterness she had never known before, that a stranger

had assumed the rule in her old home. This was a feature of the case she had not contemplated when she so complacently acquiesced in the title "master of Basilwood," that Miss Basil had bestowed; and she stood now with angry eyes fixed on the door through which Mrs. Basil had disappeared.

"He's the master here, child, as I told you," said Miss Basil, with a sort of grim satisfaction, for once interpreting Joanna's thoughts aright.

"If you are not to sing, it cannot be helped, I suppose," said Joanna, hoarsely; "but you see if I don't find some way to worry the life out of him!"

"Joanna, Joanna!" said Miss Basil, tremulously, "you show an unchristian spirit. All tribulation is for our good." She was glad to see Joanna in such a frame of mind, but, all the same, she thought it ought to be rebuked.

"I don't believe it!" cried Joanna, recklessly. "It doesn't do *me* good; and you don't like it any better than I do. Why should he be master here?"

"Child, I have explained it to you, time and again," said matter-of-fact Miss Basil. "Your grandfather—"

"I know," interrupted Joanna; "I know all about my grandfather. He wasn't a man to wear out his soul making money, like old Mr. John Hendall; more's the pity for us!"

"It's all the same in the end, child; for all Mr. John Hendall's money, the Hendalls, now, are little better off than ourselves," said Miss Basil, not without a sort of latent satisfaction.

"Basilwood belongs to them," said Joanna, gloomily; "and we can't help it."

"Joanna—we could go away?" said Miss Basil, suddenly. It might be desirable, she thought, to familiarize Joanna with that idea.

"Leave Basilwood? *My* Basilwood, where I have lived all my life!" cried Joanna, turning white at the mere suggestion. "O 'Mela, do you think it *must* come to that?"

"I suppose it must, in time," said Miss Basil, with studied resignation. "You see already that there is an end to my singing. But you should not say '*my* Basilwood,' Joanna, for Basilwood is not, and never will be, yours." It was desirable, Miss Basil thought, to foster the promising enmity that Joanna was beginning to entertain toward Mrs. Basil's nephew; she did not take into consideration the dangerous nature of a rebound from such a sentiment.

Joanna burst into tears. "It *shall* be mine!" she sobbed, childishly.

"Joanna," said Miss Basil, who could see but one way by which Joanna could obtain possession of Basilwood, "if you ever say that again, I shall be seriously displeased with you."

"Yes," sobbed Joanna, "it's envy, and hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, 'Mela, I know, to say so; but I can't help it. Never, never, any more, will it be the same place to us. And you took such comfort in your singing, too! I wish he had never come! His old breakfast is getting cold, and I am glad of it; I hope it will disagree with him, I do!"

"Joanna, Joanna!" said Miss Basil, rebukingly. It was very gratifying that Joanna should take a dislike to young Hendall, but she ought not to wish him harm.

"But I do, 'Mela," persisted Joanna; "and when I feel wicked, you might as well let me enjoy it." With which startling remonstrance she walked out of the room.

"Joanna ought not to indulge such sentiments," Miss Basil said to herself, regretfully; "but it is some satisfaction to know that, after all, I did not sing that hymn in vain."

MARION WALLING.

THE knowledge of the one crowning folly in the career of Marion Walling came to be mine on a September night two years since, and it was brought to me by the one man who could explain it best.

She had run a cruel, brilliant course through all the capitals of Europe, but in obedience to a sentiment of love for home—a sentiment the presence of which in her breast was an inconsistency that I cannot pretend to account for—she returned to this country with the avowed intention of helping it in its many infirmities, and of teaching others how to become true Americans.

She was twenty-five years of age, and she possessed a wealth that was practically boundless. She was a descendant of a family that had been noted for the beauty of its women, and upon her face and form there had fallen by selection, one might say, the finest and purest graces of half a score of generations. But she had used these charms in the work of Satan. Her society-life, extending over a period of seven years, was marked here and there with those fearful offenses that no one knows how to punish, and yet the criminality of which no one dares to palliate.

To generate love in the most guarded breast, and to set on fire the most tranquil nature, was her special prerogative, and most wickedly did she exercise it.

To her captives, to be forewarned was not to be forearmed. It availed little to prince or poet to be advised of her nature, for each fell at her will, and without the trace of a struggle. In casting them aside she showed no mercy. She snapped the threads with both hands, and then turned away without a word of pity or regret.

But she found on her return to America that this more independent society looked askance upon her in spite of her wealth and position, and that, for once, disapprobation could be rendered disquieting. She retired to her country-seat, and, surrounded by a gallant company of friends, she caused the belief to go abroad that she had at last taken the true views of her place and use in the world, and that she was ready to assume her share of its burdens.

The law-firm with which I was connected had charge of her own and her father's estates, and I therefore had frequent occasion to visit the household, and I became conversant, to a certain extent, with what took place beneath the roof.

Arthur Thurman appeared on the scene in the spring of the year succeeding that of the Wallings' return, and to the utter consternation of his friends he yielded at once to the daughter's marks of favor, and conducted himself as her suitor. I knew him, probably, better than any one else in the world, and I became the recipient of his confidences. He was a man of wealth and position, and he possessed an unusually active and forcible mind. He was thirty-six years of age, handsome, in capital physical health, and he possessed an ambition that kept him alert and *au courant* with all that was moving in the world.

This ambition was to take part in politics, a sea of impurity that he was anxious to assist in clarifying, and I have no doubt that it was upon this matter that he and the far-seeing Marion Walling struck their first sympathies.

I recall now that I have seen the two, arm-in-arm, walk up and down in the shrubbery-paths, talking of economic and diplomatic subjects for hours, her finely-cut and intelligent face actually glowing with enthusiasm and understanding, and the attitude of her slender form, clad in its splendid dress, betraying the most intense vitality.

Thurman, without question, knew of her arts abroad; and I, believing that he must have long since given them due weight in the consideration of his own case, did not presume to speak of them. I perceived, I thought, that they both had taken the highest ground, and that nothing but the conviction that they were fitted for each other in every sense had brought about the present state of affairs.

And that they were fitted for each other, and singularly so, did not admit of doubt. Had it been possible to obliterate the scores upon Miss Walling's record, marriage between the two would have been hailed with delight by society everywhere.

The significance of their relations grew stronger and stronger as the summer passed, and the formal announcement of their betrothal was daily expected. That there were some anxious ones among the friends I am not able to deny, and for my own part I confess that I felt great uneasiness.

September came, and Thurman was at "Lahill." I received letters from him from time to time, mainly upon matters of business, yet he invested even the driest topics with a lightness and gayety that I, of course, knew well enough how to interpret.

On the evening of the 18th of the month I sat in my parlor in my bachelor quarters in the city, amusing myself with a terrier, when Thurman was announced. He followed the servant closely with a heavy, quick, and staggering step, and, pausing on my threshold, fixed upon me a pair of the wildest eyes that it has ever been my lot to see. He was as white as chalk, and his dress, disordered by a long carriage-ride, hung loosely about his person.

I knew at a glance what had happened, and my heart sank like lead. I leaped up, and seizing his hand led him to a seat. He looked at me with painful inquiry in his eyes.

"I think I understand," said I.

He nodded quickly in response, and replied in a loud voice:

"Thank God! You spare me the humiliation of putting it in words!"

He had been rejected, without reason or qualification. The woman had refused him as she would have denied a favor to an impertinent servant. He had implored neither grace nor explanation, but had quitted the place within the hour, and had driven hither at the utmost speed.

"What shall I do?" demanded he, in the tone of one drowning in the ocean.

"Talk," said I.

He obeyed, and may I be forgiven for bringing down upon the head of a human being the rage and bitterness that Thurman poured out upon Marion Walling! He went through with it as if he were summing up against a prisoner at the bar, and he ransacked the whole arsenal of invective to find words to suit his interpretation of her act.

His language appalled me. I did not attempt to stop it; but, closing all the doors and windows, in order that he might not be heard by other ears than mine, I permitted the mad stream to flow on to its end. This end did not come until five o'clock the next morning. Thurman was a widely-read, widely-traveled, and widely-cultivated man, and every emotion that he felt had a thousand points of contact with his mind. This sudden and cruel unseating of his desires, desires based upon all that was pure and manly, awoke a multitude of resentments that I could not comprehend, but which filled me with awe as I witnessed their manifestation.

He remained, half secreted, in my chamber for three days. At the end of that time he had begun to analyze his disappointment, and to resolve it into its ingredients. He made me one short speech that contained this passage:

"I have searched the world for ten years to find a woman that possessed the talents that God has given to Marion Walling. When I met her there came that divine flash of intelligence that told me that my search was at an end.

"The warmth of our intercourse had a spontaneity that filled me with assurance that all was well. I have never had my confidence disturbed, I have never felt the slightest trace of doubt, I have never held any attitude toward her than that of suitor, for our affection sprung into life at full bloom; and that I should ever hold myself toward her as a friend never occurred to me. What, then, condemned me to so much pain? Perhaps her vanity required just one more victim. Ah, how bitter it is to find that one has fallen by such a sting as that!"

On the 22d I was summoned to Lahill. I said nothing to Thurman, but went quickly. I left him writing a political treatise, but with the pallid face and wasted form of a monk who had suffered a lengthened fast. His eyes were large and excessively bright, and his hand trembled like a leaf.

At Lahill I was ushered at once into the office-parlor. The father and daughter were both there. I conducted myself with circumspection, for I perceived that both felt as-

sured that I had a knowledge of Thurman's story.

It appeared that it had been deemed necessary for me to go to the western part of Ohio to examine personally the condition of the grape-plantations there, in which the Wallings possessed large interest. The season had promised but poorly, and the mortgagees were desirous of gaining exact information. This was natural, no doubt, but why was I sent on this particular year? I looked, perhaps incautiously, at Marion. She was standing erect by a small table a few yards off, holding between her hands an ebony whist-counter, which, when turned, gave forth a rattle. Her light hair was brushed high from her white forehead, her head was raised, and her dress, which was of a delicate muslin, was gathered about her figure in such a way that she was made to seem taller than she was. Her keen face was turned toward me, and her clear-blue eyes were fastened steadfastly upon my face. There is a manner of delivering a look that almost pries open the lips, and this look was just such a one. I made up my mind that it was at her suggestion that I was sent to foreign parts.

Mr. Walling gave me numberless instructions. The whist-counter began to rattle. Marion broke in upon her father, saying:

"Is it not very simple? If the grapes will not ripen, the farmers must fail. If we give Mr. Weymouth discretion, we cannot give him advice."

The venerable gentleman bowed his white head in respect to this plain truth, and the other glanced at me again, as if to say, "Now speak of what I would have you."

I declined to do so. I pursued matters of pure business, and kept Thurman in the background. The whist-counter began its whirring a third time. I arose to go.

"And do you come from town, and yet fail to bring us the news, sir?" said the daughter, flushing with anger, yet smiling most sweetly.

"What news would please you best, Miss Marion?"

"Oh, the news that one's ears burn for. What do the men say about our dinner to the *littérati*?"

She tried three times to lead me thus. I refused to follow, and I thought at last that she would catch me by the arm as I turned away. Her color came and went like a girl's, and two or three times she tripped in her speech. I would have wagered all I owned that Marion Walling had never made two such exhibitions of her anxiety in all her life.

I got into the carriage and rode away alone. The path to the gate was somewhat devious, and the day was stormy—two reasons why the driver proceeded slowly. Just as we reached the last turn of the drive, I heard the clatter of the wicket that opened from the wood-path. The carriage stopped. I looked out and beheld Marion. She was covered with a cloak, and she panted heavily for breath. She was drenched with water, and her face was pale. She must have run like a deer to have caught us. She came forward two or three uncertain steps, and then missed her footing.

She stretched out her arm to save herself, and she caught the rim of the muddled wheel with her beautiful hand. She drew it back soiled to the wrist. Her hair had fallen over her face, and the shock had made her speechless.

In an instant she started as if with an electric shock. The indignity of her position brought back her dignity. She drew back like lightning, and cried to the driver to go on. She bent upon me a swift look of rage and *hauteur*, and raised her head and figure to their full height. I left her standing thus in the rain.

Should I tell Thurman of this? I own that I debated long, and that I was disposed to keep the matter to myself. My sense of justice, however, got the better of my will, and I presumed that I had been but the accidental discoverer of the something that belonged to him.

Therefore, upon my return to my chambers, I detailed every jot and tittle of the talk and its contingencies. I laid great stress upon the last scene—the scene at the gate.

Thurman, who was standing, raised his hand in a truly grand fashion, and cried in a deep voice—a voice that thrills me to this day—

“Too late!”

Then he walked to his table like a paralytic, and, sitting down, pretended to write, but never was there a sadder pretense. In a moment, he was bent over the table convulsed with emotion.

On the next day I proposed that he should travel with me to Ohio.

“Yes,” he replied, “I will go.”

Those were his words, but their sense was—

“I will determinedly cut myself loose from this infernal witchery: God guide my hand!”

I did not delay an hour. My task was plain.

Our destination was one of the islands in the famous group that lie at the western end of Lake Erie, a few miles north of Sandusky City. I was obliged to spend three days among the shore plantations before crossing to these islands, and I persuaded Thurman to go on before me and arrange for quarters at the hotel at Middle Bass. Having finished my business, I followed in due time. I discovered, by-the-way, that the Concord grape, which is the staple crop of these farms, was growing unevenly; and that the Catawbas, in consequence of the lack of rains, had not filled out, and would not, in all likelihood, bring good prices from the wine-men. The farmers (most of them were Germans) were despondent, and, while making all allowances for the business tenet which demanded that they look upon the dark side of all things, I could not but perceive that their ways were to be hard for that season at least.

The Wallings had hitherto been lenient with their debtors, but, having become impatient of slow and scant returns, they had determined, of late, to pursue a more rigid policy. I was the unhappy medium by which this policy was carried out, but I contrived to do my duty and to speak my harsh words with sufficient grace to ward off all ill-feeling.

At the hour of my arrival at Middle Bass, a flat, low-lying island, Thurman was out walking. I gained a hint of the direction he had taken, and I followed him. I came, after half an hour, to the gate-way of the Reinhart farm, and, as it was one of those in which my principals had an interest, it occurred to me to stop for a moment to find out how matters were going there. I walked down a long lane between two wide fields of ripening fruit, thinking far more, I admit, of the beauty of the day and the delicious warmth of the air than I did of profit and loss. All was as quiet and sunny as the heart could wish, and a sweet fragrance filled the air almost to repletion. At the distance of a quarter of a mile lay the sparkling waters of the placid lake, and at the edge of the land there stood a thin line of tall old oaks, the giant branches of which, half naked and half dressed in a gloomy verdure, reached upward toward the sky like human arms. Reinhart's house was old, and it was painted red. It was surrounded by low willows, and its yard and its high-pitched roof were in shade.

As I turned out of the grape-field I saw, sitting side by side, upon a bench beneath the rugged bole of one of these trees, Thurman and a sweet-faced girl of eighteen. She was bareheaded, and her golden hair was plaited and bound up in a tight knot behind. Her dress was of a dark-brown stuff, and from beneath her skirts there projected two pretty feet, crossed and composed. She was knitting a blue sock, and she was listening at the same time, with her head cast down, and inclined slightly upon one side, to what my friend was saying, and he was saying it most earnestly, though by no means secretly.

I recognized at once the daughter of Reinhart, for I had seen her there years before, and she was then a most lovable child. She was now a woman, and I have never seen a more innocent face than that which she raised when I first made my presence known.

Thurman showed no signs of discomfiture, but he welcomed me warmly. Seibel—that was the girl's name—led us about the place, showing us all the sights. “These are the old-country wooden panniers that we gather grapes in. These are the pipes that the wine runs into. This is the wine-press—ah, I do so long to see it run again! I press the grapes myself sometimes. Did you ever hear the stream of red wine flow into the empty pipes? it makes such a little roar!” and she laughed and showed her white teeth.

I did not see Reinhart. He was absent—in Toledo, I think.

When we were about to go, Thurman put out his hand. Seibel put hers into it fairly, and looked him in the face—not with that abominable sham frankness that knows its own name, but with natural thoughtlessness.

The season was most charming, and I did not hesitate to make up my mind to spend a month on the island. The greater number of the summer visitors had long since departed, and the long walks and the shady groves were almost entirely deserted. Now and then, in a long walk, one caught a glimpse of a city dress, or heard the ring of a city

laugh, but it was not often; the glorious sunlight, now doubly yellow, poured down upon the silent fields and the white roads, and every thing paused for the grapes to ripen.

Thurman went every day to Reinhart's house, and I frequently went with him. Finally Reinhart himself, urged by the good wife whose anxious face I had more than once seen peering cautiously through her vine-covered windows at the group upon the bench, came and put the question in a good-natured, roundabout way:

“Isn't your friend a lonely sort of fellow to be hanging round our Seibel so much? What do you think?”

“I'll speak to him,” said I.

I did so. Thurman replied, quietly:

“I am going to marry her.”

“What!”

“It is true.”

“But your heart, your spirit, your entire nature, must be antagonistic to love! You are fresh from one of those defeats that drive men mad, or out of the world. It is impossible for you to stimulate a new passion.”

“That is very true.”

“Then explain.”

“Listen: I admit that there is ruin somewhere. I observe myself from without myself, and I see that I am ill, that I am purposeless, that I am full of sorrow and regret. I go through a slight calculation, and I perceive that I must recover myself in order to be of any further use in the world. You admit that. Very well. Then, instead of taking usual measures—by usual measures I mean the slow processes of time and travel—I take a heroic measure. I *force* upon my attention an object whose nature is such that my distracted spirit and outraged sensibilities must soon assimilate with it. I find in Seibel a creature of absolute purity, elevated moral sense, ardent disposition, and unquestioning trust. I am as certain that my heart will entertain her at some time in the future as I am that we now talk together. I do not say that the memory of my real position does not agitate me at times even before her face, but I am resolved to hold her to my breast until her nature does its healing, purifying work, and then I shall hold her forever.”

This was his idea, and faithfully did he labor to carry it into execution. It touched me to the quick to see him go out pale and languid fresh from some new realization of his pain, and seek in the grape-fields this fair-faced, simple-hearted child, and walk beside her hour after hour, bending his intelligence with an iron will upon the things that gave her interest and gratification. Reinhart and his wife took my word for it that they need have no fear, and so Thurman found a welcome from both at their house. He dined with them often, ate of their rough dishes, and looked pleased at their simple surroundings. On these occasions Seibel was gay and unaffected, and she would sit beside him happy at his contentment.

Meanwhile, the grapes ripened poorly, and the buyers who were abroad shook their heads. I sent intelligence to the Wallings through the office, and proposed to wait until the gathering-season came, for it would

then be easier to judge of the financial prospects of the farmers.

From a friend who wrote, I learned that the news of Thurman's rejection by Miss Walling had produced a fierce indignation against her among the people who knew the parties, and that she had gone into a semi-retirement. It also appeared that it was not generally known where Thurman had flown to—an ignorance that I had no wish to dissipate.

Week after week in October went by, and still the song of love was sung without let or hinderance. I saw the two sitting beside the shore in the long, sweet afternoons, idly listening to the waves, or devoutly listening to each other. Thurman was succeeding. I noted signs of returning strength in his manner, and an increased vigor in his method of talking. These proofs were slight, to be sure, but they were positive as far as they went.

On the 23d of October, at a late hour in the afternoon, I received a note by messenger who came from a club-hotel at the lower part of the island.

It invited me to call at once on a matter of pressing importance, and it was signed by Marion Walling.

I was thunderstruck. She had found us out, and was upon the ground with no good purpose. What unhappy fate had led her here? Thurman was not present. I hastened to obey the summons.

Miss Walling received me in a private parlor, one of those poor rooms scantily furnished with the cheap material of watering-place grandeur.

I was astonished, nay, shocked at the change that had taken place in Miss Walling's appearance. She had become wasted in face and person, and her features, always serious in expression, were now most sad. Her large, dark eyes turned upon me with a look of appeal that I had never beheld before, and her voice, at this somewhat important moment, almost escaped her mastery. She was alone, and she received me without formality.

"You see that I am here," she said, with a faint smile. I bowed. "We have been here, father and I, for three days."

I did not conceal my surprise. She hesitated a moment, and then said, with painful deliberation—a deliberation which enabled her to compose herself before the utterance of each word:

"Mr. Weymouth, you know why I am here. I feel that I could not deceive you even if I would, for it has been your ill-fortune to discover that I am weak—or rather, perhaps, that I am strong—for I have come at last to count it a strength to be able to love. Tell me, is what I have seen true?"

The word "true" fell from her lips with so strange an accent that I could not but comprehend much of its significance. I therefore hesitated, but at length replied:

"Yes, I believe it to be true."

"Is it possible that it can be any thing more than an attempt to solace himself for the pain that I inflicted upon him?"

"Yes, it is."

"You are sure?"

"I am."

"Possibly he has told you that it is.—Yes?—Then can you repeat what he said?"

I did so. I did not convey any of my own feeling, but I think that I gave Thurman's in full. It was a hard task, for I could see the listener shudder and droop under the successive assurances that all was lost to her.

After I had finished there was a long silence. I looked downward, not caring to witness the perturbation of my companion. After a minute I was aroused by a movement on her part. I looked up. A great change had come over her. Her cheeks were flushed with color, her eyes had lost their mournfulness and were now bright and piercing. She stood erect, and faced me with an air of aggression.

"Knowing your aptitude for business, I have no doubt that, in spite of the demands that friendship has made upon your time and attention, you have observed the condition of the Reinhart farm?"

I indicated that I had.

"It is clear to you, I suppose, then, that its tenant will again fail to meet his engagements with us?"

"I have not seen enough yet to warrant such a decision."

"Ah—then you are troubled with blindness! I have examined every thing; I think that nothing has escaped me. I request you to take steps for the foreclosure of its mortgage."

The motive of this was only too plain. A sudden revolution in her temper had made it possible for her to conceive this fierce but feeble plan to gain her object. I, of course, could not be instrumental in the transaction of business that arose from such sources, and I said so in as many words.

She gave me an angry reply.

This enabled me to address to her a speech which treated, I think, of every phase of her conduct in the matter with Thurman, and every sentiment that had been evolved from the outrage. I did not spare her. The indignation that I felt found ready words, and, I think, if I recall these words with any degree of accuracy, they must have told keenly upon her. I spoke as if from the most elevated height—the height where the love was first conceived—a height immeasurably above the plane of common loves—and, as the cause had been great, so my denunciation of its ruin was severe and relentless.

I uttered the last words in the colloquy.

I left Miss Walling trembling between rage and remorse, unable to gainsay me, yet beholding, in far higher colors than I had painted it, the picture of the error she had made. I left the room and the house, and returned to the hotel, where I cast myself down to puzzle out the course that it was best for me to pursue.

It was then three o'clock in the afternoon. The day was cloudless and warm, and I vaguely remembered that I had seen the grape-pickers in the teeming fields, and that the day was like a day of heaven.

At five o'clock I heard Thurman's steps in the corridor. They were hurried, and I had hardly time to raise myself to my feet before he came into the room.

He terrified me a second time by his wild

appearance. He looked much as he had looked upon the day that he came from his defeat at Lahill.

He fixed his eyes upon me, and, passing by, went on into his own chamber. He opened his trunk, searched in it for a moment, closed it, and then came back, still walking rapidly. He gained the door before I could utter a word.

"Thurman! Thurman!"

"Weymouth," cried he, suddenly, "give me your word that you have not interfered against me over there." He nodded in the direction of Seibel's house.

"I give you my word that I have not."

"Good! I knew that. May God bless and keep you, my dear, good friend!"

In an instant he was gone. He descended the stairs, crossed the hall, crossed the echoing piazza, and then his footsteps were lost upon the lawn.

I cannot say what stupidity kept me wondering, as I did, for fifteen minutes about the reason and force of both his act and words. I sat like a mummy, and with my wits as dead as if I were asleep. I had not made up my mind what to do, and it was not until the clock struck the hour of five that I divested myself of the mist that involved me.

Then I leaped to my feet with the question in my mouth, "What did he take from his trunk?" I ran into his room, and found the box locked and the key gone.

I had once seen a hall-porter spring a lock with a well-placed, vigorous kick. I tried this kick. It succeeded; the lid flew up, and I seized it. I looked for Thurman's pistol-case. As I now fully expected, one of the glittering weapons was gone.

Now, then, for Reinhart's house! I caught up my hat, and was out-of-doors in an instant. It was not a time for roads and corners, and I took a straight line over fences, through yards, and across vineyards, and never halted for an instant. And well I might not. I had upon my shoulders the blame for this crisis. I ran like a fox.

I came up to the old red house with its clumped wood by a side-path that, being grass-grown, gave no echo to my footsteps. I caught glimpses, while I was yet thirty yards away, of figures moving in the little courtyard.

I was about to burst in upon them, when their positions and behavior deterred me.

There were present Thurman, Seibel, and Reinhart. Thurman, almost facing the covert where I was, was standing beside the bole of one of the willows. The girl was locked close in his arms, with her head turned sideways and upward upon his breast. Her eyes were closed, but between their lids there trickled a few tears—not a hot current that denoted a turbulent passion, but those scant drops that utter woe sometimes wrings from one whom it has paralyzed.

The father, who had instinctively bared his head, grasped the skirt of his daughter's dress with his gnarled hand, and, with the rim of his hat half covering his trembling lips, sought to draw her away.

For one splendid instant they stood thus. All was absolutely silent. Even the rustle of the leaves was hushed, and the falling

sunlight spread upon their heads and figures its ineffable glow.

What a scene was this for me!—I who could divine the agonies that beset them all. I had but to utter a word to dissolve these agonies—I had but to apprise Thurman of the cause of the sudden change in Reinhart's sordid mind to explode the sorrow that seemed to impend—but I did not move. I was entranced, allured by the poetic spectacle.

Seibel's arms dropped from her lover's shoulder, her head sank upon her breast, and, guided by her father's hand, she made a step backward. Had it not been for the glaring brilliancy of Thurman's eyes, I believe I should have thought him dead, notwithstanding his upright position. He was as white as chalk, his cheeks were "dragged" upon his face, and his lips were parted over his set teeth. His shoulders were lowered, and his form was so bent that it did not seem that he could sustain it a moment.

From Seibel's lips there burst a long cry that partly resembled the groan of a man and partly the wailing of a child. She did not look at Thurman. Her fortitude was something sublime. The two, father and daughter, drew away inch by inch, the former growing more resolute and the latter more mild.

What was this to end in? Could the girl's filial love withstand this frightful test? Could Thurman's spirit bear yet another outrage?

I felt a touch upon my arm.

Before I turned I knew whose face I was to meet. It seemed as natural that Marion Walling should be there as that any criminal should be present at his own arraignment.

She whispered distinctly:

"Prevent this! Send her back to him! Tell Reinhart that I will not interfere. Hasten, in the name of Mercy!"

I looked at her for an instant. From her lips these words were simply heroic. They were against the spirit of the whole of her willful life. With one breath she dammed up the fierce current of her desires—a current that had heretofore swept all obstacles before it—and for this cause!

She was pallid, and tears stood in her eyes. Tears from Marion Walling!

I turned and walked quickly into the court-yard, and was beside Reinhart in a moment. I whispered to him. He quitted his hold upon his daughter's dress. She flew to Thurman like an arrow. I heard them kiss each other, and I led Reinhart away. Miss Walling had left the place, and I did not see her until that night at a late hour.

She sent for me at her hotel and said:

"I beg that you will, if possible, keep it secret from Mr. Thurman that I have been here. If it is not possible, endeavor to make him think that I have had no hand in his affairs. If that is not possible, make it clear at least that I now perceive how guilty toward him I have been. Say that I humble myself before him—that I, too, have pain—pain that I fear will never leave me!"

I could believe that. I never saw a woman so utterly cast down, and yet holding herself with so grand an air.

She and her father left the island on the

morning of the following day. I told Thurman all. He bowed gravely, but said nothing—not a word. He and Seibel were married within the week, and I believe them to be perfectly happy.

ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

CUBAN LITERATURE.

IT is strange, though nevertheless a fact, that the sorrowful events which have marked the history of Spain's richest possession, and enlisted the sympathies of the outside world, have caused the literature of the island to be almost wholly overlooked. More strange it is that, amid the cares and vexations arising from civil and political strife, Cuba should have produced any writers capable of interesting the general public by the vigor, beauty, and dignity of their work.

When treating the literature of any people it is always well to begin with its poetry. We find no difficulty in choosing the names of Heredia, Milanes, and Placido, as three Cuban poets to whom all praise is due. Indeed, the best productions of the Cuban mind must be sought in the realm of poetry. As in older lands, the poet, the morning-star of the mind, is also the patriot in the minstrel, and is recognized as such by the government.

The three poets whose names we have just written are the representatives of as many classes of the population in the cities. To unfold, in brief, their character and temper, may only be perchance to picture the impulses of the higher order of Cuban minds.

José Maria Heredia was the son of a patriot, and was born at Santiago de Cuba in 1808. For nearly sixteen years he lived in Mexico, and then, removing to Havana, began the practice of the law. Being naturally gifted, and possessing a high degree of intelligence, it was to be expected that Heredia would draw down upon himself the suspicions of a government which believed that "information should not become general in the island." Proscribed by ignorance and malice, Heredia came to America, where he remained but a short time.

In 1826 he went again into Mexico, and there became Assistant Secretary of State, afterward a judge on the Supreme bench, and finally a senator of the republic. He died, in office, on the 6th of May, 1839, dearly beloved on account of his integrity, charity, and amiability of character. Although he passed away in exile, he never forgot the land which gave him birth, or ceased to lament the down-trodden fortune of his fellow-countrymen.

It is unnecessary, for the present to indulge any thorough criticism of Heredia's writings. But this much may be said: as a poet, the dignity of his thoughts, the harmony of his versification, and the graces of his language, fully support his claim to the high rank which his countrymen have assigned to him.

In order to make this assertion more certain of appreciation, one would simply have to recall the poem of "Niagara," of which Mr. Bryant has given us a most excellent version.

Who else has ever pictured in such sublime language a scene whose "expressive silence" best can sing? Even upon the brink of those mighty falls, the palm-trees of Cuba sigh through the wanderer's thoughts, and whisper sadly of the misery that abounds in their shade.

Where, too, can we find so genuine a thrill of poetic feeling and manly passion as are shown in the following extract from "The Exile's Hymn?"—

"Fair land of Cuba! on thy shores are seen
Life's far extremes of noble and of mean;
The world of sense in matchless beauty dressed,
And nameless horrors hid within thy breast.
Ordained of Heaven the fairest flower of earth,
False to thy gifts, and reckless of thy birth!
The tyrant's clamor and the slave's sad cry,
With the sharp lash in insolent reply—
Such are the sounds that echo on thy plains,
While virtue faints, and vice unblushing reigns.

"Rise, and to power a daring heart oppose!
Confront with death these worse than death-like woes.

Unfailing valor chains the flying fate;
Who dares to die shall win the conqueror's state!

We, too, can leave a glory and a name
Our children's children shall not blush to claim;
To the far future let us turn our eyes,
And up to God's still unpolluted skies!

What hast thou, Cuban? Life itself resign—
Thy very grave is insecurely thine!
Thy blood, thy treasure, poured like tropic rain
From tyrant hands to feed the soil of Spain.
If it be truth that nations still must bear
The crushing yoke, the wasting fetters wear—
If to the people this be Heaven's decree
To clasp their shame, nor struggle to be free,
From truth so base my heart indignant turns,
With freedom's frenzy all my spirit burns,
That rage which ruled the Roman's soul of fire,
And filled thy heart, Columbia's patriot sire!
Cuba, thou still shalt rise, as pure, as bright
As thy free air—as full of living light:
Free as the waves that foam around thy strands,
Kissing thy shores, and curling o'er thy sands!"

Milanes, unlike Heredia, was a plebeian by birth, and belonged strictly to the mercantile class. Very little is related of his public life, while of his domestic life we can only catch a glimpse occasionally in his verse. Always despondent and always melancholy, his soul could give origin only to strains of a sad, mystical fervor.

Says his brother: "He was inspired with the noble enthusiasm of accomplishing a great social mission, and, possessed of faith and hope, selected for the subject of his songs moral or philosophical ideas." While reading the plaintive murmurs of Milanes, we are often reminded of the sonnets of Camoens, or the complaints of Tasso. And, when we are told that the poet's consciousness of the wrongs of his country finally overpowered his reason, we need not be surprised.

We have now to speak of Placido—or of Gabriel de la Concepcion Valdes, for such was his real name—who was born a mulatto, bred a pariah, and fell a victim to the tyranny of the government.

We need not here record any particulars of his career, for surely we shall find them nowhere written down, and, besides, the world cares but little for the homely annals of a martyr. There is one scene, however, in the life of Placido, which ought not to be forgotten. It interprets the inspiration which made him

a poet, and fills the mind of him who contemplates it with ineffable sadness.

When, in 1844, signs of an insurrection among the colored population of Cuba began to appear, the captain-general resolved to meet them by military action. Hordes of brutish troopers were let loose in the island; and one after another of the suspected leaders was made a victim of cruelty. In the campaign, "numbers of free persons of color and of slaves died under the lash"—another account says three thousand—"many others were summarily shot, and such infamous excesses were committed by the *fiscales* as beggar belief." The victims of this dreadful persecution were stripped of their property, and the crown officers—with a few honorable exceptions—soon converted their system of terror into a grand financial expedient. White creoles and foreigners were not exempted from the pestilence of power, and the planters were compelled to ransom their slaves at great cost from a tribunal which arrested without accusation and condemned without inquiry.

It is impossible to state whether Placido was in any way concerned in the conspiracy or not. For a long time previous, however, he had won a fair reputation as a poet, and was highly respected by his class. This fact alone was enough to convict him in the eyes of the government, and certain it is that he was of the number of those who were first arrested, and, being adjudged guilty, was sentenced to be shot.

While sinking beneath the weight of his prison-chains, and awaiting the preparations for his departure from this world, Placido composed one of the finest of his poems. We give a version of it entire, forewarning the reader that it falls far beneath the beauty and pathos of the original. The poem is entitled "Prayer to God."

"O God of love unbounded! Lord supreme!
In overwhelming grief to thee I fly;
Bending this veil of hateful calumny,
Oh, let thine arm of might my flame redeem!
Wipe thou this foul disgrace from off my brow,
With which the world hath sought to stamp it
now.

"Thou King of kings, my fathers' God and mine,
Thou art my sure and strong defense;
The polar snows, and tropic fires intense,
The shaded sea, the air, the light, are thine;
The life of leaves, the waters' changeable tide,
All things are thine, and by thy will abide.

"Thou art all power; all life from thee goes forth,
And falls to flow obedient to thy breath;
Without thee all is naught; in endless death
All Nature sinks, forlorn and nothing worth.
Yet even the void obeys thee, and from
naught,
By thy dread word, the living man was
wrought.

"Merciful God! how should I thee deceive?
Let thy eternal wisdom search my soul!
Bowed down to earth by falsehood's base control,
Her stainless wings not now the air may cleave.
Send forth thine hosts of truth, and set her
free!
Stay thou, O Lord, the oppressor's victory!

"Forbid it, Lord, by that most free outpouring
Of thine own precious blood for every brother
Of our lost race, and by thy holy Mother,
So full of grief, so loving, so adoring,
Who, clothed in sorrow, followed thee afar,
Weeping thy death like a declining star.

"But if this lot thy love ordains to me—
To yield to foes most cruel and unjust,
To die, and leave my poor and senseless dust
The scoff and sport of their weak enmity—
Speak thou! and then thy purposes fulfill;
Lord of my life, work thou thy perfect will."

Sad letters Placido wrote to his wife and mother before the last dread hour had come. On the 28th of June nineteen victims, along with the poet, were led into the Plaza of Matanzas. Like a chieftain leading on his warriors, like an Indian chanting his death-song, Placido passed to his end, singing his own noble prayer. Writes the historian of the scene: "He was to suffer first, stepped into the square, knelt with unbandaged eyes, and gave the signal to the soldiers. When the smoke rolled away, it was seen that he had only been wounded, and had fallen in agony to the ground. A murmur of pity and horror ran through the crowd; but Placido, slowly rising to his knees, drew up his form proudly, and cried, in a broken voice: 'Farewell, world! ever pitiless to me! Fire here!' raising his hand to his temples."

The best criticism of Placido's poetic genius lies in the "Prayer to God." He who could so feel and speak requires no vain-worded eulogy. "I know no Cuban poet," says Sálas de Queroga, "Heredia included, who approaches him in genius, in polish, and in dignity."

And yet this man Placido was only a mulatto, who might have stood behind a lady at table, and thought himself only too fortunate to listen to the twaddle of pretty sentimentalism! Is it not truly wonderful to hear a poet, esteemed humble by the society in which he lives, addressing himself to the Queen-Regent of Spain in language like this?

"Some one there is who, with his golden lyre,
Worthier thy sovereign ear, shall chant
To the vibrations of its jeweled strings
More grateful songs, perchance, but not more
free!"

Other poets belong to Cuba than those whose names we have already written. It cannot be said, however, that as works of art the poems which have achieved the most unbounded popularity in the island deserve high commendation. The student of Spanish literature need not be told of the superabundance of bad models that have sprung up since the days of Cervantes and Calderon. But it may be said that the study of the French romanticists has somewhat relieved the Cuban poets from Spanish thralldom. New secrets of composition have been disclosed by Victor Hugo and Lamartine (was there ever a Cuban that would not fall worshipping at the feet of the latter?), while materialism in morals and philosophy has been taught by Volney and De Tracy. Yet the prevailing temper of the tropics is as hostile to the highest forms of poetry as to incessant labor.

Everywhere the voice, equally with the mind, grows languid in summer; and more especially is this true in a land where summer is almost eternal. "Out of their few warm days," says Landor, "the English, if the produce is not wine and oil, gather song and garner sensibility. Out of their unchanging heats and splendors, the sons of the tropics gather tears and garner sentimentalism."

If we have refrained from presenting to the reader the names of all the Cuban poets, those rich, sonorous Spanish names, which one cannot utter without an unconscious inflation of the voice and an involuntary wave of the hand, perhaps the titles of some of their works will convey a sufficient idea to the judicious reader of the school to which they should be referred: "Passion-flowers," "Heart-beats," "Leaves of my Soul," "Soul-echoes," "Whirlwinds of the Tropics," such are the phrases which most delight. Scarcely, if ever, do we find in these poems the lack of a true respect for what is truest in womanhood; and Milanés only bespeaks the faith of his fellows when he says:

"Still in woman's heart the true Eden lingers,
Bearing fruit of Loving, Feeling, and Belief."

As yet but little may be said of the prose literature of Cuba. One reason for this may be found in the exclamation of Jacques de Molay to his judges. "How can we speak," said he, "who have no freedom to will; for, with the loss of freedom to will, man loses every thing—honor, courage, eloquence!"

There are bookstores in Havana in which there are worthy and readable volumes. But it would be difficult to point out any thing in these books which should indicate that the University of Havana has borne any more fruit than the Oxford of the Arabs—El Azhar. Cuban newspapers are exceedingly trashy; there are no magazines of any value; and whatever is published in them is certain to lack vigor and earnestness, because wholly under the surveillance of the Spaniards. The days when the Inquisitors sought out heretics to their death were not more terrible than some of the days of Spanish oppression in Cuba.

If a lady wishes to read a novel, she may either take down from the shelf a tale of one of the ancient romancers, or content herself with a translation of some recent French novel. As in the Parisian press, one often beholds a *feuilleton* occupying a large space in an Havana newspaper. Publishers can better afford to make use of this means of pleasure than to pay large sums for more important services. The leading articles are often able; but the body of the paper is filled with very poor miscellaneous matter.

Such a personage as a "reporter" is almost unknown in Cuba. Very nearly all of the current news is picked up only by *hearsay*, and, being passed from ear to ear among the merchants who congregate on the crowded quay, gains in size and interest by the time that it reaches the journal office. In Havana, especially, it is possible for a few lines to attain the length of a column in the course of a couple of hours. GEORGE L. AUSTIN.

"THROUGH THE WELL."

MOST English cities and towns that date back to the feudal times have their Freeman—candidates for the ranks of which are elected upon a certain day every year. The qualifications of candidature differ in various towns, but generally they consist either in hereditary descent or by serving a specified

term of years' apprenticeship to one of those privileged burghesses. Candidates are elected for life, and are entitled to vote for parliamentary representatives of the county, division, or borough, to which they belong.

In times past, when the franchise was confined to the aristocratic few, these Freemen were naturally held in high estimation. Then they were a power in the land, and, as they generally stood united, their "vote and interest" was of considerable importance at election-times. To their credit be it said, they usually "plumped" on the side of liberty and reform, and in opposition to the conservative interests of the Tory lord of the manor. Historians have been too chary in according to these Freemen full credit for the part they played in patiently assisting the development of those great principles of parliamentary reform that England now enjoys. The names of great reform leaders naturally become household words, while the particular class of voters that sent them to St. James's is overlooked. The Greys of Northumberland, to take a single example, owed their seats in the House of Commons to the Freemen of Alnwick and Morpeth, who, in firm phalanx and with sometimes perilous perseverance, did battle against the Tory nominee of Percy, Duke of Northumberland. The part that the Greys enacted during the great struggle that culminated in the Reform Bill of 1832 belongs to history; and many instances might be cited where the Freemen's vote turned the wavering balance against aristocratic despotism.

Inasmuch as the various charters of these Freemen date back to feudal times, it is not surprising that the act of bestowing immunities and privileges invariably involved some mortifying humiliation. Thus, in one town the candidate for freedom is led round certain streets like a horse with his head in a hempen halter. In another, he is swung feet and hands by and between two officers of the Freemen's Guild, and thus for half a score times has his hams brought into vigorous collision with a huge round bowlder on the town moor; while in Alnwick, as all the textbooks tell you, "the person who takes up his Freedom is obliged by a clause in the charter to jump into an adjacent bog, in which sometimes he must sink to his chin."

The subscriber jumped into this "bog" nearly a score of years since; and, on the 25th day of April, 1874, while revisiting old scenes in England, he again stood beside the Stygian mud-pool, and beheld a dozen candidates pass "through the Well." Here was a most grotesque and extraordinarily amusing rite celebrated on an extensive common, in the open daylight, and yet there was not a single reporter present. Imagine such a condition of affairs in enterprising America! Nor does it appear—and the memory of man serves not to the contrary—that a single member of that industrious fraternity ever witnessed the ceremony of making an Alnwick Freeman. Nothing approaching a description, so far as the present writer knows, has ever been printed. The following sketch, therefore, of the scenes witnessed last year on St. Mark's Day is hereby offered, as ingenious inventors say, to "supply a felt want."

Alnwick always awakes to unusual activity on this morning of St. Mark's Day. Around the White Swan, Black Swan, Turk's Head, and Star Hotels, groups of gossiping town-folks are congregated, recalling "the glorious days of the old stage-coach," when Alnwick was a town of bustling importance on the route between London and Edinburgh. Every quaint little tavern has its knot of idlers, every tortuous alley-way has vomited its complement of spectators into the street, while around the Market Cross and St. Michael's Pant there are still larger knots of loungers speculating on the events of the day—who will be "first through," who will "win the boundaries," how many equestrian disasters will befall, and so on.

Meantime, sparse droves of country people are beginning to bustle along Bondgate, down Pottergate and Clayport, and up Watergate and the Peth, toward the centre of interest. Every one looks for the holly-bush as he walks along—for the huge holly at the door is the immemorial insignia of such as aspire to the Freedom of Alnwick on this auspicious day. At what time the great castle-clock and Town-Hall clock agree in booming forth, stroke for stroke, the hour of ten, the excitement has reached fever-heat. Everybody is now in the market-place. The Freemen, *in esse*, gallantly mounted on all sorts of steeds—colts, broken-down thorough-breds, shaggy-hoofed Belgians, and huge Cleveland roadsters—each man in his "Sunday claes," and his grandsire's sword clanking awkwardly by his side, are drawn up in front of the Town Hall. Their friends, some mounted, more afoot, surround them, and recount to button-holed listeners the memorable achievements of their several years. Presently emerge from the ancient portals of the Hall, and gravely descend the broad stone stairway, the four chamberlains, in cocked-hat and flowing wig, enveloped in ample gold-laced cloaks, breeches, and silk stockings, and bearing proudly their white wands of office. Accompanying them is the castle bailiff, in equally conspicuous regalia, somewhat more austere bearing, and more pronounced withal about the calves. It is this high official's duty to see that the twelve candidates comply with every provision of the ancient charter; failing in any jot or tittle of which he will report to his noble master, the Duke of Northumberland, when there will certainly be trouble.

While they are organizing the departure to "the Well," it may not be amiss to glance briefly at the privileges these Freemen enjoy.

By grant of King John, "Ayden Forest," or, as it is commonly called, Alnwick Moor, belongs to the Freemen forever; or, to speak more accurately, for so long as they strictly observe the conditions imposed. This "forest" consists of three thousand acres of land, rolling in a billowy slope westward from the town until it attains a considerable elevation, and its western boundary, at Lemington Ridge. It is mostly inferior land, more or less covered with purple heather and the yellow-blooming gorse; but it is "a fine sheep-walk," and a few hundred acres near Alnwick, and bounded on the north by the park-wall of the duke, is very superior soil. Of

the natural beauties of its landscape it is unnecessary to speak, except to remark that the ancient charter distinctly forbids any interference with them by any form of cultivation. The gorse or the heather may be burned, but not hoed or otherwise eradicated by any implement; while no crop whatsoever, except of Nature's original planting, shall be raised upon any portion of it. Each Freeman is allowed the pasturage of a stipulated number of sheep, oxen, cows, or horses, or he may sell his privilege from year to year; and, as no fences are permitted except at the boundaries, the flocks are cared for by shepherds. Thus, for centuries, the Freemen, closely watched by grasping lords of the house of Percy, maintained their moor intact. But, a quarter of a century since, an infusion of restless spirits was received into the hitherto staid and eminently cautious body. The old charter was torn from its sanctuary, examined, and learnedly criticised by these rash reformers. Meetings were held, speeches made, and resolutions passed to the effect that a certain portion of Alnwick Moor be straightway inclosed and cultivated as arable land for the use of said Freemen, etc. The duke sat in his castle hard by the silver Alne, and to these resolutions he gave no token of his approval or disapproval. But, when the ploughshare pierced the virgin soil of Ayden, the Percy made wassail in his hall; and his forester and his woodmen were directed to inclose one thousand acres of the moor that adjoined his park. It was the fairest portion of the tract, and it had been surveyed two centuries before in anticipation of that fatal ploughshare. This was the penalty imposed by a violation of the charter: "one third of the land to revert to the lord of the manor." And there it will remain, so far as the Freemen are concerned, till the crack of doom.

The duke's piper, mounted on a gayly-caparisoned horse, led by a groom, having now joined the high officials, the cavalcade is ready to move. Foremost rides the piper, skirling a merry tune, his attire apparently composed of bottle-green velvet, bespangled with huge silver buckles; then the bailiff, severe of mien, mounted on a noble charger, followed by the chamberlains, on substantial but excessively gentle steeds; then come the dozen aspirants for Freedom, riding in as many styles and degrees of awkwardness as might be imagined from their various pursuits and modes of life. A tailor, a hatter, a vintner, a tanner, a clogger, an eggler, a carrier, three farmers, and two of uncertain occupation, form the group; and chaff and criticism and laughter greet this group on every side. Through Narrowgate, along Bailiffgate, and up the shady "Rattan Raw," the piper leads the way, until a noble old Gothic archway is passed, and we are fairly on the moor-edge. The clayey road, stretching far up over the rolling hills of purple and green, looks like a huge saurian; and, as we ride down the steep declivity to the "Stocking Burn," we find that it is excessively slippery from recent rains. The eager pedestrians hail this as a joyful circumstance, and keep remarking, "There'll be fun on this hill on the way back."

Over the moor for five miles—now descending a Brent bank, now ascending a steeple-brae—we finally reach Freeman's Hill, whereon is situated the drumlike Styx, through which these dozen have to pass. Every one now dismounts. The rabble, considerably thinned, gathers round. The chamberlains draw their silver-mounted horns, and toast the bailiff. The neophytes produce their flasks and toast their friends and each other, and the utmost good-humor prevails.

Imagine a tank one hundred and fifty feet square formed in the ground, brimful of intensely yellow-clayey colored water, and you have the surface idea of Freeman's Well. Beneath that non-committal surface, however, are mazes dire and pitfalls profound. Earthen dikes, forming fantastic géométric figures, are run across the unseen depths. Strong straw ropes are deftly trained across angles and diameters to trap unwary feet. Here there is a mound of varying width, nearly level with the surface; close by there is a pitfall six feet deep, where a short man quietly plumps over head, to emerge like a clay figure fresh from the modeler, gasping, blowing, and flopping until, haply, another ridge or rope shall jerk him head-first into another miry lurking-hole. Such is the "Well," and every one on its brink is aware of its character.

The twelve candidates have now stripped to their under-clothes, and each has bound a colored silken handkerchief tightly round his brow. Some of them are gaudily beribboned over the chest and around the waist. And here what a wit among the rabble aptly denominates "a bow-houghed and hen-shinned hatter" has actually added circus-spangles to his blaze of cherry-colored ribbons. Even here on this bleak hill, amid this wild moor, one is reminded that there are fops everywhere.

But the twelve are now ready, and the "entrance" side of the Well is cleared. By common consent they retire a few paces from the brink, so that by a running leap they may clear as much of the muddy mystery as practicable. Whoop! there they go. Nine have kept their feet, but the bespangled hatter and the two Agricolas have come to sudden grief. Soon there is only one man, and that man the tailor, standing unbaptized. The churning, and floundering, and yelling, and laughing of the others are outrageously funny. Shouts of laughter burst from every throat. Every mouth, in the fringe of faces surrounding the pool, is wide open. Even the bailiff has surrendered his gravity, and joins in the mad "Ha! ha!" But the guffaw culminates in a paroxysmal roar when the tailor bobs clean out of sight in the deepest and muddiest limbo of the whole Avernus, and then crawls slowly to view with whole bucketfuls of slimy clay moving like an avalanche down his limbs. There, one fellow has found a bank, and is standing thereon to recover wind and collect his liquefied senses. Yonder four have rolled into the same straw-roped cellar, and madly clutch each other in the frantic effort to be up and out, while they only manage to prolong their disastrous imprisonment and the roars of laughter that greet their wriggling contortions. Here the

tanner, with the sagacity to be expected of one whose business it is to soak his nether extremities in pits, keeps well behind the ruck of excited plungers, feels his way cautiously, and takes his disasters philosophically.

One and all, however, at length safely reach the opposite bank, but in such a condition as not to be recognizable by their nearest friends. Friends make haste to offer the welcome dram and dry clothes often to strangers, for neither spangles nor ribbons avail as helps to recognition. Every mother's son has precisely the same complexion—half an inch thick—of plastic yellow clay. Even the voice—if the clay soup have been generously partaken of—is not always to be immediately relied upon.

Soon, however, the new Freeman are purified without and fortified within. Everybody wants to shake hands with the tailor, inasmuch as he has won the "honors of the Well" by getting "first through." He is absurdly proud of his feat, and takes more "tastes" from offered flasks than are likely to be of use to him in view of the exhilarating ride home.

The chamberlains give the signal to mount. The twelve now ride in front along the south boundary of the moor, and at certain ancient stations dismount and place each a stone upon a cairn. When the last cairn has been thus honored, the twelve await, with breathless anxiety, the word "Go" from the bailiff.

There, at last! Off start the twelve horses devouring the road, and raising thick showers of sloppy mud. They are two good miles from the arch at the head of Rotton Row, and the track, at first, is up-hill. Every rider reaches the summit in good order, for every rider has been duly warned to save his horse till the Stocking Burn is crossed. Down-hill, however, the fun now begins. For the tailor, prompted by a frenzied ambition to win both the great events of the day, grabs his steed by the mane and yells at him like a Comanche. The old roadster is still full of mischief. He cranes out his neck, lays down his ears, and bolts. In less than two minutes Snip is rolled ignominiously into the midst of an exceptionally well-armed furze-bush, while Bucephalus drifts away down the long hill until he reaches the Burn, where he stoops to drink, and then turns quietly aside to graze.

Meantime, the eleven, fired by the tailor's daring, are enacting a side-splitting travesty of a fox-hunt. All England certainly could not produce eleven more clumsy exemplars of the glory of motion. The townfolks, *en masse*, have come up to the moor to see the fun, and banter and yells rend the skies, and totally demoralize the already distracted horsemen. When the foremost farmer crosses the Stocking Burn, five of the new Freeman have retired from the race, while the tailor is trying to capture his ancient roadster, but the exasperating brute knows too much, and dodges every attempt, amid the laughter and jeers of the rabble. The foremost farmer rides carefully up the last hill, and passes through the arch, amid the acclamations of the on-lookers, and "the boundaries" of 1874 are won.

At this "Rattan-Row" Aroh the respective victors of the "Well" and the "boundaries" are presented with floral trophies by two young ladies—daughters of prominent Freeman designated for the purpose. The procession is then formed, as before, with the shrill "small-pipes" in the van. Surrounded by a demonstrative crowd, Water-gate pump, as a Freeman's possession, is ridden round by the twelve; and Bailiffgate is traversed until the barbican of the castle is reached. After certain antique ceremonials, the warden throws open the massive gates, and the chamberlains and the new Freeman are heralded through the outer, second, and into the inner ward. Here they are lavishly regaled with wines and potent twenty-years-old ale, served in huge two-handled silver tankards, at the expense of the noble duke.

The horsemanship of the untterrified Freeman is not improved as they are seen to sally from the barbican an hour afterward; and on this occasion the tailor and the tanner prefer to "do it" on foot. The twelve proceed to the houses of such of their number as are within the town limits, and as each holly-bush is reached decanters and glasses are produced, and a good deal of deep drinking is accomplished.

When the emancipated dozen retired to their respective pillows, to dream over their new-born privileges, it seemed to the writer an open question whether the filthy ablution in the "Well," or the bacchanalian orgies in the town subsequently, were the more objectionable. But he has not given an over-drawn picture of the process by which Freeman are made in Alnwick.

JAMES WIGHT.

THE NEW EGYPT OF KHÉDIVE ISMAÏL.

I.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

HAVING spent part of last winter in Egypt, I purpose giving your readers, from time to time, some sketches of what I saw there, and some idea of the immense changes wrought on place and people by the energetic efforts of one man—the Khédive Ismaïl—since I left the country a few years ago.

These changes are both external and internal, and it is no exaggeration to say that, since Czar Peter, no ruler has ever wrought so wonderful and radical a revolution in the character, habits, and training of a people, or in the march of an empire, as the Khédive of Egypt has already initiated, and is pressing to successful completion, into the very heart of Africa.

Passing by, for the moment, the outward evidences of material progress which now force themselves on the eye and attention of the latter-day tourist, at Alexandria, Cairo, and other great centres of population—as well as the vast acquisitions but recently made in Central Africa—the abolition of the internal slave-trade, and the establishment of the new mixed legal tribunals (each one of which is a revolution), I design to briefly state some facts in relation to the educa-

tional progress made and making within the last ten years.

Never before in the history of mankind has the effort been made to educate an entire people all at once—to drag them up from utter ignorance into the light of culture and civilization through the instrumentality of absolute power; and the success is almost as wonderful as the attempt. Under Saïd Pasha's administration, in 1862, the government appropriations annually for educational purposes (then in the hands of the imams, or priests) amounted to about twenty thousand dollars. In 1872 the government appropriated four hundred thousand dollars for that purpose, with large and liberal donations from the khédive and his sons, to the tune of many thousands more, to the private schools, native and foreign, Mussulman and Christian, male and female.

In Mehemet Ali's time there were but six thousand boys receiving public instruction; and this such as the native priests were capable of giving them—which, of course, was very little—they, as a class, being ignorant of all but the Koran and a little ciphering. The schools of the missionaries, established under his successors, very limited in means and extent, have only been useful to a few of the children of the native Christians—a handful of the population.

The schools now established, under the supervision of European instructors, such as the learned and skilled Inspector of Schools, M. Doa—a Swiss—and Mr. Rogers, late British consul at Cairo, now School Superintendent—and one of the best Arabic scholars among the foreign residents—are intended to educate the whole growing male community of Egypt. Separate schools, richly endowed, have been established for the education of girls—a startling novelty—patronized by the royal princess, and presided over by Miss Whately, the niece of the Archbishop of Dublin, whose zeal is only surpassed by her ability.

Already the male pupils in these schools are estimated at one hundred thousand in the cities and the villages. As the whole number of boys in Egypt proper would not exceed three hundred and fifty thousand, it will be seen how large a proportion are now being educated—greater in fact than in most countries calling themselves civilized, for the proportion is fourfold greater than in Russia, and greater even than that of Italy.

Education in Egypt has now been made compulsory, as it is in Prussia, and even the female children of the fellahs, or rural laborers, are to be educated and fitted for domestic service, so as to replace the present negro slaves—one of the strongest blows at slavery in the household that could be aimed—proving both the will and the wisdom of the khédive in this regard. The girls are said to make rapid progress, as well as the boys; and the next generation of Egyptians will be very different from the present, owing to this state of things.

In addition to these common schools, the khédive has also instituted special schools of instruction for the officers of his army, in which modern languages, mathematics, and the higher branches are taught—as well as

schools for the instruction for the rank and file, numbering from thirty to forty thousand—all of whom are picked young men—the elder soldiers having been discharged and returned to field-labor in their native villages. Promotion, both of officers and soldiers, is now dependent on their educational progress, and even leave of absence is granted only to those able to apply for it in writing—which, I believe, is the case in no other army in the world—in most of which ignorance is the rule and intelligence the exception—the soldier regarded as a machine, not a man. Europe and America, in this matter, might well take a lesson from Egypt—since the horrors of war might be greatly lessened by educating and humanizing its tools, as the khédive is doing. If he can elevate the dumb drudges of the fields into intelligent beings, as well as his soldiers, even England may have cause to blush at the contrast with her rural population, for whom no such humanizing efforts are being made, and who, to-day, are scarcely more intelligent than the oxen they drive, as their fathers were before them, and their sons must be; and the same is the case in most of the Continental states.

As another proof of the importance he attaches to this matter, the khédive has put at the head of the Ministry of Public Instruction his son-in-law, Jousoum Pasha, son of the late viceroy, with able European subordinates.

The Arabs are naturally quick-witted and fond of study, and the progress made by the children is exceedingly rapid. In this they differ from the negro or woolly-headed race, who are chiefly employed as domestic servants. Although there are black regiments in the army, a black officer of high grade is an exception.

The fellah is copper-colored, as dark as, or darker than, the American Indian, and with the same sparse beard and straight hair, the latter of which he shaves, the former he lets alone, reversing Western precedents.

At the Citadel at Cairo, which is now really a high-school for the instruction of officers, and central point for the dissemination of information, I saw native young men busily employed at type-setting, proof-correcting, book-publishing, lithographing, and map-making, and showing wonderful skill and aptitude at their work. They now issue a monthly magazine of science and literature, printed in the Arabic characters; and the number which I have contains diagrams of the transit of Venus, and much reading-matter. I have also some volumes of manuals of tactics, very prettily illustrated, all the work on which was done by native Egyptians.

The American officers, at the head of whom are Generals Loring and Stone (old and distinguished United States Army officers, both of whom rank as pashas), have initiated and are successfully carrying out these educational improvements under the intelligent administration of the khédive's second son, Hussein, who is Minister of War—his eldest, Prince Tewfik, acting as Minister of the Interior, and filling that post to the great satisfaction of all. The khédive's idea in educating the children of the lower classes—hitherto sunk in the depths of utter ignorance

—is to furnish a class fit to undertake those duties now confided to slaves, and elevate both employer and servant in the social scale and in civilized habits. The twin sisters, polygamy and slavery, he believes can thus be made to disappear; and the great work of extirpating the slave-trade of the Nile Basin, which he has successfully accomplished thus far by the expeditions of Baker and Gordon, is to be supplemented in Egypt itself—a grand idea, and one in a fair way of accomplishment, though, of course, it will take several years to carry it out thoroughly in a country and with a people so wedded to old ideas and customs.

He has struck a heavy blow at the habit of plural wives in his own household, by insisting that all his sons and daughters shall be the husbands and wives of but one spouse each, a most significant indication of his purpose and sentiments in this regard. All these sons and daughters, too, he has caused to be carefully educated in foreign languages, literature, and acquirements, and they are habitual attendants at the opera and theatre he has caused to be established at Cairo during the winter season—than which better performances cannot be found at Paris or London. The ladies, it is true, are but partially visible, the harem-boxes—six in number—being veiled with muslin curtains, through which flashing eyes and outlines of faces are alone visible to the other spectators. But this semi-publicity is a stride toward the abolition of the seclusion of women, which seems so ingrained in Eastern habits and sentiments.

When the door of the cage is left half-opened, the caged birds will be very apt to find a way out of their captivity sooner or later.

The heir-apparent, Prince Tewfik, has ably seconded his father's efforts in this matter of education. Being a large landed proprietor, he owns numerous villages attached to his farms, and has founded a school in each one. At all of these instruction is free. In the neighborhood of his palace at Koubeh he has just finished a large school-house for boys—the children of the fellahs—and the day the school opened thirty-six boys attended, every subsequent day adding to their number. Every evening he himself inspected their progress for the first week. With admirable judgment, the furniture of these schools intended for peasant-children is of the simplest kind, though cleanliness is strenuously enforced. All the solid branches of primary instruction are taught by competent teachers; and, in addition to gardens attached to the school-building, the prince has given eight *faddans* (acres) of land to be used for teaching the pupils the modern improvements in agriculture. All this shows how zealously the son is treading in the footsteps of his father. The difficulties that environ the gigantic task of educating an entire people, plunged in the depths of ignorance and semi-barbarism, are enhanced by the peculiar character and moral and religious training of the Egyptian native population. Opposed by the passive resistance, the *vis inertia* of an obstinate and bigoted people, with whom custom and old prejudices have all the force of laws, and the idleness engendered by an enervating climate, the Khédive Ismaïl is reso-

lutely pushing on, and fast freeing the growing generation of his people from the yoke of ignorance, apathy, and fanaticism—the three gods of their old idolatry. He is compelling them to their good, and using absolute power for the most beneficent purposes to which that perilous privilege was ever applied. For he has had to create not only an empire, but to revive an apparently effete and exhausted people, generally supposed not only to be obstinately opposed to progress and enlightenment, but also to be incapable of receiving them.

If the East has turned a deaf ear to the West, and hugged its old idols closer to its bosom because of the efforts made to alienate her from them, on the other hand the West has done less than justice to the capacity and actual intelligence of her elder sister, from whose old stores so much of modern knowledge has been drawn.

The experiment of renewing intellectual culture in the East has now been initiated in the old fields of Egypt, and Christendom cannot but watch with hope the spread of light into those dark places. At the coming Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia—for which the khédive is making ample preparation—Egypt will be represented, and it will probably surprise most Americans to see what her exhibition will be. Not only our agriculturists, but our manufacturers and draughtsmen, will have to look to their laurels, in the competition which she can now offer in these varied fields; and her portion of that great international show-ground will certainly prove not the least interesting.

Some recent "sentimental travelers" from America and elsewhere have been shedding hysterical tears (in ink) over the changes wrought by the march of improvement at Cairo, in the demolition of the "picturesque" but exceedingly dirty and dangerous mud houses, and erection of stone buildings in their place. The same class of people howled loudly over the Emperor Napoleon's demolition and reconstruction of old Paris, and with the same effect. Fine phrases are harmless, if inexpensive.

"... The poet's eye,
In a fine frenzy rolling,"

never yet condescended to dwell on the practical or the useful; but the present generation prefer looking at the inside rather than the outside of things, and the tourist had better leave his "singing-robes" at home and come down to common-sense, when professing to give a description of one of the greatest national movements of this generation.

Surely the sympathy and moral support of all educated Americans ought to go with the great Eastern reformer, who has borrowed so much from American example, and is modeling his country as closely after theirs as the difference of place, people, and situation, will permit, even if, in the attainment of these ends, he must remove much rubbish, material and sentimental.

But the man and his works will survive, when the cavilling critics—like the grasshopper filling the fields with its clamor—are unheard and forgotten. The poet lives in the past—the statesman in the present and future.

EDWIN DE LEON.

PORTUGUESE SUPERSTITIONS.*

LEAVING Valença early in the morning, we followed the course of the Minho to the sea, passing on the way the fortified town of Villa Nova da Cerveira, and the little harbor and town of Caminha, surrounded by flats and marshes, with its outlying island-fortress; then, again striking southward by the seashore, through a half-cultivated region which in former times was a royal forest, we reached a gloomy-looking fortress close to the sea, the first of a series which continues along the whole coast-line of the province of the Minho.

Toward nightfall we overtook a farmer on horseback, and when, after riding on in friendly conversation with him for a mile or so, I asked him how far off I might be from an inn and shelter for the night, he good-humoredly laughed at the idea of my condescending to put up at any place nearer than Vianna. On my telling him that I was by no means particular, and that my guide's horse was too tired for farther traveling, he drew up his horse to a stand-still, and looked hard at me.

"There is a house about one mile from here," said the farmer; "you will get poor fare and poor shelter, but none better, I think, on this side of Vianna. I will show you the way," he added.

So saying, he trotted on, and soon, turning aside from the main road, guided us along a vile ox-cart road, the worst of all roads to ride over in a bad light. For about a mile we traveled up a narrow valley. On each side of the road grew pollarded oaks and chestnuts, whose branches were twisted so as to join overhead; and on these trees were trained vines, whose foliage, though it was only May, already gave a dense shade.

Presently this narrow road opened out into a square walled inclosure, which was also perfectly embowered and shaded by vines, carried on stout rafters of wood, the whole supported by the side-walls and by five or six stone pillars in the centre, so that the place was like a huge room, the ceiling of which was of vine-leaves. It was, in fact, the court-yard of a good-sized farm-house.

The farmer stopped at the door of the house, which opened on to this yard.

"Why," I said to him, "this is a private house."

"It is the house of your excellency," said the farmer, as he stood uncovered, with the true courteous hospitality of an old-fashioned Portuguese.

It was, in truth, his own house; and presently a man appeared to take our horses, a dog came and licked the master's hand, children issued from the house and greeted their father, and the wife stood in the doorway and welcomed us.

"Cea! cea!" the farmer called out cheerfully, which, interpreted, is supper, a pleasant sound to a belated traveler. "Here is a gentleman who has eaten nothing since he was in Spain."

Looking round the room we entered, I saw much that I should have seen in a farmer's kitchen at home: the old single-barreled gun slung on the wall, the English willow-pattern plates ranged on the shelves, the well-polished, high-backed chairs, the sides of bacon hanging from the rafters. What was not like England

* From *Travels in Portugal*, by John Latouche. London, 1875.

was the quaint collection of colored prints of sacred subjects—pious daubs, fearful to the artistic eye—which hung about the walls.

Presently our supper was on the table, and let the reader take note that the table was not decked with a cloth "coarse, but of snowy whiteness." Indeed, for the matter of that, we did not even indulge in plates, but before each of us was placed a good-sized earthenware bowl and a wooden spoon. And if the reader should ask of what the meal consisted, let him know that there was one dish and a remove. The dish, *sopa secca* (literally "dry soup"), made of wheaten bread, beef, cabbage, and mint, almost a national dish in Portugal; and the remove, *bacalhau*, dried cod-fish, boiled—which is quite a national dish—and the man who objects to such a bill of fare must, indeed, be an epicure.

I praised the fish for its tenderness, and my hostess explained to me that to make it so it was essential that the dried fish—which, indeed, is often, when cooked, as hard as a board—should be previously soaked for exactly eighteen hours in running water.

Then the host filled me a large tumbler of country wine, his own vintage, assuring me that wine never tastes so well as after *bacalhau*. It is a very remarkable drink, this "green wine," as it is called. I have tasted the country wines of many lands, but never yet such a one as this. Perfectly sound, but possessing a fruitiness, astringency, and sharpness enough to take one's breath away, it has yet little more alcoholic strength than claret. So full is it of what may be called vinous matter that it is hardly ever clear; it is apparently, however, not liked the less for being quite thick and muddy. To an exhausted man, on a summer's day, I know no greater restorative than a full draught of this Minho wine.

When we had eaten and drunk, the dishes were pushed "below the salt," and one or two of the farm-servants fell to on the plentiful remainder, while we, wrapping ourselves in our cloaks, and leaning our elbows on the table, lighted our cigarettes, and proceeded to hold grave discourse.

Knowing that my host must be curious to be told where I came from, and the purpose of my traveling, I thought it due to his hospitality to offer him a sketch of my proceedings, in which I was assisted by the horse-dealer, who, after the manner of such squires, added fancy details illustrative of the magnificence, wisdom, and so forth, of his master. I ended by saying that I was going to travel through Portugal at my pleasure, and to see whatever was curious or worthy to be seen by a foreigner.

The farmer nodded his head slowly once or twice as I finished. The idea was too strange to him to be taken in at once; at last he got firm hold of it.

"Your country, I dare say, is very different from Portugal," he said.

"Very different," I answered. "You may understand how much so when I tell you that our farmers neither grow maize nor make wine."

"Coitadinhos!" (poor devils!) said the man; "then what do they eat and drink?"

"Well," I said, "it is not so difficult as you may think. We can make all sorts of things in England, and sell them to all countries, and then buy what we want from them. For instance, there is the shirt you wear, it was made in England, and that gun, it was made there, too; so, you see, if we wanted to eat maize or drink wine, we should have something to offer in exchange."

"Wonderful!" cried the farmer, quite de-

lighted. It was clear that he had never been lectured before on political economy.

We talked on many matters. At last I thought of questioning the farmer on a subject which has always had a great interest for me—the superstitious beliefs and tales of the peasantry.

I have long held a theory that, wherever the Romans have left permanent marks of their stay, there the superstitions have the peculiar gloomy stamp of the legendary mysteries of ancient Italy. If this is true anywhere, it must be true in Portugal, where these people have left their vestiges not only in the language, which is nearer to Latin than any other known tongue, but even in the manner of cultivating the soil, which, to this day, is done in accordance with the precepts of Cato and Columella.

The type of Latin legend to which I refer is that well-known and most grizzly and hideous of all ghost-stories, the tale of the soldier in Petronius Arbiter. Now, the belief in the *lobis-homen* is very prevalent in parts of Northern Portugal. It is the legend of the *loup-garou*—the were-wolf—the periodical transformation of human beings into wolves, with all the savage instincts of that animal. It is a superstition whose existence in many countries has been too well investigated to need further description from me; suffice it to say, that nowhere is this belief invested with so many peculiar and gloomy circumstances as in Portugal.

I began to sound the farmer on the subject of folk-lore and popular superstitions rather cautiously, for people are apt to be reticent in talking of these matters to strangers, but the farmer was not shy at all.

"Yes," he said; "he had known some strange things to happen, and in that very neighborhood, too!"

"Would he tell me what?"

"Well, he would," he said, "and with great pleasure; he would tell me one of the most singular things he ever heard of; but"—looking at me doubtfully—"you will hardly bring yourself to believe it; and, to tell the truth, no more should I, if it had not been related to me by one who saw it—no other than my own brother's son."

"You must know," said the farmer, with a grave air, "that not many miles from this is a river in which are vast quantities of fish. Now, every year there comes a stranger to this river; he stands upon the bank, and, holding in his hand a magical fly (*uma mosca encantada*) tied to the end of a very long thread, he blows the fly away from him as far as a man can throw a stone: it falls upon the water, and no sooner does it touch the surface than a fish seizes it, and the stranger draws both fly and fish ashore by the thread which he holds in his hand. Now, what do you think of that?"

My host had given me this fancy description of fly-fishing with so very serious a face, that I was almost afraid to laugh, till I observed a sympathetic twinkle in his own eyes; but he nodded toward his servants as if to hint that I was not to betray the secret of the mysterious fisherman to them.

Then the farmer, perceiving that I was an attentive and by no means a captious listener, began another story.

"We are all good Christians here, and ought not to fear the malice of the evil spirit; nevertheless, we know that power is given him sometimes to work mischief in some mysterious manner which all the priests put together do not understand. In proof of this I will tell you of an event that happened not

twenty years ago; and, moreover, I was myself a witness of what I am going to relate, for I was then a young man living at a farm near Cabrasam, among the mountains of the Estrica, which is, as you know, as wild a country as any in Portugal."

The farmer filled up his own and my glass, and his wife and children and the servants gathered round us, and stood with solemn faces to listen to a tale which they had probably already heard more than once:

"The farmer with whom I served was a young man, and his wife a young woman. He had just come on to the farm. Two or three other men besides myself worked with him, but there was no other woman in the place than his wife. Now she, being about to give birth to a child, desired to get another woman into the house to do such work as she would shortly not be able to perform herself. So the matter went about the country to engage a woman, but, for some reason or other, he could not succeed. As time passed, he sent me to the nearest town, Ponte de Lima, with directions to inquire along the way, and engage the very first likely-looking young woman I should meet with."

"I started next morning before daylight, and I had not gone more than a mile on the road before I saw, sitting by the wayside, one of the queerest-looking girls my eyes ever fell on. She was wrapped up, head and all, in a brown cloak, such as we never see in this part of the country. The sun had just risen, and she was stretching out her hands as if to warm them in its rays. The oddest thing about her was that her hair was cut close to her head, like a man's. Now, this is common enough with our women when they get old and do not care to be troubled with long hair; but for a young and handsome girl like her to be '*chamorra*'" (crop-haired), "was a thing I have never seen before or since. So I stood still and stared at her like a fool as I was."

"Well, Santinho,"* said the girl, "you are wondering to see me warm my hands in the sunbeams?"

"I think you would get warm quicker," I answered, "if you went on your way, instead of sitting still in this cold wind."

"And what if I am tired as well as cold?" she said, sharply.

"Have you been traveling all the night?"

"Indeed I have," said the girl, "and many a one before that."

"Then you come from a long way off?"

"I come from Tarouca, in the mountains of Boira, and that is a long journey from here."

"And, if it is not a secret, what have you come so far from home for?"

"No secret at all," she replied. "My name is Joana, and I am looking for a place as servant at a farm. Do you know any one who requires one?"

"Now, it struck me here was the very thing I was looking for—a strong, hearty-looking girl who wished to be a servant; so I told her I was out with the object of engaging such a person as herself, and, if she would come with me to my master's, she might find the place she wanted. She girl expressed her readiness, and we started homeward."

"I left her outside the house while I went in. The farmer did not much like the idea of having so strange a being for a servant; but his wife, hearing that she was a *chamorra*, insisted upon engaging her; for we have a saying that *chamoras* make the best of workers."

* Literally, "Little Saint"—a common form of address, among the peasantry, from one stranger to another.

"Very soon after this the child was born, and the new girl took the mistress's place—cooked for us, and so forth."

"Now, the newly-born infant was a remarkably fine and healthy one. Everybody said so, except one old woman, a neighbor, who was thought to be a 'wise woman.' This person looked rather put out the moment she saw the child, and said it was bewitched. The father and mother laughed heartily at this, seeing how well the child looked. Then the woman said she was mistaken if the child had not the devil's mark somewhere on its skin; and, sure enough, so it had—a mark on its shoulder, exactly as if the pattern of a small crescent or half-moon had been pricked upon the skin with a pin. Then we all began to get frightened, but the woman said there was no cause for alarm except during the time of the new moon, and then the child must be watched all the night through."

"When the old woman passed out of the house, the new servant was sitting on the floor with her brown cloak pulled right over her face, and, though the old woman spoke to her, she made her no answer, pretending to be asleep."

"Nothing particular occurred for some months. The servant Joana was very useful in the house, and both master and mistress congratulated themselves on having engaged a *chamorra* to work. However, we, her fellow-servants, did not much like her. She was very sharp in her speech, and, whenever she was angry, her eyes, which were long and narrow in shape, seemed almost to emit fire and gave her a terribly savage aspect. However, when not out of temper, she was a handsome girl. She seldom spoke much, but she very soon got into the confidence of her master and mistress; and, one day, when the latter mentioned to her what had been told her by the old woman, she said:

"Ah, yes! I have known it a long time, but I was afraid to tell you. Children with that mark grow into *lobis-homens* before they get to be sixteen, unless something is done to stop it."

"And what can be done?" said my mistress.

"You must cover the evil mark with the blood of a white pigeon, strip the child naked, and lay it on a blanket on the mountain-side the very first time the moon rises in the heavens after midnight. Then the moon will draw the mark up through the blood, just as she draws the waters of the sea up at full tide, and the child will be saved."

"The farmer and his wife agreed to do this, to save their child from becoming a *lobis-homen*, and, it happening to be a new moon late in the night a day or two afterward, the needful preparations were made, and when the night came the child was laid on the mountain-side, near the house, while the moon was still below the horizon. This done, we all returned to the house, for it was essential that no eye should be upon the child until the moon had risen. The farmer began to be uneasy, thinking that there might be wolves near, but the men reassured him, saying that a wolf had not been seen in the neighborhood for many years. Nevertheless, he loaded his gun, putting into it, for want of other ammunition, five or six rusty nails."

"He had hardly done so when, to our horror, we heard the most piercing screams from where the child was lying. In an instant we had all rushed out—the screams increasing as we neared the spot. At this very instant the moon rose, and we saw a huge brown wolf standing over the body of the child, his fangs

bloody, and his eyes looking like fire. Seeing us come up he slunk off, but the farmer fired at him before he could reach the wood close by, and he fell and rolled over. I ran up to finish him with the heavy stick which I had in my hand, but I could only give him one stroke before he rose to his feet and made off. The blow was a heavy one, and struck him on the fore-leg, and he went off into the wood howling and limping.

"We found the poor child quite dead; its throat was frightfully torn by the wolf's teeth, and the blanket was soaked with blood.

"Now, it was noticed almost immediately that the girl Joana had not been seen since the child had been put out, nor was she in the house when we got back. Then for the first time did the truth flash upon us—the woman had been an accursed *lobis-homem*, and had murdered the child; and, in wounding the wolf, we had in truth wounded the girl, who had assumed his form. The next morning we followed the traces of the wounded wolf, and, inside the wood, not ten paces from where he had been seen to enter it, we found Joana lying on the ground covered with blood. She immediately began to explain to us that she had crept into the wood when we had left the child, fearing that some mischief might happen to him; that she had heard screams, and had run toward the child in the darkness; that just as she was getting to the outside of the wood the moon rose, she saw us coming, saw the wolf run toward her, heard the gun fired, immediately felt herself to be wounded in the side, and fell to the ground, where she had lain ever since.

"Of course, we knew that these were lies suggested by the devil, so we sent for the priest, but before he came she had died. They buried her where she lay, and the 'wise woman,' who came to look at her, said she had the mark of the *lobis-homem* on her breast quite plain, and was evidently a servant of the Evil One. The woman said that if she had seen the girl's eyes she could have told at once what she was, for the *lobis-homens* all get to have the long, narrow eyes and savage look of the wolf. She also explained to us that if a *lobis-homem* can murder and drink the blood of a newly-born child the enchantment ceases, and they are *lobis-homens* no longer."

"And what did the priest say?" I asked.

"He said," replied the farmer, "that we were fools to have any thing to do with a woman from Tarouca, for it was a nest of witches and warlocks."

"And you are quite sure this girl was a real *lobis-homem*?"

"I never doubted it for a moment. Did I not see Joana's own eyes in the wolf as he turned round when I struck him? How can I doubt? Besides," said the farmer, after a pause, "there was the mark of a heavy blow on her right arm—exactly where I struck the wolf. She never accounted for that."

MORGAN OF PANAMA.

LIKE blown and snowy, wintry pine,
Old Morgan stooped his head and passed
Within his cabin-door. He cast
His great arms out without design,
Then leaned o'er his Ina; stood beside
A time, then turned and strode the floor,
Stopped short, breathed sharp, threw wide the
door,
Then gazed beyond the murky tide.

He took his beard in his hard hand,
Then slowly shook his grizzled head

And trembled, but no word he said.
His thought was something more than pain;
Upon the seas, upon the land,
He knew he should not rest again.

He turned to her; but then once more
Quick turned, and through the oaken door
He sudden pointed to the west.
His eye resumed its old command,
The conversation of his hand,
It was enough: she knew the rest.

He turned, he stooped, he smoothed her hair,
As if to smooth away the care
From his great heart, with his left hand.
His right hand hit the pistol round
That dangled at his belt . . . The sound
Of steel to him was melody
More sweet than any song of sea.

He touched his pistol, pressed his lips,
Then tapped it with his finger-tips,
And toyed with it as harper's hand
Seeks out the chords when he is sad
And purposeless.

At last he had
Resolved. In haste he touched her hair,
Made sign she should arise—prepare
For some long journey, then again
He looked a-west toward the plain—

Toward the land of dreams and space,
The land of silences, the land
Of shoreless deserts sown with sand,
Where desolation's dwelling is,
The land where, wondering, you say,
"What dried-up shoreless sea is this?"
Where, wandering, from day to day
You say, "To-morrow sure we come
To rest in some cool resting-place;"
And yet you journey on through space
While seasons pass, and are struck dumb
With marvel at the distances.

Yea, he would go. Go utterly
Away, and from all living kind,
Pierce through the distances, and find
New lands. He had outlived his race.
He stood like some eternal tree
That tops remote Yosemite,
And cannot fall. He turned his face
Again and contemplated space.

And then he raised his hand to vex
His beard, stood still, and there fell down
Great drops from some unfrequent spring,
And streaked his channeled cheeks so brown,
And ran unchecked, as one who recks
Nor joy, nor tears, nor any thing.

And then, his broad breast heaving deep
Like some dark sea in troubled sleep,
Blown round with groaning ships and wrecks,
He sudden roused himself, and stood
With all the strength of his stern mood,
Then called his men, and bade them go
And bring black steeds with bannered necks,
And strong like burly buffalo.

The sassafras took leaf, and men
Pushed west in hosts, and black men drew
Their black-maned horses silent through
The solemn woods.

One midnight when
The curled moon tipped her horn, and threw
A black oak's shadow slant across
A low mound hid in leaves and moss,
Old Morgan cautious came and drew
From out the ground, as from a grave,
A great box, iron-bound and old,
And filled, men say, with pirates' gold,
And then they, silent as a dream,
In long black shadows crossed the stream.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A RECENT English case of extreme cruelty, passing under the guise of justice, has been much commented on in the papers on both sides of the Atlantic. There seemed to be something peculiarly revolting in the circumstance that a little girl of thirteen, who had plucked a geranium-bud in an almshouse garden, should be sentenced to imprisonment for a fortnight in jail, and for four years longer in a penal institution all too mildly termed "reformatory." But, as a matter of fact, severe sentences such as this are by no means rarely pronounced from the benches occupied by the "unpaid magistracy" of England. Justice, in the hands of the gentlemen who are called upon to administer punishment to petty offenders in the English rural districts, is especially stern with those who in any way invade the sacred rights of "property." Theft or trespass, in their eyes, is too apt to be regarded as worse than wife-beating or slander, than perjury or murderous assault. Such sentences as that accorded to poor little Sarah Chandler are far from being as uncommon as the conspicuousness of her case would imply. The very same clergyman who sought, in his capacity as a magistrate, to brand her for life as a "jail-bird," because she plucked a flower, sentenced, not long ago, a small boy scarcely out of his pinafores to prison for a month, because he scraped the leavings of a discarded tobacco-cask, and sold his scraps for a half-penny; and condemned a young servant-girl to six weeks in jail for putting some photographs, which she found in a waste-paper basket in the house where she served, into her pocket to show to some friends. Not long ago sixteen fishermen and women, living on the Northumbrian coast, were cast into jail for a month for picking up mussels on the shore, with which to bait their hooks. It was an audacious assault upon the property rights of the squire whose estates ran to the water's edge; and the clergymen and squires who administered the law without pay in that region could not let the flagrant defiance of the rights of property pass. In Essex three very reputable and not disorderly lads, aged about sixteen, sallied out for an afternoon walk. In crossing the fields they came to a brook; a grassy knoll on its banks tempted them, and they threw themselves upon it and began to read some books they had brought with them. Suddenly up rode the owner of the field on horseback, and roughly demanded their names. Soon after they had returned home they were taken in charge by a policeman, brought before the magistrates, accused of trespass, and heavily fined. A little girl of thirteen was recently

condemned at Dorchester to twenty-one days' imprisonment at "hard labor," and five years in a reformatory, for stealing an earthen milk-jug. It turned out that the jug, which was cracked, had been given to the girl without authority by a servant. The supposed thief, too, was ascertained to have the best character for honesty.

These are but a few illustrations of cases of judicial cruelty that are constantly being reported in England. All of them indicate that with the English country magistrate "property" is still a kind of fetish, which it is as horrible to desecrate as it is, in the eyes of a Parsee, to enter a fire-temple with shoes on. It is no wonder that a loud cry is every now and then raised by civilized and humane Englishmen for the abolition of the system of unpaid magistrates. The trouble is that this system is an ancient and therefore supposably a venerable one. It is derived from the feudal times when the lord of the manor was the despotic head of the community—its judge as well as military and civil chief. The magistrates are for the most part country squires and country rectors, with little knowledge of the law, and, as would appear, not always with an enlightened sense of justice. They are appointed by the lords-lieutenants of the counties, are removable by the Lord-Chancellor, and the sentences they give may be reversed by the Home Secretary, in whom rests the pardoning power. It is an obvious disadvantage that the owners of property and the clergy who serve as magistrates should reside in the neighborhood where the misdemeanors are committed and over which they have jurisdiction; they are very apt to base their judgment, not on the particular offense, but upon the character of the person charged as they know it to be. Offenses against property are visited with peculiar severity, because the magistrates are property-owners, and, while professing to deal out justice, are intent on the protection of their own acres. The tyrannical game-laws, also a relic of feudalism, are executed with extreme severity by these unpaid magistrates. The time is no doubt not far distant when there must be a thorough reform in the system of the rural magistracy of England, and in the old laws which hedge about property with so many bristling defenses. It is becoming clearly evident that clergymen are least of all fitted to sit in judgment upon the petty offenders of the shires. They lack the judicial temperament, which, when they are confined to their proper sphere, may be a virtue rather than a failing; and experience has shown that, although the messengers of "peace on earth, good-will to men," they are generally inclined to deal with small offenses against property with even greater severity

than the squires themselves. That a country squire, who has never opened Blackstone, and who has been brought up with a dominant idea of the sacredness of property, and the worthlessness of the lives and liberties of the poor folk who now and then, wittingly or unwittingly, invade it, is the proper person to deal out justice upon them, seems absurd enough to us in these modern times; and it is to be hoped that legislation will ere long abolish the anomaly.

Our Paris correspondent writes of drenching rains and chilling winds that are sending back to Paris disappointed sea-side and mountain sojourners by the thousand. Our own July and early August were not free from similar unseasonable and altogether unreasonable manifestations of weather. Long, cold rain-storms in summer are really something more than ordinary human nature endures with patience. To the busy town-worker who has anticipated for months his vacation among the hills; to the young ladies who have calculated with so much longing upon their summer boatings and picnics; to those who delight in the gay animation of watering-place hotels; to my lady whose fine country villa is lonely without summer guests—to everybody, in truth, who with summer days associates skies of gentle blue, winds that fan the willing cheek with soft airs, hills in shadow and sunshine that seem to sleep in dreams of beauty, transparent lakes that mirror the lazy oar, forests where murmuring boughs and glancing lights charm both eye and ear, meadows that lie under yellow suns and passing clouds—to everybody whose summer memories bring up pictures like these, the winds and rains that usurp their place seem like very cruel manifestations of power.

But these, after all, are but minor instances of our contest with conditions that continually subdue us. Must mankind, we may venture to ask, be always at the mercy of elementary forces? Must floods drown, winds overwhelm, suns scorch, and life continue at every turn a fierce struggle with our environment? Are we really prostrate and powerless in this matter? History and current experience declare emphatically that we are; but here and there a wild thinker is prone to utter a belief that the weather bears an ascertainable relation to man, and that it is competent for the united efforts of the race, under wise direction, to do something toward modifying the irregularities of the seasons. Inasmuch as forests influence rainfalls, electrical currents follow the iron track of the railway, and rain comes to arid regions where man has carried his civilization, it is believed by these dreamers that these facts are the prologue of a vast science which is not only

to formulate the laws of the winds and the clouds, but to show how their coming and going may be modified, and perhaps directed. At first glance it would seem as if it were a consummation devoutly to be wished. One may permit himself to fancy some of the changes that would be desirable to bring about under this new weather dispensation—as, for instance, that there should be no rainy days during all the long summer, but only a nightly shower to refresh vegetation and lay the dust; that during the rest of the year the rain should fall decimally—that is, every tenth day, so that our storms should periodically recur like our Sundays. There is no difficulty in imagining many fine things as coming from the new order, but, unless the science should also teach how to modify human nature, we fear there would be some difficulty in getting a general concurrence in any fixed plan. There are some who would banish the "beautiful snow," and others who would have more of it; some who would have all our winds summer zephyrs, and others who like the briskness of a gale; and in all other details opinions would be almost as various as the people.

Perhaps, after all, the best science for the weather is a little philosophy—that sort of mental condition that enables one to adapt his pleasures and his occupations to his external conditions, and, instead of fretting over a rain-storm, goes to work to extract entertainment from it. It is tolerably certain, moreover, that this is the only science that will ever successfully manage the weather.

SOME recent utterances by Charles Francis Adams, in regard to the need of a more fervent style of preaching, have been quoted in defense of certain pulpit exaggerations recently characterized as the "gospel of gush." Mr. Adams thinks that "the demand at the present time is for sympathy, bordering, it may be, upon passion. While," he says, "I fully believe that in no country are to be found a greater proportionate number of pious, learned, faithful, and assiduous servants in the Church, I trust it will be no disparagement to them if I frankly confess a craving of many years for a warmer, a more effective, and a more sympathetic manner of communicating their valuable lessons both of law and love." All this may be heartily sanctioned without approving of the excesses of manner and extravagances of sentiment which have recently called down the censure of the world. Our preachers are very apt to be either cold and stolid, or declamatory, sensational, and hysterical. What we suppose Mr. Adams to ask for is genuine earnestness—a warm, impressive manner, a sympathetic and heart-felt utterance of the great lessons of "law and love." True earnestness never

offends the most captious listener; but just as there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so there is but a narrow line between true and false eloquence—between that simple and fervid intensity that sweeps over the hearts of men and those gushings that are made up of attitude and affectation. A preacher may be very earnest and very affectionate, and yet full of manliness and simplicity; his sermons may be entirely free of mawkish sensibility, and yet possess an abundance of "sympathy bordering on passion." It is just this distinction between noise and earnestness, between affectation and genuine sympathy, that needs to be established. It is not to be assumed, because one deprecates the high coloring of many pulpit utterances, that he is thereby wedded to cold and exclusively argumentative sermons. Everybody likes spirit, movement, and glow, in literary style, but no reader of taste likes strained excess in piled-up adjectives as a substitute for these qualities; and a similar distinction exists in the liking of cultivated people for oratory, whether of the pulpit or not. We may be sure that Mr. Adams, in view of his culture and his temperament, had no thought of sanctioning the noisy and convulsive methods that here and there are exhibited in the pulpit. A man that storms up and down a platform—tossing his arms in the air, uttering platitudes in tones of thunder, now shedding tears at his manufactured pathos, and now exploiting some sensational irreverence—may imagine these displays to be the sort of thing Mr. Adams and the rest of us spiritually crave, but the mistake is a woful one. Simple fervor subdues and captivates all hearts, but would-be eloquence that accumulates upon wretched matter the affectations of a bad histrionic manner, is about as offensive a thing as man or woman can listen to.

In the general assumption that proprietorship in literary property can only be secured by special statute, the common law of property failing to cover it, have all the facts been fully considered? The common law of property covers, it is conceded, an author's manuscript; but, once the manuscript is printed and published, then the book becomes the property of the public, unless protected by a special enactment. Let us see for a moment how the operation would be, supposing there were no law of copyright. A book is published, let us assume, which sells for two dollars per copy. What is it that the publisher sells for two dollars? Is it not simply the pages of printed matter and the binding thereof for such ordinary use as pertains to a book—that is, for its perusal and study? If the purchaser reprints the book, it is obvious at once that he is putting his purchase to a use not designed in the

transfer. The book is sold for a certain definite and obviously limited purpose, and the republication is upon the face an appropriation of a right not conferred by the sale. It may be assumed that a man once purchasing a book has, in the absence of a special law limiting the use to which he may put it, a right to make any disposal of it he pleases. If he chooses to duplicate copies, he is fully privileged to do so. The book has become his property, and his control over it is absolute. To this it can be replied that the rights involved in a purchase are limited by the clear, obvious intent of the seller, and that this intent can commonly be ascertained by the terms and conditions of the sale. In a dispute pertaining to any kind of property between seller and buyer as regards what has been sold and bought, the price is a very important and often conclusive witness as to the fact. If A declares that it was the saddle alone that he was selling, and B asserts that the bargain was for both saddle and horse, the price given in such a case unmistakably indicates what the intentions of the seller were, and the true nature of the bargain. The law of equity is competent in cases of this kind to decide what it is that the purchaser has bought. In like manner, a layman might venture to suppose it would be competent to decide what it is that the buyer of a book has possessed himself of by his purchase. It would be very clear that the two dollars transferred in such a case could not give the purchaser a right worth perhaps a thousand times this sum. Hence if a publisher find his right of printing and publishing a book infringed, why would not a suit at common law establish not only his claim but the legal limitation of use pertaining to a book procured in the way we have described? If this is bad law it is scarcely bad common-sense.

A CORRESPONDENT, who signs his communication "Country Doctor," calls in question the accuracy of a recent paper in this JOURNAL, in terms as follows:

"In an article which appears in your issue of July 17th, I notice some assertions which, for the honor of the profession which is the subject of attack, it will be well enough to correct. The writer asserts that a man in the last stages of consumption, etc., and then concludes this 'first count' by saying: 'The result was that he returned or went to Aiken, South Carolina, "with consumption fastened upon him." It seems to me that he need not have even gone to Florida to have had his disease fastened upon him, since he had the disease in its last stages when he applied to the Boston doctor. It certainly must have been securely fastened when the doctor tapped upon his chest with the tips of his fingers as described, and no doubt the few taps which the doctor gave, and the few questions asked, were quite sufficient to establish the diagnosis 'phthisis pulmonalis,' and the prognosis

'death.' Can such a patient, by any amount of cautious alarming, be induced to 'arm himself against death with some effect?'

"Does the writer know that such patients will not believe the doctor when he says, 'You have lung-trouble, and if you do not do so and so you will die of consumption?' Has he read Dr. Austin Flint's article on the disease in his 'Practice of Medicine,' where he describes the mental condition of such patients as amounting to insane delusions when talking of their condition—how they are continually forming plans for the future when, as Dr. Flint remarks, 'it is obvious to any observer that they are on the verge of the grave?' No doubt he has read some 'sure-cure' advertisement when he says that the disease is open to attack and defeat, and can be 'expurgated' and 'seized' after it has fastened its hold securely upon the human system. I for one would be glad to welcome any plan of treatment which promises success in one of nine cases of consumption.

"But it is, unfortunately, not so easily seized and expurgated; no matter how simple and few remedies we employ, no matter to what climates we send our patients, no matter to what diet we restrict them, this lurking, insidious enemy to our race works on and eventually carries its victim to the grave.

"This is the experience of every physician, whether of the 'vulgar herd' or the 'first physicians.' Where one case cured is reported, ninety-and-nine cases go to the grave unreported. So few, indeed, are the cases cured, that it always raises a doubt in my mind when I read of them, whether the physician who reports the case may not have made a mistake in diagnosis. It is a notorious fact, also, that a phthisical patient seldom applies for medical advice until he has his enemy securely fastened upon him. I believe that, if we have our ears so nicely educated as to detect the approach of this disease before it becomes firmly seated, we could keep it in check and cure it. But surely a physician is not to be arraigned and tried as a criminal if his ear is not susceptible of such fine education. I sincerely hope that your columns may contain an answer to this 'Mismanagement by Physicians,' which will convince Mr. W—that it is better to let things alone which he knows so little of. The most charitable construction I can put upon his uncalled-for and ill-chosen attack upon the medical fraternity is, that he was 'hard up' for a subject for an article in your JOURNAL for that number, and, meeting with a poor patient with consumption, listened to his plaint, and Quixotic-like has charged the wind-mill."

The opinion of "Country Doctor" that the article which he criticises was written because the writer "was hard up for a subject for an article," is very wide of the mark. Articles written for this reason are not apt to find their way into the columns of the JOURNAL. The facts related in "Mismanagement by Physicians" were derived in part from the writer's personal experience, and in part from testimony gathered during a two months' sojourn in Aiken, South Carolina; and from the character of the writer, as well as from the opportunities he possessed for arriving at the truth, they may, we think, be relied upon. But the article needs to be read with care, which "Country Doctor" has not done. If this critic will return to the ar-

ticle, he will see that there is no authority for his statement that the person spoken of in the "first count" had the disease in the last stages when he applied to the Boston physician; he was in the "last stages" when he related his experience, not when he applied for medical advice. And if the doctor's few questions were, as our correspondent affirms, "sufficient to establish the diagnosis '*phthisis pulmonalis*,' with the prognosis '*death*,'" how, then, came this man of medicine to tell his patient, "There is nothing the matter?" Does not our correspondent herein quite confirm the allegation of our contributor? In regard to the opinion that consumption may be cured, it is quite likely that "Country Doctor" is right, and the author of the article wrong; but as to the allegations he makes, the writer assures us that they fall short of rather than exceed the truth.

Literary.

HISTORICAL fiction seems to possess an almost irresistible attraction for all novelists above a certain grade. There are extremely few of them who have not made at least one or more attempts at it; and yet, when we have counted off Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" and "The Virginians," Kingsley's "Hypatia," George Eliot's "Romola," and a few of Scott's and Bulwer's novels, we have about completed the list of what can be regarded as genuine successes in this field. Miss Thackeray has almost an hereditary right to achieve success in this as in other departments of fiction, and "Miss Angel" is so charming a book in many ways that we are tempted to forego criticism and say that she has really done so; but candor compels us to confess that the glamour which her literary art enables her to throw over us is illusory, and that the application of a very few tests suffices to relegate "Miss Angel" to the multitudinous rank of books which ought to have attained success, but which somehow failed of reaching it. For example, burly Dr. Johnson figures among the historical personages whom Miss Thackeray has woven into the framework of her story, and we have only to read the chapters and paragraphs in which he is introduced, and then open Boswell for a page or two, in order to see how defective is Miss Thackeray's characterization. In the one case, we are confronted by a man who repels or attracts, as the case may be, but whose personality cannot be denied; in the other, we hear a voice which seems to speak in familiar accents, but which, after all, is but the faintest echo of its great original. So of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who plays one of the most important rôles in the little drama. The dignified courtesy, the graceful accomplishments, the magnanimity and placidity of mind of that most respectable of painters, are all de-

pieted with care and skill; and yet, in following his pathway through the story, we seem to be pursuing the phantom of a person once well known to us—with whom, in fact, we have set out many a *séance* of the Literary Club, and dined times without number. Even Angelica Kauffmann (for she it is whom Miss Thackeray calls Miss Angel) seems to lose her already feeble hold on our memory; she is transformed before our very eyes into an ideal and fictitious creation, and by the time the story is finished we are prepared to avow our belief that such a person never existed. Now, the prime condition of success in an historical novel is that it shall translate names into persons for us, and deepen mere impressions into at least the semblance of intimate personal knowledge. Lacking this realistic element, historical fiction is but a more or less ingenious literary mechanism; and it is precisely on this ground that "Miss Angel" must be pronounced a failure.

Few literary writers, however, have a more perfect mastery of literary art than Miss Thackeray, and it is certainly true that a story radically defective in structure was never more perfectly finished in its details. The opening scenes are laid in Venice, and these are simply delightful — permeated through and through with "the very aroma of art and of Italy." Nearly every page gives us a paragraph, a sentence, or a phrase, which the mind takes in with a sort of lingering, epicurean relish; and the Venice of the eighteenth century becomes a majestic reality to our imaginations. Read this as an illustration, which, though quotable, is by no means the best:

"Are they falling into ruin, those old Italian churches? Are the pictures fading from their canvases in the darkened corners? I think they have only walked away from their niches in the chapels into the grass-grown piazzas outside. There is the broad back of Tintoretto's Virgin in that sunny corner; her pretty, abundant train of angels are at play upon the grass. There is Joseph standing in the shadow with folded arms. Is that a bronze — that dark, lissome figure lying motionless on the marble step that leads to the great entrance? The bronze turns in its sleep. A white dove comes flying out of the picture by the high altar with sacred lights illumined. Is it only one of the old sacristan's pigeons coming to be fed? By the water-beaten steps a fisherman is mooring his craft. St. John and St. James are piling up their store of fagots. In this wondrous vision of Italy, when the church-doors open wide, the saints and miracles come streaming out into the world."

Moreover, though the principal figures in Miss Thackeray's work may be defective in historical *vraisemblance*, their surroundings, accessions, trappings, so to call them, are made out with truly striking effect. Here is an instance of this, which might have come from the pen of the *Thackeray*. It refers to the period (1766) of Angelica Kauffmann's arrival in England:

"To read of the times when Miss Angel came to take up her abode among us, is like reading the description of a sort of stately ballet or court-dance. Good manners had to be performed in those days with deliberate dignity. There is a great deal of saluting and

snuff-taking, complimenting and exclaiming; people advanced and retreated, bowing to the ground and balancing themselves on their high heels.

"With all their dignity, there is also a great deal of noise, shouting, and chattering. There are runners with torches, splendid footmen in green and golden liveries surrounding my lady's chair.

"The King of Denmark is entertained in splendid fashion. The Princess of Brunswick visits England. Cornelly lights up Soho Square with wax-candles, while highwaymen hang in chains upon the gallows in distant dark country-roads. Our young King George is a bridegroom, lately crowned, with this powdered and lively kingdom to rule, and Charlotte Regina to help him.

"There are great, big coaches in the street, and Mr. Reynolds's is remarked upon with all its fine panels; but Cecilia can still send for a chair when she wishes to be carried to Baker Street. Vauxhall is in its glory, and lights up its bowers. Dr. Burney gives musical parties. The cards fly in circling packs; the powder-puffs rise in clouds; bubbles burst. The vast company journeys on its way. In and out of society golden idols are raised; some fall down and worship, others burst out laughing. Some lie resting in their tents, others are weeping in the desert. Preëminent among the throngs one mighty shade passes on its way. Is it a pillar of cloud sent to guide the struggling feet of the weary? From the gloom flash rays of light, of human sympathy not unspoken. How many of us, still wandering impatient, might follow that noble hypochondriac, nor be ashamed of our leader! He walks along, uncertain in his gait, striking alternate lamp-posts, an uncouth figure in soiled clothes, splendid-hearted, with generous help for more than one unhappy traveler lying wounded by the roadside. Do we not read how noble Johnson stoops and raises the prostrate form upon his shoulders, and staggers home to his own house? He has not even an ass to help him bear the burden."

And, if a story *must* have a moral, could it be less commonplace than this?

"One day not long ago a little boy, in a passion of tears, asked for a pencil and paper to draw something that he longed for and could not get. The truth of that baby's philosophy is one which strikes us more and more as we travel on upon our different ways. How many of us must have dreamed of things along the road, sympathies and experiences that may become *us* some day, not ours — inward grace of love, perhaps, not outward sign of it. This spiritual blessing of sentiment no realization, no fulfillment alone can bring to us; it is the secret, intangible gift that belongs to the mystery of life, the divine soul that touches us and shows us a home in the desolate places, a silence in the midst of the storm."

For the rest, the book has some slight biographical value. The character and artistic career of Angelica Kauffmann are made more clear to us; and her relations with the Count de Horn, which heretofore have been so obscure as to have been overlooked by most biographers, are shown to have constituted the crucial episode in her life.

In "Ward or Wife?" (New York: Harper & Brothers) we find a story, rather pleasing in itself, and told not without a certain animation, utterly and irredeemably spoiled by an almost incredible vulgarity of style.

* Miss Angel. A Novel. By Miss Thackeray. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The people who figure in it are represented as belonging to a rather aristocratic rank in English society, and yet it is literally the truth to say that there are not three consecutive sentences in either the narrative or the conversational portions of the book which are not a most preposterous jargon of mixed French and English, copiously accentuated with a sort of slang which any one of the characters in it would undoubtedly have characterized as "beastly." The book is quite evidently written by a woman, and the slang, it is equally evident, was picked out of some slang dictionary. Had it been written by a man, it would have been both better and worse; worse, in that such vulgarity would inevitably have degenerated into coarseness, which is not the case here; and better, in that the slang would have been less inane, and also less in quantity. The so-called delineators of high life have done their best to make the world think poorly of English society, but it would take a much stronger book than "Ward or Wife?" to convince us that English gentlemen and ladies alternate in their conversation between the *patois* of school-girls learning French on the one hand, and the language of the bar-room on the other. Furthermore, we decline to accept the author's word for it that Minnie (who, on the whole, rather pleases us) takes the unnatural, unwomanly, and unnecessary method of indicating her preference for her guardian, that she is represented as doing.

If the faults of "Ward or Wife?" had been other than the particular ones we have pointed out, we should conjecture that the author might, in time, write a creditable novel; but innate vulgarity of mind is generally hopeless, and any one who could perpetrate such stuff and not instinctively throw it in the fire, is, in all probability, afflicted with precisely this malady.

It is plain that Mr. J. W. DeForest's "Playing the Mischief" (New York: Harper & Brothers) was suggested by "The Gilded Age," and, after reading it, we are inclined to share the author's conviction that he could use the same materials to better advantage than they had been put to by Messrs. Twain and Warner. As an analysis and *exposé* of the ways and means of congressional lobbying, "Playing the Mischief" is much the more complete performance; and Josie Murray is a decidedly more plausible creation than either Colonel Sellers or Laura Hawkins. In the latter case the caricature and exaggeration are patent throughout; the former maintains an aspect of consistency and truth, which puzzles us even if it does not convince. No doubt it is rather trying to the patience to concentrate our attention through every page of a long novel upon a woman who, while she is, as the author describes her, "beautiful, graceful, clever, entertaining, and amiable," is also a most incorrigible and heartless flirt, whose only persistent motive in life is selfish greed, and whose sole purpose, during our acquaintance with her, is to swindle the government; who bases her claim on lying, bribery, and subornation of perjury, and lobbies it through by adding to such means all the arts of a

Messalina; and who, in the end, cheats both those who have accepted her bribes and those to whom she has promised a more sentimental reward than money. Becky Sharp is a respectable person in comparison with this witching and wicked little widow; and, after a dozen hours or so spent in her company, and in that of the people who surround her, we close the book with a mixed feeling of amusement and disgust, and with a consciousness of being mentally soiled. To many readers, probably, the close will seem both premature and abrupt; but Mr. DeForest was writing the history of a claim rather than of a person, and for ourself we are quite willing to part company with Josie just when we do. The inevitable fate of such a woman is written in her character, and it was certainly commendable discretion on the part of the author to cut his narrative short before the heroine dipped below the horizon of outward respectability.

Justice demands that we acknowledge that Mr. DeForest shares, or rather anticipates, our condemnation of his heroine, and that he is acutely conscious of the immorality of the practices which he exposes. His book, indeed, is a political pamphlet quite as distinctly as it is a novel; and, with all its drapery of light society fiction, it furnishes food for serious reflection. Had the book been a little less comprehensive in its denunciations, a little less uniform in its blackness, it might have been an effective attack upon certain abuses to which public attention is at last being directed. As it is, the injustice is too palpable, and the reader who was prepared to applaud judicious punishment of wrong-doers finds himself recoiling from wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter.

But exaggeration is Mr. DeForest's fault as an artist as well as his weakness as a logician. His books are amazingly clever, spirited, racy, and amusing. They are well written, too, except that he spoils his best things by insisting upon them, and drowns himself in his own fluency. His character-sketches are nearly always good; most of the people in "Playing the Mischief," for example, impress with a rather disagreeable sense of their reality. But he is not satisfied that we should recognize his cleverness, he must dazzle us with his brilliancy; a smile must be deepened into a laugh; and eccentricities of character or manner, which when they are first called to our attention only emphasize the individuality of those who display them, are so incessantly paraded, and reiterated, and rehearsed, that at last a sense of their utter artificiality is driven into our consciousness. Mr. DeForest would do better work if he could bring himself to credit his readers with quicker perceptions and larger powers of appreciation. An author encumbers himself unnecessarily when he imagines that he is always addressing an audience that has progressed no further than the alphabet.

In spite of all defects, however, whether of structure or of style, "Playing the Mischief" is one of the liveliest and most entertaining of recent novels, and we are confident that no one who reads it (unless it be a Congressman, who might perhaps find it depressing) will find fault with us for recommending it.

It would be superfluous at this late day to speak as to the merits of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.). It has long been a standard work, and, notwithstanding the appearance of several competitors in recent years, it is still, to our mind, the most satisfactory and serviceable book of its kind. What secures mention of it in our columns at this time is the appearance of a new edition—the seventh—in which considerable changes have been made. "Many authors," to quote the preface, "are cited who have not been represented in any former edition, and numerous phrases added which have been gathered by patient gleanings from the old fields. To the quotations from Shakespeare, more than three hundred lines have been added; and those from Emerson, Gibbon, Johnson, Lamb, Lowell, Macaulay, Montgomery, Pope, and other authors, have been largely increased in number. The notes and appendix contain much new matter, and the index has been carefully revised as well as enlarged." The index now fills upward of one hundred and eighty pages, and is a model of its kind.

In the preface to his "Life of Swift," the first volume of which will be published in November, Mr. John Forster says: "Swift's later time, when he was governing Ireland as well as his deanery, and the world was filled with the fame of 'Gulliver,' is broadly and intelligibly written. But, as to all the rest, it is a work unfinished, to which no one has brought the minute examination indispensably necessary, where the whole of a career has to be considered to get at the proper comprehension of single parts of it. The writers accepted as authorities for the obscurer years are found to be practically worthless, and the defect is not supplied by the later and greater biographies. Johnson did him no kind of justice because of too little liking for him; and Scott, with much heartier liking as well as a generous admiration, had too much other work to do. Thus, notwithstanding noble passages in both memoirs, and Scott's pervading tone of healthy, manly wisdom, it is left to an inferior hand to attempt to complete the tribute begun by those distinguished men." . . . The *Athenæum* sees no reason why Mérimée's "Letters to a New Inconnue" should have been published: "The 'new unknown' is probably no unknown at all, and no parallel beyond the title could be made with the other work published a year ago. The present volume is small, and it contains little matter, being preceded by a long preface of no particular interest by M. Blaze de Bury. The letters addressed to the *Présidente* of a *Cour d'Amour* formed by the Empress Eugénie are commonplace, and, to the general public, of no concern whatever." . . . A library containing thirty thousand volumes of foreign works has been established at Yeddo by the Japanese Educational Department. . . . According to a note in the *Bibliographie de la France*, a communication was recently made to the Social Science Association at Boston, relative to the vast increase of books in the public libraries of Europe and the United States. If we may believe this statement, the various public libraries in the States contain as many as twenty million volumes instead of nine hundred and eighty thousand, which was the number in 1849. In the space of a quarter of a century the books in the British Museum have increased from four hundred and thirty-five thousand vol-

umes to eleven hundred thousand; those in the Public Library of Cambridge from one hundred and sixty-six thousand seven hundred to two hundred and fifty thousand; and those in the Bodleian from two hundred and twenty thousand to three hundred and ten thousand. During the same period the Bibliothèque Nationale, at Paris, has increased from eight hundred and twenty-four thousand to two millions; while those of Munich, Berlin, and Vienna, have increased at the rate of fifty per cent. . . . The complete set of the *Journal des Débats* sold in M. Guizot's collection was purchased for our Library of Congress. . . . In the opening of his speech at a recent meeting in London, held for the purpose of deciding on a Byron memorial, Mr. Disraeli said: "In the twelfth year of this century a poem was published by a young man which instantly commanded the sympathies of the nation. There is no instance in literary records of a success so sudden and so lasting. To use his own words, he 'woke one morning and found himself famous.' From that time for twelve years he poured out a series of complete inventions which are not equalled for their number and their consistency of purpose in the literature of any country, ancient or modern. Admirable for many qualities, for their picturesqueness, their wit, their passion, they are most distinguished by their power of expression and by the sublime energy of their imagination. And then, after twelve years, he died; he died in the fullness of his fame, having enjoyed in his lifetime a degree of celebrity which has never fallen to the lot of any other literary man—not only admired in his own country, but revered and adored in Europe." . . . The *Saturday Review* thinks that Swinburne's prose "Essays and Studies" contain some of the very best of recent literary criticism: "For mere verbal and minute criticism," it says, "Mr. Swinburne has no love and little respect. He looks on it, as every one must who has any share of true literary insight, as an instrument serviceable in hands that know how to guide it by a genuine right feeling and understanding of the author, but in the hands of ignorance or dullness worse than useless. On one conjectural emendation of Shelley's text admitted by Mr. W. M. Rossetti—being a mere impudent interpolation to fill up a line purposely left unequal—he delivers himself in no measured terms. The 'deaf and desperate' criminal who committed this particular defacement is involved in a common execration with the whole tribe of 'earless and soulless commentators, strong only in finger-counting and figure-casting.' Since the appearance of this book, Mr. Swinburne has spoken some words of warning, not out of season, though perhaps something over-pitched, on the last new proposals for applying the 'finger-counting and figure-casting' method to measure the development of Shakespeare." . . . George Eliot, so it is rumored in London literary circles, has nearly finished a new novel, in character and scope somewhat resembling "Middlemarch." It will be published in the same way as the latter work—that is, in monthly parts. . . . The Emperor William has granted an annual pension of fifteen hundred dollars to Dr. Naachtigal, the famous African explorer. "They manage these things better in" Germany. . . . The unpublished writings of Father Prout are being collected and will be published shortly. Among them are several manuscript poems, which will form the chief item in the forthcoming volume. . . . The report that Gustave Doré has been engaged to illustrate Shakespeare for Cassell, Petter & Galpin is contradicted. . . .

It is rumored that Jefferson Davis intends to write a "History of the Civil War." . . . Charles Reade, in his last letter on copyright, speaks of Macaulay as "a poor muddlehead." . . . The Sultan of Zanzibar had a Bible presented to him during his stay in London, and we fear behaved more courteously about it than any of the "most Christian princes" would have done if, on a visit to Zanzibar, he had been presented with a copy of the Koran. In response to the presentation speech, the sultan said that he knew perfectly well what the Scriptures were, and that he recognized the book the moment he opened it, having had one previously in Zanzibar. He added: "The words of Jesus—upon whom be peace—are always acceptable to us. The Koran mentions the Bible and the New Testament, and we only wish that all people would walk according thereto." . . . Senator Schurz is studying the correspondence, in the Berlin Foreign Office, between the governments of Prussia and our own country during the Revolution; he is in search of materials for the political history of the United States which he designs writing.

The Arts.

ART-FEATURES OF NATURAL SCENERY.

IT is, we believe, a very common notion that the scenery which pleases the eye of the literary man, and excites in him emotions of beauty or sublimity, must necessarily be available for the purposes of the artist. The fact is, however, that many of the finest landscapes described by authors, and which excite the strongest emotions of pleasure in the uninstructed beholder, are frequently almost destitute of the qualities which the painter considers picturesque. For this reason many regions and places which authors describe in glowing terms, and to which artists, attracted by these descriptions, sometimes resort, are found to be totally unsuitable for delineation by the pencil. A high range of mountains, for example, may gratify the ordinary eye exceedingly by its sublimity, and yet afford scarcely any materials for a picture, because what the artist wants is not height merely, but certain combinations of lines which he may find in low hills, and which yet may be altogether wanting in mountains of the first magnitude. The same thing is true with regard to our American forests, which, while often effective by their vast extent, may yet present no points which the painter can make available. Half a dozen old trees with scarred and moss-grown trunks, twisted branches, and dead tops, may have twenty times as much charm for the artist as the most thriving grove of maples or spruces, the inexpressive pointed or rounded forms of which fill the mind of the painter with despair.

Some of the most famous landscapes in the world—as, for instance, those of Switzerland—are, with all their sublimity, of little practical value to the artist. The view of Lake Leman, which Byron celebrates in such sounding verse, and which is undoubtedly a favorite scene with multitudes of tourists, presents to the artist little more than monotonous lines of hills, and an excessively broad water horizon, to make a picture of which is

almost impossible, except to the most skillful and dexterous painter, who knows how to employ all the resources of his art and introduces accessories, such as vessels, castles, towers, villages, groups of people, and atmospheric effects, by the combination of which any landscape can be made attractive.

So also the view of Mont Blanc from Chamouni, which so excited the enthusiasm of Coleridge, is one very difficult to render in an harmonious picture. If the artist climbs high enough upon the hills to escape useless projections of mountain-flanks reaching into the valley, his horizon is so elevated that he gets little more than a bird's-eye view of the foreground, and a sort of panorama of the mountain-range, neither of them well adapted for a satisfactory picture. In the valley itself, on a level with the Arveyron, he finds only flat, monotonous fields of level green, small symmetrical trees of very little character, and, in short, scarcely any thing that can be effectively used in the composition of a landscape. At Lucerne, which occupies an admirable site on one of the loveliest and most varied of the Swiss lakes, surrounded by some of the finest of the Swiss mountains, an excellent English artist, who had been sketching there for several weeks, told us that while he could find plenty of choice "bits" of old and picturesque buildings, he could find only one view which was really dignified and striking.

What is true of Switzerland in this respect is equally true of our own country. Our newspapers are filled every summer with glowing descriptions, by wandering correspondents, of the natural charms of innumerable places of resort—at the sea-side or among the mountains, lakes, and rivers—the varied charms of which are depicted by skillful pens, until the perplexed artist hardly knows which way to turn, whether to the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, the Catskills, or to the countless lakes and sea-shore resorts which invite him to try their yet unravished charms. He makes his selection sometimes on the mere strength of a newspaper letter, and wastes his whole summer in vain endeavors to make pictures of what has really no picturesque elements. The place probably is attractive enough, perhaps exceedingly charming to the mere lover of landscape, but yet lacks all the essential elements which constitute the picturesque to the eye of the artist, who soon finds out that broad sheets of water, and hills however lofty, are not alone sufficient to make a pleasing and harmonious landscape when represented on canvas. The truth is, that none but an artist can give reliable advice to artists as to the really picturesque capabilities of a place. He only can judge of such capabilities who possesses a practical acquaintance with the possibilities and requirements of art, and understands its limitations as well as its powers.

There are many landscapes exceedingly pleasing to the eye of the general beholder, and possessing many charming and interesting features, which yet the trained eye of the artist sees at a glance that it would be impossible effectively to represent in a satisfactory manner on canvas. Bayard Taylor is one of

the few writers of travels who knows how to describe a landscape with a just and accurate comprehension of its value to an artist, and this because he is an artist himself, and consequently gets accurate impressions of what he sees with a reference to artistic purposes.

The favorite resorts for landscape-painters in this part of the country have been Mount Desert, in Maine; the White Mountains, in New Hampshire; the Adirondacks, of Northern New York; the Catskills; and Lake George. At Mount Desert the great attractions for summer-sketching are its cool climate, and its singular combination—nowhere else to be found on our Atlantic coast—of lofty hills in close proximity to the sea. It presents at first glance to the unprofessional beholder an apparent epitome of all that is picturesque. It has a rugged coast, worn by the storms of countless centuries, high, rocky islands, steep cliffs and hills that aspire to the dignity of mountains. Yet, though some of our best artists have made it their resort for years, experience has shown that in reality it affords a very limited field for art; and of late years the painters have almost abandoned it to the fashionable tourists, and have sought the materials for their landscapes in much less pretentious places. Very few are painting there this summer, and these are mostly young men at work on their first pictures. These shun Bar Harbor and the large hotels, and live near Otter Cliffs or Great Head, within easy walking-distance of the places where the finest rock-formations on the island are to be found.

Materials such as artists require are actually to be found much more profusely than at Mount Desert in the vicinity of some of our great cities, as along the Schuylkill and Wissahiccon, near Philadelphia; at Staten Island, the Neversink Hills, and other environs of New York; or among the beautiful hills a few miles south of Boston, where fine trees and sloping meadows combine with the blue sea and a rocky coast to form the loveliest pictures that the painter could wish to see. We know of nothing more charming for the artist than some of these situations near Boston, when the low light of the western sun draws into lengthened shadows the cultivated landscape, combining in one harmonious whole the oldest trees, the greenest grass, softly-rounded lawns, and graceful villages, bounded by a singularly-variegated line of sea, dotted with islands and sparkling with sails, the whole presenting such a tenderness of light and form as Claude Lorraine delighted to portray.

The White Mountains undoubtedly afford a great abundance of materials for artists, particularly at North Conway, the eminent beauties of which have been amply celebrated by the literary class, and are yet perhaps more satisfactory to the artists than those of any other of our popular resorts. They find the richest of materials for the pencil in her blue hills, her mountains white with snow or flushed with the hues of sunset, her rippling brooks and sunny meadows dotted with waving elms. They find here what is not found at Mount Desert, a distance of fine curves, a middle-ground of meadow and river of soft beauty, and a foreground broken into crisp

and variegated light and shade, rocks strewed in wild profusion, vegetation of great variety, picturesquely-winding roads, twisted pines or birches, yellow sheafs of corn—in short, all the elements of a picture ready made to their hands. The artist here finds that the mountains are indeed lovely, and at the right distances for his purposes; that great mossy rocks, glowing with every tint of his palette, lie beside still pools of amber brightness, in which white summer clouds mirror themselves. Everywhere he finds, without toil or trouble, without long tramps over dusty roads, accessible points, revealing a distant peak, a bit of gleaming river, or a soft stretch of bright meadow, smooth as a lawn, and elegant as a park. It makes no difference in this enchanting spot whether the day be fine, and purple and gold lights and shadows play over the varied landscape; whether October mists hide the mountain-tops, and winds tear “the lingering remnants of the yellow hair” from trees stripped thin of their leaves. The brooks may rush white and foaming, or may sleep above white pebbles—it makes little difference to the artist. Always and everywhere North Conway is in a picture-dress. Probably no spot in America has been so often and so persistently painted, and there are but few American artists of any note who have not at some time made a careful copy of its features without attempting to vary a line of it.

The advantages offered by the Adirondacks to landscape-painters may be summed up briefly in the statement that it is a great region almost in a state of Nature, though forming a part of the most populous State of the Union, and that it comprises a great number of mountains and mountain-lakes, with two or three rivers, the whole region being covered by a dense forest, much of which is of primeval growth. The lakes and rivers are, almost without exception, of singular purity of water, and are nearly undecayed by the homely structures that ordinarily mar the face of Nature in the beginning of American settlements. The region is so immense in its extent, and so varied in its natural features, that it undoubtedly offers an almost inexhaustible field for the artist who is content to paint the wilderness. But there is a total absence of the softer beauties that spring from cultivation, although in the meadows along the Racket there are many fine bits of natural, park-like scenery. A hundred years hence, perhaps, when the forests have been somewhat cleared away, and the banks of the lakes and rivers converted into lawns and meadows, and dotted with flocks and herds, the Adirondacks will afford almost inexhaustible resources for the painter. There will always remain enough of the region in a wild state to satisfy those who wish to paint mountains, cataracts, brooks, and ponds, in their natural condition, unmodified by the hand of man.

Lake George and the Catskills have many of the characteristic features of the Adirondacks, and their availability for the artists is proved by the constancy with which many of our best painters, as Kensett, Durand, Whittredge, and Sanford Gifford, have year after year reproduced the forms of gloomy ravines

traversed by rushing brooks, with foregrounds of mossy rocks scattered in effective masses beyond the power of man to essentially mar. Beyond these gorges soar blue peaks looming above rocky chasms, and from many a mountain-side Gifford has portrayed the autumn haze and color which each season rest upon these hills, while some of Durand's best paintings represent the still depths of Lake George with the purple shadows of a storm or the light of evening giving beauty or solemnity to the region around it. These natural features of beauty are permanent and beyond the power of man to mar or destroy, and render both Lake George and the Catskills an enduring field for the artist.

ALTHOUGH we are in the middle of the summer, a season usually devoted by the artists to out-door study, there are yet a number of leading men at work in their studios. One of these industrious painters is Mr. Lemuel E. Wilmarth, of the Tenth-Street Building. As will be remembered, Mr. Wilmarth was the author of the clever little painting “Ingratitude,” which was in the late Academy exhibition. He is now engaged upon (and the work is well advanced toward completion) a larger and more important canvas, the subject of which is entitled “The Target Excursion.” The subject portrays the interior of the boiler-room of one of our great manufacturing establishments, with the men, who have been excused from work, gathering and merry-making previous to their departure for the march. The chief interest in the scene centres in the action of the pioneer—the biggest man in the shop, who is always selected to lead the van, and is supposed to be the “bravest of the brave.” This great fellow stands in the centre of the room, with his head thrown back in affright, and his bearskin hat and battle-axe fallen upon the floor at his feet. A beer-glass, filled with lager, has also fallen from his hands, and its fragments are scattered over the brick pavement. All of this fright of the gallant leader has been caused by a huge “straddle-bug,” such as the boys sell in the streets to amuse children, which one of the fun-loving, stay-at-home fellows has attached to a pole, and from a hiding-place behind the furnace is dancing it over his head. On the right there is a group of men arrayed in red shirts, cross-belts, and other accoutrements, getting ready for the march, and, in anticipation of it, they are partaking of refreshments, which the negro target-bearer has provided for them in a pail at his feet. The members of this group appear astonished at the discomfiture of their leader; but there is fun in their faces, and they, no doubt, enjoy the little comedy as much as the fellows who have instigated it. The subject is composed with great spirit, and as an illustration of a phase of city-life we have rarely seen its equal upon canvas. The figures are well grouped, each man of the main body is in his right place, and all are busy, except the leader, with the preparations. The bright coloring of the uniform-shirts is in striking contrast to the stained walls of the furnace-room, but under the influence of the strong morning sunlight which illuminates the farthestmost recesses of the

place their gaudy tones are subdued, and those more sombre brought up in unison with them. The drawing is excellent, and a clever bit of perspective looking through the old shop over the heads of the main group gives additional interest to the scene.

THE comment is frequently made that statues to everybody but to men of New York reputation go up in the Central Park. There are now erected within those grounds busts to Schiller and Humboldt, two Germans; statues to Walter Scott, a Scotsman, to Shakespeare, an Englishman; and, shortly, there is to be erected a statue each to Lafayette, Burns, and Tom Moore, while the Spaniards in New York are talking about a statue to Cervantes. There is one frightful caricature to Morse, who is of Massachusetts birth; and next year Webster and Fitz-Greene Halleck are to be commemorated by effigies in bronze. But, so far, not one New-Yorker. It is scarcely worth while to consider the exact birth-place of a man whose statue is to be placed in the park, but we ought to honor our national worthies if not our local ones. It is true that the statues to foreigners have been presented to the park by interested persons—the busts of Schiller and Humboldt by admiring Germans resident here; the statues of Scott, and Burns by Scotchmen. Fortunately, we are to have in another year a statue to Daniel Webster, and one to Fitz-Greene Halleck; there is an organization forming among ladies to raise the money for a statue to Washington Irving; and a colossal bust of Bryant has been cast, designed for this great pleasure-ground. So it looks as if the reproach of our neglect of our own great people would not long remain good. But steps should be taken for statues to Fenimore Cooper, De Witt Clinton, and some of our old Dutch celebrities.

A COMPETITION took place recently among German artists for the painting of the curtain of the Dresden Theatre, Ferdinand Keller, of Karlsruhe, receiving the award. Here, now, is a hint for some of our enterprising managers. Let one of them, by way of experiment, invite our painters to compete for the painting of a new curtain for his theatre—or, let us say, rather for the furnishing of a design or study for a new curtain, to be executed either by himself or by trained scene-painters under his direction. The substitution of a genuine piece of art-work for the strange monstrosities that commonly, in the way of stage-curtain, amaze and amuse the theatre-goer, would be a great gain to the æsthetic pleasure of the cultivated spectator, would do something toward promoting right art-ideas among the general public, would be rendering a rightful homage to art, and would prove to be a first-rate card for the manager setting the example.

A WRITER in the *Gentleman's Magazine* utters the following sound comments on the charms of comparative kinds of landscape-painting: "The French have eschewed the conventional and sensational style of landscape. Novel and startling effects are not in favor in the *atelier*. Before railways they followed Salvator Rosa and Poussin, and sought

to render those sites which command the attention and admiration of the tourist. Precipices and mountain-scenes are no longer in favor. I think the artists and the public right in preferring what tranquilizes and seduces to what violently excites the imagination. However imposing the sites presented by Alpine districts, they do not present to the painter the advantage the uninitiated may fancy over lowlands with extended horizons. The play of light and the effects of atmospheric perspective are of greater value in the plains, which also, taking more easily the fleeting impress of the cloud's gentle sinuosities, lead quietly from pleasure to pleasure, like a gracious woman indifferent to admiration but solicitous of securing lasting friends. The artist who charms is superior to him who ambitiously aims at heaping Pelion upon Ossa, and succeeds in accomplishing this prodigy. It is curious to note how few great landscape-painters have come from the Scotch or Welsh mountains, the Alps or Pyrenees, or the sublimely savage coast of Norway. The dells and denes of Kent and Surrey and the river-banks round London and Paris have, on the contrary, been a rich source of inspiration."

THE *Academy* series of notices of the exhibition of the Royal Academy, written by W. M. Rossetti, ends by asserting that "the general calibre of the pictures is decidedly mediocre, with low aims and superficial work—superficial, though frequently very clever." He says: "In one of the plays of the Jacobean dramatist George Chapman, 'The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois,' we find a few lines which members, associates, and exhibitors of the Royal Academy would do well to lay to heart, representing as they do only too faithfully the ideal, aims, and methods, of many of our artistic practitioners:

'Since good arts fail, crafts and deceits are used.
Men ignorant are idle: idle men
Most practise what they most may do with ease—
Fashion and favor; all their studies aiming
At getting money.'

Chapman's speaker adds:

'Which no wise man ever
Fed his desires with.'

We will not say that the artists of the present day may not allowably be 'wise in their generation,' and make money. Let them sell their works at such prices as they can command: only let them determine that those works shall first of all be good, and done for the sake of being good rather than for that of their money equivalent."

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

July 20, 1875.

THE weather continues to be the leading topic in all social circles at present, for, in the language of the poet, "the rain it raineth every day." Literally and truly is this so, for not a single day has elapsed for six weeks past without a shower or a succession of showers. According to the calendar this is the month of July, but by the barometer and thermometer one would swear it was April. Think of midsummer weather, where the thermometer ranges between 60° and 70° in the middle of the day, where people sleep under blankets at night, wear cashmere dresses and flannel underwear, and dare not stir out without umbrellas! Think of that, O ye swelterers under an American summer sun at home! Ow-

ing to this unusual state of the weather, the *cafés chantants*, the Besselièvre concerts, and the open-air balls of the Champs-Élysées, usually the most popular and patronized of all Parisian entertainments in summer, are having but a hard time of it. *Per contra*, the theatres, that is to say, the few that remain open, are prospering finely. People who had departed for summer quarters by the sea-shore or among the mountains, are returning to the city, literally chilled and drenched out of their rustic retreats. The Parisians are very savage at the rains: it spoils all their pleasant out-door life, puts a stop to all *fêtes* and festivities, turns their pretty suburban pleasure-grounds into wastes of mud, and ruins their enjoyment generally. However, the forty days of rain that we are supposed to go through if it rains on St.-Médard's day (the French substitute for the Irish Sheela) are wellnigh over, so we may reasonably expect a cessation of these continual showers.

After all the blowing of trumpets in which Glady Brothers, the publishers, indulged respecting the preface to the "Imitation of Christ," which Alexandre Dumas was to write, it turns out that the great dramatist is not going to write it after all. He yields the task to M. Louis Veuillot, of the *Univers*, the well-known Ultramontane writer, who, probably, will treat the subject as well as, if not better than, his more brilliant but profane *confrères* would have done. Michel Lévy Brothers announce, amid their forthcoming publications, two new novels by George Sand, entitled respectively "Flamarande" and "Les Deux Frères;" a novel by Edouard Cadol, called "La Bête Noire;" and one by Arsène Houssaye, which bears the striking name of "Dianas and Venuses." If only the romances of this showy, shallow, immoral writer were as clever as their titles, they would be very pleasant reading. Unfortunately, they are only very flippant, very flimsy, and very indecent. A translation of Mr. Grenville Murray's charming and sparkling novel, "The Member for Paris," has just been issued by Ghio. For three years past, authorization to publish this translation has been sought for from the powers that be, and has only just been granted. The version, which is extremely well done, is by the Chevalier Boutillier. As the book abounds in sketches of the Parisian notabilities of the last days of the Empire, and is, moreover, a very interesting story, I should not be surprised if its Parisian success were to equal its English one.

There is an interesting sketch of the elder Dumas, as manager and dramatist, in the last installment of the amusing memoirs of Laferrière. He gives an account of the rehearsals of the "Chevalier de Maison Rouge"—a drama adapted by Dumas from his own novel of the same name. When the piece was first read at the theatre it produced but little effect. "Dumas," says Laferrière, "was one of the most deplorable readers in the world, his voice had false intonations, and his delivery a false emphasis. That man, whose pen was so alert and sparkling, did not know how to utter a phrase, and in his mouth comedy itself became lugubrious. Some friends were speaking before him one day of Schiller, and, very naturally, they declared that in all respects he was far superior to the author of 'Wallenstein.' Dumas did not appear thoroughly convinced, and, turning to Madame Dorval, who had listened to the discussion without uttering a word, he said:

"Well, Marie, what do you think of these absurdities?"

"My dear Dumas, I rather agree with

them—you far surpass Schiller in one respect."

"What is that?"

"You read far worse than he did."

"Dumas burst out laughing. He remembered how the unhappy German dramatist, having read his 'Don Carlos' before the reading-committee at the Dresden Theatre, had his work instantly and unanimously refused."

"Thus we all found the 'Chevalier de Maison Rouge' detestable, and predicted its total failure. But we took care to keep this unpleasant impression to ourselves."

"The rehearsals were commenced at once. The preparatory ones, those destined to make certain the memory only, took place in the absence of the author. But, as soon as the parts were known and the actors could repeat them from memory, Dumas appeared among us like Jupiter Tonans emerging from the clouds."

"Notwithstanding some little weaknesses, Dumas was a great master of stage effect. Under his influence, the dullest dialogue, the most unimportant situation, took an unforeseen physiognomy. It was necessary to be well acquainted with him in order to know to what a point he could, when he pleased, become sympathetic and *entraînant*. At rehearsals and when he was 'à th' vein,' he could in a moment become a man of the people, speaking the language of the faubourgs; and every thing about him, accent, words, and movements, became transformed. Then did his voice become true, his intonations simple and natural. He knew how to be for two hours the most amazing of dramatic teachers, and such was the sympathetic clearness of his explanations that he could make a hundred actors out of a hundred supernumeraries."

"But there was a reverse to this medal. These were the days when, instead of coming alone to the rehearsal to make, as he used to say to us, 'a nice little cookery by ourselves,' he would arrive escorted by his courtiers, like Louis XIV. Then he was no longer the same man. Preoccupied by the effect which he wished to produce upon these chance hearers, he struck attitudes for the gallery, he became disagreeable, unjust, captious, disdainful, discouraging, taking each of us for the target of his sarcasm, and remaining no longer for us our great instructor and master of scenic effect."

"At the last dress-rehearsal of the 'Chevalier de Maison Rouge,' he came, unfortunately for us, surrounded by some four hundred of his flatterers, in the midst of whom he sat enthroned in a front box, from which he governed the affairs on the stage with his powerful voice, like a ship-captain commanding his crew."

"On this particular evening he was peculiarly insupportable. The piece no longer appeared to him as a well-defined and brilliant whole, it seemed to him to be dull, cold, and immoderately long. Being very impressionable and, consequently, easily discouraged, he thought that he discerned a certain embarrassment among the little audience, and naturally he threw all the blame of this unpleasant impression upon us. I appeared to him particularly detestable, and he selected me as the object of his carping and his epigrams."

"At last we came to the scene when *Maurice Lindsay* (myself) leaps through the window of the pavilion to arrest *Maison Rouge*. When I attempted to scale the window I found that the sill was placed too high, and I stopped short. Dumas called to me:

"Well, well! go on—jump in!"

"I indicated from afar the obstacle to him, but, as I was certain to be wrong in his eyes, a dialogue ensued between us which for five

minutes amused the by-standers excessively. Finally, no longer able to contain himself, he quitted his box, rushed upon the stage, and tried to mount that unlucky window himself. Notwithstanding his long arms, his long legs, and his gigantic height, he could not succeed. At length, on making one last violent effort, the supports of the scene gave way, and window, balcony, and Dumas, all came tumbling down together! That was the first great sensation of the evening. But he picked himself up with the greatest composure, and said, as calmly as though nothing had happened:

"Go on, gentlemen!"

"We did go on; but Dumas, provoked and wearied, returned to his box, determined to take his revenge at the first opportunity."

"A few moments later, thanks to chance, or rather to my lucky star, I discovered one of the most striking effects of my rôle."

"In the sixth tableau there occurred a scene when the heroine, *Genevieve*, comes to *Maurice* to seek for shelter. At that point I saw *Atala Beauchêne* (the actress who played *Genevieve*) enter wrapped up in the black cloak which she was accustomed to put on when she left the theatre."

"What!" I cried, 'are you going to play a love-scene bundled up that way? You must be mad!'

"Well," answered *Atala*, with that viperous coldness that formed the foundation of her character, 'I do not want to catch cold, and, besides, every thing is going so badly this evening that I do not feel in the mood for rehearsing.'

"I was so exasperated by this reply that, when I came to the moment when *Maurice* kneels before *Genevieve*, instead of untying the ribbons of that wretched cloak, I tore it violently from off her. My gesture, the surprised attitude of *Atala*, the garment slipping from her shoulder, and my cry of 'How beautiful you are!' made up a scene that was marvelously successful and *entraînant*. The effect was electric—audience, actors, supernumeraries, all applauded vehemently, while Dumas cried out:

"Did I not tell you that every thing was upside down this evening? There is *Laferrière* who is actually making believe to be a genius!"

"We all laughed, and he was satisfied. He had had that time a share in the success."

"All these little accidents and vexations did not hinder us from going gayly to take supper, at three o'clock in the morning, at the *café* of the theatre. While drinking our champagne to the healths of our director and of the authors of 'Maison Rouge,' I wagered that the piece would draw for one hundred nights, a dazzling number at that epoch."

"I'll take your wager for twenty," said a voice that seemed to proceed from the ill-lighted depths of the room. We all turned round; it was Dumas, who was nursing his gloom in company with a bone of cold mutton."

"Melingue and I went to him, and offered him a glass of champagne."

"Twenty representations only!" cried Melingue—"do you mean it?"

"The piece will draw for twenty nights," repeated Dumas, looking round; "and then you, my children, will draw for eighty more!"

"We hastened, then, to gather around him, happy to find him alone and without his court—that is to say, to find our own, our real Dumas again."

"We were all wrong: the 'Chevalier de Maison Rouge' had over two hundred consecutive representations."

Salvini is positively coming to Paris next autumn. He is expected here this week to settle the preliminary arrangements and to engage a theatre. He will probably take the *Salle Ventadour*, which combines the advantages of being fashionable, well situated, and not too large. As it is probable that *Strakosch* will relinquish all his plans for giving Italian opera here next winter, it is fortunate that this classic hall should be so worthily occupied. I am very curious to see how he will be received here. Will the critics pronounce him an uncultured barbarian, or will they recognize in him the greatest actor of the age, which he really is? It is impossible to decide. A nation that calls Shakespeare barbarous has every chance of seeing nothing in Salvini's acting but violent contortions and untutored effects."

That rare marvel of the Parisian stage, a translation of an English play, has just been produced at the *Gymnase*. The piece in question is the well-known drama of "Hunted Down; or, the Two Lives of Mary Leigh," by *Dion Bouicault*, translated and arranged by *M. de Njaci*. It has not proved very successful, the strong effects which are popular on the American and English boards being considered inartistic by the Parisian critics. It was wonderfully well acted throughout, *Achard* being particularly successful in the rôle of the villain *Rawdon*. But the great star of the cast was undoubtedly *Mademoiselle Tallandiera*, in the character of *Lea*, the Italian model whose name forms the title of the French version of the piece. Her fiery and impassioned acting, the strange lightnings of her wonderful dark eyes, the play of her somewhat heavy but expressive features, combined to make up a striking and thrilling dramatic picture. She is a great actress, is this strange, wild creature, who is said by blood to be half Arab. The *Gymnase* has also produced a charming little one-act piece, by the lamented *Amédée Achard*, called "*Le Sanglier des Ardennes*." *Le Sanglier* is a wealthy, cross old fellow, who has gained that *sobriquet* from his relatives by his ill-nature and contradictoriness. He has a young niece whom he scolds, whom he idolizes, and whom he has adopted as a daughter. Of course this prospective heiress has many suitors, but they all take flight from before the diabolical humor of *Le Sanglier*, except one soft, pertinacious fool who is resolved to win the young lady's dowry at all hazards, and who agrees with the terrible uncle on all points, even going so far as to acquiesce in his declaration that the moon is square in the daytime and round at night, and that one egg is a sufficient breakfast for a man. But the young lady secretly loves her cousin, who is an independent, outspoken young fellow, and who finally gets into a violent quarrel with his uncle after contradicting him on all points. "Come to my arms!" cries *Le Sanglier*, to the amazement of his young adversary. "I have been seeking everywhere for a man with a will of his own, and you shall be the husband of my niece!" This pretty trifle was admirably played by *Landrol Achard* and bewitching little *Marie Legault*.
LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

You may like to know who wrote the long review in the *Athenæum* of the "Memoirs of General William T. Sherman." It was my friend *Major Knollys*, the brother of the Prince of Wales's private secretary—a gallant gentleman, who has seen much service in India, and who is our Inspector-General of Ordnance. By-the-way, I ought to mention that the ma-

highly lauds, as a whole, both the book and its author, as these final paragraphs will show:

"That General Sherman is a bold, able leader, a skillful strategist and tactician, as well as an admirable organizer and administrator, these volumes show. We are, however, bound to bear in mind that he invariably had the big battalions on his side, and that so vast were the resources of the North that he could always afford to lose two to one without his numerical superiority being much affected. Still, he deserves credit for his successes, and his reflections on the military lessons of the war are worthy of attentive consideration.

"The literary merits of the book before us are considerable. The narrative is clear and concise, and four years of military operations on a gigantic scale are described in fewer words than are required by some authors in writing the history of a couple of battles. The style is, however," adds Major Knollys, who I know has a strong objection to some of your colloquial phrases, "full of slang and vulgarisms." "We expected something better from one who has received the excellent education of West Point," concludes he.

Signor Salvini is doubtless well pleased with his visit to our shores. All along he has been triumphant. If his *Hamlet* was not considered by us so good as his *Othello*, still the personation was widely praised. Indeed, the signor has been puffed and lauded, banqueted and dined to repletion. Why, even Macready or the elder Kean never had such glowing criticisms written on them. Enthusiastic to the last degree was the tremendous audience on the occasion of the famous tragedian's farewell benefit at the "Lane" the other day. He played *Othello*, and, in the course of the evening, was almost smothered with bouquets. After the performance, too, he was presented with a handsome silver snuff-box, that had been subscribed for by the members of the orchestra. Better than all, he has "netted"—I believe "netted" is the proper word—some thousands of pounds by his short engagement here.

A great many new books are in the press or on the "stocks." For instance, "George Eliot"—that is, Mrs. George Henry Lewes—is about to give us another novel of English midland life; Mr. George Augustus Sala, the famous "special" and leader-writer of the *Daily Telegraph*—he boasts that he has written ever so many thousands of leaders for that journal—a volume on "Cookery in its Historical Aspects;" Mr. Smiles, "Lives of the Engineers," a companion to "Self-Help," to be entitled "Thrift;" Mr. John Forster, Dickens's biographer, a "Life of Swift"—a "life" which will contain no end of hitherto unpublished matter in the shape of letters, etc.; Dr. Doran, the editor of *Notes and Queries*, a volume of Sir Horace Mann's correspondence (Sir Horace was our ambassador at Florence in Horace Walpole's day); the young Earl of Mayo, son of the late Viceroy of India, "Sport in Abyssinia;" Lady Hobart, the life and writings of her late husband, the erst Governor of Madras; Mr. J. Eglington Bailey, the sermons of that worthy old divine, Thomas Fuller; and Mr. R. G. Haliburton, some essays on colonial subjects.

The opera-season is drawing to a close. Covent Garden was shut up a few days ago, and "Old Drury's" doors will soon be bolted also. At it, we have just had "Lohengrin" again, with Madame Christine Nilsson as *Elsa di Brabante*; Titians as *Ortrudo*; Signor Galassi in *Frederico di Teberrando*; and Signor Campanini in the title rôle. The "music of the future" is certainly making its influence felt

among us. It will, doubtless, become popular gradually, as Mr. Tennyson thinks his "Queen Mary" will.

One of the most pleasant entertainments in London just now is that which is given nightly at the Egyptian Hall by Miss Emily Faithfull and Miss Ella Dietz, a young countrywoman of yours. Miss Faithfull gives readings from the works of your native bards Bryant, Whitman, Longfellow, Will Carleton, etc.; while Miss Dietz plays very charmingly in a little comedieta she has adapted from the French, and called "Lessons in Harmony." You have, I know, had an opportunity of hearing Miss Faithfull read, therefore I need not dwell on her elocutionary powers. These are as great as ever; indeed, I think that, if any thing, her voice is more mellow and flexible than it was when she visited your shores. How pathetically she reads Walt Whitman's lines on the death of Abraham Lincoln—one of the most beautiful lyrics extant, in your humble servant's opinion. Yet, there are some who say that the "divine afflatus" is not Walt's at all!

Major Wellington de Boots—I mean Mr. J. S. Clarke—will begin an engagement at the Haymarket on the 21st of August—which reminds me that a far abler comedian, a far more conscientious one, at any rate (let me put it that way), than Mr. Clarke, is, as I dare say you have heard, about to cross over to you—Mr. George Honey, at present playing *Graves* in "Money" at the Prince of Wales's. Mr. George Belmore, too, who, as *Newman Noggs* in "Nicholas Nickleby," is one of the great attractions at the Adelphi just now, is also on the point of visiting you—that is, if Mr. Chatterton will only let him. That gentleman has applied for an injunction to restrain him from going, on the ground that he (Mr. Belmore) is breaking an agreement. The case is pending; but I hope for your and my readers' sakes that Mr. Belmore will gain the day, for I am sure he would delight you and them "muchly," to use the great Artemus's phrase.

The general opinion is that Mr. George Rignold's acting has been improved by his American visit; I know you'll like to hear that. At present he is playing *Lord Clancarty* at the Queen's. On the opening night of this, his first engagement since his return, he was received with hurrahs, cheers, and waving of handkerchiefs. Yes, it was an enthusiastic scene: wherefore the young actor made a little speech, in which he referred with obvious pride to his transatlantic tour. Altogether, however, his remarks were by no means judicious: they smacked of over-confidence and egoism. But there—one can't wonder at that! After the fuss you made over him, the only marvel is that he doesn't look down on Irving and Salvini.

Signor Arditi will conduct the Promenade Concerts—they begin on the 7th of August—at Covent Garden this year. We are promised great things. Last year they were conducted by Hervé, of "Chilpéric" renown, who wielded the *bâton* in a depressingly spiritless and unenergetic way. Talking of Covent Garden reminds me that the great feature of the just-closed opera-season there has certainly been the "first performance on any stage" of Mademoiselle Thalberg. That young lady has already become a big favorite with us. She has entranced us with her singing, and charmed us with her looks. The last time I was at the "Garden"—mademoiselle sustained *Zerlina* in "Don Giovanni" on the occasion—quite twenty bouquets were thrown to her.

Just now I was shown the last letter that Tom Robertson, the author of "Caste" and

"Society"—he was always called Tom by his intimates—ever wrote. A very affecting epistle it is. It is written in pencil, and is addressed to a friend of mine whose wife had just died. "I feel, dear boy, it will not be long ere I follow your beloved wife myself," wrote Robertson. "But cheer up, old fellow; there's something better, I hope, in store for all of us." A few hours afterward he was dead! Robertson's character, by-the-way, was a strangely contradictory one. At one time he was gentle as a child; at another full of blasphemy!

Mr. William Gilbert, the author of that powerful novel, "Shirley Hall Asylum," is about to make a sojourn in Egypt, with the object of collecting (and publishing) the early Christian legends which there abound. The Mr. Gilbert I refer to, let your readers note, is not the famous dramatist and author of "The Bab Ballads," but his able *père*. In this case the son's celebrity has quite overshadowed the father's. A proof in point: the son's biography appears in "Men of the Time," while the father's does not. I had occasion to write to Mr. Gilbert, Sr., the other day, regarding some magazine-work. "Oh," said he, jocularly, the moment he saw me, "I suppose you've made a mistake, and wanted to see my son!" But I had not.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon has changed his publishers. His forthcoming work on your country—it will dwell on the war of races, and be entitled "White Conquest: America in 1875"—will be issued, not by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, but by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, Mr. Hotten's successors. Much new matter will appear in it, Mr. Dixon's letters to the British press while he was last among you forming, as it were, only the corner-stone.

WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

GRADUATED ATMOSPHERES.

THE mean distance of the planet Mercury from the sun is about 87,000,000 miles, and that of the planet Neptune about 2,850,000,000 miles. If, then, the sun is simply a vast, incandescent body, diffusing light and heat like an ordinary fire, it is obvious that, unless there are some modifying circumstances, the degree of light and heat to which Mercury is subjected is immeasurably more intense than that experienced by Neptune, and that the animal and vegetable life of the one planet is utterly impossible to the other. Presuming both planets to be inhabited, this would seem to involve a special creation for each. But here we are embarrassed by the consideration that all the members of our system obey what appear to be universal laws; and that, with but one exception, they are similarly shaped; while the revelations of the spectroscope seem to invite the conclusion that their constituents are identical in the main. Assuming these three precise facts as a basis of induction, we ought reasonably to verge toward the conviction that throughout the whole of our system there is a corresponding homogeneity in animal and vegetable life, and something like an equable distribution of light and heat. At this point, however, in steps the commonly-received theory of the great central fire of the sun—a theory that seems to interfere with the

unity that should characterize our small family of planets, and that tends to confuse our ideas in relation to the sublime sequences which, most assuredly, bind in one harmonious whole all the operations of the Creator.

If the luminous atmosphere that is said to surround the sun, or the gases that are alleged to be in a constant and violent state of combustion within the vast circumference of that atmosphere, are the immediate and only source of light and heat to the individual planets within the sphere of solar attraction, then, as already intimated, Mercury must, in the absence of modifying circumstances, be on fire, to the very core, so to speak, while Neptune should, on the other hand, be little better than a solid ball of ice. But, supposing we venture to imagine that a positive expression of light and heat is evolved within the atmospheres of the various planets only: then, might we not begin to discern the road a little more clearly before us, even though it should still be encumbered with some difficulties?

It is said that an impulse given by the sun to the ether, at a point 95,000,000 miles from us, reaches the earth in something like eight minutes. But, as light or heat seems to have no mission to perform save in the immediate vicinity of the planets, the evolution of either at any vast distance from these bodies would apparently serve no good purpose, but would, on the contrary, seem to indicate a waste of power and a want of design. We should, however, be able to relieve ourselves here if we entertained the proposition that this mysterious impulse, which causes the ether, so sensitive and sublimated is the latter, to vibrate many hundred billions of times in a second, does not express itself in any appreciable degree while traversing the vast, impalpable ocean that fills the universe of space, but manifests its existence only when it encounters a dense or foreign body like our atmosphere, where it might be presumed to express itself in a manner widely different from that which characterized its unimpeded course down through what might be termed the silent and mysterious realms of nothingness.

The existence of different media and forces seems indispensable to the production of phenomena of any description. The ærolite sweeps through space in coldness and darkness until it enters our atmosphere, when it becomes a centre of light and heat so intense that it is frequently consumed before it reaches the earth. Every condition of being seems to express itself through a conflict of forces, how harmonious soever the antagonism may be. Perfect homogeneity is but another name for non-existence. So that this mighty, all-pervading ocean of ether, which is sensitive and attenuated beyond the human comprehension, were absolute nothingness but for the forces that antagonize with it. Had it no shores to break upon while vibrating to the impalpable impulse already mentioned—no element differing in nature or density from it to disturb its equilibrium—then were the mighty womb of space empty indeed; for the heavens should virtually be robbed of every radiant point that now studs their azure expanse.

Perhaps it may not be difficult to prove that even directly beneath a noontide, tropical sun, the higher we mount through the regions of our atmosphere the colder and darker it becomes. From this, one might be inclined to argue that our earth, with all the other planets, may be regarded as a vast daguerreotype-plate, coated with the atmosphere, as with chemicals, upon the face of which we find kindled into life and light some of the occult forces brought to bear upon it by our great centre, the sun. Possibly the first feeble impressions of the hosts of heaven, as luminous bodies, are photographed faintly upon the outer limits of our atmosphere, and probably these impressions become more powerful and clearly defined as that medium becomes more dense, until, at the surface of the earth, they are reflected, as it were, with a maximum intensity of light and heat. Nor does this idea appear less incomprehensible than the fact that neither latitude nor the directness of the sun's rays is the truest measure of cold, or light, or heat. The truth of this latter assertion will scarcely be disputed when, at the equator, and consequently on the self-same degree of latitude, we find, within a radius of five or six miles, regions differing widely from each other in fauna and flora, and exhibiting every degree of heat and cold peculiar to the various zones. For example, let us take any point in the very heart of the tropics, where the mountains sweep up from the level of the sea to a height of twenty thousand feet, and we shall meet, at their base, valleys of endless bloom, teeming with life; while but six or seven thousand yards from those passionate vales, up the mountain-side, after encountering almost every variety of climate, we find ourselves in the midst of regions the most desolate, without a solitary vestige of animal or vegetable life, and buried beneath a savage waste of eternal snow; so that latitude is not the true measure of climate or of heat and cold, inasmuch as we see it exhibiting directly under the line the very same characteristics which distinguish it at the poles. We must, therefore, seek for some other standard to which we can appeal with more certainty, and this it appears is to be found in our atmosphere only, where the gradations of heat and cold, if not of light also, are as to the difference in density of the various strata that compose it—the measure being true at any given point, and not affected by local influences.

For the sake of illustration, let us, in imagination, project a line perpendicular to the equator for a distance of twenty thousand feet in the direction of the mid-day sun; and let us assume that this line is identical with the course of a single impulse sped through space from that luminary to the earth, in relation to which impulse, or ray of light, if you will, the angle of incidence and of reflection shall coincide. Let us now, while the vertical sun rests on the top of this line, as it were, philosophize upon some of the strata of atmosphere through which it passes, always remembering that the atmosphere is densest at the level of the sea, and that it becomes gradually attenuated as we ascend through the regions of space. Now, it has

been ascertained, beyond peradventure, that at the lower end of this line a man may be dying from the effects of extreme heat the self-same moment that, at the upper end, which is nearer the sun, another man may be dying from the effects of extreme cold—the one being broiled and the other being frozen to death. Nor is this all; for midway between these two victims, or at a height of eight or nine thousand feet, we find a third person enjoying himself in the open air to the top of his bent.

At no point of the earth's surface are the regions, or rather the extremes, of heat and cold defined so sharply as under the line. This is, doubtless, owing to the fact that the angle of incidence, and that of reflection, are coincident on the part of the solar beams. As we recede from the equator this angle becomes greater and greater, with a corresponding diminution of light and heat, until we reach the poles, where it falls into one horizontal line, as it were. And perhaps this gradual diminution of light and heat is not so much owing to the alleged fact that as we recede from the line any given number of rays of light are made to cover a greater space, as to the obvious one that the angle of incidence and that of reflection become more obtuse at each successive step. Pencils of what we call light are of infinitesimal proportions. Let us, then, project one of the smallest within the compass of an experiment upon a reflecting surface in a dark room, and perhaps we shall be able to discover that the secondary ray performs a more important mission in the concentration of light and heat than is usually accredited to it; for it is obvious that, the smaller the angle here, the more light and heat are expressed within it; while it appears to be equally true, also, that the gradual shading off of climate, from intense heat to intense cold between the equator and the poles, is owing perhaps more clearly to the gradual augmentation of this combined angle than to any other circumstance. Still, at any intervening point, the vertical admeasurement, through the atmosphere, holds relatively good—that is, the more attenuated any of the strata, the colder and, doubtless, the darker it is.

From these few speculations, it may possibly appear to some that the nearness of a planet to the sun, or the remoteness of one from that mighty orb, has not, after all, so much to do with the degree of light and heat experienced by these bodies. Graduated atmospheres, from Mercury to Neptune, would seem to secure something like an equal distribution of light and heat among all the members of our system. A highly-attenuated atmosphere for Mercury, and one correspondingly dense for Neptune, would place both these planets in a more comfortable position, in our imagination, than they have occupied heretofore. JAMES MCCARROLL.

In our recent illustrated description of M. de la Bastie's process for toughening glass, we bade our readers prepare for an early return to the subject, since at that time attention was mainly directed to the process rather than its results. These results or evidences of the character of the discovery were for

bly presented by Mr. Nursey, in certain recent experiments before the Society of Arts: "In the course of Mr. Nursey's experiments," says the *Popular Science Review*, "some glass dessert-plates were dropped from a height of between four and five feet to the ground without fracture, one of them rebounding over a table. Subsequently one of the audience dropped a plate from a height of four feet on to an iron grating, and it rebounded to the height of a foot without injury. Grease-catchers, to put on candles, were thrown with some force from the same height with similar result, except when four were thrown together, and then one of them broke into innumerable fragments, without the sharp, cutting edges which are so characteristic of the fracture of glass not so toughened. A piece of plate-glass about six inches square and a quarter-inch thick was next put into a frame of wood, so as to raise the under surface of the glass half an inch from the floor. A brass four-ounce weight was then dropped several times from a height of ten feet fairly on to the centre of the piece of glass with perfect impunity. Next an eight-ounce weight was tried with the same result. Then a piece of one-eighth-inch plate was substituted, and the lecturer, a man approaching twelve stone in weight, put his heel in the centre and spun round on it. Next the eight-ounce weight was dropped on it, and, as in the case of the thicker piece, without the slightest damage. A piece of the same quarter-inch plate-glass, which had not been toughened, was broken with the usual star-fracture by dropping the four-ounce weight from a height of two feet. At last, as it seemed impossible to break the plates of glass in any other way, a hammer was brought, and a smart blow being given to one of the quarter-inch-thick plates, it shattered into a great number of very small pieces, and with the peculiarity of the edges of the pieces being rounded, as if partially fused after fracture."

It is only by these and kindred ocular demonstrations that the remarkable significance and practical value of this discovery may be understood; and in view of these facts we feel justified in emphasizing our former statement that the discovery of De la Bastie's is one of the most important ever made in the department of industrial art.

In continuation of this subject, we are prompted to refer to the value of toughened glass in optics. One of the earliest and most forcible objections to the toughened glass was that its extreme hardness rendered it difficult of treatment in the construction of lenses, etc., it being also uncertain as to whether the treatment it had undergone might not so have altered its physical structure as to render it unfit for use in optical instruments. In a recent letter to *Nature*, Mr. H. Pocklington reviews these objections in detail, and gives an extended account of his and other experiments in this direction. The general interest which the subject excites, and the importance of all these practical discussions, induce us to give extended space to these records of experiments in the several departments. The writer above noticed states as follows: "Immediately after the publication of M. de la Bastie's specification I prepared specimens of the glass. I submitted them to careful optical examination by polarized light. Perhaps the best experiments are those made by means of short cylinders and small cubes and parallelepipeds carefully 'hardened.' A small cube with half-inch sides thus prepared has its sides ground plain

and polished. The operation of polishing may be dispensed with if a small microscopical thin cover be cemented on the ground surface with Canada balsam. The cube is then mounted between strips of blackened cork, and examined in the usual way by means of Nicol's prisms, glass plates, or other appropriate polariscope. The beautiful chromatic phenomena thus brought out at once indicate that, among the causes which operate to produce the hardness of the glass, powerful compression of the interior by the contracting exterior must be one. The phenomena are, in fact, essentially those of compressed glass, and the curves of color, or black and yellow, seen when the glass is examined by white or monochromatic light, indicate successive curves of tension and balance or no-tension. In a carefully-prepared glass rod of half-inch length these curves are rings traversed by a well-marked black cross. In an oval the rings assume the character of those seen in biaxial crystals. When plates are examined, the light being transmitted from back to front, they appear to act essentially as bi-refracting plates, but with the crosses and bands somewhat irregularly distributed, and capable of being referred to the angles of the plates or to centres of unequal heating. My experiments on the mechanical properties of the glass have chiefly been confined to testing its hardness and the possibility of grinding it. So far as I have gone at present, I make it to be nearly twice as hard as ordinary glass, which it scratches with ease. It can be cut with a good file well moistened with turpentine, and can be ground on a stone with sand without fracturing, if great care be taken and the glass be well prepared. One piece which manifested when under the polariscope evidences of ill-balanced tension, the neutral line lying near one surface, submitted to transverse grooving, but disintegrated on being ground on one surface as soon as the outer surface had been ground away to near the neutral line. There appears to be an easily-reached limit beyond which the surfaces must not be unequally removed; but, as my friend Mr. Thomas Fairley, F. R. S. E., has been good enough to show me, there is practically no limit beyond which both surfaces may not be simultaneously removed. This result, foretold by me from polariscopical analysis, Mr. Fairley has shown by dissolving the opposing surfaces away by hydrofluoric acid. The least hard portions dissolved much more readily than the thoroughly hardened, and the etched surfaces show wavy lines closely following the tension lines shown by the polariscope. There is, further, this remarkable feature, that the inner portion of the glass proves to be essentially common glass, which fractures in the ordinary way. Further experiments are necessary for the complete elucidation of the subject, and are in progress, but the preceding may be useful to fellow-workers on the subject."

THE fact that tinned surfaces often contain lead as an adulteration in sufficient quantities to act injuriously upon acid solutions of vegetables, fruits, etc., which are brought in contact with them, is well known, and certain wise counselors do not hesitate to protest against the general use of all these canned fruits, which are put up in tin instead of glass cans. Since, however, nothing less than an astounding wholesale catastrophe is likely to induce a public abandonment of this class of luxuries, it may be of service to name a simple method by which the presence of acid can be detected, and thus the manufacturer compelled to furnish a purer material. Having

cleaned the suspected surface thoroughly, place upon it a drop or thin coating of nitric acid. Through the chemical reaction thus induced, stannic oxide is formed, and nitrate of lead, if this metal be present. After a few moments the acid should be expelled by means of gentle heating; the pulverulent spot produced by the acid should then be treated with a solution composed of five parts of iodide of potassium in one hundred parts of water. Should lead be present, this treatment will result in the formation of yellow iodide of lead, which may be readily detected by its characteristic color, since the iodide has no action upon the pure oxide of tin.

CERTAIN interesting facts, and of an order suggestive of further inquiry, were recently presented by Dr. G. L. Phipson. They relate to the interesting phenomena of intermittent ebullition, and of the instances cited was the following: When water strongly acidified with hydrochloric acid and containing a small quantity of benzole was heated, it was found to enter into violent ebullition every sixty seconds. After a while this action ceased altogether, and then recommenced, the intervals then being only thirty seconds, which intervals in turn were again reduced first to twenty, then ten, and finally eight seconds. The temperature of the vapor in the flask remained constant at 101° C., and that of the liquid at 103.5° C.

THE *Photographic News* notices at length the experiments recently made at Trieste to determine the relative intensity of various colored lights. These tests were of a practical character, and were conducted with a view to establish the relative value of colored lights in light-houses. The first place was given to the white light, then came red and green. At half a league's distance the dark-blue lantern was invisible, and the deep-blue nearly so; and it was observed that at a certain distance it was easy to confuse the green with the white: hence, the authorities at Trieste recommend that this colored lantern be only used in the vicinity of the red and white.

In his lecture on light, delivered before the Royal Institute during May last, Professor Cornu stated that, as the result of five hundred and eight experiments, conducted with a view to determine the velocity of light, the average gave one hundred and eighty-six thousand six hundred and sixty miles per second.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

FROM Mrs. Burton's "Inner Life of Syria" we derive the following in regard to Arab women:

The woman of the settled Arab, in all classes of life, as a rule, lives thus: The husband rises in the morning, she brings his soap and water, and he washes his hands and face. She gives him his breakfast and nargile, and then he goes out. If he is good he will look after his fields, his vineyards, his silk-worms, his shop, or whatever he has. If he is not a steady man he will lounge in the bath and smoke with his friends, neglecting his business. She cleans her house, prepares the evening meal. On his return she must bring him water to wash his hands and face, and she will

sit on the floor and wash his feet. She gives him his coffee, sherbet, and nargile. Then she brings his dinner, and while he eats she stands and waits upon him, with arms crossed over the breast, and eyes humbly cast down. She dares not speak unless he speaks to her, and does every thing to please him. She then gives him his coffee and pipe, and leaves him to spend the evening as he pleases. This sounds cruel, but, when the pressure of the master's presence is taken off the Eastern woman, she is not half so nice in the common classes. Then she sits in a corner of the room on the floor, and takes the remainder of the dinner with her children, and most probably she sleeps with them. Besides all this, the poorer orders must not only do the whole house-work—lighting fires, boiling water, and cooking dinner—but clean the house, attend to the children, wait on the husband, draw and carry water on her head, break the wood for three or four hours, milk the cows, feed the sheep and goats, drive them to drink, dig the fields, cut the corn, make and bake bread—in fact, all the hard drudgery of both man and woman.

The higher classes of large towns who have grown sufficiently rich, and scraped up a European idea or two, pride themselves on doing nothing but dress, paint, lounge on divans, with nargiles and coffee, sweets, scents, and gossip, and spend several hours in the Turkish bath; they grow fat and yellow, waddling and unwieldy. There is much of this in grand Syrian life. They only see the men of their family, just like the rest, unless they love *en cachette*, and then, if they find an opportunity, may converse with uncovered face; but woe betide the lovers if the police or the relatives get wind of it, through a servant or an enemy! If a husband comes back to a home made uncomfortable by a careless, foolish wife, he will apply the stick to her without remorse, but not brutally or injuriously, and, if she answers or uses foul language, he will pick off his shoe and strike her on the mouth. But do not be squeamish, my British readers—read our own police-reports, and think the Syrian husband an angel. There are no gouged-out eyes, no ribs broken by "running kicks," and no smashing with the hammer and the poker. This is simply a neglected man asserting his rights with a few stripes in the privacy of his house—not a shameful street-brawl under the influence of drink.

The Bedouins pride themselves on having much more intelligence and refinement, romance and poetry, than the settled Arab races; they have an especial contempt for the fellahs. One day a Bedouin threw this in the face of a Christian fellah. They had some high words about it, upon which the Bedouin said, "Well, thou shalt come to our tents. I will ask my daughter but three questions, we will note her answers. I will accompany thee to thy village, and thou shalt ask thy daughter the same three questions, and we will compare her language with my daughter's. Both are uneducated. My daughter knows naught but Nature's language. Thine may have seen something of towns or villages, and passers-by, and have some advantage over mine."

They first went to the camp.

Bedouin father. "O my daughter!"

Girl. "Here I am, O my father!"

Father. "Take our horses and picket them."

The ground was stony, and she hammered at the peg.

Girl. "My father, I knocked the iron against the stone, but the ground will not open to receive her visitor."

"Change it, O my daughter!"

At dinner her father knew he had rice on his beard, and that the girl was ashamed.

"What is it, O my daughter?"

"My father, the gazelles are feeding in a valley full of grass!"

He understood, and wiped his beard.

"Wake us early, O my daughter!"

"Yes, my father."

She called him: "My father, the light is at hand."

"How dost thou know, O my daughter?"

"The anklets are cold to my feet; I smell the flowers on the river-bank, and the sun-bird is singing."

Thence they went to the fellah's village. It was now his turn.

Fellah. "My daughter!"

Girl. "What do you want, father?"

"Take our horses and picket them."

The ground being hard, she hammered uselessly, and, losing her temper, threw down the stone, crying:

"I have knocked it so hard, and it won't go in."

"Change it then, girl."

At dinner he purposely dropped some rice on his beard. She pointed at him, began to laugh, and said, "Wipe your chin, my father."

On going to bed he said, "Wake us early, my daughter."

"Yes, father," she replied.

"Father," she called at dawn, "get up; it is daylight!"

"How do you know, my daughter?"

"My stomach is empty, I want to eat."

The fellah was obliged to acknowledge the superiority of a Bedouin household over his own.

FROM Mr. Hamerton's paper, in the *Portfolio*, on the painter Etty, we select a passage descriptive of his sojourn abroad, in which we have some amusing instances of the artist's eccentric characteristics:

In 1816 Etty goes abroad. The story of his travels seems to us of this generation like a fragment of ancient history. He crosses from Brighton to Dieppe, is twenty-four hours at sea, much of the time in a narrow berth, and finally lands in an adventurous, unforeseen manner by moonlight. However brief may be this biography, however simple the scheme of it, we cannot omit the artist's teapot, his constant friend and companion. He loves tea much too well to trust Continental grocers or tea-makers, but carries his own materials and apparatus; tea for twelve months, sugar, two kettles, in case of accident to one of them, and the rest. Of course, such supplies and apparatus are a stumbling-block to the minds of Continental custom-house officers, who will never understand how one man can need them all for his own use. Etty's troubles begin at Dieppe, where one of the tea-kettles is confiscated as superfluous, but restored afterward. Etty goes to Rouen in the *diligence*, and sees the cathedral, which he naturally thinks inferior to York; and we may be sure that he will never meet with any ecclesiastical building in Europe which, to him, will appear equal to the great Minster. He arrives at Paris, enters by what, in his barbarous French, he calls the "Barrier d'Neuilly," then lands at *le bureau de diligence*. He does not like Paris very much, and soon leaves for Switzerland. He crosses the Jura, "passing through ravines such as Salvator Rosa would have delighted to paint," the stock allusion to Salvator Rosa being still, at that time, unexhausted. He is not happy in the country

inns, and becomes especially indignant about custom-house people on the frontier of Switzerland, because they make him pay duty on his stock of sugar. Continental habits put him out: he wants his English breakfast, and does not approve of the *déjeuner à la fourchette*, with "sour wine." He complains that he can get "no milk, no tea, nor any thing genial." We should have thought that the great canister in the portmanteau ought to have lasted into Switzerland; perhaps it was packed up and inaccessible for the present. The bright teapot is kept out, however, and Etty characteristically refuses the substantial French *déjeuner* to go and make himself patriotic cups of tea and slices of bread-and-butter in the kitchen of the road-side inns, where the *diligence* halts. After a brief astonishment at the majesty of Switzerland he crosses the Simplon, and finds himself in Italy, where the vineyards delight him "with grapes dropping in clusters, rich, black, and luxuriant, creeping fantastically over alleys of trellis-work, forming a cool and delicious walk beneath." He comes to Florence with the intention of staying and studying there; but finds himself in a state of extreme mental depression, which has a bad effect upon his health. This depression is due to two different causes. He left England in love—anxiously, rather than hopefully, in love; and this disturbs his peace: but it is evident, also, that he was too intensely national in his habits and feelings to enjoy a residence on the Continent. A man who cannot stop at an *cuberge* without producing an English teapot, who thinks that *vin ordinaire* is sour, and who prefers bread-and-butter to a substantial *déjeuner*, ought to remain in some English home. At Florence he "feels unequal to the task of going to Rome or Naples," and decidedly says, "I am *certain* it is not in my power to reside abroad." He says that Florence has a character of gloom about it that he cannot bear. "I am sick to death," he adds, "of traveling in a country where the accommodations are such as no Englishman can have any idea of." He stays just four days at Florence, then leaves it in disgust, and turns back homeward by Pisa, Leghorn, Genoa, Turin, the Mont Cenis, Chambéry, Lyons, and Paris—homesick all the time, and doing little or nothing but getting as quickly as possible over the long leagues which separate Italy from England. At Paris he determines to work in Régnault's *atelier*, but finds the students a rude set, and the place a perfect bear-garden—which, from similar experiences, we can well believe. Being "very uncomfortable" in Régnault's *atelier*, he stays there only three days, and very soon gets to Calais, crossing the Channel as quickly as possible in a French vessel, and traveling to London in a Deal coach, with sentiments of love and affection for every brick in the English metropolis.

THERE is a movement in London for the erection of a statue to Lord Byron. A recent meeting of a committee for the purpose was held, which was presided over by Mr. Disraeli. We select from the London *Daily News* the following, elicited by the occasion:

"Byron was born," said Mr. Disraeli, yesterday, "in an age of contracted sympathies and restricted thought;" and it is not very easy to agree with Mr. Disraeli here. Probably at no time have the widest sympathies and thought the most absolutely untrammelled ever influenced the practical conduct of Englishmen of genius so much as in the age of

Godwin and of Shelley. The sentimental sympathies of the French Revolution—the unrestricted thought of that age of reason—really did affect the conduct of Godwin and of Shelley, and nearly brought even Coleridge into practical contact with pantisocracy. Ideas not less unrestricted than those which came from France to England in the beginning of this century are current enough now, but they do not seem to have their old active effect on the persons who profess them in drawing-room conversation. They were more fresh and vigorous in Byron's day, and one of the reasons why Mr. Disraeli had to apologize for Byron's private life, and Lord Rosslyn had to admit that there "were reprehensible details in Byron's life," is that these ideas did not satisfy Byron. There was too much of the English spirit in his genius for him to be the dupe of gorgeous dreams about universal freedom, love, and equality. Perhaps the same thing might be stated more fairly in the assertion that he was not so intoxicated with the revolutionary spirit as to believe that the Revolutionary Utopia was near its fulfillment, and even at the doors. Like Achilles in Homer, he knew instinctively that his life was to be brief, and he determined that the "something unearthly" in his nature should work itself out in securing for him at once fame and pleasure.

The consequences of the fact that Byron was touched by the revolutionary spirit, and that he could not accept the revolutionary dreams, are manifold. One of them is the fact that there is not a public monument in England to the poet who "is the greatest elementary force in her modern literature." Byron alone, of English poets, shared with Goethe the glory of being honored in other countries than his own, of being read in every language, and filling all men's mouths. Scott tasted something of the same wide popularity, but Scott won his fame as a novelist rather than as a poet. He at least has been honored enough in his own country, and the names he used in his tales meet the traveler in every village of his native land. Byron has not only missed this popular acceptance, but he is without so much as a monument in England. "It is not," as Mr. Disraeli said, "till half a century has elapsed that Englishmen have met for the first time in public meeting to devise some means of a national expression of admiration and gratitude to qualities so transcendent." The reason is that Byron, in his fiery strength, in his license unrestrained by any doctrine of duty, new or old, and imbittered by a lingering dread that the faith taught him in his childhood might be true, threw himself into enjoyment of his life with the energy of some natural force rather than with the zest of a mere libertine. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in a poem of deep feeling, has described Heine as a living embodiment of the ironical smile of the *Zeitgeist*, the spirit of the time. Byron was in the same way an incarnation of its passionate delight in freedom, and in the memory of the ancient liberty of Greece and Rome. The habitual mockery with which he laughed at the compromises and half-measures of his own age of shaky reformations became sincere with eloquent passion when he turned in thought to the memory of the old republics. "Through him," as Lord Lovelace truly said, "and through the fire and energy of his appeal to the natives of the two peninsulas, have those nations, after long centuries of oppression and subjection, emerged into that freedom and regained that liberty of which he was the precursor among them." This was the practical result of Byron's work, and this re-

sult was almost the last side of his influence to strike men in England. Byron's powerful appeal had its share in the birth of that romantic school of literature in Italy which fostered the movement that inspired Mazzini. In Greece, Byron's practical influence has already been recognized by the erection of a statue at Missolonghi. In the minds of Greeks and Italians Byron was Childe Harold, but Childe Harold with a definite purpose—namely, the purpose of awakening the nations of the South to the memory of their old freedom, and to efforts to regain it. In the eyes of Englishmen, Byron has too often seemed the vulgar Don Juan of his letters to Moore. Unlike the poet spoken of by Mr. Tennyson, he did not give us of his best alone, but of all that was in him to give. His revolt against society, his disbelief, his recklessness and bitterness, have been too well remembered, while the essence of his poetic genius, his individuality and strength, have been forgotten after the first flush of his popularity passed away. The years have brought his figure into the proper perspective: we can see him as a poet possessed by the strange fervor of his time, and not to be judged too severely in an age more patient, contemplative, and resigned.

An article on "Venetian Popular Legends," in *Cornhill*, derived from a collection of fairy and other folk tales made by a native Venetian gentleman named Beroni, contains, among other examples, the subjoined very much altered version of one of the most popular of our fairy-stories:

The Venetian version of "Cinderella" differs from ours chiefly in the circumstance that the heroine is a cinder-wench in the palace of the young king whom she eventually marries. And this young gentleman, occasionally coming into the kitchen to talk to the queen, his mother (who was a model housewife, if one may judge from her constant presence in those regions), sees the dirty, sordid-looking cinder-wench, and takes a violent disgust to her; so much so, indeed, that the first time he beholds her at her duties about the hearth where the cooking is going on, he exclaims, with more frankness than politeness: "Mind you touch nothing, d'ye hear? Because it turns my stomach to look at you!" The first morning after the ball in which the

beautiful stranger has enchanted all eyes, the king comes into the kitchen to talk over the entertainment with the queen, whom he addresses as "sacred majesty mamma." And he goes into ecstasies about the loveliness and splendor of the unknown princess. Cinderella, hearing all this, mutters over and over again, as quickly as she can utter the words, "*Giera-mi, giera-mi*" ("Twas I, 'twas I"). "What's the matter with you," says the king, "that you mutter and mumble and jabber, and no one can make out a word you say? Mind the hearth, and hold your tongue, do!" After the second ball, the same thing happens. But this time Cinderella speaks a little more distinctly; and, when the king describes the marvelous beauty and brilliancy of the unknown lady, she says, "*Giera-mi, giera-mi*!" so as to be heard and understood.

"What's the matter with you now, you ugly scarecrow!" said the king, and he took up the tongs and gave her a rap on the pate. But she went on saying, "'Twas I, 'twas I! yes, yes, 'twas I!'" "Well," said the king, "I sha'n't argue any more with this ugly fright, for, if I did, I feel that I should kill her outright."

The slipper plays but a small part in the Venetian "Cinderella." It is not made of glass, but of diamonds; and Cinderella does not lose it after the ball, but throws it to the servants whom the king sets to watch her and discover whither she goes, in order that, while they are scrambling for it, she may get clear off. His majesty falls sick of love and disappointment, takes to his bed, and refuses food. For several days he will eat nothing, but at length he calls his "sacred majesty mamma," and says that, if she will make him a bread-soup, he thinks he can eat it. But she must prepare it with her own hands, and let no one else touch it. Above all, she is to take care that the cinder-wench does not come near the soup. Sacred majesty mamma promises to do as he desires. She makes the soup, and cooks it over the fire, watching all the while that the scarecrow of a cinder-wench does not touch it. But for one moment her majesty looks away from the saucepan, and in that moment Cinderella drops into the soup a diamond ring which the king had put on her finger at the last ball. This, of course, leads to the discovery of the whole story, and the missing diamond slipper is fitted on to Cinderella's foot as an additional corroboration of her identity with the beautiful stranger.

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AMONG THE PHILIPPINES.

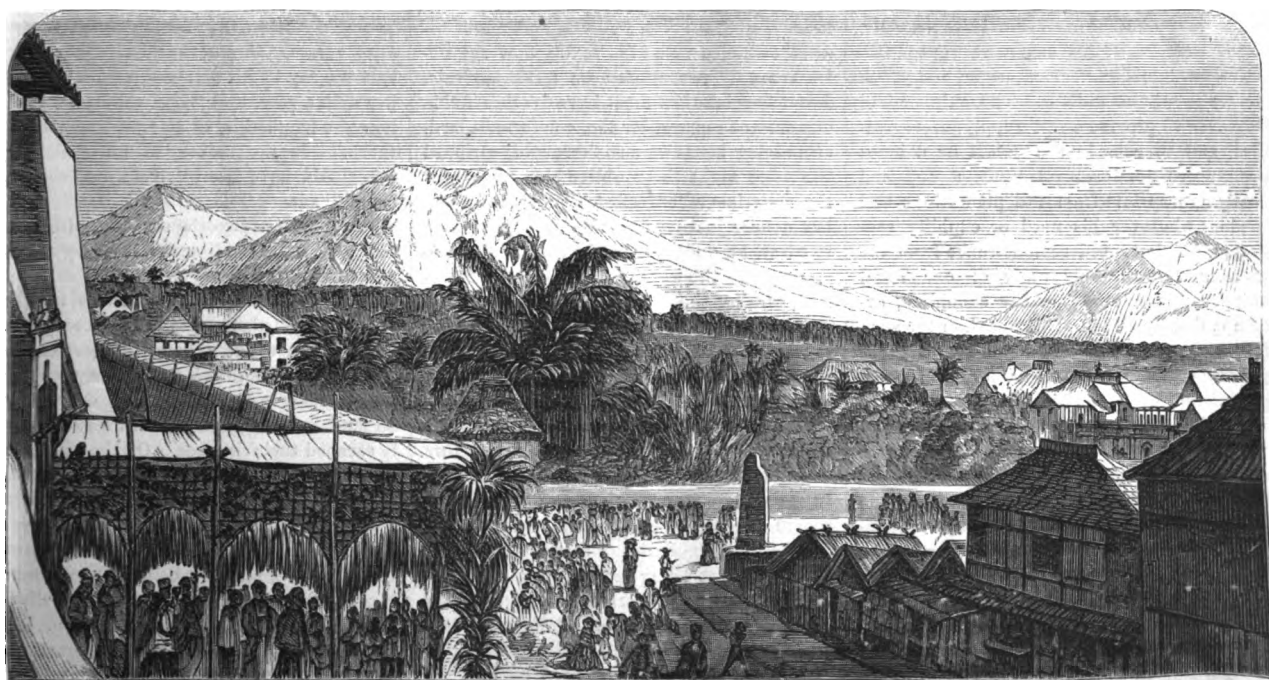
II.

THE Philippine Islands are extremely favored by position and organization, their extension from north to south covering in climate; and the produce of both the torrid and temperate zones, the palm-tree, the fir, the pineapple, the wheat-ear, and the ports for ships in distress. A vast number of small streams pour down from the mountains and broaden into fine estuaries as they



BULUSÁN.

sixteen degrees of latitude. The advantages accruing from their nearness to the equator are added to those connected with the variety of climate; and the produce of both the torrid and temperate zones, the palm-tree, the fir, the pineapple, the wheat-ear, and the ports for ships in distress. Up these water-courses vessels of shallow draught can sail up to the very foot of the hills to take in cargo. The



MAJAJAI AND SAN CRISTOBAL.

fertility of the soil is unsurpassed, and both the sea and the inland lakes swarm with shell-fish, while hardly a wild beast or noxious serpent can be found in the archipelago.

Luzon surpasses all the islands in size and importance, and it is not unjustly praised by the traveler Crawford as "the most beautiful spot in the tropics." "The main-land of the isle of Luzon stretches itself in a compact, long quadrangle, twenty-five miles broad, from 18° 40' north latitude to the bay of Manila (14° 30'); and then projects, amid large lakes and deep creeks, a rugged promontory to the east, joined to the main continent by but two narrow isthmuses which stretch east and west of the large inland lake of Bay. Many traces of recent upheavals betoken that the two portions were once separated and formed two distinct islands. The large eastern promontory, well-nigh as long as the northern portion, is nearly cut in halves by two deep bays, which, starting from opposite points on the southeastern and northwestern coasts, almost merge their waters in the centre of the peninsula—the bay of Ragay, and the bay of Sogod. In fact, the southern portion of Luzon may be better described as two small peninsulas lying next to one another in parallel positions, and joined together by a narrow neck of land scarcely three miles broad. Two small streams which rise nearly in the same spot, and pour themselves into the two opposite gulfs, make the separation almost complete, and form at the same time the boundary between the province of Tayabas on the west, and that of Camarines on the east. The western portion, indeed, consists almost entirely of the first-named district, and the eastern is divided into the provinces of North Camarines, South Camarines, and Albay."

The latter province, next to that of Manila, is of leading importance. The transit to Albay is by sea, trading-brigs and small craft running constantly between the principal ports of the two provinces, as the commerce is by no means inconsiderable. Mr. Jagor's record of his coastwise voyage furnishes an amusing commentary on the peculiar traits of the natives. The skipper had forgotten to provide a full supply of vegetables, and to remedy the defect he did not hesitate to land several times a day and coolly appropriate from the plantations and gardens whatever his need or cupidity suggested. This caused remonstrance from the traveler, but the only reply of our Tagal skipper was a shrug of the shoulders, accompanied by a look of compassion for such folly. On one occasion, while the brig was passing some magnificent pastures, on which grazed thousands of fine cattle, the captain was full of regret that the unfavorable wind prevented him from landing: "They were splendid beasts. How easy to put a couple on board! No one would miss them, for the proprietors did not know how fast they increased. A man lands with a little money in his pocket. If he meets a herdsman, why, a dollar will make it all right; if not, well then so much the better—he can settle the business for himself by a barrel of shot or a sling."

Shortly after, the crew of a passing vessel succeeded in grappling fast to a large box of fish, which was indicated by a floating buoy. The captain was nearly frantic with rage and envy to think that this lucky piece of rapine had not fallen to him.

Letters of introduction to the Spanish authorities of the province insured our author a most cordial welcome, and through their kind offices he secured a pleasant house in the city of Daraga, a well-to-do place of twenty thousand inhabitants, lying at the foot of the grand volcano Maybuse Albay. According to monkish records, two Franciscans made the first ascent of this mountain in 1592, in order to cure the natives of their superstitious reverence for it. One of them never returned, but the other, though he did not reach the summit, reported himself to have had such remarkable adventures that the mere narrative of them, according to convent tradition, converted hundreds of natives from heathenism.

No such striking experiences happened to Mr. Jagor in his expedition to the top of the volcano. The principal trouble grew out of the thievishness of his servants. These had been left in charge of extra clothing and provisions about two-thirds the way to the crest. On returning, our traveler found his rascally attendants had absconded with the garments and food on which he had depended to make himself comfortable on the wild mountain-side. As it was, he was half starved and frozen, for a fierce sleet-storm was falling, and the wind blew very cold on the exposed mountain.

A great drawback to the comfort of the traveler in these islands is found in the untrustworthiness of the servants. Mr. Jagor had sprained his ankle during his mountain-trip, and his attendants found the consequent idleness so pleasant that they strained every effort to prolong so agreeable a state of existence. Twice on the eve of departure on some long excursion they stole his shoes (no trifling loss in the Philippines), and once they kidnapped his horse. A resident acquaintance condoled with him, saying that robberies are only perpetrated on fresh arrivals. Some waggish thief must have overheard this complacent remark, for the comforter's larder and new house were so thoroughly stripped the same night as to oblige him to borrow the materials of breakfast. When an Indian has a long journey to make, or a heavy load to carry, he does not in the least hesitate to appropriate the well-fed beast of some Spaniard, turning the half-starved creature loose when he has finished with him, and the owner is lucky if he gets the animal back again.

A dramatic entertainment, given in the adjacent town of Legaspi, claims our attention, as affording a curious illustration of Indian character in the Philippines. The actors were natives, the stage-director a Spanish political refugee. On each side of the stage, roofed in with palm-leaves, ran covered galleries for the dignitaries of the place, the open space between being set apart for the common people. The performers gave a play taken from Persian history, though the language was Spanish.

The stage was erected hard by a public

street, which itself formed part of the auditorium, and the noise was so great that only an occasional word could be heard. The actors walked on, chattering their parts, which no one understood, swinging their arms about in a seesaw fashion, and tacking up and down across the stage like ships sailing against the wind. The expressionless faces and the mechanical way of speaking would have furnished a droll contrast with the meaning of the words could they have been understood. But even this source of interest was lacking. Both the theatrical exhibition and the religious festival of which it was a part bore the impress of laziness, indifference, and mindless mimicry. There was even in the audience none of the frank cheerfulness which radiates from the faces of holiday-makers in Europe. The same want of gayety has been observed among the Indians of North America, a trait perhaps owing to an inferior development of the nervous system, which on the other hand bestows extraordinary power of enduring pain.

Yet, if there is but little exhibition of lively enjoyment on festival occasions among the natives of the Philippines, they take great pains in decorating their villages, and the procession always has charms for them.

Every individual is tricked out in his best, and the more wealthy carry fighting-cocks under their arms, thereby driving the others half mad with envy. Visitors pour in from neighboring hamlets, and triumphal arches, bearing complimentary inscriptions, are frequent. Many of the holiday-makers do not neglect so golden an opportunity of getting drunk, even the young girls not refraining from the seductions of palm-brandy. Native hospitality then shows itself in the most favorable light, and the stranger may accept it at such times without the fear of being rifled of all his valuables. The door of every house stands open, and balls are frequent, the air continuing merry all night with the twang of the guitar and the tinkle of castanets. At one of these native balls a graceful *impromptu* dance was given, in which the men sang verses. Our author heard one of the dancers say to his partner, as he presented her with a rose, that "she should be careful how she handled it, as no rose was without a thorn." In the mouth of an Andalusian, this would have been esteemed a charming compliment.

During Mr. Jagor's residence in Albay, the bay of Legaspi was visited by pirates, who committed many daring robberies, and carried off several people. These were not the Mohammedan corsairs who sometimes visit the coast, but a band of deserters and vagabonds who found it more agreeable to pursue their freebooting career on sea than on land. A large trading-bark had also barely escaped their clutches. On the voyage one of the passengers, a newly-arrived Spaniard, mistaking several small vessels riding at anchor for fishermen, had approached them in a small boat. They opened fire, and captured him and his crew before they could escape, while the captain of the brig slipped his cable and put out to sea again. The pirates do not often kill their prisoners, but employ them as rowers. Europeans seldom

survive the treatment by these wretches, for they are exposed naked and with insufficient food, and are obliged to undergo tremendous toil.

Throughout the Philippines the *padre* plays a most important part, governing with an authority which even the *alcalde* does not dare to exercise. If the traveler gets on good terms with the worthy fathers, which is not difficult, he seldom meets with serious annoyances. On one occasion our author had projected a little expedition, and proposed to start immediately after luncheon. At a quarter-past eleven every thing was ready for a start, and the remark was made that it was a pity that there should be so long a delay. In a minute or two noon struck, all work ceased, and the luncheon-hour came. A messenger had been sent to the village bell-ringer to the effect that the *Señor Padre* thought he must be asleep, and that it must be long past twelve, for the *Señor Padre* was hungry—an excess of complaisance only rivaled by the answer of one of his courtiers to Louis le Grand, who inquired the hour: “Il est l’heure que votre majesté désire.”

When the priests first arrive from their seminaries they are generally ignorant, conceited, and full of proselyting ardor. These feelings, however, soon disappear, and they become mellow and generous in their views of life. The *padre* is frequently the only white man in the village, perhaps for miles around. He becomes the representative not only of religion, but of government; and he is the oracle among his parishioners, from whose decision there is no appeal. His advice is asked on all occasions, and he has no one whom he can consult, an emergency which gradually sharpens his wits and strengthens his judgment. The same individuals who in Spain would follow the plough, in the colonies carry out great schemes. Without technical education or scientific knowledge, they construct roads, and build churches and bridges. Life in a large convent is similar to that of the lord of the manor in Europe. The people are treated kindly but arbitrarily, and the guest lives as independently as at an hotel. As gross as the immorality of many of the *padres* may be, they are the most active representatives of civilization among the people, and on the whole their influence is a beneficent one.

It is said that some of the convents are crowded with beves of pretty girls. But this is more specially true of the native priests, the Spanish fathers being freer from the vice of licentiousness. Ribadeneyra, the historian of the islands, writes: “The Indians, who observe how careful the Franciscan monks are of their chastity, have arrived at the conclusion that they are not really men, and that, though the devil had often attempted to lead these holy men astray, using the charms of some pretty Tagal woman as a bait, yet, to the confusion of both damsel and devil, the monks had always come scathless out of the fiery ordeal.” It would be perhaps dangerous to investigate the authority for such praise too closely. At all events, the younger priests pass their lives like lords of the soil, and the Ta-

gal girls consider it an honor to be associated with them. There are no jealous wives to pry into their secrets, and the doors of the confessional are inviolate.

Mr. Jagor mentions his visit to one priest who introduced two pretty young women as his sisters, though the servants openly spoke of these young ladies as mothers of several children by his reverence. In another case a Spanish priest voluntarily confessed the reasons for his adoption of his profession. While a subaltern in the army at home, he and some comrades had been playing cards on a shady balcony, whence they looked out on the broad fields. “See,” said one of them, pointing to some half-starved donkeys ploughing in the distance, “how the donkey yonder toils and perspires, while we loll in the shade!” The happy conceit of letting the donkeys work, while the idle enjoyed life, made so deep an impression on him that he turned priest.

The province adjoining Albay, that of South Camarines, furnishes some interesting studies of native pagan life—Indians who have resisted the seductions of Christianity, and the comparatively civilized surroundings of the *pueblo* and hamlet. These sullen barbarians live mostly on the slopes of the mountains, and the people of the plains call them indifferently Ygorrotes, Cimarrons, Infieles, or Montesinos. The word Cimarron is borrowed from the American colonies, where it used to denote the negroes who had escaped from servitude, and lived in the woods wild and free. In the Philippines, it is applied to the natives who prefer a wild existence to the comforts of village life, offsetting the independence of the one against the luxuries of the other. The term Ygorrote is rather loosely applied, as it is properly the name given to the half-caste offspring of Chinese and Indian, but its general use is germane to the pagan dwellers of the mountain-slopes.

So mild is the climate that these self-constituted exiles, the Ygorrotes, have but little difficulty in providing for all the wants of life. In spite of the edicts pronounced against them by the Spanish Government, forbidding the people to trade with them, and declaring a crusade against them as heathen and infidels, they live on quite amicable terms with the dwellers of the plains and villages. For every Philippine Indian has an innate desire to abandon the hamlets and retire to the solitude of the woods, and it is the influence of the priests alone which prevents a more general desertion of the villages. The Ygorrotes preserve many of their own primitive manners and customs, in spite of their communication with the Christians. The men go about naked, with the exception of a cloth about the loins, and the women content themselves with an apron falling to the knee. They decorate their huts with crucifixes in spite of their paganism, for they believe the emblem of salvation to be an amulet of great power, as the Spaniards would not use them so much if they had not unusual virtue. It was among the Ygorrotes, who, though barbarian, are very expert weavers, that our author saw the manufacture of a very exquisite and costly fabric from the

fibre of the pineapple, prepared in a peculiar manner. We give Mr. Jagor’s description of the process:

“The fruit of the plants selected for this purpose is generally removed early; a process which causes the leaves to increase considerably both in length and in breadth. A woman places a board on the ground, and upon it a pineapple-leaf with the hollow side upward. Sitting at one end of the board, she holds the leaf firmly with her toes, and scrapes its outer surface with a potsherd; not with the sharp, fractured edge, but with the blunt side of the rim; and thus the leaf is reduced to rags. In this manner a stratum of coarse longitudinal fibre is disclosed, and the operator, placing her thumb-nail beneath it, lifts it up, and draws it away in a compact strip; after which she scrapes again until a second fine layer of fibre is laid bare. Then, turning the leaf round, she scrapes its back, which now lies upward, down to the layer of fibre, which she seizes with her hand and draws at once, to its full length, away from the back of the leaf. When the fibre has been washed, it is dried in the sun. It is afterward combed, with a suitable comb, like women’s hair, sorted into four classes, tied together, and treated like the fibre of the *lupul*. In this crude manner are obtained the threads for the celebrated web Nipis de Piña, which is considered by experts the finest in the world. In the Philippines, where the fineness of the work is best understood and appreciated, richly-embroidered costumes of this description have fetched more than two thousand thalers each.”

These wild people make an arrow-poison from the bark of trees in a peculiar fashion. A piece of bark is beaten to pieces, pressed dry, wetted, and again dried. The juice thus extracted looks like pea-soup, and is warmed over a slow fire in an earthen pot. During the process a coagulum is formed, which is constantly stirred into the boiling mass. When this reaches the consistency of sirup, a small quantity is scraped off the inner surface of a second species of bark, and the juice squeezed into the vessel. When the whole mass attains the consistency of thin jelly, it is scraped out of the pot, and preserved on a leaf sprinkled with ashes. For poisoning an arrow they use a piece as large as a hazel-nut, which, after being warmed, is uniformly distributed over the iron point, making the barb fit for repeated use.

The Bicol Indians, who make up the mass of the people of Camarines, differ from the Tagals, who live to the westward, and are a race somewhat inferior in *physique* and intelligence, it being generally believed that the Tagals are a Malayan people, while the former are aboriginal in the islands. Inter-marriage, however, has assimilated the two very largely, and made them alike in many respects, though the marks of race remain fixed. Although the families live in a crowded state, one room answering all purposes, eating, sleeping, and living, it is asserted that they are a people of extraordinary cleanliness, the young maidens specially bathing several times a day, and (*mirabile dictu!*) making as diligent use of the toothbrush, which is made of the fibres of the arica-nut tree, the latter

also furnishing the material for the habitual garment, not unlike that worn by the poorer Tagals.

The women seldom marry before the fourteenth year, twelve being the legal limit. As a general thing, however, the ceremony is dispensed with, to save the expense. The girls esteem it an honor to have children by Europeans, still more so when the priest vouchsafes to become the parent, as the *cura* always supports his offspring, though under an assumed name. Matrimonial infidelity, which often occurs, is punished by cudgeling the woman, the seducer going scot-free, the prevalent opinion being that it is a matter of course for the male offender, and that the blame rests entirely with the woman. In one case that came under the notice of our traveler, a woman induced her husband to reveal who had been the partner of his guilt, whereupon she cut off her rival's long hair with a stroke of her scissors. This was the only case of personal vengeance which had occurred for a year. The Bicol women are generally well treated, doing only light work, such as sewing, weaving, embroidery, and managing the household; while all the heavier labor falls to the men. A curious practice is that which prevails for fathers to offer their daughters to Europeans as security for loans. This sort of mortgage, of course, varies in market value according to the beauty of the girl, which is oftentimes very notable.

In spite of the cleanly habits of the Bicol, the itch is a wide-spread malady, believed by the physicians to be the result of too low a diet, the food being mostly fish and vegetable. Under certain conditions these natives are utterly unable to endure hunger and thirst, and when pursued by unappeased wants become critically ill, and often die. A morbid mania for imitation is the result of the disease alluded to above, a mania utterly beyond control. The attacks of the malady consist in this: that a man suffering under the influence of terror or consternation will unconsciously, and without the least sense of shame, imitate every thing that passes before him. Should he be offended, he falls into a rage, raving and shrieking; and precipitates himself at the same time, knife in hand, on those who have placed him in the predicament. The practice of running *amok*, frequent in the Malay countries, is also not uncommon in the Philippines. Our author mentions the case of a soldier in Manila, who rushed into the house of a school-teacher, stabbed him and his son, and, passing thence into the street, mortally wounded a woman and two young girls, a boy, a coachman, another woman, a sailor, and three soldiers. On arriving at his barracks, he plunged the dagger in his own breast. Thus twelve victims besides himself fell before his homicidal frenzy. It is quite singular that the running *amok* is so often associated with the results of the disease alluded to above.

One of the greatest insults is to stride over a sleeping native, or to awaken him suddenly. They arouse one another with much circumspection, and by slow degrees. This grows out of the prevalent superstition that the soul leaves the body in sleep. The sense of smell is so extraordinarily developed that

they are able to tell the owner of a pocket-handkerchief by the odor, and lovers at parting exchange pieces of linen which they may be wearing, that during separation they may inhale the odor of the beloved being. The manner of kissing is peculiar. Instead of pressing lip to lip, they inhale the breath strongly. The form of speech is not "Give me a kiss," but "Smell me."

In the country of the Bicol are found certain prehistoric remains, which have excited the liveliest interest among the archaeologists, not from any intrinsic connection with a possible civilization among the earliest inhabitants of the islands, but from the mysterious value attached to them by the Chinese and Japanese. Certain it is that none of the present races know any thing about them, or their mode of manufacture, and that they are sought for with great avidity by the wealthy classes of Japan and other tea-drinking nations of the East. One of the early Spanish writers on the Philippines writes of them as follows, for they were, in his day, far more plentiful, and the traditions of them well preserved:

"On this island, Luzon, particularly in the provinces of Manila, Pampanga, Pangasinan, and Ylocos, very ancient clay vessels of a dark-brown color are found by the natives, of a sorry appearance; some of a middling size, and others smaller; marked with characters and stamps. They are unable to say either when or where they obtained them; but they are no longer to be acquired, nor are they manufactured in the islands. The Japanese prize them highly, for they have found that the root of a herb which they call *tesha* (tea), and which, when drunk hot, is considered as a great delicacy and of medicinal efficacy by the kings and lords in Japan, cannot be effectively preserved except in these vessels; which are so highly esteemed all over Japan that they form the most costly articles of their show-rooms and cabinets. Indeed, so highly do they value them that they overlay them externally with fine gold, embossed with great skill, and inclose them in cases of brocade; and some of these vessels are valued at and fetch an excessive price."

The early voyager Carletti, on sailing from the Philippines to Japan in 1597, narrates that "all the passengers on board were threatened with death if they endeavored to conceal certain earthen vessels, which were wont to be brought from the Philippines and other islands of the sea, as the king wished to buy them all. . . . Some of these vessels were worth ten thousand *scudi* each, and they were known by the Japanese experts and connoisseurs by certain characters and stamps. They are of great age and very rare, and come only from Cambodia, Siam, Cochinchina, the Philippines, and neighboring islands. . . . It is perfectly true that the king and princes of that country possess a very large number of these vessels, and prize them above all treasures as the most precious; and that they boast of their acquisitions, and, from motives of vanity, strive to outvie each other in the multitude of vessels they possess." The Malays and Dyaks of Borneo have similar superstitions, and some of these earthen pots were

believed to have miraculous powers, such as the prophecy of death, war, etc. The traveler St. John states that the Sultan of Brunei refused twenty thousand pounds sterling for the most valued one of his collection, though he had many others.

The value attached by the Japanese to these fragile and oftentimes rudely-shaped jars seems to have rested on the use made of them in the meetings of the mysterious tea-societies, Cha-no-yu, the origin of which is almost unknown to Europeans. They flourished principally during the reign of the Emperor Taikosa, who, in the sixteenth century, furnished the society with new laws, and organized a vast number of chapters of this masonic, tea-drinking fraternity, for the purpose of fostering a taste for art and knowledge, almost obliterated during the long civil and religious wars of the kingdom. To tame his rough subjects, make them tractable, and his dynasty safe, he recalled the Cha-no-yu societies into life, and reorganized its ancient customs, which are said still to exist. The object of the society is to draw the attention of man from the terrestrial forces around him, and dispose him to self-contemplation, the highest aim of the Buddhist culture.

Clothed in light, white garments, and without weapons, the members of the Cha-no-yu assemble round the master's house, and, after resting some time in the anteroom, are conducted into a pavilion appropriated exclusively to these assemblies. This consists of the most costly kinds of wood, but is without any ornament which could possibly be abstracted from it; without color, and without varnish, dimly lighted by small windows thickly overgrown with plants, and so low that it is impossible to stand upright. The guests tread the apartment with solemn, measured steps, and, having been received by the host according to the prescribed formulas, arrange themselves in a half-circle on both sides of him. All distinctions of rank are abolished. The ancient vessels are now removed with solemn ceremonies from their wrappings, saluted, and admired; and, with the same solemn and rigidly-prescribed formulas, the water is heated on the hearth appropriated to the purpose, and the tea taken from the vessels and prepared in cups. The tea consists of the young, green leaves of the tea-shrub rubbed to powder, and is very stimulating in its effect. The beverage is taken amid deep silence, while incense is burning on the elevated pedestal of honor, *toko*; and, after the thoughts have thus been collected, conversation begins. It is confined to abstract subjects; but politics are not always excluded. Many of these old jars, wrapped in costly silken folds, and preserved in chests lacquered with gold, are preserved among the treasures of the Mikado with all the care due to the most costly jewels, together with documents relating to their history. Those coming from the Philippine Islands are said to surpass all others in value, from some distinctive virtue supposed to be imparted by their material to the tea.

Among the singular superstitions among the Ygorrote communities visited by Mr. Jagor was one appertaining to the bat, a creature regarded by them with extreme rever-

ence. He had occasion to visit a singular cave inhabited by a particular species of *cheiroptera* and by great, long-armed spiders, known to be poisonous. The natives were quite reluctant to enter, and were particular to enjoin on each other the respect to be shown to Calapnitan ("lord of the bats").

One of the principal rules was to name no object in the cave without adding Lord Calapnitan's. They would not bluntly refer to gun or torch, but it was always "Lord C.'s gun," or "Lord C.'s torch." One of these caves the Indians for a long time feigned ignorance of, but at last, after great persuasion, their memories came to them, though they did not consent to take the risk till after two days' wanderings and many debates. To our author's great amazement, they conducted him back to Calapnitan's cave, from which a narrow fissure, hidden by a projection of rock, led into one of the most gorgeous stalactite caves in the world. Its floor was easy to tread and perfectly dry, and it ran out into several branches, the entire length of which could not have been less than a mile. The whole series of royal chambers, cathedrals, columns, pulpits, and altars, were magnificent in the extreme, and worthy of comparison with the most celebrated grottoes of Southern Europe, on which tourists have lavished such eloquent descriptions.

It is a somewhat singular fact that the untamed and barbarous Ygorrotes have the secret of the art of smelting copper, and carry it on with great success. The rich quarries have always been successfully concealed from the government, and the copper, so cunningly monopolized by the hill-people, has been for many centuries an important article of barter with the merchants of Manila and other large ports. The descriptions by the Spanish authors of the Ygorrote processes of smelting would seem to indicate a very considerable knowledge of chemistry, such as would distinguish them favorably from other barbarian peoples who have shown skill in separating metal from the crude ore.

In the beds of several of the streams, also, there are quite extensive gold-washings, though the miners are mostly poor, shiftless vagabonds, who are both lazy and indolent. Most of the trading in these mining-regions is done by Tagal women, who, with their families, come down from Lucban and Mauban, the females of the Tagal race displaying far more shrewdness and energy than the men. They buy up the gold, and bring into the "diggings" woolen and cotton stuffs, and luxuries of various sorts, among which is reckoned champagne. It is not uncommon to see in the rude booths of the pretty Tagal traders baskets of this costly French wine, which is freely indulged in by the ragged, ignorant miners, when they make a lucky find. At other times they may starve and go naked, but the instant they get a handful of the precious yellow metal, they forthwith proceed to drench themselves with the costly, sparkling fluid, which is deemed fit for the table of kings, as if it were naught but common palm-wine. Be they black or white, Indians or Europeans, the habits of mining communities would seem to be pretty much the same the world over.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. BASIL'S CREED.

JOANNA was quite right when she said that "the grandmamma" was pleased with her for inquiring about young Hendall: Mrs. Basil was more than pleased; but Joanna had made her artless inquiries at a propitious moment. There are times when even the most reserved natures crave sympathy, and although Mrs. Basil had no thought of demanding it from any one, least of all from Miss Basil, perhaps, she was sensibly chilled by Miss Basil's indifference; her husband's granddaughter coming immediately afterward, full of eagerness and attention, and showing an admiring appreciation of young Hendall's prowess in the affair of the burglars, soothed and rather flattered her—though she would not have admitted as much, even to herself.

There was, moreover, a simple, childlike directness about Joanna's questions and comments, combined with a marked respect, that seemed to justify the assertion (an assertion that Mrs. Basil had begun to doubt somewhat) that Joanna was but a child; and it is always gratifying to have one's assertions justified, especially when it is desirable to believe in them.

Still, Joanna could not forever remain a child; and the possibilities of the situation impressed Mrs. Basil, upon reflection, more and more forcibly. Of course, a girl without beauty (for no ray of beauty could Mrs. Basil see in the little sunburned, brown-eyed Joanna), without style, without manner, without accomplishments, almost without education, could have no attractions for Arthur, who, when he married (as marry he must some day—Mrs. Basil had made up her mind to that as a politic step toward fortune), would be guided by that unfailing discretion which characterized all her family. But it was difficult to say what disagreeable complication of affairs might not result from Miss Basil's very natural and, in a general sense, praiseworthy ambition to settle Joanna well in life. Mrs. Basil herself desired to see her husband's granddaughter settled well in life, but not by the sacrifice of her nephew Arthur. So, by way of preventing trouble, she decided to write at once to Miss Hawkesby: not immediately to suggest any thing definite—such abruptness might fail of its object—but simply to open a friendly correspondence that might ultimately lead Miss Hawkesby to give the little Joanna those advantages Mrs. Basil heartily desired to see her husband's granddaughter enjoy. She now reproached herself with having too long neglected cultivating Miss Hawkesby for Joanna's sake, but she hoped it might not yet be too late. If only she could get some clew to the contents and general tone of that let-

ter Miss Basil had received! However, that was out of the question, for she did not wish Miss Basil to know of her writing; and as on that account she could not even ask for Miss Hawkesby's address, she sent her letter inclosed in another to her cousin, Mrs. Stargold, who, she knew, was an intimate friend of Miss Hawkesby, and would forward it to her. This could be managed very easily and naturally, for, of course, it would be proper to inform Mrs. Stargold of Arthur's safe arrival, and Mrs. Basil had good and sufficient reasons for wishing to keep her nephew alive in that lady's interest.

When she had performed these important duties, Mrs. Basil began to devote herself to the cultivation of her nephew's acquaintance; for he was in many respects a stranger to her; and it must be confessed that she found herself a little disappointed in him. He was a handsome young fellow, with frank, easy manners; but evidently he had not the sober solidity of the Hendalls; he was too much disposed to make light of important matters. But he was young, and this disposition she hoped might be overcome in time. In one respect, at least, he certainly was worthy of the name he bore. He had shown himself a hero in the encounter with those burglars; and heroes, Mrs. Basil was proud to remember in the midst of her poverty, had not been wanting in her family. Hendalls, Ruffners, Archers, and Stargolds, had died upon the field of glory; and, though she was far from desiring such an opportunity for Arthur, it filled her heart with exaltation to find that here was another who, upon such a field, could have acquitted himself with honor.

But Arthur had a provoking way of turning up his nose at the whole affair, and calling it a *ridiculus mus*. A "muss" it might be called in a certain sense, perhaps, for there was such a word, Mrs. Basil knew: it meant "scramble;" but what there was ridiculous in so dangerous an encounter she could not see.

"I know, Arthur, that modesty is becoming; but you may carry it so far as to appear affected, you know. And I am sure Cousin Elizabeth would not be pleased to hear the occurrence spoken of as 'ridiculous.'"

Arthur laughed.

"But I assure you, aunt, the story has been very much exaggerated—"

"When you have a wound to show for it?" said Mrs. Basil, reproachfully.

"A mere scratch that I am ashamed of," said Arthur, with impatience. "It was my own pistol, you know, went off through my awkwardness, or carelessness, or stupidity. My fever was on, and a man with third-day ague isn't fit when the fever is on to be handling fire-arms."

"It was all the braver of you, Arthur," said his aunt, admiringly. "'Rushing out of a sick-bed, in the dead of night, to confront two stalwart ruffians!'—the papers had it so!" (triumphantly).

"Much the papers knew about it!" said Arthur, laughing again. "The rascals scattered at the very first sound of any one stirring, and I never saw them. A child might have driven them away with a rattle. There was no harm done but the bursting of a panel

* *Entered*, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

in a little old *escritoire*, and that was done by the ball out of my own pistol that grazed me as it went off. I don't know how it happened, for it was in the dark; but when they brought a light there I was bleeding from a scratch on my left forearm. And that's all. Nothing, you see, to sound a trumpet for."

"I am sure Cousin Elizabeth doesn't consider it any trifle; she must look upon you as the defender of her life and property."

"Poor old soul, how big her eyes were!" said Arthur, with a hearty chuckle. "It was an awful scene. She'll never get over it. It will move her, surely, to invite some of her numerous impoverished kindred to live with her now. I wonder what possessed her to ask me to stay with her those three days I was compelled to spend in Westport?"

"O Arthur! can't you suppose she would feel an interest in a young kinsman?" said his aunt, in an aggrieved tone. "I consider it a fortunate thing for you, indeed. Cousin Elizabeth may remember you handsomely for the service you rendered her."

"I don't like living on such expectations," said Arthur, making a wry face.

And then Mrs. Basil began to blush for her sentiments, accusing her poverty that ever she had uttered them. Nevertheless, her views remained the same. Had Arthur been as brave in behalf of a beggar, she felt that she would have been none the less proud of him; but she truly thought it a great boon of fortune that he had been given the opportunity to risk his life for an elderly relative who had money to leave; for, of course, he ran a risk—he might have been killed easily enough. All the kindred far and near were paying most assiduous court to the elderly, rich, eccentric Mrs. Stargold; and Mrs. Basil scorned them, one and all, for a set of unblushing legacy-hunters; but it was at least natural that she, who knew how joyless life could be without money, should build some expectations for her nephew upon the opportune service he had rendered the old lady. She wished to believe in the "two stalwart ruffians" herself, and she was vexed that Arthur would persist in setting them down as naught.

"Independence is all very well, my dear Arthur," said she, impressively; "but it is not wise to carry it too far. Money is a good thing to have; it is indispensable in planting on a large scale, which is the only profitable way in my estimation."

Mrs. Basil had set her heart on having Arthur revive at Basilwood some semblance of that easy, obsolescent Southern life she loved and honored.

"But, if I ever take to planting," said Arthur, "I don't care to do it on a large scale; I would feel quite set up with 'forty acres and a mule.'"

"O Arthur, my dear!" said his aunt, with deep reproach. His ideas on the subject were no more elevated than Pamela's, who was forever harping on "small, mixed crops." Oftener than once, since young Hendall's arrival, had Mrs. Basil been forced to struggle against the unwelcome conviction that he was not altogether what she had fondly hoped to find him. He differed, or appeared to differ, from her on almost every

subject where her opinions were strongly fixed; but there was one point on which he contrived, without knowing it, to set her mind at rest.

In one shape or another the all-important idea of match-making seldom fails to take possession of the woman that has a personal interest in any young, unmarried relative; and Mrs. Basil, beginning seriously to question whether her nephew possessed the boasted discretion of a Hendall, was anxious to impress him with sound views in regard to the choice of a wife.

Of course she had too much of the characteristics of a Hendall to say any thing to him about the apprehensions his coming had excited; but there were other ways of signifying her wishes to him, and she chose a very roundabout way, indeed; for she believed herself a great diplomatist, and her object was to surprise her nephew's most secret thoughts.

"If ever you should decide upon planting, Arthur, you will find more than forty acres attached to Basilwood."

"And the mule thrown in?" said the incorrigible Arthur.

But this sally Mrs. Basil would not condescend to notice.

"It is good land," she said, "if properly cultivated. It has been known to yield half a bale to the acre. And Basilwood, though so sadly out of repair, is a pleasant place for a gentleman to take his ease in."

"Yes, it is," said Arthur, cordially. "My health is improved since I came."

"I am afraid the life of a civil engineer will never agree with you, my dear boy; and, if you should ever marry, you would find it very inconvenient."

"I don't know," said Arthur. "This house is too large for a poor man. I dream of love in a cottage."

"That sentiment might be excused in a school-girl, but I gave you credit for better sense," replied his aunt, stiffly. She had seen the failure of too many love-matches to put any faith in a cottage with its door for the entrance of that grim guest Poverty, and its window for the exit of that little flimsy, fluttering trifter, Dan Cupid.

"I was merely jesting," said Arthur, with a sudden gravity. "I can't afford to marry."

"You mean to say that you cannot afford to make one of those foolish, cottage-love marriages," said his aunt, quickly. So long as he did not speak lightly, she had hopes of influencing him. "What I wish you to consider is, that with a fine old place like this in possession—and surely, Arthur, you know, as I have always told you, that this place is as much yours now as it would be if I were dead; my chief desire is to see you settled here—"

"Thank you, aunt," said Arthur, with feeling.

"And with means to keep this place up, you might live here like a gentleman of elegant leisure, as your father, and your grandfather, and your great-grandfather, did before you."

"Ay; with means to keep it up," said Arthur.

Mrs. Basil leaned forward and bent a

searching look upon her nephew, as he lay stretched out on the lounge; but his eyes were shut, and she could learn nothing from his placid, rather weary-looking countenance. Though she did not believe in the romance of love, she yet hesitated to risk the loss of her influence by declaring openly in favor of marrying for money.

"If I might suggest, Arthur," she said, slowly, and still studying his half-averted face, "I, who have seen so much more of life than you—money, my dear"—with a deep sigh—"does not make happiness, so it is said, but the want of it is very—inconvenient, to say the least. You ought to make—a judicious marriage."

"A sudden thought strikes me!" cried Arthur, rousing himself. "Aunt, it was not my father, and grandfather, and great-grandfather, who lived here in elegant leisure, as you said, just now—"

"I did not say that," interrupted Mrs. Basil. "Your father and grand—"

"But you said what sounded like it," persisted Arthur, eagerly, "and it has put a notion into my head. What an odd turn of fortune's wheel it was that gives me a claim upon this jolly old place—"

"It was perfectly fair, Arthur; you need not be so excited," interrupted Mrs. Basil again, loftily. "And you need not call the place 'jolly,' as if it were a tavern." Arthur certainly did sometimes speak a language new to her.

"Oh, fair enough in my grandfather, no doubt," answered Arthur; "but a shabby trick of old Dame Fortune to oust the Basils so completely. I say, did not the judge leave some descendant to regard me with envy, hatred, and malice?"

"Arthur!" said Mrs. Basil, with grave displeasure, as she pushed back her chair, "I disapprove of such levity. The judge, my husband, left a granddaughter, an orphan, who has—relatives to care for her." The fact was to be communicated with some caution, she felt.

"Ah, then, if I am to marry," continued Arthur, gayly, inspired by his aunt's indignation, "if I am to marry and live here in elegant leisure, I'll propose for the judge's granddaughter. How lucky that he left a granddaughter for me to marry! Such a marriage should please both the young and the old, for it would be at once romantic and judicious."

"Arthur," said Mrs. Basil, bringing her ivory-headed staff into position, "you will bear in mind that I cannot consider my late husband's granddaughter a subject to build any such supposition upon. She is a mere child."

"If she is a mere child, then," said Arthur, lightly, "of course there is an end of my romantic and judicious marriage, unless I put it off some years, I suppose?"

Mrs. Basil prudently forbore to notice this suggestion.

"I consider marriage too serious an affair for any kind of jest," said she, drawing herself up with virtuous dignity.

"Perhaps, if I had ever been married, I too should understand that it is no joke," said Arthur the incorrigible.

An unwilling yet irrepressible smile flitted across Mrs. Basil's vexed countenance; but the judge had been an indulgent husband, and she an exemplary wife, and she could afford to smile at a threadbare pleasantry. "Do you mean to say, Arthur," she asked, after a moment's pause, "that you have no definite idea as to what constitutes a judicious marriage? This is, you know, an important matter for a young man to consider."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" replied Arthur, laughing. "Pretty girl, good family, independent fortune, polite education, refinement, style. I can't think it would be reasonable to ask more—or less than this?"

"My dear boy!" said Mrs. Basil, with effusion. "I am not deceived by your jesting tone. I see that I may rely upon the discretion of a Hendall; and if I seemed to doubt your judgment, I beg your pardon."

"Aunt," said Arthur, struck with sudden admiration, "do you know you look just like a fairy godmother, with that killing old staff? Are you going to find me the piece of perfection just described?"

But this was a demand for which Mrs. Basil, who was discussing her nephew's marriage in the abstract, was totally unprepared. However, it gave her an opportunity to make a politic speech. "My dear boy," she said, with a slight, low laugh, "I have no one in view, I assure you; you are your own man, and a Hendall is capable of judging for himself."

"My dear aunt," said Arthur, audaciously, "the sight of you is enough to make a man proud of being a Hendall. Upon my word, you are a handsome old lady; you look as if you were made expressly for diamonds and velvet: and yet you don't need these adventitious aids, for poverty can't impoverish your style, you know. Is it your white hair, or is it your astonishing staff?"

"It is character, my dear boy, character," said Mrs. Basil, unconsciously expanding. "The Hendalls were always distinguished for character."

Never before had she been so well pleased with her nephew.

CHAPTER VI.

A QUESTION OF MONEY

It was half-past ten o'clock on a Sunday morning; and, though it was early in April, the sun was shining hot upon the Westport pavements, along which a summer-clad multitude were going to church. Everybody that passed a certain plain but commodious house of yellow brick, with tall, glistening-green pomegranate-bushes in front, and stiff century-plants on each side of the porch, glanced up, and began immediately to talk of burglars; for here lived Mrs. Elizabeth Stargold.

Presently, a lady, richly dressed, tall, elderly, and formidable-looking, stepped out of the throng, opened the iron gate in front of this house, walked up the steps, and rang the bell with a vigorous peal that made itself heard even in the street. While she stood upon the porch, waiting for the door to be

opened, the people that passed thought of her, and not of burglars. They bowed and smiled, and she bowed and smiled in return. She seemed to know everybody, and everybody seemed to know her.

"How handsomely she dresses!" said the young ladies.

"And how wonderfully well-preserved she is!" said the old ladies. "Miss Hawkesby must certainly be over sixty."

"But it's easy enough to be well-dressed and well-preserved when one has money," said the middle-aged ladies, sighing.

"She's not so very rich, though," said an old gentleman, one of the kind that knows every thing about everybody; "but she's sharp, you see; knows how to compel a little to go a great way, and dazzle as it goes. Never knew a sharper woman."

"She's a dreadful old dragon," said a very young gentleman, who was probably an unprofitable dangler after the dragon's niece.

"There you go, talking about me, I know," Miss Hawkesby commented to herself; "but you can't one of you say I'm a fool, and you can't one of you say I'm not suitably dressed."

And Miss Hawkesby, who cared nothing for the world's opinion, so long as the world pronounced her clever and well-dressed, passed, thoroughly well satisfied with herself, into the house, and went up-stairs to Mrs. Stargold's room.

A delightful room it was, just in the way of catching the breeze, and furnished with a studious regard to comfort. There was cool matting on the floor, there were dark shades at the windows to shut out the glare, there were lounges, there were easy-chairs, and in one of these, near a window, sat Mrs. Stargold, with a large prayer-book open on her knees.

She was a woman of a delicate *physique*, just the person, apparently, to be shocked irreparably by any sudden fright; yet she was known to be a very determined woman, and because she had lived alone for years she had gained the reputation of being absolutely fearless. But at last it had come to pass, just as everybody expected. Mrs. Stargold's possessions had tempted some desperate wretches, and Mrs. Stargold had received a severe fright: the effect was to be seen in her pale, anxious countenance, and her trembling hands, that had never ceased shaking, it was said, since the night the "two stalwart ruffians," in whom more people than Mrs. Basil liked to believe, entered her house. Mrs. Stargold had been so prostrated by the shock that her devoted relatives the Ruffners had found it necessary to be with her constantly, in order to protect her from the well-meant but ill-advised intrusion of anxious friends. It was not easy to gain access to Mrs. Stargold's presence now, as Miss Hawkesby knew; but, though proudly conscious of the fact that she was more than a match for the Ruffners on any field, she did not choose to try her powers against them. She preferred to use *finesse*. She knew that Mrs. Stargold was too strict a church-goer herself to permit Mrs. and Miss Ruffner to remain away on any account; and she knew that the Ruffners were studious to please

"Cousin Elizabeth;" therefore, she chose to make her visit on a Sunday morning, when the Ruffners would surely be out of the way. She didn't mind shocking Mrs. Stargold's sense of propriety. She had always had money enough of her own to enable her to follow the bent of her inclinations in most things, and she was accountable to nobody; the result was an independence of character, manner, and speech, that sometimes made people open their eyes at Miss Hawkesby, which was a sort of homage Miss Hawkesby enjoyed. She was not abashed, therefore, when Mrs. Stargold stared speechlessly at her as she entered.

"I've taken you by surprise, I know," said she, coolly, "just as I meant to do."

"Olivia," remonstrated Mrs. Stargold, in a thin, tremulous voice, "are you not going to church this morning? Have you forgotten that this is Sunday?"

The two had known each other from girlhood, and they still adhered to the old familiar style of address.

"No," answered Miss Hawkesby—and her voice was neither thin nor tremulous; it was deep and sonorous, with a slight, peculiar hoarseness, and altogether in admirable keeping with her general appearance—"no; look at my dress; do I seem to have forgotten that it is Sunday? But I'm not going to church; when I've something on my mind, what's the use of going to church? I shouldn't be able to fix my attention, so I would better be honest, and remain away."

"But doesn't Anita sing to-day at St. Stephen's?" Mrs. Stargold said, as though she would by any means in her power persuade Miss Hawkesby to her duty. "Sam is gone expressly to hear her."

"I hope he'll enjoy it," said Miss Hawkesby. "Yes, Anita sings to-day at St. Stephen's; but Anita's singing is nothing new to me; in fact, I'm tired of it. I've something on my mind, as I told you, and I must have a talk with you."

"Olivia! On Sunday?"

"Sunday or Monday, my dear, I must have my say out; and you'll find you'll end by hearing me through. You'll have to do it, to be rid of me," said Miss Hawkesby, with the air of a woman who always carried her point. "How do you do to-day, Elizabeth?"

"I'm better to-day," said Mrs. Stargold, wearily; and her voice sounded far away; "but I've had a great shock, Olivia—a great shock."

And she looked at Miss Hawkesby piteously, as though she sought some earthly support against trouble.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Hawkesby, in her deep voice. "You'll get over it if you don't persist in giving up to it."

Mrs. Stargold shook her head.

"I shall never get over it," she said, "never! I've had a summons to yield up my possessions."

In spite of her friend's solemnity, Miss Hawkesby began to laugh, a deep, voluminous laugh, that matched her voice.

"Yes, yes," she said, "I hear that you've seen the lawyers. What a joke! Now did you really, Elizabeth?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Stargold, solemnly; "I've had a warning, Olivia; I must put my affairs in order before I go hence, and am seen no more."

"You've had a warning to take some one to live with you," said Miss Hawkesby. "I'm considered a bold woman, but I wouldn't live alone as you do: it's bad for the spirits. If you had a pretty young girl on your hands, now, to be provided for, you'd have something lively to think about; and it wouldn't be burglars exactly that you would be afraid of—oh, no! it would be impecunious young men. You'd find, with a young girl on your hands, that you must keep alive and wide awake. Why, look at me! I'm a year older than you, and I'm not thinking of making my will; I mean to live as long as possible. Now, I tell you, you would have done much better to send for the doctors, though as a rule I don't believe in doctors—they give physic they would never take, you know. If I were in your place (you know I always speak my mind frankly), I would pack up and leave. What is the use of immuring yourself here forever, when you don't need to economize? Depend upon it, there's nothing like change of scene for keeping fresh. People say, 'Oh, Miss Hawkesby has no local attachments!' but that's a mistake: I have very strong local attachments. That's the reason I never can stay long in any one place, there are so many places I like. You know, last winter I was in Charleston. I was powerfully drawn to the place, I had so many pleasant recollections of Charleston and Charleston people, but I hadn't been there since before the war, and I'll never go again. Before the winter was over I had to come here. I used to know this place years ago, and a nice place it is, this Westport. People here take a little trouble to enjoy themselves: they don't spoil the present by putting on mourning for the future. But I sha'n't be here next winter; it wouldn't be altogether the same place to me; I must have entire change. As to expense, I've just so much to live on, and I may as well live on it in the way I like. I don't pretend to be rich; I'm poor, in fact, but the worst policy in the world is to seem poor—poor in purse, or poor in spirit. However, that is not the point under discussion. I want to advise you to try change; complete change is what you need."

"That is what the doctors tell me," said Mrs. Stargold, with a sigh.

"Sensible, decidedly," said Miss Hawkesby; "and I hope that you are going to be sensible, too, and follow that advice. It is much better than swallowing physic."

"I am making my preparations," said Mrs. Stargold. "I am going to Middleborough."

"To Middleborough!" exclaimed Miss Hawkesby. She was not often taken by surprise, or, at least, not often betrayed into any expression of surprise; but, in mentioning Middleborough, Mrs. Stargold was coming near the subject that occupied her mind most weightily just now. "I beg your pardon for repeating your words so rudely; I was not prepared for such an announcement. I suppose you go to your cousin's? Is she

in the way of entertaining company? I mean is she able to have her friends visit her? In old times we never asked such a question about people living in the country; but times are changed."

"No, I'm not going to my cousin's," said Mrs. Stargold. "She has friends with her every summer, I believe; but I wish to be quiet, I wish to get away from people; I've too much on my mind for company; so I've taken a small house in Middleborough for the summer."

"And what good do you expect from such a change as that?" asked Miss Hawkesby, dryly. "You ought to go to the springs—the White Sulphur, say; it would divert you, and you need diversion."

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Stargold, irritably. "I need quiet."

"And you'll get it by that arrangement," said Miss Hawkesby, who always spoke her mind. "All alone in Middleborough—"

"But I sha'n't be all alone," interrupted Mrs. Stargold, with increasing impatience. "The Ruffners will go with me and stay with me."

"Oh, indeed!" said Miss Hawkesby. She was surprised again, but not enough so to show it. Then, after a pause, she asked, abruptly, "What kind of a person is your cousin Mrs. Basil?"

"Why, she is like other people, I suppose," said Mrs. Stargold. "I haven't seen her in a number of years."

"Then of course you can't know much about her," said Miss Hawkesby. "Even if you've kept up a regular correspondence with her, you can't be said to know her; for people generally don't show themselves as they really are, in their letters.—She wrote me a letter, you know" (this after a pause); "you sent it me yesterday evening."

"Yes; it came inclosed to me; she did not know your address."

"That's not at all surprising, I change it so often," said Miss Hawkesby, with an air of accounting for every thing philosophically. "But the surprising thing is that she should write to me at all. She has some object in view, of course."

"Indeed, Olivia, how should I know what she has in view?" said Mrs. Stargold, peevishly.

"If you studied human nature as I do," continued Miss Hawkesby, who seldom thought it worth while to take offense at what any one said, or at the way in which it was said, "you would understand that a woman who never saw me wouldn't care to be telling me, merely for the purpose of giving me pleasure, that my niece Joanna is growing to be a tall girl, and developing many fine traits of character." And, oh, what a deal of scorn! didn't it look beautiful in the contempt and anger of her lip?

"I didn't know you had a niece Joanna," said Mrs. Stargold, with faint interest.

"Anita's half-sister," explained Miss Hawkesby. "A regular Basil. I never saw the child but once. When I was on a visit to Eastcliffe her father brought her to see me. Eastcliffe, you know, is only about thirty miles from Middleborough, and it is one place I never have desired to see again, and

believe my niece Joanna may have had something to do with my distaste for the place. She was about two years old, and she lamented incessantly for somebody she called 'Mela. I was glad when she went away. A regular Basil. Now Anita is all Hawkesby; she does not resemble me personally, but she is all Hawkesby. I couldn't take both, so, very naturally, I took Anita. Now, there is a Miss Basil, a cousin of old Judge Basil's, who ought to be willing to do every thing in her power for Joanna, for the old judge was the best of friends to her."

"I'm sure I don't know any thing about it, Olivia," said Mrs. Stargold, helplessly, as if she feared a direct attack; for Miss Hawkesby, warming with her subject, had a threatening air.

"But I do, you see," said Miss Hawkesby. "People who go about the world as I do, are pretty sure to hear every thing about everybody, if they take care to keep their ears open and their mouths shut. Now I've heard some dark hints as to Miss Basil's past, and I know that she owes Judge Basil a debt she may be thankful enough to repay to his granddaughter. Mrs. Basil need not make it a reproach to me that Miss Basil is not capable of giving Joanna the highest polish. Dear me! Haven't I my hands full with Anita? If Anita were to marry, indeed—but look at the girls who marry now! What sort of matches do they make? Now I tell Anita there is no manner of sense in marrying a poor man."

"People do often marry very recklessly," said Mrs. Stargold, with a sigh; "but I suppose it is possible to be happy without money—"

"No, it isn't," said Miss Hawkesby.

"Wealth is a great burden," sighed Mrs. Stargold.

"You say that only because you are afraid of robbers," said Miss Hawkesby.

"No," replied Mrs. Stargold, nervously, "no, no; I think not. But it is a great responsibility—when, for instance, you must decide who is the right person to inherit your wealth."

She looked appealingly at Miss Hawkesby, as though she would fain have had her counsel.

"Well, and haven't you decided that point yet?" asked Miss Hawkesby, coolly.

"No," said Mrs. Stargold, uneasily. "I want light on the subject—I want light."

"I suppose it was to have light on the subject that you invited young Hendall here?" asked Miss Hawkesby, with a searching look.

"Perhaps it was," said Mrs. Stargold, leaning her head on her hand, and looking apparently through and beyond Miss Hawkesby, into infinite space. "The ways of Providence are past finding out. For more than a quarter of a century I have enjoyed the wealth that was my poor brother's; and how do I know what sore need has troubled some poor soul for lack of that very money?"

"Elizabeth!" said Miss Hawkesby, rising impatiently, "positively you are growing morbid, and the sooner you have a change, the better. Who has a better right to Francis Hendall's money than you? Weren't you

his own sister? Now, don't you be a goose and leave your money to some asylum or other. Leave it to some of your relations; they are all nice people."

"I mean to leave it to my relations," said Mrs. Stargold, with a mysterious air.

"That's sensible," said Miss Hawkesby; "but don't go, now, and fancy that you need be making your relations rich before you die. Nobody will ever thank you for such stupid generosity as that."

"I must do my duty," said Mrs. Stargold, plaintively.

Miss Hawkesby stared at her. "Your duty," said she, severely, "evidently is to have a change as speedily as possible. When do you go?"

"Not before May, I think."

"Don't put off going; I tell you, you need a change. Middleborough is a nice place, I'm told, and I know some people there: Mrs. Carl Tomkins—I met her at the White Sulphur summer before last—and Mrs. Paul Caruthers, and a Miss Caruthers; I didn't think much of her"—which, indeed, was patent enough from that withering indefinite article. "I met *them* at Sewanee last year."

Then Miss Hawkesby sat silent a few moments, studiously contemplating Mrs. Stargold. "Elizabeth is like all old women with money to leave," she said to herself. "Partly she doesn't wish any one to know what she will do with her property, and partly she doesn't herself know what she will do with it."

"Well," she said, presently, as she rose to go, "I had rather decided that Mrs. Basil's letter need not be answered; but I feel more amiable since expressing my mind to you, and I think now I'll write and tell her that I'm glad to hear my niece Joanna is growing tall—I'm tall myself—and that it is a great satisfaction to know that she is developing fine traits of character; but that I cannot help Miss Basil's lack of polish."

And she did write in just such a strain; but Mrs. Basil's uneasiness had been lulled to rest by Arthur before this letter reached her, and its tone of indifference did not disturb her. She could not now be troubled about Joanna, and it was long before she thought again of writing to Miss Hawkesby.

A PARTY OF FOUR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ERNST ECKSTEIN.

"YOU talk such nonsense again to-day, my dear Otto! If you would have one understand you, you must express yourself a little more clearly."

"But, my dear cousin, he—"

"He! Who is he?"

"No matter about his name. My only object in taking you into my confidence—"

"You call this taking me into your confidence! You know that I am your friend. Your peculiar frame of mind astonishes me. What do you contemplate? Drop the mysterious and tell me. You know you can count on my assistance, if I have it in my power to serve you."

"Assistance? No! All you do for me is, in case any thing should happen to me, to

console my mother for the loss of her only son."

"Are you mad?"

"Unfortunately, no! One of us must give way to the other: either he or I! Do you think a man of honor and courage can look calmly on and see a shameless intriguer rob him of his betrothed? Fate must decide between us."

"You are betrothed? This is the first I have heard of it. And may I be allowed to inquire who the lady is?"

"So long as she is promised to another, her name shall not pass my lips."

"Otto, I fear you see the situation in a false light."

"How so?"

"Reflect: A lady who has broken faith with you, who gives a rival the preference—"

"Oh, I understand. But such is not the real state of the case. Were she the mistress of her own acts, the fellow's intrigues would have been fruitless. She is the victim of a calculating mother, and is as unhappy as I am; but, being only a young girl, she must tamely and silently submit."

"And who is her *fiancé*?"

"I have no mind to go into particulars. You will, I am sure, do what you can to console my mother, should Fate decide against me."

"Otto, how can you talk so foolishly? Take a little time for reflection, I entreat!"

"I have reflected sufficiently."

"Impossible, or you would talk more sensibly. You are on the point of committing a great crime."

Otto shrugged his shoulders.

"Indeed, the course you contemplate is thoroughly senseless, since it cannot prove other than fruitless."

"Fruitless?"

"Certainly, my dear Otto. Let us look at the matter dispassionately—from a practical stand-point. If you are killed—"

"Then this swindle called existence will end for good and all."

"Promptly but not very logically answered. I have always thought that love-sick souls preferred this side of the 'Dark River' as long at least as the objects of their affections remained."

"What! Though they be forever separated?"

"Tut, tut! so talk the faint-hearted."

"We have done every thing in our power."

"Who knows? But let us see: if you are killed, you will cause your friends, and above all your lady-love, untold grief, and will clearly fail to attain the desired end. Can you deny this simple truth?"

"I will not try to, but—"

"Very well. Thesis one is admitted. Now let us consider point number two. Suppose you kill your rival: what will be the consequence?"

Otto's eyes shone with an unwonted lustre, and around the corners of his mouth played a triumphant smile.

"What the consequence will be? If I kill him his presumption will be punished as it deserves, and the lady—"

"Will never be your wife."

"That will remain to be seen."

"Otto, do not deceive yourself. If you till now have not been able to accomplish what you so ardently desire, how can you hope, after a catastrophe so bloody—"

"Oh, then I will resort to other measures. If the despotic mother persist in opposing our wishes, I will throw consideration to the dogs. If need be, I am determined to resort to abduction."

"That sounds romantic enough, but I doubt whether your lady-love will consent. While I have no reason to doubt that the lady is clever, I will venture the opinion that she has not sufficient energy to consent to your resorting to such extreme measures. If maternal authority has been able to make her accept a man she does not want, the dutiful child will allow herself to be still further tyrannized over. One does not emancipate one's self in a night."

Otto looked down and kept silent.

"If, however, I am in error," continued his interlocutor, "why, then, I would suggest that you carry the girl off at once. Such a course would spare us the tragedy, and—who knows?—perhaps the expense of burying you."

"A good suggestion, certainly; but, before an opportunity to act upon it presents itself, she may be forced to wed. It is a question of only a few weeks."

"A few weeks! Time enough to conquer a kingdom. Listen! Look at me! Promise me to wait patiently—to let things have their course at least a week—"

"Why?"

"To please me. During that time some better plan than any that has thus far occurred to you will suggest itself. Or, better still—will you not take me entirely into your confidence?"

"Ah! what would I not do, if I could only see—"

"At all events it will not injure your cause for us, at some convenient time, to thoroughly discuss it."

"Certainly not, but—"

"I'll tell you: come to me to-morrow between four and five o'clock, and we will see further. But, till then, remember, no 'rash and bloody deeds.'"

"Never fear. At half-past four, precisely, I will be at your house. *A propos*, do you dance?"

"No."

"If you did, I should have begged you to favor me with your hand for the next set."

"You are very kind. Devote yourself rather to the young girls, and, remember, no more of killing. *Beaucoup de plaisir et—au revoir!*"

The young officer rose, kissed the lady's hand, and disappeared in the crowd.

Immediately thereafter an aged gentleman, whom the lady was wont to characterize as the "interminable professor," presented himself. He was accompanied by a gentleman of a commanding figure, apparently about thirty years old.

"Allow me, madame, to introduce to you the son of one of my dearest friends—Dr. Leopold Winther, of Rodenstadt—Frau von Ustendorff."

Louise started slightly, and her color heightened visibly. The young man, too, seemed greatly surprised.

"Is it possible?" he cried, bowing low. "Fräulein Louise von Gerhard!"

"Ah! you know each other?"

"We are from the same neighborhood, professor," answered Leopold.

"When you spoke to me of the charming Frau von Ustendorff I did not dream that—"

"Ah, I see, I see! An unexpected rencontre—quite romantic! Then you are old friends. Well, I will not disturb your *tête-à-tête* ."

"Oh, but you will not disturb us, professor."

"I fear I should—you will excuse me."

And, with a low bow, he left the two old acquaintances to themselves.

Leopold was the first to break silence.

"Mein Fräulein—gnädige Frau, I should say—Heavens, how strange that sounds!"

Louise smiled.

"Well, when one suddenly and unexpectedly meets a lady whom he has always known as Fräulein von So-and-so, and finds her a Frau von So-and-so—you yourself must admit, madame—"

"Bah! so goes the world, Herr—Doctor. You, too, have changed titles since I had the pleasure of seeing you."

"How long is it since we met at the fancy-dress ball given by your little friend Henriette?"

"Six, yes, seven years."

"You know that Henriette has been married for some years?"

"I have supposed so. She was at that time betrothed. We long since ceased to correspond."

"And at that time she numbered you among her best friends."

"Out of sight out of mind. The fault is hers. Is she happy with her Reinhold?"

"What Reinhold? She married a Berlin banker, and poor Reinhold, in his despair, went to America."

"The fool!"

"Strange that you should lose all trace of the most intimate friend of your girlhood, and in so short a time, too!"

"But how do you chance to know so much about her?"

"My sister has always kept me advised of the principal events that occurred in our neighborhood."

"Oh, I see! In that case, it is strange that the name Ustendorff should be wholly unknown to you."

"Not at all."

"No? and why not, if I may ask?"

"Because she—she did not mention it, in obedience to my request."

"Worse and worse! Do you know, my dear doctor, that you are very, very ungallant?"

"You misinterpret."

"No, no; I often used to feel that with me the tone of your conversation was, to say the least, very peculiar. You— But pardon me for recalling what should, perhaps, long since have been forgotten."

"Madame, indeed you wholly misunderstand me."

"Oh, I only jested."

"But your jest was deeply serious at bottom. You say you often felt that my manner toward you was peculiar—that you did not understand me. I, too, on my part, was equally incapable of accounting for your manner toward me."

"Indeed!"

"If I was sometimes—involuntarily, perhaps—abrupt and ironical, it was because I—because I was convinced that you, for some cause or other, had taken a serious dislike to me."

Louise's face reddened to the temples.

"You were in error," she replied, forcing a faint smile. "I saw that you could be very agreeable when you—chose to be; and—"

She hesitated.

"And—? Pray proceed."

"And it angered me to see that you never chose to be when you were with me."

"Madame," said Leopold, in an earnest tone, "may I be frank with you?"

"Why not? Go on."

"You are married, I am betrothed—there is no reason, therefore, why we should not be entirely unconstrained. I told you just now that my sister omitted mentioning you in her letters in obedience to my wishes."

"Which seemed to me any thing but flattering."

"But you were ignorant of the reason."

"True, and I am curious to learn it."

"I loved you."

Louise laughed.

"Time has not changed you for the better, I see," said she. "I think you expressed yourself once in this sense to Henriette—a jest which I found it hard to excuse."

"But I assure you, madame—"

"Oh, no protestations, I beg. When Henriette told me, she amused herself at my expense till I lost all patience, and became seriously angry with her."

"The little serpent! What did she tell you?"

"How can you suppose I remember?"

"Try."

"Oh, it does not matter now."

"But it does matter. What did she say to you?"

"Well, if I remember rightly, she began by congratulating me on my brilliant conquest. I did not understand her. 'He has just confessed to me,' she whispered. 'He adores you, and is going to sing your praises, as Chloe, in all the magazines in the land.' And then she laughed so immoderately that I lost all patience with her and you too—indeed, I think I wept with anger."

Leopold looked down for a moment, apparently absorbed in thought, then he fixed his eyes full upon Frau von Ustendorff and said:

"That was either an unparalleled indiscretion or a willful falsehood. I took her into my confidence and begged her to help me—the little wretch!"

"It is better we should talk of something else."

"No, no! now that we are on the subject, I insist on convincing you. By all the gods, madame, I had never been before, nor have I

been since, so much in love as I was at that time with you!"

"Indeed?"

"Far, far more than at present with my betrothed."

"Ha, that's *naïve*, truly. The poor girl!"

"I simply state a fact that is easily explained."

"Easily explained? Are you going to say something flattering? Let me assure you in advance that I am very insusceptible."

"A comparison was far from my thought, madame. The Louise von Gerhard whom I once knew was so very different from my quiet little Emma, that a comparison would be impossible. But at thirty one loves more rationally than at twenty."

"More rationally? It was certainly very irrational to see any thing lovable in Louise."

"You are certainly very clever at misconstructions. I mean to say that the heart, at thirty, is no longer capable of that glowing, self-forgetting, superabundant love, which throws gladness or gloom over life's early spring."

"What do you call glowing, self-forgetting, superabundant? If you truly love your Emma, then these three predicates are as applicable now as when you were younger."

"I do not think so. At my age, a man has already passed the period of sweet illusions. My blood now courses so calmly, so coldly if you will, through my veins, that I can speak of my first love as I would of any other episode in my past life, and I thank Heaven that I can."

Louise looked thoughtfully at the brilliant assemblage in the hall before her, and played mechanically with her ivory fan.

"You are betrothed, you tell me," said she, after a while. "Would you think me inquisitive if I inquired who your *fiancée* is and what she is like?"

"Certainly not. She is the only daughter of the widowed Hofrätin Fabricius, eighteen years old, blond, rosy, and rather slight, speaks French, and plays passably well, and is very modest and sweet-tempered."

"What more could you desire? Allow me to congratulate you."

"Thank you. You do not know the family?"

"To my regret."

"If you did, I would have inquired with regard to certain details. My knowledge of them extends little beyond knowing that Emma is a well-bred, lovable girl, and that Mamma Fabricius is a lady who—who possesses marvelous aptitude for discharging the duties of mother-in-law."

"So little do the position and circumstances of the family you are about to marry into concern you?"

"Que voulez-vous, madame? It is to-day just three weeks since I came here, and nine days that I have been betrothed—"

"Is your happiness so young?"

"Not an hour older. At thirty, one has neither the time nor the inclination to spin love-romances. I saw my betrothed in a little private company; she pleased me; I seemed, at least, not to displease her, and I decided then and there—"

"Eh, eh! that's what some people would call precipitate."

"In such matters, madame, I think I am safe in trusting to first impressions. The extreme mildness of Emma's manner charmed me. I said to myself: 'This innocent child is exactly suited to you; she will seek neither to tyrannize over you nor to deceive you,' and then I was heartily tired of the gypsy-life I have led for these half-dozen years. I know half of Europe and a good slice of Asia and Africa."

"If I remember rightly, you are quite a large land-owner."

"Yes, but till now I have occupied myself as little with the management of my estates as an Esquimaux with æsthetics. From the time I left home and all that was dear to me, I roamed restlessly from place to place, always with the image of a cold, ironical, and yet surpassingly-lovely woman in my heart. This phantom, that followed me from Rome to Cairo, from St. Petersburg to Nijni-Novgorod, from the Tagus to the Euphrates, this sweet, radiant phantom was you, madame."

"Did you penetrate as far into the interior as the Euphrates?" stammered Louise.

"Farther. Oh, one travels fast when one seeks to escape from recollection. Thank Heaven! in course of time I became sensible—I forgot the lovely demon who drove me hence. I learned to look upon life as it is, and in my happier and more rational moments I laughed at my delicious simplicity."

"Is—is the Euphrates a fine stream?"

"So—so. When I wandered up and down its banks, I was in no mood to enjoy or appreciate the beautiful. It was only six months after that memorable fancy-dress ball. The wound was still fresh, madame."

"You talk as though I had wronged you, Heaven knows, how deeply! Then your *father's* name is Emma Fabricius? Why is she not here?"

"Mamma did not think she had better come. She is very busy with her outfit. Half a dozen seamstresses surround her from early till late."

"Is the wedding to take place so soon?"

"In four or five weeks, I believe. Mamma Fabricius fixes the time. I have given her *plein pouvoir*."

"Then we shall not have the pleasure of seeing the gentle Emma before the wedding?"

"I fear not."

"I'm sorry."

"She seems to interest you."

"Very much."

"H'm! I'll tell you how we can compass it. Go with me to-morrow to the villa—that's what Mamma Fabricius calls her modest little country-house."

"What are you thinking of?"

"Of taking you to see Mamma Fabricius and her charming daughter."

"A strange proposition, truly!"

"Strange? I don't see that it is. We'll take along a duenna, if necessary."

"I'm duenna enough myself, but—"

"Well, then, do me the favor—the first I ever asked of you."

"But what would the people at the villa say—an entire stranger and a lady—?"

"A stranger! I will present you as a friend of my boyhood, as my cousin, as my sister, if you like. Mamma will receive you with open arms. You will compliment Emma on her taste in selecting ribbons and stuffs, and the treaty of amity will be sealed. Do you consent?"

"Well, since you insist, yes. You see that, despite my six-and-twenty years, I am still ready for a lark."

"Agreed, then. I will come for you to-morrow at half-past nine. *Nota bene*. But how remiss I have been! I have not made a single inquiry after Herr von Ustendorff. I shall be most happy to make his acquaintance."

Louise hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"Herr von Ustendorff is dead."

"Dead! You are a widow?"

"He fell at Sadowa."

At this moment the professor approached, and the conversation very naturally took another turn. Leopold took part in it as well as he could; but when, after a few minutes, the signal was given for a polonaise, he bowed silently and went into the hall. But in what a strange frame of mind he was! He sought to fix his attention on this and that, but all to no purpose. Ever and again he caught himself running off into a reverie, and, before he knew it, found himself leaning against a marble mantel opposite where Louise, with the professor and two or three other gentlemen, was engaged in an animated conversation.

How lovely she was! How beautifully her dark-brown hair encircled her faultless brow! And these eyes—these soulful, bewitching eyes! Yes, there was the same fascinating glance that once raised such a tumult in his breast. And not one tint of the charm had faded—on the contrary, it seemed as though the flower was now but in full bloom. Recollection, longing, love, were suddenly awakened in the depth of his soul. And she was now freer than ever. "O Louise! Louise! how cruel that Fate should thus a second time separate us!" The ball no longer had any charms for him. He hastened to take leave of the lady of the house, and hurried out into the fresh air of a frosty March night. He walked slowly and thoughtfully through the deserted streets without pausing to ask which way or how far he went. Suddenly some one seized him by the left shoulder.

"What the devil!" he cried, shaking off the assailant. "Mind what you are about, my friend!"

"I began to think you were deaf," answered a voice, tremulous with emotion.

"Who are you?" asked Leopold.

"My name is Otto von Fersen."

"The name is unknown to me."

"I am a lieutenant of cavalry."

"From an officer I should have looked for better manners."

"I adapt my manners to the people I have to deal with. Will you be so good as to listen to me?"

"It is too cool to stand still, lieutenant. If you have any thing to say to me, be so kind as to walk on with me."

"You must fight me, sir."

"Fight—you?"

"Yes, fight me. I mean to kill you, sir."

"The devil you do! You evidently mistake me for some one else, lieutenant. But allow me to observe that in any event you sin against usage. You ought to have apprised me of your murderous intentions through a third person."

"Never mind, sir, what I ought to have done; but tell me whether you will fight me."

"If I refuse, what then?"

"Then I'll shoot you down on the spot!"

"One 'if' more. If—"

"Sir, don't drive me to extremities!"

"Suppose I do—what then?"

The officer drew a revolver from his mantle. In an instant the stalwart Leopold wrested it from him and calmly put it in the pocket of his overcoat.

"Send your servant for this thing to-morrow, and I will return it," said he. "Here is my card. Good-night, lieutenant."

"Then you refuse me satisfaction?"

Leopold stopped. The light of a street-lamp fell on the young man's pale face. The expression was so unhappy that it excited Leopold's deepest sympathy.

"Tell me, I beg," said he, "what has so incensed you against me? I have no recollection of ever having met you before."

"You are the destroyer of my happiness. Is that not enough?"

"Pray look at my card. I am sure you mistake me for some one else."

"Oh, I know the accursed name! You are a miserable intriguer."

"There is certainly no danger of misunderstanding you. I will pardon your incivility, if you will tell me, without further delay, how I can serve you."

"By leaving the city immediately, never to return."

"I can't do that, lieutenant."

"You must!"

"The city is large enough, I should think, to shelter two of the bitterest enemies."

"But too small for two rivals."

"We are rivals? In what?"

"Can it be possible that you don't know?"

"On my word, I only know that it's bitter cold. Let's go have a cup of coffee."

The fiery lieutenant looked down for a moment, seemingly lost in reflection, then silently followed Leopold to the nearest coffee-house, where the conversation was continued in an undertone.

"Good Heavens, how you look!" said Leopold, when they were seated.

The officer's reply was any thing but good-natured; he could not conceal his aversion for his interlocutor.

"Let us talk this matter over like two rational beings," said Leopold, smiling. "It pains me deeply to see you so unhappy, despite the recollection that you just now tried to blow my brains out. So young and so unhappy! Here, drink this glass of brandy!—So. And now tell me in what we are rivals; for the life of me I can't divine."

"No matter: I must nevertheless insist on my demand. You must either leave the city or you must fight."

"Take another glass of brandy, lieutenant.—Leave the city, must I? But if I tell you that I am on the eve of being married, and—"

"That's precisely it!" stammered the lieutenant. "You shall not marry—at least, you shall not marry my Emma!"

"Oh, ho! now it begins to dawn upon me! You love Fräulein Fabricius, then?"

"More than my life!"

"And does Emma know it?"

"Knows it, and returns my love."

"So, so! this is all news to me. Have you any proofs?"

"Proofs! Look here!" said he, producing a photograph.

Leopold recognized the features of his *fiancée*. On the reverse side was written, in a delicate hand:

"To my dearly beloved Otto, with ten thousand kisses.—EMMA."

"Ugh! a pretty clear case. But she never said a word to me about you."

"She's too timid."

"You may be right; but the mother is not too timid."

"The old tyrant! It's all her fault. You are rich, while I have only a modest competence, and then you know how to manage the old woman, perhaps; I don't, for I hate her!"

Leopold took a moment for reflection. The lieutenant sipped his coffee, and seemed somewhat more composed.

"Then you love Fräulein Fabricius sincerely, do you?" asked Leopold.

"With my whole heart!" protested the lieutenant.

"And you will engage to make her happy if I, after due deliberation—"

"How?" cried Otto, so loud that he was startled by the sound of his own voice. "Is it possible?"

"Let me finish. You see, lieutenant, I am of opinion that the stupidest thing a man can do is to marry a woman who loves another, if he knows it."

"On my soul, a truth that cannot be controverted!"

"Would it be agreeable to you if I should resign my official position, *vis-à-vis* the gentle Emma, in your favor, now and here?"

"Unparalleled magnanimity!" cried Otto, quite beside himself. "You, a man of honor in the highest and noblest sense of the word—are you truly in earnest, or do you mock me?"

"Take another glass of brandy, lieutenant.—I am truly in earnest. Emma is yours. In such matters I should be incapable of a jest."

"But her mother—she will never ratify our treaty."

"Leave her to me; I trust I shall be able to manage her."

"Oh, how shall I ever be able to thank you? Such a sacrifice! Your magnanimity moves me almost to tears!"

"Calm yourself, lieutenant. What I do is very natural. But now listen to what I have to propose."

"I am all attention. *Himmelschockmilliennendonnerwetter!* I cannot realize it. You will excuse the oath, but I must give vent to my feelings in some way."

"Oh, don't mind me."

"But your plan?"

"Well, to-morrow at eleven meet me under the big linden-tree near the Fabricius villa, and leave the rest to Fate—in other words, to me."

"I shall not fail."

"And now, good-night."

"Good-night, my noble, my generous friend!"

"*A propos*, here is your revolver."

"You see me deeply, deeply humbled. Do me the favor to accept the weapon as a souvenir of this evening."

"Thank you, I will."

The two men separated—Otto to dream of the gentle Emma; Leopold to think of the morrow.

The weather could not have been more favorable for a drive than it was the following morning, and Leopold was prompt in keeping his appointment with Madame von Ustendorff.

"What, are you going to drive yourself?" she asked, in a tone of genuine surprise, when she saw the elegant tilbury at the door.

"Certainly. Handling horses is one of the few things I think myself skilled in."

The beautiful young widow changed color very perceptibly, but she cleverly turned attention from herself by expressing her admiration for the beautiful roadster that pawed the ground in his impatience to be off.

In five minutes they were in the open country, when Leopold brought his horse down to a slow trot.

"A glorious morning," said Louise.

"The most glorious of my life," replied Leopold.

"How beautiful is the deep green of the meadows!"

"And the lovely red of my companion's cheeks!"

"None of that, doctor—please."

"Pardon me, madame, for thinking so loud."

"Think of something else. What a lovely view we have of the old castle yonder from this point!"

"It reminds me of the old castle near D—. Do you remember how the count locked us all in the chapel, where we were compelled to remain for two whole hours? Who all was there, in that party? There were you, Henriette, poor Reinhold, whom she afterward jilted, my sister, and two or three others. Oh, those were the happiest hours of my life! I could have fallen at your feet and worshiped you."

"If my memory serves me, we talked of very indifferent things."

"Ah, Louise, my mind was not on what I was saying. I thought of nothing but you—saw nothing but your glorious eyes. For an hour I thought you were not wholly indifferent to me. Then came the bitter, bitter reality. During all the rest of the day you did not deign even to look at me, but jested so gayly and laughed so immoderately with that disagreeable, stupid Von Serbingen—"

"I never thought Herr von Serbingen any more agreeable than other people did."

"How? Everybody supposed you did."

"Appearances are often deceptive."

"But I cannot understand—"

"You are a bad psychologist, my dear doctor. We can now be frank with each other. I was prompted to favor Serbingen by caprice—just to show you that I was indifferent to your homage."

"But, in Heaven's name, madame, what had I done to make you dislike me so? It was not till I became thoroughly convinced that all my endeavors would be fruitless—not till Henriette told me you had a deep-seated aversion for me—"

"What! Did she tell you that? The little liar!"

"Louise! is it possible? Were we both deceived? Then you never disliked me?"

"I told you last evening that you were in error. On the contrary, at first I had a greater liking for you than I was willing to confess. It was not till Henriette assured me—"

"The little traitress! The perfidious little wretch! She willfully destroyed the happiness of my life. O Louise! why must I lose you before you were mine?"

"For Heaven's sake! You will make me regret that I accepted your invitation."

"O Louise, I love you, if possible, more than ever!"

"Do you want to make me jump out?"

"Let me look in your eyes."

"Look in the eyes of your Emma."

"Listen to me. I have long been resigned to my fate—to most things I am comparatively indifferent; but I have one burning desire. Will you gratify it?"

"What is it?"

"I would look into your very soul. Did you love your husband?"

"What a question!"

"You will not answer me?"

"I respected him—I—I—yes, I liked him exceedingly."

"Did you love him?"

"Love him? Yes. I loved him as—as you love your Emma."

"Oh, how I thank you for this confession! Further: If I had sued for your hand at the same time he did—"

"No more, doctor, I beg."

"Would you have accepted him in preference to me?"

"I cannot listen to such a question."

"Will you answer me?"

"No!"

"I conjure you by all the tears I have shed on your account to tell me which you would have chosen!"

"I have already told you that I did not love Herr von Ustendorff with that all-absorbing love of which you speak."

"O Louise, you give me new life! Now one thing more, and you will make me the happiest of mortals. Say that you could love me, and that you will be mine!"

"Are you mad?"

"Louise, I never did nor can I ever love any one but you!" he cried, and clasped her round the waist.

"If you seek to be revenged, you have attained your object. Your mockery wounds more deeply than I can tell you."

She covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly.

"Listen to me. Will you drive me from you a second time? I love you, and you alone."

"I have not deserved this," she sobbed. "Take me home!"

"Not yet. Dry your eyes, and know that since last evening Emma is the betrothed of another. Me she never loved. She is as happy as I am. And now be calm and rational, and tell me if you will consent to repair the errors of the past. Will you be my loving and beloved wife?"

The tilbury entered a little wood. The horse kept the road without the guidance of his master. Right and left towered silent old firs, and Louise laid her head trustingly against the breast of her first and only love.

Meanwhile, the hot-headed lieutenant waited under the big lindens. He was at the appointed place an hour ahead of time. After walking restlessly to and fro for what seemed to him an age, he looked at his watch and murmured:

"A quarter after ten. Three-quarters of an hour more, even if he is punctual."

His monologue was interrupted by the sound of an approaching vehicle. He hastened to the road, and behold! there was his generous friend of the previous evening with his cousin Louise at his side. What astonished him, however, more than this *de-d-lie* in a tilbury, was the fact that at this moment they turned round; evidently having suddenly decided to return to town. This, as can be easily imagined, was in obedience to Louise's wishes.

The lieutenant lost no time, but rushed into the middle of the road, and cried out at the top of his voice:

"Louise! Cousin Louise! Hold! Doctor! Hold on!"

Leopold and Louise looked around with evident surprise.

"Why, there is Cousin Otto!" cried the latter.

"Your cousin?"

"Turn round! turn round! Where are you going?" cried the lieutenant, at the very top of his voice.

"Well, let's turn round. I am curious to hear what he has to say to us," said Louise.

As yet Leopold had found no time to tell Louise of his last night's adventure. He now took in the situation in all its details at a glance. His plans assumed form and shape with equal celerity. Louise being the lieutenant's cousin, her presence at the Fabricius Villa could not be looked upon as being extraordinary. Besides, he believed he possessed sufficient presence of mind and tact to be equal to every situation that could arise. The idea of presenting his own and Emma's fiancé to Mamma Fabricius, at the same time, had something in it so piquant that he determined to use all his powers of persuasion to induce Louise to second his plan.

At first he introduced the two cousins to each other in this wise:

"Lieutenant, I have the honor of present-

ing you to my betrothed, Frau Louise von Ustendorff, née Gerhard.—My love, allow me to make you acquainted with the future husband of my Emma—the happiest man alive, with one exception."

Here some minutes were given to questions and explanations. Louise reproached her cousin for attempting to carry out his murderous designs on the very same evening he had promised her to act like a man of sense for a week at least. Otto pleaded the happy results of his hot-headed folly. After congratulating one another over and again, came finally the unavoidable "What now?"

Leopold immediately unfolded his plan with all the rhetoric at his command, and answered Louise's objections with so much success, that she finally yielded. Otto was all "fire and flame" for Leopold's project as soon as it was proposed, so they now prepared for the attack. Louise shook her handsome head as a last expression of her disapproval, and then, the lieutenant having found an uncomfortable seat in the tilbury, they drove at a sharp trot for the villa, which was but a short distance farther on.

"Have you the photograph with you?" Leopold asked Otto, as they alighted.

"What, Emma's?"

"The one with the ten thousand kisses on the back, and, I have no doubt, an equal number on the face."

"Certainly."

"Will you let me take it for a little while?"

"With pleasure."

"Now, then, forward!"

Madame Fabricius was not a little surprised when the maid announced the three callers, and she seemed little less than stupefied when she saw the lieutenant, whom for the last four weeks she had persistently refused to admit.

"I have taken the liberty to bring some relations with me," said Leopold.

"They are very welcome. Pray be seated," replied Mamma Fabricius.

Louise and Otto accepted this invitation with an alacrity that intimated clearly enough that they did not feel altogether comfortable, and hoped to find relief in a change of posture. The lieutenant's heart beat most insubordinately, and all of Louise's accustomed self-possession seemed to have left her.

"And Emma?" asked Leopold.

Otto started as though a pin had been stuck into him.

"Oh, Emma is very busy," replied Madame Fabricius, with a smile.

"Ay, ay, with her outfit; but nevertheless she will honor us for a few minutes, I trust."

Madame Fabricius rang.

"Annette," said she to the maid who answered the bell, "say to Fräulein Emma that Dr. Winther is here."

"Meanwhile allow me to present my relations. Frau von Ustendorff."

The two ladies bowed.

"Lieutenant von—von—*parbleu*, my dear Otto, but your name is very hard to pronounce."

"I already have the honor," said Madame Fabricius, in a freezing tone.

"Ah, tant mieux, tant mieux!"

At this moment the door opened and Emma entered the room. She wore a lovely, bright-colored morning-dress, but her cheeks were pale. Her handsome though rather expressionless blue eyes seemed to tell of some secret sorrow.

When she saw the lieutenant she started visibly, and, if possible, became still more colorless. Otto, too, trembled to the very point of his sword.

Leopold hastened toward the hesitating girl and kissed her hand in a deferential manner; then he led her to the centre of the room, drew the photograph he had borrowed from Otto from his pocket and read:

"To my dearly-beloved Otto, with ten thousand kisses.—EMMA."

The poor girl cried out as though she had received a dagger-thrust.

"What does that mean?" asked Madame Fabricius; and the old lady's eyes looked as though they would leave their sockets.

"That means that Otto is beloved by Emma, who gives him ten thousand kisses. It's very clear, it seems to me."

"Are you mad, my dear doctor?"

"I don't think I am. My name is Leopold. Otto, the dearly-beloved, sits over there, trembling more than he would, I am sure, if he were about to lead a forlorn-hope."

"But, in Heaven's name—"

"Listen to me calmly, my dear madame. Fräulein Emma is one of the most charming girls in the world; indeed, with perhaps a single exception, there is not a woman in the whole German Empire who would make me a more lovely bride, were it not for one unpardonable requisite—"

"Sir!"

"An unpardonable requisite, I say—her heart belongs to another."

"Who says so? Who says her affections are another's?"

It was now the lieutenant's turn to speak.

"O madame!" he sighed from the depth of his bosom, "do not refuse your consent to our union. Emma loves me as I love her—devotedly, passionately. It was obedience to the wishes of a beloved mother only that ever induced her—"

"Oh, what's the use of making so many words about it?" interrupted Leopold.—"You understand, madame, that I relinquish all my rights to the hand of your daughter—that is, if I can relinquish what I have never had. Her real fiancé stands there.—Fräulein Emma, come here, please—you, too, Lieutenant. Madame Fabricius consents with pleasure to your union. Give me your hands."

As he was about to place Emma's hand in the lieutenant's, the astonished and infuriated mamma sprang between them.

"Stand back!" she cried. "I will dispose of the hand of my daughter, not you, sir!"

"My dear madame, what's done cannot be undone. And then think of the consequences! An abandoned daughter, abandoned three weeks before the time set for the wedding! What would people say? The world would be ignorant of the reason? And then the outfit that has cost so much money and labor. Shall it all be thrown away? Other suitors will present themselves, you will answer

That is possible; but then I am sure Fräulein Emma would rather die than consent, a second time, to marry one whom her heart had not chosen. And what fault have you to find with the lieutenant here? He not only loves your daughter devotedly, madly, but he entertains for you a respect and a veneration which, under the circumstances, are very remarkable. Not a word of complaint or reproach has passed his lips. You will have in him one of the most devoted of sons. Can a woman of your intelligence and strength of character—a woman in whom genuine dignity is united with such gentleness—refuse her consent, when the happiness of two innocent young people, the honor of your family, and the interests of justice, are at stake?"

It began to dawn upon Mamma Fabricius that she was defeated. A moment given to reflection convinced her that the wisest thing to do was to put a good face on what seemed to her a bad business. Forcing her broadest smile into her hard features, and her kindest tone into her unsympathetic voice, she asked:

"Are you, then, really so very fond of each other, my children?"

"Yes, mamma," murmured the gentle Emma.

"Well, then, have your own way! I see it's useless to contend against the intrigues of youth."

"Bravo! Two pearls in one net! This is the happiest day of my life!" cried Leopold.

"I do not understand you, my dear doctor," replied Madame Fabricius, drawing herself up to her maximum height.

"Allow us to remain to luncheon, madame, and you shall be made acquainted with every detail."

Before her guests took leave, Madame Fabricius became doubly convinced that the desires of young hearts are not easily thwarted by the projects of old heads.

POSSIBLE UTOPIAS.

THAT would be a desirable Utopia, where one could remember at the proper time and place the good things which occur to the mind after the time of saying them has passed.

The French sum up this species of regret by the happy phrase, "*L'esprit d'escalier*"—the wit of the staircase—the thoughts which come to you as you are going up for your hat and coat, and which you wish had come to you before. The puns which we have *not* made, the happy historical allusions which we have *not* remembered, the felicitous retorts which we have *not* fired off, but which come afterward to haunt us, are among the severe pin-pricks which will always belong to our imperfect humanity.

There are a happy few who can always command their wits. Their minds are obedient handmaidens who bring them every thing they want, and these fortunate, quick-witted people are so by a gift of Nature; it cannot be acquired. People of the most solid knowledge are not the ones who are most apt to bring it forth at a moment's warning. They

are like those heavy, well-organized English households where the footman is summoned to tell the butler to mention to the housekeeper that the key to the blue-room is wanted, and she will please search among her bunches for it. The quick-witted have the blue-room unlocked and all its treasures displayed before the key is missed or asked for.

A certain learned man in England, on being congratulated on his talent for small talk, said: "It has cost me more effort and study to achieve small talk than to conquer the higher mathematics, but I felt the desperate want of it, and went at it as a study." He was fortunate to have been able to conquer it.

Theodore Hook was an instance of the power of readiness. He had the talent of an *improvisatore*, and could make verses to order, and was of course a very original wit; but it was all owing to the instantaneous action of his mind. Once he was asked what was the chief objection to dining alone.

"Why, the bottle comes round too often, I suppose," said he.

Again, on being told that he must write something for the *Englishman* on the death of the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands, he immediately wrote:

"Waiter! two Sandwiches," said Death,
And their wild majesties resigned their breath."

Imagine the whirl of images which must have rushed through his brain before he got to that idea! The whole Pacific; those lonely islands; the dusky monarch and his bride; the royal savage pageantry of an island funeral, with its palm-branches and monotonous chants; the half-naked tropical inhabitants meeting death, as savages always do, with superstitious dread and unlawful rites; the sea, making a dirge on the shelly shore of Honolulu—all was quickly contrasted with the trig serving-man in a London chop-house, and the king of terrors transformed into a customer, of sober British mien, who demands the conventional sandwich! It is the perfection of wit, the height of contrast, "the sudden juxtaposition of contradictory ideas," as Dr. Johnson defines it.

The late John Van Buren, one of the witliest of men, had this very ready response. He was master of repartee. Once, in making a speech, he drew a picture of the evil effects of a certain measure, which would be sure to defeat the candidate.

Some antagonistic politician who was listening said, "Who did that in 1848?"

John Van Buren remembered instantaneously that his illustrious father *had done* that very thing, but his quick wit saved him.

"I don't remember the gentleman's name," said he, "but I think it lost him his election!"

A splendid piece of memory like this—being able to forget one's own father's name—was not to be ignored. The crowd laughed and applauded such wonderful readiness.

A gentleman in Boston, on being asked at the Parker House, after the Maine liquor-law was enforced, and the persons who wished for brandy-and-water were obliged to go to a

back-room in the fourth story to obtain it, what could be said to a traveler—say a man from Chicago or St. Louis—who wanted a drink, at this absurd and unpopular arrangement, immediately responded:

"You might say to him what the Abbé Edgeworth said to Louis XVI. at the foot of the scaffold, 'Fils de St.-Louis, montez en haut!'" Here was another magnificent instance of the contrariety of images: any thing so remote as the Parker House and the Place Royale, the learned, pious abbé and the "gentlemanly clerk," not to speak of the unlikeness of the dusty, thirsty traveler from St. Louis, Missouri, to the royal Louis who was going so bravely to his miserable fate, can scarcely be imagined. It was too good to be immediately appreciated. It takes a long process of reasoning in an ordinary mind to follow the lightning-flash of quick wit which flew through this unusually brilliant brain, producing such a series of pictures.

Accident sometimes brings about a very good and unusual pun. A lady was sitting in a drawing-room playing with a kitten; a gentleman entered with a print of Correggio's picture of the "Magdalen with the Skull." The lady said:

"See, she has the same attitude as my kitten."

"Yes," said he, "and, like her, she is thinking over her *fore-paws*" (*faux-pas*). Here was a remarkable piece of good luck in the possibility of bringing a kitten and the Magdalen into juxtaposition.

Another bit of quick wit occurred at a New York dinner-party (where many good things are struck off in the electric air of luxury, excitement, flowers, music, fair women, and good wine), where some one spoke of a very large and powerful man, who had crooked legs. "But his head," said she, "and his figure, otherwise, are after the antique." "Probably after the *Farnese Hercules*," said a listener.

This is quite as good as the story of Madame de Staël's large feet. She went to a fancy ball as Minerva.

"How shall you know your goddess?" said one of her admirers to another.

"Par le pied-de-Staël," was the ready response. This is another piece of good luck, for, had she gone otherwise than as a goddess, she would not have needed a pedestal.

After General Scott's famous "plate of soup," some wit dubbed him "Marshal Tureen."

One witticism often brings on another. When a famous and very obnoxious criminal was being executed, or had just been executed, in New York, a gentleman quoted Charles Lamb's witty letter to a friend, *à propos* of just such another event.

"Now, he has about reached Sirius," Lamb says, in the imagined flight of the culprit's soul.

"Yes," said another, "and he had better stop there to get accustomed to the country and the climate."

Allusions to hot climates and the *inferno* are very common in American wit, and often vulgar and profane. One gentleman, who

hated cold weather, made a contrary application of this familiar joke. "It is one of the many inducements to lead a bad life," said he, "that the dreadful place is always so comfortably heated."

This ready wit, this quick action of the brain, is also repeated in that more useful and uncommon gift of being able to remember a date, a poetical quotation, or a conversation, when you wish to. Some people can quote so well and so readily, that it is as good as original wit. Many familiar lines of poetry can be thus pressed into new and witty use; as, when some artists and architects were talking together about their orders, and one of the latter said he had an order for *one* church, but he wished he had *two*, an artist quickly answered, "Insatiate architect, will not *one* suffice?"—the use of "architect" for "archer" being near enough to euphony if quickly spoken.

But this ready wit is not the property of us all; if it were, every dinner-party would be a Utopia, every lonely country-house would become a charming theatre, in which comedy of the highest order would be constantly enacted; *ennui* would entirely cease; a rainy day would not be dreaded. Happy was that London gentleman into whose house Theodore Hook intruded with Mr. Terry, on a wager, and, after dining and making the company ache with laughter, sat down and sang an improvised song, ending with the words—

"We are very much pleased with our fare,
Your cellar is as good as your cook;
My friend is Mr. Terry, the player,
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook."

How gladly should we welcome such an intrusion!

That would be a Utopia where there should be no more argument on the "Man in the Iron Mask;" the authorship of Junius; the Roger-Tichborne case; the Beecher-Tilton trial; or whether there are more leaves on the trees this summer than there were last; whether it is warmer, colder, or wetter, or drier, than it was last summer; no more arguments (with attempts to convince) on the subjects of religion, politics, beauty, the arts, or the "character of the late Horace Greeley."

No one is ever convinced by argument, as it is usually conducted, but every one rises after a wordy battle much more convinced of his own opinion. Arguments on the propriety of certain phrases, the use of words, the propounding of certain revolutions in well-established customs, leading to angry debate, are very tiresome. So long as such discussions merely lead to short conversations, they are amusing; so long as they are treated dispassionately, they are useful; but the moment they become long, angry disputes, as argument among the illogical is apt to do, they are tedious. It is no Utopia to live with two such disputants, or with one or many. Some hungry arguers snap you up if you advance an opinion, as a dog does a bone. "I defy you to prove this," says one, and you are launched on an argument. "The allegation is false and the allegator knows it," said one such conversational shark. "I did not know that *alligators* knew anything," said his opponent.

There is another Utopia which many people sigh for and never attain, and that is—the power to express their feelings. There are certain natures shut up in an iron case of reserve; an icy chill seems to surround them; the more they feel the less they can say; such people are very much to be pitied. One lady complained that all her life she was surrounded by a shroud of reserve which she could not break, and which she must always wear, whether she liked it or not. Coleridge refers to this sort of mind in his striking verse:

"A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A drowsy, stifled, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet of relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear!"

How many a person has gone through life sealed up in such a terrible coffin as this! It is a living death, the most dreadful form of being buried alive.

Then, again, another Utopia to be sighed for is that reasonable atmosphere in which people do not express their feelings *too much*; the "*very gushing*" are to be avoided. People whose hearts are on their sleeve, who have a universal need of a confidant, are very tiresome. Very few of our emotions are so dignified and graceful as to deserve universal airing. We always like those people whose eyes fill with tears at the sound of martial music, or at the recital of some deed of unusual self-sacrifice or generosity; we love the music of a voice that breaks in reading an unexpectedly good line of poetry; we like to see the cheek blush with a generous emotion; but these things must be very spontaneous, and instantly repressed as *manifestations*, or we grow suspicious of them.

That would be a Utopia, indeed, where one never had to ask for money; not to have to beg for charitable purposes; not to have to demand of an already depleted exchequer the necessary medium for paying a bill! It is a very astonishing, and it would seem to be unnecessary, cruelty to the human race that so much more money is always needed than is ever forthcoming.

Another Utopia would be a world in which a man's occupation did not affect in any way his social position. We talk a great deal of nonsense on this subject; we quote the

"Bank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the man for a' that,"

with a genuine Scottish accent and a great air of believing it; but we do not. We are all under the slavery of old ideas on this subject, and respect certain trades and guilds more than we do other trades and guilds. It is not long since the trade of literature was among the ignoble trades, and meant Grub Street, and all that sort of thing. It has risen within a few years to its present proud and honorable position; but we are still very suspicious and very snobbish about other equally honorable professions.

All tasks, all professions, are honorable, so long as they are virtuously and honestly pursued, so we say; but so we do *not* act. That remains among the possible Utopias, when we shall live up to our ideas on this subject.

The long-sought-for and never-reached

Utopia of a good climate remains as yet unconquered. Our American climate is a thing to be wondered at as a possible place for human beings to live in: its sudden changes, its almost fatal cold, its unendurable heat, its dryness at times, making the skin crack; its highly-charged electricity, the enormous preponderance of oxygen, rendering the most nervous, irritable, and go-ahead people in the world subject beyond all other nations to neuralgic, rheumatic, and nervous diseases, giving birth to one distressing malady not known to other nations, the "rose cold," or "peach catarrh," whose miraculous periodicity and unexampled sufferings entirely baffle the whole medical learning of the universe—such are some of the features of an American climate, making it very far from Utopia.

The English climate is said to be depressing, inclining one to that disease known as the "dismal dumps," but it is far better than ours, as witness the contented, rosy faces of the average English person as compared with our knitted brows and anxious, unhappy faces, as a race.

Therefore the Utopia for all men would be that power to travel which would enable every man to find his own climate. There is a climate somewhere for all of us. Some find it at Nice, some at Baden-Baden. Some love the sea, others hug the mountains; but by a certain sarcasm of Destiny those who love the sea are obliged to live in the mountains, and those who sigh for the mountains are chained to the oar, and must live near the sea. The most perfect climate for all would seem to be that soft, mild coolness of Switzerland, where the glaciers temper the summer heats, but do not keep the flowers from blossoming at their very feet. Northern Italy has a very lovely climate. That of Rome is seductive, yet dangerous. Our American June, and September, and October, are very Utopian, but there we stop. Nothing can safely be predicted of the other months, except change and direful disappointment, although we occasionally have a better and a nobler sky than we had hoped for, and perhaps deserved.

That would, again, be a long-dreamed-of and deferred Utopia wherein we should learn how to educate the young of our human race to the best advantage. We think, we work, we aim at great things, in this particular; but how few happy, and useful, and well-educated people we produce! There are no colleges, no schools, to which we can send a boy with the certainty that we are doing the best thing for those faculties which have been sent to him. Nay, worse, we make dreadful mistakes. We take a blank sheet of paper, and we fill it with certain characters. The result, we hope, will be good; but very often we read wretch, scoundrel, thief, murderer, where we had written Christian, hero, saint, and warrior. Again, we may not turn out the criminal, but we may make a crippled nonentity, which is almost as bad, because we have not understood the boy. To be sure, we have to contend with that greatest of all mysteries, original sin; but our own mistakes are dreadful. The greatest failures of the human race are the failure to preserve peace on earth; the awkward, and expensive, and wasteful business of war, as a means of set-

ting vexed questions; and that other and perhaps radical failure in not yet having learned how to take care of and rear our children, not to have learned the great secrets of education.

It may be, it probably is, reserved for a higher period of our development, a possible Utopia which we may expect several years—say centuries—hence, this knowledge of how to keep the peace among nations, and how to educate our young, so that there shall be no failures.

That would be a desirable Utopia where good cookery prevailed. Imagine a journey through America, and a possibility of stopping always at a Massasoit House! A lovely Utopian beefsteak, with all its natural juices preserved by being broiled over a wood-fire, pitchers of genuine cream, bread which has the lightness and whiteness of a summer cloud, and coffee of the clearness of wine—such should be your inevitable good fortune. The frying-pan, that dreadful underminer of our national good temper, should be sent to Nuremberg to be hung up with the instruments of torture used in the dark ages; and we should afterward travel through a landscape in which there were no rough spots, on railroad-cars which never met with an accident or admitted any dust, to reach one of these hotels in Utopia, where there were never any indifferent beds or any bad cookery. Such, and really better than all this imagination, are the hotels in Switzerland; beautifully ornamented with flowers in the court-yards, well conducted, and with admirable service, they are as well worth going to visit for a long-suffering American as are the picturesque views—the dashing water-falls, the snowy mountains, and the silent glaciers. Such hotels are to be found in England; and the beautiful Lake Derwentwater, in the lake district, where Wordsworth, and Southey, and De Quincey, made Nature doubly famous, is blessed with such a one. It is at Keswick, and has, besides good cookery, a pretty and well-mannered landlady, who helps you out of your carriage with her own neat hand.

France is the land of good cookery. It is astonishing why the dark-eyed Celts should be such good cooks, and the blue-eyed Saxons not. The Italians, too, are admirable cooks. In all the world there is not such a nest of gifted mortals who can cook as those peasants about the little lake of Orta, near Maggiore, in Northern Italy. They go all over Europe, and are highly prized even in the *cafés* of Paris. The successful family of the Delmonicos come from some place near Orta, on the Italian side of the Alps. They have contributed not a little to our possible Utopia by their faultless cooking and the admirably-managed restaurants which bear their name.

Nor must the colored race be forgotten. They are great natural cooks. A sense of flavor seems to exist in them which is like a talent for music. Perhaps it exists with color. While the blue-eyed Goths were engaged in conquering the world, and by their feats of arms gaining an appetite, the softer and darker children of the sun (that great cooking-stove for the fruits and grains) were calmly getting dinner and were creating dishes

which should tempt an appetite which needed an impetus. The hungry Goth could eat raw meat, or at least endure it after smoking it over his camp-fire, with his spear for a spit. The softer Italian or Frenchman whom he conquered needed the refinements of the *pâté de foie gras*, or the *filet de bœuf aux champignons*, or the *choux-fleurs au parmesan*, to tempt his less Gothic digestion.

Those gods of the north, Thor with his hammer, or even the Norse maiden, would have failed to appreciate these nicer distinctions. Cookery improves as it gets nearer the sun.

Finally and lastly, a Utopia remains to be dreamed of in which there will not be too much thumping on piano-fortes by inexperienced hands, not too much tooting on trombones or blowing of flutes by those who are achieving those instruments. Oh, the sufferings of the slave *Fine Ear* in this world of discord! What a ceaseless vigil he keeps up! He never rests, even in sleep. The eye is closed, the busy brain sleeps, but this warder on the watch-tower is always awake. He hears the stealthy step of the burglar, he hears the hand trifling with the key, he hears the watch tick. He never rests; and, in a crowded city, what a suffering martyrdom is his! Every hand-organ, every rattling cart, every dismal church-bell, adds to his trouble. The nose is as great a tyrant as Helio-gabalus, and will only sniff when it pleases, but the delicate ear works all the time. Even in the country the birds begin at four o'clock to twitter for his edification, and there, too, he must attend to that practising upon unknown horns and pipes which forms the recreation of rustic Strephons and Philanders. The bagpipe, dreadful creation of Scotch solitudes, miserable successor of Pan's pipes, imprisoned zephyrs protesting against their homely dungeon—this is added to the suffering of *Fine Ear* in the country.

Only in Venice, sweetest daughter of quiet and silence, can he rest. There, on soft waters, does the noiseless gondola convey you to your destination without a sound save the musical dip of an oar. There can *Fine Ear* take a short and delightful rest. This practising on musical instruments in colleges and boarding-houses, and in hotels, should be put a stop to. The sufferings of a patient student in a close college-room, with a trombone over his head, are fearful. He is tempted to paraphrase Madame Roland and say:

"O Music, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

One can almost imagine that Collins thought of this side of human misery when he wrote his "Ode to the Passions."

The possible Utopia, then, is a place inhabited by people of infinite wit, good temper, and a disposition to agree with the last speaker, supposing that person to be yourself. The Utopian House must be large and well ventilated, furnished with simplicity and excellent taste; your income must be just a little more than you can spend, and no one must, on any account, practise on musical instruments in your hearing. You must travel until you find a perfect climate, one where

you can breathe and sleep well, and on no account have any thing to annoy or trouble you.

You must be surrounded with cheerful companions, and, above all, must have a good cook. You must, it is presumable, be a very agreeable person yourself, else these wits, and good cooks, and thoughtful, considerate people, will not seek your company; and, having achieved all this, may you enjoy a long life in your possible Utopia.

M. E. W. 8.

A SHORT STUDY OF THE MYSTERIES.

RUNNING over the July numbers of AP-
PLETONS' JOURNAL recently, I fell upon certain editorial comments on an article of mine entitled "The Strangest Things in Life," and then turned back and read the article itself, by way of coming to some conclusion as to their justice. Through an error of my own, overlooked in reading and correcting the manuscript, and again overlooked in reading the proof-sheets, I find that the final sentence of the article is a little misleading as to the actual position I intended to take, and as to my real opinions on the important question discussed. The sentence, commencing, "The day has come to stop babbling about nervous centres," and going on to urge a more thorough study of the internal culture and forces of nervous tissue, is defective in this: that the word *exclusively* should have followed the word *babbling*. What I intended to urge was that study of the nervous centres was only competent to the explanation of the modes under which nervous influence operates, and constitutes merely the analytic part of psychology; while, on the other hand, for a rational explanation of the phenomena called spiritual the laws and constitution of the nervous life must be carefully investigated. With this correction I will let the article stand as it is. But I should be very sorry to put myself on the record as depreciating the value of studies in nervous anatomy and structure, within their legitimate province. This one remark, however, I must be permitted, and I think most anatomists will concede its justice—namely, that, the more thorough one's mastery of nervous anatomy and function, the less the inclination to materialistic views of mental action, and the more absolute the conviction that life is associated with a series of unknown and possibly unknowable forces, and that in its relation to these forces it presents a series of problems that physiological formularies are incompetent to solve. The phenomena of spiritualism, so far from dipping into this higher series of relations, seem to me to be purely morbid nervous phenomena, always associated with the epileptic predisposition, and having no value whatever except as curious facts appertaining to that department of psychology designated as medical.

How strikingly this view is illustrated in the biographies of acting spiritual mediums, and how minutely and invariably the facts verify it, are points that can only be appre-

hended in their full force by those who have patiently and thoroughly investigated the nervous traits and hereditary tendencies of persons of this class. A case which I have recently investigated will exhibit the whole group of facts in such a manner as to indicate their relation to each other. Sophia H—, twenty-one years of age, has been subject to paroxysms of clairvoyance for five years. She is a native of Boston, of cerebrovital temperament, the sensuous predominating over the intellectual, and in apparently good health. "Your theory, Fairfield," said a medical man, who is a little inclined to the doctrines of spiritualism, "breaks down in the case of Miss H—. She is in perfect physical health." Having been introduced, Miss H— was so kind as to submit to any tests I might select, and to answer any questions I wished to ask. I accordingly provided myself with an assortment of drugs of various tastes, ranging from the intolerably bitter and acid to the exceedingly sweet and aromatic, taking the precaution to procure them in the form of sugar-coated pellets. The induced clairvoyance having supervened with the slight shiver usual in such cases, I requested that the eyes of Miss H— should be bandaged with a heavy black-silk scarf, personally supervising the operation. I then requested the attendant to sit in an adjoining room, where he could see me, but not Miss H—; and, seating myself about six feet from the medium, I commenced the experiments by putting a pellet of quinine in my mouth. For half a minute the expression on the face of Miss H— was one of exceeding satisfaction; but the instant the sugar was dissolved, and the quinine commenced to affect the taste-buds, the satisfaction vanished, and, although I did not move a muscle in indication of the disagreeable sensation, she began to expectorate spasmodically and violently, as if trying to expel something from her mouth. I continued the experiments with pellets of asafetida and other sugar-coated preparations, with the result of convincing myself that the series of sensations experienced by me was actually reproduced *seriatim* on the tongue of the patient. I then directed my mind to the table in my own room, and asked the medium to describe it in detail, which she did, specifying one jar of alcohol as containing the brain and spinal column of a cat; another as filled with yellow liquid, and containing the brain of a mouse and that of a fish; and a third as being half-full of bugs and flies. She then described my Quekett microscope and the mahogany box in which it was kept; went on to tell me about my dissecting-lens and how it was arranged (the instrument is one of very peculiar pattern, especially adapted to insect-dissection); enumerated the titles of books lying on the table, among them a work on comparative anatomy and one of Huxley's recent publications; and, after specifying various glasses and minor instruments lying in a green box (which I had forgotten about), finally concluded by describing a condensing-lens, and telling me what it was for, adding that I often used it in dissecting mice, which was the fact. The *séances* occupied half an hour, perhaps. At subsequent *séances* she exhibited the same singular accuracy as to

mental impressions that had previously passed through my own mind, but was perfectly incapable of going beyond them.

Now for the sequel. On careful inquiry, Miss H— confessed that her attacks of clairvoyance were at first heralded by almost unendurable neuralgia, with pains shooting from the back of the neck upward and forward, and that these paroxysms still occasionally occurred. Her brother, Charles H—, eighteen years of age, and of vital temperament, has been for several years under treatment for spinal epilepsy, and her father was a pronounced epileptic. An elder brother, thirty-seven years of age, is subject to paroxysms of neuralgia very similar to those in which the career of Miss H— commenced. In a word, not to amplify tediously, the epileptic predisposition is strongly marked in every member of the family—an inherited nervous taint, showing itself in the younger son in its most pronounced form, and in the instance of the medium herself in a larvated form, without perceptible convulsions. All three have, at different periods, been subject to attacks of somnambulism; and yet, judging from superficial data, they are of robust constitution and in full health.

The case of the Eddy brothers, whose *séances* were noticed in my recent article, furnishes another illustration of the same state of facts. The father was a Methodist exhorter of the most emotional type. The mother was a compound of religious enthusiast and fortune-teller. The maternal ancestry was actively concerned in the ancient manifestations at Salem. The two younger brothers, mediums, have always been subject to what the neighbors style "queer spells," and the father had fits. The elder brother is a Swedenborgian minister—that is to say, holds tenets peculiarly akin to the doctrines of spiritualism. I investigated the case in October last, some weeks after the work on spiritualism had been submitted, and consequently was not able to include the data in the forthcoming work—a thing to be the more regretted because the facts are typically illustrative of the correlation that subsists between epilepsy and the paroxysms of the spiritual medium. Into the laws that govern this correlation I will not now inquire, as I have had my opportunity on that question. Physiologists cannot tell why it is that a tomat with blue eyes is always deaf, nor why gout is correlated with psoriasis. The facts are matters of observation, for which, in the present state of physiological science, no rational explanation can be assigned; but they are none the less facts of frequent occurrence, and of unquestionable validity. Again, in the phenomena of spiritualism, whoever will take the trouble to investigate the nervous states and hereditary predisposition of one medium after another, until he has exhausted the list of available candidates, will find that the phenomena are so constantly associated with the epileptic *neurosis* as to be justly classifiable with the symptoms of that special type of nervous degeneration. Such being the case, clairvoyance and trance must be considered simply as the psychical exponents of certain morbid states of the tissues of the brain—very strange

in some of their aspects, but to be viewed with apprehension and corrected by medical treatment, if possible, not exhibited to gratify the morbid curiosity of such as are always hunting for miracles and mysteries.*

One or two points in reference to both these cases should be noted, in order that their bearing may be fairly appreciated. In each family the elder brother, who may be fairly presumed to have been the product of the highest physical vigor of the parents, partially escapes the taint, which appears in the elder Eddy only as intellectual predisposition, and in the elder H— as a tendency to vertigo. Again, of the two Eddy boys, who are mediums, the elder and stronger, a man of vital temperament, and about thirty years of age, produces the materializing phenomena, while the younger and punier of them is a trance-medium. I speak conventionally when I talk of the phenomena produced by these mediums; for, having made it a rule not to trouble myself with investigating public *séances* where the probabilities are that all the necessary facilities for optical deception have been prearranged, I did not apply any tests whatever, and limited my inquiries to the detection and description of the epileptic predisposition. And if any reader should say that it is impossible for a

* What is styled credulity has its physiological basis, in the majority of instances, so far as I have observed, either in the existence of peculiar nervous experiences or in a predisposition that renders them possible. In the course of my intimacies with students, and with highly-cultivated persons, who were incapable of credulity in the ordinary acceptance of the term, I have frequently observed the phenomenon of an inherited predisposition battling for existence with the rational intellect, on occasions when the nervous system was laboring under excessive exhaustion. At such times, or in periods of great nervous tension, inherited superstitions very frequently assert themselves spontaneously, with something of their original force, even with persons of the highest intellectual culture. A man who has had trance-experiences at a period of nervous debility, or under the influence of an anæsthetic agent, knows experientially that such experiences are real, and that they bring with them a train of very singular and inexplicable psychical impressions. In good health he may have no interest in such things, except to say truthfully that they may occur, and to concede their existence as strange psychological facts—morbid but real products. On the other hand, in a very large class of persons, who, owing to favorable conditions in life, know nothing of these phenomena experientially, the predisposition exists, and shows itself in what is generally termed credulity—that is to say, in a tendency to accept and dwell lovingly upon the marvelous. In resolving this problem, it is worth the while to remember that all our psychical possibilities are potential in the nervous system, and that, comparatively speaking, these possibilities vary exceedingly in different individuals, are partly hereditary, partly acquired, and result in that variety of intellectual biases that contact with men continually illustrates. The point I wish to impress particularly, however, is that the tendency to believe in strange psychic phenomena is generally the intellectual representative of an inherent but often latent possibility of experiencing them. Dr. Maudsley styles this latent *neurosis*. For example: the possibility of experiencing a premonitory dream must exist in the nervous organism before a person can concede the reality of such a phenomenon. In other words, strange beliefs are the exponents of exceptional nervous susceptibilities. Good physical conditions, not rational analysis, have been mainly instrumental in diminishing the popular interest in exceptional psychic facts.

person to be indifferent as to the question whether the phenomena produced by the elder Eddy are genuine or spurious, I have simply to answer that I had previously witnessed similar phenomena in my own room, under conditions of test prescribed by myself, and that the important point with me was to verify the epileptic predisposition in as many instances of spiritual mediums as I could possibly or conveniently observe. Thus, having verified the materializing phenomena in several instances, and knowing, as a scientific verity, that they may occur, although I have an exceeding interest in the nervous traits and predispositions of a medium who can produce them, I am neither startled nor curious as to the feats themselves. From the scientific aspect, they are the least important phenomena of spiritualism—startling, astonishing, adapted to captivate the popular imagination, and to the production of sensational reports in the newspapers; but mere nervous *trous de force* that no man cares to witness after he has once decided whether they are real occurrences or not. Of course, after witnessing phenomena of this type, and while reviewing one's mental memoranda of them, the question always comes up whether they may not have been mere phantasms, optical illusions, reflex spectra, or something of such nature. For myself, I will say that I have lived in the world thirty-five years, and that, both as respects vision and hearing, I have always been noted for accuracy and delicacy of perception, and for mathematical distinctness of impression as to objects cognizable by the senses. A delusive sensation is something unknown to me. I have been, at various periods, subject to presentimental dreams and to waking premonitions, but, except in nervous fever, or under anaesthesia, the nervous state known as clairvoyance is not within the circle of my experiences. As to impunity from what is generally styled nervousness, I could, I think, shake hands with a ghost at midnight without the slightest tremor, the fact being that I am so indifferent and unsympathetic in these matters that I am often ashamed of my own apathy when in conversation with persons of more enthusiastic temperament. The source of this indifference lies, no doubt, in the fact that I have an abiding and unfashionable sympathy with those higher spiritual forces and those higher aspects of spiritual culture that give religion its vitality and its historical value and significance, and that, in view of the latter, with their deep but silent influence in redeeming human life to the higher good and the higher beautiful, the phenomena of spiritualism seem to me but morbid and fantastic mockeries of the really spiritualizing and ennobling. I have, hence, a peculiar immunity as respects illusion in regard to these phenomena, because of a thorough contempt for the moral and intellectual attitude of persons who can pass their lives in practising them. The investigation of them, indeed, has been with me but one of the minor aspects of a comprehensive series, with a view to unfold and demonstrate the scientific basis of religion. But I must frankly own, nevertheless, that the phenomena are in many cases real and genuine, and that, as

such, psychological science cannot properly disregard them.

This one warning let me give to amateur investigators: unless you are thoroughly trained to habits of exact scientific investigation, and have passed patient years in the practical study of the anatomy, histology, functions, and forces of the nervous system, relegate this field of inquiry to men who make a specialty of neurological studies. If you have had such a training, and can unravel the details of a nervous organism, centre by centre, then, as a preliminary step, visit insane asylums and hospitals and prisons, and make yourself familiar from life with all the shades and varieties of morbid nervous phenomena. As an initial memorandum, you will find that, in insane asylums, along with every species of hallucination and delusion, the vision of spirits of the dead and the periodical paroxysm of clairvoyance are of constant occurrence. I have seldom observed an insane patient carefully through any number of paroxysms without finding that the fit was either preceded or followed—generally the former—by a period of clairvoyance, during which the intelligence exhibited participated in the same preternatural aspects that are common with trance-mediums. Next, on comparing the physical symptoms that accompany the trances of spiritual mediums with the more pronounced series observed in settled insanity, the investigator will find that they are substantially identical—the exponents of what may be styled a progressive nervous dissolution. The conclusion will thus be forced upon him that the phenomena of spiritualism are symptoms of nervous perversion and degeneracy, and that the singular forces illustrated in these phenomena are the results of rapid molecular transformations of the intimate structure of the nervous centres. Lastly, in order to verify this conclusion, he will direct his inquiries especially to the nervous states and hereditary tendencies of the mediums themselves. I have no hesitation in predicting the result of such a method of investigation; for, in all the mediums that I have examined as to these points, in not a single instance have minute observation and careful inquiry failed to detect and verify the existence of the epileptic *neurosis*; so that, strange as the phenomena appear, when superficially examined and regarded without reference to their etiology, the moment the inquiry is directed to their causes, they resolve themselves into morbid products of nervous disturbance. On the other hand, they differ in many respects from phenomena generally classed with the products of unconscious cerebration.

I will give an instance of the latter which has just been contributed to my portfolio by Dr. S. J. Parker, of Ithaca, New York, formerly a surgeon in the United States Army. "In the great Grant advance of 1864," writes Dr. Parker, "a soldier came to me while acting as surgeon at the White House on York River, with a grape-shot of two ounces in weight imbedded in his forehead. The wound and laceration were frightful. The whole forehead-skull was crushed from the hair over the right ear to the hair over the left, and from just above the eyes to and into the

hair growing on the frontal part of the head. The ball lay under fragments of the skull just above the right eye. I extracted it without relief to the symptoms, which were as follows:

"Although the man had walked sixteen miles after he was shot, in a military attitude, with his musket on his shoulder, he was determined to keep on walking, and I was compelled to have him thrown down and his musket taken away by force, to prevent him from continuing his monotonous military tramp. He would stop an instant, answer feebly any question put to him, then walk on. Being turned about by force, he would walk on in the new direction until he was stopped and turned again; yet taking notice of obstacles in his way, avoiding trees, fording streams of water with his usual care, and so on. When compelled to lie still he evinced no disposition to get up, or even to alter his position. When I compelled him to eat, he went on with the motions of eating after the food was exhausted and until I stopped him forcibly. But walking without the power to stop was the symptom that supervened whenever he was excited. He slowly and feebly answered all my questions; stated that he had no pain, did not think he was in any danger, and was not badly hurt; expressed a wish to have his wound dressed and to return to the field, but did not care particularly whether I dressed it or not; showed great muscular strength, so that it required considerable force to compel him to obey surgical orders. After he had been held fast by me and my assistants for a few minutes, he was ordered to stand and present arms. He did so very promptly, and would have died, I think, rather than stir out of his tracks, unless by some jar or concussion of the brain he was set to walking again, when off he would tramp in military style, avoiding obstacles in his way with the usual care of a conscious man."

In this instance, with the *ideo-motor* centres of the brain completely contused, the inquirer has a case that offers a tolerably satisfactory illustration of the kind of actions which occur in unconscious cerebration. The temporal lobes of the brain, the cerebellum or locomotive centre, the vital and spinal centres, and the centres and organs of sensation, were still intact, with the possible exception of the olfactory organism. The whole sensory and *instincto-motor* man was still uninjured; but his movements were purely automatic, so far as could be gathered from the symptoms.

This dramatic case (Huxley describes at length a very similar one in his 1874-paper before the British Association) indicates very minutely and distinctly the relative limits and traits of unconscious nervous action, as compared with voluntary movements. In the phenomena of spiritualism, on the other hand, the physiologist has to deal, not with extirpation of the anterior lobes (*ideo-motor* centres), but with the morbid function of those lobes, which are the great centres of perception, of volition, and of ideation, and in which the multifarious activities of other ganglia of the nervous system become subjects of cognition and consciousness. Clair-

voyance is thus one of the results of morbid function of the perceptive centres of the human brain, while hallucination and illusion accompany morbid function of the sensory centres, and are by no means symptoms of such weighty import as their more quiet correlative. The latter often coexist with unimpaired intellectual faculties; the former, particularly in its settled stages, engenders an intellectual bias (aura), which is fatal to mental soundness, and invariably predisposes its victim to accept such tenets as the literature of spiritualism illustrates. In all my conversations with avowed spiritualists, during the last ten years, I have never committed the blunder of imagining that argument could be of any avail. To the few who were drifting in that direction, and who have expressed the fear that they should become spiritualists unless certain phenomena they had witnessed could be resolved, I have latterly ventured to suggest that the predisposition to accept these doctrines is in itself something that calls for medical treatment rather than for argument, and to the eradication of which tonics are better adapted than talking. In the sad case of Robert Dale Owen,* for example, an inherited predisposition existed in the first instance. The intellectual bias that rendered him a life-long spiritualist, and partly vitiated the work of a brilliant mind, was but the natural result of this predisposition; and the insanity that has at last overtaken him can be justly viewed in no other light than as the final stage of the disorder. I had an hour's interview with Mr. Owen in the winter of 1873-'74, intending to discuss his case in connection with that of the late Judge Edmonds, and shall never forget the vivid impression I then had that the shadow of madness was already over him. It suffices to say that the impression led me to omit his name in the list of cases, and merely to allude to it elsewhere, lest some word of mine might hasten the impending destiny, and that the sad *finale* has justified that omission. A more terrible warning to enthusiastic spiritualists than the fate of this apostle of their doctrines could

* Two days after the above was written, the following note, on Mr. Owen's case, from the Superintendent of the Indiana State Hospital for the Insane, was placed in my hands. The practised alienist says: "Referring to an article in which, inferentially, the insanity of Robert Dale Owen, now in my care, is connected with the celebrated Katie King impostures, I beg leave to state, for the benefit of the many persons interested, that, while I believe the merest assumption of personal sensuous communication with spirit beings is evidence of insanity, Mr. Owen's present condition is clearly attributable to other predisposing or exciting causes than spiritualism, in any of its phases, theoretical or experimental. The whole subject of spiritualism seems, indeed, to have dropped out of Mr. Owen's thought." I have put in *italics* a statement of opinion as to the symptomatic value of the vision of spirits, which is almost word for word coincident with the view I have expressed in the work on spiritualism. The mere fact that spiritualism is not even alluded to in his ravings, however, by no means demonstrates the doctor's view that his speculations and investigations have had no influence in inducing them. The predisposing cause of the break-down of the nervous system was very certainly hereditary taint, and pronounced spiritualism was simply one of the stages of the disorder, but assisted to bring on the crisis.

not possibly have occurred to give point to what physiology has to say on the subject. The result is, however, by no means an isolated or even an uncommon one. The last days of many a medium have been passed in the insane hospital or in slowly-progressive idiocy.

What, then, is the last word that physiology has to say as to the phenomena and literature of spiritualism? Simply this: that the phenomena are invariably associated with the epileptic *neurosis*, either hereditary or acquired; that the apparently occult forces and the strange sources of intelligence often illustrated at *séances* are the exponents of an envioning nervous influence, consequent upon degeneration of the nervous centres, and engendered in a manner analogous to the production of electricity by the decomposition of zinc in solution of nitric acid; that, finally, the predisposition to accept the doctrines and tenets of spiritualism is one of the consequences of such nervous disturbance, and should be treated as a symptom of nervous disorder, not argued with after the manner that one man argues with another on scientific questions.* These are not statements of a theory intended to explain the phenomena—that is, to tell how they are produced, as one explains the swinging of a pendulum. They are facts of observation that lay bare the causes, not of the phenomena only, but of the mental predisposition also, that has eventuated in giving spiritualism a distinctive and peculiar literature. However genuine the phenomena, and however real the superhuman intelligence exhibited by medi-

* The citation from Mr. Lecky, page 30 of *ARLSTON'S JOURNAL*, July 3d, illustrates the defects of the so-called philosophical (generalizing) manner of treating these questions. It is very true, perhaps, that the phenomena of sorcery have never been disproved, but it is quite untrue that they have ceased to exist as the rationalizing process has made progress, or by specific rational action. As respects name, these phenomena have suffered many transformations from age to age, appearing now under the designation of magic, now as sorcery, now in the practices of the mystics and *Ummahs*, now as mesmerism, finally as spiritualism. But they have been substantially the same under all their designations. The fakirs (mystics) of Hindostan and Arabia have depended upon them for ages for their influence with their respective races, and there is ground to believe that they formed the basis of the very ancient Egyptian mysteries. Salverte's history of the occult sciences shows this, I think, beyond a doubt, although he holds a different theory. The apparent death of the fakirs of the Orient has, indeed, never been equaled in the phenomena of modern spiritualism. The truth is, when the history of the Aryan races is carefully examined, it is clear that this series of phenomena has descended from the remotest ages, and that among the Greeks the mysteries unquestionably consisted mainly in their practice. It was thus, on account of the singular phenomena associated with it, that the ancients styled epilepsy the sacred madness, and it is now quite well authenticated that candidates for priests were accepted or rejected on this basis alone. That is to say, the epileptic predisposition was essential to the office, and no candidate was admitted to the study of the mysteries who was not susceptible of the paroxysm. As the conditions of living have become improved, the percentage of epileptics has diminished. This is the manner in which the progress of rationalism affects the issue and extirpates the tendency to accept marvels. Men believe in their own experiences, whether morbid or healthy, and cease to believe when the experiences cease to occur.

ums, these facts are fatal to the system; for, if spiritualism means any thing to the great problems that trouble human life, it means that the persons who produce these phenomena and have this faculty of clairvoyance are persons of higher organization than their fellows, and that, in the course of progressive ages, the century will come when the development of this faculty will be general. If, then, it is a morbid product, and if mediums are persons of inferior rather than of superior organization, the system has no real basis, and its phenomena are of no interest except as data in scientific psychology. It is not incumbent on physiologists to construct a clock-work theory as to the manner in which nervous influence acts on envioning objects. That will come by-and-by, perhaps, when the laws and properties of nervous influence have been more thoroughly investigated. At present it would be premature, although it might be ingenious, to attempt such an explanation in detail, and physiology has more premature theorizing to answer for already than is consistent with scientific exactness.

FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

FLIRTATION.

A ROSE-BUD in its first green coat,
You wrapped your shawl about your throat,

And crossed the lawn, when we went boating;
I touched the fragrance of your hand;
The fog came down and hid the land,
As white as snow, and we were floating.

Its dew envelope shut us in
A brand-new world, where never sin
Had laid on man the curse of labor;
We saw, across its purple rim,
The swords of the fiery cherubim
Flash four ways, like the angel's sabre.

And as my dreamy fancy sketched
A life on rainbow plumage stretched,
Far drifting on the clouds of even,
I touched the shy, reluctant glove;
What is it but to whisper love,
And be between the earth and heaven?

Soft fiction of the fickle mist!
The serpent, on your jeweled wrist,
Flashed venom at my disappointment;
For, like a pomegranate full of musk,
Our world brake ope its misty husk,
And spilled the spice and precious ointment.

But ever in this world of ours
Our sweetest wishes are like flowers
That lose their petal-bloom in labor;
Nor Eden's self were half so sweet
Did she not leave them incomplete,
Coquetting with the four-winged sabre.

WILL WALLACE HARNET

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SHOULD the present insurrection in Herzegovina prove to be an organized resistance to the Turkish tax-collectors, Montenegro would, in all probability, swiftly join in the fray. Late visitors to the latter community unite in declaring that the whole population is burning with impatience for war with the Turk. Indeed, it is not at all unlikely that the Montenegrins have excited this new rebellion in Herzegovina in the same way that they fomented and brought about the one which took place in 1860; expecting to take part, as they did then, in the conflict, and hoping to be more successful than they were at that time. And, as Montenegro is the especial *protégé* of Russia, it would not be very strange if this little confederation of mountain-villages should, in this way, precipitate that great war between the European powers which the most skillful diplomacy has of late been barely able to prevent.

Montenegro—or, as its inhabitants call it, *Tzernagora*, that is, "Black Mountain"—has rather more than eighteen hundred square miles of territory, and a population of about one hundred and thirty thousand souls. It is a mere cluster of mountains, covered in most places by thick, dark forests. There are no towns really worthy the name: Cetigne, or Zettinje, the capital; Rjeka, a port on Lake Scutari, and the other most important places, being actually nothing more than large villages. The dwellings of the poorer people are miserable huts, and there is no truly wealthy class in the country. Cut off from the Adriatic by the Austrian province of Dalmatia, they have very little commerce; their densely-wooded or bare and rocky mountains are not suitable for grazing, and the system of agriculture they pursue in the little plateaus and valleys interspersed through their land is, even to-day, too primitive in character to afford them much more than a subsistence. Game does not abound; and only one stream, flowing into Lake Scutari (or *Skadar*, as they call it), offers any advantages for fishing. Being thus restricted in the most usual modes of supporting existence, and, in a measure, besieged in their mountain refuge, they long ago fell into the habit of acquiring the good things of this life by taking them away from their neighbors, especially the Turks. In fact, they may be said to have lived for a number of centuries mainly by war, and their history consists chiefly of one long struggle against the armies of the Ottoman Empire.

When the great Slavonic kingdom of Serbia was at the height of its power, Montenegro formed part of it, and then comprised, in

addition to the Black Mountain of the present day, some level districts near the Adriatic. The victory of Kossopopolje, in 1889, having made the heirs of the last Serbian king the vassals of Sultan Bajazet I., the Montenegrins, led by their Prince Ivo the Black, a relative of the Serbian royal family, retreated into their mountain-fastnesses, and declared themselves independent. But they have never been recognized as a free state by the nations of Europe, and the Turks have never relinquished their claim to authority over them. Yet, although the sultans quickly began trying to enforce this claim, it was long before even a semblance of control could be obtained by them in the Black Mountain. In 1816, the ruling prince of Montenegro resigned the secular power into the hands of the vladika, or Greek-Catholic archbishop, making the government purely theocratic. Russia became the protector of the country in 1710, agreeing to pay it an annual subsidy of eight thousand ducats, the consideration being that it should keep a portion of the Turkish forces engaged by frequent incursions. Four years afterward the Turks invaded Montenegro in great force, and succeeded in conquering it; but they were obliged to retreat soon afterward, and the little mountain state again proclaimed its independence. In 1796, the Pasha of Scutari attacked it with a large army, but suffered a disastrous defeat, losing no less than thirty thousand men. No more attempts to carry the war into their country were made until 1833, and the great expedition against them in that year also signally failed. Since 1851, the secular and religious governments have been separate, as of old; the vladika being the canonical, and the *gospodar* the temporal ruler. Yet, it has been noticed by travelers that many of the people still use the former title when speaking of their actual sovereign, the *gospodar*. During the war between Russia and the allied powers of Europe, Turkey sent a strong army under the renowned Omar Pasha to bring Montenegro into subjection; but this attempt, like so many others of the same kind, was without success. In 1860, however, when the Turks had suppressed the insurrection excited by the Montenegrins in Herzegovina, they pushed on into the country of the latter, and, after a hard struggle lasting two years, finally forced them to acknowledge the authority of the Porte.

But it is very evident that these irrepressible *Tzernagorzes* are now on the point of another warlike movement. A German traveler, who has more than once sojourned among them and recently published an account of his last visit to their country, in the summer of 1874, states that the war-feeling was at that time universal, deep-seated, and

intense. They had then just gotten news of the outrage at Podgoritz, in Albania, where two Montenegrins, flying from the rabble of the town, had sought refuge in the barracks, but had been thrust out by the soldiers, and butchered before the eyes of the Turkish officers. Their countrymen were nearly wild with excitement at this report. Every man was armed to the teeth, and the strenuous efforts of their rulers were hardly competent to prevent their instantly seeking revenge at the scene of the outrage. But the influence of Russia helped to preserve peace, and satisfaction was afforded by the Turkish Government. It was evident, however, that the Montenegrins were greatly disappointed at losing this opportunity for war, and it is not probable that they will allow another one to escape them.

That these hardy mountaineers are good fighters is proved by their almost uniformly successful resistance for nearly five centuries to the armies which were for a great part of that time the terror of Christendom. Something is due, of course, to the natural defenses of their country, through which they have not, until very lately, allowed any roads to be made. But the people themselves have been its main defense. The German traveler before mentioned describes a band he saw in Rjeka during the Podgoritz excitement, which may be taken as a good specimen of their best fighting material. They were splendidly-formed young men, apparently as strong and active as wild mountain-stags. None were less than six feet in height, and their leader was a giant of at least seven. Each man carried a breech-loading rifle, and had two revolvers and a *yataghan* in the red scarf around his waist. All were full of impatience to be over the border, and away into Albania.

But these people are really fit for better things than war and plunder. They are intelligent, hospitable, ardent lovers of freedom, and, like the Slavonic race generally, devoted to music and lyric poetry. Their *piemas*, or war-ballads, are often full of true poetic fervor, and the Vladika Pietro II., who succeeded to the sovereignty in 1880, was a poet of no mean capacity. He was also the originator of many of those improvements in the state which have very lately been carried to a much greater degree of perfection. These are the formation of a senate, the introduction of schools, the discouragement of vendettas and forays into neighboring districts, and the encouragement of home enterprise and peaceful industry. The improvements in these respects that have taken place within the last few years are now very marked. The capital has some respectable public buildings, and is the seat of a good female seminary, in which the two daughters

of the *gospodar* sit beside those of plain citizens. The lake-port of Rijeka has some trade with the adjacent provinces, and is beginning to present a very modern and civilized appearance. And for the first time in the history of the country a good road is being constructed over the mountains, in spite of numerous almost insuperable difficulties. The only mode of traveling in Montenegro, heretofore, has been by means of narrow paths, winding up and down the sides of almost perpendicular cliffs, and along the brinks of terrible abysses. The new road, which is, probably, just being finished, will connect the country with the outside world, and throw it open to foreign influence.

On the whole, there is good reason for believing that if the independence of Montenegro should be acknowledged and guaranteed by the great powers of Europe, thus giving it a definite status, and putting an end to its frequent hostilities with Turkey, it would soon become a peaceful and prosperous community. And even if it should be absorbed by the Austrian or Russian Empire, the same desirable effect might be expected to ensue.

THERE can be no question of the fact that the law should be administered to the rich and the poor with equal rigor. In contrast with the course here in this matter, we are often called upon to admire the stern impartiality of British justice. In a land where rank is more revered and caste more rigid than in any other of the European countries, neither rank nor caste has the slightest weight in the courts of justice. But it would sometimes seem as if unnecessary pains were taken there to show that in the courts no distinction of persons exists. We have only recently been called upon to admire the stern impartiality of an English justice in the case of a wealthy firm of London merchants charged with fraud. "When," says the account, "the heads of the firm were first brought before the magistrate, heavy bail was demanded. They were not allowed to go home while their friends hunted round for bail, but were remanded to Newgate. Their lawyer begged that they might at least be allowed to go to Newgate in a cab. The magistrate replied that if poor men were brought before him they would have to go to prison in the common van; that there was no difference in the offense with which the prisoners were charged, whether committed by rich or poor—consequently, he declined to grant the privilege applied for." Now, this act of the magistrate has been applauded as something very impartial, rigorous, and fine. Perhaps, however, a little consideration will show us that

the course pursued in this case is not, after all, sanctioned by strict justice. It is sometimes required of justice that considerations for persons should wisely and rightly temper and mitigate its judgments. Previous good conduct, for instance, commonly qualifies the severity of a penalty that a court inflicts, just as the fact that the criminal is a notoriously bad character increases the severity of the sentence. If, then, it is proper to admit considerations of this kind in the case of a condemned person, assuredly it is right to give them weight in cases where the persons are accused but as yet remain unconvicted of guilt. Why should any unnecessary humiliation or suffering be inflicted upon any person in the preliminary stage of an accusation, when his criminal conduct is only assumed? The horde of vagabonds brought before a London police justice may be dispatched to Newgate in a van with no special humiliation or shame felt by any of them; it is in their case no penalty; but to men of previous respectability, who may be innocent of the charges against them, it is a most degrading experience, and one that the justice which brags of its impartiality has no right to inflict. It would be improper to distinguish between rich and poor, but it is not improper to distinguish between previous respectability and notorious dissoluteness—between old offenders with every presumption of guilt and new prisoners with fair presumption of innocence.

Justice may ignore distinctions of persons, but the character and antecedents of a criminal often determine whether a sentence is really light or severe. The very fact of a public arraignment is a great trial to some men, and the penalty of imprisonment, however brief, means for them endless shame and worldly ruin. To a hardened offender imprisonment is a serious inconvenience, but it gives no wound to the spirit, it is no overthrow of pride, it involves no loss of social place and esteem—it is simply a piece of bad luck, the consequences of which end with the termination of the penalty. In the case of Colonel Baker, recently condemned to a year's imprisonment for an improper assault upon a lady in the compartment of a railway-car, the punishment is no doubt justified by the crime, but the penalty is really absolute ruin, while to many men it would be comparatively a trifling matter. It is obvious that the significance and intensity of punishments vary greatly with individuals, and Justice can never be true to her high mission until her judgments are largely determined by the facts and circumstances pertaining to the offenders. This, it may be said, would not be so much a distinction between individuals as a distinction between conditions. Fortunately, there is a growing

disposition to mark differences between first and subsequent offenses. Between the rash youth who, in a moment of temptation, has committed his first crime, and the hardened offender, there is assuredly a tremendous gulf, and we hope in time to see these two classes of criminals brought under distinctly different kinds of penalties—one being reformatory and, as far as possible, kindly, the other relentless and even revengeful, for against such offenders society owes nothing but the fires of her indignation.

THE singular sweetness, simplicity, and purity of all Hans Christian Andersen's writings reflect the quality and give the keynote of the man himself. Of few authors can it be so emphatically said, as he himself used to say, that his works were himself. They are serene like himself, and exhibit all his delicate shades of feeling. They are ever instinct with a love of mankind, a bright way of looking upon the world (which he often called "the good world"), and, above all, a very sincere and childlike love of children. In the modern literature of Denmark, Hans Andersen is about the only name known outside of that country itself. He was one of the cosmopolitan writers, like Dickens, like Victor Hugo, like Turgeneff, like Longfellow. It is very rarely that even the greatest literary genius can impose his works upon foreign minds; it is still more rarely that a man can write as Andersen did, so as to please at once Danish and English, German and Russian children. He must rise above nationality, be something more than the scion of a race. That dear old Hans Andersen was as welcome at the firesides of St. Petersburg and San Francisco as at those of Copenhagen, indicates that, without a very wonderful imagination, and even without the highest faculty of dramatic power, he was master of the chord of Nature which touches the universal human heart. He was kind, unselfish, cheerful, fresh, clear, and simple, a gentlest teacher of the virtues, with a light, pure, graceful fancy, which lent poetry and imparted pleasure to his thoughts, and made the few simple principles he wished to inculcate easy to receive; and the emotions he thus touched are those which civilized humanity partakes in common. To even suggest that Hans Andersen's books are free from the slightest taint of impurity, seems to be doing a sort of violence to his sweet memory. Those who knew him speak of him as a sort of typified innocence. In his daily life he seems to have been utterly guileless; he was very unwilling to believe evil of any one, and was at the farthest extreme from those who indulge in lamentations over the depravity of the world. No writer has lived of whom it could be more aptly said that he saw "sermons in stones, books in

the running brooks, and good in every thing." Perhaps the most gratifying deduction from the influence he has had, personally and in a literary sense, is that *goodness* of intellect is able to exercise a power often denied to intellectual *greatness*. Contrast such a character as Hans Andersen with the stormy, wretched, brilliant Dean of St. Patrick's! Gauge the kind of influence which each has had upon men's minds; and mark what a suggestive difference there is between the serene life of the son of the Danish shoemaker, and the tortured existence of the man who fretted his life away because he could not be a bishop! It is an honor that Hans Andersen would have been happiest to cherish that his loss will chiefly be felt by the little children of the nations.

ONCE more we hear of socialist conspiracies in Russia, of the arrest of nobles implicated in subversive plots, of sad, compulsory exoduses to the bleak steppes of Siberia, and of the alarming growth of democratic ideas among the peasants of Muscovy and the banks of the Neva. It is said that every thing in this world has its complement; and, politically speaking, it seems to be true that where there is one extreme, there is always lurking its opposite. Here is the most rigid despotism on earth—a despotism which derives greater strength from the union of spiritual with temporal puissance in a single person; with an iron system of police ramifying throughout a vast empire; with an enormous army, which a single will may at any moment assign to police duty of the severest sort; spies and detectives, paid by government, in every hamlet; the law of punishment for offenses against "the state" startlingly brief, simple, and sudden. Yet socialism has crept in, despite the argus-eyed vigilance of St. Petersburg, and ideas of equality and fraternity are interchanged alike in the metropolitan palaces of haughty Muscovite nobles and in the distant hamlets of the Black Sea and the Ural. What makes the fact more alarming is the facility with which, after all, owing to the dead level of race and thought, any idea may spread among the Russian millions. "Amid the natives of Western Europe," says an English writer, "the variety of institutions, the diversity of ranks, the division of classes, the marked ascendancy of individuals, either by birth, fortune, or talent, offer so many barriers to the rapid spread of any idea, movement, or impulse. But, if it were possible to raise the waters of the Baltic by some score of feet, they would flow without let or hinderance over the vast level plains which stretch from Poland to the Ural Mountains. In much the same way any religious or political movement, which could by any possibility be in-

troduced into Russia, would spread with a rapidity and uniformity which would never be obtained under the more complicated civilization of the Western World." There can be no doubt that the emancipation of the serfs has had not a little to do with the spread of socialism in Russia; and the trouble is that that act, like the abolition of slavery in the United States, is a thing impossible to revoke. The empire must take its consequences, or check them as it can. Perhaps its only remedy will be found in substituting a constitutional for a despotic rule. Such a policy has been able, in Austria, to take the sting out of Hungarian democracy and disaffection; one extreme having been abolished, the opposite extreme, which fed upon it, has seemingly died also. Singularly enough, the spirit of communism and the International, wellnigh extinct to all appearance in France, Spain, and Italy, finds refuge and comfort in the most rigidly governed and least intelligent population in Europe.

Our contributor who talks this week of "Possible Utopias" omits mention of one felicitous condition that is attainable by all of us. This is the Utopia of flowers. In country places there is, it is true, considerable flower-culture, although it by no means is developed to the extent that it might be; but in towns it is quite surprising to see this graceful means of adornment so much neglected as it is. Here and there we see a town-house lighted up and beautified (we venture to use this word despite *Polonius*) by blossoming plants on its sills and within its windows, but these instances are rare, and somewhat surprisingly so in view of the charming examples they set. Recently some of our hotels and restaurants have been most happily illustrating the possibilities that lie in this direction. The grass inclosure before Delmonico's on Fifth Avenue has been made truly a "thing of beauty;" at the Brunswick, the Fifth Avenue, and the Windsor Hotels, similar but less successful attempts have been made to give grace and beauty to their approaches. In view of the small inclosures or court-yards that stand before almost all our New York residences, it would be practicable to convert our streets into delightful parterres that would greatly distinguish our city. Imagine the whole length of Fifth Avenue a continuation of the charming effects in Delmonico's beautiful inclosure. It would really become by this superb transformation the most enchanting public avenue in the world. And nothing could be easier. The spaces are there inclosed and unused; it only needs the very small expense of setting out the plants, and the occasional attention of watering and

trimming them. We might erect many costly statues and splendid fountains—spend millions, indeed, in devices for ornamenting the city architecturally—and yet we should fail to add so much real beauty to the streets as could readily be done by the means of flowers at almost no expense at all. Those who leave the city for the summer should not for this reason be indifferent to our suggestion; there are weeks in the spring and in the autumn in which their clustering vases and flowering shrubs would give them pleasure; and surely they might, in all charity, be glad to know that the flowers left behind them (kept fresh and trim by the care of some neighboring florist) made the streets gay and the air sweet for those compelled to abide in the city under July and August suns. The taste for flower-culture is on the increase, we think; it would advance more rapidly if people were not discouraged often by the failure of their attempts, arising from the want of a little knowledge of the requirements of flowers. There are many handbooks on this subject published, and any florist would give a purchaser hints and instructions. The art is very far from being a difficult one to learn; it would be impossible to devise any recreation that would require so little outlay of study and care in proportion to the pleasure afforded by the result. Let us by all means have the flower Utopia, and with as little delay as possible.

How many weeks is it since the news of the appalling disaster to the Schiller reached us? It is not so long but that many of us remember a good deal of what was said and written on that occasion. We can recollect the fierce indignation of some of the journals at the recklessness with which steamers are pushed across the Atlantic with the apparent sole desire of making quick time. We can recall the bitter denunciation of the foolhardiness that risks a whole ship full of lives rather than wait for a fog to lift. There were many very good homilies written upon the subject on that occasion, and no one can question the wisdom of the utterances or the soundness of the advice so liberally offered to owners, commanders, and passengers. All we have to deplore is the readiness with which those who preached have forgotten their own text and sermon. Last week, for instance, it chanced that the Germanic, of the White Star Line, made the quickest passage from Liverpool to New York on record. Whereupon great was the applause of the feat, and derisive were the taunts leveled at all the competing lines. "The rivals of the White Star Line of steamers," exclaimed a reputable journal, which had been conspicuous in its sermons on the Schiller disaster, "must wake up, or they will find themselves

regarded much as an engine-driver regards an old stage-coach." Wake up! Never mind now about the Schiller, and the Atlantic, and the Ville de Havre. No matter for fogs, and icebergs, and winds, but wake up and don't be beaten! Our sermons a few weeks ago were written under a gloomy and pusillanimous state of mind; we were then absolutely thinking that the safety of passengers is the most important of all considerations. So contemptible a notion, we now see, is quite unworthy any whole-souled, spirited sailor. The real, plucky thing is to beat—to get in first or go to the bottom! "You rivals of the White Star Line," wake up and show your spirit! Crowd on more steam, spread more sail, push on through fog and through darkness, for "beating all competitors" is the whole duty of man when on the seas!

Literary.

MISS MULOCK has at length laid aside the disguise which for some time past has been getting very thin, and taken openly and avowedly to preaching. Her "Sermons out of Church" (New York: Harper & Brothers) read exactly like a collection of the moralities, comments, and "thoughts," with which her recent novels have been thickly interspersed; and we confess, for our part, that we prefer them in their present shape. True, the sermons retain a curiously distinct flavor of the novelist's art; but this does not detract in any way from their interest, and before he finishes the volume the reader will frankly concede that Miss Mulock has succeeded wonderfully well in catching the peculiar tricks of the pulpit—the calm assumption of disputed premises, the elaborate arguing in a circle, the propounding of hoary commonplaces with the air of giving utterance to newly-inspired wisdom. The effect, indeed, would be somewhat overpowering (or perhaps we should say consoling, since so many of the difficulties with which we are confronted in life are definitively settled for us) were it not that Miss Mulock herself suggests a method of evasion. She observes that "one of the most trying features of listening to sermons in church is that one cannot get up and contradict the preacher when we know he is talking nonsense," thereby intimating, as we take it, that with sermons out of church we can rise and contradict as often as we disagree.

We should weary the reader's patience were we to avail ourselves fully of this concession, for, suggestive as Miss Mulock's sermons are, full as they are of sound common-sense and worldly wisdom, there are a great many points in them which, to say the least, require further discussion. In her first sermon, for instance, on "What is Self-sacrifice?" (or, more properly, "The Sin of Self-sacrifice"), she shows that she has utterly failed to comprehend the Christian conception of self-sacrifice. Her interpretation of the limits and extent of the duty would agree in all respects with the strictly utilitarian

definition of "enlightened self-interest;" her version of the command to turn the left cheek when the right is smitten would be, "Don't offer the left cheek unless you are certain that you will not thereby stimulate the pride, selfishness, and brutality of the smiter, and that the amount of good done him will over-balance the harm done to yourself." It seems never to have entered her thoughts that in the Christian morality self-sacrifice (like most of the Christian virtues) is not a social virtue but an individual one, and that the thing which most concerns us is the effect upon the person who accepts it. The moment you demand a mathematical equivalent for it, an act loses the most indispensable element of Christian self-sacrifice. Minor misconceptions of this sort abound in all the sermons, but we pass on to another characteristic of Miss Mulock's preaching, and of much other preaching, in church as well as out. It is, or ought to be, a well-known fact that physiologists are still in doubt as to whether alcohol is a stimulant only, or a food as well as a stimulant; the weight of later opinion inclining, perhaps, to the latter view, though all are agreed that more careful investigation is required before any satisfactory conclusion can be reached. This dubious state of opinion, however, does not suit Miss Mulock at all. Out of the abundance of her physiological knowledge she settles the question off-hand and finally, and declares it to be our peremptory duty "to bring up a child from babyhood in the firm faith that wine, beer, and spirits, are only medicines," and that "that which is most valuable as a medicine is poison when taken as food." This bit of dogmatism, moreover, is an entirely superfluous intrusion upon a really excellent sermon on the importance of caring for physical health and the best methods of doing so ("Our Often Infirmities"); and, in common with other specimens of the same sort, seems to come from a sturdy determination on the part of the author to believe that whatever in her opinion is right necessarily accords with the facts.

The other sermons are: "How to train up a Parent in the Way he should go," containing some wholesome doctrine concerning the duties which parents owe to children; "Benevolence—or Beneficence?" pointing out the evils of indiscriminate charity or almsgiving; "My Brother's Keeper," discussing (in a rather futile way, we think) the great servant-question; and "Gather up the Fragments," a treatise on the art of making the best of misfortunes and disappointments. It will be noticed that the subjects discussed are of a practical rather than a theological character; and, in fact, these "Sermons out of Church" belong to that comparatively modern species of literature which, whether it be presented as sermons, as essays, or as lectures, is of the utmost value, in that it applies the results of careful study and long experience to the solution of the every-day problems of life. They are not the best example of it, but they may be read with profit, and not without pleasure.

UNDER the title of "Scripture Natural History," Messrs. Bradley, Garrettson & Co.

(Philadelphia) republish Rev. J. G. Wood's well-known work on "Bible Animals." This work was published nearly ten years ago in England, and an American edition was issued a little later by Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.; but it is good enough to pass through any number of editions, and we can fairly congratulate the public on an enterprise which promises to give it a wider circulation. The object of the book is, in general terms, to show what light zoölogy throws upon the Bible; and it contains a description of "the habits, structure, and uses of every living creature mentioned in the Scriptures, from the coral to the ape," at the same time explaining "all those passages in the Old and New Testaments in which reference is made to beast, bird, reptile, fish, or insect." Few natural historians have possessed wider general culture or greater enthusiasm for their special subjects than Mr. Wood, and, of all his numerous works, "Bible Animals" presents, probably, the most favorable example of his powers. We can acquiesce in the publishers' preface to the extent of saying that the critic will find little in the book to condemn, that the common people will read it gladly, and that it is well worthy of a place in every house beside the sacred book which it honors and expounds.

The chief difference between the present and previous editions lies in the addition of an essay "On Evolution," by Dr. McCosh, hostile, but on the whole not unfair, and of an article on "Research and Travel in Bible Lands," by Rev. Daniel March, D.D., treating more particularly of the relation between recent archaeological discoveries and Biblical history. The pertinency of these articles is not evident, but they rise above the level of ordinary padding, and will doubtless be read with interest.

The illustrations are a very valuable feature of the book, being numerous and for the most part excellent.

GUHL AND KONER'S "Life of the Greeks and Romans" * is a work of very great value to students of ancient history. It does not touch upon the events, incidents, policies, and institutions, which ordinarily engage the attention of historians; but it reveals to us the daily or domestic life of the two great nations of antiquity, describing with extreme minuteness of detail and abundance of illustration their architecture, furniture, arts, dress, education, manners, habits, amusements, marriage and burial customs, industries, music, games, and religion. In reading it the vast distance in point of time which separates us from the Greeks and Romans seems to vanish, and we come to know their life almost as intimately and familiarly as we know contemporary life in England. The antique monuments furnish the principal sources from which Messrs. Guhl and Koner have drawn their information, and their work is a sort of summary of the results of modern archaeological research in the field which

* The Life of the Greeks and Romans, described from Antique Monuments. By E. Guhl and W. Koner. Translated from the third German edition by F. Hueffer. With 543 Woodcuts. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

they cover. Of course, the private life of any people being so intimately associated with their public life, the book throws a great deal of light upon the history of Greece and Rome, supplying a natural background for many things which heretofore have seemed phenomenal and obscure. Herein lies its principal value, and for this reason it should find a place on the library-shelf along with Grote, Curtius, Mommsen, Gibbon, Merivale, and the rest.

The illustrations, of which there are more than five hundred, are finely engraved, and materially assist the reader in grasping the full meaning of the text.

We suppose that Mr. George A. Baker's "Point-Lace and Diamonds" (New York: F. B. Patterson) must be classified as *vers de société*, on the principle that, if not *vers de société*, they are nothing; yet his work scarcely complies in a single particular with Mr. Locker's definition of that dainty species of poetry. "Genuine *vers de société*," says Mr. Locker in the preface to his "Lyra Elegantiarum," "should be short, elegant, refined, and fanciful, not seldom distinguished by chastened sentiment, and often playful. The tone should not be pitched high; it should be idiomatic, and rather in the conversational key; the rhythm should be crisp and sparkling, and the rhyme frequent and never forced, while the entire poem should be marked by tasteful moderation, high finish, and completeness; for, however trivial the subject-matter may be, indeed rather in proportion to its triviality, subordination to the rules of composition and perfection of execution should be strictly enforced." Now Mr. Baker's verse is neither elegant, refined, nor fanciful; its sentiment is not chastened or playful; the rhythm is seldom crisp or sparkling; and it would be difficult to find a poem in the collection which is marked by tasteful moderation or high finish. Just two items of Mr. Locker's requirements it may perhaps be said to satisfy: the tone is low enough to suit the most exacting taste in that regard, and the language is idiomatic to the point of slang. We are aware that Mr. Baker's efforts have received high praise from persons who ought to know better; but, with a keen relish for true *vers de société*, we have been unable to find a stanza in "Point-Lace and Diamonds" which is notably distinguished by refinement of fancy, delicacy of sentiment, or grace of composition.

The second volume of Professor James Morgan Hart's "German Classics for American Students" (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons) contains Schiller's "Die Piccolomini," the first part of the great Wallenstein trilogy. Besides the text, which has been carefully collated, there is an elaborate introduction, with copious notes, and a map of Germany is added to assist the reader in following the geographical references. Professor Hart expresses the wish in his preface that "the time may speedily arrive when the study of German, and also of French, shall be raised to a higher plane;" when "the acquisition of the two great languages of Continental Europe shall be regarded as of intrinsic

value, not as a mere appendage to Latin and Greek, or as the price to be paid for the ability to read text-books of chemistry and physiology." He may have the satisfaction of feeling certain that the industry and intelligence which he has bestowed upon the preparation of this series can hardly fail to contribute materially to the fulfillment of this wish—at least in the case of German.

More than two years ago Messrs. Appleton & Co. began preparing for the publication of a work in serial numbers, to be entitled "Picturesque Europe," which was designed to be a companion-issue to the famous "Picturesque America." Mr. Fenn, the most successful of the illustrators to the latter book, was sent abroad for the purpose; and he, in cooperation with other artists, has since that time been actively engaged in making sketches and drawings for the work. It was thought that the publication would have begun ere this; but the task is a heavy one, and it was found impossible to proceed as rapidly as was at first expected, and yet do entire justice to the enterprise. This delay has been unfairly taken advantage of by another house, which has gathered together a great number of old steel-plates, illustrating European places, and issued them in parts under a title that suggests that of the Messrs. Appleton's. Some of the canvassers of this work have, with great effrontery, declared to those whom they have approached that Appleton & Co. have abandoned their design, and that the work offered is substituted therefor, under which plausible but altogether false representation they have secured many subscribers. It is, therefore, necessary to inform the public that "Picturesque Europe" is in as rapid preparation as is consistent with the thorough excellence of the steel-plates and the wood-engravings, and that its publication will probably begin within a few months. We may add that no labor is or has been spared to render this publication not only trustworthy, but really the best pictorial delineation of European places that has ever been given to the world.

The "Sketch" prefixed to the "Papers" of the late Charles Wentworth Dilke gives an interesting glimpse of the character of one who, as editor of the *Athenæum*, will always be connected with the history of English literature, and who was one of the best critics of the last generation. Mr. Dilke became sole owner of the *Athenæum* in 1880. "He was just turned forty, with his judgment matured, and his physical powers unimpaired. His official life in the Naval Pay-Office had made him an excellent financier, and methodically exact in all his arrangements and correspondence. He had the diversified tastes and sympathies which are essential to the hearty countenance in due proportion of the multifarious branches of knowledge to be discussed. He had a mind which could only be satisfied with scrupulous accuracy, and by his vigilance he enforced it upon all his contributors. He had unbounded industry, and a capacity for sustaining prolonged toil—a capacity tasked to the utmost by the circumstance that the journal did not pay when he took it in hand, and that, with comparatively slender resources, he had to effect by his personal exertions the improvements which converted it from a loss into a revenue. But rarer and more important than all was the judicial equity which he resolved should distinguish the criticisms of his journal. When he assumed the editorship he

made it a rule not to go into society lest his acquaintance with authors should hamper his independence, or embarrass him in the exercise of his editorial functions. He was to the last degree punctilious in not allowing any one to criticise a book who had the smallest motive to deviate from impartiality, being thoroughly resolved that the malice of envy and rivalry, the adulation of friendship, and the puffs of mercenaries, should never with his connivance find a vent in the *Athenæum*. A member of his staff, Mr. J. H. Reynolds, wished to review a particular work, and Mr. Dilke asked him whether he was not acquainted with author or bookseller. 'I, alas! know author and bookseller,' replied Mr. Reynolds, who sent back the work, that Mr. Dilke, as he said, pettishly, 'might consign it to some independent hand, according to his religious custom.' Every thing which could be construed into a favor was declined. He would not accept any book which an author sent to him personally, nor a duplicate copy sent to the office of the *Athenæum*, nor would he ask for a book which had not been sent, and was too important to be left unnoticed. 'Favor and independence are incompatible,' he wrote in 1842 to his Paris correspondent, who had obtained from French publishers some early sheets of new books for review. Mr. Dilke pointed out to him that, having accepted the advance-sheets, he could not condemn the works, and added the decisive comment, 'What, then, is the value of your criticism?' Integrity, courage, and firmness were never carried further by any editor."

The *Saturday Review* finds in "Three Northern Love Stories, and Other Tales," translated from the Icelandic by Eirikr Magnússon and William Morris, a book which for once it can heartily praise: "Fresh and bracing as sea-breezes, and bright and clear as the waters beneath them on a sunny day, are the love-stories of 'Gunnlaug the Worm-tongue' and 'Frithiof the Bold.' As we read them we are carried backward many a year and northward many a mile, and we become familiarly acquainted with the manner of life led of old by those wondrous Northmen, among whom such dauntless souls animated bodies so marvelous for strength and endurance." . . . The "Last Leaves from the Journal of the Rev. Joliam Charles Young" contains some hitherto unpublished letters from the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson. In one of them, he speaks of his own profession as follows: "It certainly is the most quarrelsome of all professions in the matter of a blue or green window, prevalent moonshine, or a bishop's nightcap, and the most cowardly when once it comes to a matter of right and wrong—of what they saw and what they did not see. Unless *clergy*, of the type I am alluding to, are forced to serve in the army for five years previous to ordination, to make them men, 'let alone' gentlemen, I think the Church, as an establishment, had better be snuffed out." . . . The usually calm *Spectator* fairly loses its temper over a recent novel entitled "The Wheel of Fortune." This is the way it begins a review of it: "On a careful estimate, we believe we have read five-sixths of this book—we have read it, and survive. But we did not do it all at once—it would have proved too much for us. It was only by taking it in small doses, and distributing the exertion over the best part of a week, that we managed to get well toward the end of the third volume. And there we stuck, the excitement rising to a pitch that threatened to be beyond our control. Perpetual amazement is not a pleasant frame of mind, constant blushing for the folly of our kind not a com-

The Arts.

fortable sensation. Yet, throughout the nine hundred and sixty-odd pages or twenty-five thousand lines which we compute this book to consist of, these were about the only sensations that stirred us. It is three days since we left off reading, but the effect is still upon us, and we doubt seriously whether we shall ever have courage again to open a novel by a writer whose name is unknown to us. Three such books on end ought to produce softening of the brain in any one who tried to read them."

... Mr. Anthony Trollope is writing a series of letters from the antipodes, which are printed simultaneously in different newspapers in the United Kingdom. ... The title of Hepworth Dixon's new book is "White Contest: America in 1875." ... Of the late Emperor Napoleon's "Vie de César," it is said that only one hundred and fifty copies were sold out of an edition of twenty-two thousand. The publishers brought a suit against the empress for one hundred and sixty-seven thousand francs damages, on the ground that the work was not finished owing to the emperor's death, but the suit was dismissed with costs. ... Novels being few last week, the *Athenæum* filled a portion of its space with some brief hints on the art of novel-writing, from which we quote a paragraph: "While rules have been laid down in convenient hand-books for almost every art and every handicraft under the sun, and while ladies can get for a shilling books of directions for knitting and crochet which might furnish them with occupation for the rest of their lives, no guide-book has, as far as we know, yet been published, in a cheap form, to the popular amusement of novel-writing. We shall, therefore, be poaching on nobody's preserve in stating that the first rule of the craft is—select your characters from the class of people with which you associate. If you are a school-girl, write about school-girls, and not about duchesses; if you are a lady, do not describe blackguards." ... The new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is selling remarkably well in England. The publishers have already found it necessary to reprint the first volume. ... Cardinal Silvestri has made a present to the municipality of Padua of Petrarch's house at Arquà. ... The *Academy* "has an opinion" of Mr. Joaquin Miller's novel, "First Families in the Sierras," which it expresses in the following concise way: "It bears a strong family likeness to 'The Luck of Roaring Camp,' but cannot be compared with it in point of merit. The civilizing influence is here a woman, not a child, and the interest, instead of being concentrated, is a good deal frittered away. When one has once been clearly informed that, in order to be the noblest work of God, it is chiefly necessary to have a good growth of hair on one's chest, to divide one's time between gold-digging and drinking poisonous whiskey, and to indulge in oaths which would doubtless be blasphemous if they possessed the antecedent qualification of meaning—subsequent repetitions of the dogma lose much of their value. It is interesting to know that Mr. Miller thinks nothing of any man or woman who has not a large nose. But, from the elaborate manner in which he announces the opinion, it would seem that Babelais, Erasmus, and Sterne, were strange to him." ... The London *Times* thinks that there passes away with Dr. Thirwall the only mind that could survey all schools and forms of English religious thought with equal knowledge and justice, and that his memory will always survive as the most conspicuous proof that there is no true learning and no genuine piety which may not be harmoniously combined in the English Church.

AMONG recent purchases of foreign pictures is Corot's "Dante and Virgil," bought by Mr. Quincy A. Shaw, of Boston, by whom it has been presented to the Museum of Fine Arts in that city. This picture is one of the best known and most important works of Corot, and for many years it has had a great reputation in Europe. It was exhibited in Paris, in the Salon, in 1859. It is an upright oblong, eight or ten feet high, and represents the opening scene of the first canto of the "Inferno," showing Dante and Virgil as they enter the wild wood, the *silva selvaggia*, that conducts to the infernal regions. At the feet of the two are the wolf, the leopard, and the lion, who meet them on their way, and over their heads tower lofty and thunder-riven trees—"ghostly forms seen at noon-day." A twilight mystery haunts the wood, and through the twisted boughs glimmers the light from the far-off region whence the poets have come. Like all other of Corot's works, it is not absolutely realistic. Its style is particularly adapted for a poetical rendering of one of the phases of Nature of which it is desired to make a strong impression on the mind of the beholder.

Unlike the delineations, so emphasized as to be impossibilities, in Doré's pictures of similar subjects, this really grand and noble landscape exhibits nothing incompatible with an absolute following of Nature, only it is the Nature we see in a gloomy twilight, with lofty trees and vague woodland reaches that appear in outline in the dimness and mist. Cobweb-like tangles of branches and their foliage shut out the sky, and close in the way behind the wanderers, but present none of the fantastic forms of faces and lean hands with which Doré in similar subjects endeavors to strengthen a witch-like impression. These tangles are such as appear in reality, but the artist, with a true poetical instinct, has introduced them in this place to enhance the value of his main theme. Corot is a landscape-painter, and it is Nature as seen by Dante and Virgil, and not the two poets themselves, or the symbolical animals that accompany them, that is presented prominently to the thought of the spectator. The living forms are gray and indistinct in the twilight, but it is the dreary sky, and still drearier woodland, which entrance our imagination, as the thought of them enchained Dante six hundred years ago.

We have many pictures by Corot in this country, both in public exhibitions and in private houses. To understand his works, which are at once those of an artist and a poet, requires more than superficial sight or thought. To comprehend how truthful they are, an effort and a feeling are necessary, which educate the beholder while he is examining their beauties. On this account Mr. Shaw has rendered a signal benefit to art by giving to a public gallery the finest work of this master that has yet been brought to America.

WILLIAM M. HUNT has lately completed a half-length portrait of Rev. James Freeman

Clarke, of Boston, in which city it is now on exhibition. Many of our citizens are familiar with the genial countenance of this eminently intellectual man, and will remember the characteristic, shrewd, and kindly markings of his high-arched forehead, and the fine lines about his nose, mouth, and eyes. He has the face of a man tranquil through philosophical conviction, and taking an easy and humorous view of the events of life as they occur. Mr. Hunt thoroughly appreciates the capabilities for art of such a head. He makes the light strike sideways on the forehead, then graduate down the delicately-ridged cheeks, touching, as it descends, the elastic nostrils. He then makes it glance against eyelid and eyebrow, and shadow the mouth, and skim across the heavy, long beard. Lastly, he leaves it palest and weakest where it strikes upon and is lost against the strongly-modeled hands. Mr. Hunt has adopted in this picture such an arrangement of light and shadow as Rembrandt delighted in to bring out the peculiarities of face of his old burgo-masters, picturesque from the markings rather than the form of their features. In the carrying out of this idea of light and shade, Mr. Hunt has been very happy, and this management of his subject is rather unusual with him, as he is accustomed to flat tints and equal values rather than to a strong focus of light and shade gradually losing its force.

But, while Mr. Hunt has most decidedly succeeded in getting a characteristic likeness of his sitter through this arrangement of light and shade, viewed as a painting, it seems to us that, living so long in this country without opportunity of toning his mind and eye by reference to the best models in art, the flesh tint and flesh quality of his pictures lose rather than gain in excellence, and that especially in this painting there is an impression of labor and lack of freshness which a man of Mr. Hunt's great natural power should never betray. Comparing this really artistic painting with the half-learned attempts of young Duveneck, now on exhibition and about which the press has said so much of late, the former work is decidedly a sufferer beside the crisp, fresh touches laid on so roughly by the young student of Munich. Literary men everywhere have the advantage that they may always compare their writings with the highest standard; but this opportunity for the painter, which is even more necessary for him than it is for the author, can only be obtained at present by occasional visits to Europe. Of the necessity of such a standard, we may cite the example of one of our best artists, who brought home with him a most careful and elaborate copy which he had made of Titian's "Bella," and no offer has ever tempted him to part with it, since it is his chief means in America, he says, of keeping up the standard of his own work here. Mr. Hunt's late portraits show, we think, the absence of such standards, to which he can refer to note the failure or success of the new experiments and effects he introduces into his pictures. Much as we admire certain qualities in Mr. Hunt's paintings, we can but regret when we see them in any degree fall below his earlier work.

WHILE Goupil, Schaus, and our own public galleries, keep back until the autumn their newest and best paintings, Boston, which is in the path of summer tourists to mountain and sea-side, is now doing its best, so far as the display of pictures is concerned. Nearly everybody going to the White Mountains, Mount Desert, and the numerous resorts along the shores of New England, gives a day at least to seeing the sights in that city. As a consequence of the presence of so many guests, every thing is done to furnish variety at the places of public entertainment, and the Museum of Fine Arts at the Boston Athenæum, Doll and Richards's, Williams and Everett's, and Elliott's, are not in the background in this respect.

At Doll and Richards's, in addition to a multitude of fine paintings by Inness, Duveneck, and a magnificent French picture, are two very excellent specimens by the old American painter Copley, which have recently been picked up in Europe and brought back to this country. They are both portraits of American ladies—one a sketch in oils of a member of the artist's family, and the other a finished full-length. The sketch retains its color best, and is of a lady in a large hat, which, with her powdered hair and her lace kerchief pinned across her bosom, reminds the beholder, in its soft light and shade and mellow tones, of Rubens's "Chapeau de Paille," or some of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The other painting is thoroughly in Copley's own manner. Stiff brocade, elaborate lace, and a high head-dress, form the costume of one of the stately dames of a hundred years ago. The color, got by glazes, has nearly faded from her face; and her arms, hands, and head, are hard and wooden in their modeling. But around this stately personage there lingers an air of high-bred elegance that makes this picture contrast strangely with a scene in an Oriental harem, with the Western-American faces of Duveneck's models, and with a couple of soft Italian heads by Babcock, which surround them in the picture-store. We said once before in the JOURNAL that Paul Veronese's picture in the Boston Athenæum seemed doubly a Veronese, from its remoteness in kind to its surroundings; and, judged in the same way, Copley's pictures hold their individuality even when surrounded by paintings whose standard is utterly unlike their own.

IN the JOURNAL of August 7th we gave the substance of a circular issued by the Art-Students' League of this city, an association formed by the former students of the National Academy of Design, having for its object a higher development in art-studies. The circular said further that the league was formed with the coöperation of Professor Wilmarth, and for the reason that the council of the Academy had abandoned the schools as heretofore existing, and had decided at its last regular meeting "not to reopen its department of schools till some time in December." The question of employing a professor was also decided negatively. Mr. Whittredge, president of the Academy, in a recent letter to the *Evening Post*, in reply to the circular, and in explanation of the action of the

council of the Academy, says in substance that the allegations are not only untrue, but impossible under their regulations. The subject of employing a professor was not even mentioned, and had the question come before them it would not have received a dissenting voice. He says, further: "It may be proper to state that at the last meeting of the council it was recommended that the schools be opened this year on the 1st of November, instead of early in October, as heretofore; but any such late postponement as 'some time in December' was not thought of, and will not take place, and the school may open in October." Mr. Whittredge says that the effort to obtain money for the support of the largely-increased schools was not entirely successful, but enough was obtained to pay the salary of the professor and keep the schools intact, and to pay an installment on the small existing debt. He thinks altogether that the record of the schools is not unfavorable, and knows no reason, as yet, why Professor Wilmarth may not serve the Academy as heretofore.

It is apparent that the action of the students of the Academy in the formation of their league was hasty, and based upon a misapprehension of the facts; and this is, in a great measure, due to the somewhat uncertain position of the academic council, which recommended November 1st as the date for the opening of the schools, but left the matter in the hands of the new council, which takes office in August, but rarely finds a quorum for the transaction of business until November. If we have not been misinformed, it has always been the duty of the out-going council to provide for the fall opening of the schools and also the employment of a professor. Mr. Whittredge's letter of explanation will, we trust, settle this vexed question.

JAMES H. BEARD, N. A., whose pictures of dogs and other domestic animals are so well known, has just finished two paintings representing cat and dog life, which are decidedly spirited in their way. The latter subject is a rich interior, with a group of dogs seated on their haunches before the portrait of a boy. It is entitled "Though lost to Sight, to Memory dear," and is intended to express the idea that the boy is dead, and his favorite dogs recognize their young master's features in the portrait. The sentiment of the subject is very cleverly expressed, and its motive is as apparent as if it were manifested by figures of men and women instead of those of the brute creation. There are three dogs in the main group, a black-and-tan, an Italian greyhound, and a King Charles spaniel; and their attitudes are full of spirit, and, although suggestive of quiet for the moment, yet the sparkle of their eyes indicates that a frolic would not be out of place after the season of mourning is over. There is a puppy sleeping upon a rug in the foreground, who is oblivious to present grief, and is introduced, the artist says, as babies sometimes are at funerals. They are too young to mourn the loss of a friend, and sleep or prattle, unconscious of the grief around them.

The pendant, "The Morning Call," shows

an old cat, surrounded by her kittens, receiving a visit from a very sedate-looking "old tom," or possibly a "widow," Mr. Beard says, who is giving the gossip of the day. The mother has a cozy cushion for her kittens, and is eagerly listening to her visitor's story, but the kittens appear shy, and have assumed various attitudes, so as to best hear the gossip, and at the same time to be in readiness to scamper at the first sign of danger. This picture, as well as its companion, shows the fine drawing and the excellent technical execution which are always so apparent in Mr. Beard's works.

WILLIAM HART continues his studio-work in spite of the hot weather. His latest-finished picture gives a midsummer-afternoon view on a meadow-brook, with a group of cows standing in the water in the shade of a great sycamore, or buttonball-tree, as it is popularly called, in the foreground. There is a fine perspective shown on the left, with groups of cows scattered here and there, and isolated trees, which form altogether a scene of rare pastoral quiet and beauty. The great force of the work, however, is in the foreground group of cows and surrounding objects, which are mostly in shadow; but there is a clearness about them which we have rarely seen excelled in landscape-pictures. The study of the mottled trunk and pale-green foliage of the old sycamore shows a closeness of observation which belongs to the figure-painter rather than to one of the landscape school, and the skill with which every detail of its peeling bark and tremulous foliage, as it is swayed by the summer wind, is given, is very suggestive of the scene in Nature. Mr. Hart has also given close attention to the painting of the cows, and the foreground group, especially, is made from his last summer studies. These animals are drawn of small size, and their hairy coats are finished with the care of miniature painting. In the handling of this work it appears as if the painter had made it his study to see how far a landscape and cattle picture can be carried in its finish without destroying its breadth. He has, as the result, given us a painting finished with all the care and elaboration of a miniature on ivory, and yet possessed of a feeling of great breadth and strength.

"THERE is no doubt at all," says the London *Daily News*, "that the interest in art is at present very great, and that it pervades every class. Perhaps the good effects of this interest and curiosity are rather to be found in domestic architecture and decoration than in painting. We may possibly look on this as rather a healthy sign of the future of English art, and as a token that the age of confused aims, and hasty, flashy execution, is passing by." . . . Three new rooms are to be opened in the Louvre—one devoted to French sculpture, the other two to engraved works, of which the Louvre contains a fine collection, but which have never been displayed, owing to want of proper arrangement. . . . It is now definitely settled that the Michael Angelo festival in Florence shall be held on September 14th, 15th, and 16th. . . . The Academy of Fine Arts at Vienna has announced that an exhibition will be opened on October 15, 1876, in the

galleries of that institution, of the works of its associates from the period of its foundation in 1704 to the present time. The managing committee announces that the object of the exhibition is to give a representation of the development of art in the Austrian dominions since the beginning of the last century.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

July 28, 1875.

THIS is emphatically the dull season in Paris as in New York. The fashionables have gone out of town; two-thirds of the theatres are closed, and the other third is dragging out a precarious existence, aided by stray contributions from transient foreigners. Even the Sultan of Zanzibar is about to take his departure. The presence of his dusky highness has brightened up matters for a week past. He has been going round sight-seeing, has had a superb pair of vases presented to him at Sèvres, and received a beautiful chair-cover in tapestry on the occasion of his visit to the Gobelins. Fancy wasting such artistic treasures on a barbaric African! He is by no means a beauty to look upon, being thick-lipped and woolly-bearded after the manner of his race in general, though his complexion is far from that of a negro, being yellow, or rather coffee-colored. Some of his suite, however, are as black as ebony. He seemed greatly to enjoy his visit to the Jardin d'Acclimatation, and was particularly amused with the gambols of the sea-lions. As to the Opéra, he evidently thought very little of the performance, and with reason, for it was very, very poor. One act of "La Juive," and the ballet of "Coppélia," filled out the programme of the evening. The sultan evidently admired the pantomimic part of the ballet, but he yawned over the opera, and seemed totally unimpressed by the dancing. The performance was very brief, beginning as it did at half-past eight, and terminating at eleven—a short allowance of amusement for those who had paid three dollars and three dollars and forty cents for their seats. There are grave complaints afloat about the management of the Opéra at present. It is said that M. Halanzier is running it simply to make money. The extreme economy with which the musical part of the organization is managed, none of the great French singers of the day, with the single exception of Faure, forming part of the troupe; the very few operas that comprise the *répertoire*, and the managerial indifference to novelty or artistic *ensemble*, make up quite a list of well-grounded complaints. It is whispered, moreover, that the manager is in league with the speculators that infest the precincts of the Opéra House, and that the alleged scarcity of seats at the regular prices, which Heaven knows are high enough in all conscience, is owing to this complicity. Be this as it may, it is generally conceded that M. Halanzier is far less concerned for the artistic than for the pecuniary success of the Opéra.

Schneider is positively to return to the stage next season. She has been impelled to this step by the cost of her superb hotel on the Avenue de l'Impératrice. The price of that has made quite a hole in her investments, and she wishes to repair the breach. She is to create the leading character in a new piece by Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy, at the Variétés—probably the long-promised piece of "La Boulangère des Ecus." There was some talk of reviving "La Grande-Duchesse," but that

mirth-provoking opera will probably never be performed in Paris again. The authorities have forbidden its reproduction on account of its satire on the petty princes of Germany, and its general dealings with German subjects. It is feared that *General Roum* and *Baron Puck* might be made the object of a popular demonstration more ardent than agreeable. The new comedy by Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy, which is intended for the Comédie Française, is nearly finished, but its title and subject have not yet transpired. I believe I before informed you of the fact that it had been sold to an American manager before it was half finished. The new comedy by Alexandre Dumas, which is destined for the same theatre, is to form a pendant to his "Demi-Monde," and is to trace the influence of *ces dames* upon the literature, the society, and the politics of the day—a wide-reaching subject, and one that methinks is not specially fitted for dramatic treatment. Dumas has shut himself up in his country-seat, and is hard at work on this piece, which he declares is to be his *chef-d'œuvre*. Sardou's "Remorse" is already on rehearsal at the Gymnase, though it is not to be produced before October or November. The leading rôles have been confided to M. Worms and Mademoiselle Tallandiera. But before it is produced there is talk of reviving "La Dame aux Camélias," with Tallandiera as *Marguerite Gautier*.

The Plon lawsuit has come to the surface again. It may be remembered that M. Plon, the celebrated book-publisher, instituted some time ago a suit against the estate of Napoleon III., to obtain payment for a large portion of his edition of the "Life of Cæsar." He, or rather his heirs, for M. Plon himself is dead, accuses the late emperor of a breach of contract in not having finished the work. Twenty-two thousand copies remain on hand, for which an indemnity of one hundred and sixty-seven thousand francs is claimed. The lawyers for the other side sought to prove that the literary and pecuniary success of the work had been great, and instanced the fact that the firm had paid to the emperor one hundred and ninety-two thousand francs as author's royalty. But none the less did the fact transpire that from 1867 to 1870, inclusive, not one hundred and fifty copies of the work had been sold. Evidently paying court to literary sovereigns is a costly game for publishers to indulge in.

The English newspapers in Paris are not very numerous. First, of course, on the list comes the time-honored *Galignani*, which would be very nice if it was not so thoroughly British in tone and selections, and if we were not obliged to pay ten cents for it. Nor are its dimensions proportioned to its price, for it is a mere single-sheet affair, containing about as much matter as the *Philadelphia Ledger*. Next comes the *American Register*, with its twelve pages, its full and complete lists of American arrivals abroad, and its exhaustive and entertaining summary of news both foreign and domestic. Its New York correspondence is peculiarly fresh, sparkling, and interesting. Six cents is the price of this flourishing Yankee production. The *Continental Herald*, originally published in Geneva, but transferred to Paris a few months ago, bade fair at one time to become a popular and thriving institution. But it got into difficulties, and about six weeks ago was sold out to the London *Hour*. It comes to us now from London, dated a day ahead, and with a column or two on American and French topics, but, apart from its heading and the additions aforesaid, it is nothing more or less than an edition of the London paper, pre-

pared for Continental circulation, that is to say, a thoroughly English newspaper deprived of all its Continental and cosmopolitan features. So the *Register* remains the only really American newspaper in Paris. Those Americans abroad who can read French (and their name it is not legion) usually peruse the saucy, witty, mendacious *Figaro*, notwithstanding its Legitimist propensities. As a repository of all the news, scandal, and *canards* of the Parisian world, it is certainly very amusing, but about the world of outside barbarism it troubles itself very little. Nothing that is not Parisian, or at least French, is of sufficient importance to be noticed in its columns. For instance, when the Schiller was lost, the *Figaro* declined to publish a list of the passengers, for the good and sufficient reason that there were no French persons among them. Very amusingly, too, it called attention solemnly to the fact that the three German lines, the Adler, the Hamburg, and the North-German Lloyd, had lost six steamers in the course of twenty years, ignoring or forgetting another fact, namely, that the single French line had lost three steamers inside of one year. Though the *Figaro* can boast of so many American readers, it cherishes a bitter dislike against Americans in general, and American women in particular, and never lets slip a chance of abusing and of slandering them.

The great Fluvial and Maritime Exhibition at the Palais d'Industrie is nearly in order—not quite; though it has been open now for nearly two weeks. But the noise of hammering still rises over all the din of the machinery, and workmen are still to be seen rushing to and fro with beams, and pipes, and boxes, striving to get things in order. The title of the exhibition is ludicrously inaccurate—of course there are some things there that pertain to rivers and maritime navigation, but the bulk of the articles exhibited has about as much to do with navigation as with the moon. Clocks, bronzes, bird-cages, rat-traps, gilt and inlaid furniture, chocolate, soap, fire-proof safes, and patent beds, such is the variety of articles that crowd the long nave of the Palais. It is, in fact, a regular Franklin Institute display, only not so varied as are those at home, though probably more tasteful. One of the most imposing attractions of the place is a gigantic piece of rock-work towering nearly to the roof of the Palais, with a cascade dashing and sparkling down the front of it and falling into an ornamental basin at its base. Back of the cascade a cool, deep, dark grotto affords an entrance for those who wish to enjoy the view of the crowded nave through the veil of falling water. Mosses and evergreens garnish the clefts of the mimic rocks, aquatic plants bloom in the pool, and the whole affair looks like a permanent and natural decoration, instead of an effort of decorative art. A monster aquarium, in the same kind of artificial rock-work, extends for some fifty or sixty feet along one of the side-avenues. There is a monster clock that tells the simultaneous time in all the principal cities of the world. There are many swimming and diving suits, Captain Boyton having made that style of thing extremely popular over here. There is a boat all of solid mahogany, hollowed out from a single log, and polished and varnished outside so as to show the grain and color of the wood. In this boat, so runs the legend, Juarez once made his escape when hard pressed by the soldiers of Maximilian. The English division of the exhibition contains some curious and interesting models of vessels, some beautiful sail and row boats, and a very curious model of a life-sav-

ing apparatus, intended to transport shipwrecked passengers from a stranded vessel to the shore. The upper ends of the cords are attached to the galleries of the Palais, and the exhibitor is kept busy hauling up and down the miniature basket that runs so deftly along the cords. It is a pity that the full-sized apparatus itself is not exhibited, for, if a regular car with a full-grown man in it were to be hoisted up and let down occasionally, the attraction would have been far greater. As to the furniture, porcelain, etc., the display is not nearly so good as it was at the Exhibition of Fine Arts applied to Industry which was held last year. Among the edible products, which are exhibited in great numbers, the Margarine Mouriés, or imitation butter, is probably the most curious. The counter, piled with pale-yellow pots and rolls, each in its clean linen cloth, looked very tempting, and the butter resembled the real article *à s'y méprendre*. At the back of the stall was piled a row of kegs marked "Geneva Butter," "English Butter," "Belgian Butter," etc., each country, it appears, having a fancy for a particularly flavored article, which the imitation butter is prepared to supply. The prospectus issued by the manufacturers declares that the materials employed are simply beef-tallow purified by a particular process, and milk or cream. The advantages of the Margarine over the real article are claimed to be cheapness (the best table-butter costs twenty-five cents a pound, and cooking-butter twenty-two), economy in quantity, and the property of remaining sweet for a much longer time. America seems to be represented at the exhibition mainly by the canned fruits and oysters, the pea-nuts, the cocoa-nut cakes, and the buckwheat-flour, exhibited by Cardinet, the well-known American grocer of the Rue de Seze.

Madame Louis Figuier, the wife of the celebrated author of "The World before the Deluge," has written a play called "La Dame aux Lilas Blancs," which has just been brought out at the Vaudeville. The plot is very simple and extremely improbable. There are two women who resemble each other as closely as two peas in a pod. One is a proper and pious widow, and the other is an improper *Indienne* named *Jaguariita*. One man loves them both, the first purely, and the latter passionately. *Jaguariita* elopes with a lover whose principal recommendation seems to be that he beats her, whereupon the hero marries his other love. Madame Figuier does not appear to possess any particular vocation for dramatic writing, her present effort being weak, bald, and improbable. The parts of the two heroines are played by one actress, a *débütante*, Mademoiselle Melvil, who displayed therein no inconsiderable share of dramatic talent. Poor Bressant will probably never appear on the stage again. He is in wretched health, and is said to be threatened with paralysis. Apparently Mademoiselle Broisat's assumption of the character of *Gabrielle de Belle-Isle* was not successful, for the play has recently been performed with Sarah Bernhardt as the gentle and calumniated heroine.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

THE London correspondent of one of our provincial papers gives what he calls a "striking instance" of "the eccentricities of genius with which literary history abounds." Why disguise matters! It refers to Mr. Swinburne; he is the young poet alluded to. But let me quote the anecdote. Here it is:

"One of our younger poets, having accepted

an invitation to dinner at a certain house, arrived in due course. It was observed that he was rather excited and strange in manner, but as he is known to have a singularly high-strung, nervous temperament, no particular attention was paid to this circumstance. Dinner went off in the usual way. The guest of the evening was particularly brilliant; his rapid, discursive conversation never ceased. After dinner, in the drawing-room, he consented to read some sonnets from his most recently-published volume, and he was good enough to expound in most eloquent and luminous language the subtler meanings of these poems and their connection with each other. His audience were delighted. Here and there, of course, there was a touch of extravagance in his speech, but to a poet some poetic license must be granted. Before going he requested the lady of the house to accept the volume, and inscribed her name in it. All this was very well, but some two or three days afterward he called upon his host, and immediately began to pour forth a whole string of apologies. He had mislaid the card—he had mistaken the night—he had had to go down into the country. This astonished person now discovered that his guest of the evening was absolutely in ignorance of his ever having been near the house, that he had come to apologize for having neglected the invitation, and that he was anxious that the lady of the house should accept a copy, to be sent from the publishers, of the very book which he himself had given her."

From my knowledge of the author of "Chastelard," I have not the smallest doubt that the above story is true. Mr. Swinburne is one of the most nervous men—he is very slightly built, and not more than five feet two in height—you could possibly imagine. I shall never forget seeing him at the poetic readings given by the poet Buchanan, some years ago, in the Hanover-Square Rooms. There, in a corner, his intellectual face now wearing a scowl, now a beatific expression, as he was pleased or displeased with his brother-poet's elocution, did he sit twirling his fingers and thumbs in a ludicrously-excited way. Ere long he became the observed of every one. "Who is that?" whispered a mercantile friend to me, nodding toward him. "That," replied I, wishing to surprise the man of figures, "is one of our greatest poets, Mr. Swinburne." "Indeed!" was the reply. "Well, I've always heard that poets were a rum lot; now I've no doubt about it!"

A paragraph regarding Miss Mulock (Mrs. Craik), the authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman," that has been going the "round" of the American press, contains more than one blunder. For instance, it says that Mrs. Craik is a widow; this is not so—but I can tell you what has probably given rise to the statement. A short time before his marriage to Miss Mulock, Mr. Craik met with an accident which necessitated the amputation of his leg. By-the-way, you have read Mrs. Craik's "The Little Lame Prince;" that charming children's story was suggested in some slight measure by the authoress's own experiences. Yes, she has a living romance in her house. In her family is a little girl who, for aught she knows, may yet turn out to be of royal blood. This little maid was found some time ago upon a heap of stones outside Mr. and Mrs. Craik's door. The kind couple took her in, nursed her, and made much of her (they have no children of their own), and now the tiny outcast has become their adopted daughter.

To use a vulgar expression, Mr. William Black must be making "a mint of money" by

his pen. Even for the short story—"The Marriage of Moira O'Fergus"—which he wrote in the *Cornhill*, he received two hundred pounds. Princely pay, this—worthy of the days when Thackeray was the *Cornhill's* editor! Great indeed has been the falling off in this magazine's circulation since that time. Thackeray got it up to nearly a hundred thousand; now, under Mr. Leslie Stephen's editorship, it sells about twenty-five thousand. Still, this circulation is nearly double that of any of our other shilling monthlies.

Mademoiselle Zare Thalberg's lines have certainly fallen in pleasant places. As I remarked the other week, she has already become immensely popular over here; and not only is she a great favorite, but she is doing what Albert Smith boldly confessed his desire to do—"turning a few coppers." Mademoiselle is in great demand for private parties. She sings and warbles at them exquisitely—to the chagrin, no doubt, of many an old dowager whose daughters hang on hand—and each time she attends one of these she gets, I am told, something like a hundred guineas. By-the-way, the *Times* has just accorded a meed of praise to the young songstress. In its "few general observations on the season" at Covent Garden, it says, in its usual ponderous style: "Mademoiselle Zare Thalberg, Mr. Gye's youngest artist, although she has only appeared in three characters, may be looked upon as his most promising recent acquisition. In each part she has made a highly-favorable impression." In these "few observations," too, the leading journal remarks, again in stilted phraseology, "That Madame Adeline Patti, on legitimate grounds, enjoys more than ever the favor of the public, is an unquestionable fact." It also assures us that Mademoiselle Albani has progressed, and is progressing, and that M. Faure has "maintained his position as the first dramatic barytone"—with which observations opera-goers in general will, I am sure, agree. Further, we learn from this article in the *Times* that, "from the 30th of March to the 17th of July—the opening night and the closing night—there were eighty-three performances, fifty-nine conducted by Signor Vianesi, and twenty-four by Signor Bevignani. Both conductors," goes on the "Thunderer," "must have shown exemplary diligence, seeing that no less than twenty-nine different operas were produced, and for the greater part in the most effective manner. . . . The largest number of representations (fifteen) were devoted to three of Mozart's operas—'Don Giovanni,' 'Il Flauto Magico,' and 'Le Nozze de Figaro;' Meyerbeer (fourteen) coming next, with 'Robert le Diable,' the 'Huguenots,' 'Dinorah,' and 'L'Etoile du Nord;' Verdi next (ten), Rossini next (nine); Auber, Donizetti, and Gounod, each counting seven. So, notwithstanding the idea prevalent here and there"—I am still quoting from our representative journal—"that the coming of Wagner, with his 'Lohengrin,' was to be at least the temporary annihilation of our old and cherished masterpieces, the reverse has proved to be the case. Mozart, Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Verdi, are more than ever popular; and, though Mozart died in 1791, Rossini left off composing in 1829, and the 'Huguenots' was produced in 1836, they are likely to retain the popularity so well earned by their compositions, in which rhythmical melody, the essence and soul of music, everywhere prevails." I, for one, hope that this prediction will come true. I earnestly hope that the reign of "the music of the future" will be very remote indeed!

WILL WILLIAMS.

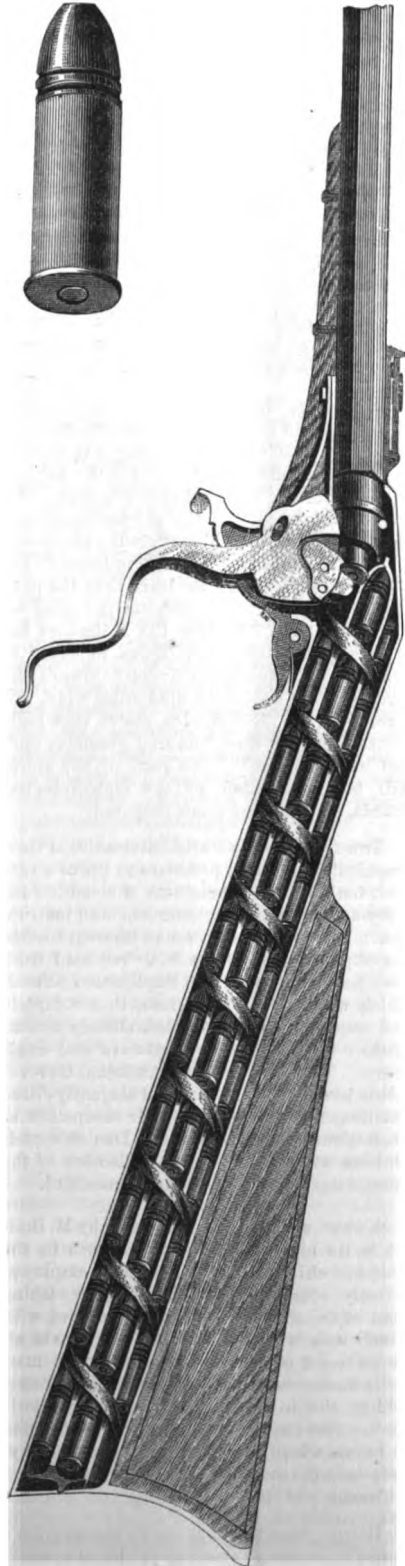
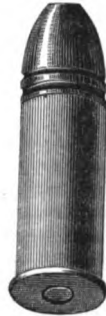
Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE EVANS REPEATING RIFLE.

THE signal triumphs of American rifles and riflemen in the recent Irish and international contests have served to direct pub-



cartridge after each discharge. Many ingenious and effective plans have been devised to adapt the repeating principle to the rifle, and by this means render a more rapid method of firing possible. The Henry, Spencer, and Sharp rifles belong to this class, and to these may now be added the Evans repeating rifle, which, though still awaiting that final decision that comes only after long trial, appears to possess advantages of a marked



character. So clearly do the accompanying illustrations define the form of this gun, and especially its cartridge-magazine, that but a brief description is needful. In the first illustration we have the gun as it appears when loaded and ready for action. The special feature or peculiarity here appears only in the form of the stock, which consists of a metallic cylinder below, upon which rest the wooden portions that partially inclose it.

In the second figure a sectional view of this magazine is given, and it is here that the ingenuity of the inventor is displayed at best. The metallic cylinder incloses a solid spiral, which is divided into longitudinal sections, each section being of sufficient size to contain a single metallic cartridge; and, as there are thirty-four of these chambers, the magazine when full contains this number of loaded cartridges.

When this magazine is to be loaded, the cartridges are introduced through an opening in the butt. Each lowering of the lever attached to the breech causes a partial rotation in the spiral case and a consequent forward movement of the cartridge. A return of the lever to its position against the butt at the same time closes the breech against the back of the inserted cartridge, and the weapon is ready for firing.

As it is our purpose simply to direct attention to the novel features of this weapon, viewed only as an ingenious mechanical device, we will not enter into a discussion of its claims to favor as set forth by the manufacturers. Enough has been said to direct attention to the principle of the gun; as to the nature of the methods by which this principle is applied, we leave it for the reader to determine by experiment or professional opinion.

THE recent long duration of rain-storms which has so greatly injured the hay and corn crops will add an increased interest to all suggestions having in view even a partial or late remedy of the evil. As science is powerless to avert disasters of this nature, all the service that can be rendered must partake of the nature of a cure rather than prevention. It appears that this necessity has been felt also in England, and the *English Mechanic* notices one of these timely inventions as follows: "The unseasonable spring renders the prospects of a good hay-crop very problematical, and the recent heavy rains have done much to spoil what little grass there was to cut. The present seems, therefore, a favorable opportunity for calling attention to a method of making hay by means of artificial heat, recently introduced by Mr. Gibbs, of Chingford, Essex. The drier consists of a sheet-iron trough, six feet in breadth, and varying in length from twenty to sixty feet—the shorter length when mounted on wheels, as a portable machine; the longer when stationary, or as a fixture in a suitable house. The trough is raised slightly at one end, so as to form a moderately-inclined surface, down which the hay slides, being assisted in that motion by the reciprocating motion given to the trough. Running up the centre of the latter is a ridge of triangular section, with openings on each side at the base, through which the hot gases may pass into the grass, which is kept constantly stirred and lightened up by

lic attention not only to the skill of our marksmen, but to the power and efficiency of the American rifle. With the general form and construction of the single-cartridge breech-loading rifle our readers are doubtless familiar, and there seems to remain but one direction in which these weapons are open to improvement. We refer to the satisfactory adaptation of the repeating system. As at present constructed, the most accurate rifles are those which require the removal of the old shell and the introduction of a fresh

To leave that unpleasant topic, however, let us admit that, as a rule, all healthy phases of human feeling may be rightfully represented. Keats is not to be condemned because his poetry is the expression of a sensuous temperament. A keen delight in all external beauty of form and color, even the lower pleasures of the animal appetites, may be fitly expressed in art. We will not condemn the convivial poet who sang the praises of "jolly good ale and old;" we will continue to love our Burns, and Béranger, and Horace, and Herrick, epicureans though they may have been at times, and will agree with Sir Toby Belch that cakes and ale shall still be consumed, and ginger be hot in the mouth, though Malvolios may still exist in the world, and though Sir Wilfrid Lawson may propose to shut up all public-houses in the most genial and facetious terms. This is the doctrine which is really advocated by persons who deny the relations of art to morality, when that avowal is not meant to cover a cynical denial of all moral obligation. There is here a real difficulty upon some theories. We feel that, in spite of all his interpreters, it is hard to make Shakespeare a moralist. He is terribly tolerant to Falstaff and Sir Toby Belch. He does not turn round upon us to preach morality like a religious tract; and, indeed, we find it rather hard to extract any definite moral from his works. Nor is Keats, the great favorite of a modern school, very strong as a preacher. He is not one of the straight-laced; nor could any of his poems be read with good effect at a meeting of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. And yet we could not give up our Falstaff, or "Romeo and Juliet," or even the "Sonnets," or the "Ode to a Nightingale," or the "Eve of St. Agnes," at the bidding of any number of Moody and Sankeys. How can we justify our prejudices, or can they be justified, without admitting that the obligations of the moral law cease in the region of art, as the obligation of the fourth commandment is sometimes considered to be limited by the English Channel?

Let us first get rid of one or two confusing associations. The theory, as thus stated, does not assert that art should never be moral, but that this is an artistic sphere which lies, so to speak, outside of morality. If the poetry of Keats were directly demoralizing, it would be condemned by our previous statements. The allegation is, in fact, that it is neither moral nor immoral. Richly colored in an artistic sense, it is of a neutral tint in an ethical sense. Keats introduces us to a region where we do not deny the advantages of virtue, but simply forget that such things as vice and virtue exist. But to limit art to this sphere would be as narrow-minded as to exclude it. If the artist should express every sentiment, he certainly should not omit the noblest. He should provide utterance for the heroic, the patriotic, the social, and the religious, or his field will be limited indeed. Dante, one may assume, was a moralist; or, to confine ourselves to English literature, men like Milton, and Wordsworth, and Cowper, were moralists; nobody can love Scott who does not assimilate his most manly morality. All our great novelists, indeed, were moralists. "Richardson," says old Johnson, "taught the passions to move at the command of virtue." Fielding can scarcely tell his story sometimes for moralizing; and Dickens is perhaps too deliberately moral. Pope was almost exclusively a moralist; and Pope's boast that he "moralized his song" is adopted verbally from Spenser, whose great poem is formally intended to be an ethical treatise. Some of these great

men lug in their morality rather awkwardly, and forget that a poet is something different from a preacher. That is a blunder in art; but the blunder is, not that they moralized, but that they moralized in a wrong way. Instead of leaving their readers to be affected by the morality which permeated the whole structure and substance of their poetry, they chose to extract little nuggets of moral platitudes, and so far failed, because taking the most obvious but least effective mode of preaching.

The conclusion of the article is as follows:

The poet and the great artist of every kind partly expresses his own sentiments, and is partly the mouth-piece of the social order of which he forms a part. The greatest art is only produced in periods when some strong intellectual or social impulse is stirring the foundations of the established order. That, as all admit, was the explanation in general terms of the poetic outbursts in the Elizabethan and revolutionary periods. So far, then, as the art is the imaginative projection of the great forces which are renovating or developing society, whether the forces be intellectual or social, it is healthy and admirable. A delight in the beauty of human beings or external Nature is in itself a healthy sentiment, though it may be accidentally associated with baser elements. So far as the poet is himself a man of healthy nature and powerful mind, he will be qualified to act as a mouth-piece of the forces which make for good, and to intensify their action. He may be embittered by the difference between his ideal and the actual; his love of beauty or his strong capacity for pleasure may partially pervert his character; and he may be himself utterly unconscious of any thing beyond his immediate purpose of expressing overpowering emotions. Many sickly and wrong-minded and immoral men may unknowingly coöperate with the powers of good. But whatever is morbid in them is so far a disadvantage, though it may be a collateral result from the excessive development of certain natural gifts.

We need not, then, ask in all cases whether a poet or a poem is moral, only because we have to ask a wider question. Is it, on the whole, an expression of sentiments developed by the invigorating and regenerating processes? Morality, on one side at least, is nothing but the system of rules laid down to secure the healthy growth of the social organism. Every impulse which comes into conflict with these rules must therefore of necessity be pernicious and morbid. No possible excuse can be valid for transgressing them. But the rules generally express the negative conditions, and are necessarily limited in their scope, because in many cases the instincts are a better guide than a tabulated series of rigid directions. We do not think it necessary to order a man to eat when he is hungry; and we leave him to choose of two harmless pleasures that which he sincerely prefers. Poetry, therefore, which is capable of expressing all human emotions, very often expresses them in cases where no moral rule can be applied. We may, in that sense, say that it may and ought to be extra-moral, though not immoral. But in every case, without exception, it should stimulate the healthy, not the morbid emotions; and, in that sense, all art and poetry should be moral and even didactic, though it generally sets before us symbols of the innocent and ennobling sentiments instead of formally deducing them from logical axioms. Novels with a purpose

are proverbially detestable, for a novel with a purpose means a book setting forth that a villain is hauged and a good man presented with a thousand pounds—that is silly and really immoral; for, in the first place, the imaginary event is no guarantee for the real event; secondly, a particular case does not prove a rule; thirdly, it is not true that virtue is always rewarded and vice punished; and fourthly, virtue should not be inculcated with a simple view to money or the gallows. But even a novel should have a ruling thought, though it should not degenerate into a tract; and the thought should be one which will help to purify and sustain the mind by which it is assimilated, and therefore tend to make society so far healthier and happier.

THE papers in *Blackwood* entitled "The Abode of Snow" conclude in the July number with a description of the "Afghan Border." The writer gives a graphic picture of the Afghans, which we copy:

I had made a good deal of acquaintance with Afghans before this journey, and must say a word in regard to their character. They are a very strange mixture of heroism and cowardice, fidelity and treachery, kindness and cruelty, magnanimity and meanness, high-sounding morality and unspeakably atrocious viciousness. Though their language affords no countenance to their own belief that they are sons of Israel, and the linguist scoffs at this supposition in his usual manner, I think there is something in it. In physical appearance and in character they resemble the Hebrews of history; and it is unscientific, in judging of the origin of a people, to place exclusive reliance on one particular, such as language. Much meditation over this subject has also convinced me that our modern writers are far too much given to drawing hard and fast lines when treating of ethnology. They get hold of a race or a nation somewhere in the past, and virtually, indeed often unconsciously, assume that it has become stereotyped for all time, leaving out of mind that circumstances similar to those which form a race are continually modifying its peculiarities. As to the Afghans, I deem it likely that there is some truth in all the theories which have been started as to their origin. They are probably partly Semitic, partly Aryan, partly Asiatic, and partly European. There is nothing improbable in the supposition that their Hebrew blood has been mingled with that of the soldiers of Alexander the Great and of the Greek colonists of the Græco-Bactrian kingdoms, and also of the Asiatic Albanians, who were driven across Persia. The Indo-Bactrians, again, may have modified the race; and this theory of a composite origin affords some explanation of the inconsistencies of the Afghan character.

Afghan history is a dreadful story of cruelty, faithlessness, perfidy, and treachery. Though they may understand the matter among themselves, yet it is impossible for the European to draw any line within which the Pathans may be trusted. The tomb of Cain is said to be in Cabool, and the popular belief is that the devil fell there when he was thrown out of heaven. These are the views of the Afghans themselves, and a double portion of the spirit of Cain seems to have descended upon them. In one small village through which I passed, there had been twelve secret assassinations within nine months. Among these people you have perpetually-recurring

reasons, in the shape of dead bodies, for putting the questions, "Who is she?" and "How much was it?" for their murders proceed usually from quarrels as to women, or land, or cattle. A good many of our officers on the frontier have been assassinated, sometimes out of mere wantonness, and they have to go about armed or guarded.

It is the extraordinary union of virtues and vices which forms the most puzzling feature in the Afghan character. To courage, strength, and the other better features of a wild, sentimental mountain people, they unite vices which are usually attributed to the decrepitude of corrupt civilizations and dying races; and though their fidelity is often able to overcome torture and death, it as often succumbs to the most trivial and meanest temptations.

I am inclined to believe that much of the badness of the Afghans is owing to the influence of Mohammedanism. One might expect that so simple and intelligible a religion, holding the doctrine of the unity of God, and admitting Christ as one of its line of prophets, would be superior in its effects to polytheistic Hindooism, and especially to Brahmanism, the acceptance of which after and in face of Buddhism involved a moral suicide on the part of the people of India. But certainly my knowledge of India does not support that conclusion. Among a purely Semitic race like the Arabs, secluded among their deserts and at a certain stereotyped stage of thought, Mohammedanism may be good, and it undoubtedly appears to have exercised a beneficial influence in its removal of ancient superstitions; but in the larger sphere and greater complication of modern life it becomes an evil influence, from its essentially Pharisaical character and its want of power to touch the human heart. I need not speak of Christianity or of Buddhism, with their enthusiasm of love and their doctrines of self-sacrifice; but even in Brahmanism there are humanizing influences; and in the older Hindooism, as Dr. John Muir has so well shown by his metrical translations, the law of love finds an important place. It is not even the worst of Mohammedanism that it is a system of external observances and mechanical devotion. Its central idea, as elaborated to-day, is that of the Creator and Governor of the universe as a merciless tyrant, ruling after the caprice of a fathomless will, breaking the clay of humanity into two pieces, throwing the one to the right, saying, "These into heaven, and I care not;" and the other to the left, saying, "These into hell, and I care not." Whenever God is thus regarded as an arbitrary tyrant, instead of an all-loving Father whose dealings with his children transcend our knowledge but do not revolt our moral consciousness, religion, or rather that which takes its place, becomes a frightful instrument of evil; and even when the natural working of the human heart is too strong to allow of its being carried out practically to its logical conclusions, on the other hand, it prevents our higher sympathies from being of much practical use. It is worthy of such a system that it should regard a few external observances, and the mere utterance of such a formula as, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet," as insuring an entrance into heaven, and that its heaven should be one of purely sensual delight. I do not mean to say that Mohammed is responsible for all that Mohammedanism has become; for even in this case there has been manifested that curious tendency of religions to thrust forward and deify that which their founders began with repudiating and condemning; but he is in great part responsible, and

of all famous books in the world the Koran is about the least edifying.

Hardy, brave, mean, and wicked a people as the Afghans are, they are great lovers of poetry, and have produced not a little poetry of a high order. They are very fond, at night, round their camp-fires, of reciting verses, and these verses are usually of a melancholy kind, relating to love, war, the unsatisfactoriness of all earthly enjoyment, and the cruelty of fate. Captain Raverty has rendered a great service in presenting us with an almost literal translation of the productions of the more famous Afghan poets; and these do not at all make the Afghan character more intelligible. When the women of a village ventured to come out to look at me, usually some man with a big stick drove them away with heavy blows, and remarks upon them which even a Rabelais would have hesitated to report; yet the Afghans have romantic ideas of love, and are fond of singing these beautiful lines.

"Say not unto me, 'Why swearest thou by me?'
If I swear not by thee, by whom shall I swear?"

"Thou, indeed, art the very light of mine eyes;
This, by those black eyes of thine, I swear!

"In this world thou art my life and my soul,
And naught else besides; unto thee, my life, I swear!

"Thou art in truth the all-engrossing idea of my mind,
Every hour, every moment, by my God, I swear!

"The dust of thy feet is an ointment for the eyes—
By this very dust beneath thy feet I swear!

"My heart ever yearneth toward thee exceedingly—
By this very yearning of mine unto thee I swear!

"When thou laughest, they are nothing in comparison,
Both rubies and pearls—by thy laugh I swear!

"Truly I am thy lover, and thine, thine only—
And this I, Kúshhal, by thy sweet face swear!"

THE Rev. Julian Young's "Journal" contains the subjoined good story of a polemical parishioner:

In one of my ministerial rounds at Fairlight, in Sussex, I visited Dame Pankhurst—quite a character in her way: bluff, blunt, and shrewd, and close on the verge of eighty. She was seated at her tea-table, and, with knitted brows and a puzzled expression of face, was poring over her baize-covered Bible.

As soon as I entered, she took off her spectacles, wiped them with her checked apron, and deposited them on the chair by her side, and thus accosted me: "Muster Young, 'tis very handy your coming in just now, for I be sadly put about; and I ain't, to say, easy in my mind at summat as I've been a-reading in this here Book. I've stumbled, I think, on one of the things as Peter says 'is hard to be understood.'" She then pointed to the first chapter of St. James, and desired me to read aloud for her the second verse, which had so disconcerted her: "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." When I had complied with her request, she stuck her arms akimbo, and, shaking her head skeptically and defiantly, asked me "what I thought o' that? If there be meaning in them words, they mean as we are to be glad to fall into temptations! Perhaps there's summat more in the meaning of that word 'temptations' than I know on. Anyhow I can't make head or tail on't." She then hung down her head and repeated to herself, in tones of dissatisfaction, almost of indignation, the words, "temp-ta-tions! temp-ta-tions! temp-ta-tions, indeed! What be um, I'd like to know?" I told her that the word had two meanings—one signifying "to allure or entice," the other, "to try;" and that in the passage to which she had directed my attention the word "temptation" meant "trial." That St. James, in writing those words, was exhorting Christians "to be patient under trial;" and that though God could not directly tempt his servants, yet that sometimes, as in the case of Job and St. Paul, he permitted them to be tempted, that by the confirmation of their faith they might win the more glory, and therefore have the greater cause for joy. In confirmation of my assertion, that God could not himself directly tempt, however he might be said to do so indirectly, I pointed her notice to the thirteenth verse of the same chapter, on which she fairly exploded, "What d'ye mean! My mother taught me to pray to God, 'Lead us *not* into temptation,' from the Lord's Prayer. The Master himself tells us, 'Watch and pray, that ye enter *not* into temptation;' and this here St. James, an excellent good man, I suppose, tells us that we're to be uncommon *glad* if we fall into temptations. Why are we to be warned against temptations, if, when they come, they are to make us happy! And then, again, as to what you've been saying out o' your own head—I mean that God *can't* tempt—if he *can't* tempt, what's the use of praying to him *not* to tempt us?"

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[VOL. XIV.

AMONG THE PHILIPPINES.

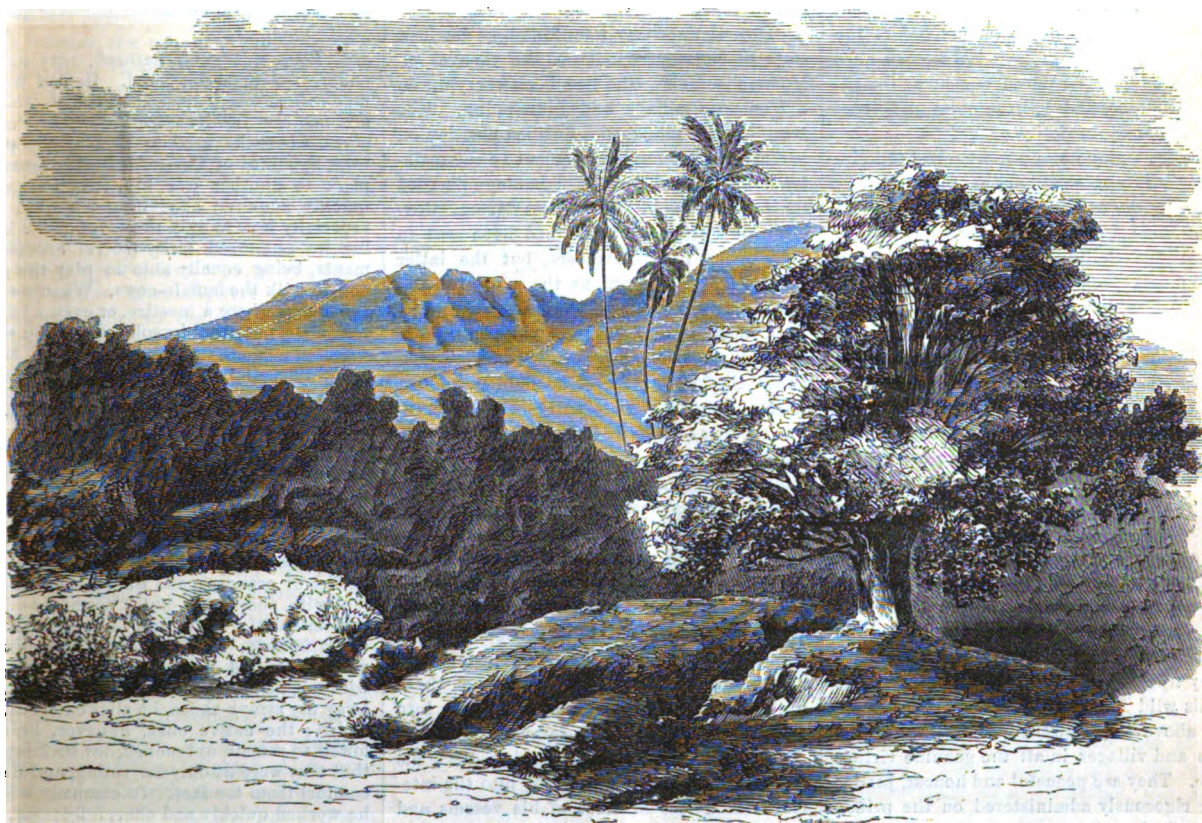
CONCLUSION.

IN the middle of the province of Camarines rises Mount Ysaróg, presenting from the east the appearance of a circular chain of mountains rent asunder by a great ravine. The higher slopes have been for ages the dwelling-place of a small race of people, whose independence and primitive customs have almost entirely separated them from the

toms of these people are quite similar to those of the Dyaks of Borneo. They are probably the last of the race which maintained itself against the superior arms and discipline of the Spaniards after all the seacoast and plain tribes had submitted.

In order to break down the opposition of this wild tribe, the Spanish Government not on-

ually reduced the numbers of the Ygorrotes of Ysaróg, but it has also encouraged their hardy adherence to their ancient customs, and preserved their individuality as a people. In making the ascent of the Ysaróg, Mr. Jagor came in contact with several communities of this interesting race, by whom he was hospitably treated, in spite of the cause they had



YSARÓG.

other inhabitants of the island. The inhabitants of the Ysaróg are ordinarily classified as Ygorrotes, alluded to in a previous paper. But they differ essentially; for the former constitute an individual and peculiar race, while the Ygorrotes proper are made up of any and all the Indians who have left the life of the *pueblo* and plain for that of the mountain and forest. The manners and cus-

tomly forbade its subjects to trade with them, but also sent armed expeditions to destroy their tobacco-fields. As the barbarians could not understand why they should not cultivate on their own fields a plant which had become a necessity to them, they saw in the *cuadrilleros*, or native government troops, not the functionaries of a civilized state, but mere robbers and bandits. This persecution has grad-

ually reduced the numbers of the Ygorrotes of Ysaróg, but it has also encouraged their hardy adherence to their ancient customs, and preserved their individuality as a people.

On the first day of the ascent he was met by the chief man of a village, who himself escorted him around, carefully removing the foot-lances which projected out of the ground in all the forest-paths, dexterously concealed by brushwood and leaves. In passing through the forest an Indian damsel was seen work-

ing at her primitive loom. The upper end, consisting of a piece of bamboo, was fixed to two bars, and to the two notched ends of a small lath, which supplied the place of the weaving-beam, hooked on a wooden bow, in which the back of the lath was fitted. Placing her feet against two pegs in the ground, and bending her back, by means of the bow she stretched the material straight. A netting-needle, longer than the breadth of the web, served instead of the weaver's shuttle. A lath of wood, sharpened by a knife, represented the trestle, and after every stroke it was placed on the edge. Then the comb was pushed forward, a thread put through, struck fast, etc. The material used was the fibre of the *abaca* and pineapple, the latter for the more costly fabrics.

The huts of the people were composed, as usual, of bamboo and palm leaves, and mostly surrounded with splendid fields of batata, maize, caladium, and sugar-cane.

Our author found his hill-friends quite musical. One lad played very well on a kind of a lute, which realized the rude idea of the harp or plectrum. Others played on jews'-harps of bamboo, and one ingenious performer had made a very creditable imitation of a European guitar, on which he played with no little skill. The musicians were very proud to display their accomplishments before the white stranger. Both men and women were found to be quite as decently clad as the Indian Christians, and to have quite as correct an idea of the proprieties of life.

The few products of a more advanced civilization which these simple people need they procure by the sale of the spontaneous products of their forests, their tobacco (in other parts of the Philippines a government monopoly), and their woven goods. Some of the head-men, indeed, are quite wealthy, and able to live with all the comforts of civilized life, did they not prefer the primitive plainness of their forefathers. Physicians, or magicians, persons supposed to have superior powers, are unknown to them, a characteristic of their barbarous state essentially different from the reigning superstition which other similar races display. While they say they believe in one God, even in Christ, and have some of the external practices of Christianity, they employ them rather as spells than defined religious ceremonies. The men are skilled hunters and agriculturists, doing all the hard work, and the women are kindly treated. Indeed, Mr. Jagor's account of this wild tribe would seem to rank them high above the Christianized Indians of the cities and villages in all the genuine virtues of life. They are peaceful and honest, justice being rigorously administered on the principle of the *lex talionis*. For a child a child is slain, a woman for a woman, a man for a man, the nearest kinsman performing the part of avenger or executioner. The trouble is, that this retaliation again calls for a similar course, so the affair may become a regular matter of family feud, a sort of Corsican *vendetta*, which only ends with the extermination of all the contending parties. The similar practice among the North American Indians and several other races is well known. In other respects the Ygorrotes of Ysaróg

are distinguished by very unusual virtues as a people. As they were not permitted to have cocoa-palms for the preparation of wine, brandy, and vinegar, so that they might not infringe the monopoly of the *hacienda*, they made their visitor the bearer of a petition to the Manila government, asking for the favor. Their kindness to our traveler was well repaid, for his solicitations gained for them double what they requested in their quaint petition.

On his return route to Legáspi he shot some specimens of a very curious and gigantic bat, found only in these islands, the *pankte*. These monstrous creatures, each of whose wings covers nearly five feet when extended, hang asleep during the day from the branches of the trees, and frequently their young are seen suckling them. When the mothers were first shot it was quite affecting to see how the little animals clung more and more firmly to the bodies of their parents. This pathetic delusion, however, like many in human nature, was soon dissipated. For, when the store of milk was exhausted, the old ones were deserted, like empty bottles. Man, after all, has many points of resemblance to the lower order of creation, and the Darwinian hypothesis would seem to get point from moral as well as physical reasons.

The whole coast was found to be in a state of consternation from the ravages of Moorish corsairs, who had been carrying on a wholesale pillage and kidnapping. The pirates had established a fortified position on several small islands convenient to the mainland, and from this coign of vantage pursued their operations with a reckless daring. Government vessels, or *saluds*, had been sent to drive away the buccaneers, but the latter laughed them to scorn, as the assailants did not know how to use their cannon, and, moreover, held the Moors in such dread as to take safety in flight at the slightest excuse. Between the inefficiency of the Manila and district authorities, the timidity of the government crews, who were almost entirely unskilled in the manipulation of arms, and the difficulty of pursuing the depredators through the tortuous bayous and channels which make a net-work of many parts of the coast, the corsairs of Suli were having their own way. A year or two after our author's residence in the Philippines, a fleet of light-draught steam-gunboats, which had been built in England expressly for the service, succeeded not only in ridding the Philippines of these fierce pests, but of "carrying the war into Africa," and inflicting a severe punishment on the Sultan of Suli by burning down his capital town, and driving him into the interior with a loss of most of his vessels and treasures.

Our traveler found the interior very difficult to traverse on account of the badness of the roads, and the extreme fear on the part of the people in regard to the pirates, who were ravaging on the coast and making inland incursions. Brief journeys and long stops were forced on him much to his annoyance. During one of his involuntary halts at the capital of the province he had an opportunity of witnessing the election of the district officials—a process typical of similar

acts all over the islands. The governor conducted the election in person, in the common hall, the *gobernadorcillos* and constables, with all those who had held the offices before them, being seated near by, and acting as electors. Each one wrote three names, and the one receiving the most votes was elected. The whole affair seemed to be conducted on the principle of a close corporation, and every precaution taken to keep the matter in the hands of the few.

On Mr. Jagor's departure from Legáspi to the island of Samar, in a small schooner which happened to be making the trip in spite of the pirates, he lost his servant, Pepe, who had served him quite faithfully—that is, measured by the Philippine standard of faithfulness, which is by no means a high one. Pepe had just received his eight months' wages in a lump, and, as he had become a small capitalist, he wished to rest from his arduous labors for a while, and enjoy something of the *dolce far niente* to which he had lately been a stranger. None of the Philippine-Islanders could understand why any rational human being should go wandering about, enduring danger and privation, simply for the pleasure of travel and observation. The description given of the worthy Pepe is so lively and graphic that it is worth quoting:

"Pepe was good-natured, very skillful, and always good-tempered. He had learned much from the numerous Spanish soldiers and sailors resident in Cavite, his native place, where he used to be playfully called 'the Spaniard of Cavite.' Roaming from one place to another was his delight; and he quickly acquired acquaintances. He knew especially how to gain the favor of the ladies, for he possessed many social accomplishments, being equally able to play the guitar and to milk the buffalo-cows. When we came to a *pueblo* where a mestizo, or even a 'daughter of the country' (*oreole*), dwelt, he would, when practicable, ask permission to milk a cow; and, after bringing the señora some of the milk, under pretext of being the interpreter of my wishes, he would maintain such a flow of ingeniously courteous conversation, praising the beauty and graces of the lady, and most modestly allowing his prodigious traveling adventures to be extracted from him, that both knight and esquire beamed with brilliant radiance. A present was always welcome, and brought us many a little basket of oranges; and buffalo-milk is excellent with chocolate—but it seemed as if one seldom has the opportunity of milking a cow. Unfortunately, Pepe did not like climbing mountains, and, when he was to have gone with me, he either got the belly-ache or gave away my strong shoes, or allowed them to be stolen; the native ones, however, being allowed to remain untouched, for he knew well that they were fit only for riding, and derived comfort from the fact. In company with me he worked quickly and cheerfully; but, when alone, it became tedious to him. Particularly he found friends who hindered him, and then he would abandon his skinning of the birds, which therefore became putrid and had to be thrown away. Packing was still more disagreeable to him, and consequently he did it as quickly as possible, though not always with sufficient care: as, on one occasion, he tied up, in one and the same bundle, shoes, arsenic-soap, drawings, and chocolate. Notwithstanding trifling faults of this kind, he was very useful and agreeable to me, but he would not willingly go to such an uncivilized place as Samar."

As his feet had become sore and inflamed, no trifling ailment in a hot climate, most of our traveler's land-journeying was now for some time done by litter. A loose mat, very thick and pliable, is laid on a frame woven with bamboo basket-work, the projecting ends being borne on the shoulders of four robust *polistas*. About every ten minutes the bearers are changed, and, as a protection against sun and rain, the frame is furnished with a light roof of pandanus. Though by no means a bad method of journeying when the roads are difficult, the traveler was not sorry to reach the town of Loguéloun, on the river of the same name, which flows southward to the ocean in a succession of rapids. Here the governor had provided two small but well-manned boats, the crews of which were accustomed to their work, and were alike hardy and skillful. Often they were obliged to make portages, and sometimes, in spite of the alacrity and coolness of the *voyageurs*, the boats were nearly swamped. At some of the more considerable water-falls the boats were let down over the chasm by means of the lianas which hung from the magnificent forest-trees, a boundless supply of strong and flexible natural ropes manufactured ready to the hand of man.

The last part of this boat-journey was of great interest, the course of the river being through white calcareous cliffs of a species of marble, clothed with superb vegetation, flowering trailers hanging down to the very water's edge, and their blossoms waving like gorgeous butterflies over the foaming waves, which glanced among the rocks with a swift, arrowy rush.

On this boat-journey opportunity offered of securing two live specimens of the macanoo, or mago, an extremely rare and delicate animal, belonging to the class of semi-ape, and only found in the island of Sámár. These magos were very voracious, but disdained all vegetable food. They were even particular in their choice of insects, the live grasshopper being the favorite *bonne bouche* of this four-footed little epicure. It was extremely ludicrous, when one was fed in the daytime, to see the animal standing perched on his two thin legs, waving his bare tail ominously, and turning his large head—round and smooth as a billiard-ball, with very large, yellow, owl-like eyes—in every direction, looking like a dark-lantern on a pedestal, with a circular swivel. Only gradually would he fix his eye on the object presented, but when he did perceive it he would immediately extend his little arms sideways, as though somewhat bashful; then, like a delighted child, would suddenly seize it with hand and mouth at once, and deliberately tear the prey to pieces. During the day the mago proved sleepy, short-sighted, and morose, but at night was agile, active, and good-natured in the extreme. They became quite tame and affectionate, but did not live long enough to enable their master to take them to Europe on his return, where they would have been great rarities.

Mr. Jagor, while traveling on the coast, met several Polynesians, who had been cast away on the island, having come from the Micronesian group, nearly a thousand miles away. There were many traditions of such

wonderful but involuntary voyages having been made before. The following extract from Captain Salmon's "History of the Oriental Islands," published in 1733, is a case in point:

"Father Clan (Clain), in a letter from Manila, which has been incorporated in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' makes the following statement respecting them: 'It happened that when he was in the town of Guivam, on the island of Sámár, he met twenty-nine Palaoa (there had been thirty, but one died soon after in Guivam), or natives of certain recently-discovered islands, who had been driven thither by the east winds, which prevail from December to May. According to their own statement, they were driven about by the winds for seventy days, without getting sight of land, until they arrived opposite to Guivam. When they sailed from their own country, their two boats were quite full, carrying thirty-five souls, including their wives and children; but several had died miserably on the way from the fatigue which they had undergone. When some one from Guivam wished to go on board to them, they were thrown into such a state of terror that all who were in one of the boats sprang overboard, along with their wives and children. However, they at last thought it best to come into the harbor; so they came ashore on the 28th of December, 1696. They fed on coconuts and roots, which were charitably supplied to them, but refused even to taste cooked rice, which is the general food of the Asiatic nations. *Two women, who had previously been cast away on the same islands, acted as interpreters for them.* . . . The people of the country went half-naked, and the men painted their bodies with spots and all kinds of devices. . . . As long as they were on the sea they lived on fish, which they caught in a certain kind of fish-basket, with a wide mouth but tapering to a point at the bottom, which was dragged along underneath the boats; and rain-water, when they could catch it (or, as is stated in the letter itself, preserved in the shells of the cocoa-nut), served them for drink. When they were about to be taken into the presence of the father, whom, from the great respect which was shown to him, they took for the governor, they colored their bodies entirely yellow, an operation which they considered highly important, as enabling them to appear as persons of consideration.'"

It seems not improbable that there may have been many such castaways in times past, and that the inhabitants of the Philippines may have thus been much influenced by Polynesian contact, even as the people of the Western islands clearly display the influences exerted on them by the Chinese and Japanese. It would be in this way easy to account for many of the peculiarities of the Bisayans (inhabitants of Sámár and Léyte), so distinct from those of the Tagals and Bicolos.

Many parts of the Sámár coast proved to be extremely beautiful. Specially was this the case in the small strait dividing the two islands. On the west were steep banks of tufa, which would tolerate no mangroves on their borders. Here the lofty, primeval forest approaches in all its sublimity close to the shore, interrupted by groves of cocoa only here and there, in whose sharply-defined shadows are to be found solitary huts. The steep hills facing the sea, and numerous small, rocky islands, are crowned with little castles of coral blocks. At the eastern end of the strait the south coast of Sámár con-

sists of white limestone, like marble, but of quite modern date, which in many places forms precipitous cliffs.

At one place they project into the sea in a succession of picturesque rocks, above one hundred feet in height and rounded like a dome. These are thickly covered with glowing vegetation, and, corroded at the base by the waters of the sea, rise out of the waves like gigantic mushrooms. A peculiar atmosphere of enchantment pervades the locality, whose influence on the native mariner must be all the more powerful when, escaping from the billows outside and the buffeting of the northeast wind, he suddenly enters so tranquil a refuge. It is no wonder that superstition peopled these caverns with spirits.

Here the old Pintados (primitive inhabitants) interred their heroes and ancestors in well-locked coffins, surrounded by those objects held in most regard during life. Oftentimes the dead were embalmed with aromatic spices and wrapped up in costly cloths, while jewels were placed in their eyes, ears, and mouths, and the implements of eating and drinking left hard by. Slaves were also bound and immured alive at the funerals of great men, so that the departed chiefs could have their servants with them in the other world. The numerous coffins, ornaments, arms, and trinkets in many cases had remained undisturbed for centuries, protected by religious terrors. No boat ever would pass without the observance of special rites, derived from old heathen days, to propitiate the spirits, who were believed to have the power to inflict storm and shipwreck.

About thirty years since a zealous young monk felt his soul burn with wrath at these heathen abominations, and he determined to extirpate them by the very roots. He equipped several boats with crosses, banners, pictures of the saints, and all the improved machinery for driving out Satan, and led an expedition against the haunted rocks, which were climbed to the sound of music and prayer, and the loud report of fireworks. After holy water had been dashed by the bucketful into the cave, the young zealot rushed in with uplifted crucifix. Of course this daring onslaught was rewarded with a brilliant victory. The coffins were broken to fragments, and the mouldering bones hurled into the sea. So the objects of superstition were annihilated, but the superstition survives to the present time.

Our traveler tells us no legend could have supplied an enchanted royal sepulchre with a more suitable approach than one of these caverns. The rock rises out of the sea with perpendicular sides of marble, and only in one spot is to be observed a natural opening made by the water, hardly two feet above the surface. Through this low archway the boat glided into a spacious circular court, overarched by the sky, the floor covered by the sea and adorned with a rich garden of corals. By the steep sides, thickly hung with lianas, ferns, and orchids, one easily climbs up to the cavern sixty feet above the water.

One of the principal towns on the island, Basey, is celebrated for the superior endowments and laziness of its inhabitants. The

cura, or pastor, received our author with great hospitality, and gave him much aid in enlarging his collection in natural history. The natives of Basey practised a peculiar method of capturing crocodiles, which indi-



CUADRILLERO.

An Armed Escort fully equipped (Hat, Shirt, Drawers, and Weapons).

cated no little ingenuity. This contrivance consists of a light raft of bamboo with a stage, on which, several feet above the water, is placed a dog or a cat securely fastened. Alongside the animal is set a strong, sharp iron hook, secured to the swimming bamboo by means of the fibres of the *abaca*. The crocodile, when it has swallowed the bait and the hook, endeavors in vain to break away, for the pliability of the raft prevents its being torn to pieces, and the peculiar elasticity of the bundle of fibres causes it to be very difficult to bite through it. So the raft serves as a buoy for the captured animal.

The crocodile-hunters told Mr. Jagor that the largest of the great reptiles, who were sometimes, it was said, forty feet in length, lived far away from all human habitations, generally selecting oozy swamps, overgrown with thick vegetation. Their bellies dragging along leave infallible trails for the eyes of the initiated. The parties sent out failed to obtain one of the largest size, whose skeleton the traveler was anxious to secure and take back to Europe, the old patriarchs being exceedingly wary and cunning, and not to be seduced from their haunts by any trivial device.

Shortly afterward, in the neighboring island of Léyte, however, a lake was visited which gratified the naturalist's cravings without difficulty. Here the fishermen on their loosely-bound rafts of bamboo, sinking half a foot deep in the water, moved about among an incredible number of saurians of huge

size, both parties seeming to view each other with great indifference. It was quite striking to see the fearlessness with which little girls waded out into the water within a few feet of the monsters. Fortunately the latter were amply supplied with their rations of fish, of which the lake contained a vast quantity.

In the environs of Basey the Ignatius bean grows in large quantities, though not found elsewhere. Its field of propagation is very limited, and efforts to raise it from the seed seem to have been not very successful. In these seeds is found strychnine. It is used in many households of the Philippines as a remedy, and is highly prized by the natives for its effects, which are quite exhilarating when properly and prudently governed. The bean is generally believed by the more ignorant and superstitious natives to possess magical qualities, many of them wearing it as an amulet around the neck. It is supposed to protect the owner against poison, contagion, and philters, so that indeed the devil in *propria persona* could not hurt the wearer. Superstition has ascribed all kinds of miracles to the Ignatius bean, in spite of the protestation and argument of the worthy fathers, who wish to have a monopoly of the miracle-making business for themselves.

The inhabitants of the islands of Samar and Léyte are Bisayans, a race different in many respects from the Tagals and Bicolos of the island of Luzon, and much inferior to the latter both in *physique* and character. Some of their customs are quite singular and worthy of a few brief notes. There being no markets, the buyer is obliged to seek his wares in the different houses, and in like manner the seller offers his goods. An Indian seeking to borrow money has to give ample security and pay heavy interest. He rarely is permitted to borrow more than five dollars at a time, for which sum he can be legally imprisoned in default of payment. If the debtor fails, he frequently parts with one of his children, who serves the lender for his bare food, till the debt is extinguished.

Our author met a young man who had so served for five years in liquidation of a debt of his father; in another case a pretty young girl who had loaned herself for nearly the same time to settle a debt of three dollars. It was no uncommon thing for a native to borrow two and a half dollars to purchase his exemption from the forty days of annual service, and then to work a whole year in the service of the creditor to expunge the debt.

The principle of serving to get possession of a wife is quite general in this section of the Philippines. The suitor has to labor in the house of the bride's parents for two, three, even five years, before he can take his bride home, and even money cannot buy exemption from this onerous duty. He not only labors, but is obliged to furnish all his own food except the rice. The girls are kept under very rigid control by parental authority, in order to increase the time of the lover's servitude as much as possible.

Of ancient traditions, legends, or ballads, there are next to none among this race. They have songs at their dances, but mostly spiritless improvisations, and pitched to a high,

monotonous key. They have not preserved any memorials of former civilization, and their pagan forefathers built no temples, each one performing religious rites in his own house. It was only on certain occasions that the old Bisayans celebrated the grand festival called Pandat, and worshiped in huts (expressly built to accommodate the idols), covered with foliage, and adorned with flowers and lamps. Among their gods they numbered their fathers and grandfathers, whose images were kept in the house, like the lares and penates of the old Romans.

One of the main drawbacks to the prosperity of the Philippines has been the tobacco monopoly on the part of the government, which has made the cultivation, manipulation, and sale of the plant the object of most jealous precaution.

The Manila cigars are of fine quality and flavor, and wealthy merchants throughout the Oriental ports, to whom price is no object, prefer them to the best Havana brands. In Europe, however, the Manila cigars are steadily losing their reputation, owing to the uncertain crop, the system of compulsory labor, and the peculiar restrictions laid on the growth and manufacture. The manufacture of sugar, hemp, and palm-oil, all of which might be made important articles of export, also languish under the hide-bound system of Spanish colonial policy.

Mr. Jagor, who observes in his extensive journey through the islands with the eye of a trained and impartial traveler, sees in this richly-favored group a magnificent future, but finds little hope for the full development of their resources except in the influence exerted by the United States in its trade-relations with Eastern Asia. Directly in the



A BISAYAN INDIAN WOMAN.

track of this trade, the Philippines cannot fail to profit largely by it, and ultimately the governmental policy will be forced to square itself with the more liberal notions of the age.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER VII.

A CHANCE MEETING.

For some days the weather had been showery at Basilwood, and young Hendall, accustomed of late to an out-door life, began to weary of the house, and to weary still more, it must be confessed, of his aunt. His first thought, therefore, when he saw the sun shine out, was to escape.

"I think," he mused aloud, "I will spend the morning in the garden."

"No, Arthur," said Mrs. Basil, as though she were speaking to a child, "the garden is damp, and you are not well. Besides, people don't spend whole mornings in a garden merely for pleasure."

"Very stupid of people, then," said Arthur. "Now I like the looks of this old garden, I need fresh air, and I'll have out my camp-stool, and spend the morning there."

"Oh, very well, Arthur," said Mrs. Basil, her head rather higher than usual; "if you wish to have another chill. But I'm sure Dr. Garnet wouldn't advise it. And you must excuse me from accompanying you; I never go out in the morning, it is damp. But I'll order your camp-stool carried out, if you are determined to have your own imprudent way."

"Thank you, aunt," said Arthur, "I can wait upon myself."

But this Mrs. Basil would not permit him to do. Old Thurston, summoned in haste from his work, came in, grimy and grumbling, shouldered the camp-stool, and, limping ostentatiously, led the way to the desired spot, at the end of a broad walk, where the shadow of a grape-trellis made a charming tracery on the gravel.

The old Jack-at-all-trades, being, as usual, behindhand in some all-important job, was not pleased to be called upon to lug chairs out of the house, when there were benches under the scuppernong arbor, and seats in the little alcove where the oleanders grew, if people must sit out-of-doors. He decided in his own mind that this young man was "no 'count, and given to high airs;" but he quickly changed his opinion, when, as he put down the camp-stool, he perceived that Arthur had taken out his pocket-book. Nothing conciliated old Thurston like a tender of fractional currency.

"It's not roomatiz that disjoints you," he remarked, encouragingly, with a pretense of not observing the pocket-book.

"Not much," said Arthur, extending his hand, a motion for which old Thurston, with all his seeming unconcern, was on the alert.

"Thank you kindly, sir," said he, bowing idolatrously. "It used to be silver; but times is changed. If it isn't roomatiz, you'll get over it. I wish you may marry rich."

No better wish could old Thurston devise for any man.

"Marry rich," repeated Arthur, as the old negro moved away. "Twice in as many days has this wisdom of the aged been thrust upon me."

The garden was a wilderness of bloom and verdure; the breeze came laden with the scent of apple-blossoms and the lulling murmur of bees; and the young man, abandoned to the soothing languor of the scene, hardly appreciated the perfect calm of his retreat, until it was disturbed by the discordant scream of a Guinea-hen, mingled with occasional cries of "Shoo, shoo!" and followed by the patter of feet in rapid pursuit.

Young Hendall, weakened by illness, was in that uncertain state when the veriest trifle becomes an intolerable burden, but when, also, the simplest diversion may prove a benefit. He glanced around with a look of helpless exasperation, and as the Guinea-hen, with its peculiar, swaying gait, and half-suppressed cry, emerged from the shelter of one of the long alleys, he threw his pocket-knife with angry violence at the frightened creature, which, squalling wildly, fled with accelerated speed.

The next instant he started to his feet in surprise, for immediately in front of him stood the Guinea-hen's breathless pursuer, a sun-browned, thin-visaged little maiden, with scarcely a trait of beauty, save the large, dark, unfathomable eyes, that, in spite of their direct and fearless glances, seemed to reveal nothing of the young soul that looked through them; only the mobile mouth, with its thin and flexible scarlet lips, disclosing the white but slightly irregular teeth, seemed to contradict the steadfast eyes, and proclaim the impetuosity and vehemence of her nature.

The two confronted each other for a few seconds, silent with embarrassment. Arthur Hendall could not identify this apparition with Judge Basil's granddaughter, for he had not supposed that the "child" of whom his aunt spoke lived at Basilwood; neither could he believe that this delicately-formed, graceful little creature belonged to that Griswold family, concerning whom he had heard quite enough from Mrs. Basil to satisfy him that they were people of an altogether different type from this.

But Joanna, though she had never seen this young man before, knew perfectly well who he was; he was the *master of Basilwood*; and at the thought the tears rose up and almost overcame her.

"Would you — would you, then, have killed my Guinea-hen?" she faltered, clasping her thin, brown hands with nervous force.

The blood rushed to Arthur Hendall's handsome face, and he said, quite contritely:

"I beg your pardon; but I am sick and cross."

Now, Joanna had ceased to consider this young gentleman as a hero ever since Miss Basil had been forbidden to sing. She looked upon him as an intruder and a tyrant, and if she had not yet made the attempt to "worry the life out of him," it was simply because she had not found out how to do so

without compromising her dignity; and Mrs. Basil herself was not more tender on that point than this little Joanna.

"I suppose it is because you are sick and cross, then, that you put a stop to the singing?" she asked, with a comical fierceness.

"Was it *you* that sang?" Arthur asked, incredulously.

Joanna shrugged her shoulders with impatience—a trick she had inherited from her French ancestry.

"I can't sing like that," she said, with unconscious satire.

"It was atrocious," said Arthur, laughing slightly, and rising as he spoke, for he saw that this little oddity was neither to be considered a rustic nor yet a child.

"No matter," retorted Joanna, who could not deny that charge; "it is the only—solace Pamela has when I—aggravate her."

Young Hendall felt instinctively that it would not do to laugh.

"And has the singing really ceased?" he asked, gravely. "Does she sing no more, this Pamela, whoever she may be?"

"Of course it has stopped at *your* command, Mr. Arthur Hendall," said Joanna, with bitter emphasis.

At the sound of his own name, Arthur started. Who could this girl be that seemed to know him so well? And who was this Pamela whose cause she so warmly espoused?

"It was an outrageous noise," he said, with the natural combativeness of a young man who would be always right. "You yourself must acknowledge that it was fearfully shrill!"

"But it hurt her feelings," said Joanna, with the natural evasiveness of a woman who will not be convinced—"I know it hurt her feelings, though she did not say a word."

"Did it hurt your feelings, too?" asked Arthur, with interest.

"It made me very angry!" said Joanna, with a sudden rush of color. "Before that I was sorry for you; but now, indeed—"

"Pray tell Pamela, then, that I beg she will begin to sing again," said Arthur, good-naturedly, seeing that Joanna did not intend to finish her sentence.

Contrary to his expectation, however, this did not conciliate Joanna; she resented this permission as a tyrant's condescension. With a dignity that would have done honor to Mrs. Basil herself, she answered:

"Pamela is Miss Basil; I alone have the right to call her Pamela; and I decline to deliver your message."

Young Hendall, who could not understand the secret of Joanna's indignation, naturally resented being thus snubbed.

"It is not of the slightest importance," he said, coldly, and sat down with an air of putting a peremptory end to the interview.

Joanna immediately turned away with a miserable sense of defeat.

"He'll usurp the garden next," she said to herself, "and then what is to become of me? I shall be banished—banished! I wish, oh, I do wish I could sing like Pamela! I'd hide in the thickets, and terrify his very soul!"

At this stage of her angry soliloquy she

*Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by Dr. Appleton & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

had reached the little alcove where the oleanders grew, and here she sat down and burst into a passion of weeping; but she could hardly have explained, even to herself, the secret of her tears. It was not that she felt herself banished from the garden, for in her heart she knew that she did not mean to abandon one of her favorite haunts, though she should stumble upon the usurper at every step; it was not that she could not sing like Pamela, for she was very, very far from desiring that shrill accomplishment, and farther still from any intention of imperiling her dignity by singing in the thickets; and certainly it was not because Mr. Arthur Hendall had thrown his knife at her Guinea-hen, for she had quite forgotten that; neither was it because the sight of the master of Basilwood had been too much for her. No, if the truth must be told, Joanna wept because she was painfully conscious of her short and ill-setting skirts! Ah, had she *glided* down those garden-walks in trailing draperies, like the grand ladies she read of, or even like that odious Miss Ruffner, how differently "the grand-mamma's" nephew might have regarded her! For Joanna had seen in young Hendall something more than the master of Basilwood: she had seen in him a finished young gentleman of the great world; and she—her skirts didn't set well; she didn't understand gores, and neither did Pamela.

But, had Joanna appeared to young Hendall in all the glory of the latest mode, he doubtless would have beat a hasty retreat, for he was in no mood to exchange compliments with a lady of fashion. Joanna, in her faded brown linen, with her straw hat, which the sun and wind had tanned, hanging half off her graceful head, and her crisp, sun-burned hair, blown in picturesque confusion about a face that glowed like a sun-ripened peach, was an apparition far more agreeable to him just then. She suited the old garden so well, he thought, that, ignorant who she might be, he could have fancied her, poetic youth that he was, an oread or a hamadryad, except that there was so much of the malice of a clever child about her. His first question on entering the house was:

"Aunt, what is that little brown thing running wild about the garden?"

"Indeed, Arthur, I seldom go into the garden now, it is so ill-kept of late," answered Mrs. Basil, glancing up, with a barely audible sigh, from the slipper she had undertaken to embroider for him. "Is it not the weed they call 'pusley'?"—for, naturally, she thought that he was asking a botanical question.

Arthur laughed.

"No, that is not her name, I am sure," said he. "I am not speaking of a weed; I mean that queer little brown girl, with the brown dress, like a furniture-cover, you know?" (If Joanna had heard that!)

"Oh," said Mrs. Basil, with as much indifference as she could command, and pausing deliberately to pick out a false stitch, and telling herself again that her nephew had a great deal of levity for a Hendall. "You must excuse my dullness; but it was not my fault that I did not understand you," she said, coldly, when she had rectified the mis-

take in her work. "I suppose you must mean the little Joanna, Judge Basil's granddaughter." •

"But you said that Judge Basil's granddaughter is a child?" objected Arthur, with marked surprise.

"She is a child," reiterated Mrs. Basil, decisively. On that point she was firm.

"And why did you not tell me that she lives here?" asked Arthur, suspiciously.

"Why should I boast of my good deeds?" replied Mrs. Basil, with comfortable pride. "Surely, my husband's granddaughter may have a home at Basilwood while I live?"

"Surely, as long as she likes, poor little thing!" exclaimed Arthur, with ready sympathy.

"But, understand, Arthur, that I am not responsible for her training and conduct. Miss Basil, the judge's cousin, has had exclusive charge of her from her infancy, and Miss Basil is—simply my house-keeper. I fear that she is no very judicious guardian for the child; but that, of course, is not my affair." And Mrs. Basil looked at her nephew as if she wished to add, "nor yours."

"And this Miss Basil, your house-keeper, is she as fiendish as her singing?"

"Arthur!" said Mrs. Basil, reprovingly, "you should not employ such expressions. Miss Basil's voice is shrill, I know; she herself is a plain, inoffensive creature."

"I hope she is good to Joanna," said Arthur.

"That need not concern you," said his aunt, coldly. "Though I may state, *en passant*" (how pleasant it was to air her colloquial French!), "that I should resolutely disavow any unfairness to the child; she is the judge my husband's granddaughter. But what does very naturally concern you, Arthur, is this: I have a letter from Jane Ruffner. She was to have spent part of the summer with me; but she writes, now, that she will be with Mrs. Stargold, who has taken a house here in Middleborough for the summer."

"I am heartily sorry to hear it," said Arthur, frowning. "I shall have to be capering over there, I suppose, to pay my respects?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'capering over there'; I suppose you will ride over and call, as a gentleman should," said Mrs. Basil, in an injured tone; but she didn't picture to herself how a Hendall, young and handsome, must look mounted on bony old Black Hawk, the solitary horse of the Basilwood stables. "I don't know," she continued, in the same aggrieved manner—"I'm sure I don't know why my cousin couldn't come to me. I wrote and asked her; but I suppose she is under Jane Ruffner's direction."

"You couldn't have made the old lady comfortable," said Arthur, bluntly; "which I consider a fortunate circumstance, myself, for, of all regular bores, our estimable cousin is the chief."

"Arthur!" said Mrs. Basil, with displeasure. "I wonder at you; I do, indeed. You should not permit yourself to speak so disrespectfully of your own relations. The habit will grow upon you, and betray you, some day, to your cost. For prudence' sake, as

you hope to stand well with Mrs. Stargold, whose ability to—*to serve you* is not to be despised, pray be more guarded in your speech."

"What possesses the old soul to come to Middleborough, of all places?" said Arthur, with what his aunt considered hopeful interest.

"I consider it a very significant step," said she, with an air of mystery. "This is probably her last summer on earth; poor Cousin Elizabeth, by all accounts, is failing rapidly. The Ruffners are to be with her—did I tell you?"

"The three?" said Arthur. "That's a good arrangement. Sam is such a good-natured fellow, he can do all the errands; old Jane can do the honors, and Mrs. Ruffner can gather entertaining gossip. I don't think Cousin Elizabeth will feel the want of my attentions."

"She would have been much better under my roof," said Mrs. Basil, despondently. "But don't say 'old Jane,' my dear Arthur; she is your third cousin, and, with all her faults, a very imposing woman. As to Mrs. Ruffner, she is allied to us only by marriage, and is indeed, as you say, given to gossip; I trust, therefore, that you will be discreet in your speech."

Arthur was silent; perhaps he felt that his aunt's advice was good.

"You think me a mercenary old woman, my dear," Mrs. Basil said, with a sad smile, seeing that he would not speak. "But you are yet full of the arrogance of youth; you think the world's your oyster now, and you expect to open it with your sword; when you're older, you'll know better. Money is a good thing to have."

"Oh, I understand you, aunt," said Arthur, "and I'm much obliged to you, you know. Of course, I should like some of Mrs. Stargold's money, but I—can't bow and cringe for it, I can't."

"My dear, no!" said Mrs. Basil, hastily. She would fain have shown herself indifferent to Mrs. Stargold's wealth; but, alas! poverty forbade; or so, at least, she excused herself to herself. "I would not see you 'bow and cringe'; pray don't use such language, Arthur. But I would not have you slight your opportunities. To say nothing of the service you rendered"—Arthur made an impatient movement, but his aunt would not notice it—"you have a much nearer claim than the Ruffners upon Mrs. Stargold. Her father, George Hendall he was, and the Ruffners' grandmother were only cousins; but George Hendall was your grandfather's half-brother.—Why do you laugh, Arthur? I'm sure it's creditable to understand one's family connection."

"But where are the long-deceased Stargold's relations?" asked Arthur. "Are you going to leave them out of the account?"

"There are none," said Mrs. Basil, with satisfaction. "Besides, far the greater part of Mrs. Stargold's wealth, you know, was inherited from her brother, Francis Hendall; and you are the last of the name, Arthur; I'm sure that's something in your favor."

"Francis Hendall—was he not reputed a black sheep?" asked Arthur, with a grim-

ace. "Perhaps my bearing the name may be rather a disadvantage to me."

"You seem determined to put yourself at a disadvantage, Arthur," said his aunt, with a sigh that was half regret and half admiration. "She liked high-toned sentiments, she really believed, better than money. "Francis Hendall has been dead a quarter of a century. I don't think we should recall his faults."

"I know nothing of his faults," said Arthur, bluntly; "and care still less."

"He was—*erratic*," said Mrs. Basil, with an air as though the delicate word covered a multitude of sins; "and we have agreed in the family never to discuss him."

CHAPTER VIII.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

THE little Joanna's tears were bitter enough while they lasted; but, at the age of seventeen, with no weightier cause for grief than short, ill-setting skirts, one does not weep long, and soon she wiped her eyes and went in search of Pamela. She still retained the childish habit of following Miss Basil about in her daily avocations, notwithstanding the dawning consciousness that she had begun to outgrow the somewhat restricted intelligence of her prosaic cousin.

She found the object of her search in the dairy, the products of which, under Miss Basil's thrifty management, added a very acceptable fraction to Mrs. Basil's small income. But Joanna made no offer of assistance, not because she had not the will to be useful, but because her thoughts were so busy with other subjects.

"Pamela," said she, gravely, "don't you wish you were rich?"—a question not at all *à propos*, it would seem, to the churn that Miss Basil was filling.

"Such wishes are but waste of time, child," said Miss Basil. "A little reflection would show you that they lead to discontent."

"But I don't feel like reflecting," said Joanna, moving about recklessly; "I feel like wishing. Pamela, if somebody were to leave you a great deal of money, what would you do?"

"There is nobody to leave me any money," said Miss Basil, with decision.

"But if—if?" persisted Joanna.

"It is dangerous to tamper with 'ifs,'" said Miss Basil, sententiously. "Learn contentment, child."

"I know what I would do," said Joanna, utterly regardless of the sound advice; "I'd have dresses like the ladies in the fashion-plates, and sit under the apple-trees, and read 'Quentin Durward' all day long."

"And spoil your fine clothes, besides wasting your time," said Miss Basil, grimly. "Don't be silly, Joanna; youth is a time of delusion, and, unless you accept my experience—"

"O Pamela! I wish you wouldn't!" Joanna interrupted, with a deprecating gesture. "Can't you understand that your experience

would fit me about as well as your old shoes?"

It is altogether vain for Age to hope that Youth will blindly accept the wisdom so carefully sifted from the chaff of life; for it is the chaff that shines so attractively to eyes not yet dimmed by care and sorrow. But this Miss Basil could not understand. She heard Joanna with amazement, not unmingled with indignation; but a vague intuition of her inability to cope with this ardent young spirit in its incipient struggle against the trammels of its narrow life withheld her from hazarding a direct comment.

"Joanna," she said, authoritatively, after a startled look of a moment's duration, "there are a dozen towels in the linen-press to be hemmed; go hem them. It is half-past ten o'clock; you've been idle long enough."

It was not wisdom that actuated Miss Basil; she spoke in sheer desperation; but she could not have chosen a more effectual method of closing the debate. Much as Joanna fretted at her cousin's obtuseness of imagination, she had no thought of defiance. She went obediently for the towels; but she did not return with them to the dairy.

"It is not so very bad to hem towels," she said, with a little sigh, as she addressed herself to her task, "but it is dreadful to hem one's soul down according to precept and example. Pamela does not understand me."

This was exactly the conclusion at which Miss Basil herself had arrived.

"Mercy guide us!" she cried, devoutly, clasping her head with her hands when Joanna had left her; "the child sets me wild! I don't understand her. To think that, after all my drilling in the catechism that I've never spared, and all the texts of Scripture that I've stored her mind with, she should be so given to the vanities of dress! And I always give her good advice, the very best advice, if she would only heed it. What can the child want more?"

But the little Joanna wanted sympathy, that subtle balm, the nature of which Miss Basil, kind and pitiful though she was in all cases of physical suffering, could not understand where only tastes and fancies were concerned.

And thus it had come to pass that Joanna had made to herself a friend of the old garden. To flit like a butterfly from one sunlit alley to another was a pastime she could not forego, though a lion barred the way. Indeed, to her daring nature, any risk to be run, any peril to be overcome, rendered any undertaking but the more irresistible. Not that she looked upon Arthur Hendall as a lion, however. Had she now been disposed to draw a comparison from the animal kingdom, she would hardly have employed the king of beasts as she had done, so much to Miss Basil's annoyance, the morning of young Hendall's arrival. She refused to recognize in this tyrant and usurper any obstacle to her daily pleasure; she assured herself that she neither hoped nor feared to meet him—and so she continued to tend assiduously the flower-borders that nobody else at Basilwood cared for.

And, of course, she met young Hendall;

he had little else to do just now but stroll about at his pleasure; and, however she might avoid him, she was sure to encounter him at some unexpected turn of those extensive grounds, and he was sure to smile and bow, and wish her good-morning in a manner well calculated to efface her prejudice. If she rested in some shady corner the better to escape him, he invariably discovered her hiding-place—quite accidentally, of course. If ever a young man and a maiden, each on a separate course, stray down "blossoming ways," however spacious the garden, their steps inevitably converge, and that old and charming *commedia a soggetto* of "Cupid among the Roses" is sure to be played again, for the actors need no prompting.

Joanna had met young Hendall morning after morning in the wide gravel-walks, and had always passed him abruptly and defiantly, in spite of his ingratiating salutation; but one morning he surprised her in a remote nook, seated at the foot of a half-ruined vase of brickwork, in which some degenerate specimens of verbena were struggling for existence.

"A pleasant morning to you, little Joanna," he said, smiling down benignly upon her from his superior height.

"Good-morning," answered the little Joanna, with a sudden flush, and a tumult in her ears that her beating heart did make. It was the first time "the grandmamma's nephew" had addressed her by name; and it seemed to her as though he had suddenly overleaped a great barrier. She had resented as an unwarrantable familiarity his calling Miss Basil "Pamela;" but it could not occur to her to resent the use of her own name in that way, for, as every one called her "the little Joanna," it seemed perfectly natural that he also should address her thus; yet, coming from him, the sound of her own name was so unexpected that for the moment it deprived her of the power, almost of the wish, to retreat. She was mending the handle of a large willow-basket with a piece of faded ribbon, and she bent over her task now with fingers trembling visibly.

"Give me that," said Arthur, laying violent hands upon the basket; "I'll mend it for you."

"No, no, no!" said Joanna, excitedly, and clinging to the basket as though it were an agis; "I say no! I must be going!"

"You always 'go,'" said the young man, reproachfully. "I think you might sometimes stay to amuse me; it is so stupid."

Joanna looked at him askance. The idea that this young gentleman, who had seen the world, could be amused by her, was preposterous.

"But I must go," said she, decidedly. "Pamela has given me something to do."

"Always that dreadful 'Pamela!'" said Arthur, impatiently.

"I have told you," corrected Joanna, with dignity, "that she is *Miss Basil*."

"But that is so indefinite," objected Arthur; "and I have a devouring curiosity about you Basils."

"To be in the house all this time, and not know who Pamela is!" said Joanna, with a little toss of indignation.

"How should I know when you hold yourselves always aloof?" said Arthur, apologetically.

Joanna colored.

"We breakfast and dine very early," said she. "It is very—*plebeian*, I know; but—it is convenient and better for the health. Pamela does not approve of a late breakfast."

"Which is a great pity," said Arthur; "for my aunt and I do not approve of an early one. People have a chance of becoming sociable when they take their meals together. I might have learned the whole family history of the Basils by this time, and no doubt I should have been very much entertained; but, as it is, I am still an ignorant stranger, and dreadfully bored for lack of a little enlivenment."

"Oh!" said Joanna; but the brief monosyllable expressed a volume. She knew very little of the family history of the Basils, except that they were of French extraction, and she shrank from betraying her ignorance of her kindred to a young man who was known to be, in the grandmamma's phrase, "so very well connected." She was anxious to do justice to her position as the *young lady of the Basil family*, but her inexperience in the ways of society embarrassed her not a little. She readily perceived that there was a certain tone about young Hendall quite different from any thing she had ever studied in the way of "manners;" but, ready as she was, she could not imitate it upon the spur of the moment; and, not knowing what reply to make to his bantering speech, she only said "Oh!" rather despairingly, and under her breath, as it were. Then, after what seemed to her a fearfully long pause, she added, with sudden resolution, "But I must go!" and smothered a little sigh, as she rose. Her conscience smote her for relenting, or wishing to relent, toward this tyrant and usurper.

"And I must go with you," said Arthur.

"Why?" asked Joanna, rather startled.

"*Pour me désennuyer*," he said, not unwilling to dazzle and mystify this simple maiden, like the very young man that he was; but for his punishment, Joanna, with a radiant smile, exclaimed:

"Oh, I understand you! I know French, for my ancestors, you see, were French—and so I thought it a shame not to know their language. Pamela could not have me regularly instructed; it was—inconvenient; so I learned by myself as well as I could, until last summer there came a little old French lady to board in that brick-house—did you notice it, a little way back from the road as you come out from town? Nobody lives there now; but the people that did live there took this poor French lady to board. She was an invalid, and Pamela sent her fruit every day—Pamela is very good to the sick, you know. Well, I carried the fruit myself, and the dear old madame was very kind. From her I—acquired the true accent; and, Mr. Hendall," she added, complacently, "I think your accent is very good."

If one had suddenly struck him, Arthur could not have been more thoroughly as-

tounded. It was no small surprise to find that this little rustic knew French, and had learned it, one might almost say, by sheer force of will; but the patronizing tone in which she expressed her flattering opinion of his accent was hard on his vanity. Yet Joanna had not meant to be patronizing. She spoke nothing but the simple truth when she said that she knew French; and, as she was neither shy nor vain, she had not hesitated to pronounce, in her straightforward way, what she felt was a correct as well as a favorable judgment. But young Hendall was, for a brief moment, deprived of the power of speech. He walked by her side in silence, undetermined whether to accompany her or to turn back; for he began to fear that he should like the little Joanna none the better for her knowledge of French. However, as she manifested no disposition to make a display of her hard-won accomplishment, he took courage, and asked (in English) what she was going to do with her basket.

"I am going to gather roses for Pamela."

"But what can she mean to do with that great basketful? Is she going to give a May-party?"

"Oh, no," Joanna answered, with a sigh and a smile, as if divided between admiration and regret; "Pamela would not waste her time on a May-party, I'm afraid. You see, she—*utilises* every thing," she continued, in an explanatory manner; "for she is—an extraordinary manager. She doesn't like to see any thing wasted. Now, these roses, they bloom, and wither, and—and—are *exhaled* away to no profit; so this year Pamela is going to try an experiment. She is always ready for an experiment, and she is almost always successful. She has an excellent recipe for making rose-water, and that is what she wants with the roses."

"And then what will she do with so much rose-water?" Arthur asked.

"Oh, it is good for many things," said Joanna; "and she will have some to sell. She wouldn't take the trouble if she didn't think it would *pay*."

"A remarkable woman Miss Basil must be," said Arthur. "She makes every edge cut, doesn't she?"

"I don't know what you mean," Joanna answered, coloring high. "She *must* be managing, because, you know, we are not rich. Basilwood"—she stopped suddenly, overpowered by emotion.

Young Hendall understood her without further words. "Basilwood shall always be your home, always," he said, with warmth. "My aunt wishes you to understand that—and so do I."

"Mine and Mela's? We shall never have to go away?" Joanna asked, eagerly.

"Never on our account, be sure," answered Arthur.

Joanna did not attempt to express her surprise and gratitude in any way. She raised her hand furtively to brush away a tear, and then said, very quietly, but with a sigh in which a great weight was lifted from her heart:

"It is a tangled place where the roses grow. I think you had better not come. The grandmamma told Pamela that the doctor

says you are to keep very quiet and not exert yourself." But these simple words, expressed with genuine feeling, bore testimony to the total change her sentiments toward the tyrant and usurper had now undergone.

"I sha'n't exert myself to obey him," said Arthur. "I like roses entirely too well." And he followed Joanna to the tangled spot where the roses grew—rather, however, because Joanna interested him than because he cared so much for the flowers.

And Joanna, innocently glad to have him go with her, said nothing further to discourage him.

BITTER FRUIT:

A STORY IN A PROLOGUE AND THREE CHAPTERS.*

(From Advance-Sheets.)

THE PROLOGUE.—(PARIS.)

MADAME THÉODORE, fashionable *modiste*, etc., understood the situation at a moment's glance. It was a splendidly-furnished apartment in the Rue Castiglione, into which she, and the grand dress she had brought with her, had been ushered. The depth of madame's knowledge of human nature was highly creditable, saving always that in width it was limited to that portion of human nature which fell within the scope of her business experience—the vanity of women. She knew that this vanity was equally the begetter of great extravagance and profitable expenditure—of great extravagance and unprofitable loss; and she felt, moreover, that the entire *raison d'être* for her own existence in the economy of Parisian life, nay, in the very world itself, lay in that same cardinal sin, vanity.

It would, probably, have interested Madame Théodore, and it would certainly have widened the limits of her knowledge, had she known that her theory, vanity, did not account for the creation of the splendid dress she had brought with her—that its creation, its bedeckings of costly lace and other trimmings, were due, not to vanity, but to vexation of spirit, to heart-breaking sorrow, to sadness and despair. But, after all, theory would have been of small interest in comparison with the question of practical payment; and madame's doubt on this point had caused her to accompany the dress to its destination.

"Splendid apartments, no doubt," muttered Madame Théodore, discontentedly; "every thing that mortals can want, but money—not a sou, I'll warrant, to bless themselves with—mortals with every thing that

* This story is founded on a drama of the same title produced at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, on the 6th of October, 1878. The author desires to acknowledge how greatly the success of the play was due to the power, pathos, and tenderness of Miss Bateman's creation of the rôle of *Nurses Graham*; nor can he forget the pathetic and manly rendering which the character of *Colonel Murray* received at the hands of the late Mr. Richard Bateman—a future of excellent promise, and a mind of charm and culture, lost in the Eastern seas.

money can buy always want money—I shall be ruined!" Ruin meant the loss of seventy per cent. clear profit. "This Monsieur Travers, what is he?—a gambler? This Madame Travers, what is she?" And Madame Théodore shrugged her shoulders significantly.

A little innocent-looking provincial maid entered the room. In the mind of Madame Théodore, innocence was another name for ignorance, and from her own vantage-ground of knowledge she heartily despised the little waiting-maid.

"Madame will see you directly," said the girl, deferentially. "You've brought home the dinner-dress?"

"Yes, alas!" replied Madame Théodore.

"Why alas?"

"Come, my dear," said Madame Théodore, in tones of great affability; "we dress-makers and maids ought to know one another; we can work so nicely together—you understand. Money all right, hey? Don't speak—a nod's enough for me."

"I think so. Oh, yes."

"I think not—oh, no. Who gave you that ring?" she inquired, casting a hungry eagle glance at a ring the little maid held on her finger. "A sweetheart? Lucky girl!"

"No, madame," replied the girl, blushing.

"A ring, and not a sweetheart! Still luckier."

"What's it worth, madame?"

"Do you want to sell it?—sell a gift—for your wages couldn't buy such a ring? Fickle girl—oh, fie!"

"Gift or not, I want to sell it."

"You mean, madame wants to sell it," replied Madame Théodore, with a sudden home-thrust.

"I never said so," exclaimed the girl.

"No, my love; but I'm as good a judge of the truth as I am of precious stones. Let me look at it!" And Madame Théodore snatched the ring from the unwilling maid. "It's a pretty ring enough—not pure water, though—there's a flaw in that stone! the setting's old-fashioned—a family affair, I should think."

"Its value, madame?" the girl asked, anxiously.

"Hum!—it's about worth what it was meant to pay for—that dress."

"Only that!"

"That's twelve hundred francs, my dear, and very moderate. Remember that I am Madame Théodore. You pay for genius in dress-making, my child, as you pay for it in painting and the other fine arts. I don't mind twenty francs for your commission!"

"Why, madame said it cost double that."

"Ah, my innocent lamb," said Madame Théodore, contemptuously, as she returned the ring, "precious stones are bought for one price and sold for another; they are bought with money—they are sold for want. As you will," she continued, with affected indifference; "only recollect that I am a woman, with a woman's sentimental weakness for diamonds. Try the Jews; their weakness is hard profit."

"I don't know where I can go to in Paris," murmured the girl, "and madame wants the money immediately."

"She can have it, then," and Madame Théodore drew the notes from her pocket. "Take them, my child, if you will—only be quick about it. I always make a fool of myself over diamonds; but I dearly love the crispness of bank-notes, and in another minute I may repent."

"Here's the ring, madame."

"And here's your twenty francs commission," said Madame Théodore, graciously; and she placed the ring in her pocket with evident satisfaction.

"I think, my dear," she continued, "you will shortly be in want of another situation."

"I will never leave madame—never," replied the girl, earnestly. "I love her so, poor thing!"

"A very pleasing sentiment, my love; but in all probability she will leave you—then come to me. I have great opportunities of recommending girls I like to my customers. By-the-by, character from your last situation?—there might be a demur; no matter, Madame Théodore's word is enough. I promise you a first-rate situation. Dress-makers and maids, my dear—it's so nice and pleasant when they work comfortably together. I hear the bell—that means the money. Well, you've got the money sooner than could have been expected. Go, my child; alacrity is the essence of faithful service." And the girl hurried from the room, with the money for her mistress, and the twenty francs as a burden on her little innocent conscience. She would fain have refused the commission, but she was afraid of Madame Théodore's ridicule.

"Can any thing be more fortunate?" thought that lady, joyfully. "Madame wanted her money, and she gets it. I wanted my money, and I shall get it—seventy per cent. clear profit. The little maid gets her commission of twenty francs. The circle of satisfaction is complete, and I get this ring into the bargain!"

Madame Théodore drew the ring from her pocket, and gazed gleefully on its sheen—hard as the diamond was that gaze of hers.

"Dear, sweet diamonds!" she murmured, playfully; "always new, though the setting's old; doubtless a wedding-gift to the grand-mamma Travers. O reputable diamonds! and then to her daughter; O reputable family diamonds! and then to Madame Travers herself; and so to me; and whither now? The Palais Royal, most likely; reset and sparkling in some firmament of purple velvet—heaven enough for most women! O dear diamonds, you were so good and virtuous in England, the vanity of chaste and honorable matrons! I tremble for your future life here in Paris."

Perhaps Madame Théodore, with her incisive power of perception, may have suspected that there was some sort of analogy between those diamonds and the story of her who had been their late possessor.

Madame Travers entered the room; her dress was radiant—full canary-colored silk with a subtle emphasis of cerise piping on the deft trimmings; the hand of a mistress, or probably a master, was visible in the grand treatment of detail, outline, and folds. Madame Théodore, with all the meanness of ri-

valry, was stirred to the depths of her artistic soul; the face of Madame Travers was indeed very weary, very sad and care-worn; but her dress was faultless.

Madame Travers, acknowledging the presence of Madame Théodore, threw herself wearily into a chair.

"You have brought home the dress?"

"Yes, madame."

"You have made the alterations?"

"Will madame try it on?"

"No, thank you. I dare say it will do. Have you your bill?"

"As madame pleases; but it's no matter."

"I wish to pay at once." Madame Travers took the bill and looked at the amount. "Rather high, I think, Madame Théodore."

"Pardon me, madame, we never consider cost in dresses of this character. We never solicit patronage; we have our price, which is according to the value of our prestige."

"Here's the money," replied Madame Travers, laconically; "receipt the bill."

"Has madame any other orders?"

"Not at present.—Good-evening," and Madame Travers threw herself back in her chair.

"Good-evening, madame; thank you for your patronage;" and madame retired toward the door. "The little maid will soon want another place," she thought to herself, as she cast one last hard glance at the weary face and the radiant dress of her English patroness; "it means that monsieur is tired of madame. Mon Dieu! the old story."

"The moment monsieur comes in," said Madame Travers to the little maid, "run over to the restaurant and see that they bring the supper directly—very hot, mind. The champagne was too much iced last time; do take care, Louise, monsieur is so very particular."

"I'll take care, madame.—Shall I take the new dress to your room?"

"Yes."

Of course, Louise couldn't help opening the milliner's basket.

"O madame, how lovely! such beautiful trimmings! Madame will look so handsome. Wouldn't madame have just one peep?"

"Don't trouble me, Louise; take away the dress."

"O madame, it is so very charming!"

"Go, Louise, I tell you; I wish to be alone."

And Louise obeyed, marveling much how her mistress could resist the fascination of such a beautiful dress; and, in the bitterness of her sorrow, Madame Travers marveled also.

"A new dress," she murmured; "how I loved dress once! those old days; the rapture of a new dress, the delight of a new dress, the delicious vanity of a new dress! It's no delight now—no vanity, Heaven knows, but the hard struggle of a weary heart to draw that man's cold eyes and absent thoughts back to me through the novelty of some new costume. Can it be possible? What! three short months, and the profession of an eternal love converted into a miserable lie? And yet, lie as it is, I must cling to it, feign to believe it, smile on it;

for there's nothing left me in this world but that lie. The love's gone; how long will the lie last? How can I eke it out, how can I stave off that day when he will leave me, that day when the lie will be done away, and I shall have to face the fearful truth? Alone, then!—no, not alone, there'll be death at my side that day; but, if death be so close, then repentance! How can I repent?—Tears!" (she started up and gazed with terror in the glass). "Tears, red eyes! he'll turn from me in disgust."

She rang the bell; Louise entered.

"My powder-puff, quickly."

"Yes, madame."

Louise hurried from the room, and quickly returned with the puff.

"My hair is ruffled; put it right, Louise. Monsieur may return at any moment—quickly! My face, is it all right?"

"Yes, madame."

"I don't look as if I had been crying, do I?"

"No, madame.—Has madame been crying?" the girl asked, with sympathy.

"No, no! I've not been crying," she replied, in harsh tone. "I only thought I looked as if I had. Why should I cry, Louise? I've every thing to make me happy. Cry, indeed; absurd nonsense!—His step!" she exclaimed, listening intently; "he's coming at last, thank Heaven! at last, at last.—The supper, quickly, Louise; very hot, and the champagne, you know."

"I'll take care, madame!" and the girl ran out of the room.

The steps echoed along the corridor; her heart beat, and she trembled from head to foot with anxiety. She knew, alas! too late, that the man she was so anxiously expecting was a liar, a blackleg, and a gambler; her one grievous crime had leveled her to his low estate; and save but for that one crime, she was honest and truthful and high-minded and a lady still, with all the delicate feelings and instincts and customs of home-life clinging to her; and yet she must needs cling to this man with desperation, for she felt that he alone stood between her and utter perdition.

The steps were at the door—the steps passed the door, and Upton Travers did not come. Sick at heart, she rang the bell; the supper must not be brought over, lest it should get cold before he arrived.

"You must wait, Louise; I made a mistake. Monsieur has not returned." And she threw herself on the sofa. Louise saw the tears in her eyes.

"Monsieur will be here presently," the girl said, in a cheerful voice, "I'm sure he will."

"Do you think so, Louise—do you really think so?"

"A little patience, madame; that's all. Perhaps monsieur is detained by the rain."

"Does it rain?"

"A dreadful night!"

"Ah, well, perhaps it is the rain which detains him."

"Won't madame take something—just a little?" said the girl, coaxingly.

"I'm not hungry, Louise."

"But madame has positively taken nothing all day."

"When monsieur returns, I shall have supper."

And then, in weary listlessness, she asked the girl about her home in Brittany.

"Have you got a father and mother, Louise?"

"Oh, yes, madame."

"And they are very fond of you?"

"Very, very fond," the girl answered, with warmth.

"If you were unhappy here, Louise?"

"Unhappy! But madame is so kind and good!"

"I say, if you were unhappy, what should you do?"

"I should go home, madame."

"They would be glad to see you, I suppose?"

"They would be so very glad!"

"And you'd see your brothers and sisters?"

"Oh, yes, madame; and the dear good old *cure*, he's quite as fond of me as my own father; he prepared me for my first communion, and he blessed me before I went away; and he told me to be good and honest, and—"

"Yes, yes, Louise, that will do—you can go now. I wish to be alone."

And the girl went; she, too, was crying at the remembrance of her village home.

"Go home! That girl can go home!" cried the miserable woman, in bitter sorrow, "and my home is encircled with a curse. I was *his* favorite child; he would do for me what he wouldn't do for the others, always what I wanted; his pet, his idol—and now my name must never be uttered in his presence. My brothers, they would have died for me. Had any one dared to say or do aught against me, with their quick blood, it would have been a blow; they'll only shrink away with shame now. O my sister! the old days—one heart, one soul between us; our life in childhood, our life as girls; the same thoughts, the same feelings; and now only scorn and contempt."

Her restless, feverish hands half unconsciously drew a letter from her pocket.

"My sister's letter! how bitter, how relentless! not one word of pity. She must know I want pity. That's right; drive home the bitter words, heap up the coals of fire! I'll answer it! it's so rude not to answer letters."

She started up, seized pen and paper, and wrote, with rapid hand:

"MY DEAREST SISTER: Your sympathy is all misplaced. I am very happy—very happy. I possess all I desire—endless devotion from one who has sworn to be forever true, and who will be forever true to his oath—"

"A note, madame," said Louise, entering the room. "A woman brought it; shall she wait?"

"Let her wait, Louise," and the girl left the room.

"Upton's hand!" exclaimed Madame Travers, gazing with terror at the hurried pencil direction. "What does it mean?"

She tore open the envelope, and scanned the note with eager eyes

"DEAREST: Only time for a word. A run of cursed luck. I must leave you for a few days; I shall soon return. I dare not say more; I am forced to fly."

"Ever affectionately yours,

"UPTON TRAVERS."

She staggered to a chair.

"It's all over! the lie is at an end. Coward! mean, pitiful coward! He did not dare to face me. Gone! alone now! Heaven help me, I've never been alone in my whole life, always some one or some influence to protect me, some shelter between me and the outside world; and now I must encounter all alike; that veil of family life, which hid me from the rough gaze of the world, plucked from my face. Impossible! I can't endure it. I must cling to him; he must, in very mercy, give me shelter and protection. I'll beg and pray on my knees to go with him—anywhere, anyhow, but not alone!"

She rang the bell.

"Where's the woman who brought the note? Send her in; quick, Louise, quick!"

Louise ushered the woman in—old, haggard, squalid—a beggar; but the woman was not abashed by the splendor of the room or the grand dress of Madame Travers; hungering for bread, and yet with a cynical smile gathering on her wrinkled lips.

"The gentleman who gave you this note—where is he?" exclaimed Madame Travers, with intense anxiety.

"I don't know, madame," replied the woman, sullenly.

"Tell me all you know, for mercy's sake!"

"He called me to the cab-door—'Deliver this note,' he said; 'they'll give you five francs'—that's all I know."

"Did you hear where the cab was going?"

"No."

"Try to recollect—do try to recollect!"

"The train, I think."

"What station?"

"I didn't hear—'five francs' were his last words."

"I'd have given you fifty francs—a hundred francs, if you'd heard!"

"I wish I had—it would have been handy; and that's bread and meat to me now," chuckled the woman. "But for you, what's the odds? He's gone. When these men go—they go—it's all over—nay, the old story; the story of thousands of women—my story! my story to the very letter; only it was a *diligence* that took him away, not the train."

"Silence, woman!" exclaimed Madame Travers, starting back in horror. "Go—go, I say!"

"Yes, yes. I'll go fast enough when I get my five francs," answered the woman, vindictively. "Needn't be so mighty grand, my fine lady. I've lived in as good a room as this, and had as fine a dress, and finer, too. You've heard tell of the *Merveilleuses*. We knew what dress was in those days—and fine living too—that we did! we and our friends, those fine gentlemen, *Messieurs les Incroyables*!"

"Make her go, Louise—give her the five francs; my purse is on the table. For Heav-

en's sake, make her go!" And Madame Travers stopped her ears against the woman's horrible talk.

"I'll go—I'll go," muttered the woman, with an angry scowl. "Be insolent, with your rosy lips; grovel in the kennel when those lips are withered!"

Louise hustled the woman out of the room, and watched her down the stairs. Madame Travers was left alone; she threw herself on the sofa, and clasped her hands in despair.

"His cursed work is done!" she murmured, "and that wretched woman, his messenger, stands before me, a mirror of my life to come; her story—my story—her past, my future. Heaven help me! this cannot be. What's to be done? Debt, first. I'll sell all I have; Heaven grant it may be enough to pay every thing; and then I'll work—needle-work—a servant—hard work, any drudgery, so it be honest. Alas! who'll take me? Your character? They turn away. No, no," she cried vehemently. "I have erred before God and man; but I don't belong to that sad sisterhood—I don't indeed, I swear I don't; they can't claim me—I have no fellowship with them—no fellowship, God be praised!" She was alone in that room; but she seemed to be pleading her cause at the bar of public opinion. The good women she had known, the friends of her past life, rose before her in all the sternness of their inflexible morality. She herself had felt no mercy in her days of virtue; she herself had felt loathing, scorn, and shrinking contempt for those who had fallen; she saw the smile of incredulity gathering on the faces of the judges her terror had conjured up; she heard the answer to her protest—a chorus of vindictive triumph: "Our sister, our sister," cried those women she had scorned, "come to us—no room for subtle difference—all nice distinctions are merged in your one crime. You've crossed the narrow streamlet; tramp on with us, it quickly widens downward to the ocean of all crime; walk forever on our side." And she beheld condemnation written in her judges' eyes. "No," she cried, with feverish resolution, "I'll go back—back, at once—back by the only way—the one terrible way, back by death's bridge. Death's a crime, they say—not when it's a crime to live; no home; no refuge; the choice of shame or death—then be it death! O Shame, make me brave in the fear of thee! O Death, you always seemed so terrible in past days—so terrible when my mother died—I go to thee! Where shall I find you?—the river? Yes; one plunge; you'll stretch out your arms, and I shall be saved." She rang the bell; Louise entered.

"My hat and cloak."

"Is madame going out? Madame will want a cab; it's a fearful night."

"It won't hurt me, Louise," she answered, with an hysterical laugh—that tragedy of a laugh—the laugh of Anne Boleyn, when she clasped her hands round her slender neck.

"But madame is so delicate," persisted Louise.

"My old hat and cloak—they won't spoil; not the fur lining; quick!" As she

turned from the girl, who went to obey her behest, her eyes fell on the letter she had begun to write to her sister.

"I'll finish it," she said; and she sat at the table. "When my sister reads it, she'll be very sorry; when *they* read it, no more hard words, no more curses then; but the old days, what I used to be to them in the old days—the old feelings will all come back, and they'll be very, very sorry; death will have washed away my sin." She took up her pen and finished the letter: "I repeat, I am happy, very happy.—Your affectionate sister, Margaret. Give my best love to my father, Frank, and Harry." "They will be glad of that message," she murmured, "when they know I am dead." In her mind's eye she forecast the arrival of the letter at her home; the tearful, sorrowing group—father, brothers, sister—she knew what each would say; the old breakfast-room, the old butler who had known and loved her from a child. The vision was painfully vivid and real; she could touch the old accustomed cups and saucers, Queen Charlotte's blue Worcester pattern, the old-fashioned urn, the old, quaint, green-handled knives, the faithful old colley dozing on the hearth-rug. She had returned home; she was with them again; sorrow and pity had made her once more the spoilt idol of their hearts.

Louise entered with her hat and cloak; the vision faded—she closed the letter.

"Post this the first thing to-morrow morning," she said, in deliberate tone; "it's very important. I haven't got a stamp; but here's the money." She laid a franc on the letter. "You can keep the change; and now you can go to bed," she added, "I sha'n't require you any more."

"O madame, let me sit up for you," said the girl, imploringly.

"Obey me, Louise, do you hear?" The girl left the room, awed by her mistress's voice. In all probability that girl would be the last human being she would ever speak to, and she had dismissed her with harsh tones. One terrible fear held her mind with absorbing power—the degradation that life must henceforth be to her; still the sense of duty to others was not wholly destroyed. The girl's wages! She sat down, and inclosed the sum due in an envelope. The rent of the apartments! The landlady would take possession of her goods, and so be paid. She felt her work in life was finished. She rose from the chair and put on cloak and hat, and then, with old custom strong to the last, she looked at herself in the glass and carefully adjusted her dress; she looked, as of custom also, at her face. Many a time—daily in the past, and many times a day—had the mirror responded to the vanity of her heart with a gracious benediction, "Go forth, fair face, and fascinate many with your brightness and your charms." Pale and hard-drawn with the tension of desperate resolution was the face she now beheld. She had never seen *that* face before; she could not help gazing on it, it was so new and strange, and terrible. But the mirror could not reveal that sadder sight beyond all ken of human eyes; she could not see how a cowardly, absorbing, abject care of *self*—of her

own misery, her own degradation—was hurrying her on to crown a great crime with a greater crime, self-destruction. She forced herself away from the mirror with a shudder; but her awful resolution was not shaken, and now to the river to meet death!

She was destined, indeed, to meet the dark shadow, but not in the cowardly manner she had purposed. Alone and deserted in the world, she was being mercifully cared for, though she knew it not. Her resolution was to remain unchanged, but its darkness was to be turned to light; its gloomy sacrifice for the sake of self changed into noble self-sacrifice for the sake of others; the path of redemption and repentance was being prepared for her steps.

As she stood on the threshold of the door, the girl, pale with alarm and agitation, hurried up to her:

"O madame, something so dreadful has happened!"

"What's the matter, Louise?"

"We must all go this very night—this moment!"

"What do you mean?"

"The doctor has just said so; no one must remain in these rooms. Madame Valnay is fearfully ill."

"Our landlady?"

"Yes, madame—malignant scarlet fever; we must go at once. I can go to my uncle's at Passy. Madame will let me go as soon as possible. I'm so frightened!"

"Go, Louise, as soon as you can."

"It's very sad," continued the girl, with tears in her eyes. "Poor thing, it's such a fearful disease, no one will stay to nurse her."

"What do you say?"

"They're all afraid; the doctor will try to get one of the good Sisters to come. I'll pack up madame's things this moment."

"Pack up your own things, Louise; don't touch mine;" and Madame Travers threw off her hat and cloak. "Where is this poor woman?" she asked.

"In the little room at the end of the passage, all by herself. Oh, but madame mustn't go near her, indeed she mustn't; it would be so dangerous. Surely madame is going to leave here as soon as possible?"

"No, Louise. I am going to remain."

"Oh, but if you were to catch the fever and die! Think of your parents in England—your brothers and sisters."

"I have no parents, Louise; no brothers and sisters."

"But, perhaps madame left a little child in England?"

"No, Louise," she answered, with convulsive effort. "I have no child—no child, I tell you; I am alone—quite alone. Pack up your own things at once and go; here are your wages. Good-by! you've been a very good girl. One moment. We shall, probably, never meet again. If you are ever tempted to do any thing wrong, promise me to think of your father and mother, your brothers and sisters, and the good *carré*; it may save you, if you do—promise me, Louise."

"I will, madame," said the girl, earnestly. "You have been very kind and good to me."

I'm sure I'd stay and help nurse that poor woman if I wasn't so afraid of death; but they'd all be so sorry at home if I died—so very sorry! O madame! I can't stay, indeed I can't. Good-by!"

"Good-by, Louise." And the girl hurried away, with tears in her eyes, and a sense of cowardice withal in her heart, to pack up and leave the house as soon as possible.

So in the strong love of kith and kin, which made life so sweet and death so awful, Louise fled from encountering the ordeal which stood before her. Many have so fled—good, and pure, and excellent, yet cowards in that strong love. But the presence of death in that house, which was so terrible to the little provincial girl, brought consolation and redemption to Margaret Travers; she still, indeed, sought death, but now, God be thanked, it was death ennobled—death for the sake of another—not wicked, cowardly self-death, but life freely ventured that another might live. So the dark, mean, narrow thought of "self," with its heavy burden of sin and sorrow, passed away from her soul; not *self* henceforth, but oblivion of self—*self*, buried in the woes and sufferings of others; and in the redeeming power of self-sacrifice, and full of noble purpose and strong devotion, she entered the room of the sick and deserted woman, and became her faithful and unwearying nurse.

A STORY FROM A WHALER.

"CHIPS," whom I knew for months by no other name, was ship's-carpenter of the whaler *Gazelle*, of New Bedford. He was twenty-three years old, six feet high, and strong as an oak-tree.

He was the favorite of the ship—and no wonder. He was tender and gentle, perhaps because he was strong; he was peaceful, because he was powerful. And the soft word that turneth away wrath, with the gentle hand to soothe a sufferer, is often needed in the whale-fisheries. Most of the foremast-hands of the *Gazelle* were rough Portuguese lads, from the Western Islands, on their first voyage. They were treated with coarse contempt by the few American seamen, and by the officers. The only "white man"—as the Yankee sailor loves to call himself—who was kind and patient with the rude boys was Chips; and he was never tired of showing or teaching them something of what he knew. He was one of those unselfish fellows who do not believe in keeping knowledge to themselves. He had never been to sea before; but, during the first two years of this voyage, he had attended to so many things besides his own easy work that he was looked on as one of the best and coolest whalemén aboard. Although exempted from standing watch, he had insisted on doing so from the first day out. At night, if the weather was good, he would sit on the main hatch, in the centre of a ring of the Portuguese lads, and with wonderful patience teach them to make splices and knots, and to speak English. He never tired of doing this or any other kindly thing for them. In the day-time, if there were work for him at his trade, he still had them

round him, explaining every thing as he sawed or planed, just as if he wished to make them as good carpenters as he was himself.

On Sunday, when every one brought his letters and pictures on deck, Chips showed the only signs of isolation he ever gave. He was the only one on board—except myself—who had neither pictures nor letters—neither face nor word to remind him of home. When the ship touched at some port with a post-office, and every one else ran for his letters, Chips remained aboard—he knew there was none for him. In one of the boy's albums he found a picture of an old, white-haired woman—the lad's mother—and every Sunday after he asked for that album, and always gave it back when he had turned to that picture.

The ship had been two years out when I first saw Chips. Through strange and unhappy circumstances, I was afloat on the Indian Ocean in a small boat when this New Bedford whaler hove in sight, and ran down toward me. It was a day of exquisite pain and joy when the white-sailed ship came slowly, in the light breeze, to save an outcast from death, and worse than death. It was late in the evening when the blessed coolness of the shadow of the sails fell on my boat. Another minute, and the frail shell struck the side of the whaler; and the first man to spring out in the mizzen-chains, to help me aboard, was strong-handed Chips, with tears of sympathy in his eyes. On deck the captain met me with an open hand and heart; and for eight months I sailed with the whalemén, and took part in the good and ill that befell them.

Chips and I were friends from the instant our hands struck. Shaking hands is one of my natural tests of character. Some people shake your hand so politely that you feel they would care mighty little about shaking your acquaintance; some men slip their hands into yours and make you feel as if you were squeezing a fish; some people's hands are so thick, and fat, and cold, that you might as well grasp the fingers of a leather dummy; most people, and nice people, shake hands as a preliminary to conversation; but now and then one's hand strikes into a sympathetic palm, the fingers take full hold, the thumbs interlock and close—and when that friendly grasp is over, there is not a word to be said—it spoke all friendly greeting in its own good language. Just such a kindly and firm grip did Chips give me the first time we met.

When picked up, I was in a bad way for clothes; all that belonged to me in the world were the few branded rags that I had worn in the boat. Sailors are used to such things; and they know the remedy. Every one came forward with his little offering. One brought a hat, another a jacket, another a pair of sea-boots, a jack-knife, a cake of tobacco, and so on, until I had a bunk full of marine necessities. Chips had least to give of all, for he had shipped without a regular outfit. But, when he saw all that had been given—smiling at the rough boys as each one handed his offering—he drew me off to his own cubby-hole, and hauled round his chest. Out on his bed came the contents; and in a minute there was a fair division of all it contained—

flannels, shirts, stockings, and every thing, to a handkerchief.

"These are yours, and these are mine," said Chips; "and I'll make you a chest to-morrow."

That's the sort of man he was in every thing. No wonder the boys loved him, and that the one word spoken in the best tones of the ship was the name of kind-hearted, manly Chips.

He was brave as he was kind. When whales were chased, Chips went down in a boat; and there was no cooler head among them when the fragile thing was to be laid broadside to a monster nearly as long as the ship. Once, when the boat was stove by a sweep of the awful flukes in the death-flurry, one of the boys was crushed by the blow and driven senseless under water. When Chips came to the surface he counted the heads and missed one; and down in the bloody brine he went among the sharks and fished up the sinking body. He was a mighty swimmer, and, with only an oar to cling to, he held the senseless man out of the water from noon till sunset.

The events I am going to relate occurred on that voyage—a little more than five years ago.

The *Gazelle* had been cruising for three months a few hundred miles off the coast of Western Australia—the great penal colony of England—and during that time had not fallen in with a single sperm-whale. One raw afternoon, with a harsh breeze and a rising sea, at last we heard the long, sing-song cry, from the mast-head, "He blows! ther—ee—blo-o-ows!" Four times, at regular intervals of about forty seconds, the cry was repeated; and then we knew it was a sperm-whale.

It was five in the evening when the first cry was heard, and the sun went down at half-past six with scarcely five minutes of twilight. As a rule, on board American whalers, when whales are seen late in the evening, the boats are not sent down, unless circumstances, such as weather, moonlight, and so on, are very favorable. In most cases the course of the whales and the speed of their travel are carefully noted. When "on a course" a school of sperm will move at the rate of about six miles an hour; when "feeding," they keep on the same "ground," not moving more than a few miles a day. When seen late in the evening, the ship is steered during the night according to the observations, and often finds the school in sight in the morning, when the boats are at once sent down.

This course was not followed on the evening in question. It was not a school we saw, but a "lone whale," and one of extraordinary size. The night promised to be a rough one, and the whale's motions were strangely irregular, as if he had lost himself in an unknown sea.

There is something solemn and mysterious in the sight of "lone whales," and marvelous superstitions are current among whalemén respecting them. Through spending year after year on the great waters, whalers become more impressionable to supernatural things than other seamen; and long observation of

the shoals or schools of the vast creatures they pursue tends to fill them with amazement and awe when they meet with a solitary leviathan, who has abandoned all fellowship with his kind, who lives by his own law—lonely, mighty, and terrible!

Soon after the cry from aloft we saw the whale from the deck, only a short distance from the ship, and we might have seen him long before had not his white, bush-like spout been lost in the angry whiteness that was fast spreading over the sea.

For a moment all eyes were fastened on the long body, like a great, black tube, over which the waves washed. Every face was wonder-stricken at the immense size of the whale.

Captain Gifford had been examining him through a glass, which he handed in turn to each of his officers. "What do you say, Mr. Hussey?" he inquired of the first-mate, who glanced at the setting sun and answered, "Go down, sir; we can do it."

"Mr. Joseph?" and the captain turned to the second-mate, an old Portuguese of extraordinary size, and perhaps the most famous whaleman alive.

"Go down, sir, if we want to get that fellow; we'll never see him again."

The two other officers were younger men, and of the same mind. There was no time lost in further consultation.

"Swing the boats!" shouted the old man.

The lines and irons had already been thrown in by the crews. A "heave, oh!" and a straining sound, and in one minute the four boats struck the water, and the men were settled on the thwarts with the long oars out.

The sun was low, and large, and red, and the whole western sea and sky were magnificent in crimson, and gold, and black. The picture was one of the finest I ever saw. The rising sea was jet black, except where it was bloody; a broad road of crimson shimmered from the ship to the sun; the long body of the whale, even blacker than the sea, was plainly seen in the ruddy glare; and life was added to the immense scene by the four white specks—the whaleboats—closing to a point as they drew near the motionless monster.

It was not until the boats had left the ship that we realized how threatening was the weather. Every moment the seas came wilder and heavier against the vessel. Only now and again, as they were lifted on a sea, could we catch sight of the brave little boats. The breeze grew stronger every minute, and, before the first boat neared the whale, was whistling through the rigging in the wild way that tells of a coming gale. The captain regretted the lowering of the boats, and soon signalled them to return. But the men were excited, and refused to see the signals. Filled to the gunwale, the seas lashing over them every moment, on they went where only a thing so nearly perfect as a whale-boat could keep afloat. As the first boat swung round to run down to windward on the whale, the red sun stood fairly on the black field of ocean.

Talk about the bravery of soldiers in battle, or of men ashore in any enterprise you

please, what is it to the bravery of such a deed as this? A thousand miles from land, six men in a twenty-eight-foot shell, coolly going down in a stormy sea to do battle with the mightiest created animal! It is the extreme of human coolness and courage, because it is the extreme of danger. The soldier faces one peril—the bullet. The whaleman, in such a case as this, has three mighty enemies to fight—the sea, the gale, and the whale.

We saw the harpooner of each boat stand up as they came within hearing distance, and send in his two irons. All the boats were fast before the monster seemed to feel the first blow. Then came the fight—the cruel and unnatural fight between vast power and cunning skill. The black water was churned white as the flukes struck out in rage and agony. The sun disappeared, and the gale screamed wilder in the rigging. We could no longer see the boats from the ship. The few men on board clewed up the light sail and took a reef in the topsails; and by this time the night was dark as pitch, and the gale had whipped and howled itself into a hurricane.

It was fearful to think of the four small boats out in such a sea as was then running. We on the ship had to cling to the rail or the rigging: the terrific strength of the waves swept the heavy vessel about like a cork. I saw the captain's face a moment as he passed the binnacle-lamp, and it was absolutely deformed with grief and terror—not for himself, brave old sailor! but for his boys in the boats.

"Who's at the wheel?" he shouted; "send a steady man to the wheel."

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered a deep, quiet voice; "I've got the wheel."

That was Chips, and I walked aft to be near him. Just then a long hail came through the darkness, and we saw the flash of a boat's lantern on the lee-quarter. In a minute more a line was flung aboard, and we soon had one crew safe on deck. It was the mate's boat.

"Where are the others?" was the first question.

"Fast to the whale," was the answer; "and there are no lanterns on the boats."

One of the men from the boat relieved Chips at the wheel, and he went forward to rig lanterns at the fore and main tops. When this was done we stood together on the fore-castle, looking and listening for the boats. Suddenly he turned to me, and said:

"We're going to lose some one to-night. While I was at the wheel, it seemed as if something whispered in my ear that we were going to lose *one man* to-night."

I said he was growing as superstitious as old Kanaka Joe; and he answered:

"I can't help it. It *did* seem that I heard that whisper, and so plain was it that I nearly dropped the wheel in terror."

Another shout from the sea cut off further talk, and we soon had two more boats at the davits. The absent one was Mr. Joseph's; and we knew that through thick and thin he would hold on to the whale. It was hours before we found him; and, when we did, he refused to cut his line from the carcass. The

captain cried to him that we could not hold the whale in such a sea. But the old whaleman shouted back, "He's a hundred-an'-fifty-barreler; and, if you don't take the line aboard, we'll stick to him in the boat!"

Soon after, as the gale was moderating, the line was taken in, passing through a strong iron brace, screwed on to the starboard rail just forward of the gangway amidships, from which it was taken back and made fast to the windlass-bitts at the foot of the mainmast. It was a new line, of stout Manila hemp, and its strength was put to a fearful test. A hundred fathoms astern of the ship it held the monster carcass; and, as the vessel rolled heavily to the sea, the strain on the line was terrific. Standing forward of it, I laid my hand on the line as the strain came, and I felt it stretch and contract like a rope of India-rubber.

Mr. Joseph's boat had come alongside, and the captain, standing on the starboard rail, was shouting to him through a trumpet. The line from the whale, passing from astern to the brace forward, and back to the bitts amidships, made an acute angle, inside which the captain was standing. I saw and noted this as I passed forward, and I noticed also, in the dark, a tall man, who seemed to be leaning against the line. "I hope he's forward of it," I said to myself as I went on with what I was about.

I had not taken six steps from the spot when I knew that something strange had occurred. The ship steadied, as if the wind had ceased. I heard no sound greater than the storm; but, instead, I seemed to hear a stillness. I ran amidships and grasped for the line. *It was gone!* A rush to the rail, and all was clear. The strain had torn out the brace. The mighty pull of the whale astern had jerked the line straight, like the cord of a gigantic bow, and the captain, who had been standing on the rail, was struck by the flying rope and thrown senseless far into the sea.

All this had been seen by the men in the boat before any one on board had realized the affair. In less than a minute the cry of "Saved!" reached us from Mr. Joseph; and, in shorter time than can be imagined by a landsman, the boat was hanging at the davits, and the injured commander was being cared for in the cabin.

Hard rubbing and rum are the patent remedies on a whaler; and by dint of these the captain opened his eyes in a quarter of an hour. He had been stunned, but not seriously injured.

He was amazed at first at seeing the mate and myself standing over him with the rum-bottle. But without a word he realized the situation.

"How is the weather?" he asked.

"The wind has gone down," said Mr. Joseph. "We're under foresail, jib, and reefed topsails, and running right away from the whale."

"Gone?" said the old man.

"Gone," answered Mr. Joseph, ruefully. "Stanchion dragged, and the line parted, and eight thousand dollars went without an owner."

"Tell Chips to see to that broken rail," said the captain, closing his eyes, drowsily.

"Ay, ay, sir," said the old second-mate, as he stamped on deck.

I heard him stop at the after-hatch, where the boat-steerers and carpenter lived, and call "Chips" two or three times. At last there was an answer, in another voice—not Chips's; then a round of hurried feet on deck, a shout down the fore-castle, and a shout back in answer. There was no Chips there.

Two minutes after, a heavy foot came aft to the cabin-stairs, and Mr. Joseph, with a white face, entered.

I knew what he had to tell. I knew now—just as if I had seen it all—who the man was whom I had seen leaning against the line.

The captain looked at the second-mate.

"Chips is gone, sir," said the old sailor, with a tremor in his rough voice; "Chips was knocked over by the line, and we've gone four knots since it parted. I've put her about, and we're running down again."

There was dead silence. We all knew the search was hopeless. No man could swim in such a sea; and we had a thought, though no one spoke it, that brave, strong Chips had been killed by the line before he struck the water.

All night we beat about the place where we thought it had occurred. The wind and sea fell, and the moon came out in great beauty to help our sad search. Every man on board staid on deck till the sun rose, and then we looked far and vainly over the heedless swell of the unbroken sea. Chips was dead. The rough Portuguese lads found it hard to believe that the kind heart and strong hand of their friend were gone forever. We all knew that the best man in the ship was taken away.

Two years afterward, when I found myself in Boston, I took from my sacred things a letter, which I had found in Chips's chest. It was addressed to a woman, with the name and number of a Cambridge street. I found the place—a small frame house, with lots of Chips's handiwork around it. His mother met me at the door, an old, white-haired woman. She seemed to have been waiting and watching for somebody. A few words told the hopeless story. The letter was for her, and she read it over—the letter of her only boy, asking forgiveness for his one great and only disobedience—and, as she read, the white head bent lower and lower till it met the thin hands; and I turned and left the little room I had darkened—with all its poor ornaments worthless now—and, as I walked toward Boston, I could not help thinking that God's ways are often wofully far from being our ways.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

AN OCTOGENARIAN ON HIS TRACKS.

I WAS born in the year 1798, and am therefore eighty-two years old. At the age of seventeen my father determined that I should go to Europe and travel for a year. With the exception of the British war against Sweden, and the French war against Spain, it was then a period of universal peace in Eu-

rope. The battle of Wagram had been fought, and the Peace of Vienna signed, the year before; that is to say, in 1809. At the time of my visit the Emperor Napoleon was about to espouse Maria Louise.

My father's object was merely to enable me to reap the usual advantages of travel, familiarity with foreign languages, manners, institutions, works of art, and natural scenery. But in addition to these I had an object of my own to attain. I had recently read a book published in London, called "Templeman's Survey of the Globe," in which was given an account of the populations of the various countries of Europe. This book had interested me very much, and I regretted that it did not also contain the sort of information in reference to Europe generally, which Arthur Young in his famous "Travels in France" had given with regard to France, Italy, and part of Spain, viz., an account of the condition of industry, of the peasantry, of the division of land, of commerce, and the like. To obtain this information was the object which I promised myself to accomplish.

My route was through England, Denmark, and Sweden, to Russia; thence through Northern Germany and the Low Countries to France; thence through Switzerland, Austria, and European Turkey, to Constantinople; and back to England by way of Greece, Italy, Spain, and Portugal.

This journey I made successfully, taking careful notes of every thing I saw, and obtaining authentic information on such topics as were beyond my immediate reach. At that period Europe was substantially all of the civilized world. With the exception of some six millions in the United States, and a few hundred thousands in the West Indies and the Spanish Main, Europe contained at that time all the white population of the globe. The East-Indian trade was small and slow from remoteness; the China trade had not opened; the great sheep-herding regions of Australia, Cape of Good Hope, and La Plata, were scarcely more than known.

The peasantry of England, France, Switzerland, and the Low Countries, were freemen; but all the rest of Europe was in serfdom. The freedom of the German peasants was only begun in 1816, and that of the other Continental countries at later dates; in Russia so late as 1865. At the time of the visit I speak of, the French peasants had only recently been liberated through their great Revolution: so that the only peoples whom I found in Europe accustomed to freedom were those of Great Britain, Switzerland, and the Netherlands.

As to the division of land—a question which at that time disturbed the whole of Europe, and, in my opinion, must disturb it again—it must be understood that Europe contains an area of about three million seven hundred thousand square miles, or, say, twenty-three hundred and seventy million acres. At the time of the visit the population of Europe was about one hundred and sixty-five millions, so that, had the land been equally divided among all, each person would have received fourteen and one-third acres. So far was this from being the fact that, ex-

cept France, there was not a country in Europe wherein immense tracts of land were not held by noblemen and ecclesiastical institutions. The rigor of this provision was somewhat softened by the fact that in most countries the great estates of the privileged classes were divided into small parcels, and let out on rent, either to money tenants, or to *mitayers*, or occupied and worked by serfs. Nevertheless, in some countries, notably in Spain, the mortmain lands were not let out or worked at all, but lay idle.

I took great pains to ascertain how much of the area of the continent was covered with forests or consisted of water-surfaces and waste and barren lands, unfit for productive purposes; for I was anxious to compare the productive land of Europe with that of my own country. The result of my observations and tabulations, which I can truly affirm gave me infinite trouble, is shown in the following table:

PRODUCING AREA OF EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES IN THE YEAR 1810, COMPARED.
(SUMS IN MILLIONS OF ACRES.)

AREA.	Europe.	United States.
Forests.....	845	..
Water, wastes, etc.....	640	..
Arable and pasture.....	865	40
Total Europe.....	2,370	..

Thus of the twenty-three hundred and seventy million acres of the total area of Europe, only eight hundred and eighty-five million acres were producing, against forty million acres in the United States. The producing land, therefore, amounted to only five and one-third acres *per capita* of population in Europe, while it was over six acres in the United States.

As to the industries of Europe, except the woolen trade of England, which had been established in ancient times, and the cotton trade, which was only in its infancy at the time of my visit, there were none in the sense of the word as now employed. Europe was then in the midst of that wonderful intellectual excitement and revival which, beginning in France during the early part of the previous century, had been among the chief causes of the Revolution, and was one of the few things to survive it. Subjects that in the present degenerate era it would be found difficult to obtain place for, even in a quarterly magazine, were then to be found on the toilet-tables of the *beau-monde*. Ladies flocked to the public *salons* of the Académie, and every branch of physical science formed a fashionable study.

The result of this great avidity for useful learning was that brilliant series of scientific and mechanical discoveries of which the world is now enjoying the fruits. Steam and electricity were both discovered at this era. So were invented the weaving-machines, gin and chemical processes, which afforded such enormous impetus to the woolen and cotton trades, and formed the basis of the modern factory-system. Cuvier, Humboldt, Davy, Goethe, and others of like weight, were the scientific giants of that age. Bichat, Buffon, Lavoisier, and Franklin, were but recently

dead. Just as mechanical inventions had to await the scientific discoveries of these great minds, so organized industries had to follow in the footsteps of mechanical discovery. On the occasion of my visit the civilized world was therefore merely beginning to perform those marvelous mechanical labors which are now its proudest boast.

With regard to commerce, there existed a small trade with the East Indies and China, chiefly in silks, cotton goods, tea, sugar, and drugs. There was a West-Indian trade in rum, sugar, coffee, and molasses. There was an American trade of some forty million dollars a year in cotton, tobacco, fish, timber, naval stores, and peltries; and there were beginnings of trades with all parts of the world. But beyond the trade in textile fabrics, which had then little more than a good beginning, there was nothing like the commerce of the present day, no commercial movement of breadstuffs and other grain, no traffic in beef, pork, lard, butter, and other great articles of food, no trade in India-rubber, guano, jute, raw wool, coal, iron and iron wares, other metals, machinery, tools, petroleum, live animals, or many other articles that now constitute the chief objects of commerce. All these trades have grown up of late years. In my youth they were either not known, or, like the trade in wool and corn, prohibited or taxed out of existence.

So much for Europe in 1810, that Europe which, after having been governed by Rome and superstition for more than sixteen centuries, had at length awakened from her long period of repose, enjoyed a century or two of shaking up in all departments of thought and activity, and was now ready, with steam-engine, and coal, and iron, to go to work and prove itself the leader of the continents.

I have now recently returned from a journey to Europe, which I began in the spring of 1875. I passed over the same route which I traversed before. I saw the same countries, the same peoples, and noted the same class of facts. Need I say that the changes have been marvelous?

I praise Heaven that I am enabled to say that nowhere on the face of the Continent any longer exists human slavery in any form. The peasants in every country are free; no man is bound to the soil, all feudal and ecclesiastical services are abolished. The right to emigrate is denied in Russia, and many obstacles are placed in its way in Germany; but these last features of restraint and oppression must disappear in time.

The population of Europe now numbers about three hundred and five millions—nearly double its number in 1810. Taking the entire white or European population of the globe at the periods of each of my visits—say at one hundred and eighty millions in 1810, and at three hundred and sixty millions in 1875—let us see how much better or worse off it is for land now than it was sixty-five years ago.

The producing area of Europe in 1875 I found to be one thousand and fifteen million acres. That of the United States is about two hundred and fifty million acres, and that of the British colonies, South America, and other countries inhabited by Europeans, about

thirty-five million acres—total, say, thirteen hundred million acres. This area, for a population of three hundred and sixty millions, amounts to but three and two-thirds acres each, against, let us say, five and one-eighth acres for the entire European race in 1810.

Of course, these results are not exact, because of the commerce between the European races and others, which opens to the former the food-resources of countries not included in the producing area summarized. But the variation from the exact line is comparatively small, and may be ignored altogether without substantial injury to a truthful comparison.

No one will admit for a moment that the general consumption of our race has diminished since the year 1810. For my own part, I can boast as good an appetite as ever; and it is a well-known fact that men now generally consume, and I may add waste, more abundance and variety of food, clothing, fuel, and other articles of subsistence, than ever before. Yet all these articles, except coal for fuel and metals for tools, implements, and engines, must be produced from the surface of the earth. The productiveness of that surface must, therefore, according to my figures, have become enhanced over fifty per cent., or at least one-half, in order that three and two-thirds acres should now support as many lives as five and one-eighth acres did formerly.

Had the acquisition of this great and significant fact been the only result of my two long journeys through Europe, I should have considered my time and labor well spent.

That, throughout all the European world, three blades of corn now grow where but two grew before, assures us that four blades may yet be made to grow upon the same area, and puts to rest any fears that may have grown up as to the encroachments of population upon the limits of subsistence. And that this most important of all progresses should have occurred with our race, while, so far as we can learn, no such progress has occurred with any other race, also assures us of the continued multiplication and increase of our race, until, perhaps, it shall overcome and subdue the entire habitable earth.

With reference to other important changes which my observations taught me had occurred throughout the continent of Europe during the interval between my two visits thither, the most striking was the alteration of forest area. In 1810 the extent of forest-area in Europe was about eight hundred and forty-five million acres, or 35.7 per cent. of the entire surface; in 1875 this area had diminished to seven hundred and ninety-five million acres, or 33.6 of the surface. The difference, or fifty million acres, together with some eighty million acres of water-surface or waste and barren lands, constitutes the gain to the arable and pasture-land.

In regard to the proportion of arable to pasture land, I could obtain no definite details; but, roughly speaking, I should say that the latter stood as three to five of the former in 1810, while now they stand as two to four. The number of grazing animals in Europe is probably no greater now than it was sixty-five years ago, although the number at the disposal of Europeans is probably

double, one-half of the entire number being quartered upon the distant plains of the United States, La Plata, the Cape of Good Hope, and Australia. Upon these plains immense herds of horned cattle and sheep now graze, to yield their hides, horns, wool, and carcasses toward the support of those ever-increasing masses of men who go to make up the progressive nations of Europe and North America.

Of the numerous industries, manufacturing, mining, and commercial, which have sprung into existence since the date of my first visit to Europe, it is not necessary to speak. They are known of all the world. Lofty manufactories rear their tall chimneys in every country of Europe. Giant masses of iron raise their cyclopean arms, and rattle and hammer and weave incessantly at the bidding of man. Hideous machines, with lightning-like velocity, rush hither and thither upon iron rails, drawing masses of men and commodities in every direction, while myriads of steam vessels plough the main and penetrate the smallest rivers.

But little more than threescore years have passed since my first visit to Europe, yet what mighty changes have occurred! The population of the civilized world has doubled, the limits of agricultural production have been extended fifty per cent., and the productive power of the land increased fifty per cent. The monopoly of estates has substantially disappeared, and even in backward Italy and Spain peasants' holdings are almost as numerous as they are in the more progressive countries of the north. Feudal tenures have been abolished or modified in every country, freedom is now the privilege of all, and both the productive power and the share of production of every individual increased many fold.

Who will say, after this, that the world does not move?

A. D.

ILLUSIONS OF THE SENSES.

THE little child who watches with delight the moon scampering wildly through the clouds of a windy night, and wonders why it does not sooner finish its race, and come down upon the far-off trees, is not the only subject of illuded sense. His brother who is old enough to accompany their father on a journey, and who, on crossing a ferry for the first time, sees the bank strangely moving away from the boat, and the trees and heavens spinning around overhead as the flat swings down-stream with the current, is another subject of illusion. And so is their father in many a thing, although, being more learned in the ways of Nature, the deception under which he labors may not be quite so palpable.

In truth, scarcely a day passes in the lives of most people in which, despite all their intelligence, there is not more or less illusion of some of their senses. A laboring-man who had lost a leg used to complain bitterly of the itching of the missing toes.

"My trouble is," said he, "that, bad as I want to, I can't scratch 'em."

Of course, the feeling excited was wholly nervous.

A similar nervous trouble, though of a more dignified character, occurred in the case of a young lady who suffered intensely from pain in the point of a forefinger. Her physician, erring in his diagnosis of the case, endeavored, without success, to relieve it by poulticing, blistering, and applying anodynes. One day a medical friend being present whose neurological information was of a higher order, he remarked to her jocosely:

"I think, Miss M——, that you are mistaken as to the seat of the pain."

"What, doctor!" she exclaimed, "do you suppose I do not know where it hurts me?"

"I do," he replied; "and if you will loosen your dress so that I can reach your spine, I think you will soon agree with me."

The opportunity being afforded, he put his finger upon one of the vertebrae between the shoulder-blades, and gave it a gentle pressure, when she screamed:

"Doctor, you are right! The pain is in my back."

"Well, now," said he, "having discovered the seat of the pain, I think we can relieve it."

He applied a counter-irritant directly over the ailing spot, and in the course of a few days the *finger* was well.

Among the illusions of the sense of feeling we must not forget to mention that curious deception, familiar to most boys, in which they cause one marble to seem to be two by rolling it in the palm of one hand by two of the fingers, crossed, of the other.

Another deception of this sense is not so generally known. If three tumblers be filled with water—one hot as the finger will bear, and one cold as can be obtained, and the third, the middle one, a lukewarm mixture of the two—and a finger of each hand be held for a minute one in the hot and the other in the cold tumbler, then both plunged together into the tepid, the water in this last will seem, at the same moment, hot to one finger and cold to the other.

Illusions of the senses of smell and of taste seldom, if ever, occur, possibly from the fact, in the first named of the two (*if it be a fact*, which no man with a faithful nose can easily believe), that we have no recollection of odors. That illusions of the sense of sight should so greatly outnumber those of any other sense or of all the others combined, may be readily accounted for by the fact that impressions on the eye are so much more vivid; but this reason leaves us at a loss to account for the fact that illusions of the sense of *hearing* are so few in proportion to those of sight, and especially that they should be few compared with the usually-supposed-less-vivid sense of feeling, unless we adopt the opinion held by many that the sense of feeling, so called, is not one sense, but many. Leaving these points, however, without discussion, we proceed with our main subject.

We watch the majestic rising and setting

of the sun, and wonder what power there is in the atmosphere near the horizon to *magnify* so greatly his apparent diameter. We can readily conceive that the refraction of his rays will render the face visible some minutes before the actual rising, and will keep it visible for as many minutes after the actual setting, but what is there to increase so greatly the general diameter? It is with almost incredulity we learn from those who test this phenomenon by careful instrumental measurement that the apparent increase of magnitude is all an illusion, and that the sun's disk subtends no greater angle at the horizon than it does when, in mid-heaven, it appears to have shrunk to one-half or one-fourth its size. The only explanation offered of this mysterious difference is that at the horizon the eye makes an unconscious comparison with objects whose dimensions are familiar, while in mid-heaven no such objects are visible. The same is true of the moon.

On a cloudless evening soon after sunset it is not unusual to see the heavens arched from west to east by alternate stripes of light and shade, convergent at their termini, but spread widely apart overhead, like the seams which divide the lobes of a cantaleup, or the plugs of a peeled orange. When, however, we learn—as, in the course of time, we probably do—that the dark stripes are caused by shadows thrown athwart the sky from small clouds intercepting the sun's light below the western horizon, we are convinced of having experienced another illusion. Those lines are not arched, as they seem to be, but are in right lines, as are all other rays of light and shade; and they do not diverge from the west and converge to the east to any perceptible degree, but are virtually parallel, and their appearance to the contrary is attributable to the effect of distance.

No optical illusions are more common than those connected with magnitude and distance. The magnitude of objects perceived by the eye is usually calculated by the angle which they subtend, corrected by the conjectured distance; for, the nearer the object, the greater the angle. And the distance of objects is usually conjectured from the angle they subtend, taken in connection with the brightness or haziness of their appearance; for distant objects are usually dimmed by the intervening atmosphere. It sometimes happens, however, that an object close at hand is dimmed by an unobserved haze, so as to seem to be at a distance; in which case, unless the spectator is able to correct the mistake by the force of reason, the object will assume in his conception gigantic proportions. A few years since a gentleman, well educated and by no means nervous, in riding along a public highway, saw in an adjoining field what seemed to him to be a wild beast of terrible aspect and monstrous proportions. Its body, equaling that of the half-grown hippopotamus in size, far exceeded it in uncouthness, and resembled nothing ever seen by him before, or described in books of natural history. Contrary to all rules of animal structure, its enormous body was nimbly borne by legs disproportionately long and slender. And what was strangest of all was that this enormous creature was suspended in the air by a

rope, to which it clung by some contrivance in its feet, and by which it slowly descended until, having reached a den or hole in the midst of a distant thicket, it plunged therein and disappeared. He was so astonished by the unearthly vision that he stopped his horse on the broad highway and watched the scene to its end. How was he to account for it? For, however incubus-like the scene, it was no dream, but a reality, to which his senses testified as positively as to his own existence. He watched and reasoned, and soon the mystery was revealed. The monster had disappeared, but the rope along which it had so strangely traveled was still in view. Carefully scanning that rope through the misty air, he discovered that, instead of its overhanging the field afar off, one of its ends was attached to a twig distant from him only a few steps, and that, instead of his having looked upon a monster comparing in size with the hippopotamus, he had only been watching the motions of an enormous *spider*, which had passed down one of the cables of its web to the entrance of its den. Oh, the relief to his mind! Had he not held on until the mystery was explained, he must have labored to the end of life under the impression that either he had been mentally deranged, or that he had beheld a monster such as was never before seen on earth.

Persons traveling upon a railroad for the first time, at the speed of forty or fifty miles the hour, will sometimes be horrified and sometimes amused at what they seem to see. For instance, in rushing at this rate through a rugged "cut," if they will fix the eye steadily upon a projecting crag or rock on the side of the cut and upon a level with the eye, it will appear to increase in size so rapidly that the mind, unaccustomed to observe such rapid movements, can account for its increase only on the supposition that the rock or crag is *projected* at them, and they will be tempted, under the vivid impression, to draw themselves quickly back from the seeming missile, or, in other words, to *dodge it*. Also, whoever, while traveling at this rate, will occupy a place on the rear platform and let his eyes skim along the rail directly beneath, will hardly be able to escape from the conviction that the rail, instead of being a fixture on the road, is not running forward at a speed almost equal to that of the car.

In passing by rail over a wide, grassy prairie, or by steamboat through the immense levels of green marsh bordering our Southern seaboard, the head becomes almost giddy with the ceaseless whirl which is visible around any point as a centre on which the eye happens to be fixed, all objects nearer than that point seeming to run rapidly back, and all farther objects as rapidly forward. This gyration is so graceful that the observer is tempted to watch it long. After a few minutes, however, unless forewarned, he is liable to experience an illusion which for a moment or two may give him serious disturbance—at least such was the experience of the writer. On a bleak winter's day he was passing by steamboat through a wide and beautiful marsh, and was enjoying the apparent motion just described, from the warmest place at-

tainable on deck, which was to the leeward of the hot iron chimney. Suddenly turning his eyes from the green marsh to a spot on deck above the wheel-shaft, he was startled to see the planks apparently forced from their fastenings as if by some slow, resistless power, which moved them past each other at the rate of several inches per second. Having not a doubt (for "seeing is believing") that serious derangement had happened to the machinery below, and that the floor would soon be a total wreck, he sprang hastily away from the dangerous neighborhood, and at a safe distance turned to watch the progress of the accident. To his surprise, there was no break whatever. The planks occupied the same relative position, although they seemed even yet to be slightly moving. At this moment the thought occurred that the seeming motion of the planks was a reversed resemblance of the seeming whirl of the marsh, and was to be accounted for by the persistent impression made upon the retina. Hundreds of times since has he enjoyed the illusion, and called the attention of others to it, many of whom had never observed it before.

There is another optical phenomenon, not quite so much of an illusion, yet, being only a *seeming*, must be put into the same category. When the sun shines brightly upon the floor of a piazza or of an open bridge, causing a strong contrast between the illuminated faces of the planks and the dark lines of division between, if any one will walk firmly across these planks and interstices, keeping the line of sight steadily fixed downward and forward at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the floor, he will *probably* see a strange quivering of the planks, as if the floor were about to give way. The qualifying adverb "probably" is used because, although some persons discern the quivering on their first trial, others cannot discern it after repeated attempts. The quivering does not take place within the circle of perfect vision, but *just outside of it*; yet, so great did it appear to the one who first observed it, that he thought the bridge on which he was walking was about to be shaken to pieces. This illusion is explained by remembering that the interior of the eyeball is partly filled with fluids which, being jarred by the heel striking firmly upon the floor, cause a wavy motion of the retina in all those parts not kept steady by the muscles of the eye.

We give no notice of those remarkable, and in some instances terrible, hallucinations attendant upon a state of disease—hallucinations in which the individual sees, as plainly as with the real eye, the figures and faces of friends far distant, or of persons deceased, or of strangers never seen before, and, in cases of *delirium tremens*, of fierce demons haunting the sight or clinging to the person. The omission has been intentional. The object of the writer was to describe only those cases which have fallen under his own observation, and in which all persons may feel a practical interest, for the reason that they occur in every-day life, and the greater part of them may be verified by any one who will keep the eyes open at the proper time.

F. R. GOULDING.

AN HOUR IN AN ITALIAN AMPHITHEATRE.

A LIVE Chinaman, pigtail and all, is such an uncommon sight "in fair Verona, where we lay our scene," that I paused astounded, cigarette in one hand and coffee-cup in the other, as a very radiant Celestial, in a figured purple gown, calmly seated himself beside me, in front of the *café*, under one of the cool arcades that border the broad piazza Vittorio Emanuele. He proved to be communicative, and, after a short skirmish in the language of the country, in the course of which John showed a remarkable ability for converting French into Italian by the addition of an *o* or an *i* to each word, I abruptly addressed him a question in English, receiving a prompt reply in the same tongue. There was now no further hinderance to a free interchange of our experiences, and we sat and waited for the heat of the day to pass, and discussed America and Italy, but particularly the show-business, in which I soon found my friend to be warmly interested. As he rose to go away, he said:

"Of course you'll drop in and see our show this afternoon, even if it be Sunday?"

"To be sure," I replied, "if you'll tell me where to find it."

"In the Amphitheatre, at half-past four," said he, "and don't be late, for the sword-game comes first."

These words carried me back two thousand years in an instant. At half-past four o'clock, in the Amphitheatre, to see the sword-game! Of course I went, primed to the full with reminiscences of what I had learned of old Roman life, and prepared to see naval combats, or gladiatorial fights, as the supreme powers had dictated for that afternoon's enjoyment.

The Amphitheatre of Verona differs in no essential detail from other existing ruins, except in being much better preserved than the majority of these colossal structures; therefore a description of it would be of no great interest here. It is sufficient to say that it is one hundred and sixty-seven metres long, one hundred and thirty-three wide, thirty-two high, and will contain on its marble benches twenty-five thousand spectators seated, or seventy thousand standing! Occupying one corner of the piazza, almost in the very centre of the busy little city, it is the first object to meet the stranger's eye as he starts out in search of antiquities. Its blackened, shattered walls tower far above the neighboring houses, and furnish grateful shade to hundreds of lounging Italians gathered there in the heat of the day.

At the appointed time, I strolled through the gate at the grand entrance, and proceeded to exchange four sous for a large yellow paste-board, covered with Chinese characters. The ticket-seller, a very florid Englishwoman, assured me that the show was worth ten times the sum, only the Italians grudging even the trifle demanded, and carried in grown-up children as infants in arms; and she was proceeding with a vehement denouncement of the race, when a flourish of trumpets in

the interior announced that the show had begun, and I hastened in.

Through the damp corridor we went, our steps dimly lighted by great archways opening on the outside; up the broad, steep, stone stairs; along the symmetrically-curved passage, a marvel of thorough workmanship; up a short flight of brick stairs, and out upon the marble seats of the great ellipse. The first sight was an extinguisher upon my enthusiasm. The hour had been chosen when the shadow of the walls fell across the arena, and covered a tiny theatre, built of gaudily-painted boards, with a platform for the orchestra, and a few roughly-constructed private boxes and reserved inclosures. The grand lines of the arena dwarfed to trifling insignificance this mushroom excrescence on its broad level, and the blue-and-red-stained ornaments of this dramatic mockery were in little harmony with the fine and simple colors of the cool, gray marble in shadow, and the exquisitely-contrasting, broad, warm sunlight on the opposite side. On the marble benches were a thousand people, fairly lost in the great expanse of sitting-room reaching away on either side to the limits of the shadow; the reserved places held a few swells, who did not look so hard at an extra sou as the rest of us, and the blue coats of a military band were half hidden by the voluminous music-scores in the crowded orchestra.

The sword-game was about to begin. Two Chinamen, in crimson satin and blue-silk costumes hung with countless bells, occupied the stage. One of them—my friend of the *café*—acted as spokesman and general diverter of public attention; his companion was a tall, reticent, ugly-looking rascal, with cheekbones pushing out his pock-marked skin almost as high as the bridge of his Celestial nose, and with eyes of a very decided oblique angle. Two swords were produced; my interest quickened again, and I was almost persuading myself that there was to be fun between the barbarians, when the giant of the great jaw slowly began to cram both wide blades down his capacious, wound-proof throat, my friend meanwhile indulging in the most frantic jumping-jack exercises, and shrieking unintelligible spasmodic words of encouragement. When the blades were fairly in the giant's maw, and he looked like some bird of gay plumage spitted for the fire, feathers and all, the excitement of the audience was supreme. My cries of "*Habet! habet!*" were drowned by prolonged shouts of "*Bravo!*" with an accompaniment of hand-applause; and the noise did not diminish until he had unsipped himself successfully, and had repeated his *salam* a half-score of times.

The grand old interior gave dignity even to such a performance as we were witnessing; the voice of the people and their quick, sympathetic recognition of the efforts of the performers indicated the same impulsive spirit that their ancestors displayed in the enjoyment of nobler games; the same blue sky arched over the inclosure that smiled upon the bloody combats which turned men's hearts to stone as they grew accustomed to the horrid spectacles. This was, to be sure, a ridiculous parody on the sports of the Romans; but it required little effort of the imagination

to whisk out of sight the cheaply-painted theatre, to repeople entirely the immense ellipse with full, brown faces, bright garments, and to magnify the hum of the thousand into the murmur of fifty times that number. The upper row of benches cut off, for those seated lower down, any view of the town or country beyond, but the wide arches behind the spectators framed in beautiful pictures the sunlit streets and the broad piazza—pictures dancing in the heated air like the reflections in an unquiet pool. How many times have eyes weary of slaughter turned to gaze upon these peaceful pictures of flat-roofed houses with the sheaves of grain drying in the sun, the women knitting in the shade of the doorways, and the scrubby fig-trees casting sharp shadows of the broad leaves and plump figs on the dazzling white of the walls! The sound of wheels and the cries of children have come up then as to-day faintly through those arched openings, reminding the spectators that the sequel of the drama enacting before them little influenced the busy world outside, bringing back the sympathetic spirit to his habitation again—a welcome break in the tension of too great pre-occupation with the exciting human struggles going on in the arena below, and wafting in with the cool breeze a little odor of peace, and home, and domestic comfort, to reach even the senses of the homeless wretches doomed to play with their lives for the entertainment of tyrants satiated with sensual pleasures, and for the diversion of a thoughtless people.

"Shoo, fly!" in a Roman amphitheatre! The conventional double-length shoes; the three-story collars; the nondescript garments of blue-and-white stripes; the shiny, black faces, with the raw, red mouths suspicious of a last pull of the needful in the wings; the tell-tale spots of florid skin around the eyelids and behind the ears—real American minstrels, and no discount. The rattle of the banjo reverberated probably for the first time between those walls; the limping, halting, shuffling walk-around; the India-rubber leaps and jointless poses; the lisping solo and spasmodic, hearty chorus, doubtless rarely rehearsed before in this solemn ruin. But the song-and-dance men gained consideration only from the hideousness of the make-up and the extravagance of their leaps. The spirit of the dance and the character of the music was wholly lost on the public. Indeed, my friend the Chinaman had informed me at the *café* that the song-and-dance men, or minstrels in general, were a profitless attraction on the bill. It seemed to be the general opinion around me that the dancers were Moors from Venice, since all the darkies seen in Verona are presumed to have come from the seaport; and it was loudly discussed whether it was a war-dance or a religious ceremony. My assertion that I had been in the country where the people had such entertainments between meals found no believers. The black pair shuffled off, and a dumpish figure waltzed in in true *coryphée* style. The musicians were seen to fumble their scores, and, after some hesitation, goaded on by decided language on the part of the dancer, the orchestra reeled off, rather deliberately, the Highland fling,

sailor's hornpipe, Rory O'More, a clog-dance, the *cárdas*, and various other national dances, the lively little English girl dodging behind a screen and changing her dress, reappearing in an instant, always in costume to fit the part.

The flying-trapeze, with the "brothers," of course, was next swung out upon the stage, and, strangely enough, the skill and strength of the performers excited no comment, while the unfailing and simultaneous way in which they swung up into place side by side on the bar at the end of each feat called forth a thunder of *bravos*. My friend the Chinaman strutted a few brief moments on the boards, slicing the air with three or four bright knives, and nimbly slipped out by the wings while the audience was expecting a still greater exhibition of skill. Nevertheless he was cheerfully encored; truly it is part of an actor's art to give an impression of reserved powers. Another Chinaman played with a fresh egg; still another gave the ever-new fan-trick; and so there was no pause in the interesting series of games. But a model variety-show wasting its attractions on the unappreciative senses of a thousand Italians is truly a sad spectacle. And there was no reason why it should not have been an unqualified success. Time: the cooler hours of the daylight tapering off into approaching twilight. Place: the grandest of all theatres. Admission: four sous; children in arms (no limit as to age), half price.

But, interesting as the performance was to one for years away from the spleen-dispelling influences of the genuine variety-show, the study of types and characters in the audience was twice as entertaining and quite as profitable.

Among the spectators the vigorous inhabitants of the valley of the Adige were easily distinguishable from their more indolent neighbors of the plain, and their strongly-marked, rugged features furnished a type of the honest, happy mountaineer, with spirit as restless as the wind that blows through the gorges of the rapid stream, fed by the glaciers of the Alps. The sunny, fertile slopes of the Italian Tyrol lend much warmth and glow to the hearts of the people who cultivate the vine there, and the moment one begins to leave behind the chill regions of Southern Austria, peopled with victims of the *gottre*, *crétins*, and human animals of only sufficient strength of character to be unmitigated bigots in religion, that moment the warm rays of the Italian sun bring cheerfulness and merry hearts to all—fire to the eye, color to the cheek, and symmetry to the form. After the hideous faces of the Austrian Tyrol, the pure oval of the Italian type is grateful to the eye: nor is there found in any national type more diversity than in the type which is recognizable as Italian. Every one of the spectators at Verona would be recognized in Boston as Italian, and there were among them eyes as pale-blue as opal, and hair as light as the most bleached Saxon locks. Still, the Italian character was plainly marked in such faces; there was a child-like twinkle about the eye, a careless, improvident look that marks the common people

almost universally, and every movement of the features betrayed the impulsiveness of the Italian nature. Comelier faces than those of the Verona girls are rarely seen. Piles of powdered hair adorn the head, and a black veil, daintily adjusted, gives grace to every pose; nor do they scorn to plentifully besprinkle the rich skin of their faces with a coarse white powder, which heightens by contrast rather than subdues by superposition the rich, glowing, yellow complexion. The noisy romps of the girls in the old ruin, after the show was ended, put altogether out of the question any indulgence of my inclination for solitary meditation, and I retreated, leaving them masters of the arena, as the lineal descendants and legitimate heirs of the constructors and proprietors thereof.

F. D. MILLET.

HER GHOST.

HE guards me and guides me with faultless devotion,
I lean on his love in revering surrender;
He moves me and moulds me as moonlight the ocean,
When deep in the spell of its delicate splendor!

In him all my happiness rises and closes;
He wins all allegiance my soul can deliver;
His love is to mine what the stem to the rose is,
The wing to the bird or the rain to the river!

And yet there are days when his matchless affection,
Though free as of old from all shadow of error,
Can wake in my spirit a dreamy dejection,
A vague discontent, an intangible terror!

And death has no part in the fear that I cherish;
My heart has its own mystic process of proving
That love, when we see it so earthly perish,
Leaps up into loftier powers of loving!

No, death cannot force me to tremble or falter;
From causes more darksome my dread is engendered:
Will time, with its tyrannous changes, not alter
The passion that now is so peerlessly tendered?

Ah! what if his worship should wane and grow little?
Should fade from the fervor I deem so delicious?
Though strong are fidelity's bonds, they are brittle;
Though love may be loyal, it may be capricious!

Oh, this is the ghost that in ceaseless persistence
Pursues me with cold, subtle whispers of scorning,
And over the dearest delights of existence
Upraises one merciless finger of warning!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE give place here to a brief paper by one of our contributors, which touches upon a subject we have often discussed. We cannot agree altogether with the writer's estimate of lower-class dwelling-houses abroad, but in the main the views expressed are quite sound, and our national deficiencies, so well pointed out, call for attention. Many of the poorer dwellings in the London suburbs are to us excessively ugly, and many of the better class are wholly uninteresting in their style of architecture. But, however mean or ineffective an English house in itself may be, it is always rendered in a manner attractive by the adornment of flowers and vines; and everywhere in England supreme neatness is the rule. The slovenly streets of American towns, the untidy condition of railway-stations, village roads, and commons, the generally unkempt air that pertains to all our country-houses and city-dwellings below the best, strike one fresh from English travel very forcibly. At the same time he discovers more variety, vivacity, so to speak, and picturesque character in many of our town as well as country houses. In England the houses are flat and bare to the light—necessarily so, perhaps, in that climate—while with us the deep porch, the veranda, and the balcony, break up and vary the surface with picturesque projections. English streets are often very bare, cold, and uninteresting, on account of the long, flat line of houses, although the mellow tints of age often in part redeem the fault. Once transplant here English neatness and care of detail in garden, lawn, and street, and then we shall not have cause to fear, taking our structures as a whole, a comparison with modern domestic architecture anywhere. But hear what our contributor has to say upon this subject:

"One of the greatest charms to American tourists in Europe consists in the finish and simple adornment of the outsides of the homes of the lower classes. The natural order of things would lead us to suspect elegance in palaces, but, from our usual association of thought at home, poverty is synonymous with roughness of exterior arrangements. Of course, we are painfully impressed nearly everywhere in Europe by the squalid wretchedness of the habitations of large classes of the people, but side by side with these indications of ignorance and misery are significant marks of refinement and an old civilization. The history of the architecture of these dwellings of the poor is difficult to reach, but some obvious features of it have certainly arisen from the circumstances of climate and from the supply of building materials. The deficiency of wood, excepting in Switzerland, makes brick or stone to be used nearly everywhere; and the great heat of Southern Europe, and the necessity of making the house a stronghold, to some degree, against outside violence, have led to

the building of very thick walls. The Swiss chalets, with their low, overlapping roofs, shed the snow readily, and their eaves furnish convenient lean-tos, where fagots and household commodities are conveniently stored. But almost everywhere in Europe we see striking evidences of good taste and industry in the decoration of even the rudest dwellings by means of flowers, and, in many parts of the Continent, by the use of home-made lace as an ornament. The women of Europe, in fact, seem to use their hands more industriously than our women generally do, and are seldom idle, even when they are watching their children or sitting beside baskets of fruit or flowers in the market-place, and the fruits of this universal industry present themselves not only in the lace of commerce, but in the lace that beautifies their homes internally, and in the external ornament of lovely flower-gardens. As we walk through the clean, winding streets of Antwerp, or toil slowly up through the Swiss valleys, in many a nook and at many a turn we see two little windows clad in the whitest net-work of lace, made by the poor people in the midst of their important duties; and behind or above this simple lace drapery the room glows with flowers, varied and thriving as a conservatory. In the dark cottages of England the same sight appears, and where these adornments do not exist, the beholder instinctively feels that hope and cheerfulness are absent as well as the flowers. In scraps of ground so small that in America they would be almost sure to be wasted, around the little railroad-stations on nearly all the lines in England, and in the little strip that divides the sidewalk from the house, are splendid clumps of roses, mignonette, fuchsias, and the best of our hot-house plants, most carefully tended and trained to cover a homely wall or to convert an ungraceful door or window into a pleasing one.

"In striking contrast to this tasteful and elegant finish, formed out of the cheapest and most accessible materials, are the rough, uncared-for towns and villages so generally found in the United States, and which are said to be consequent on a newly-settled country and the high price of labor. There is a great difference of taste as to the merits of a highly-artificial landscape, but in regard to the general qualities of the color of dwellings and the beauty of simple adornment there is no question. Within a few years, a number of wealthy and intelligent New-Yorkers, who make their summer home in one of the hill-towns of New England, have carried out the idea of improving the appearance of the village by forming a club with the permanent inhabitants, in which simple principles of good taste in dwellings and landscape gardening are discussed. The influence of this club has been most encouraging, for the staring white cottages and houses that formerly appeared bare of vines and destitute of shrubbery in the midst of rough fields, stony and overgrown, are now turned into unobtrusive dwellings, brown with the tints of natural wood and the earth, the doorways shaded by woodbine and delicate and beautiful flowers lighting up and lending elegance to the little streets.

"In these days of household-art, when it is sought to put beautiful and useful furniture within the reach of simple families, the adorning of the outside of our houses does not seem to have kept pace with the embellishment of their interiors. In a visit this summer to a popular New England resort, where sea, mountain, and climate, have done their best to make the place beautiful, the sight of the rough and vulgar door-yards made a dispiriting

impression, strong enough at times to eclipse the charm of all that Nature had done in the large features of the place. Succory and sorrel sprung up in every direction, interspersed with patches of rough earth and unkempt grass. Scarcely a cultivated flower appeared in the town, and no bit of garden, even a couple of feet square, gave indication that the least interest in the tasteful side of life existed in the mind of one of the inhabitants. Yet these people have time enough, and, except in the short summer season, are without pressing employments. Geranium-slips planted in boxes of earth in the winter, or verbenas or mignonette started in the stormy days of spring, with a little thought and a little time could relieve this disheartening aspect of a neighborhood whose untouched wild beauty has been blighted by man.

"The resources of flowers and vines are generally known to the wealthy class of Americans, and in their country-houses they have usually availed themselves of landscape-gardening. But it is only very lately that plants and vines have been introduced as an element of architectural effect. In the new houses in our cities whose walls are varied by balconies and by bay-windows of different shapes and of different colors of brick and stone, vines trail from story to story, and parlor garden-boxes full of flowers of every hue combine in a graceful mass one story of the house with another. Mingled with these are birds in their hanging cages, and tall plants growing in pots on the marble floor of the vestibule, which modify the dry, hot character of the house, and substitute for it coolness, elegance, and repose. But these villas and elegant town-houses form but a minor feature of the aspect of our country, and it is especially on its great democratic middle and lower class that we must rely for indications of the civilization and character of the people at large. The apostle of a good household taste in arranging and furnishing the interiors of our houses does real good, and helps to promote a healthy condition of society. In the same spirit we believe that whoever teaches people how they can make their villages and farm-houses more attractive does a really patriotic act, while he pleases and cheers the mind of everybody who looks upon a house and door-yard which, though humble in its material and construction, has been made beautiful by the expenditure of a little thought, and time, and taste. No house is so plain and homely that a woodbine, or ivy, or morning-glory, growing on a trellis over door or window, may not soften its rugged lines, and gray colors that tone with the landscape are usually more pleasing and not more costly than plain white paint. In time picturesque architecture will come everywhere, we doubt not, with red roofs, clustering chimneys, and pretty projections; but in the mean time, and while we cannot pull down and build over again our plain, square farm-houses and tedious rows of dwellings all alike in the village street, let all in town or country do what they can to vary and make beautiful their own and other people's bit of landscape."

The little ones suffer and die these summer days, say the good Samaritans that go about among the poor. The air in the tenement-houses is close, the odors from the streets are unwholesome, and the little creatures hence need, we are told, the tonic of the sea-side and the healthful breezes from

the hills. The charity of the better-to-do, it is urged, should organize excursions to the country, and establish low-priced boarding-houses in rural places, where the sickly infants of the streets may be sent for recuperation and health. The sickness of the summer season being due, according to many urgent sympathizers, mainly to the confined quarters and bad air of the poor districts, the great remedy is an exodus of the sufferers.

But, unfortunately, with the best exertions of the charitable, very few of the poorer classes can get even a day's exchange of fetid gutters for grassy meadows. It is the dire necessity of the many to remain in town, during August suns as well as in January snows, and the sickness and mortality among this class can never be measurably changed by occasional episodes of fresh air. The evils which they suffer can be mitigated only by changes that reach their daily lives, by the acquisition of habits of cleanliness, and by a little knowledge in the elementary principles of hygiene. Children during the summer season perish by thousands mainly because their parents are hopelessly slothful, ignorant, and careless. Even the bad air the little ones breathe is a result of vicious indifference; gutters would not be foul if the parents of the children did not fill them with refuse, nor would the living-apartments be unwholesome if habits of cleanliness prevailed.

But bad air and close apartments are really but minor causes of summer mortality. The main reason is the idiotic blundering of the elders in the way of food. It is in these wretched haunts of the poor that the unripe fruit, the unwholesome meat, and the stale fish, find their ready consumers. It is here that brats abide after the model of Hood's "Lost Heir," and here that distracted mothers rave after the fashion set down by the poet:

"... To think of losing him after nussing him
back from death's door,
Only the very last month, when the windfalls,
hang 'em, was at twenty a penny,
And the threepence he got by grottoing was spent
in plums, and staky for a child is too many."

The green apples and pears at "twenty a penny" have very much to do with the dreadful mortality that the sea-air and the rural farm are designed to remedy. The rotten or unripe fruit is not, however, the sole responsible cause. The neglect and the blundering that accompany the sickness are potent agents in the cause of death. The untimely exposure, the injudicious medicine, the ignorant treatment, all contribute to the fatal results, and make us wonder how it is that children, thus exposed on all sides to danger, ever manage to pull through to manhood and womanhood. Mismanagement is the great criminal in our summer mortality; and mismanagement is formidable in other quarters

than the poor tenement-house. There are far too many deaths among the children of the better classes—too much neglect of wise precautions; too much ignorant administering of medicine; too little heed of the laws of ventilation, cleanliness, respiration, exercise; too much indifference and indulgence in food; in brief, too much dire mismanagement in all things. Common-sense and good judgment in the rearing of children are much needed in all ranks of life: in the better class they will come, perhaps, by experience; in the lower classes they can come only by general elevation and education. There is no remedy for the evil that does not strike at the root. Our Samaritans must labor to inculcate industry, self-reliance, and self-respect—with this moral elevation will come habits of cleanliness, order, and sobriety—a general better management in all practical things, out of which shall come bloom and health to the little ones.

INNUMERABLE have been the plans submitted to the New York Rapid Transit commissioners, and if out of the confusion of projects and the clash of opinions a good design is accepted, we shall have reason to praise the acumen and judgment of the gentlemen composing the commission. The perplexities pertaining to the subject are greatly increased by the contradictory opinions of engineers and experts. Those whose professional knowledge would seem to warrant confidence in their judgment are of as many opinions as persons. It will be necessary for the commissioners to be governed by the practical results of railroading the world over, and to turn a cautious ear to all projects, and to all arguments in opposition, that cannot find some measure of support from the testimony of actual experience. It would be well if the commissioners could run abroad for a few weeks and examine the operations of some of the roads there before deciding definitely upon any plan. This impresses us forcibly as a necessary preliminary in view of the many strange opinions uttered by engineers and others in the newspapers. One writer, for instance, asserts that an elevated track must be enabled to support cars and locomotives as heavy as those upon our ordinary surface steam-roads. Those who have traveled upon European roads are not likely to acknowledge the necessity of this, inasmuch as there the carriages and locomotives in ordinary use are much lighter than ours. Solid and substantial tracks with comparatively light-running stock would appear to an unprofessional observer sufficient reasons to account for the immense speed obtained in England with so little wear and tear—a speed that here would prove exceedingly destructive to our lighter-built roads. Most assur-

edly, it would be a blunder to mount upon an elevated track the ponderous cars now in use with us. A good deal is said about stopping and starting trains, about brakes, etc. The American car is peculiarly awkward in cases where passengers must be taken up and set down expeditiously. In an English carriage there is an exit for about every six or eight passengers, and hence a car is emptied almost instantaneously. Here, on the contrary, all must enter and leave by one very small door at each end of the vehicle. It is obvious that cars on a rapid-transit road, where there are frequent stations and brief stoppages, should be so constructed as to admit of the utmost celerity of the ingress and egress of passengers. And if we are not in error, we are behind our English friends in the matter of brakes. The ease and rapidity with which a train on the London underground railway is brought to a stand is almost marvelous. The train comes dashing into the station apparently at full speed; the inexperienced observer feels certain that it is going to rush by without stopping; but in an instant almost the train is stopped, and this with not so much jar as one feels on a New York horse-car when brought up quickly. The brakes are apparently worked by steam, and they are noiseless as well as effectual in operation. No one could see the working of the European railway-carriage without feeling its superiority over the American long box, with its colliding tides of travel struggling through narrow apertures, against busy brakemen, and over cramped platforms—its superiority, at least, for the expeditious movement necessary for rapid local transit.

Two more ancient landmarks of London are threatened. "Doctors' Commons," a gloomy and musty old building which chokes light and air out of St. Paul's Church-yard, will speedily become but the shadow of a name. Christ's Hospital, a much handsomer and more imposing edifice, but equally in the way of the busy folk of the "city," will also, it is probable, give way to modern and commercial necessities. Doctors' Commons is not properly one of the sights of London, inasmuch as it provides nothing worth seeing. As the seat of the terrible office, however, which so long dispensed marriage-licenses, it has had a certain interest for London lovers. Like Gretna Green, its traditions are chiefly matrimonial. But Doctors' Commons had a still graver significance a few centuries ago; for it was there that were held the sessions of the court which corresponded to the Inquisition; many a heretic and witch was formerly sentenced to the fagots there in the olden time. Within the memory of men still living, curious pun-

ishments were awarded at Doctors' Commons; such, for instance, as condemning a costermonger, who was proved guilty of having told a rival tradesman to "go and be blowed," to fine and imprisonment. Dickens, in the "Sketch-Book," describes Doctors' Commons as "the place where they grant marriage-licenses to lovesick couples, and divorces to unfaithful ones, register the wills of people who have any property to leave, and punish hasty gentlemen who call ladies by unpleasant names." Since this was written, however, Doctors' Commons has lost many of these functions, and has come to be a mere dingy excrecence and obstacle to air and light; so the decree of *delenda est* is launched against it. Christ's Hospital is far more interesting as one of the great and ancient English charities. Who, that has visited London, has not seen the bareheaded "blue-coat" boys, with yellow stockings, running about in its neighborhood? Who, that has read the matchless "Essays of Elia," has forgotten Lamb's description of his early days as a "blue-coat," with their hardships and rough fun; where he was the schoolmate of Coleridge, who even then was given to long monologues on "the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus," and whom Lamb, remembering him as he was then, calls "the inspired charity boy?" It is a strange place, indeed, for a school containing not far from a thousand boys; but commercial London has grown up around it, where it has been standing above three centuries. It was founded by pious young Edward VI., and its income has gradually swollen by donations of state and individuals, till it has now attained the goodly figure of fifty-two thousand pounds a year. Many boys are sent thence every year to the universities; and once a year the lord-mayor and corporation proceed in state to Christ's Hospital to hear a sermon and sup in the great hall. It is thought best, however, to tear the fine old place down, and find a spot somewhere out of London for the "blue-coats," who will be greatly missed from the crowded streets round about Newgate.

ACCORDING to a current anecdote, a lady, whom a policeman had taken by the elbow to conduct across the street, turned to him, and said, "Sir, if I wish you to touch me, I'll ask you." If this response to the policeman's attentions seems a little ungracious, it is really not so. The officer was only performing a duty for which he was selected, and he had no right to presume upon his position so far as to take the least familiarity with either lady or gentleman for whom his services were required. It is not policemen alone who are guilty of this vulgar habit of taking people by the arm or shoulder. Conductors not only seize ladies by the elbow

in their entrance to or exit from the car, but are in the common habit of touching each passenger upon the shoulder when demanding his fare. It is not too much to say that any gentleman who found himself rudely touched in this way would be justified in knocking the man down, and equally justified in resenting such an offensive familiarity to any lady. And yet conductors and policemen are not so much to blame as their employers are. These men err through their ignorance; many of them, indeed, would be amazed to learn that there is any thing wrong or disagreeable in putting their hands upon others when no violence is intended. They have not been educated in those canons of breeding that teach the respect and reserve due to others, and do not understand that ladies and gentlemen with high sense of personal dignity cannot permit any one to lay his hands upon them. Hence, it is the business of those who place men in official positions to instruct them in all details as to their conduct. So long as this is not done, it would be well for every lady who finds herself familiarly handled in the way we have mentioned to resent the indignity in some such manner as in the instance we have quoted, and for every gentleman also to utter his protest in a similarly quiet but effectual style.

Literary.

THE physiologists tell us that every kind of action which man does habitually or often tends to pass through three stages: the volitional, in which a distinct effort of the will is necessary to its performance; the voluntary, in which the will, though conscious, simply acquiesces; and the involuntary or mechanical, in which actions are performed in the customary way, independently of the will. We are inclined to think that with Mr. Anthony Trollope novel-writing has reached the last of these stages. It would certainly be impossible to find in literature an equal number of books which resemble each other so exactly and in so many ways as his last half-dozen or so of novels; and equally so to find any which indicate so little mental effort on the part of the author. His novels are always long—"The Way we live now" (New York: Harper & Brothers), for example, contains four hundred and eight large, double-columned, closely-printed pages—but there is no perceptible reason why they should not extend to a thousand, or two thousand, or any number whatever. Mr. Trollope apparently leaves off at any given point, not because he has nothing more to say, or because he could not go on indefinitely in the same way, but because he thinks the reader has had enough of one combination of circumstances and one set of characters. Now we do not mean to intimate by this that we think poorly of Mr. Trollope's novels. It may be said with perfect confi-

dence that few novels of our day are better in any respect than his, and none are more uniformly readable and amusing. The most omnivorous or the most *blasé* novel-reader can take up any one of them with absolute certainty of being entertained. The extent of our criticism is, that it has become easier for him to write than to refrain from it, and that his later novels partake of the defects inseparable from work upon which little pains is bestowed.

"The Way we live now" is a satire upon English high life, and a more despicable set of people, actuated by meaner motives, and performing worse actions, was probably never grouped together in a single novel. The trouble, indeed, is that the satire is too indiscriminate to be really effective; we lose our sense of the baseness of all knavery where the comparison is only between knaves and knaves, and no elevated standard is offered to us. The most malicious, if not the strongest, part of the satire is directed against the literary critics, against whom Mr. Trollope evidently feels that he has a grievance; and if his book has a serious purpose at all, it is to retort in kind upon the critics, and to let them know how little he esteems them. To this end we are introduced at the very beginning to three typical editors, whose characters are analyzed with great minuteness, and whose practices are exposed from time to time during the progress of the story. The first of these is Mr. Browne, editor of the *Morning Breakfast-Table*, "a man powerful in his profession—and fond of ladies." His praise of Lady Carbury's worthless book, "Criminal Queens," was obtained by that handsome lady's looking into his eyes, leaving her soft, plump hand for a moment in his, and resenting but mildly a kiss upon which he ventured. Mr. Booker, editor of the *Literary Chronicle*, is described more fully. "He was a hard-working professor of literature, by no means without talent, by no means without influence, and by no means without a conscience. But, from the nature of the struggles in which he had been engaged, by compromises which had gradually been driven upon him by the encroachment of brother authors on the one side, and by the demands on the other of employers who looked only to their own profits, he had fallen into a routine of work in which it was very difficult to be scrupulous, and almost impossible to maintain the delicacies of a literary conscience." He wrote for magazines, and brought out some book of his own almost annually; but he was driven by stress of circumstances to take such good things as came in his way, and could hardly afford to be independent. His praise of "Criminal Queens" (and very warm praise it was) was secured by a hint on the part of Lady Carbury that she was to review his "New Tale of a Tub" in the *Breakfast-Table*, and in doing so she was disposed to observe the golden rule. Mr. Trollope's most venomous shafts, however, are reserved for Mr. Alf, editor of the *Evening Pulpit*, at whose hands he has apparently suffered in person. Mr. Alf had discovered the great fact that "a newspaper that wishes to make its fortune should never waste its columns and weary

its readers by praising any thing." His literary practices are illustrated by his treatment of "Criminal Queens:"

"In spite of the dear friendship between Lady Carbury and Mr. Alf, one of Mr. Alf's most sharp-nailed subordinates had been set upon her book, and had pulled it to pieces with almost rabid malignity. One would have thought that so slight a thing could hardly have been worthy of such protracted attention. Error after error was laid bare with merciless prolixity. No doubt the writer of the article must have had all history at his finger-ends, as, in pointing out the various mistakes made, he always spoke of the historical facts which had been misquoted, misdated, or misrepresented, as being familiar in all their bearings to every school-boy of twelve years old. The writer of the criticism never suggested the idea that he himself, having been fully provided with books of reference, and having learned the art of finding in them what he wanted at a moment's notice, had, as he went on with his work, checked off the blunders without any more permanent knowledge of his own than a house-keeper has of coals when she counts so many sacks into the coal-cellar. He spoke of the parentage of one wicked, ancient lady, and the dates of the frailties of another, with an assurance intended to show that an exact knowledge of all these details abided with him always. He must have been a man of vast and varied erudition, and his name was Jones. The world knew him not, but his erudition was always there at the command of Mr. Alf—and his cruelty. The greatness of Mr. Alf consisted in this, that he always had a Mr. Jones or two ready to do his work for him. It was a great business, this of Mr. Alf's, for he had his Jones also for philology, for science, for politics, for poetry, as well as for history, and one special Jones, extraordinarily accurate and very well posted up in his references, entirely devoted to the Elizabethan drama."

All this, it strikes us, is unworthy of Mr. Trollope, and if one were foolish enough to argue against palpable satire, we might ask him what substantial fault he has to find with Mr. Alf's literary staff. Since books (and very worthless books) of history, philology, science, poetry, and politics are written, is it not desirable to have Joneses who have special qualifications for passing judgment upon them in the various departments? or should we leave it to some popular novelist to measure their merits for us? Again, conceding Mr. Trollope's fancy that the "erudition" of critics comes from facility in consulting cyclopædias and the like, is it not a service to the public to expose, even by their aid, the pretensions of books which can err in the matter of such easily accessible knowledge? That the errors are really errors is what it concerns the public to know; how they were discovered is of little consequence.

To return to our general estimate of Mr. Trollope's work, it is marvelous that, writing so much, what he writes should be so uniformly good. Nevertheless it is certain that, while he produces at the rate of two or three bulky volumes a year, we can expect no more such novels as "The Last Chronicle of Barset," "Barchester Towers," and "The Small House at Allington." We would suggest, too, that his most plausible feud would be

with the artists rather than the critics. Of course he could not know beforehand that such pictures would be interpolated into the text of "The Way we live now;" but we think we could name several previous works of his in which the engraver has dealt far harder with him than even the *Evening Pulpit*.

READERS of the JOURNAL are already so familiar with Christian Reid's work that it is unnecessary to dwell at any length upon its special qualities. "A Question of Honor" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), her recently-published novel, is the most elaborate she has written since her first two, and, if it shows no decided advance upon the standard therein established, it is at least equal to them in point of literary merit. Few of our novelists have a purer ideal than Miss Reid, few rely so little on sensational incidents and melodramatic "effects," and fewer still have command of so vivid, flexible, and polished a style. Her dialogue at its best possesses the spontaneity, ease, and aptness of genuine conversation, and scarcely ever loses its naturalness of tone. Quite often she exhibits a true insight into character, and an instinct of personality which enables her to individualize distinctly her various *dramatis personæ*. Almost the only serious deficiencies of her work are, exaggeration and a total lack of humor. Of course no sane critic demands that a novelist shall neither rise above nor sink below the level of average people and every-day events; but a novel which departs widely from the very human experience which it proposes to depict, loses almost the only quality that gives it a *raison d'être*. Now Miss Reid's good people are a little too good, her foolish people a little too foolish, her refined people too refined, and her "chivalrous" people too chivalrous, to recall to our minds what we know of actual life. She has probably never encountered a real, orthodox villain, and she has the good sense and the good taste not to attempt to create one; so that her bad people are seldom too sinful to purchase the reader's forgiveness on easy terms. A sense of humor is more valuable to an author for its negative influence, probably, than for the positive advantages which it confers. Had Miss Reid possessed it, for instance, we are certain that "A Question of Honor" would have been different in many respects from what it is now. The very point on which its plot hinges would have been presented less nakedly, and there is no important character in the book whom its chastening hand would have left untouched. Even in matters of style its influence for the better would be felt—for one thing, it would induce Miss Reid to discard utterly the use of the word "chivalry" and its derived adjectives, and the word "knight" with its derivatives. It would require an elaborate treatise on the social differences between our own day and the middle ages to explain why the word "knightly," when used in describing a well-meaning young man, causes us to smile at him instead of to revere him; but the fact that it is so should be sufficient to eliminate it from the vocabulary of ordinary descriptive terms.

It is plain, we hope, that in speaking thus of Christian Reid's work we are applying a rather higher standard than it is customary to apply to current fiction. Compared with the average novel that claims our attention weekly, it is as unexceptionable in point of art as it is wholesome in tone and interesting in story.

THE contemporary novel is devoted so exclusively to subjective study of character, or to delineation of the social circumstances which produce bigamy, seduction, forgery, and the other highly-civilized vices, that a tale like "Harwood" (New York: E. J. Hale & Son), with its deer-hunt, its panther-fight, its solitary and revengeful Indian, its sword-duel, its mottoes and coats-of-arms, its haunted trees, and digging up of buried treasure, seems old-fashioned and out of date. Perhaps it is this very novelty of method and of incident which constitutes the chief attraction of the story; but its plot is dramatically conceived, and the narrative portions at least animated and well written, and it holds the reader's attention with a firmness of grasp which it seems difficult to account for when we lay down the book and come to analyze its contents. In truth, however, "Harwood" is a good specimen of that objectively realistic species of fiction which Poe carried to such perfection in his short stories, such as "The Gold Bug;" and it is simply in masquerade when it puts on the paraphernalia of a novel. The interest is confined wholly to the narrative, the personal adventures, the unraveling of a piquant mystery; the characters are a conventional collection of lay figures, and the dialogue, love-making, and the like, could hardly be made more perversely unnatural. We do not wonder that the author found it impossible to comply with the publishers' suggestion that his tale should be lengthened. He would have found it much easier to cut out half the included matter; and, if the cutting out were done judiciously, the story would be greatly improved in an artistic sense.

Besides the narrative proper, "Harwood" contains a half-dozen preliminary chapters, in which the author professes to relate his experiences with various editors and publishers in his efforts to get the book published. These chapters were confessedly added merely to increase the bulk of the volume, and the questionable taste of the performance is not disguised by their egotistic frankness and "smart" style. We advise whoever may be attracted to the book by our notice to begin with "Herbert's Journal," and this advice is given as much in the interest of the author as of the reader.

"EGLANTINE," on the title-page of which the author of "St. Olaves," etc., for the first time reveals her name,* is an unpretentious story, almost commonplace in its plot and incidents, but interesting and exceptionally well written. It is autobiographical in form, purporting to be written by a middle-aged

* *Eglantine*. A Novel. By Eliza Tabor, Author of "St. Olaves," "Hope Meredith," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

woman, who, looking back over her past, yields to a longing to "write the story of that past, so that when the evening comes, and the companions of my life have dropped away from me, and I wait alone till the time comes for me to go to them, I may not be quite alone, having them with me still in what I can remember of them." This sentence from the introductory chapter strikes the key-note of the story as to both substance and style; for the narrative is one which might really have been written for her own satisfaction by a refined and cultivated lady, whose life had been spent "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," whose experience had scarcely transcended the bounds of the domestic affections, but who had passed beneath the chastening hand of sorrow. Skillful as it is in construction, however (and few fictitious autobiographies maintain the illusion more perfectly), the strength of the book lies in its character sketches. None of the characters are distinctly new, perhaps, though we do not at the moment recall a prototype of Mr. Leslie, the retired mathematician and student of science; but the special relations and circumstances in which they are placed are sufficient to individualize them clearly. "Tyne" (Eglantine), for example, belongs to a not unfamiliar type of heroine, yet the tenderness, the reserve, the entirely feminine stand-point from which she is here revealed to us, give her the freshness and charm of an entirely original creation. The same may be said of Miss Leslie, the narrator, of John Elphinstone, the curate, and of Joe Rollekens, the coast-guardsmen, who, out of somewhat conventional types, are gradually converted into persons whose complete individuality it is not at all difficult to concede.

"Eglantine," in short, is a good illustration of the kind of success which may always be achieved by an author who is satisfied to aim at what is clearly within her power to perform, and who respects that aim sufficiently to spare no pains in carrying it out. It is in no respect a great novel; but it is thoroughly good of its kind, and will add to the reader's stock of "harmless pleasure."

THE quarterly reviews have now begun to indicate their (presumably weighty) opinion of "Queen Mary." The *Quarterly*, analytical and mildly laudative throughout, says: "To sum up our opinion of 'Queen Mary,' we are inclined to think it the best specimen of the literary drama which has been written in our time. It is, at least, admirable in form. It is better than Mr. Browning's dramatic studies, which have no form at all. It is better than 'The Spanish Gipsy,' which has a hybrid form. It is better than 'Bothwell,' as it has more backbone, and less of the enormous volume and verbosity which, we think, would always prevent Mr. Swinburne from achieving success as a dramatist. Of the dramatic spirit, in the Shakespearean sense, the play, as we have said, has nothing; it lacks the personal interest which might recall the genius of national action, and excite the ardor of patriotism by the representation on the stage of great historic examples. It is guilty, too, of the blunder, at once historical and dramatic, of making a heroine out of Bloody Mary. Of course, it will be acted. *Tid* and *Joan* will appear in miraculously accurate costumes of

the period; Aldgate will be very 'richly decorated;' we shall be delighted with the exact representation of Lambeth Palace and St. Mary's Church; and a popular actress will doubtless draw tears from sympathetic eyes when she exclaims that 'she has slain her Philip!' It will be acted, and then, like all plays that want the soul of action, it will disappear from the stage. But, as an intellectual exercise, as a scientific study of abstract motives, as a stimulant of those subtle ideas which the luxurious modern imagination delights to substitute for action, as a monument of ingenious and refined expression, in all these points Mr. Tennyson's drama may long continue to afford pleasure to the reader. And more than this, at a time when the tradition of the poetical drama has been forgotten on the stage, it would perhaps be idle to expect."

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* gives a bit of entertaining gossip about the habits and occupations of M. Thiers. "There is nothing the matter with M. Thiers," he says, "beyond his seventy-eight years. His health is excellent, his spirits are elastic, and his activity is unabated. He is on foot between four and five in the morning. On getting out of bed he takes a cup of chocolate. He then runs about the garden, looking at the flowers, visits the greenhouse, and goes to see his horses. After doing this he ascends to his library, on the first floor, to work at his desk or to classify his papers. M. Thiers has several literary irons in the fire. He is still engaged on his philosophical treatise, and he is writing memoirs. A 'History of Modern French Art' is also said to be in course of progress." . . . The *Athenaeum* observes that "young poets are apt to be low-spirited, not to say disdainful of happiness and regardless of mirth." . . . Two new and important documents relating to Shakespeare have been discovered lately. One is said to show conclusively that there was no substantial foundation for the scandal concerning the poet and Mrs. Davenant, of Oxford; and the other is a quarto volume containing six plays issued during the life of Shakespeare, including the first edition of "Troilus and Cressida." . . . Some of the best European novels are being translated into Spanish, and published under the title of "Biblioteca de Buenas Novelas." Works by Hendrick Conscience and Xavier de Maistre have been selected to begin the series. . . . A rumor which will delight all true lovers of literature is to the effect that Mr. James Russell Lowell will begin to publish next autumn eight or ten volumes of English plays and poems, from Marlowe to Dryden, which he has undertaken to edit. The first volume will probably be devoted to Marlowe. . . . Dr. R. B. N. Walker, who has been ten years located at the Gaboon, and with the French expeditions, is now on his way home with the intention of publishing his twenty-five years' experiences in Equatorial Africa, during which time he has visited nearly all the colonies and countries on the West Coast. . . . The poet Seidl, author of the Austrian national hymn, "Gott erhalte unsern Kaiser," died at Vienna on the 18th of July. . . . Mr. Swinburne is said to be writing an article on Beaumont and Fletcher for the "Encyclopædia Britannica." . . . Miss Braddon is writing a new novel, entitled "Dead Men's Shoes," which will be published in various English, Irish, and Scotch journals. Translations of the novel will also appear simultaneously in France, Germany, and Russia. . . . Portugal has lost one of its few successful poets and writers by the death of the Condé da Castilho. The count, who

died at the age of seventy-five, lost his eyesight in early youth, but was nevertheless an indefatigable student, and during the half-century that intervened between his death and the occurrence of the calamity which brought on his blindness he devoted himself to the study of classical and modern poetry. Among his numerous works special attention is due to his translations from Ovid, Goethe, and Shakespeare, while his collection of original poems, entitled "Primavera," many of which treat of blindness are very highly esteemed by his countrymen. . . . A public library has recently been established at Yeddo for the use of both natives and foreigners. It is open all the year round, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., except on national and general holidays. Readers are allowed to make excerpts, but are not allowed to borrow books from the premises without the special permission of the Minister of Education. . . . The tireless Mrs. Oliphant begins a new novel in the August *Macmillan*, entitled "The Curate in Charge." . . . The new sixpenny English monthly, entitled *The London Magazines*, of which our London correspondent, Mr. Will Williams, is editor, will contain in its first number articles by Henry J. Byron, Charles Gibbon, Edmund Dacey (editor of the *Observer*), Charles H. Ross (editor of *Judy*), William Sawyer, Dr. N. C. Bennett, Harvey S. Leigh, Austin Dobson, Frederick Locker, Lady Duffries Hardy, William Black, and Hon. Rodney Noel—certainly a goodly array.

The Arts.

THE Inter-States Industrial Exposition at Chicago is announced to open September 10th, and the display promises to be unusually comprehensive and fine. In addition to the exposition of the industrial products of the West, it will embrace a large collection of paintings, sculptures, and other art-objects. Last year the art display, which was organized under the direction of Mr. Henry W. Derby, contained nearly six hundred works, the majority of which represented foreign names, and were selected from the best private collections in this city. The galleries for the exhibition of art-works in connection with the exposition building are six in number, and have skylights, and are in every respect admirably adapted for the purpose intended. This year the organization of the exhibition has been placed under the control of Mr. Stafford, who has made it his aim to give it more of an American character than the corresponding display had last season, and, with that object in view, he has secured the coöperation of Mr. R. E. Moore, of Union Square in this city, and Mr. William H. Beard, the animal-painter. By well-directed efforts they have already sent forward upward of four hundred works of art to Chicago. Of this number, at least three hundred and fifty have been contributed by New York owners, both artists and collectors, and a large proportion of the paintings represent American names. The arrangement of the exhibition is under the direction of Mr. Beard, and the plan is to form groups, so far as possible, of the works of the leading artists. Although the works of our New York artists will largely predominate in the exhibition, those of Boston, Philadelphia, and other lead-

ing Eastern cities, it is anticipated will make a fair show. The Chicago artists have been allotted one gallery for the exhibition of their own works. Among the New York artists whose contributions are to be grouped is Mr. E. Moran, the marine-painter, who sends as his *tour de force* a large picture entitled "The Missing Ship." It is a twilight scene, with a great, cumulous cloud hanging over the horizon-line, and rising apparently out of the billowy sea, and "the missing ship" appears sailing on her unknown course in the dim and fading distance. Mr. Moran has given considerable thought to the composition of this work, and its expression of poetical sentiment will find many admirers. Mr. Moran also sends a view in New York Bay during a rain-squall, which is very spirited in its rendering of the effect of a short, chopping sea; and lighters, sloops, and other small vessels, scudding before the gale. De Haas, as his leading composition, sends a view in the British Channel, under the effect of a stormy sky; and a moonlight at sea, with vessels in the foreground, and a strong effect of soft, mellow-toned light shimmering on the water. Mr. Cropsey contributes one of his large autumn scenes on Greenwood Lake, with the forests upon its banks glowing with the crimson and golden tones peculiar to the season. From Mr. McEntee's easel there is a midwinter snow-storm, with figures portrayed with more than his usual force and impressiveness; and Mr. Casilear contributes a view of Lake Brienz, Switzerland, under the effect of a silvery-toned sky, and the rugged features of the mountains on the distant shore, softened by atmospheric influence, which is introduced with marvelous subtilty and the most refined feeling. William Hart, George C. Lambdin, Frederick E. Church, James M. Hart, S. J. Guy, Albert F. Bellows, William T. Richards, A. H. Wyant, Eastman Johnson, William Magrath, J. B. Bristol, and J. G. Brown, are also well represented in the collection. The exhibition, we have every reason to believe, will be creditable to American art, and its influence upon art-culture at the West will no doubt prove salutary.

THE committee on the Sumner Monument in Boston offered the sum of five hundred dollars for the three best models for it, but without engaging to use any of them. As a result, twenty-six models of Mr. Sumner are now on exhibition in the new post-office building of that city, and are quite interesting from their variety. The committee limited the pose to a sitting figure, and as such the subject is represented in the models. They have been made by artists from every quarter, and are of various degrees of excellence, two or three being conspicuously good above the rest. In most of these models reference is made, by the presence of colored people about the pedestal of the statue, to his connection with the slavery question. Mr. Sumner's figure and bearing when he was standing erect were very imposing, as everybody will remember, and, on this account, by restricting his posture to a sitting one, the committee have deprived the artists of their strongest advantage. Sitting, the

senator's figure in these models is, in most cases, insignificant, and, with one exception, is commonplace. A pleasant, easy form, in one instance, looks as if listening to an animated conversation. In another, considerable dramatic action is expressed in his head half turned round, as his eye glances at a manacled slave who is stretching toward him from behind. This figure is the only one in bronze color in the collection, and, while it is vicious so far as real art is concerned, has more than any of the others to raise it above the level of the portrait of an ordinary gentleman sitting for his likeness.

In the pedestals a great deal of ingenuity has been shown, the one of the model most easy and most like Mr. Sumner being particularly pleasing. We have sometimes alluded in the pages of the JOURNAL to the eminent features of the African race for art-treatment. The artist here has seized on these capabilities, and, in a procession of colored people in bass-relief around the pedestal, he has depicted a scene of almost Greek and Arcadian innocence, where the freed slaves, with their children and lambs and goats, are garlanded and dancing in happy freedom.

SOME pictures at Goupil's are worthy of attention. One by Bouguereau is the more noteworthy from the fact that it was painted several years ago, and shows in its treatment the conscientious feeling which belonged to his earlier work, when he was painting more for fame than for money. The subject represents an Italian peasant-woman seated in a reclining attitude upon the leaning trunk of a great chestnut-tree, with two naked children playing upon the mossy-carpeted earth before her. The children are caressing each other, and their action is watched with pleasure by their sweet but sad faced mother. There are few artists who are the equal of Bouguereau in the treatment of this class of subjects. His drawing is excellent, and he throws around his groups an atmosphere of delicate refinement which appeals to every heart. In the painting of the flesh there is both a tenderness of tone and a transparency which reminds one strongly of his work in the picture of "The Twins" in Mr. Belmont's collection, which was also executed eight or ten years ago. Of Compté-Calix's work there is a landscape with figures. It is one of his best efforts at figure-painting, and one in which the landscape is kept thoroughly subordinate. The scene is laid in a French park, and a pretty and spirited-looking *bonne* is shown in the foreground holding on to the skirts of a little truant boy and applying a switch vigorously to his bare body and legs. He has been playing on the bank of the pool of water which is shown beside the group, and his ball and hat are floating away with the current. The pet dog belonging to the little truant is barking vigorously as the *bonne* plies her switch, and in the distance the ladies of the château are hurrying to the scene, their steps hastened, no doubt, by the lusty crying of the boy. The composition is graceful, and as a study of figures, in connection with a dark-wooded background, it presents many excellent qualities. Boutibonne, who is celebrated for his

parlor-pictures with studies of modern costumes, as well as the exquisite finish he gives to them, has a Swiss mountain-scene with a party of young ladies and gentlemen taking a ride in a great open traveling-carriage. It is what may be termed a foreground picture, as the carriage and its pretty girls and their escorts take up the whole canvas. There is the same care shown in the drawing and painting of the figures and costumes which is so attractive in Boutibonne's interiors, but the composition is too elaborate apparently to be real. Its coloring is extremely brilliant and as harmonious as a poem. The collection also embraces a Pompeian interior, with the figure of a graceful girl hiding behind the lintel of an open door as if awaiting the coming of a friend. There is a greyhound crouching at her feet, and other accessories which add to the interest of the composition. The coloring is rich, and is strongly suggestive of Cooman's work. There are works by Wyant, Ch. Jacque, J. G. Brown, Bagniet, and other eminent names, which are also worthy of attention.

THE buildings erecting for the Museum of Arts and the Museum of Natural History, one within and one upon the border of Central Park, are not likely to prove ornamental to our pleasure-ground or to satisfy cultivated taste. It is a matter of surprise as well as vexation that structures from which we have all hoped so much should prove absolute architectural failures. Like so many recent up-town public buildings, they are constructed of brick with granite trimmings—a contrast of tones peculiarly raw and unpleasing, which should have been specially avoided in view of the numerous conspicuous warnings the architects have been giving; nor is the form of either of these museum-buildings picturesque, noble, or inspiring. They both have very much more resemblance to factories than to edifices devoted to art and culture. That an institution like the Museum of Art, the sole purpose of which is to cultivate taste and afford instruction in the arts, should deliberately house itself in a shapeless and ugly pile of discordant material, is something to be greatly wondered at, and specially so in view of the well-known art-taste of the president of the institution.

A CRITICISM by the *Nous Freis Presse* on a new statue by the Italian sculptor Monteverde is as follows: "The art-critic Stendhal wrote in the year 1828: 'Can sculpture represent Napoleon as he gazes over the sea from the cliffs of St. Helena, or Lord Castlereagh at the moment of his suicide? Were that possible, Canova's successor would be found.' Stendhal intended by this remark to point out impossible material for the sculptor's art. The question has since then been answered in the most brilliant manner by the modern sculptor Monteverde. We had, at the Vienna Exhibition, an opportunity of admiring his 'Jenner.' No one had thought it possible to treat the act of vaccination artistically. Monteverde has accomplished the impossible, and fulfilled the task. His latest statue, 'Labor,' is another masterpiece in this direction; he has succeeded in expressing in the figure of a strong man

the dilemma whether he shall betake himself to work which leads in the end to solid domesticity, or to the public house which not unfrequently leads to the galleys. A mere glance at this figure leaves no doubt that it represents 'Labor.' Monteverde at first intended to carry out his design by means of a group; he, however, destroyed the figure, nearly finished, of a genius showing the right way; the second figure, which the destroying hammer spared, speaks for itself and fully expresses the artist's idea."

A WRITER in *Fraser* on "Artist and Critic" has some just comments, we think, on the disposition of artists to undervalue subject. "Most painters," he says, "are so thoroughly and all but exclusively taken up with the *technique*, that they care little for any thing besides. The artist loves the *art* in a picture so much that he is jealous of the subject. Praise the subject, and he had almost as lief you praised the frame. I have often heard artists say that, in looking at a picture, the subject made no difference to them. That might be trivial or even ignoble, so long as there was good color, drawing, composition. Now, in my humble opinion, if the *technique* be the life of a picture, the subject is something even higher—it is the soul of it. Besides drawing, composition, and color, there must be *expression*. Drawing, composition, color, may be considered and estimated separately in a given picture; expression belongs to the whole work and to every part; and that which is *pictureorially expressed is the real subject and the soul of the picture.*"

THE project for a monument to Byron has assumed larger proportions. Instead of a slab over his grave at Hucknall, it is now intended to erect a monumental statue of Byron in some public place in the metropolis, of such importance as to assume the character of a national monument. The scheme has not yet taken a definite shape; still, not only is a marble statue in contemplation, but also a canopy in classic style to protect it, and give importance to the work. For this purpose a sum of ten thousand pounds is required; and it is hoped that it may easily be raised among admirers of the poet. The Scott monument at Edinburgh cost fifteen thousand pounds.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

August 3, 1875.

THE competition for prizes at the Conservatoire has come to an end. In some respects the classes this year have given very satisfactory proofs of progress on the part of the pupils. The lucky prize-holders have a good time of it. Those who get the first prize for tragedy and comedy enter the Comédie Française at once, and the winners of the second prize go to the company of the Odéon. In like manner, the first prize for singing entitles the lucky holder to an immediate engagement at the Grand Opéra. The jury on singing comprised, among others, such well-known names as those of Ambroise Thomas, Gounod, and Wartel, the teacher of Nilsson. M. Couturier, who carried off the first prize, has a most beautiful tenor voice, and was loudly applauded. The Grand Opéra takes also the second prize-holder, M. Gally, who has a noble basso voice. There is promise of a new and brilliant star in the galaxy of prima donnas in the person of Mademoiselle Vergin, who car-

ried off two first prizes, that for the Grand Opéra and that of the Opéra Comique. She is graceful, intelligent, and unaffected, and her double success called forth enthusiastic plaudits. The class of tragedy was lamentably small. Six gentlemen and one lady only presented themselves, and there was no first prize awarded. M. Marais, a pupil of M. Minuse, obtained the highest recompense accorded, that of a second prize, and the solitary female was not adjudged worthy of even honorable mention. The men fared as badly in the comedy class, wherein there were many more competitors, but Mademoiselle Samary, a pupil of M. Bressant, carried off the highest honors among the ladies. The small hall of the Conservatoire was crowded to suffocation. Numbers of people got in that had no right there and no entrance-ticket, by a very simple trick. To enter the vestibule it is merely necessary to show one's ticket at the door. The lucky ticket-holder, therefore, would enter, ramble around for a minute or two, and then pass his ticket through an open window to a friend outside, the same manœuvre being repeated indefinitely. For be it known that it is very hard to gain entrance to the *concours* of the Conservatoire, and the desire to be present is of course in due proportion to the difficulty of obtaining the desired permission. Fortunately the weather was not very warm, or pupils, jury, and audience alike, would have been stewed in that hot, stuffy, little hall. The jury for tragedy and comedy was enough to give any poor novice a chill merely to contemplate appearing before them; it was composed of such names as those of Alexandre Dumas, Edouard Thierry, M. Perrin, Director of the Comédie Française, and Got and Delaunay, of the same theatre.

A good deal of interest was excited the other day among musical critics by the announcement that portions of a new opera called "Dimitri," by M. Victorin Joncières, was to be performed before M. Halanzier at the Grand Opéra with closed doors, the public being, of course, excluded. There have been many rumors afloat respecting this new opera, which is founded on the Russian historical legend of the pretender Demetrius, called in the libretto Dimitri. The author of the libretto is no other than M. de Bornier, in collaboration with M. Sylvestre. The work was all ready to be performed before M. Halanzier, when Madame Bosine Bloch, to whom the leading rôle had been confided, fell ill. She was replaced by Madame Fursch-Madier, and the opera was finally gotten ready for the decisive trial. But, after singing the fourth number of the petition, a duet between the soprano and the tenor, Mademoiselle Daram was seized with a violent fit of hysterics, which put an end to the performance. *Pus de chance*, M. Joncières, no more than Madame Geneviève de Brabant!

M. de Langeril, whose persistent and not unreasonable opposition to the expenditure of the vast sums which have been lavished on the new opera-house has been unvarying and remarkable, came to the front again with a fresh charge of extravagance and unreasonable demands on the occasion of the late motion in the Assembly for a grant of three more millions (six hundred thousand dollars) to complete the edifice. His passionate appeal to the good sense and economy of his *confrères* was only met by shouts of derisive laughter. Finally everybody took to talking to his next neighbor instead of listening to the speech of M. de Langeril, and the feeble voice of the speaker was drowned in the hum of private conversations. After he got through, M. Cail-

laux undertook to reply to him. His argument was that it was too late for economy, that the opera-house was built, and that it *must* be finished. Another deputy, M. Testelin, joined in the protestations of M. de Langeril, but in vain. The amount was granted by a large majority. The great art-failure of our century is consequently destined to swallow up three more million francs.

A few weeks ago I gave an extract from a forthcoming work entitled "Curious Papers of a Courtier," by the Vicomte de Beaumont-Vassay. Last Sunday the author stepped into his publishers' warerooms to confer with them about his just-published work, when a sudden rush of blood streamed from his mouth and he fell dead on the floor. His funeral took place yesterday. Sudden deaths seem to have been unusually rife amid the literary and artistic celebrities in France of late.

At its next private sitting the Academy is to take into consideration the prize of six thousand francs instituted by the late M. Guizot for the best work, whether in prose or in verse, that has appeared during the past ten years. How, in the name of all that is wonderful, will they ever manage to come to a decision? Of course, among the Forty, there must be a great diversity of literary tastes—some must admire Victor Hugo, while others detest him; there must be those who swear by George Sand, others who adore Dumas, etc.; "La Légende des Siècles" will have one set of advocates, "La Marquise de Villemer" another, and so on. I confess that I am quite curious to learn the result of their deliberations. But, if the prize were to be accorded to the work that had had the largest sale during the period aforesaid, what think you would be the winner of the Guizot prize? That almost unmentionable mass of filth, the "Mademoiselle Giraud, ma Femme," of Béliot, that precious novel having already passed through forty-two editions! A charming comment, truly, on the moral and literary tastes of the France of the present day!

Great men should have good memories, or at least should look closely to their statements. The royalist and imperialist papers are now making merry over a slip of the pen of Victor Hugo. In the preface to his last-published work, "Avant l'Exil," occurs the following passage:

"One October evening in the year 1812, I was passing the Church of St.-Jacques du Haut-Pas, holding my mother's hand. A large, white placard was posted up against one of the columns of the doorway. My mother stopped me, and said, 'Read.' This is what I read: 'Empire Français. By sentence of the First Council of War, the ex-Generals Malet, Guidal, and Laborie, have been shot in the plain of Grenelle.' 'Lahorie,' said my mother, 'remember well that name. He was your godfather.'"

Turn we now to "Victor Hugo: Related by a Witness of his Life," a work that was written under the poet's immediate supervision, if not from his actual dictation—indeed, some go so far as to say that he wrote it himself, which is more than probable. We open at page 220 and find the following paragraph:

"The next day Eugène and Victor were passing by St.-Jacques. One of the fine penetrating rains of autumn was falling. The rain was a pretext for the two children to linger in the street, and to shelter themselves under the colonnade. While they were laughing and playing, the attention of Victor was attracted by a placard. It was the sentence which had condemned Malet, Lahorie, and their accomplices, to death. The execu-

tion was to take place that very day. These names revealed nothing to the children; they only knew Lahorie under the false name which he bore when he was concealed at the Feulantines. Victor recommenced laughing and playing, while his godfather was being put to death."

What think you of the two passages?—the careless gaiety of the unthinking child transformed a few years later into an indelible remembrance which was to decide the whole future life of the poet? The simple fact is probably this: In each passage there is an effect—the effect of contrast in the earlier passage, that of solemnity and impressiveness in the later. False, if you will; but, oh! how essentially, how thoroughly French! Never mind truth—be dramatic and striking at all hazards!

Michel Levy has just published "La Bête Noire," a new novel by Edouard Cadol, and "Pompeii—Herculaneum; A Study of Roman Manners," by J. de Seranon. Casimir Pont has issued "La Vie Parisienne," by Armand Lapointe; and Dentu announces, among other forthcoming works, the last volume of "Les Cinq," by Paul Feval; "Les Belles Folies," by Jules Claretie; and a new edition of "Les Demoiselles de Ronçay," by Alberic Second—this last work has received the prize of virtue as being the most conducive to morality of any issued within the last year. The last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contains a fantastic tale, by Paul de Musset, entitled "Les Dents du Turco," and the first installment of a novel, by George Sand, called "Marianne." A propos of George Sand and her contributions to that periodical, we are told that some years ago she quarreled with the editor, and only consented to write for it again at a rate of compensation theretofore unheard of in the annals of the *Revue*—it paying worse, probably, than any other periodical of the same repute and prosperity. The terms she exacted were one thousand francs (two hundred dollars) per printed sheet of the *Revue*—which, as a sheet consists of sixteen pages, was only twelve dollars and fifty cents per printed page—by no means an exorbitant price when the celebrity of George Sand as a writer is taken into consideration. Her only English-writing rival, George Eliot, could probably command four times as much. But the price was an unheard-of one for the *Revue* to give, and it was not without many groans and sighs that the publishers consented to her terms. It is a well-known rule with the editors of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* never to pay for the first article of any author that appears in their pages, no matter how great or how well-founded the renown of that author may be.

I have been told that, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, the elder Dumas was actually a married man. His wife was an actress. Their union was by no means a happy one, and they soon separated by mutual consent. The mother of his celebrated son was of good family but reduced circumstances, and when she first met the great novelist she was keeping a small circulating library on one of the side-streets of Paris. And, a propos of the elder Dumas, the following anecdote respecting him has been recently published: A friend once called upon him to request him to indorse a note. This Dumas cheerfully agreed to do, and, as he took up the pen, he glanced at the note, and asked:

"How much is that stamped paper worth?"

"Ten cents," was the reply.

Dumas wrote his name, and, flinging down the pen, he cried:

"Now it is worth nothing!"

The theatres are beginning to display symptoms of the approach of the busy season. The Variétés reopened its doors last night with Serpette's "Manoir de Pictordu." Aimée and "Les Brigands" are set down for the 15th of this month. Notwithstanding the continued success of the "Procès Veauradieux" at the Vaudeville, it is to be replaced on Saturday by a drama in verse, called "Jean-Nu-Pieds." The arrival of Mademoiselle Delaporte from Russia is anxiously awaited at the Gymnase. She is to make her *rentrée* in a revival of "Frou-Frou," in which play she has had great success in St. Petersburg. If she were *only* not so plain, but she is downright ugly, and not with a picturesque or poetic ugliness either. However, she is one of the most delicately-pure of actresses—a chaste and *naïve* talent, as some of her French critics define it. The production of Sedaine's "Philosophe sans le savoir," at the Comédie Française, has been postponed on account of the illness of Maubant, who has been suffering from ophthalmia. The piece is to be played according to the original text, the original manuscript of Sedaine having been lately discovered among the archives of the Comédie Française. Blanche Baretta is to sustain the character of the heroine. There is again talk of producing "Faust" at the Grand Opéra. This time it is said that the brilliantly-successful *débütante*, Mademoiselle de Reszké, is to be the *Marguerite*. But Gailhard, the basso, has just gone off on a *congé* of a month, so that the rôle of *Mephistopheles* will have to be confided to Bataille, who is a very inferior singer. Rossini's "Count Ory," and a new ballet called "Sylvia," are also in preparation, but will not, it is said, be produced before next October. The scenery for "Robert le Diable" is all ready, and there is talk of confiding the rôle of *Alice* to Mademoiselle de Reszké, who seems decidedly to be the rising star of the Grand Opéra. At the Théâtre Historique "Les Muscadins," by Jules Claretie, is in active preparation. The scene of this new drama is laid during the period of the French Revolution. The great tragic actress Mademoiselle Roussel is to sustain the leading female rôle, and great things in the way of scenery and costumes are promised.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

THAT most indefatigable of climbers, Mr. Douglas Freshfield, the author of "Travels in the Caucasus and Bashan," and the editor of *The Alpine Journal*, has just given us, through Messrs. Longmans, a volume descriptive of his impressions and experiences of some of the least-known parts of beautiful Italy. His work—which contains maps and illustrations—is called "The Italian Alps," and is written in a really very genial style. It is not devoid of amusing anecdotes; it contains, moreover, some capital word-pictures. Yet withal, Mr. Freshfield is a modest writer; he calls his present production a "guide-book." A guide-book, forsooth! Would that Murray were written half so well! Though we have had many volumes of late on Italy, most of it remains a *terra incognita* both to authors and tourists in general. These are the places Mr. Freshfield dwells upon. He dwells upon "the exquisite valleys round the head of Lago Maggiore;" he dwells on the mountains of Val Masino and Val Livigno, which, says he, though "distant, respectively, only a day's journey west and east of the crowded Upper

Engadine," yet "are still left to their bears and Bergamasque shepherds;" he dwells on the Punta Trubinesca, "a noble peak, which, seen from Monte Generoso, heads the army of the Rhaetian Alps," and "has been but once ascended, though it is accessible to anybody who can cross the Diavolezza Pass or climb the Titlis;" he dwells on many another little-trodden spot in Ticino, Lombardy, the Trentino, or Venetia. By-the-way, Mr. Freshfield highly lauds some of the natives—those of the southern dolomites especially, whom he praises for their venturesomeness (have they not, asks he, "alone and uninvited by foreign gold, found their way to the tops of the highest peaks?") and for their intelligence and "quick courtesy." The most entertaining chapter is, perhaps, that on "Men and Mountains." In this, our author pardons the late Canon Kingsley's attack on mountains in "Prose Idylls," on the ground that it was, after all, "only a plea for flats," and warmly eulogizes M. Loppé's paintings of Alpine scenery. That artist, he assures us, "paints with wonderful skill not only the forms of the *arêtes*, but the shades and hues given by the imprisoned light and reflections to this frozen mass;" in short, "so faithful," according to Mr. Freshfield—and he ought to be a good judge—"are these pictures that Professor Tyndall would find in them fit illustrations for a popular discourse;" while "so perfect is sometimes the illusion that we should almost fear a modern version of Zeuxis and the birds, and expect to hear the lecturer calling on his assistant to drive stakes into the canvas." I don't know whether any of Loppé's works have found their way to New York, but they are certainly full of realistic power—grand in conception and execution.

The other day there was witnessed in Westminster Abbey a solemn sight. It was one which made the looker-on recall to mind the brave deeds of that bravest of arctic explorers, Sir John Franklin, for it consisted in the unveiling of the memorial erected to that famous knight's memory by his just-deceased widow. The memorial is of the best possible kind—it is a lifelike bust of Sir John himself, and the sculptor, Mr. Matthew Noble, has done his work admirably. I should mention that a handsome Gothic canopy in alabaster surmounts the bust, and that beneath it is a marble ship, while the inscriptions (due to that most liberal-minded divine, Dean Stanley) run thus:

"O ye frost and cold, O ye ice and snow,
Bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify
him forever."

Then comes the following verse by Tennyson:

"Not here; the white North has thy bones; and
thou,
Heroic sailor-soul,
Art passing on thine happier voyage now,
Toward no earthly pole."

On either side of the monument are the following inscriptions:

"To the memory of Sir John Franklin, born April 16, 1786, at Spillay, Lincolnshire, died June 11, 1847, off Point Victory, in the Frozen Ocean, the beloved chief of the crews who perished with him in completing the discovery of the northwest passage. This monument was erected by Jane, his widow, who, after long waiting and sending many in search of him, herself departed to find him in the realms of life, July 18, 1875, aged eighty-three years."

A lady with whose *nom de plume* you are familiar, "Stella," of "Records of the Heart" fame, is obviously a very energetic poetess.

At any rate, she is determined not to hide her light under a bushel, wherefore she is actually advertising over here, on our "boardings" by means of "broadsides," her recently-published "tragedy in five acts," "Sappho!" Yet very much afraid am I that she won't make it pay, and this notwithstanding that, as the *Graphic* says with some truth, the play "is full of fire and force, and is thoroughly readable."

Mr. George Rignold is having a successful time of it at the Queen's. Understand, we don't puff and laud him as you do; still, we like him and go to hear and see him. Within the last few days he has assumed for our edification the character of *Amos Clark*. *Amos Clark*, I have no doubt you know, is the hero of the late Watts Phillips's drama of that name; moreover, it is one of Mr. Rignold's original parts, and he portrays it with both vigor and pathos. The young actor's wife, *née* Miss Marie Henderson, is *Mildred Vaughan*.

WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

FLYING MEN AND MACHINES.

IT was Goethe who said, "We feel in us the germs of faculties which we must not expect to see developed in this life, and one of these is flying." While the German poet and philosopher, even in his most prophetic mood, dared not hope for an achievement for man that would make him the companion of the bird, others more bold, if not more wise, have long been busy in the attempt to solve the problem of aerial navigation. We all remember the old Greek fable of "Daedalus and his son Icarus," how they made for themselves wings of feathers, fastened with thread and wax, and how the boy, heedless of the father's sage advice, flew too high, and so exposed his wax-fastened wings to the heat of the sun, which softened the wax, and thus precipitated the too bold navigator from the sea of air above into the sea of water beneath. This is but a fable, it is true, and yet the history of many subsequent ventures, though verified by authentic records, seems hardly less fanciful. Hartwig, in his recently-published work,* notices several of the more important of these attempts at flying. In the year 1678, one Besnier, a locksmith of Sablé, in France, constructed a machine which consisted of four wings or large flaps, which were worked by levers resting upon his shoulders, and moved alternately by hands and feet. By means of this contrivance, the inventor is said to have been able to descend slowly through the air from great heights, but all his efforts at ascent proved fruitless. Leonardo da Vinci is said to have numbered a flying-machine among his many mechanical devices. In 1742, the Marquis de Bacquerville attempted to fly from his residence on the Quai des Théâtres, Paris, to a point over the Seine. The voyage was but half accomplished, however, when the wings ceased to act, and the noble marquis came suddenly to earth. In addition to these somewhat doubtful statements of par-

tial success are the many records of absolute failure. In the year 1772 the Abbé Desfarges, canon of St.-Croix, at Etampes, announced that he would make a journey in the air seated in a flying-chariot. The time arrived; the spectators appeared in great numbers; and the clerical inventor took his seat in his chariot, which rested upon the tower of Guitel. This chariot is described as a kind of a boat or gondola, seven feet long and two and one-half broad, attached to which were broad wings, the weight of the whole being forty-eight pounds; this, added to that of the canon's body, gave a total weight of two hundred and thirteen pounds. When all was in readiness the signal was given; the wings, obedient to the efforts of the man beneath, began to flap; but, alas! the chariot did not move, and has not moved to this day. Another record of failure is that of the flying-man, invented by Jacob Degen, a watchmaker of Vienna, and here illustrated. This consisted of two oval-shaped concave wings, made of

A careful study of the anatomy of birds and their muscular structure has caused the modern physicist to assert that, if a man would carry his heavy body through the air unaided by any buoyant medium, he will have to do it by means of wings having a surface of at least twelve thousand feet, which wings must needs beat the air several times a second. These are demonstrable facts, and yet the work of invention, experiment, and failure goes on.

Of a somewhat different order from the simple flying-man are several of the more recently-proposed methods of aerial navigation, which are designed to use gas and steam as allies. We recently announced that certain English engineers, of recognized position and professional ability, were engaged in the construction of an air-ship of novel form, which promised to prove a success. No one, however, save those in the confidence of the parties, is yet instructed as to its special merits.



canvas stretched over a light wooden framework, and attached by means of a yoke round the neck. These canvas wings were set in motion by the aid of ingeniously-contrived hand-and-foot levers. So confident was Degen that he had discovered the secret at last, that, in the presence of a multitude, he made his first attempt by endeavoring to rise from the level ground. Failing in this, he ascended in a balloon, and, suspended from it by a rope, attempted to fly, but his best efforts were fruitless, and his name soon was added to the long list of "flying-men who failed to fly." In spite of these numerous failures, there are yet many hopeful souls, and we doubt not but that the patent records for each succeeding year contain the name and claim of some sanguine inventor and his machine. While we may find in our hearts some sympathy for the unfortunate Icarus, there seems to be little wisdom or justice in granting it to those of his imitators who sin, having greater light.

It is by no means a favorable sign in connection with these efforts that in every instance the inventors are prone to surround their work with a halo or cloud of mystery, through which the inquisitive world is instructed not to penetrate or peer. While the Englishmen are at work, we, too, in America are not idle, as appears by the many though unsatisfactory accounts of the forthcoming Baltimore air-ship. Of the form and structure of this American invention little is as yet known. The inventor is said to be confident, and, what is still better, to be supported by a rich patron. The *Scientific American*, which should know all about it, being the leading American mechanical journal, confesses to knowing very little. This little, however, reads as follows:

"So far as we can make out the construction of the invention, it includes a boat, made of oiled canvas and wire, sixty-five feet long. This has two masts of steel, each twenty-

* The Aërial World. A Popular Account of the Phenomena and Life of the Atmosphere. By G. Hartwig, M. and P. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

eight feet high, between which is extended an egg-shaped balloon, the points of the latter being held in a wire net-work. Around the middle of the balloon are girdles and nettings, the latter of which come down and support the car, which, we suppose, is the boat. At each end of the boat is a propeller, also of wire and canvas. One screw pulls and the other pushes. These are independent, and drive the boat in either direction.

"Besides, there are two large rudders, one at each end, and also independent. On each side of the boat is fastened by hinges a wing thirty-five feet long by fifteen feet wide in front, ten feet wide behind, and concave beneath. These wings are driven at the rate of one hundred and seventy flaps per minute, and the propellers at twelve hundred revolutions, by an eight-horse hydraulic engine located in the car.

"The whole machine is to weigh eighteen hundred pounds and the balloon to hold eighty thousand cubic feet of gas; twelve thousand pounds of load are to be transported at the rate of seventy miles an hour in still air, and the ocean is to be crossed in fifty hours."

It would be vain and faithless in this age of invention to say men never will navigate the air, and yet we venture the prediction that that result will not be accomplished by means of any known force as now applied for the generation of motive power.

A FAVORITE theme with the editors of so-called health journals and household medical guides is that of "overwork," and so much has been written on this subject, and of such a nature, that, were we to believe and act upon the advice thus given, the world would become almost a hive of drones. We confidently believe that so far as honest brain-work goes the more we do of it the better, and, if owing to a reckless disregard of recognized hygienic and sanitary laws an occasional "student" finds an early grave, let the blame be put where it belongs, and not credited to the worthy zeal that some call "overwork." Having long held to this opinion, and believing that facts would sustain us, we are gratified to find that an eminent English physician has given expression to a like view, and, coming as it does from one high in authority, we trust it will receive the attention from both students and drones that it deserves. We condense from Dr. Wilk's communication as it appears in the *Lancet* as follows. After answering the simple question "Are people suffering from overwork?" with a decided "No!" the writer says: "Medically speaking, I see half a dozen persons suffering from want of occupation to one who is crippled by his labors. Very often, when a business man complains of being overdone, it may be found that his meals are irregular and hurried, that he takes no exercise, is rather partial to brandy-and-soda, and thinks it is not improper to poison himself with nicotine every night and morning." Passing from man to woman, the case is made to appear even more severe. It is not overwork, therefore, that is to be deprecated, provided the work is legitimate, and such as to claim a normal exercise of the functions. The brain is an engine of many horse-power; its energy must be accounted for in some way; if not used for good purposes it will be for bad, and "mischief will be found for idle hands to do." So the work is actually a safeguard. The human body is made for work, and just as the muscles are better prepared for work by previous training, so the nervous system,

whether it be the brain or spinal column, becomes more energized by use. It is only during sleep that the brain is actually inactive, and hence, if we will not give it work to do, it will find that to engage its energy, even though in the end the labor be profitless. After referring in a plain though hardly gentle manner to the men and women whom the frivolities of life keep "idly busy," the writer contrasts them with those whose minds are never at rest, and yet who live to a good old age. As the closing passages are not only truthful as to facts, but of value by the suggestions they contain, we are prompted to quote them at length, and should there be among our readers some of these overworked brain-workers, they will find in these words sage counsel and encouragement. The writer refers to the honest, cheerful, but constant workers as follows: "Practically they have no rest, for, when one object of study is complete, they commence to pursue another. It is by the happy faculty of diverting the powers into different channels that this is accomplished. Instances might easily be quoted of statesmen, judges, and members of our own profession, who know no absolute rest, and who would smile at the suspicion of hard work injuring any man. I make it a custom to ask young men what their second occupation is—what pursuit have they besides their bread-earning employment. Those are happiest who possess some object of interest, but I am sorry to say there are few who find delight in any branch of science. The purely scientific man finds his best recreation in literature or art, but even in intellectual work so many different faculties are employed that a pleasant diversion is found in simply changing the kind of labor. For example, a judge after sitting all day, and giving his closest attention to the details of the cases before him, may yet find relief in his evenings by solving problems in mathematics. The subject of overwork, then, is one of the greatest importance to study, and has to be discussed daily by all of us. My own opinion has already been expressed, that the evils attending it on the community at large are vastly over-estimated; and, judging from my own experience, the persons with unstrung nerves who apply to the doctor are, not the prime-minister, the bishops, judges, and hard-working professional men, but merchants and stock-brokers retired from business, government clerks who work from ten to four, women whose domestic duties and bad servants are driving them to the grave, young ladies whose visits to the village school or Sunday performance on the organ are undermining their health, and so on. In short, and this is the object of the remarks with which I have troubled your readers, that in my experience I see more ailments arise from want of occupation than from overwork, and, taking the various kinds of nervous and dyspeptic ailments which we are constantly treating, I find at least six due to idleness to one from overwork."

Our readers who have watched with interest the progress of the English Arctic Expedition, and who are now waiting eagerly for the first official report from the Alert and Discovery, will learn with an almost personal sorrow that one of those whose best blessings went with the brave explorers no longer listens for tidings from their ships. Lady Franklin is dead; and though, at the good old age of eighty-three, her time had come to die, yet it was an almost universal hope that she might have remained at least long enough to hear the final tidings they promised to bring her from her

husband's grave. As the memory of his bold achievements and brave service in the cause of knowledge has made the name of Sir John Franklin one which the whole world has come to honor, so will the memory of Lady Franklin's devoted love and untiring zeal ever command the affectionate reverence of us all. We learn from *Nature* that Jane Griffin, for such was her maiden name, was married to the great and unfortunate arctic explorer on November 5, 1823, and accompanied him almost constantly in the fulfillment of his duties until his departure on his last arctic voyage of discovery in 1845. She has naturally ever since taken the deepest interest in arctic exploration, and has herself directly done much to forward it by fitting out expeditions either entirely or partly at her own expense. It was she who sent out the Fox, which in 1857-'59, under Sir Leopold McClintock, did important service in arctic exploration and in the discovery of the records and relics of the unfortunate Franklin expedition. That her interest in arctic enterprise was strong to the very last is shown by the fact that she helped to equip the Pandora which so recently left our shores to attempt the northwest passage under Captain Allen Young. For her services in this direction she received, on the return of the Fox, the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society; she was the first woman on whom it was conferred, the only other one who obtained such a distinction being the late Mrs. Somerville. Until within the last few years, when incapacitated by old age and illness, Lady Franklin was herself an almost constant traveler; she had made a voyage round the world, and visited many of the principal places in Europe, North and South America, Asia, and Australasia. She was, as might be surmised, a woman of superior intelligence, clear-sightedness, and great determination; her name will, no doubt, live alongside that of her renowned husband.

THE occasional reports from the exploring ship Challenger are mainly of interest in confirming facts already announced. The results of soundings made between the Admiralty Islands and Japan are reported briefly as follows: The deepest trustworthy sounding was four thousand five hundred and seventy-five fathoms (over five miles). The tube of the sounding-machine contained an excellent sample of the bottom, which was found to consist almost entirely of the siliceous shells of *Radiolaria*. As illustrating the difficulty of obtaining true results as to temperature at these great depths, it is said that three out of four Miller-Casella thermometers sent down to these depths were crushed to pieces by the enormous pressure—between five and six tons to the square inch. The fourth registered, at fifteen hundred fathoms and below, the usual temperature of 84.5° Fahr. From this it appears that there is a layer of water of uniform temperature occupying the ocean's bed having a depth of eighteen thousand four hundred and fifty feet. This temperature seems to be uniform, whatever may be that of the surface-currents. This fact, with that of pressure, indicates that the sea is in by far its greater portion tenantless, because not fitted for the encouragement of maintenance of the higher forms of marine life.

It is announced that both a zoological and botanical collector will form a part of the retinue of the Prince of Wales in his approaching visit to India. Should this prove true, the popular interest in this proposed visit will be greatly enhanced; and, acting as they will be

under the direct patronage of the prince, these collectors will be afforded opportunities which, if improved, will result in a decided gain to the sciences which they represent.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

AFTER an interval of several months, Mr. Julian Hawthorne resumes, in the *August Contemporary Review*, his series of "Saxon Studies," his subject in this paper being the Saxon soldier, which he considers the finest in the world:

The world is ancient; there have been many ages and races of men; but, of all, the Saxon soldier is the flower. It were rash to affirm that the future may not produce a warrior better yet than he; the automatic theory holds out high hopes of possible progress in this direction. When we shall have disembarrassed ourselves of the notion that we live as we please, a rigid system of discipline will become our dearest comfort; for it will tend most strongly to put us out of the way of fancying our actions self-willed. The new gospel shall be the manual of drill and tactics. What a humiliation to man's conceit—the thought that soldiers are nearer the eternal verities than any other bodies! Let the fools of sentiment hasten to range themselves on the winning side. But, whatever our haste, the Saxons are still ahead of us. Though they may not, as yet, have put in words the awful truth of automatism, they have nevertheless done more to verify it in nature and conduct than have the philosophers who set the theory going.

It must not be forgotten, however, that their preëminence is owing quite as much to the age they live in as to their intrinsic quality. In short, we are called on to admire an exquisite harmony of times and traits. These sons of the drill-book would scarcely have suited the days when personal prowess was an essential soldierly requirement. Their best recommendation to the modern and still more to the future recruiting-sergeant must be their unlikeness to the old Greek and Roman giants of sword and spear. Not hot blood and youthful fervor are wanted; rather a thin, colorless, meek, mechanical habit. What has been called soul and individuality is to be got rid of: an unbounded stomach for discipline is the desideratum.

Meanwhile I take pleasure in repeating that Saxon soldiers are the best in the world. They can swallow most discipline. They submit to so much stuffing with rules and regulations, great and small, that little of the original creature is left save organic life and uniform. They are a docile sort of Frankenstein's. This is well, so long as they remain in the service; but picture the sad plight of a being thus drained of his proper entrails, and inspired solely by the breath of Mars, when Mars no longer needs him! Mars recreates men showily enough; but he lacks the constancy of an original maker, and by-and-by leaves his recreatures dismally in the lurch. Even the uniform is bereft them. Let who becomes a soldier reflect that he enlists for life; and, whether he be killed in his first battle, or honorably discharged after half a dozen campaigns, his life still ceases with his soldier-ship.

It would be edifying to contrast Saxon soldiers with other nations, point by point, and so arrive at a practical comprehension of their superiority. Much is signified in the fact that their captains address them as "children," while we Americans and our English friends try to inspire our warriors by appeals to their "manhood." Men, forsooth! Such is the fruit of illogical sentiment. But persist in calling a person child, and treating him so, and presently he will share our view of the matter, and thus become fit for the camp. But my business is not so much with comparisons as with the incomparable Saxon soldier himself.

Even his uniform is admirable, and, after the shabby productions worn by our Seventh Regiments, and still more by English Guards and Grenadiers, truly refreshing. It is mainly dark, the darkness enhanced by narrow lines of red adown the leg and round the throat and wrist. His head-gear, though called helmet for lack of a better name, is not imposing, but eminently practical; while as to his cap, it is positively made and worn to cover the head, and scarcely inclines more to one ear than to the other. What a pregnant subject for analysis, by-the-way, is that matter of wearing the hat aslant instead of upright! Some seer, one of these days, will draw a deep moral from it. The head itself is not propped fiercely up in unrelenting collar, but sits as easily as the heads of ordinary men. We look in vain for the stiff-kneedness, out-chestedness, square-elbowedness, high-mightiness, which we are accustomed to associate with the thought of things military. This model child of battle seems so comfortable in his uniform, he might have been born in it. He can stoop, kneel down, run, or vault a fence, without bursting a button. His belt is leathern—no pipe-clay on his conscience. He can be very dirty without much showing it. Padding and lacing are unknown—at least to the private. His short sword seems as natural an appendage as a monkey's tail; he would look maimed without it. He walks the streets—with measured tread, indeed, for he is drilled to the marrow, but—with an infantile self-unconsciousness subversive of all precedent. He looks of a race distinct from the civilian, it is true, but quite at home in his distinction.

Soberness of uniform is so far from being a trifling matter (things being as they are) that, should the English be beaten in the next war, they may safely lay the blame on their own red coats. In the time of Marlborough or of Wellington these may have had their use; but nowadays scarlet, added to the vicious my-soul's-my-own doctrine which even yet obtains but too widely, gives the private soldier too much of an opinion of himself. He esteems himself too grand a being to be cuffed by corporals, and unceremoniously bidden to right about face and present arms. Moreover, his ruddy splendors attract the feminine eye and heart, and women are not wholesome for modern warriors. Such individual inspiration as they may once have given is not needed in battles fought out of sight of the enemy. That army will be found most efficient whose uniform is least seductive to the female mind. I am far from asserting that the Saxon uniform is perfect in this respect. No; it has a dapper appearance, a snug neatness, a sparkle of helmet-spike and sword-hilt greatly to be deplored. Still there is none homelier, so far as I am aware; and we may cheerfully trust to the natural instincts of the Saxon mind to make it uglier yet.

To be rid of women, however, we must take thought not of the uniform only; there

is the traditional heroism of the soldier to be done away with. Women persist in loving those who make a business of getting killed, more fondly than those who get killed in the way of business. Such preference is not only irrational—it was always that—it is now foundationless. When will our wives and daughters learn to believe that he who, with unfaltering resolution, takes the train to the city every morning, or calmly spends the day in his confined study, and trembles not at the dinner-bell, is more valiant than the man who leads a healthy life in camps, and goes to battle with a telescopic rifle once in twenty years? But no, to her mind the soldier is engaged in daily hand-to-hand encounters; his life is ever next door to a violent end; there is something heroic and perilous to himself in his own sword and gun. I am compelled to admit that even Saxon soldiers have their sweethearts, who lavish upon the lucky dogs such looks as the poor *Kellner* or shop-tender can never hope to obtain; and the necessity of being in barracks by a certain hour adds a romance to the daily parting which makes it worth a dozen optional ones.

The drill looks absurd enough, but it is tremendous, and it works wonders. Not a drop of the man's blood, not an ounce of his flesh, not a breath of his body, but feels the impress of the manual. What a stretch of the leg was that! and now what sharp angles, short corners, starts, jerks, dead pauses, sudden veerings, dashes, halts, thumpings, clankings! The man is beside himself, and that grotesque caper is some puppet whose strings the sergeant is pulling. This periodic fit or seizure—they may call it drill, but in fact it is possession of seven devils, recurring at a certain hour every morning, lasting a fixed while, and then the devils depart, and presently the victim appears, rehabilitated: but we know his secret now, and all his quietness fails to impose on us; we discern his mad-pranks ill concealed beneath the most innocent actions. The mark is on him; the Seven will rend him again to-morrow. Skeletons are seldom attractive spectacles; but this skeleton of drill, once seen, is not lightly forgotten. The discovery of so grisly a substructure to the pomp and circumstance of war is impressive in its way. It is kept discreetly secluded within the barrack-walls, only venturing thence in the guise of commonplace marching and rifle-exercise. To the barracks, too, are confined the more flagrant tyrannies of the drill-master, whose cuffs, shoves, and beratings, make the onlooker's blood to boil, and him to marvel at the silent, unretaliating meekness of the berated one. It is odd to see that one of mankind whose avowed business in life is retaliation thus outdoing the forbearance of the mildest country clergyman. But a soldier's spirit is bound strictly to the rules of the manual; when not required in the way of business, it must remain prostrate in the mire. Soldiers are generally credited with elasticity of spirits, and from this point of view it is no wonder. But in many cases, I fancy, the spirits are broken betimes, and what afterward passes as such is merely a kind of galvanization produced by fear. Doubtless galvanism is better than courage, being mechanical, and a safer factor in calculations.

THE Rev. Julian Charles Young relates the following amusing incident of his parish-life:

On the first Sunday of my preaching at Ilmington, the villagers—Churchmen, Wesleyans, and Primitive Methodists—crowded into church, curious to see and hear what manner of man their new minister might be. As I was in the very pith and marrow of my inaugural address, I happened to enunciate some sentiment or other which was evidently acceptable to a very little, deformed old man, sitting immediately beneath the pulpit. From the moment of my entering the reading-desk, I could not help observing the responsive play of his quaint features, and the telltale way in which his emotions were reflected in his small, squeezed-up, ferret eyes. After a while I was perfectly electrified, and the congregation started from its propriety, by seeing him raise his hands aloft and clap them violently together and about forth, with the energy of a Stentor, the words "Glory! glory! glory!"

The effect on a congregation of rustics may be conceived. A universal titter ran through the church, as much excited, I suspect, by witnessing my undignified but irrepressible jump of nervous surprise, as by the unusual and indecent demonstration itself. As soon as I had recovered my equanimity, fearing that, if I uttered a rebuke, I might receive a retort and bring on a brawl, I "looked daggers" at the culprit, but spake none, and warded off, during the remainder of my discourse, a repetition of so flagrant an indecorum by a tamer delivery. On expostulating with the man after service on the impropriety of which he had been guilty, he defended his "applause" by referring me to the first verse of the forty-seventh Psalm, which tells "all men to clap their hands," and justified his "shouting" by assuring me, with perfect civility, and, I now believe, with perfect sincerity, that "his spirit was stirred within him," and that he would not "quench the Spirit" for any earthly consideration. The next day I made further inquiry as to his character, and I learned that he was by nature a silent, reserved, inoffensive creature, patient under trial, contented with his lot, working at half-wages on the farm of one of my tenants, almost beyond his strength (his age and the curvature of his spine considered), but that he was a Primitive Methodist. However, I heard so much that was to his credit, that I could not help feeling well disposed to him. I sought him out, and reasoned with him mildly on the impropriety of continuing to indulge in such outbursts of fanatical enthusiasm. Failing, however, to make any impression on him, I told him plainly that, glad as I should have been to have numbered him among the members of my flock, I could not permit his eccentricities in the house of God; and that if he were obstinately resolved to indulge in such manifestations, I must beg him to confine his attendance to the meeting-house. With this alternative he was more than satisfied, for, said he, "I am a Primitive, and I thank God that I am one. A Primitive I shall live, a Primitive I shall die. Glory! glory! glory!"

As I had not prohibited him from attending my weekly readings in the schoolroom, he used to attend them very regularly, and whenever any passage of my author met his approval, he would deliver his testimony with unabated exuberance of feeling. For the first time or two that he did so, his action and vociferation were so stunning that I sprang off my reading-stool as if under the shock of an electric battery, to the immeasurable amusement of my good people. At last I said to them: "My friends, as this is not a consecrated building, and as we meet here rather for purposes of recreation than edification, and as

this good fellow is the last man to wish to offend us, I propose that we permit him to enjoy his little peculiarity. Let him have his shout." They received my suggestion with great amiability, and soon became so inured to his interruptions that they ceased to notice them. The fact was, his first religious convictions had been derived from the Primitive Methodists, and he felt attached to them in consequence. And though he had imbibed from their teaching tenets which were absurd, yet his walk and conversation were so consistent and exemplary that he inspired his neighbors with respect for him; and it speaks well both for him and them, that, though ungainly in aspect, unattractive in manner, bent into the shape of the letter C, and standing little more than four feet from his mother earth, and therefore fair game for mischievous boys, he yet could pass through the village at all hours without molestation.

I remember once calling with my elder daughter on the family in whose humble cot he lodged. It was nearly one o'clock. I did not know, when I entered, that it was so near the dinner-hour, or I should not have intruded on them; but, on their assuring me that they never sat down to meals till their lodger had joined them, I was prevailed upon to stay. Soon he passed the little latticed window. As I wished my girl to make his acquaintance, I lingered on, hoping every minute he would enter. Finding he did not, I expressed to the woman of the house my fear that our presence was the cause of his protracted absence. "Oh dear, no, sir!" she replied; "he is only gone to our wood-house. He always goes there before meals and after (before returning to work), to pray, because it is private, and he gets no interruption there." Just as we were going, in he came, and I introduced him to my daughter. She said something to him which pleased him, on which he favored her with one of his customary Halleluiahs! It was great fun to me, who had been quizzed for being so easily startled, to see the instantaneous flush which dyed my girl's cheek, and told of the quickened pulsation of her heart.

My gardener, a man of high character, had permission to shoot rabbits in the early mornings before coming to work. He assured me that often as early as four o'clock, when stealthily walking under hedges in remote places, he had come upon Johnny Parker (for that was his name) on his knees in prayer; and that he was so impressed by so unusual a sight, that he always walked away at once, lest he should disturb him.

A year or two after the events I have alluded to, I was one evening returning from a long ride, on a very nervous and high-couraged horse, when I overtook my friend returning homeward from his work. I drew up by his side and entered into conversation with him. After discussing the weather, the crops, and the quality of the turnips which he had been hoeing, I said to him:

"Johnny, I really believe you to be a God-fearing man, who are living for something beyond the present; but I wish you would give up that very singular habit of yours—of clapping and bawling in the house of prayer."

"Why should I, sir?"

"Because, my good fellow, it is irrational, indefensible, and unscriptural."

"How do you make that out, sir?"

"Why, thus: Do not you believe God to be everywhere present?"

"I do."

"Do not you believe him to be about your path and about your bed?"

"I do."

"Do not you believe him to have a hearing ear?"

"I do."

"Then why do you bellow out to him 'as if his ear were heavy that it could not hear?' Recollect what St. Paul's advice to the Ephesians was: 'Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.'"

"I tell you what, sir," was his answer, "there's noise enough in heaven among the angels—you may depend on't—when they see one sinner that has repented."

Whereupon, standing close under my horse's nose, and looking up at me, he fell to clapping and shouting so violently that the animal reared upright, and in doing so hit him in the back with his knee, with sufficient force to send him spinning into a neighboring ditch full of nettles and mud, in which he lay floundering for some seconds on his stomach, kicking his legs about and trying to clap his hands, and screaming out in a tone of exultation, and with the air of a martyr glorying in his humiliation, "Glory! glory! glory! glory forever! I say forever!—forever! Amen."

"GERMAN HOME-LIFE," by the Countess von Bothmer, is continued in *Fraser*, the last paper being devoted to dress and amusements. The writer's strictures on the German toilet are sharp and amusing, but whether just or not we do not say:

We like to believe of beauty that it would be as beautiful in the desert, for the sun and the sand and the sky, as it is in the ballroom, where by one consent it is crowned "belle." A German lady understands nothing of such wild theories; she does not even appreciate the "sweet civility" that lies in the fact of a woman coming to her husband's or father's breakfast-table trim, fresh, and fragrant; on the contrary, she issues from her bedroom in a loose wrapper, carpet or felt slippers, and with what, in your haste, you will call a nightcap. Courtesy demands that it shall be spoken of as a *Morgenhaube*, and, in the sense that the nightcap proper has been taken off and replaced by a tumbled edition, we may accede to the term; otherwise it has no pretension to be dignified by any finer name than you have given it. With hair undressed, and stuffed away in plaits or curls under the muslin top-knot, in the most uncompromising of *déshabillés*, the lady presides over the scene of sloppiness slovenliness to which allusion has been made in a former chapter. If you have seen her *en toilette* the night before, meeting her now you will scarcely recognize the fairy vision of your dreams. The elaborate *frisure*, where great masses of hair lay piled, Juno-like, above the brow, or rippled in sunny curls lovingly over the uncovered shoulders; the sweeping silks, the charming coquetties, have all disappeared, *vice* a singularly unattractive and ungraceful style of apparel promoted. At first you will imagine you have stumbled upon the house-keeper, who, suffering from *dolorous tic*, has arisen to a hasty performance of her morning duties and donned this surreptitious costume; but (fortunately for German women) hospitality as we understand it—the hospitality of spare-rooms, that is—a thing unknown, and the occasions when a stranger can gaze upon the *Hausfrau déshabillée en papillotes* are necessarily very restricted. There is only the husband, and the husband knows no better; he would be star-

tled out of his ordinary phlegma should his wife appear "finished" at that early hour of the day, and would think that sudden frenzy had seized her for its own.

German dress has no originality and no *chic*. It is snatched wildly, right and left, from French fashion-books and English advertisements, and the result of this hybrid combination is, if judged by the canons of taste, little short of atrocious. Of an independent yet modest simplicity of dress; of the æsthetic treatment of such "hulls" as poor humanity is condemned to wear; of the harmony of well-chosen, low-toned tints; of unity of effect in the corresponding shades of gloves, parasol, and bonnet, or the judicious juxtaposition of dark and light; of a dash of color on a sober background—the ordinary German woman knows nothing. She has not the courage to be plain if the *Mode-Journal* says she is to be elaborate. Her clothes sin not even so much by ugliness as by inappropriateness.

The pathetic results of want of taste and judgment in this matter of dress are more particularly apparent in the case of elderly German women. The hair once thick is now thin, the neck once round and white now coarse and red, the delicacy of feature and complexion a thing of the past; all is hard, used, prosaic. The Frenchwoman puffs her delicate gray hair into feathery curls, hides the hollows and repairs the ravages of time with cascades of lace; graceful draperies soft as cobwebs set her face in a filmy framework, infinitely charming; soft, tender shades of color approach the faded cheek without outraging it; and English elderly ladies follow, with more or less success, in the same judicious train; but the German woman shows her bald patches, her unattractive throat, her awkward figure, without disguise and without remorse. No cap covers the wisp of hair that, out of an abundant *chevelure*, is all that remains to her; there is neither grace nor dignity in her gown; coarse collars and crocheted frills tumble helplessly on her elderly shoulders. "What does it matter?" is plainly written in the general neglect of her appearance, which strikes one painfully, less as an absence of vanity than as a want of self-respect. Younger folk can perhaps afford to be careless, but an elderly woman should be scrupulous; she may even be a little elaborate as to her "setting," and no one will rise up and reproach her. It is sweet and pleasant to see that she is careful for others long after all personal vanity is extinct; that she arranges her *drapereaux de vieille femme* gracefully and still adorns the world, with which she has almost done, by a gracious presence.

Perhaps in no country is dress so much talked of as in Germany with so little result. Tartans of the most eccentric colors and arrangement are always *en vogue*. Let the fashion-books say they are modish, and they become the rage. They bear no resemblance to the clan-tartans with which we are all more or less familiar: they are lurid combinations of clashing colors evolved out of the enterprising manufacturer's speculative brain, hideous and alarming to the unaccustomed eye. Let a woman be short, broad, and sandy, she will clothe herself triumphantly in a scarlet and yellow tartan, and yet expect to be thought in her right mind. Let her be tall and sallow, a disastrous green will check her angular person in dismal repetition from top to toe.

There are certain aspects of toilet in which the Englishwoman is allowed all over the Continent to be unapproachable. French-

women claim the precedence in their *toilettes de luxe, toilettes de ville, toilettes de bal*; but they concede us the palm in the matter of traveling-costume, in our hats and habits, in our umbrellas, walking-boots, and water-proofs. English traveling-costumes, quiet in color, tasteful, simple, elegant, and modest; the snowy linen collars and cuffs, with their simple solid sleeve-links and throat-brooch, that set off the brunette's dark skin and make the blonde more dazzling; the tidy felt or straw hat, which no weather can spoil or put out of shape; the neat umbrella, trimly furled; the light water-proof; the sensible boots—are all beginning to be imitated on the Continent. But as yet German ladies have not exactly appreciated the gist of the matter. To them such a dress is more or less of a masquerade, worn less for practical purposes than because it is "the fashion to wear it." They have never in their lives been accustomed to the rough out-door exercise to which the most gently bred among us are used from childhood; to them the "constitutional" is only known through English novels; they do not set off for a long stretch across the moor, or to walk to the neighboring town "for the sake of the exercise." Such muscular femininity is foreign to their lives; and the dress that makes this sort of out-door activity independent of elemental combinations must necessarily be an unwonted garb to them. They will, perhaps, have adopted the tweed or homespun costume, but the material will be half cotton, and will shrink out of recognition in the first shower of rain; the hat will be there, but, instead of leaving it unadorned and gracing its native felt at most with a flat, unspoilable ribbon and wing, it will be covered with a forest of feeble feathers that the wind and the mist will cause to droop dejectedly, like weeping-willows, around the face of the disconsolate wearer. A sense of the fitness of things will tell a woman "to the manner born" that balmoral boots and a homespun gown demand stout linen collars and cuffs; but, ruffles being "the fashion," the fair German plagiarist will carry tulle round her neck on a mountain-tour, and, quite unconscious of incongruity, wear a huge Elizabethan frill with a coarse woolen costume. The same malignant showers that have played havoc with her hat and gown will have sent all the starch out of her frills and furbelows, and made them fertile sources of dissatisfaction; the thin-stuff boots with sham holes, simulating good honest balmorals, are as useless as though she were shod with brown paper. Mountains cannot be climbed nor tempests defied in such a costume. The whole thing will have turned out a delusion and a snare, and the temper of the disappointed traveler will suffer certainly partial, probably total, eclipse.

By the subjoined, from "Travels in Portugal" by John Latouche, it will be seen that the amplifying style of the modern newspaper-reporter is not wholly an American invention:

An Englishman or an American who should expect to get much knowledge of Portuguese ways from native newspapers would be disappointed. The newspaper fills but a small part of the life either of Spaniards or Portuguese. Religious, literary, scientific, legal, and social life in Portugal are hardly reflected at all in the journals; and, if it were not for the political news they contain, newspapers would probably not find readers at all. Portuguese

ladies rarely take up a newspaper, and men only look to them for their politics. The speeches of the Portuguese Parliament are scantily reproduced; the most important arguments in their own law-courts are seldom reported at all, and deliberate discussion on questions of home politics is hardly ever introduced into the columns of newspapers.

Their own domestic concerns, indeed, hardly seem to trouble the newspaper-writers, and they visibly shrink from all strong expression of opinion on vital questions. I happened to be in Portugal when the so-called Iberian question—the question of a union with Spain—was stirring the minds of all classes. Mass meetings were being held, and indignant protests were being made against the proposition, yet the newspapers, with hardly an exception, gave no echo of the strong feeling that animated public opinion. Reports of interviews between the Russian and German emperors, vague speculations on the policy of the great powers, reported conversations of Prince Bismarck or M. Thiers—all the unsubstantial rumors that fill the columns of European journals, all the *canards* started on the boulevards of Paris or in the clubs of London—these are what the politicians of Portugal care to read about far more than to know and watch the doings of their own statesmen.

The incidents which our newspapers bring together under the heading "Accidents and Offenses" are the staple of home-news. The French mode of recounting the event is adopted; it is told as a story or anecdote, with as much literary artifice as the journalist can employ; and often the story is well told, and with a little dash of fun. The following description of the accumulated misfortunes of a pleasure-party is in a vein of grave humor which it seems the Portuguese much appreciate:

"On Sunday a serious accident happened. Five individuals were on their way in a hired carriage to —, taking with them four dozen rockets. One of the party amused himself by firing a rocket on the way, and in doing so unfortunately ignited the whole bundle, which began to explode in all directions, some darting out of the windows, some out of the door, and others doing no inconsiderable hurt to the persons inside. The horses took fright at the repeated explosions, and bolted through the village of —, the unfortunate passengers adding to the terror and speed of the animals by putting their heads out of the carriage-windows and screaming loudly for help. Finally the coachman lost all command of the reins, and the horses bolted from the road and plunged into the river, where the depth of water and mud finally arrested the further progress of the vehicle. The discharge of rockets and the cries of the half-drowning passengers still continuing, a large crowd collected on the banks, and after exertions, which lasted for several hours, the passengers (who are all seriously burnt) were drawn with ropes out of the carriage through the water and on to the shore, whence they were immediately lodged in prison, charged with breaking the public peace."

Here is a police-case reported with the same somewhat grim humor:

"An individual calling himself Jeremy da Silva, twenty-five years of age, was charged with purchasing a water-melon without manifesting any disposition to pay for the same. The weather is at present very hot, and the water-melon is a singularly agreeable remedy for the thirst occasioned thereby; but is this a reason why Jeremy da Silva should be oblivious of one of the first principles of political

economy? To buy without giving an equivalent in specie is, if we may tell him so, only another name for stealing. This also was the opinion of the worthy magistrate. Mr. da Silva is now in prison."

This solemn banter soon gets very fatiguing to a foreigner, but it seems to have a great charm for native readers, if one may judge from its frequent occurrence.

The weather, in the dearth of more stirring topics, is a fertile theme. There happened to be a day or two of rather stormy weather, and this is how *copy* was made out of the fact:

"THE WEATHER.—For the last two days we have undergone the unchained fury of the most rigorous winter. Wind, rain, lightning, and hail, have combined to make the most astounding atmospheric disturbance . . .," and so on for half a column, ringing the changes upon the very tallest adjectives, and only telling the reader what he knew very well by the report of his own senses.

Perhaps the most singular of the contents of the Portuguese newspapers are the obituary notices. Written in a style so exquisitely pompous and stilted as to make the foreign reader incline at first to think them ironical, these long eulogies on the dead are paid for as advertisements, and are generally signed with the name of one of the relatives of the deceased person. A few extracts will suffice to show how false emotion and a false style can desecrate feelings which it is only commonly decent to hold back from observation:

"It is now seventy-two hours since the pious Mr. A. B— ceased to exist!

"It is now seventy-two hours since the most severe affliction has stricken the hearts of his bereaved relations in their most tender fibres!

"It is now seventy-two hours since he died in the summer of his life, as also in the height and summer of his virtues!

"It is now seventy-two hours since this great man, great in his intelligence and in his practice of all the Christian virtues . . .," and so on through a long list of paragraphs, beginning with the same minute chronological calculation, and all full of the same rhetorical foolishness.

Another similar and very curious development of Portuguese journalism is the insertion of paid eulogies of literary productions. I use the expression "curious" only because the payment is avowed and open, being honestly signed with the name of the friendly critic, and placed in a column set apart for advertisements. It is impossible altogether to disapprove of this practice. It is odd that it has not yet occurred to Portuguese critics to enhance the value of their approval by occasional dispraise. I have never seen an unfriendly literary *critique* in a Portuguese journal.

A WRITER in an English journal, upon "Impertinence," discourses of its feminine manifestations as follows:

When women wish to insult, but cannot do so by open force, they take their stand behind a barrier of quiet impertinence, which makes gesture, look, and accent, do the work for them. And how can the man resent? The old simile of fighting with clouds holds preëminently good here, and the lord is fain to accept the portion dealt out to him by the lady, and to hide his displeasure at its bitterness. This art of covert impertinence is one in which all women of the world are adepts. It is, in fact, part of the education taught by that world

which holds clever concealment of the real feelings one of the honors of its training. And, to do the women justice, they are neither slow in learning nor backward in applying this first lesson of their calling—how to wound with a hidden weapon and insult by an intangible and impalpable method. It is a coarse and clumsy kind of thing when you show your meaning so openly that it can be taken up and turned against you in accusation of your insolence. The value of every art is its perfectness in detail, its possibilities of suggestiveness, and the art of covert impertinence follows the same rule. Any one can say bluntly, "I do not believe you." That is a downright blow with a bludgeon, requiring nothing but the brutal quality of strength and a direct aim. But it takes a long training to be able to accept a statement with a smile and a gracious inclination of the head, while conveying at the same moment by the curl of the lip or the expression of the eyes the most convincing assurance of doubt and disbelief. There is no art required in using large words and flinging about broad accusations. We can all read our dictionaries, and we all know a few peppery nouns and adjectives. But to be able to insinuate pepper and acid in substance under the guise of sugar, is not given to every one, and only those who have toiled and labored for this power of moral transmutation know how difficult it is to attain. Even sympathy can be made to do the work of impertinence, and, "My dear Miss Amanda, I fear you are ill to-day, you are so black under your eyes, and so pale!" though said in the most gracious and sympathetic voice at command, is a shaft that strikes poor Amanda to the heart, as it was intended to do, with her doubtful prize not yet fully on her back. Indeed, there is not a sentiment, not an action, which may not be made the medium for impertinence, if it is so willed, and the best impulses of humanity may be turned into weapons of offense, like food transformed into poison—bread steeped in ratsbane, and milk full of the germs of typhoid fever. The clever in such matters are not afraid of a little extra cruelty; and, if the mother's milk would seethe the kid a turn better than any other unrelated Nanny's, why, they would take it by the painful, and think themselves justified when they sat at table.

THE *British Quarterly Review* draws the following suggestive comparison between Poe and Hawthorne:

And we may note here that Poe radically differs from Hawthorne. Hawthorne, along with his wistful, dreamy far-sightedness, had

the sagacious patience with fact, the discerning shrewdness and quiet observation that enabled him constantly to seek and to enjoy the verification and correction of his own impressions from new stand-points, and to make *copy*, humorous note of the disparities of the world and humanity. Hawthorne is no dreamer in the sense we mean when we say that Poe is so. He delighted to recover his normal relations, if we may speak so, after his art-work. Those wonderfully realistic sketches, especially that prefixed to "The Scarlet Letter," no less than his note-books, abundantly attest this. The necessity was never so much as felt by Poe. It is in this sense that he is void of conscience, *as a man*, so far, and not as an artist.

Then, again, the totally different ways in which the two men view the spiritual world would of itself be conclusive when once pointed out. Who that has ever read that passage in Hawthorne's note-book where he relieves a besetting doubt by the conviction that in the next world we shall be able freely to communicate ourselves—where the "Babel of words" will not stand between soul and soul—can forget it? And where in the range of all Poe's writings can you find trace of the expression of such a healthy human religious faith? Poe seems to draw no satisfaction from the thought—if he ever entertains it—of the freedom that shall come to the enfranchised spirit, or from the compensations of Providence and of spiritual relation; he falls back, for fleeting satisfaction rather, on his individual dreams, or, if he escapes from them at all, it is only to seek a momentary suggestion from elements of sensuous beauty. Hawthorne, in a word, had faith—faith in men, faith in a future—Poe had not; and the remorse and hopelessness of his prose as well as of his poetry—qualities radical and essential to them—at once and decidedly differentiate his art from that of Hawthorne, in spite of some superficial points of external resemblance.

Another very noticeable point is that, whereas Poe suffered almost chronically from "low spirits"—"blue devils," as his friend Mr. White graphically called them—and was hurried by reaction from joy to sorrow, from despondency to ecstacy, Hawthorne, on his own confession, lived a life of equable content, seldom visited by low spirits. And, in spite of the problems with which he occupied himself, this is not so surprising when we reflect how he kept himself *en rapport* with life, eschewed solitude, and regarded nothing as more healthful for a literary man than to have much to do with those who could not sympathize with his peculiar views and employments.

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[VOL. XIV.

"THE LAND OF THE SKY;"

OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER I.

"Mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land."

"I WANT you all to remember," says Eric, decidedly, "that I do not advise you to go."

"I don't know how you can say that, Eric," replies Aunt Markham, "when you have talked incessantly of the beauty of the mountains, and said that everybody ought to go to see them."

"He meant appreciative people," says Sylvia. "We are not appreciative; therefore his remarks do not apply to us."

"He wants to go alone with a gun and a microscope," says Charley; "and has no fancy for playing cavalier-of-all-work to a trio of ladies."

"He need not fear any thing of that kind," I remark, "for you are going, and Rupert also. We shall, therefore, be well provided with cavaliers."

Scene: a family party on a veranda at sunset. Aunt Markham lying back in a large chair, fanning as if her existence depends on keeping cool—as perhaps it does, poor woman! since she weighs at least fourteen stone; Sylvia reclining in a smaller chair, with her filmy dress falling around her to the floor, her pretty face flushed with heat, her gray eyes slightly languid; Eric on the steps with his back against a jasmine-twined pillar, and a cigar, which he does not light, between his fingers; Charley Kenyon stretched on the grass just below the steps; Rupert hovering to and fro; I established in the hall-door, for the sake of a through-draught—the month being July, and the thermometer standing at eighty-five.

We have been discussing where we shall spend the months of August and September, and we have finally decided to turn our faces westward, and, crossing the Blue Ridge, ex-

plore as far as possible the comparatively unknown country which lies beyond—a country so elevated that its valleys lie more than two thousand feet above sea-level. The person by whose recommendation we decide on this programme is my cousin Eric Markham—a great hunter, a great lover of Nature, though outwardly the most unenthusiastic of human beings, a person whom his mother has never been able to drag to fashionable watering-

then you will blame me! So I accept no responsibility, but simply repeat what I have said before, that if you want fresh air and glorious scenery—the grandest this side of the Yosemite—you must go to Western North Carolina to find them."

"We want just those things," says Sylvia—Sylvia is my sister, and we are Aunt Markham's orphan nieces—"I am tired of dancing and flirting and toilets! What a comfort it will be to put on a linen traveling-dress and a pair of thick-soled shoes, such as Nora wore in 'Quits,' and set forth with an alpenstock to climb mountains."

"A great comfort indeed," says Charley, lazily.—Charley is Eric's cousin, but not ours; and he and Sylvia have been quarreling and making love and tormenting each other ever since their childhood.—"You will wish for your silk dresses before you have been gone three days. Eric talks as if you were going into the wilderness, but that country has been a resort for fifty years, perhaps longer, and Asheville is decidedly a civilized place. I was there last summer, and I had the pleasure of seeing a great deal of fashion."

"Then we must take our trunks," says Sylvia, alive to the importance of appearing as fashionable as her neighbors. "I thought we were only going to explore the mountains, but if we are likely to meet people—"

"Of course you must take your trunks, my dear," says Aunt Markham, decidedly. "One meets exceedingly nice people. Besides, it is always well to be prepared for emergencies."

"I shall take my gun," says Rupert, following Charley's example and flinging his long and rather awkward length of limb on the grass. It is impossible for any one *not* to be awkward who is six feet high and only seventeen years old.

"And is it definitely settled, then, that we will go to Western Carolina?" asks Sylvia. "All in favor of the motion please say 'Ay.' Very well," as a rather languid but



THE CONSULTATION.

places in her train, but who has spent summer after summer among the fair, wild, Carolina mountains, until his attachment to them is a family proverb.

"The reason why I don't advise you to go," he says, when our comments have ceased, "is because I have no doubt you will be bored and disgusted. You will find no fashionable hotels, no bands of music; and

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unanimous "Ay" responds. — "Now, Eric, tell us how to reach it."

"There are two great gates of entrance," says Eric, "Swannanoa and Hickory-Nut Gaps. In the old time, when people traveled in their carriages, it was the general custom to cross the Blue Ridge by one gap in going to the transmontane country, and by the other in coming away. — You remember that, mother?"

"Certainly," answers Aunt Markham. "I went to Tennessee with your father thirty years ago, and we crossed the Hickory-Nut Gap in going, and Swannanoa in coming back."

"Let us go in that way," says Sylvia.

"Impossible," says Charley. "The railroad takes you to Swannanoa."

"A fig for the railroad! We can go in our carriage, like the grandees of thirty years ago. Which is the finest gap, Swannanoa or Hickory-Nut?"

"There is no comparison," says Eric. "Hickory-Nut is infinitely finer."

"Then we must see it," says Sylvia, decidedly. She is of a nature easily roused to enthusiasm, and it is evident that this enthusiasm is beginning to wake in the interest of the long-neglected beauty lying within our own borders. "Listen!" she says, sitting upright in her chair, "why can we not go by the railroad to Swannanoa Gap, and take the stage-coach from there to Asheville, leaving the carriage to follow us to the same place, so that we can travel where we like in the mountains, and finally return by Hickory-Nut Gap? Is not that a good plan, Eric?"

"Only open to the objection that the carriage will be likely to be broken to pieces," says Eric.

"Why, I have heard you say that the roads beyond the Blue Ridge are excellent."

"The turnpikes are generally excellent, but I humbly submit that all roads are not turnpikes; and, furthermore, that to reach the country beyond the Blue Ridge it is necessary to cross the mountains—to do which is no joke."

"I don't know a more serious matter," says Charley. "You are jolted, and bumped, and thumped, until you do not care for any prospect that can be shown to you."

"Pray speak for yourself," says Sylvia. "I am quite sure that no one else would think of putting a few jolts and thumps in comparison with the grandest scenery—"

"In the Atlantic States!" says Charley. "I have heard that from Eric several times. I contemplated this scenery on many occasions, and from many different places, with no great degree of satisfaction; but the trout-fishing—that is something which warrants enthusiasm!"

"And the hunting!" says Rupert, with an ecstatic smile on his sunburned face. "How many deer did you kill last season, Brother Eric?"

"About the carriage," says Aunt Markham, "I am inclined to think with Sylvia that it might be a good plan to send it to Asheville. The idea of traveling about the mountains in stage-coaches and hacks is insufferable!"

"But we are more than enough to fill the carriage," says Eric.

"Take two saddle-horses, also," cries Sylvia, with a bright light springing into her eyes. "One for you, and one for me—how delightful!"

"And how economical!"

She makes a gesture signifying that this consideration is not worth a moment's attention.

"People expect to spend money when they are traveling," she says, "and the cost of the whole expedition will be less than a month at a fashionable watering-place."

"And I'll take the horses along with the carriage," cries Rupert, eagerly. "The rest of you may go on the railroad if you like, but give me a horse forever!"

"Jackson will drive the carriage, and you can ride Cecil and lead Bonnilbelle," says Sylvia, with the air of a general issuing orders for a campaign.

"Eric, what do you say?" asks Aunt Markham, turning to her eldest son, who is autocrat of the household.

"What is left for me to say?" responds Eric, lighting his cigar. "The matter is apparently settled. I only desire that it may be clearly understood that I am not accountable for consequences. If the carriage is upset and Bonnilbelle breaks her own legs and Sylvia's neck, nobody is to blame me."

"Nobody will think of blaming you," says Sylvia. "You accompany us under protest—and such trifles as broken legs and necks are to be exclusively our own affair."

The next two weeks are devoted to preparing wardrobes and studying maps. Then, on a particularly warm Monday in August, we set forth on our journey. Rupert and Jackson, with the carriage and horses, started the day before for Asheville, *via* Hickory-Nut Gap. We take the railroad, and turn our faces toward Swannanoa.

Our railroad-journey is uneventful, as railroad-journeys—unless varied by an accident—generally are. The cars are filled with the usual number of thirsty men and dusty women, of invalids, sight-seers, and pleasure-seekers. During the long pauses at the stations, we learn where most of these travelers are bound, and receive a great deal of interesting information about their social and domestic affairs. Few things strike one more forcibly in traveling than the general garrulity and egotism of human nature. This is entertaining for a time, but finally—taken in connection with a choking amount of dust, and a simmering degree of heat—it becomes almost intolerable. At last over the blazing noonday a grateful shadow steals, and, for the first time since early morning, we lift our window-blinds and look out. We are between the villages of Morganton and Marion, and fairly among the mountains. Already there is a greenness over the land, in striking contrast to the parched brownness of the low-country which we left behind; great hills roll up on all sides, and on our right the magnificent dark-blue masses of Table-Rock and Short-Off Mountain stand clearly defined against a lurid thunder-cloud. The road just here follows the lovely valley of the Catawba, and we see the river in the foreground,

with its level meadow-lands, over which suddenly a white rain comes driving in a quick, sharp shower.

"I am sorry this gust has come up just now," says Eric. "I wanted to take you on the rear-platform of the car, and show you a very pretty view of the river-valley, with a glimpse of the Blue Ridge."

But we are not sorry, for the rain is delightful. It dashes in spray against our windows, peals of thunder sound above the clatter of the train, and flashes of lightning dart hither and thither to frighten nervous travelers. It does not continue very long, however. As suddenly as it began, the vehemence of the storm abates, the thunder rolls away, the cloud is evidently passing. A minute later a ray of sunshine falls on the scene, and lo! the earth is enchanted. The shower, which is still falling, is lighted up with prismatic radiance; away in the south dark clouds are piled, but around us all is freshness and beauty. Mists rise, like the white smoke of incense, from the gorges, and when we lift our windows a rush of odor enters—a hundred sweet scents of growing things mingled and exhaled by the dampness.

After this the run to Old Fort is very pleasant. The dust is laid, the heat is tempered, the sunshine is still partly obscured by clouds that dapple the changing landscape with soft shadows, and now and then we have a glimpse of blue heights far away. We pass beautiful valleys glittering with the late rain; we glide by grassy meadows, and streams where old-fashioned mills stand embowered in trees. There is a shimmer over every thing—a mingling of mist and brilliance peculiar to a mountain-scene.

Presently our leisurely rate of speed abates, and we find ourselves at the end of our railroad journey—Old Fort. This place—which takes its name from an old fort that is supposed to have existed in the days of Indian warfare—has only risen to comparative importance since the railroad abruptly and unexpectedly ended here. At least the railroad track ends here, but for many miles beyond the road-bed is graded, and a great deal of heavy work in the way of bridging and tunneling is done, the sight of which moves one to fierce and futile indignation against the plunderers who have worked the people such grievous wrong.

"Is Old Fort a town?" asks Sylvia, looking round as we descend from the train.

"It is before you," says Charley. "Judge for yourself."

What is before us is an hotel perched on a hill. A few other houses are scattered widely and wildly around. Great wooded mountains rise in the background. The hotel-piazza seems crowded as we approach—Aunt Markham and Eric in front, Charley escorting Sylvia and myself. We are the last of the straggling procession of passengers, and receive the concentrated stares of all the languid ladies with yellow-backed novels in their hands and sundowns on their heads, all the open-eyed children, and lounging men.

"Why on earth do these people stay here?" asks Sylvia, struggling with a veil which she is trying to draw down. "It looks like a very uninteresting place."

"It is healthy, and the rates of board are, no doubt, cheap," says Charley. "Many of the people may also lack courage to cross the Gap—those being esteemed lucky who reach the other side whole of life and limb."

This appalling statement is treated with the incredulous contempt which it deserves as we mount the hotel-steps.

Hamlet says that "there's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so;" and this remark applies with peculiar force to Old Fort. Some people think it a very good place in which to spend weeks and months. Others are averse to spending more time there than the necessary hour which elapses between the arrival of the train and departure of the coach.

We belong to the latter class. After dinner we assemble on the piazza and take a vote for going or staying; and it is nearly unanimous to go.

"Catawba Falls are in the neighborhood," says Eric, anxious to fulfill his duties as *cicerone*. "If you stay until to-morrow you may see them, and they are well worth a visit."

"Stay a night—stay two nights—here!" says Aunt Markham. "It is impossible to think of such a thing!"

"Are the Falls easily reached?" asks Charley, with his usual air of protest against any exertion.

"They are by no means easily reached," answers Eric; "but they can be reached, which is the point, I take it."

"By no means," says Sylvia. "The point is to cross the Blue Ridge as soon as possible. Who cares for falls and cascades on *this* side? They may be pretty enough, but we are bound to the land of the sky—and yonder comes the coach to take us there, How splendid!"

It is not the coach which draws forth this commendation, but the six beautiful gray horses which are harnessed to it. We watch them admiringly, and Eric calls our attention to the manner in which they are controlled by their driver, who is no less a person than the renowned John Pence.

Of this famous character I have heard so much that I regard him with great interest. My knowledge of stage-drivers in real life being limited, I had drawn a fancy picture of a portly figure in top-boots and a "sprigged veskit;" instead, I see a spare, sinewy man, dark as an Indian, with the eye of a hawk, who wears a pair of the brownest and dirtiest of corduroy trousers, a striped shirt, the sleeves of which are rolled up above the elbows showing thin, muscular arms, and a hat slouched rakishly over his brow. This is John Pence, who for twenty years has driven back and forth over Swannanoa Gap, and whom his admirers declare to be the best driver on the continent. If success is the test of merit, merit certainly must be his; for during these twenty years no accident has ever happened to a coach driven by him; and those expert in such matters say that one hardly realizes the art of driving until one has seen him handle the ribbons.

That we have such a charioteer is a matter for congratulation, since the appearance of the coach is not calculated to fill us with confident hopes of a safe journey. It is evi-

dently old and much dilapidated. It is also heavily loaded. The boot is full of trunks, and as many are piled on top as can possibly be put there. Besides which, Aunt Markham has the anguish of beholding her largest and most valuable one standing on the ground,



JOHN PENCE.

while the proprietor of the house informs her that Mr. Pence says he is overloaded, and that trunk cannot possibly "go over the Gap this trip."

"Mr. Pence!" repeats the lady, indignantly. "Who is Mr. Pence, pray? My trunk *shall* go!—Eric, do you hear this?"

"I hear, mother," replies Eric, "but I don't think there is any redress. The coach is overloaded, and I should not consent to have you enter it as it stands if anybody but John Pence was going to drive. When you see the precipices past which that top-heavy vehicle must pass—"

"Oh!" she says, turning pale, "if that is the case, tell him to take off my other trunk, and Sylvia's and Alice's also."

But Sylvia and Alice protest against this, and a Babel of confusion follows. It is Eric who summarily ends it.

"Let me put you in the coach," he says. "Leave the trunks to me. I will arrange for them to be sent over safely to-morrow."

Then the labor of stowing us away begins. There are already an old lady, a middle-aged lady, two children, and an elderly gentleman, within the coach. By the united efforts of Eric, Charley, and the host, Aunt Markham is lifted and deposited inside. She sinks into her seat with an apoplectic "How fearful!"

I am lifted in next; but, when it comes to Sylvia's turn, that young lady declines to enter.

"I am going up aloft—like the cherub that watches over poor Jack," she says.—"I know you don't want me, Charley—you want to smoke. But Eric will take me with him—won't you, Eric?"

"I wonder if you think Eric doesn't want to smoke?" says Charley.

"He can if he chooses, and you, too, for

that matter—so don't look so disconsolate, but help me over this wheel."

She is assisted over the wheel, and elevated to the deck-seat. Charley sits down by her side, Eric springs to a place by the driver, that illustrious person cracks his long whip, the six horses start with one accord, the heavy coach sways. We are off.

"Over the Mountains of the Moon,
Down the valley of shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,
The shade replied,
If you seek for El Dorado."

This is what Charley sings to an improvised air, as we rattle down a steep hill and cross a clear, flashing, rocky-bottomed stream. The mountains which we are going to scale rise in towering masses before us—splendid heights that seem to defy the locomotive at their base. The gentleman who is our fellow-passenger points out some of the unfinished railroad-work. Aunt Markham looks at it regretfully.

"If only the road were finished to Asheville!" she says.

"No railroad in the country has been so mercilessly plundered, madam," says the gentleman, sternly. "Ever since the war, it has been in the hands of rogues and swindlers, who have stolen every thing but the road-bed—which could not conveniently be made away with."

"I should not be surprised if you were one of the defrauded contractors," I think; but there is not much opportunity for conversation on the great grievance of Western North Carolina. We have begun the ascent of the mountain, and to say that the road is stony would convey but a poor idea of its actual state. It is my settled conviction that no one knows what stones really are until he or she has traveled from Old Fort to the top of the Blue Ridge. The road is covered with them, of every size, shape, and variety, and the constant rolling, jolting, and pitching of the coach baffle description. A ship at sea in a stiff gale is steady compared to it. We settle ourselves grimly to our fate; endeavor to keep ourselves steady by straps or any thing else that is convenient; gasp a brief "Excuse me!" when we are hurled against each other; and, in the intervals of being tossed about the coach, lean out of the windows to admire the wild beauty which surrounds us. At least I do. Nobody else pays much attention to it. Aunt Markham resigns herself to martyr-like endurance, and preserves a martyr-like silence, until a tremendous lurch, which knocks her bonnet out of shape, also exhausts her patience.

"Alice," she says, severely, "if I had entertained an idea of any thing like this, *nothing* would have induced me to come."

"There's worse than this afore us," remarks the old lady, placidly. "I've been over the Gap times and times—for my daughter's married and living in Buncombe—and my bones always ache for about three weeks afterward."

"If nothing happens worse than a few jolts," says the gentleman, "we can stand them well enough, but I don't like the look of this stage. I told Burgin before we left Old Fort that it was a shame to send travelers

over the Gap in such a conveyance. He said it had been sent from Asheville. I don't believe it will go back there without an accident."

"Good Heavens!" says Aunt Markham, turning pale, as she remembers all that she has heard of the precipices that border the road. "If I had suspected that the coach was not safe, I would never have entered it.—Alice, speak to Eric at once.—Dear me! what is that?"

Chorus of children. "O ma, did you hear something crack?"

Something undoubtedly cracked—and that loudly—under the body of the vehicle. A convulsive swaying and jerking is followed by an abrupt halt and the descent of Mr. Pence himself. Clamor immediately ensues. All the passengers thrust their heads out of the windows and request to be told what is the matter. Mr. Pence deigns no reply to their inquiries, but he says a few words to Eric—who has also descended from the top. The latter at once opens the door and tells us that we must alight.

"A brace has broken," he says. "Mr. Pence is going to send to Old Fort for assistance to mend it—when the assistance

come and look at the tunnel a little farther on. It is an interesting piece of work."

But Aunt Markham does not care for tunnels, and she declines to go. So we leave her seated on a bundle of shawls and waterproofs, while we follow Sylvia and Charley, who have already walked on in the direction of the interesting piece of work. When we come in sight of the tunnel they are just entering it, and by the time we reach it we see their figures at the farther end, clearly defined against the light.

"I have a peculiar horror of these places," I say, as we enter, and Eric points out the admirable masonry. "I never feel nervous in traveling except when passing through a tunnel; but then I always think, 'Suppose a collision should occur, and we should be crushed in the *débris* of a wrecked train down here in the bowels of the earth!'"

"What a cheerful reflection!" says Eric. "You will be particularly partial to traveling on this road when it is completed, for there are three tunnels just here—two short ones, and one very long one through the Blue Ridge."

"I certainly prefer going over it with John Pence and his six gray horses to burrowing under it like a mole. By-the-by, if the railroad ever should be finished, what will become of John Pence?"

"He will break his heart and die, I suppose."

Midway in the tunnel we meet Sylvia and Charley. We turn and go back with them. From Point Tunnel, looking east, there is a very beautiful, though not very extended, view; and we sit down near the mouth of the tunnel to admire it, while we

wait for the coach. Giant hills, clothed to their crest with verdure, rise around us. The road winds like a thread along the side of the mountain on our left, a green valley lies below, golden sunshine glints down through leaves to which diamond-drops of rain still cling, stillness encompasses us—when our voices cease we hear nothing save the sweet singing of waters in the forest-recesses and the notes of birds. Sylvia makes a pretty adjunct to the picture as she sits in her gray dress and blue veil on a pile of stones, arranging some ferns which she has gathered. Charley, as usual, is lying at her feet, regardless of the fact that the grass is very damp. I open my sketch-book, and make a hurried outline of the scene, writing underneath, "*En route to Arcadia!*"

By the time this is finished the coach appears, and, as it halts, Aunt Markham's fan is seen at the window beckoning imperatively.

"This gentleman says the road is frightfully dangerous," she remarks, when we come up, "and the coach is certainly very unsafe. There is no telling when we shall reach Ashe-

ville, or whether we shall reach there at all. We can only trust in Providence."

Some people grow pious whenever they are frightened. Aunt Markham is one of them. She never alludes to Providence unless she desires substantial aid from that quarter.

Eric laughs.

"Trust in John Pence, too, mother," he says. "You may be sure he will take you safely to Asheville."

After this the ascent begins in earnest. The road is almost perpendicular, and so narrow that there is barely room for the coach. On one side the mountain rises in a sheer cliff, on the other are precipices, down which the gaze is lost in twilight. At least once in every half-mile we ford a stream of considerable size, while innumerable rivulets cross our way. There is no point in our upward journey where we miss the music of flowing water. Clear as crystal and cold as ice, these streams come leaping in cascades down the rocky glens, flash along our path, bordered by ferns, shadowed by laurel and ivy, and at last plunge into the tangled greenness of the depths far below. It is impossible to write, in terms which will not seem extravagant, of the forest which covers the great mountains towering across the gorge. The evergreens especially attract our notice and admiration. We see familiar shrubs grown to stately trees, and trees to giants. The spruce-pine, here in its native air, towers to an almost incredible height, the hemlock, the white-pine, the "bonny ivy-tree," the holly, and mountain-laurel—what words can describe the beauty of these, mingled with the lighter foliage of the oak, the chestnut, the maple, the ash, and countless others? Beautiful berries gleam, strange wild-flowers shine like stars, ferns run riot in luxuriance, velvet-like mosses cover every rock and fallen tree.

Up, still up we go, as if we meant to pierce the very clouds. The horses strain, the coach sways, the air grows fresher; in the great shadow of the hills we forget the sultry heat of August lying over the parched country below. We feel that we are on our way to the land of the sky. I say as much to Aunt Markham, who resignedly expresses a hope that we may reach it. After a while the children, who have been devouring large slices of cake, cry out for water, and Mr. Pence obligingly stops by a spring that gushes out at the foot of a gray rock. Eric descends also, and asks for a cup.

"You must all drink," he says, "for this is the head of the Catawba River. A few miles from here, on the other side of the Ridge, is a spring which is called the head of the Swannanoa, so that in the course of one afternoon you can drink from the fountains of two rivers—one of which is bound to the Atlantic Ocean, the other to the Gulf of Mexico."

"Dear me!" says the old lady, "to think of their traveling so far! But I always thought the Swannanoa emptied into the French Broad."

"This is a beautiful place, Eric," I say, hastily, looking at the narrow defile in which the coach stands, the escarpment of the bold



THE BREAK-DOWN.

comes, the coach has to be lifted forward, so you must all get out."

Remonstrance being useless, we are lifted down and set on our feet. Sylvia, assisted by Charley, descends like a bird from her lofty perch—she has a faculty of doing things gracefully which other women do awkwardly. Our prophet of evil scrambles out, and pokes his stick, with an air of triumph, under the body of the coach.

"I said this stage was unsafe as soon as I saw it," he remarks. "It is fortunate that the brace broke just here. If the accident had occurred by one of the precipices a little farther on we should all, madam" (this to Aunt Markham), "have lost our lives."

"I never heard any thing more infamous!" says Aunt Markham, who does not hesitate to use strong terms. "This What's-his-name ought never to be allowed to drive a coach again. The idea of risking our lives!—Eric, do you hear this? We might have been dashed over a precipice and—"

"Not with John Pence at the helm, mother," says Eric; "the thing is impossible.—Now, while we have to wait, suppose you

cliff leaning over us, the green abyss on the other side, beyond which mountains hem the gap. "I wonder if Mr. Pence would not stop long enough for me to sketch it?"

"Impossible," answers Eric. "We have been so much delayed that I doubt if we shall reach Asheville before midnight."

Aunt Markham groans at this. "I shall be dead!" she says. "I cannot endure this terrible jolting much longer."

Despite this dismal prophecy, we go on—higher and yet higher. Now and then, glancing backward, we catch glimpses of the world below—an azure sea broken into a hundred giant billows—and feel that it is pleasant to be exalted so far above it. These glimpses, however, are very brief. We struggle upward for another weary hour. Then comes a sudden halt, and Eric cries:

"Look!"

We look. For one golden minute we grasp such a perfect pleasure as does not often come in this imperfect world. The arduous part of our journey is over; we are on the top of the Blue Ridge; looking back down the mountain up which we have for three hours so laboriously climbed, we see the country we are leaving spread out in the beauty of blue, misty distance. The afternoon is clear and golden, the air of this great altitude inexpressibly pure and fresh. The shower at noon has left the day like crystal; and turning eastward the glance sweeps over an infinite expanse of broken country, range after range of mountains melting into each other, high, cultivated valleys lying between, soft cloud-shadows falling in patches here and there, bold outlines against the farthest distance, the graceful line of heavenly-looking hills melting into the horizon, and over all the refulgent glory of the sapphire sky.

We are now on the summit of Swannanoa Gap, and from this point begins that gradual descent which will bring us to the elevated basin in which Asheville lies. At "Curley's" we change horses and drivers, and not far from here meet the coach from Asheville. It is obtrusively bright and new in appearance. The inside is lined with crimsoned plush—in contrast to our faded leather—and on the seats three fresh and cheerful-looking ladies sit. Two gentlemen are on the top. They all stare at us—we return the compliment. The driver jeeringly tells our driver that he is not likely to reach Asheville before morning—to which the latter replies that he will be there by ten o'clock. With this interchange of civilities we part.

"How odiously complacent those people looked!" says Sylvia. "I am glad they have to go down that steep mountain."

As we advance, the path widens, the mountains recede; dells, and coves, and sweeps of cultivated land appear; now and then we see a farm-house in some sheltered nook, looking very diminutive in the shadow of the hills. Already the aspect of every thing is changed. A greenness like that of early spring is spread over the land; there is a great sense of freedom, of freshness and repose in the pure air. It is Arcadia which we have entered, and which lies around us, serene and peaceful in the long, golden light and deep, slanting shadows of the afternoon.

Presently Sylvia's voice is heard asking if we do not want some information. "Eric is a walking guide-book," she says, "and he has been telling me all about the country. We have crossed the Blue Ridge and left it behind, you know. These mountains on each side of us now are spurs of that chain—those on the left are called the hills of the Swannanoa, these on the right belong to the Black Mountain range. Eric says that in a little while we shall see the Black itself."

"*Vive le roi!*" I answer. "The Black is 'the monarch of mountains'—at least the monarch of Atlantic mountains. One cares nothing about those enormous and no doubt ugly peaks in the West."

"There is very good philosophy in valuing what we have, and despising what we have not," says Eric. "Yonder is the Black now! Look, what a fine peak!"

"Very fine, indeed!" says Aunt Markham, gazing out of the wrong side of the coach and nodding approvingly at one of the hills of the Swannanoa.

But I see what Eric means. Indeed if he had not spoken I think I should have known that the magnificent crest upthrust against the evening sky could only be the chief of Appalachian mountains. Shall I ever forget that first sight of its majestic beauty? Its splendid peaks were outlined with massive distinctness, and its dark-blue sides were purpling in the light of a luminous sunset. Round the pinnacle a few light clouds were floating, which caught the golden radiance of the west.

"Those form the monarch's crown," says Eric. "It is rare to see the peaks of the Black free from clouds."

Besides the Black, there are other mountains—part of the same range—in sight. Nothing can be more superb than the great lines of Craggy as they trend westward. Its peaks, to the unscientific eye, look as high as the cloud-girt pinnacle of its mighty neigh-

their hues with the changing light. Finally a soft mist, neither blue nor purple, but something between the two, begins to steal over them, and deepen in all the clefts and gorges, as if they were drawing their robes about them for the night.

It is not long that we have this view. The road turns, other mountains intervene, and we find ourselves facing a great pomp of sunset. In the midst of it rises, like a dream of the celestial country, a glorified azure peak of exquisite symmetry, and Eric says, "Pisgah!"

Presently the sunset fades, and twilight softly melts into moonlight. All along their dark crests the mountains are touched with silver, while the pearly radiance bathes valley, and rock, and stream, with a flood of enchantment. The coach and the hours drag slowly on, but the night grows more and more beautiful. We cross again and again a swift, bright stream, which we are told is the Swannanoa, and at last we find ourselves journeying along its banks. Is this an enchanted land of pastoral delight to which we have come? It is impossible not to believe so. Fertile fields and softly swelling hills surround us; houses gleam in the moonlight; the level road over which even the coach rolls smoothly is immediately on the river-bank. We see the current rippling and swirling over its rocky bed with a music which fills all the lustrous night with sweetness. Lovely depths of foliage—drooping trees and tangled vines—fringe its banks. Nothing can be conceived more fairy-like than this charming river. Undine herself in watery form could not be fairer. Though I am growing very sleepy, I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration, and the gentleman by my side begins to explain that "Swannanoa" does not mean "beautiful," but "great road, or pass, over the mountains." I listen with disgusted incredulity, and before he concludes have fallen asleep, indifferent to the fact that



ASHEVILLE.

bor, and their effect is nearly as grand. That we see this beautiful range at sunset seems to us a very gracious boon of Fate. Magical shades of color melt and blend into each other as the nearer and farthest heights change

it is the hard wood of the coach against which my head rests.

When I wake we are entering Asheville. The coach is rattling up a long, stony street, lights are gleaming, and there seems a great

deal of movement about. Our journey is at an end, and with a sense of grateful repose we soon lie down to sleep, waiting for the morning to show us what manner of place this is which we have entered in the still, bright beauty of an August midnight.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER IX.

ROSES HAVE THORNS.

"I do not like roses so very much," said Joanna, cautiously putting aside the interwoven branches. "I never did; they have such thorns. They tear my clothes and scratch my fingers. But I do love apple-blossoms. They are roses without thorns, and their perfume is—is intoxicating. When I inhale the odor of apple-blossoms, I can't help fancying how pleasant it would be to live in a world of apple-blossoms; for then one might be in the sunshine all day, and flutter in the wind, and never, never work! And yet," she added, penitently, "Pamela says work is a blessing."

"A dreadful task-mistress Pamela must be," said Arthur.

Joanna had begun to gather the roses, clipping them rapidly with a pair of shears, and dropping them into the basket which she had placed upon the ground.

"No," she answered, simply; "it is that I am so very idle." She did not remind Arthur now that he should not call Miss Basil "Pamela."

"But you do not realize that you are now in the very apple-blossom world you were wishing for," said Arthur, waving his hand oratorically. "Why should you not sometimes be idle in order to enjoy it? Some day you will find it gone forever; even now, it is slipping from you day by day."

Joanna colored vividly, dropped her shears, and clasped her hands with a sigh.

"Ah, me!" she said, "when I speak of my fancies to Pamela, she tells me not to be silly; but you seem to understand me. I think it must be, perhaps, because you are yet in the apple-blossom world yourself?"

Arthur was pleased. A compliment of this nature was far more gratifying to his vanity than the just commendation she had passed upon his French; for that praise which implies the bestower's right to sit in judgment on our acquirements is rarely so acceptable as the involuntary recognition of some natural quality, however trivial, that compels admiration. If Arthur had felt humiliated by the tone of calm superiority, unconscious though it was, in which Joanna had expressed her favorable opinion of his French accent, he now felt soothed by the artless delight she showed at his commentary on her childish wish. It is the privilege of human nature to find consolation in trifles, and young Hen-

dall was not a little elated by the flattering conceit that he possessed the rare power of interpreting the human heart.

But he did not feel obliged to exercise his gift of interpretation upon his own heart—else might he have asked himself what magic had suddenly transformed this little Joanna from an amusing child to a study of absorbing interest? He vexed his vanity with no such question; not being wise beyond his years, he only congratulated himself upon the prospect of an agreeable relief to the monotony of Basilwood, where, for the present, he was compelled to stay. Yet he would have scorned the suggestion that a mere desire to escape *ennui* influenced his determination to develop the dormant powers of this fledgling of the Basilwood thickets. It was but ordinary benevolence, he told himself, to wish to improve, by his conversation and advice, this little, untaught girl, thrown on his hands as it were, to whom, while Fortune had been adverse, Nature had been prodigal, if only in bestowing upon her so keen a perceptive faculty. How should it occur to him, in the full tide of gratified vanity, that the perceptive faculty can discern defects as well as merits? Arthur Hendall was very young.

And Joanna, clipping the roses heedlessly, thought, with exultation, that at last some one heard her with indulgence, and understood her. And in her simplicity she asked her heart why it was that Pamela, who, doubtless, loved her well, could not enter into the spirit of her harmless fancies as this stranger did? It was as though some invisible hand had lifted for a moment the veil concealing that enchanted world of which she was ever dreaming, and in which she firmly believed—a world where bright fancies had leave to grow into brighter realities; a world where contradiction was unknown, where hope was never deferred, where trust was never betrayed, and where was never heard Pamela's doleful dirge, declaring that "beauty is a fading flower," and that "all flesh is grass."

Bewildered by a rush of incomprehensible emotions, she was incapable of distinguishing between the fresh and the withered roses, and she gathered indiscriminately all that came to her hand, nor dreamed of the mortification she was preparing for herself against that hour when she should have to sit down soberly to count over her store. How should she divine, half-giddy as she was with the glimpse of that enchanted world, upon the threshold of which she seemed to stand, that she saw only a beautiful vision of impossibilities conjured up by her own idle fancy? The uncompromising Pamela would have told her so without mitigation or remorse; but would she have believed Pamela? Joanna's sensitive, imaginative nature shrank appalled from that grim and bald and naked thing Miss Basil revered as truth.

A well-known voice, softened somewhat by distance, but shrill and penetrating still, broke the spell of silence that had fallen upon the dreaming pair.

"Jo-an-na!" Miss Basil called, or rather wailed, and Joanna started guiltily.

"Ah, me!" she exclaimed, not in fear, but in contrition, while she struggled to extricate herself from what young Hendall,

with an execrable attempt at a pun that was unintelligible to his auditor, termed the *Briareus*; "how I have wasted the morning!"

"Never mind," said Arthur: "I suppose it is only that horrid Pamela; you need not heed."

"But I must! I must!" cried Joanna. "These old roses should have been in the house long ago. Oh, dear! To think that I should have wasted time so! Go away!" she exclaimed, with sudden irritation. "You only *impede* me. I am not—concerned for my dress; let it tear!" In spite of her annoyance, Joanna must still be select in speech.

Arthur, smiling at her ambitious language, desisted from his efforts to aid her; and she, having extricated herself at the expense of her dress, ran down the walk, fleet and graceful as a fawn, and dropping roses at every step.

Young Hendall stood and watched her out of sight, smiling at the pleasing picture she made. Young and handsome, he was apt to flatter himself that he could be irresistible when he chose to be so; but, to do him justice, no thought of conquest entered his head now; and he would have resented indignantly the imputation of trifling with the little Joanna. In his opinion, there was no more possibility of his trifling with her than of her trifling with him. She was only a clever little thing, in whose company he could pass away the time, without incurring the suspicion of serious intentions.

Miss Basil was in the large store-room, as Joanna knew, packing the baskets of vegetables, eggs, butter, and so forth, to send into the town for sale; for this indefatigable woman gave personal attention to every department of the management of Basilwood with which she could have any thing to do. Mrs. Basil, though she chose to ignore the fact that her orchards and gardens furnished supplies to the people of Middleborough, put no restraint upon these financial expedients; for the little sums that Miss Basil's energy and industry accumulated were not to be despised; but, had she issued her decree against sending vegetables to market, Miss Basil could not have looked more morose and woe-begone. Joanna, peering in at the open window, saw that her countenance boded no good, and hesitated to speak.

There was, however, no need to speak, for Miss Basil, as if with an intuitive perception of her presence, looked up and said, "O child!" conveying both in voice and eyes a volume of reproach that immediately put the little Joanna on the defensive.

"What, 'Mela'?" said she, depositing the basket on the window-ledge, and assuming a most innocent air, though her conscience reproached her keenly; for Joanna was well aware that she had been idle, and that idleness in Miss Basil's estimation was a sin, but she had no suspicion of the real cause of Miss Basil's displeasure.

"Come in, child, I must speak to you," said Miss Basil, in a milder tone. She was almost disarmed by Joanna's innocent air. "You stay too much in the garden; you'll be getting in Mr. Hendall's way, and that is not becoming."

"I get in Mr. Hendall's way!" exclaimed.

* EXTENDED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Joanna, as she entered the open door, thrusting her hands into her apron-packets with a comically belligerent air. "Oh, indeed, Pamela"—shrugging her shoulders, arching her eyebrows, and flourishing her hands with that exuberance of gesture inherent in her French blood—"that you know is simply impossible. I am sure I don't get in his way. Can I help it if he meets me? I ought not to be rude, you know, if he speaks."

"Things are ve-ry different, now that he is here," said Miss Basil, taking refuge in the hope of fostering a wholesome antagonism between the scion of the old house and the new master of Basilwood. "It is *his* garden, you must remember."

"I don't see that things are different at all," said Joanna, "else why do you go on with the vegetables and things? Indeed, 'Mela, things are not different at all, and never will be. We shall go on just the same as ever."

"Don't talk nonsense, Joanna," said Miss Basil, sharply. "Basilwood belongs to Mrs. Basil, and will belong to Mr. Hendall; of course, that gives him a better right to walk in the garden than you have; you are but an intruder."

"And just for that," said Joanna, plaintively, "must I stay shut up in the house? Oh, very well, 'Mela; but you know that would be the death of me; and the garden is a roomy place, too."

Now, what could Miss Basil say to this? She only asked for the roses.

"Oh, here they are," said Joanna, cheerfully, turning to the window where she had deposited her basket; "any quantity, you see?" She felt that 'Mela could not justly accuse her of idleness when she saw how many had been gathered.

But Miss Basil did not even look at the heaped-up basket Joanna presented. Her eyes had caught a glimpse of an evidence of recklessness that she with her thrifty habits could not disregard.

"Joanna, child," cried she, sharply, leaning over the side of her chair, and catching Joanna's skirt in her thin hands, "how *did* you contrive to tear your dress so?"

"Oh, now, 'Mela, am I to blame because roses have thorns?" said Joanna, looking behind at her dress, a movement that caused her to tilt the contents of her basket upon the floor.

"It is very evident to me, Joanna," said Miss Basil, fretfully, "that you must have been extremely careless to tear your dress so outrageously."

"I was busy gathering the roses," said Joanna, petulantly, "as you may see by the quantity I've brought."

Miss Basil turned her eyes upon the odorous heap at her feet, examined it with sharp scrutiny, stooped and stirred it with her hand; then raised herself suddenly, and ejaculated, with a vehemence that made Joanna start:

"Mercy guide us, Joanna! who helped you gather these?"

"Nobody," said Joanna, with a steady look, straight into Miss Basil's eyes.

Had Miss Basil expressed, by word or glance, the slightest doubt of Joanna's truth,

she must have forfeited the proud-spirited young girl's trust forever; but happily Miss Basil quailed before Joanna's steadfast eyes, and she only said:

"More than half these things are dead and useless trash!"

Joanna dropped upon the floor, blushing crimson, and began nervously to stir the roses with her hands.

"Pamela," she said, deprecatingly, "indeed I gathered them every one myself. I thought them all fresh; but—Mr. Hendall—stood talking with me."

"What did he say to you, you silly child?" asked Miss Basil, laying no very gentle hand upon Joanna's shoulder, and shaking her more roughly than she knew. "You needn't believe in a young man's nonsense."

Joanna turned pale with indignation.

"Mr. Hendall does not talk nonsense, 'Mela; at least—" And there she stopped, in confusion.

"O Joanna, Joanna!" sighed poor Miss Basil, at her wits' end to know how to deliver a judicious and discreet warning to her inexperienced young charge. According to her peculiar views, the remotest allusion to the subject of love was not to be ventured upon in the presence of a young girl without grave impropriety; how, then, was she to warn Joanna not to set her young affections upon Arthur Hendall, how fair soever he might speak, seeing that Joanna ought not to know what that meant? And, in fear of putting the foolish thought into the child's innocent heart, Miss Basil only sighed dolefully, "O Joanna, Joanna!"

"I am the despair of your life, 'Mela," said Joanna, echoing the sigh. "But I am very—penitent; I will not be idle any more, nor careless—if I can help it. I will mend my dress right away."

"Yes," answered Miss Basil, rising promptly, in order, we may suppose, to strike while the iron was hot, according to the words of the proverb, "and I will find you Hannah More's discourse 'On Time considered as a Talent,' which you can read and meditate upon afterward; it will fortify your resolution."

"Oh, no! Oh, don't, Pamela!" cried Joanna, shrinking. "I'll mend my dress with—with the utmost neatness and—dispatch, and be ready for any thing else; but I cannot read that stuff!"

"'Stuff,' child?" said Miss Basil, with calm superiority. "It is food for the mind."

"Pamela, it is as dry as last year's stubble. I could not read it and survive."

Miss Basil's judgment was excellent in all that appertained to practical affairs, but she had no insight whatever into character. "Joanna," she reasoned, "is still the same unregenerate Joanna, and wise in her own conceits. Her good resolutions, being but blind impulses, will come to naught, unless nourished by judicious counsels."—"I will read it to you, my child," said she, inexorably, and thinking that perhaps that were the better plan. If she was debarred from singing edifying hymns to this giddy little thing, should she therefore despair of instructing her through the medium of good books?

Miss Basil read but few books, but she

believed in those few like medicine, which, according to her theory, could never fail to be beneficial, whether swallowed willingly or unwillingly. She was not so weak as to heed Joanna's objections; she had administered with unshrinking firmness many a distasteful dose for the benefit of the child's bodily health; she could certainly do as much for her moral welfare. And if, during the reading, Joanna wiped away a tear or two to the memory of her brief glimpse of the enchanted land, Miss Basil mistook them for tears of repentance, and was mightily encouraged to proceed; all the while enforcing what she read by a running fire of hortatory remarks, as: "Observe, now, the wisdom of this—" "Mark, now, what follows—" "Attend, now, particularly, child—" "Store this up in your mind, Joanna—" just as she was wont, good, zealous creature, with foot-baths and mustard-plasters, to assist the medicines she administered.

O Duty! what mistakes are committed in thyname! The little Joanna, setting ill-conditioned stitches through her tears, resolved in her desperate heart that neither age nor rheumatism should ever persuade her to take pleasure in the respectable Hannah More.

CHAPTER X.

WORDS OF CAUTION THROWN AWAY.

MISS BASIL, reflecting in solitude upon the revelations the little Joanna had made, decided that if a fitting opportunity should offer, she would speak a word in season to young Hendall himself. She had never met him face to face; she could not tell what manner of man he might be, nor what argument would be most likely to prevail with him; therefore she took no thought what she should say to him, but, trusting that the right words would be put into her mouth when the time should come, she contented herself with watching for the occasion—as to going boldly forward and forcing an occasion, that was quite beyond her powers.

However, the opportunity arose at last, in the most natural way possible, when she was not looking for it; and perhaps that was why poor Miss Basil failed to express her mind exactly as she had desired to express it.

Arthur Hendall, with nothing to do, liked to loiter about the garden; the tertian ague that Mrs. Basil still harped upon had yielded to Dr. Garnet's treatment, and he was not to be kept in-doors by any old-womanish fears of a return of the chills. Strolling about, one morning, in search of Joanna and amusement, he bent his steps toward her favorite haunt, the little alcove, where the oleander-bushes grew; and there, leaning against the mimosa-tree, absorbed in a letter she was reading, stood—not Joanna, but Miss Basil. He did not discover his mistake until it was too late to retreat.

Aleck Griswold, as it happened, had been very late with the mail that morning, old Thurston was busy about some errand for Mrs. Basil, and so Miss Basil herself had

waited at the gate, to the detriment of her affairs, for the eagerly-expected letter; and she had stolen to this retreat to read it. What she read therein seemed to work a wondrous change in her; she was no longer the every-day Miss Basil; she had fallen into a dream, and Joanna should have been by to see the mild, benignant face that beamed upon Arthur Hendall from under the big sun-bonnet.

Young Hendall guessed instantly who she was, though she had none of the forbidding appearance he had permitted himself to associate with poor little Joanna's task-mistress. He was relieved to find that there was nothing dragonish about her, and he offered his hand at once, saying:

"You must be Miss Basil, I am sure; and I am very happy to meet you."

She started. Something in his voice, something in his smile, carried her back to a time long past, and disarmed her. She gave him her hand, but turned her face away.

"I trust you are better of your chills, Mr. Hendall?" she said, as she put her spectacles into their case.

"Have I had chills?" said Arthur, as if he doubted the fact. "I am—astonishingly well, thank you."

Miss Basil looked at him gravely. "I hope you never come out before breakfast," said she; "it is very imprudent." Miss Basil would have given her bitterest enemy the benefit of sound views on the subject of hygiene.

"Oh, there is no danger," said Arthur. "I find that my breakfast is generally ready for me, before I am ready for it. And a tempting meal it is, Miss Basil, for which I know my thanks are due to yourself."

But Miss Basil was proof against flattery, and she received this compliment coldly.

"I like to walk about in this old garden," continued Arthur, as if he would fain be on sociable terms with Joanna's discreet guardian. "It is just the soil for—for—"

"For meditation," he was going to say, if any thing; but Miss Basil had fixed a mildly-inquiring glance upon him that completely disconcerted his thoughts.

"It is a very good soil, especially for potatoes and cabbages," said the practical Miss Basil, who knew a great deal more about gardening than about managing a young man; nevertheless, she was casting about in her mind for the word in season.

"And roses?" suggested Arthur.

Miss Basil instantly seized her cue.

"I hope, Mr. Hendall," said she, abruptly, "that my little Joanna is not in your way here?"

"Certainly not," Arthur answered, coloring. He thought Miss Basil alluded to Joanna's presence at Basilwood. "I am sure she is not in my way; I hope you will give me credit for—for some generosity, and good feeling, you know, and all that. Oh, no; don't let such a thought trouble you; she is no more in my way than you are."

It was not a flattering way of putting the case, and Miss Basil, hardly knowing whether she felt relieved or indignant, remained silent.

"How beautifully every thing flourishes

here!" continued Arthur, in haste to change the subject. "I suppose you understand all about gardening, Miss Basil? What is this green thing growing here on the border?"

"That is lucern," Miss Basil made answer, with a sigh. She felt, helplessly, that the subject on which she most wished to talk was drifting away from her; but, knowing that there was work waiting for her in the house, she turned away.

"It is a fine thing for bordering," said he, approvingly, as he walked by Miss Basil's side.

"It is a much finer thing for the cows," said Miss Basil, with a feeling, half pity, half contempt, for his ignorance. "I advise you, Mr. Hendall, if ever you plant, not to make the common mistake of thinking that this soil can grow nothing but cotton."

Miss Basil had mounted her hobby now; and, finding an attentive listener, she forgot Joanna in her desire to prove the folly of not raising enough to eat, and the wisdom of cultivating cotton merely as a surplus crop.

But Joanna herself came to interrupt Miss Basil's disquisition.

"Mr. Hendall," she said, "the grand-mamma wishes to speak to you—im—mediately."

With a big sun-bonnet on her head, and a pair of gauntlets on her hands, she looked like a second edition of Miss Basil. Evidently she was bent upon some important expedition.

"What are you going to do?" asked Arthur, with a lively interest; and Miss Basil awoke with a pang to the perception that she had neglected her opportunity, and she sighed.

"I am going to plant the balsam-vines around the old stump in the corner next the ravine, 'Mela; you told me I might,'" Joanna said, looking at Miss Basil, and not at Arthur Hendall.

"Be sure you are not longer than fifteen minutes about it, Joanna," said Miss Basil, so peremptorily that Arthur, who, in spite of his aunt's message, would gladly have turned back with her, felt himself forbidden.

Mrs. Basil was not alone. A gentleman, neither young nor old, rather stout, and partially bald, sat, or rather lounged, on the sofa, and hardly seemed willing to rise when Arthur entered.

"Oh, how do you do, Sam? Glad to see you. When did you come?" said Arthur, shaking hands.

"Arrived yesterday morning," said Mr. Sam Ruffner. "Dreadfully knocked up, all of us; but thought I'd come round and report, and see how you all are. How is that scratch of yours? You don't wear a sling, I see?"

"Pooh, pooh!" said Arthur. "It is forgotten, long ago."

"He won't wear a sling," said Mrs. Basil, plaintively. "But that 'scratch' isn't such a trifle as he pretends, Sam, I assure you; and it might have been a very serious affair, you know."

"Yes, yes—I dare say," said Mr. Sam, easily. "Tremendous distance from our

place here," he continued, turning up his coat-sleeves, and settling his collar. "Must get a horse if I come often."

"Yes, I know; the Harrington place, you have. It is remote," said Mrs. Basil. "Do you make any stay—I mean you yourself?"

"Well," Mr. Sam answered, with a yawn, "I shall make myself handy about the house for the summer."

And then he laughed; but nobody ever did know why Mr. Sam laughed at his own jokes, unless it was to show his handsome teeth.

"I hope your planting interest won't suffer," Mrs. Basil remarked.

Mr. Sam whistled a few notes softly, by way of reply, and then asked, abruptly:

"How do you like Middleborough, Arthur?"

"I haven't seen Middleborough, except as I passed through," Arthur answered. "I was sick when I came, and then we've had wet weather. I haven't thought about the town."

"Haven't found out the pretty girls yet?" Mr. Sam asked, slyly.

"No," said Arthur; "I leave that for you to do."

"There's no Miss Basil, is there, for you to fall in love with, eh? Such a susceptible fellow!" And Mr. Sam laughed.

"No," interrupted Mrs. Basil, quickly; "no indeed. Miss Basil is old enough to be Arthur's mother."

Arthur wondered if his aunt had forgotten the little Joanna; but Mrs. Basil had not forgotten her at all. While she sat smiling and smiling at Mr. Sam Ruffner's rattling talk, she was thinking over what she should say to Arthur about seeking the little Joanna's acquaintance; for, between Miss Basil and Mr. Sam, Mrs. Basil began to feel some uneasiness. She had looked out of the window and seen Miss Basil walking in the garden with Arthur, and she had jumped to the unwelcome conclusion that the managing woman was beginning already to plan a match for Joanna. She had but little fear, indeed, that Miss Basil could succeed; but Mr. Sam's careless words seemed to warn her that Arthur's susceptible disposition might expose him to some embarrassment from Miss Basil's machinations if he were not properly warned of his danger; and that warning she was determined to give. She did not urge Mr. Sam to remain when he showed a disposition to depart.

"My love to them all, Sam; your mother, and Jane, and dear Cousin Elizabeth. I sent only this morning to inquire about all of you, and I shall lose no time in going to see for myself."

"Do," said Sam; "delighted to see you, all of us."

"*All of us!*" How Mrs. Basil hated that cool way he had of seeming to appropriate Mrs. Stargold solely to the Ruffners! But she grew more and more gracious as Sam drew nearer and nearer the front-door. "Do come often," she said. "I shall expect you, one and all, to dine with me very soon; and I'll take care to have a pretty girl to meet you, Sam."

"Thank you, thank you! That's my fa-

vorite dessert, you know," said Sam, and ex-
it, laughing.

"Hold on, Sam!" cried Arthur. "If you
are going toward town I'll walk with you.
You've put me in the notion of seeing the
place."

"Arthur, my dear," said his aunt, "the
walk is so long, and you are not well, remem-
ber."

But remonstrance was useless, and she
was compelled to delay her admonitions for
that morning. However, when she had leisu-
re to think about it, she saw that, if she
wished her counsels to prevail, she must
choose her time wisely and deliberately. Ac-
cordingly, she waited until that propitious
moment when she and her nephew were com-
fortably sipping their coffee together after
dinner. Then she asked, with well-assumed
carelessness:

"Do tell me, Arthur, what you and Miss
Basil were discussing so earnestly this morn-
ing?"

"Planting," said Arthur, promptly. "I
wonder you don't take her advice in some
things rather than old Griswold's. I don't
know any thing about the business myself,"
he added apologetically, seeing his aunt be-
gin to frown; "but she seems to have what I
should call progressive ideas."

"She has *hobbies*," said Mrs. Basil, slight-
ingly. "I never listen to her." If Pamela
had been giving her views about farming, she
wasn't likely to have said much about the
little Joanna; but that was no reason why
she should not utter her warning. "A most
worthy woman is Pamela, but so full of the-
ories—"

"I beg your pardon," said Arthur, "but
I thought you once told me that she is emi-
nently practical?"

"Oh, yes, in certain things; but look, for
instance, how she has trained up that little
Joanna. However, I don't suppose you have
any opportunity to remark that?"

Arthur was silent; but Mrs. Basil was
not thus to be rebuffed.

"I trust the child never intrudes upon
you?" she asked, rather abruptly.

"By no means," replied Arthur, lazily
stirring his coffee. "She is rather disposed
to avoid me."

"I am not responsible for her training,"
continued Mrs. Basil, "as I believe I have
explained before; but I can never forget that
she is the judge's granddaughter, and of
course I feel a certain interest in her. I
should be very, very sorry if her ignorance
of the usages of the polite world should be-
tray the poor child into unladylike forward-
ness. Miss Basil does not think of these
things, and I must."

"She seems a nice little thing, so far as I
can see," said Arthur. "But, I say, aunt,
why should this Miss Basil and the little Jo-
anna, as you call her, live so aloof from us;
why don't they take their meals with us, for
example?"

"Arthur," said his aunt, reproachfully,
"as if that were my fault. Do you know at
what time Miss Basil breakfasts? Some-
where between five and six. Now, do you
think I could find an appetite at that unearth-
ly hour?"

"No; nor I," said Arthur, laughing.

"It is Miss Basil's own fault that she
does not breakfast and dine with me," Mrs.
Basil continued. "But I suppose she finds
habit as strong with her as it is with me, and
I let her have her own way. I'm sure it's a
kindness, if you will look at it in the right
light. As to the little Joanna, I have noth-
ing to do with her; and Miss Basil is bring-
ing her up in her own image—*her own image*;
and you see what *she* is."

Arthur laughed; he was thinking how
piquant Joanna looked in that big sun-bonnet
going to plant the balsam-vines around the old
stump, and he wondered if there were not
more balsam-vines yet to be planted.

His aunt sighed.

"I am sorry for the child," she said;
"her lot would have been very different, no
doubt, had her grandfather's life been spared;
but what can I do? Well, this much at least
I can do," she said, with a slight laugh, and
laying her hand on Arthur's arm—"I can
warn you not to give her any opportunity to
indulge any sentimental fancy for yourself."

Arthur, toying with his spoon, disguised
a frown by a yawn. His aunt's suggestions
of prudence, though he did think them un-
necessary, made him uncomfortable.

"It is no compliment to you, my dear, I
am well aware," continued his aunt, soothing-
ly, "to say that you are vastly this poor
child's superior; and of course you can't feel
as I do about Judge Basil's granddaughter;
but I hope my feelings on the subject will ex-
cuse my suggesting a proper degree of dignity
and reserve on your part?"

"My dear aunt," said Arthur, with admi-
rable indifference, "what is the use of all this
about a *child*?"

"So she is a child," said Mrs. Basil, forc-
ing a laugh; "and I shouldn't expect you to
feel any particular interest in the judge's
granddaughter, should I?—I have ordered
the carriage for a drive, will you go with
me?"

But Arthur, divining that she was going
to pay her respects to Mrs. Stargold, excused
himself; and his aunt, thinking, probably,
that in a first interview she could reconnoitre
the situation better without him, did not press
him.

Notwithstanding all his aunt's unmis-
table hints and cautions, young Hendall, the
moment he had attended her to her cari-
age, went into the garden with the distinct
hope of meeting the little Joanna. He had
brought her some flower-seeds from the town,
and, if she could not plant balsam-vines for
his pleasure, she could plant something else.

This is invariably the way in which our
young heroes reward our cares. They re-
ceive our monitions with a flattering si-
lence that seems to give consent to all we
ask, but the moment our backs are turned
they rejoice greatly in their strength, and go
forth to court the very danger against which
we have vainly warned them! It was not
Arthur's fault that he did not find the little
Joanna, for she was not in the garden. She
had gone "across the bridge," as they say in
Upper Middleborough when one goes shop-
ping. Her errand was to replenish the spice-
box; for Mrs. Basil had given Miss Basil

warning that a dinner-party was inevitable,
and that provident house-keeper, wishing to
begin her preparations in good season, had
dispatched Joanna forthwith in quest of cin-
namon and nutmegs and other good things
that she knew would be needed.

BITTER FRUIT:

A STORY IN A PROLOGUE AND THREE
CHAPTERS.

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER I.

SCUTARI—THE CRIMEAN WAR—MORNING.

IN stress of accommodation for the sick
and wounded, a palace of the sultan at Scu-
tari had been converted into a convalescent
hospital. It was a long range of buildings;
the best rooms opened on to a wide terrace,
planted with many varieties of Eastern trees,
cypress, palms, and the like, which afforded a
pleasant, shady lounging-place for the inva-
lids, who could be easily carried out on their
beds or easy-chairs from the adjoining rooms.
Indeed, during the day the terrace became a
sort of open-air hospital for those who were
well enough to be moved. One angle of the
palace had been specially devoted to the use
of two or three officers who had been very
dangerously wounded.

The locality was very lovely: charming
glimpses of the Bosphorus through the trees,
with a background of minaret and cupola.
The building had been "built for pleasure
and for state;" its gaudiness of Eastern deco-
ration intermingled in strange contrast with
the stern purpose of its present use, costly
furniture and rough camp-beds; the softness
of luxury, the hardness of war; and, stranger
contrast still, in the very place where women
had spent their lives in one monotonous
round of sensual degradation, women worked
and suffered, and died in devotion to a noble
cause. Monotony of wearisome pleasure once,
monotony of pain and suffering now; but this
last monotony never wearied these other
women, a monotony ever evoking new devo-
tion.

The Sister Superior of this Scutari hos-
pital, who held supreme rule over the women
nurses, was a lady of indefatigable zeal and
enthusiasm; excellent and thoroughly skilled
as a practical worker, excellent, too, as an
organizer of the work of others, full of calm,
quiet, persistent power, which enabled her
to break through the ingenious knottings of
red-tape officialism, and also to govern her
own staff with despotic rule—though the
despotism was ever hidden beneath a
sweet, enduring, sympathetic smile, from
the presence of which insubordination shrank
abashed; and, in addition to all this great-
est of all gifts, she was great in the power
of clear, sound common-sense, which, as a
rule, caused every thing she wished to do to
be provokingly and incontestably the right
thing to be done, and which saved her own
mind from those obstinate crotchets which so
frequently accompany enthusiasm and mar
its value.

Her gracious and thoughtful presence pervaded the whole hospital. People never knew when she slept: like a jealous commander, she was ever on her rounds among the many outposts of pain and distress, ready for every emergency, with skillful palliatives or assuaging sympathy. The red glow of early morning, which fell on the day concerning which our tale is to be told, found her on the terrace visiting room by room; she was about to visit the last room at the angle of the building, which was somewhat apart from the other rooms, when a cheery voice broke on her ear:

"Egad, madam, always at your post; can't catch you asleep!"

"But you, Dr. Sholto," she answered, with surprise, "what accounts for your presence here at this time of the morning?"

"Twelve hours' leave; a swift *caique* from Pera. How's poor Murray?"

"I'm glad to say Colonel Murray seems to be making progress."

"I've not been able to find Bentley—what's his report?" inquired Sholto, anxiously.

"Alas! very sad. Dr. Bentley says the eyesight is hopelessly lost."

"Poor fellow!" replied Sholto, with deep feeling.

"Our doctors have every hope of ultimate recovery, save and except eyesight. Would you like to see the colonel?"

"I came over for that very purpose. I'm his oldest friend."

"His room is here; this last room on the terrace."

"Perhaps he's asleep," observed Sholto; "I hope he is, it's the best thing for him. Let's hear what the nurse says?"

"I'll call her," replied the Sister Superior. She went up to the window, and, drawing slightly apart the heavy curtains which were used in lieu of casements, looked into the room.

"Both asleep," she said, in a low voice.

"That nurse has no business to sleep," exclaimed Sholto, with some impatience.

"We must forgive her, doctor," replied the Sister, in kindly tone. "She's almost worn herself to death with close attendance; she's the only person he can bear about him. Dr. Bentley says her nursing has saved his life."

"Like enough," exclaimed Sholto. "Good nursing and good air—woman's devotion and Nature's medicine—better than all the drugs in the pharmacopœia." He went up to the curtains and looked into the room. "Seems a little stuffy, don't it? Suppose we draw back the curtains gently; he can't have too much air."

Sholto and the Sister accordingly drew back the curtains. Colonel Murray was sleeping quietly on a camp-bed; the nurse was sleeping in a large arm-chair near the foot of the bed. Sholto entered the room and regarded the colonel with professional scrutiny; he then rejoined the Sister outside.

"Quiet sleep," he remarked; "breathing regular; that's all to the good. So that nurse has done good service, has she?"

"Inestimable service! Depend upon it, by Heaven's blessing, she has saved his life."

"His life saved by a woman!" exclaimed

Sholto, with some bitterness of tone. "His life saved by a woman! Oh, you women, what are you—angels?"

"No, doctor."

"The other things, pardon me?"

"No, doctor."

"What then?"

"Both," she answered, with a serious smile. "Therefore be merciful to us women. I know something of his story; his wife left him."

"Yes—divorced; he was a proud man, and it broke him down; a hard man, you might call him, but I knew him from a boy. Would to Heaven she had known him as well as I knew him; would to Heaven he had known her better!"

"You knew her, doctor?"

"Both before and after her marriage."

"Was there any good in such a woman?"

"Good and evil," he answered, in sad tone. "Let's be merciful. Evil enough for sin, good enough for remorse when the time comes; but I fear that time has not yet come. Where shall I be likely to find Bentley?"

"Second ward, I think; a very interesting and involved case."

"I'll look for him. Be kind enough to let me know when the colonel wakes."

"I will direct the nurse to send for you;" and Sholto departed.

"Hard man, was he?" murmured the Sister Superior, looking toward the sleeping invalid. "Greatly changed now, poor soul! meek enough, in all conscience. Surely I must have met that Mrs. Murray, years ago, in society? Gay and frivolous, they said. I wonder if she, too, is changed—if she has yet learned the bitterness of heart that follows the laughter of sin? Let's hope it."

She went up to the room and called the nurse in a low tone:

"Graham!"

"Yes, Sister," exclaimed the nurse, starting up from her chair, dazed with sleep. "Forgive me for dozing—it was only a few minutes. The colonel fell asleep at dawn; a very restless night—very restless."

"Mind wandering?" inquired the Sister; "talking in his sleep?"

"Yes."

"That fearful Inkerman, and the trenches?"

"No, Sister; his wife."

"That woman who deserted him?"

"That woman who deserted him and his child," replied the nurse, with tears stealing from her eyes.

"Yes, Graham; his story is a very sad one. I see it affects you deeply; more deeply, perhaps, than could be expected from a woman of even your feeling heart. I want you to be frank with me. You, too, have a story!"

"Oh, no, Sister!" replied the nurse, with a scared expression.

"Yes, yes—a story as sad as his," repeated the Sister; "I'm sure of it. Oh, do confide in me!" and she drew Graham to her in kindly manner. "I don't ask to know your story out of idle curiosity, I only wish to afford you some consolation. Your invalid is asleep; let us sit here and talk awhile."

She led Graham to a garden-bench.

Graham showed some slight reluctance.

"Nay, nay, I insist; remember, I am Sister Superior. You must obey."

She put her arm round Graham's waist, and, with gentle force, compelled her to sit.

"You came to us from St. Bartholomew's?"

"I have tried to do my best," murmured Graham.

"My dear lady—"

"I'm only a paid nurse, Sister!" exclaimed Graham, in a tone of deprecation.

"Let me call you lady; I have long recognized your position in life."

"I have always worked as the others work."

"Far more," replied the Sister, earnestly; "never flinching when others flinched from menial and distressing work, never complaining when others grumbled at hardship and privation, helping by your example, animating by your zeal, insensibly commanding by your admirable tact—all these things revealed to me your true position in life—a lady. I said to myself, 'This woman works thus either in the mighty strength of love and sympathy for human suffering, or from bitterness of heart, which seeks oblivion of sorrows in labors of love. If it be the first motive, let me acknowledge the worth of your example to us all; if it be the last, let me try to afford you some of that comfort you have so freely given to others—to that poor sufferer yonder. Come, my dear lady, let this kiss, a woman's kiss of truest sympathy, open to me the power of consolation.'"

The Sister kissed Graham's lips with a full, fervent kiss.

"Bless you for that kiss!" said Graham, bursting into tears; and she sank on her knees at the Sister's feet.

"You are overwrought," said the Sister, raising her gently—"worn out with this long course of nursing. I mean to exercise my authority, and send you away for a time."

"No, no, Sister!" exclaimed Graham, with sudden energy; "I am quite well and strong—quite well; it was only your kindness which affected me."

"I've been to blame for letting you work so long in this hard manner. I think I can read," she continued, seriously, "the inner motive of your heart—'Let death come quickly, I don't care how soon.' It's not a right feeling; believe me, it's not right. Granted that a wrong, a great wrong—I don't seek to know its history—may have been done to you. Who knows but the heart of the wrong-doer may be touched at last? reparation may be made, happiness may yet be in store for you!"

"Never, Sister, never. Impossible!"

"All things are possible," replied the Sister, earnestly; "have faith, and, let me add, forgiveness also, which is God's greatest gift to man."

"Graham! Graham!" cried Colonel Murray, from the room.

Graham started up to go to the invalid.

"One moment," said the Sister, detaining her. "As soon as the colonel is ready, tell him that Dr. Sholto would like to see him."

"Dr. Sholto!" exclaimed Graham.

"The colonel's oldest friend," continued the Sister. "Why do you start?—he's just come over from the Pera hospital."

"If I started, it wasn't at that," replied Graham, striving to regain her self-possession. "I was thinking of what you were saying just now; perhaps you are right, perhaps I ought to have relief—rest for a short time."

"Graham, too much light! too much light!" cried the colonel, impatiently.

"I'm coming, colonel—coming!" and Graham hurried into the sick-room, and closed the curtains over the window.

"Yes, poor soul," said the Sister Superior, as she marked the anxiety of the nurse to minister to her patient's comfort. "Happiness is in store for you, though you believe it not. A minute more and I would have told you of this letter—it is almost time for the writer to be here."

She took a letter from her pocket, and looked over it; it was to this effect:

"MADAM: I have reason to believe that a lady in whom I am deeply interested is acting, under an assumed name, as a common nurse in the Scutari hospital. I do not know what her assumed name may be. I venture to request the favor of an interview with you on the subject. For reasons which I will not now explain, I desire to conceal my real name. I shall for the time assume the name of
LESLIE."

A nurse entered, and informed the Sister that a Mr. Leslie desired to see her.

"In my parlor!" she exclaimed. "Well, no matter, I'll see him here; it will save me a journey to the other end of the palace."

Mr. Leslie was introduced; the Sister rose to meet him. She saw at a glance that the stranger was a person of cultivated manners.

"Good-morning, sir. I have received your letter—pray be seated;" and she motioned him to a garden-chair, near the bench on which she sat. "Will you give me some description of the lady in whom you are interested?"

"Light, wavy hair," he answered, "bright, laughing eyes, sweet, fascinating smile, which pervades the whole countenance."

"There is no lady here, sir, that answers to that description."

"Indeed, madam!" he exclaimed, with surprise; "my information was very precise."

"No, sir; laughing eyes and smiles have no place here; we deal in stern things, which turn smiles and laughter into tears and sighs!"

"Strange I should be misinformed," he muttered.

"I will be plain with you, sir. What is the purpose of your coming here?"

"Reparation for a great wrong," he answered, in deliberate tone.

"A good purpose, sir."

"Reparation, I swear it; ample reparation. I have been a sad wretch; I deserted her—I—"

"I do not desire a confession," replied

the Sister. "Enough, if you assure me of your repentance."

"Again I swear it!" he exclaimed, in fervent manner; "reparation and repentance. I will not, for her sake, enter into the details of the sad matter."

"Again, sir, I have no desire to know them."

"Do you think this lady is here?" he asked, eagerly.

"There is a lady here," she answered—"a lady not with bright, laughing eyes and fascinating smile, but with eyes full of devotion and tenderness, and, if a smile at all, a smile of sympathy; a lady who is literally sacrificing her life for the sake of others—ever striving to alleviate suffering and sorrow, wearing out her life in this great service. Do you think this is the lady you seek?"

"No, madam, no," he answered, in a disappointed tone.

"Pardon me, I think it is," she continued, with quiet deliberation. "Come, sir, you know best, in the depths of your own conscience, whether you have inflicted upon this lady that bitterness of sorrow which causes a mean nature to grovel in despair, which forces a noble nature to forget despair in deeds of love and mercy."

"Alas, madam, I have wronged her deeply!"

"Can you assure me that you repent this wrong, whatever it may be?"

"I can, madam. I have traveled a long way for this purpose; I swear it—solemnly swear it!"

"Do it, sir, not swear it," she answered, with emphasis; "repentance by acts, not words. Well, I believe—I am not sure, but I believe, when a fitting time comes, I shall be able to restore to you a woman not with smiles and laughing eyes, but a woman schooled in the ways of noblest sorrow, worthy of the highest reverence. May you prove worthy of her!"

"Amen!" he answered, with fervor. "When may I see her?"

"When her duties permit. You must be good enough to wait patiently. Inquire for my private room—I will take you to see her at a fitting time."

"Bless you, madam!" he exclaimed, warmly, "for your goodness to her and to me. I have been a great sinner—I confess it to my shame—but, by Heaven's blessing, I swear—"

"Again, sir—deeds, not words. I have my duties to attend to; I wish you good-morning for the present."

He bowed and left her.

"That man's heart is touched," thought the Sister; "I don't think I can be deceived. Let's pray it may be so. Graham must be the woman he seeks; we have no other lady among the ordinary nurses. Poor soul! I trust there may still be happiness in store for her. I'm sure he seems sincere."

The Sister Superior was quite right; the man she had been conversing with did *seem* sincere; but Upton Travers had a wonderful capacity for *seeming*, and had thus been enabled to deceive many sharp men in the world, as well as women.

The curtains of Colonel Murray's room

were drawn aside, and the invalid was led on to the terrace, supported by two orderlies. Graham wheeled out an easy-chair for his use, into which he was duly enaconned, with all the comfort of soft pillows carefully arranged by his nurse.

"Good-morning, colonel. I hope you are better to-day," said the Sister Superior, in a pleasant voice.

"It's the Sister Superior, sir," whispered Graham in the blind man's ear.

"Good-morning, ma'am," replied the colonel, striving to assume a cheerful voice. "I'm better, I think—a little better—don't get all the sleep I ought. However, thanks to Bentley's sleeping-draught, I've had a fair night, thank God!"

"I hope you have all that you require?"

"Every thing, ma'am—every thing; and you've given me the best nurse in all the world. I'm afraid I'm wearing her out, though."

"Oh, no, colonel; indeed you're not," exclaimed Graham, earnestly.

"We invalids are selfish dogs, and that's the truth of it," replied the colonel. "You must send her away, ma'am; she wants rest, I'm sure she does."

"You're quite right, colonel," said the Sister; "we must take care of her, for she won't take care of herself.—Go and lie down, Graham; I'll remain with the colonel till Simpson comes."

"I'm not in the least tired, Sister; indeed I'm not."

"I insist upon it, Graham—I will be obeyed—go at once!"

"Right, ma'am—right," exclaimed the colonel, in a tone of humor.—"Now, then, Graham, right about face—march—to bed!"

Graham withdrew into the colonel's room, but lingered there on pretense of arranging the clothes and bed.

"A letter has come for you, late last night, colonel," said the Sister (taking a letter from her pocket). "Would you like me to read it? The address is written in a large, round hand—a child's hand, I think."

"Minnie's writing! I'm sure it is!" he exclaimed, with glee. "Do read it, ma'am—no, give it me first!" He took the letter eagerly from her hand, and kissed the envelope fervently. "Yes, yes! it is Minnie's writing; I can see that—I mean *feel* that," he added, with a sigh, and he gave the letter back to the Sister. "Read it, ma'am—do read it!" he exclaimed, impatiently; "it'll do me more good than all the doctor's stuff—read it, there's a dear lady!"

The Sister was about to comply with his anxious wish, when an orderly entered with a summons demanding her immediate presence in one of the wards.

"I'm afraid, colonel, I must run away. I'll come back as soon as possible.—Graham!" she exclaimed, catching sight of the nurse in the room, "as you're not gone, you must stay with the colonel till Simpson relieves you.—By-the-way, colonel, as you are so anxious to hear the letter at once, would you have any objection to Graham reading it to you? I am sure she is a person in whom you may place every confidence."

"Certainly—certainly!" exclaimed the

colonel, with feverish impatience; "let her read it—for God's sake, let some one read it! my one comfort—my only love!"

"The colonel wishes you to read this letter to him, Graham." The Sister gave the letter to the nurse, and withdrew, followed by the orderly.

Graham looked with tearful eyes at the envelope, and then pressed it to her lips.

"Now, Graham; come, Graham. Put a chair close to me. Sit down and read it, there's a good woman. It's a letter from my little girl—my only treasure. She's got no mother, poor dear! Begin, Graham."

"One moment, colonel!" Graham brushed the tears from her eyes, and, governing her voice as best she could, began to read the letter:

"DEAR PAPA: I hope you are a little better. I often think about you. I do so want to come and nurse you."

"Bless her! bless her!" said the colonel.

"I am very happy here—I'm so fond of the big doll you gave me."

"The biggest doll I could buy, Graham: blue eyes and golden hair—Minnie's eyes! Minnie's hair!"

"I put her to bed regularly every night, and on Saturday morning nurse let's me wash all her clothes."

"The young puss!" exclaimed the colonel, with a laugh. "A pretty mess of soap-suds, I'll warrant!"

"Still I should so like to be with you and mamma again."

"I told you she had no mother, Graham," said the colonel, in broken tones. "Pshaw! I dare say you've heard the real story. Her mother left me! left her child! You're a good woman, Graham—tried and true: you can understand the meaning of the words, 'left her child.' Go on."

"I wish you and dear mamma would come home, and then we should be all so happy together." Graham insensibly sank from the chair on to her knees.

"Poor child! wretched mother!" cried the colonel. "Go on, Graham."

"Do let mamma come and see me once more. Nurse says I shall never see her again—never, even in heaven, where I shall see dear grandpapa, and Aunt Mary—but not mamma." Graham clinched her hands over her mouth, and tried in vain to stifle her sobs.

"It's very painful," said the colonel, "the poor child's innocent prattle. You see, she was too young to be told the terrible truth; but she'll know it one day—know the story of her mother's sin—know why she can never see her mother again. Pray finish, Graham."

"O colonel, forgive me—I can't read any more, it's too painful!" She started convulsively to her feet. "What! never again—never again on this earth?" she asked, in painful tones.

"Never, Graham—never!"

"Never in heaven? But, if she repent—God bless this wretched woman!—if she repent?"

"Repent! vain, miserable, frivolous coquette!" replied the colonel, in a tone of bitter contempt.

She answered his hard words with vehement protest: her voice was raised to a painful pitch; her form dilated with agony and despair.

"But, I say, if she repent; if she casts away that sin; if she gives her life to God's service; to hard work for the sake of others; to labors of love and mercy; sacrificing her very life—What!" she cried, in a heart-rending shriek of anguish and despair. "Never in heaven—never in heaven!" Her voice produced a terrible effect on Colonel Murray; his countenance was flushed with rage. Weak as he was, he struggled to his feet.

"Graham!" he exclaimed, "where are you? Send her away! *that* woman! *that* wretch! Graham, I say, where are you?"

"Here, sir," she answered, terror-stricken at the effect of her words.

"Send her away, I tell you—send her away—not the pollution of her presence here—"

"There is no one here, sir; we are alone."

"I heard her voice, I tell you. I heard her voice!"

"No one has been here but myself."

"Not that accursed woman who was once my wife?"

"No, colonel, only Graham—your nurse; no one else has been here, I assure you."

"Good Heavens, is it possible!" he exclaimed in bewilderment. "Your voice, when you spoke just now, was *her* voice—her very voice. I'll swear to it."

"Perhaps, colonel, that letter recalled the past, and all its sorrow."

"Perhaps, perhaps," he answered, feebly; "but it's very strange, my mind is quite dazed. Oh, all this excitement is too much for me. I can't bear it. Graham, your arm!" She clasped her arm round him and tenderly helped him back to his old position. He felt the comfort of her assistance in his great weakness. "Graham," he murmured, in a faint voice, "you're a good woman, tried and true. Heaven has sent you to me in my sad affliction. If I ever recover and go back to England, you must be Minnie's nurse—Minnie's nurse—promise me," and he fell back in the heavy exhaustion of utter debility, with his head resting on her arm.

After a time she gently laid his head upon the pillow, and sank down on her knees at his side, covering her face with her hands.

"Vain, frivolous, miserable coquette," she murmured. "Never again on earth! never in heaven!" And while he slept she kept vigil with the remorse that gnawed her heart.

Dr. Bentley, the medical officer in charge of that section of the hospital, suddenly came upon her in going his rounds.

"What's the matter, Graham?" he inquired, seeing her on her knees.

"I was merely picking up this letter which I had dropped," she answered. "A letter from the colonel's little girl in England. The Sister desired me to read it to him, but it was almost more than he could bear."

"Dear, dear," said Dr. Bentley, with impatience, as he marked the colonel's exhausted condition. "This is very wrong; he ought to be kept perfectly quiet; you should have

stopped reading when you saw the letter affected him. A little discretion, my good woman—a little discretion; remember, violent agitation might be fatal at any moment."

"I'll be very careful, sir—very careful. It sha'n't occur again," she answered, with tears in her eyes.

"There, there, don't cry. I know you try to do your best. You can go now, and wait in the colonel's room. The colonel has a visitor." In obedience to the doctor's order, Graham retired to the colonel's room. Bentley waved his hand, and Sholto joined him.

"Here he is, poor fellow," said Bentley, "you see him at his worst; he's been upset most unfortunately through the nurse reading to him a letter from his little girl. It was more than he could bear."

"One never can trust these nurses," replied Sholto. "Perhaps I'd better come later."

"No, no, Sholto; it will do him good to see you when he wakes; besides, I want to know your opinion of the case—rest and peace of mind, it seems to me."

"O Bentley, there's no anodyne for that last want."

"You say the child's coming out?"

"Yes, with her aunt. I should think they'd be here shortly."

"That will be the best anodyne," observed Bentley. "I'll leave you with him. I must push on—alas! a new batch of wounded is expected to-day."

Sholto drew a garden-chair near the patient's bed, and watched his friend as he slept.

"Poor Frank," he murmured, "head on arm just as he used to sleep at school. How time flies! it seems only yesterday, the joy of the cricket-field, and all its triumphs; and now it's Scutari, and the Victoria Cross, and death. Not one bit altered, though—the same man all over; cold and repellent and tender-hearted as a boy; cold and repellent and tender-hearted as a man; a stone on the surface, a woman's heart beneath. Would *she* could see him now in his sore affliction! No; Paris for her, and the feverish revelry of the new empire."

"Margaret! Margaret!" cried the colonel, painfully, in his sleep, and presently he awoke. Graham started at his voice, and came to the window, but retired back on perceiving Sholto's presence.

"Hullo, old boy!" said Sholto, softly.

"Who is it?" inquired the colonel.

"It's Sholto—run across from Pera to see you;" and Sholto laid his hand on the colonel's.

"Thanks, old fellow, thanks; it's very good of you;" and the colonel grasped Sholto's hand as firmly as his strength permitted.

"How are you to-day?"

"So-so," replied the colonel, feebly.

"Getting on, hey?" said Sholto, cheerfully.

"Or getting off?"

"Yes, yes; getting off the doctor's hands. Egad! a good joke—bravo, Murray!"

"It does me good to hear the jolly old laugh, Sholto; but, at the best, I'm not much

of it. I've been wanting to see you very much."

"What is it, old fellow? What can I do for you?"

On pretense of mixing some lemonade, the ingredients for which were placed on a small table within earshot of the colonel's chair, Graham made excuse to draw near the speakers. She advanced with anxious effort to catch the words they spoke.

"Sholto," said the colonel, feebly, "you once said you would do any thing for me I wanted."

"I did," replied Sholto, heartily, "the day we left Harrow, and I'll do it, by God!"

"I knew you would, old friend; it's nothing for me—but Minnie. I've been a fool, Sholto—trusted a lot of speculative scoundrels; I've been hard hit; and then the cost of that accursed divorce-bill; there'll be next to nothing for Minnie when I die."

"As bad as that, old boy?" exclaimed Sholto, with sympathy.

"Only too true—too true," murmured the invalid, sadly.

"Come, old fellow," said Sholto, warmly, after a minute's thought, "take heart. I've only one child of my own—Minnie's age—Minnie shall be my girl. I'll look after her, my word for it," and he grasped the colonel's hand.

"God bless you, Sholto! The old, true grip; the old, true heart."

"From this day forth, Murray," said Sholto, solemnly, "Minnie's my daughter as well as yours. Keep your mind at rest on that point. Any thing else, old fellow?"

"No, no," answered the invalid, in evasive tone. "Nothing, nothing."

"Come, come, there is something. I'm sure there is; be frank with me, Murray."

"It's nothing but some stupid fancy in my head. I suppose it comes from taking these opiates. Sholto, I could have sworn that that woman had been here just now."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Sholto, with surprise.

"That woman—here, in my very presence—or else it is that Graham's voice, the nurse, sounds exactly like her."

"The nurse's voice! Bless the man!" said Sholto, with a laugh.

"The same tone, I'll swear," continued the colonel, with increased vehemence. "For God's sake, Sholto, don't let there be any mistake about this; it would kill me."

"My dear old boy, pooh!—nonsense—absurd!"

"But the voice!" reiterated the colonel; "my ears could not be deceived. O Sholto, the bare thought of that woman being here utterly upsets me."

Striving to listen with painful effort, Graham insensibly stole still closer to the colonel's chair.

Sholto marked with alarm the intense excitement of the patient, and he felt it was necessary to put an immediate end to the painful doubt.

"I can't answer for similarity of voices," he replied, in serious tone; "but let us have no mistake about this matter, Murray. Your suspicion is utterly unfounded. I tell you

with extreme pain, but I tell you on the best authority, that at this very time that wretched woman who was once your wife is leading an abandoned life in Paris."

At these words Graham involuntarily struggled forward, and, stifling speech in a suppressed groan, gazed with agonized expression in Dr. Sholto's face. He started when he saw her, but immediately regained his self-possession; he fixed his eyes with stern expression upon hers.

"I repeat, colonel," said he, in deliberate voice, "that at this very time that wretched woman is leading an abandoned life in Paris."

"Thank God, she isn't here!" exclaimed the colonel, with intense relief.

Graham sank down beneath the doctor's terrible gaze, and swooned at his feet.

The Sister Superior entered at that very moment, followed at some distance by the *soi-disant* Mr. Leslie. Dr. Sholto went up to the Sister, and, pointing to the fainting woman, whispered in her ear:

"That nurse is utterly exhausted by hard work; she must leave this hospital at once."

HIGH-FLYING AND ITS DANGERS.

THE recent occurrences which have illustrated anew the need of great caution in balloon-ascentions are useful also in emphasizing the dangers of high-flying in general. It isn't necessary for a person to attach himself to a bag of hydrogen gas to get so far above the solid earth as to be unable to exercise the self-control which is essential to the proper management of one's own affairs or those of others. "The high-flier," says Swift, "is one who carries his opinions to extravagance," and it is plain enough that this may be done by various methods of inflation and mismanagement. Using old gas and a worn-out balloon seems to have contributed to the fall of Donaldson. In the majority of accidents from high-flying, it is not so much the mere elevation reached as the too careless and hasty mode of ascent and descent that does the mischief. The French *aéronaute* who lately died from suffocation in the Zenith balloon did not merely fail in getting so high up as they expected, but, by their own lack of self-control, prevented themselves from accomplishing the work to which their lives were devoted. M. Gaston Tissandier, the survivor of the unfortunate expedition, attributes the act of his associate Sivel in throwing out the ballast at an immense altitude to the "vertigo of high regions." This overpowers the judgment of the victim, and makes him eager to go up higher without any regard to the precautions necessary to safe ascents. M. Tissandier rightly concludes that "he who is not able to restrain himself is not fitted to be an *aéronaute* in high regions." When we remember that the Zenith balloon only reached an elevation of about twenty-five thousand feet, less by twelve thousand feet than the height attained by Glaisher and Corwell in their famous ascent in 1862, it is all the more to be regretted that its progress upward should not

have been so moderated as to be consistent with safety.

When Lord Ellenborough told a lawyer who was attempting some ambitious rhetorical flights, "You incur danger by sailing in high sentimental latitudes," he doubtless had in mind a good many instances of professional shipwrecks in such courses. The idea was lately expressed in a different vein of humor by an Alabama judge, who interrupted a soaring young orator with, "Hold on, hold on, my dear sir! Don't you go any higher: you are already out of the jurisdiction of this court." Perhaps, in this particular case, the counsel might have truthfully retorted on the court that it didn't take much of an intellectual effort to get beyond its comprehension, and have suggested that a prudent enlargement of jurisdiction would be desirable if it were possible; but the advice from the bench is more than likely to have been sound, notwithstanding.

It is clear enough that "the vertigo of high regions" which, in the opinion of M. Tissandier, caused his associate Sivel to throw out ballast recklessly in order to rush up more rapidly, has its counterpart in the conduct of men and women in every-day life. And the principal trouble is that those persons who have the least ballast in the way of intelligence or judgment are the most ready to rid themselves of the little they have. Like the misguided balloonist, they throw over the very things which are absolutely necessary to enable them either to go up or to come down with safety. "Excelsior" is doubtless an excellent motto, but I have sometimes thought that Mr. Longfellow's beautiful poem has been the means of making ambitious and ill-balanced mediocrity climb too high either for comfort or safety. That young traveler of his only found a grave on the snowy height to which he carried that banner with the strange device. Wasn't the youth a trifle reckless and foolhardy to disregard the warning voice of the old man about the dangers of the pass at such a time? To resist the appeal of the maiden, even at the cost of a tear, might be considered a creditable example of anti-sentimentalism; but to brave the perils emphasized by the matter-of-fact peasant showed a rashness which may be pretty poetry, but was assuredly bad management for the young man.

There is, no doubt, truth in Daniel Webster's well-known saying that "there is room enough up-stairs." It is full of encouragement to all who are able and willing to climb as near as they can to the legal eminence on which Webster stood. But such an eminence implies great toil and great fatigue, and many aspirants for forensic distinction whom these words would encourage, are deluded by the idea that they can reach it in their rhetorical balloons. It is only after repeated failures in high-flying, after their gas-bags have burst in the upper air, or come down with very dangerous rapidity to the ground, that they realize the importance of at least having proper ballast and prudent management in their aerial craft. Mr. Glaisher, the eminent *aéronaute*, has pointed out the contrast between the conditions of success in climbing a high mountain and of reaching

the same elevation in a balloon in a way which may serve to illustrate the dangers of high-flying in general. The very ease with which the balloonist soars upward is apt to make him careless of the precautions which are necessary for human safety at a great height. He does not always sufficiently consider whether he has physical strength enough to endure the strain upon the vital powers in a highly-rarefied atmosphere, and starts off without attempting to put himself in the best possible condition for his upward flight. In an hour he mounts as high as the Alpine traveler gets after two days of continuous toil, which thoroughly tests his powers of endurance. It is only persons of exceptional strength and activity who reach the summit of Mont Blanc, and the many who fail soon learn their deficiencies as mountaineers, and are obliged to acknowledge them by going down instead of up.

Is there not something parallel to these experiences in mountaineering and ballooning in the occurrences of every-day life? How many people there are who will not take the trouble to climb the heights of social or professional eminence, but insist upon trusting to their gas-bags! Some of them, to be sure, get pretty well up in the world, but they are apt to become giddy, to have what aeronauts call "the vertigo of high regions," to be suffocated with success, and end by being ignominiously wrecked. Too many of them, alas! fall like Lucifer, never to rise again, even if they survive the dangers of a single ascent or descent. Was there not something besides mere satire in what seems the cruel remark of the English wit, who, on seeing a carpenter tumble through an ill-constructed scaffolding, said that he liked to see a man go through his work promptly? Is there not a retributive justice in having the reckless builder wrecked by his own scaffolding, the blundering engineer hoist by his own petard, in order that others may be warned of the dangers of an aspiring incompetence, whose rise is the sure prelude to its ruin? Examples of failure in ill-advised attempts at high-flying are peculiar to no class or profession. Robert Hall hit off the follies of too ambitious sermonizers when he told the young minister who longed for the great preacher's praise of his discourse that there was one fine passage—"your passage from the pulpit to the vestry." Hardly less severe was the way in which Curran raised the hopes of a political writer by saying, "I saw an excellent thing in your pamphlet," only to dash them by replying to the inquiry, "And what was that?" "A penny bun, my friend!" What a scathing rebuke to a corrupt politician who gloried in his infamy was the comparison made of him by Thurlow to a chimney-sweep, who, having climbed by dark and crooked ways to eminence, cries aloud to the world to witness his dirty elevation!

There is something melancholy in the fact that no amount of expostulation or argument will avail to keep some people from risking every thing they have in high-flying ventures. The experience of others will be vainly cited to persons who are for the time so far controlled by an ill-regulated ambition as to be

unable or unwilling to recognize the need of special skill and training for reaching the heights of worldly success, or of maintaining their equilibrium when they get there. "Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps," and the same intellectual weakness or want of balance which makes a person undertake a task for which he is unfitted, disqualifies him for profiting by any temporary success which he may happen to attain. In fact, this very success is apt to hasten his downfall by wholly unsettling his judgment and leading him on to greater recklessness.

The experience of most persons who have made fortunes or reputations suddenly by a single lucky hit, instead of by long, and laborious, and intelligent exertion, attests the justice of this view. The great railway kings, as they are sometimes called, the monarchs of speculation on the stock-exchange, usually die poor. This was shown not long ago by reference to numerous cases in this country confirming the conclusion drawn from the career of Hudson and other great operators in England. "It takes," said shrewd old Nathan Rothschild, "a good deal of wit to make money, but infinitely more to keep it." Men like Rothschild, and the Barings, and Vanderbilt, are something more than speculators in the securities in which they deal; and the ample knowledge which they possess of the intrinsic value of their property distinguishes their operations from the gambling ventures of mere stock-jobbers, no matter how extensive.

It is curious to see at how early a period in human history the passion for high-flying was developed, and how the merely physical aspects of it were only one phase of the ambition to soar. Is not the myth of Dædalus and his son Icarus a most felicitous illustration of the way in which such undertakings originate, and some of the participants in them come to grief? They sought to escape from the anger of Minos as so many people try to escape from the unpleasant surroundings for which they are themselves so largely responsible. Those wings which Dædalus made were ingenious contrivances, no doubt, and enabled him to arrive successfully at Cumæ. He knew the dangers of high-flying, and kept within prudent distance of the earth; but his less discreet son Icarus flew so near the sun that the wax which fastened his wings to his body melted, and brought him down, not to the earth, to be sure, but to what was nevertheless a damper of his hopes and extinguisher of his life—the sea. The youth had been warned by his father of the danger of high-flying, but to no purpose. Judged by recent occurrences, the young fellow, overcome by "the vertigo of high regions," had that morbid and uncontrollable impulse to go higher to which M. Tissandier attributes the fate of his associates in the Zenith balloon. Whether we regard the story from the view of Pælagus as meaning the invention of sails, or look upon it in the less practical aspect suggested by Lucian as a case of intellectual high-flying, matters little as to the lesson to be derived from it. The reckless sailor, whether in air or water, runs a similar risk as the young Icarus, who, on Lucian's showing, learned astrology from his father, but,

not having the master's skill and knowledge, "soared above plain truths into transcendental mysteries, lost his reason, and was drowned in the abyss of difficulties." In any aspect of the affair, it illustrates the dangers of high-flying, whether incurred through congenital weakness, lack of proper parental education or supervision, or the headstrong folly of youth, which of itself must have some antecedents in a defective training, whether by individuals or society, to account for it.

A very curious feature of high-flying ventures is the way in which persons of marked ability are sometimes led into them, although the goal of their ambition is in an opposite direction from that where they have achieved reputation and success. The laurels of Miltiades keep awake youths whose capacities are any thing but warlike. Frederick the Great, on the other hand, thought more of his execrable verses than of his splendid victories, and Richelieu was eager to be esteemed a poet, notwithstanding his preëminence in statesmanship.

The painter of those familiar scenes in the humble life of his countrymen, whose fidelity and skill have earned for him the title of the English Teniers, was unwise enough to conceive these subjects to be unworthy of his powers, and attempted to achieve fame in another branch of art. Dazzled by the success of Sir Thomas Lawrence as a portrait-painter, Wilkie sought to compete with that fashionable but overrated artist. He failed, as he deserved to fail, for leaving a field to which his genius was peculiarly adapted for a department foreign to the bent of his powers and the habits of his life.

As a general rule, in high-flying ventures, whether in real or ideal balloons, it is the coming down that is the most dangerous part of the business. In ascending, every thing is attractive up to that height at which a descent is rendered necessary by the impossibility of keeping human nature in equilibrium in the thin atmosphere. The insufficiency of pressure from the outer air, which at great elevations is not enough to counteract the distention of the liquids or fluids in the aeronaut's body, is paralleled, in the case of the high-flier in every-day life, by the absence of that common-sense the presence of which is so necessary to keep human beings from soaring to too giddy heights or to preserve their strength and vitality when they get there. Of course, there is reason for risking something in these upward flights, but only when the value of the object to be attained is commensurate with the danger incurred; if the interests of science or of humanity demand the venture, the lives, reputations, or fortunes of individuals should not be regarded as of paramount importance. Yet even in such cases the danger should be lessened by every precaution which knowledge, and skill, and training, can suggest. Experience shows that it is only when daring degenerates into foolhardiness that serious accidents are likely to occur. High-fliers in every-day life are like Pilatre des Roziers, who had a *montgolfière*, or a balloon filled with hot air from a fire, suspended underneath the balloon filled with hydrogen gas in which he made his final and fatal ascent. He knew, as Professor

Charles, a distinguished brother *aéronaut*, told him, the danger of thus putting fire beside powder, but this did not prevent him from taking his life in his hands. How many people there are who, like *Roxiers*, carry with them the fire that destroys their fortunes, or, like *Icarus*, fly so near the sun of their hopes that the wax which fastens their wings melts, and brings them to speedy ruin! It seems delightful, of course, to soar away above the earth, and doubtless the thought of rising so high as to make other people and their concerns dwindle in the distance has much to do with the desire which prompts so many high-flying ventures. To lighten one's airy craft by precipitating the sand-bag of criticism or satire upon those below, is not the least part of the satisfaction which many persons take in getting up in the world. This was just the feeling which M. Godard, the companion of the distinguished *aéronaut* Flammarion, had when he emptied out a bag of ballast upon two French police agents who demanded his passports, begging the *gendarmes*, as he did so, to come up and verify them. "The two police agents, as they continued their journey," naively remarks M. Flammarion, "doubtless meditated upon the modifications that would have to be introduced into the institution of the mounted police force as *aërial* navigation comes more into vogue."

It is to be hoped that these ascents in the upper air will some time or other be turned to better account than they have been thus far. There is a sad significance in the fact that the *aéronaut* who was so confident of his ability to cross the Atlantic in a balloon lost his life in one of our own lakes, through the neglect of the precautions which his own experience naturally suggested. Another experienced American *aéronaut*, Professor Wise, anticipated Donaldson in his idea of the feasibility of an *aërial* voyage to Europe, but, as neither Congress nor the capitalists appealed to were willing to advance the necessary funds, the professor escaped the watery danger that proved fatal to Donaldson, and died peacefully in his bed. It may not be generally known that Wise gravely proposed to capture the castle of Vera Cruz, during our war with Mexico, by means of a balloon loaded with bombs, which were to be showered upon the fortress at the distance of a mile above it! Mr. Marcy, then Secretary of War, did not favor the project. The experience of the Franco-German and our own Civil War has not demonstrated the efficiency of balloons for offensive purposes—their utility being limited to observation of an enemy's position, and the communication of intelligence. It is well that Professor Wise was not enabled to risk his life in this attempt. And there are many high-fliers whose salvation from disaster in the upper air of speculation is due to a wholesome lack of assistance from those who are able to aid their perilous schemes. There is, of course, no good reason to believe that, short of the millennium, there will be an end to reckless attempts at rising above the limits of individual capacity or endurance, but it is not too much to hope that the progress of education will reduce these evils to a minimum by throwing a clearer light on high-flying and its dangers.

THREE WEEKS OF SAVAGE LIFE.

I WAS not altogether pleased at first when mine host, Mr. Leonidas Berkely, proposed to drop me off his schooner, or rather his sail-boat, into the canoe of Tommy the Indian. True, I had agreed to this long beforehand, requested it as a favor, in fact; but then Tommy looked a good heavy shade more repulsive in person than I had anticipated, and, as to his canoe, it was the frailest, crankiest-looking thing I had ever seen.

Imagine a great, square-shouldered, half-nude savage, whose features betokened stolidity, cruelty, cunning, and dishonesty, if nothing worse, standing in the middle of a little slim shell of a canoe, the thin gunwales of which were already nearly on a line with the water-surface; then think of a pretty stiff wind blowing and white-caps running glibly, and connect all with the idea of stepping off a stanch sail-craft plump into the canoe alongside of the Indian, knowing that from that moment you would not see a white man for a week at the very least! I felt my flesh make a movement as if preliminary to disintegration, and for a moment I was not wholly myself. In fact, my first impulse was to utterly refuse to trust my precious body to the mercy of wind and wave and all the sharks in San Lucie Sound.

Berkely no doubt discovered my trepidation, for he at once began to bustle about the miniature half-deck and to hurry up the necessary preparations for translating me with bag and baggage into the canoe. I saw at once that I was really in for it. I could not back out if I would, so I went to wrestling mightily with my nerves. I set my teeth like a vice as I took hold of the rope and swung over the boat's side. Instantly two strong hands grasped my legs and guided them into the bottom of the canoe. I would have fallen out into the water immediately if I had not squatted down in the bow. The foam leaped all round the gunwales, the canoe danced like a roasting pea. Down came my long, lance-wood bow and my bundle of arrows, and were stowed beside me. Then my huge provision-box was lowered and set across the middle of the canoe, its ends lapping far over the gunwales. Then "Good-by, old fellow! wish you big luck!" came from above, and, before I could get my mouth ready to return the salute, I felt the frail, leathery bark affair under me leap like a rabbit, and casting back a glance I saw the "schooner" of Mr. Berkely going away from me like a phantom.

How that Indian could handle a paddle! We fairly whistled through wind and water. My nerve came back to me at once. The canoe couldn't possibly sink or turn over. It was a charmed thing. It was sentient—endowed with instinct! I drew in a long breath and sat bolt upright, letting my eyes wander over the creaming waves to the limit of vision in the direction of our flight. The wind was boisterously musical, and the green salt water was in a high glee. Away before us a slender crescent of sand lay between

the surf-line and a low shore-bank, set with clumps of slender palmettoes, and fringed with coarse, rush-like grass. The sun was low and we were running right in his face, so that as I looked over my shoulder his light shot into my eyes with blinding effect. Soon, however, we dipped through the margin of shadow as if we had found those shore-lines one sees on maps, when all at once a sense of delicious coolness and misty dampness, like that which hovers about a water-fall, crept over me. The salt air had never before smelled so sweet. A flight of white-winged plovers overhead let fall upon us a silken rustle of plumage. One extreme follows another. I suddenly became as bold as I had lately been timid. I actually turned round so as to sit facing our course. To be sure, I accomplished the feat by a series of gingerly moves, but, when I once got round, what exquisite, what charming sights I saw! We flew into the mouth of the crescent, and lo! a creek opened, as if by magic, into which the canoe waltzed like a Frenchman, after which the white-caps disappeared, leaving us upon a tranquil surface, over which our little vessel slid like a new moon down a June sky. Points of marsh-land, heavily overgrown with rushes, struck out at us, but the creek interposed its silvery hand, and as we glided on we heard the low swash of the lazy tide in the miniature inlets. Presently a swell of hummock-ground, with a cincture of dusky palmettoes and dotted with pines—a very garden of the South—rose up before us. The paddle-strokes grew slower, gentler, and then, just as a breath of flower-perfume gave us a hint of wild-blooms, with a little jarring of the canoe and a short jerk, we touched shore on a keen blade of sand sheathed in the bosom of the creek.

"Git out, ugh!" was the word of command from Tommy.

I obeyed, but, in doing so, awkwardly pressed back upon the vessel's prow, and sent it skating away from the bank, whereupon I fell flat upon my face in the sand. Tommy made a wry mouth, a sort of hideous smile, as he paddled in again.

"Ugh! dam scare!" he remarked, as he picked up my provision-box and lugged it ashore.

I made no reply, but busied myself with taking care of my bow and arrows, which Tommy scorned to touch, he, no doubt, looking upon my London-made weapon with much the same sort of contempt that backwoods-men used to have for "new-fangled" rifles.

We dragged the canoe ashore, and, under the muscular guidance of Tommy, I was soon at home, bag and baggage, in the Indian's hunting-lodge, which stood on the highest swell of the hummock. Berkely had given me some instructions; therefore the first thing I did was to present Tommy a huge new pipe and a pound of tobacco. He took the gift in silence, but I saw I had won him. His face softened, and he wagged his head pleasantly.

We filled our pipes then, and, lighting them just as the sun touched the horizon, sat down in front of the palmetto-thatched hut facing the sound, with the sweet wind singing in the pines overhead, and smoked like two

small volcanoes. We smoked and smoked in silence, watching the myriad waves leap and wrestle and tumble round the low-lying bars and marsh-fringed islets beyond the mouth of the creek, till the twilight died and the stars came out and hung in the sky like great fruit-clusters, ready to fall into the dusky liquid depths of the sea. Then we went to bed, and I slept through the delightful December night without a break in my rest.

When I awoke it was gray dawn. Tommy was already up and gone, leaving behind him the fragrance of tobacco-smoke. I drew on such clothes as I thought the state of society demanded, and ran down to the water's edge to bathe my hands and face. The merest breath of wind was abroad, and so still was every thing that the boom of the sea was distinctly audible. To breathe was to become intoxicated with delight. Long and lovingly I dabbled in the cool salt-water, absorbing its healthful essence through every pore.

Suddenly I became aware of the presence of a companion, a beautiful, slender, tawny animal, skulking under the fringe of rushes on the other margin of the slim finger of water. It did not seem to see me. I withdrew from my bathing-place, and went to get my bow and arrows. When half-way to the lodge I heard a sharp, angry cry, half growl, half scream, that started the blood in my veins with painful suddenness. I ran and snatched my bow, strung it, seized a handful of arrows, and hurried cautiously back to my bathing-place. The animal was still there, but it was now standing on its hind-feet, making its fore-paws play about its head, which was covered with blood and foam. I drew a steel-pointed shaft full to the bracing, and let drive. It struck the thing in the breast, and passed in to the very feather. A lunge, and a plunge, and a splash, and here came the agonized animal, over and over through the water, growling and howling terribly.

Whiz! thwack! An arrow from a point higher up the creek struck it in the head and settled it. A few struggles, and it lay floating near the hither edge of the water. When I walked down a little nearer, I saw four arrows in the cat, instead of two; and, with a grunt of satisfaction, Tommy joined me. He held in his hand a stubby bow, a foot and a half shorter than mine, and almost twice as thick. He had a quiver of short arrows at his back. Instead of paying attention to the dead animal, Tommy put his hand fondly on my bow and said:

"Ugh! dam good! ugh! shoot hard!"

According to instructions from Berkely, I returned this compliment by some very fulsome flattery of Tommy's admirable weapons and his skill in their use. Then we hauled the dead cat to land, and over its body we silently welded our new-born friendship, and henceforth our mutual confidence was firmly established. For the first time in my life I had found a true archer-companion, one who could rightly appreciate me and my love of the long-bow and arrows. This savage sportsman at my side was in an instant dearer to me than all the enlightened men who had ever laughed at what they were pleased to call my "medieval crotchets," my "mild insanity for

a useless weapon of antiquity." And Tommy, too, was an Ishmaelite on account of the long-bow. He had come out of the Everglades because his companions had, as he expressed it, "got rifle too dam much. Ugh! bang! bang! Scare all deer, turkey, crane, bear, clear off—ugh!" O noble red philosopher! your words went to the thirsty places of my being! They were sweeter than flute-notes heard from afar!

We skinned the cat—not gymnastically, but literally—and, after a thorough bath and a short bout up the creek to look for tracks, we took breakfast in the open air—such a breakfast as Tommy's jaws never before had closed over.

Think of a wild Indian eating jelly-cake and canned fruit, to say nothing of chow-chow and sardines, along with the broiled meat and crackers! Berkely had laughed at me when he saw me stuffing my box with these things, procured at no trifling expense at the Indian River settlement above his place; but, if he had seen Tommy consuming that jelly, he would have awarded me high honors as a caterer for a savage hotel. The red-man smacked his lips delightedly, and, when at last he was filled, he drew a long breath, and grunted after the manner of a bassoon. As for me, I enjoyed seeing him eat. He displayed a satisfaction utterly child-like.

Over against the wide door of our house a half-dozen palmetto-trees were fancifully grouped together, forming a charming arbor, their great fans lapping across from top to top. Their gracefully rough stems, penned in five or six feet high with the bone-like middle of their fallen leaves, gave them a weird, skeleton look, but under them a kind of wire-grass made a most inviting carpet. Here we went for a smoke, and to mature some plans for the future. Tommy began to be more sociable and communicative, giving me a rough outline of the surrounding country the while he mended the feathers of some of his very elaborately-finished arrows.

Of course, after the morning's adventure, I expected to see a tiger-cat everywhere, and was surprised to learn that the one just killed was the first Tommy had seen for months. He had heard it prowling around in the night, and had got up early to look for it. Deer, too, were very scarce, he said, but turkeys and wild-fowl were plentiful and near at hand. I drew from him, by degrees, his theory of archery, which was summed up about thus:

"Any stick do for bow—good arrow dam heap work—ugh!"

On close examination I found his bow to be the stem of a small sapling split in halves, with very little finish; but his arrows were a wonder of exact work, and feathered on the true scientific principle. I could not bend his bow in the slightest, and, when he had strung it, it would have taken the balls of my fingers off to have drawn an arrow to the head on it, yet his great horny hands used it without any trouble, sending an arrow of his make farther than I could, with my bow, shoot the best-footed Highfield target-shaft! My hickory hunting-arrows, made at great expense by a cunning carpenter, and pointed

by a smith of approved skill, were appreciably less nicely adjusted than his. You could easily discover the difference, watching their flight through a long shot over open ground. Here was a triumph of savage cunning over enlightened science and art!

What a fortnight followed my introduction to Tommy! It was a short, deep draught of the kind of life I had so often dreamed of and longed for. I became a savage of the purest type. In less than three days I could paddle a canoe second only to Tommy himself, and at the end of a week I knew a long list of Indian hunting-tricks, and had become a third better shot than when I landed at the hummock. What days spent coasting about the fringes of the inlets for wild-fowl, or stalking the thickets and savannas for turkey! When I think of it now I can hear the short, dull "flap" of Tommy's bow, and the shrill hiss of his deadly arrow, ending with a peculiar "chuck" as it puffed the feathers from a duck, or struck a turkey through and through; and I live those days over again.

From the first, I recognized Tommy as my master in the noble science and art of archery, and I labored hard to win his approbation by some achievement worthy his notice. At last I accomplished this. He had a broad-feathered arrow, that he had named "Floo-hoo," on account of a peculiar roaring sound it made in its flight. You could hear it two hundred yards. Once he shot this arrow at a plover standing on a point of sand. It went roaring close above the bird's back, making it settle low down, as if struck at by a hawk or frightened out of its wits. I was at Tommy's side when he shot. The bird was a good hundred yards away. He did not miss it five inches. Now was my time, and I settled myself to my work. Selecting a light, slim-feathered shaft, I planted my feet firmly, measured the distance with my eyes, drew to my ear, and let go. It was a glorious shot. The arrow went like a ray of light, noiselessly, unwaveringly right to the mark, striking the bird in the craw, and killing it on the spot. I leaned on my bow as gracefully as I could, while Tommy gave me my meed of praise. He patted me on the back, and wagged his head significantly; he grunted in various keys, and finally wound up with—

"Beat—ugh! good! nice! dam!"

On one of the sweetest days that ever blessed a semitropic country we drifted in our little canoe out of the creek's mouth, and shot off among the wilderness of islands, beyond which the ocean kept up its eternal booming on the reefs. I let Tommy do the paddling, while I, pretending to keep on the lookout for wild-fowl, lay almost at full length, gazing over the gunwale, enjoying the delicious sail.

The water was as smooth as glass, and the tireless arm of my stalwart comrade sent the light vessel along like a swallow skimming the surface, with scarcely a ripple in the wake. It was while I lay thus that Tommy gave the finest exhibition of archery I ever saw—the finest, probably, ever seen by any one. An albino fish-hawk, almost snow-white, came drifting over us, high up in the calm reaches of mellow sunshine. Tommy let fall his paddle on the bottom of the ca-

noe, and seized his bow and an arrow. He stood upright, his half-nude body swaying to the motion of the boat. For a moment he steadied himself; then, fixing his keen eyes on the bird, he drew with such power that the great muscles on his dark arms writhed into big kinks, and the tough timber of the bow seemed strained ready to break. When he let go, the arrow fairly screamed through the air. I could not follow its flight, but I saw a puff of snowy feathers as the hawk whirled over, and came slowly tumbling down, impaled on the shaft!

That night we slept on a mere tuft of an island, in full view of the open ocean, and had the bad luck to be caught in an awful gale, which flung the spume of the hungry white-caps to the highest point we could find, coming very nearly washing our boat away in spite of us. The worst was over, however, in less than three hours, and then what a sweet sleep I had on the cool sand, washed as clean as any sheet by the ebb and flow of the water in the pulse of the storm! I remember that when I awoke the sun was above the eastern limit of the ocean-plain, and Tommy was sitting close down by the surf-line, smoking his pipe, and looking not unlike a giant bull-frog. Far away I saw a white sail. Some ship had been driven out of its course by the storm. In a short time it had dipped below the horizon.

When we returned to our lodge, lo! it was gone on the wings of the storm, blown entirely away. No great loss, however, for Tommy erected a new one, larger and better, in less than two hours. For the remainder of the day we lounged on the stiff wire-grass, smoking and dreaming our dreams with a heaven blue as turquoise above us, and the wind, like a cool stream, washing us from head to foot. I had adopted, in the main, Tommy's fashion of dress, and with it I had received a new insight into freedom. Savage liberty is indeed something for poets to be fond of. There is no other liberty. Free limbs give free thought. A fashionable coat knocks all the poetry out of the soul—a pair of patent-leather boots can ruin a deal of philosophy. Let in the wind and sun to your skin, and you will absorb and assimilate the very essence of healthful Nature, after which it will well from your heart in song as true and grand as that of the sea.

Several miles back on the main-land west of our lodge was one of those coffee-colored lakes so common in Southern Florida. It was a tranquil, wood-locked sheet, reflecting in its brown depths the magnolia and bay-trees that fringed its margin. We reached it by infinite labor, poling our canoe up a narrow, crooked, Styx-like stream, which every here and there was choked up with rushes and giant aquatic weeds, many of them flaunting variously-tinted flowers. The lake was called by Tommy "Crane-crane," on account of the numbers of cranes and herons that haunted it. We camped near it for several days, enjoying some delightful sport with the long-legged, stately-stepping birds.

Tommy and I took turns about paddling the canoe round the edge of the pond, while the other lay in wait for the wary victims. I

killed a beautiful white heron on the wing, no doubt an accidental shot; but Tommy, who witnessed the performance, praised me roundly, nevertheless. Our leading adventure, however, was with a huge alligator, which came near ending me most ignobly by a twirl of its tail. We had headed the big fellow off from the marsh he was making for. He seemed stupid and slow, as if something had but half aroused him from his winter torpor. An arrow or two that bounded from his flinty hide served to somewhat enliven him. He raised his head and gaped at us. Simultaneously Tommy and I let him swallow a couple of broad-headed arrows. What contortions! He came tumbling toward me, and in my hurry to avoid him I tripped on a bunch of saw-palmetto, and fell full-length on the ground. The next moment the giant saurian's caudal weapon just grazed my body, a blow that would have bowled over an ox! He escaped very easily, plunging into the mud-slush of the marsh. This was as much alligator-fun as I could stand.

Day by day the fascination of savage life wound its silver snare-threads closer and tighter upon me. Its sweetest part was the idling time at noon and night, when, stretched under the pavilion of a palmetto-tree, or lying on the white sand of the beach, I felt time drift by me, like a fragrant tide, every moment a bubble, and every hour a warm, foamy wave of quiet joy. Sometimes, too, while floating at the will of the tide in Tommy's little canoe, a breath would fall upon me, as if fresh from God's lips, and I would suddenly become, in truth, a living soul. To and fro—to and fro, the little cradle swayed, rocked by the shining finger of the sea, lulling me to sleep, with the wind above and the water below me. How refreshing and yet how quieting those

"*Infinis bercements du loisir embaumé!*"

No man with a soul can resist them—no man who has once tasted their unique effect can forget it ever. The other extreme of savage life is the wild joy of the chase, the whirl of the arrow—the hard, successful shot, the struggle with danger "by field and flood." Then the camp-fire, the deep, sweet sleep and the healthful awakening, the play of strong muscles and taut sinews—ah, what all does enter into it! Running from one limit of this life to the other is the essence of rugged, utter freedom—the freedom of nakedness, if you like; the freedom to run, and leap, and yell; to lie down when you list, and get up when you please; to eat freely and drink copiously; to smoke good tobacco without seeing elevated noses and hearing polite imprecations; to meet Nature face to face, and put your hand familiarly against her cheek, and talk to her as if to an equal—all this I did with a gusto, and found it all good.

But I must hasten with my rambling story. If I stop to reflect, I shall never know where to end. We went from one bright place to another—out of one charming excitement into another.

Our next trip was down the coast to shoot curlews and marsh-hens on a reach of strong rush-marsh hemmed with a beach of sand whereon ran innumerable birds whose names

I did not know, a sort of stilt, I should say. They could dodge an arrow with surprising ease. We dwelt on a tussock of this marsh for a week, shooting till our limbs ached, then resting and smoking to surfeit, bothered very little with insects, intensely happy, and careless of the morrow. We bathed in shoal water, rolling and tumbling in the freedom of nakedness, just out of the reach of great sharks that now and then lifted a sword-like fin above the green surface of the sea, swimming round and round, sniffing the fragrance of our clean flesh, no doubt, and longing to munch us. Ah, what a lover salt seawater is! It embraces one all over, and thrills him through a thousand nerves to his remotest marrow. If there were no sharks I should be delighted to undertake to swim from the Florida coast to the Queen of the Antilles!

But all things have an end, and betimes my savage life drew near its close. I started with a feeling of sudden pain and sorrow—a sort of sore sinking at heart, when, one night, sitting out by the water under the great red stars, I happened to count the days I had been with Tommy. Seventeen days! Three or four more, and then farewell! Tommy was lying near me, smoking away as peacefully as a bit of punk in still weather. Good, strong, free Tommy! my model archer! how could I ever leave him and tear myself away from this glorious, careless life by the warm sea? But duty is inexorable. The days leaped past, like fawns in a fright; and one morning we saw, from our door, the white sail of Berkely's schooner shining beyond the creek's mouth. A puff of white smoke from the larboard-bow—a moment, and then, boo-oo-m! a signal from Berkely's heavy fowling-piece. I must get ready. Must I go? I looked at Tommy. His face was inscrutable, but he began to get ready my things to hurry me off. Perhaps the dear fellow was tired enough of me—who knows? I sighed, and swallowed a lump of discontent that seemed ready to choke tears from my eyes.

Again my box lapped over the gunwales of the canoe, again I sat a-squat in the forward part of the frail thing, with my bow and arrows beside me. The green water whispered to me from the flying keel, the wind sang to me and the reefs boomed far eastward, but I felt no shiver of delight leap through me. I was waking from my sweet dream—bidding adieu to my wild life, never to taste it again. The musical dip and ripple of Tommy's paddle were like a dirge. I pulled my cap over my eyes.

"Hillo! All ready there below?" cried Berkely.

I clutched the rope in a desperate mood, and climbed aboard the schooner. My box and my weapons followed me.

"Good-by, ugh!" said Tommy.

"Good-by, dear friend," I replied, and then we flew apart like two sea-birds, and all was over!

The only tangible thing I have by which to remember those wild, sweet, savage days, is a stuffed flamingo-skin. The bird was killed by Tommy.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

A TRIP IN A FISHING-SCHOONER.

IN October of 1878 I arrived on the coast of Cape Breton in the good bark Ethan Allen, homeward-bound from Madeira. The exceptionally favorable winds we had enjoyed now left us, and it was only after battling with heavy squalls and gales and adverse currents for several days, at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, that we succeeded in making the port for which we were bound, and we were quite able after that to realize why insurance premiums are doubled after October sets in on all vessels sailing for that inhospitable coast. It took all day to beat up the long, narrow entrance to Sydney harbor, and we passed a steamer which had gone on the bar in a gale two days before. The prospect was rendered still more cheerful by a crowd of damaged vessels which had been wholly or partially wrecked in the appalling hurricane of the previous August. Of Sydney little can be said that is inviting. The lay of the land is very much that of our own New England, but vegetation is more sparse, and the general appearance of the landscape more sad and sear. The bay is spacious and well protected, affording several excellent harbors for ordinary weather, but the town presents a singular blending of squalor and thrift, the former being the first feature to impress the stranger on landing. Shanties and grogeries, disreputable to a degree, abound, and lead one to think he has fallen on some maritime Laramie or Cheyenne, while to the westward new houses, glowing in the tawdriness of white paint, green shutters, and flimsy verandas, indicate that the place is not altogether going to the dogs. Coal is the chief stock in trade, and the supply is apparently inexhaustible; the whole island is, in fact, intersected by seams of the black mineral. The veins run under the harbor at Sydney, and are worked to a considerable depth. The population is, consequently, mining, combined with a large floating class of fishermen and seamen, ever ready to "splice the main-brace" and chuck the rosy girls of Cape Breton under the chin. It must be added that they do not always stop there, and street brawls, as may be easily imagined, are not uncommon. It is difficult to fancy any one lying awake o' nights sighing for Sydney.

This port has of late years become a great resort for our mackerel-fishermen. It is not far from Cape North, one of the fishing-grounds, and the fish are also found toward the close of the season off the harbor. Seventy of our schooners made Sydney a rendezvous during the previous summer, and it is indeed a stirring and beautiful spectacle to see the graceful little craft dodging up and down the long entrance to the harbor, or darting hither and thither in white groups, like sea-fowl, in search of schools of mackerel. So fascinated was I by the sight of these schooners that, on finding my bark was not going to return to Boston, I at once decided to get passage in one of the schooners, if possible, in preference to the steamer.

Fortune seemed to favor me. The skipper of the Anna Maria came aboard to bring us some fresh mackerel, and told us he was to start the following morning for home, going, for the first time, by way of the Bras d'Or, which I had long wished to see. He kindly offered me a bunk and a share of grub for myself and dog. I jumped at the proposal, and early the next day sent my traps aboard; we peaked the mainsail, tripped the anchor, and stood out to sea. The Anna Maria was twenty-four years old, forty-one tons burden, and had a small fore-castle and a diminutive trunk-cabin aft; five men slept forward, and there were six of us, or seven including a dog, in the cuddy. The deck was lumbered up with a quantity of fish-barrels and tubs, and the whole vessel was in an unmentionable state of dirtiness, resulting from twelve weeks of fishing.

There are two entrances to the remarkable sea-lake called the Bras d'Or, which separates Cape Breton Island into two nearly equal portions. Within a short time a canal, scarcely half a mile long, has been cut through the isthmus, permitting the passage of vessels of small burden. It is about sixty miles from the two eastern straits or entrances to the canal. The southern entrance is impassable except for steamers and boats. We struck for the northern passage called the Great Bras d'Or, having a leading wind, without which it is impossible for a sailing-vessel to pass in. The navigable channel is very narrow, the tide runs through it like a mill-race, and, for the first few miles, any vessel getting ashore there is exposed to the full sweep of easterly gales.

There were seven schooners in company with us, all keeping so closely together that the bowsprit of one would almost overhang the taffrail of the next one; sometimes one would becalm another, and thus shoot by. Finally, one of the schooners got slewed aside on a bank, and had to be left behind to get off as she could. Happily for the rest, a pilot appeared at this juncture in a dory, and agreed to pilot the little fleet. He carried us as far as Kelly's Cove, when, fog and twilight both coming on, we all dropped anchor, and the pilot proceeded to levy toll before leaving us for the night. He was a curious specimen of the genus *Bretoniensis*. Keeping his eyes always down, while he hung on to the side of the vessel, he rattled away with great volubility, which was evidently increased by the bad whiskey he had taken before coming off to us. "I don't care for any bluidy silver. A little bluidy pork or beef, a little bluidy salt or bluidy jigs, you don't want any more, my hearties, or any other bluidy thing will do me just exactly as well. I should be only too glad to take such a pretty schooner through them narrows for nothink, but don't ye sees we can't do nothink for nothink in Cape Breton no more than nowheres else. And that's the truth. That'll do, that'll do. I don't want ye to rob yourselves.—Fish-bait? no, got enough of the bluidy thing. There's no need of my coming off to ye the mornin', all ye've got to do is just to keep that p'int close aboard, and ye'll be all right; and remember them two spar-buoys on the star-board beam, and one on the port, and there

ain't no other bluidy thing in the channel that the likes o' ye need to be afeard of; and I'm very much obleeged to ye, gentlemen, and I wish ye a pleasant v'yage," and off he went to repeat the farce at the next schooner.

We found ourselves anchored for the night in Kelly's Cove, under Kelly's Mountain, the highest land on the Bras d'Or. It is an isolated ridge, which I estimated to be about twelve hundred feet high, but so bold as to resemble a wall, and give an impression of greater height. Evidences of the tremendous hurricane of the previous September were everywhere visible. The wind had felled the largest forest-trees in ranks mile after mile, or where the squalls had been most violent had cut swathes through the woods as the scythe of the mower lays the grass. This was the case all through the Bras d'Or. Many houses and barns were felled or injured; at Arichat sixty houses were blown down. Vessels were everywhere destroyed; all through the trip we came across wrecks on shore.

The boat was lowered, and skipper and I went ashore on a foraging expedition among the farm-houses. We found the people generally were "Heelanders," as they called themselves, among whom Gaelic is still the vernacular; some actually being unable to converse in English. They were mostly Roman Catholics. We finally brought up at a small house, where we spent a couple of hours chatting before an old-fashioned ingleside, over whose bright blaze the kettle was singing. A dance at a farm-house farther on was proposed, and skipper offered to bring off the schooner's fiddler to stimulate the heels and quicken the hearts of the lads and lassies; but, owing to the lateness of the hour, the plan unfortunately fell through. A brace of geese and a pail of milk were the results of our expedition; it was so dark that the buxom hostess snatched a brand from the hearth, and gave it to us by way of lantern, and we thus reached the boat without spilling the milk.

We were again under weigh the next morning, but the wind was so light we made but little progress. The good weather was improved to clear the deck and clean the vessel. We passed some plaster-cliffs, which furnish material for many of the best ceilings in our cities, and add a striking feature to the scenery. We also had a fine view up the Little Bras d'Or, and left the shire town of Baddeck on our right, at the bottom of a deep bay. At night we again anchored, at Grand Narrows, and skipper and I repeated our foraging expedition. We were lucky enough to come across some very nice people, bearing the famous names of McNiel and McDonald, Roman Catholics, but well-informed, and familiar with the best writers of the day. They entertained us so hospitably that I was moved to send them a little Madeira the next morning, and, in consequence, just after we were under weigh, a boat overtook us, bringing a supply of milk and eggs, which very materially added to the slender stock of pork, beans, and molasses, which constituted the commissariat of the Anna Maria. But generally the people are a pretty rough set, with a decided talent for brawling

and drinking. When we were going aboard at night we came across three sturdy fellows, well braced with gin, and altogether too willing to fire off the guns they carried to make them pleasant companions.

After leaving Grand Narrows the passage widened into a broad lake some twenty miles across at the widest, deeply indented with bays and studded with large islands. Fish and game abound here, we were informed. At sundown the fleet was becalmed in the middle of the lake, which was glowing and magnificent beyond description under the splendor of a sunset of extraordinary beauty and variety of tint and hue. As I gazed entranced on that spectacle I did not wonder that they called that sea-strait, so rarely combining lake and river, the *Bras d'Or*. Golden were its shores, golden its waters, and golden the tranquil sky which overhung and imparted to it half its wealth of beauty.

The shooting-stars and the night-breeze came together, and we watched the one and fanned gently along before the other, until at midnight we again neared dangerous navigation, and came to an anchor. On the following day we passed a noted Indian settlement, where there is a large church with some wigwams. The Indians of this region assemble in spring and summer on their island, and attempt to keep up the dances and other ceremonies peculiar to their ancestors.

The scenery now became exceedingly romantic and beautiful, often resembling the Thousand Islands, and the region is so little inhabited as scarcely to seem a country that has been settled for two hundred years. Islands of all sizes, sometimes mere knolls tufted with birches and pines, divide the lake into numerous winding channels for a long distance. The ship-channel is often so narrow and tortuous that it was with great difficulty that even our short schooners, capable of turning within their own lengths, could be worked without going ashore. One of them here ran her nose into a mud-bank, on which we also touched, and so firmly that she lay there several days.

Just before evening the *Anna Maria*, heading the fleet, reached the canal at St. Peter's. In an hour she was again on the Atlantic, but so difficult is the way out into the harbor that we touched on a rock in a dangerous situation.

While we were getting her off, a party of Indians landed close under our lee, and in a very few minutes they had put up several bark wigwams, and the dusky shades of evening were rendered picturesque by the smoky gleams of their fires. The little cove where we were lying, the forests on one side and the wigwams and strange forms moving before the light and reflected in the water, the last lingering rays of sunset on the other, vividly outlining the rakish spars of the pinks rocking in the port; the splash and swing of warps in the water; the quick movement of boats here and there, with phosphorescent drops twinkling on the oars; the shadow of the spars, and the tread of feet on the deck, as schooner after schooner warped past us in the starry gloom—presented a singular and effective scene.

Early the next morning we worked out of

St. Peter's by Madame Island. The threatening character of the weather inclined us to go into Arichat, but a land-breeze sprang up after sunset. All night we flew before it under press of sail, and next morning had run one hundred and forty miles, and were abreast of Halifax. On the following day our good weather came to an end. A gale was coming on, and, after pounding with a heavy sea several hours and starting a leak, we were just able to work into Shelburne, where we lay three days. Shelburne possesses the finest harbor in Nova Scotia. What is also in its favor is that it is easy of access, and is often made a harbor of refuge. The settlement is, however, but a wretched makeshift for a town, like most places in the eastern provinces, but has considerable ship-building, which gives it some appearance of thrift. It also abounds with herring, which are eaten in such quantities by the *Bluenoses* that it is said of them they cannot pull off their shirts in spring because of the fish-bones sticking through their skin! The weather was still dubious when we put to sea in company with fifteen sail, all bound to the westward, but we hoped the easterly wind would hold to take us across the Bay of Fundy, the worst bit of navigation, owing to its fogs, rips, reefs, tides, and currents, to be found anywhere on the coast of North America. But, in fact, nowhere does a close inspection of the ledges along the Nova Scotia shore inspire one with pleasing sensations, nor are such names as Ironbound or Ragged Harbor pleasingly suggestive. I never can pass that forbidding coast without thinking of some grim monster showing his teeth ready to crunch the bones of hapless victims. The vigor with which the new Dominion has assumed the reins of government is nowhere more evident than in the increased attention bestowed on light-houses, which have hitherto been infamously scarce, considering the character of the coast, and have been badly kept and lighted.

During the day we passed a large ship high and dry on a reef, going to pieces. The wind freshened at night, and we stood across the bay of Fundy in fine style. The next morning it was thick and nasty, blowing a gale of wind, with a heavy following sea. Wing-and-wing we "kihooted" before it under a press of sail such as only our fishermen indulge in. The least carelessness of the steersman might have sent us to the bottom. "A man must have his life insured who sails on the *Anna Maria* to-day," said one to me. At noon a violent squall obliged us to take in sail; they jibed the foresail and brought the lively little craft around just in time to get control of her, laying her half under water as she came up to the wind. We ran till night under close-reefed foresail, and then hove to near Cash's Ledge till morning. Then the wind came howling out of the west, and, as the skipper forcibly expressed it, "it everlastingly screeched." We had but one suit of sails, they were old and worn, and the foresail split and gave us some trouble; our stock of provisions was running low, and there was some reason to fear we should be blown to the eastward again.

During all these days the spinning of yarns

went on without intermission fore-and-aft, and I gained new ideas of the constant and almost incredible perils to which our fishermen are exposed, especially on the Georges and off the Magdalen Islands. The most amusing circumstance was to see how through it all these hardy fellows managed to retain characteristics purely human; for example, the habit of croaking, and of finding fault with those on whom the responsibility devolved. Did the skipper carry sail hard, they said he did not know when to take it in; did he prudently seek to spare the only suit we had, or avoid running on the land in the fog, they said, "The worst fault a master of a ship can have is to take sail in too soon." Like unwhipped school-boys, they thought they knew every thing, and, like sailors in general, exercised very little foresight or prevision for contingencies. Of course on a vessel where all sailed on shares, any regular discipline was out of the question, the authority of the skipper being nearly nominal, the man making it rather than receiving it from the office.

Our skipper was a man of the most imperturbable good-humor, but a good seaman, shrewdly adapting himself to the unruly spirits he had to deal with, and generally exercising control without appearing to do so. "Come on, bullies, let's take a turn on the main sheet," was the usual form of an order; or, "Keep her off a little mite, Uncle Mike!"

The watch usually consisted of two men, one at the wheel, and the other acting as lookout, and oscillating between the stove in the cabin and the bows, with a strong gravitation toward the former. The clock forward was half an hour ahead of the one aft; I don't know whether the fact was generally known, but I think it was known to some; I observed that some of the watches were shorter than others.

One night two of the leading fault-finders were directed to tack ship in their watch, there being a heavy sea running at the time. Three times these self-sufficient fellows tried to bring the schooner about; three times they failed, mouthing enormous imprecations, and with such frequent mention of hell that I fancied I could smell brimstone. The skipper, meantime, quietly lay in his bunk, and enjoyed the discomfiture of his defamers. At last he put his head up the companion-way and said, "Your jib is eased off too much; haul down the jib and she'll come around all right!" They obeyed, and the schooner was off on the other tack at once. He said nothing more, but an hour after went on deck himself, and tacked ship with the ease of a man who knows what he is about. The men could say not a word.

Another curious trait among sailors, especially noticeable among those so little under discipline as our fishermen, is the way they act in emergencies. The vessel, perhaps, is struck by a heavy squall, and sail must be taken off at once or the gravest consequences to all may ensue in a moment. One would suppose, therefore, that when the lives of all on board, including the crew themselves, are imperiled, and the quick orders of the captain summon all hands on deck without delay, they would need no further urging. Not

a bit of it. The first thing they do is to grumble. "D—— the weather! what the devil does he want to hurry a fellow out of his bunk for?" Then they will not stir till they have arranged their oil-suit as if it were a dress-suit for a ball; after that, some of them must fill and light their pipes! If the captain puts his head down and repeats the order, "Come out of there, and don't be all day about it!" They mutter, "D—— if I will before I'm ready!" This does not result from superior courage or recklessness so much as from a species of pigheadedness, for the same men will be as much overcome as other men by danger when they fairly realize it.

We managed in the teeth of a violent wind to beat up as far as Cape Elizabeth, where we found the water a little smoother. But we should have kept on and made a harbor in the Sheepscot River, if the wind had not moderated after sunset, so as to enable us to work down to the Isles of Shoals, which we passed at daybreak. It took us the rest of the day to beat into Gloucester under a press of canvas, with a foot of water in our lee scuppers, and carrying away the maintop-mast-staysail as we came abreast of Norman's Woe.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

INNOMINATA.

A SWEET and beautiful fancy
I never shall know again,
Once, as I sat in silence,
Sang itself into my brain.

And I said: "I will make a poem,
A song for the world to sing,
For my thought is fair and lovely—
A princely offering.

"I will make a song and bring it
And lay it before her feet;
She cannot choose but hearken,
My song shall be so sweet.

"And my thought's delicious passion
Shall make my strain so strong,
That the world shall know her always
By just that deathless song!"

But, alas! when I came to make it—
My poem I thought so fair—
Lo! rhyme and rhythm and measure
Melted to empty air!

And down in my heart's dim corners,
And up to my lips' shut door,
Just one brief word would echo
And whisper forever more.

I cannot make a poem
Where the rhyme is still the same;
I cannot make a poem
With just your darling name!

So the world shall never know you,
Your name shall not go down
Song-borne to the distant ages,
A sweet and pure renown.

And, indeed, for you and for me, dear,
It is all the better part,
That your glory is just Love's only,
And your fame is—within my heart!

BARTON GRAY.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE restoration of the drama to something like the place it occupied at the Elizabethan era is considered possible by some ardent and hopeful minds. The *Saturday Review* has discussed the question and pointed out the reasons why it thinks that the theatre, however it may be improved, can never again be what it once was. "Our voices change," it says, "as we grow older, and so the voice of literature changes, and the old times cannot be brought back, charm we never so wisely." It asserts that "when one of the chief poets of the day, who had previously written nothing of the kind, appears as a playwright, hope naturally wakes," but then it is of the opinion that the conditions under which the Elizabethan drama thrived so splendidly are so wholly different from those of to-day, that it is futile to believe it can be restored, or that there is anywhere the Promethean heat which can its "light relume." The conditions which the *Review* points out are well known to all students of literature; there was great intellectual activity, with no newspapers or periodicals and very few books, and the theatres, hence, alone responded to the impulses and needs of the time. In regard to the keen mental activity of the period the *Saturday Review* eloquently says:

"Life in England has never been broader and deeper than it was then. It was morning with us, so to speak. We were waking to a fresh consciousness of ourselves and of the world around us. The old things had passed away; and behold, all things were become new.

'Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive;
But to be young was very heaven!'

A strange sense of power thrilled us; and the revelation of unsuspected opportunities for exertion and enterprise transformed our inmost being. The very earth widened around us; and, where but yesterday there rose forbidding barriers, there now spread far away an endless expanse of unexplored regions, mysterious, fascinating, delightful. And, as with material confinements, so it was with spiritual. In the universe of thought the mind wandered free. For good and for evil, it defied the restraints of previous dogmatisms, and stepped boldly within precincts from which it had been rigorously interdicted. Was there ever in England such another age of movement? an age so eager, so fearless, so sanguine, so exultant in its liberty, so swift to do or die? Never, perhaps, was the national imagination so quickened and so vigorous. Every day produced its poet.

'The Isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.'

Nor could it be otherwise. A land so bright-hearted could not but break forth into singing. Joy, even as sorrow, must have words given it; the joy

'that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfringht heart and bids it break.'

The *Review* then proceeds to show how the drama was the one literature of the day, how, as books are with us of to-day the real thing, the theatre was a real thing to the people then. They believed in it. It was every thing to them—the great centre of English art and thought, drawing to itself the highest intellects of the time, dealing with the gravest and highest questions, portraying with incomparable power the deepest and intensest passions. "It is true," remarks the *Review*, "that certain religionists stood aloof from it, but the nation, as a whole, rejoiced in it ardently." In brief, the argument is that all the circumstances and activities of the period built up the dazzling glory of the theatre, and that until we can reproduce those conditions and circumstances it is hopeless to look for any genuine reconstruction of the play as a literary power. This would seem to be convincing, but before we abandon all hope in the matter let us see what conditions now exist which may tend to bring back at least a little of the old dramatic spirit.

During recent years there has been a marked revival of mediæval tastes. Color has been restored to decoration, interior adornment, and dress; the love of pomp and ceremony appears in ritualism; architecture has broken out into the picturesque; art is fired with new passion for divine tones and tints. There is a rage for old china and old pottery, for old upholstery, for polychromatic walls, for tiles, for inlaid furniture, for all things that have a rich, passionate, and æsthetic character. The age, which in one of its phases is eminently scientific, skeptical, and inquisitive, in another phase is eminently imaginative and luxurious, delighting in every art that is stimulating, ideal, or sensuous. Whence this change has come about it is not our present purpose to inquire; but the fact that the change has come may well give us the belief that with this general revival the drama, so kindred to the new feeling in many particulars, is likely, also, to be restored. It scarcely can be doubted that Tennyson's dramatic attempt is not an idle experiment, but a natural outcome of the æsthetic forces at work, and we may believe that it will stir the latent fire in all his contemporaries.

With this revival of mediæval tastes, there exist other conditions peculiarly favorable for a new era of the drama. Literature is necessarily the result of leisure; it bespeaks contemplation, calm, and a studious or meditative mind. The age, on the contrary, is full of bustle, movement, and pressure. Æsthetic tastes are aroused and active, but æsthetic enjoyment must be snatched amid the hurrying activities of the time. Our lawyers, bankers, merchants, physicians,

scientists, artists, and many others, cannot secure the leisure for the deliberate perusal of books. The imaginative need of their natures must find some swifter means for its gratification. They can look upon pictures, and be instantly filled with dreams of beauty; their statues and bronzes have the power to gratify instantaneously their love of the ennobling and the artistic; and, if not so swiftly, yet without large tax of time, the play opens to them vistas of poetry, awakens in them sentiment and emotion, stirs their imagination, and translates them from sordid cares and wearing anxieties into the domain of poetry and fancy. A really good play, thoroughly well acted, is the most potent thing in the world for filling the wearied brain with fresh ideas and exalted emotions. The service which the stage is thus so supremely capable of rendering in these stirring and busy days to the over-worked man of business is alone sufficient to make a restoration to its pristine place a thing not only probable, but something greatly to be desired.

We thus see that the conditions for a dramatic renaissance are not so unfavorable, after all. Out of great energies and an abundant leisure came the drama of the past; out of equally great energies but an eager leisure may spring the drama of the future.

THE *Christian at Work* is quite confident that English "phonetic spelling would reduce the labor of writing and type-setting at least two-fifths," and that the spelling of a word ought to decide its pronunciation. Now, phonetic spelling cannot decide the pronunciation of a word unless accompanied with systematized vowel and other markings, and these would probably increase rather than reduce the labor of type-setting. If every compositor must not only know the correct orthography of a word, but its accepted pronunciation, and must select not only the right letter but the letter with the correct marking, his labor would become perplexing indeed. He would gain something in dropping the final *e* from words like *hate*, *rate*, etc., but must select the *a* with a long-sound marking, or he would wholly mislead the reader as to the meaning of the word employed. Nor would the labor of writing be much abridged if it were incumbent upon the writer to accurately mark all his vowels, and consonants having more than one sound, such as *g*, just as he now crosses his *f*'s, and dots his *i*'s. And when all were done, when words were shorn of their silent letters, and all practicable markings used, our orthography would still fail to indicate accurately the correct pronunciation of words, because as soon as a consonant unites with another letter it usually loses wholly or in part its own sound.

There is but a slight suggestion of the sound of *b* in *bed*, or of *f* in *few*, and none at all of *w* in *what*. Combined letters have sounds quite distinct from the separate sounds of the letters, and hence no spelling can be devised which can indicate the correct pronunciation of words. With phonetic spelling, just as now, the pronunciation would be a matter of arbitrary custom, and would have to be learned word by word.

And now let us ascertain how much time may be saved by phonetic spelling. In the article in the *Christian at Work*, from which we have quoted, there are some seventeen hundred letters, of which one hundred and forty-eight, as we estimate, are silent letters—that is, phonetic spelling, by this example, instead of reducing the labor of type-setting two-fifths, as is asserted, would reduce it only a little over one-eleventh, while the selection of marked letters, made necessary by these omissions, would balance the gain. Nothing is wilder than the assumption that by phonetic spelling a great deal of labor is to be saved those who write and those who read. People have taken a few instances in which there is a marked proportion between the uttered and the given letters, and hastily assumed that a similar proportion exists throughout the language. It should be noted that the silent letters abound largely only in certain small groups of words—as, *would*, *could*, *rough*, *enough*, etc. Let us further test the proportion of silent letters by selecting such words as occur at first hand, giving preference to the larger ones. In a whole class, such as *deliberation*, *admiration*, *detestation*, *administration*, *publication*, the final syllable may be phonetically spelled *shun*, but no space would be thereby saved. In *capacity*, *formality*, *capability*, *notability*, *infidelity*, *voluntarily*, and many kindred words, there are no silent letters. In numerous words ending in *e*, such as *correspondence*, *dependence*, *substance*, the final letter is silent. In *orthography*, *geography*, and *topography*, a letter in each can be saved by spelling the last syllable *fy* instead of *phy*. In the names of the cities *Constantinople*, *London*, *Paris*, *Vienna*, *Liverpool*, *Philadelphia*, *Baltimore*, *Chicago*, *San Francisco*, *Cincinnati*, there are but seven silent letters, all told. In the names of the months there are fairly but three silent letters (spelling March *Marh*, May *Ma*, and June *Jun*), unless we spell the final syllable of the four last months *br* instead of *ber*, by which four more letters would be saved. In the days of the week the final *y* in each is silent, and, in addition, one letter may be saved in *Tuesday*, and two in *Wednesday*. It is not necessary to go further. In the words we have enumerated there are over four hundred letters, and but twenty-seven silent ones, being less than seven per cent.

of the whole. Every one must see by these facts how absurd it is to talk about the vast saving of labor in writing and type-setting that may be made by the suppression of silent letters in our orthography.

WE of America are prone to boast of the big shops of our cities. It is undoubtedly true that trade is housed in more stately structures in American cities than elsewhere. New York has not only the biggest dry-goods establishment in the world, but it has the second and probably the third biggest, the Bon Marché of Paris being the only shopping-mart abroad that at all equals even our second or third establishments for the sale of fabrics. We have by far the largest jewelers' and the largest clothiers' establishments; there is generally, indeed, in nearly all the trades, a much more notable concentration here than abroad. The question is, whether this is altogether desirable. There are doubtless advantages, but are there not also some disadvantages? It can scarcely be considered a slight matter that the interest and variety of our streets would be much greater with a multitude of pretty small shops than with one or two vast bazaars; for whatever adds to the attractiveness of a city is worthy of consideration. One of the most charming spots in Paris is the Palais Royal, where there are almost miles of covered galleries and arcades lined with innumerable small shops, a great proportion of which are devoted to the display of jewelry and ceramic ware. We doubt whether the entire stock of these almost endless little *bijou* places would exceed that gathered in Tiffany's one grand palace of jewels; but the long, brilliant, and crowded arcades of the Palais Royal, with their succession of exquisitely-arranged shop-windows, afford a much more animated and attractive picture. A similar contrast may be made with London. It is probable that the trade of four or five of our great New York houses will amount in the aggregate to nearly all the transactions of Regent Street; and yet how much more brilliant and fascinating is the succession of elegant shops in this street than the dreary, white waste of Stewart's or Arnold, Constable & Co.'s! It would appear that the very metropolitan vastness of our establishments detract from the metropolitan gayety of our streets. By being too big and concentrated, they lose for us the sense of bigness that comes of the long array of many shops. Stewart does enough business in his one great house, if it were divided up, to occupy all the many vacant stores now on Broadway, and, thus diffused, would rescue this once-brilliant street from the gloom that has come over it. Of course, there is no such thing now as arresting this concentration, even if it were desirable to do so; and the convenience and

economy of our system excuse a multitude of defects such as we have pointed out. Our only purpose in showing the objectionable side of the system is, that those who, like Dr. Johnson, feel so much pride in stately shops, may realize what they lose—may see how much more gay and Parisian-like our business-streets would be if we did not have these plethoric monsters in our midst.

We are more than ever impressed, after a recent trip to Saratoga, with the fact that Americans need not go abroad to find watering-places replete with every thing that the luxurious may crave, the lover of comfort seek for, and the invalid tempting health with tonic waters and cheerful sights may desire for recuperation. Any country on the globe may be safely defied to produce the match of Saratoga. The gayety of Scarborough and Torquay, of Trouville and Biarritz, of Baden and Ems and Monaco, is tame beside it. Saratoga has been much abused by literary cynics and one-sided moralists, and no doubt has its vices and imperfections, or it would be paradise. But it has fewer vices and more attractions than any watering-place beyond the Atlantic. There is certainly less dissipation of the worse sort, less affectation and assumption of caste, less rigidity of etiquette and fashionable rule, more scope for the greatest enjoyment of the greatest number. The charm of Saratoga, indeed, lies in its essential democracy, the free mingling of all classes of people who behave themselves, and the nicety to which it gratifies every taste. Luxury, surely, was never carried to a more lavish height; yet it is not the luxury of the nabob of Ems or Homburg, who holds himself apart, has his special immunities, and upon whom the tradespeople and population wait to the exclusion of lesser mankind. In another respect Saratoga is very notably superior to the European spas. America is often represented as a nation of rowdies. "Scratch a civilized and polished American," say some of our foreign critics, "and you will find a rough." But one who is a looker-on at our famous spa notices nothing more quickly than the order which prevails amid the hubbub of fashionable gayety. Every thing goes off well. The criticising Englishman will look almost in vain for the men with the loud haw-haw and tobacco-spitting propensities whom he has been taught to regard as typical of the race. Saratoga is fashionable; and it has many fashions which we are fain to heartily like. It is fashionable there to be gentlemanly and ladylike, and so powerful is the example of this fashion, that even the bores and gossips that drift thitherward are toned down into something not unlike orderly manners. Our own experience, too, is

that those who, above and below, have the office of serving the guests of the spa, are obliging and always ready to oblige. Mr. Howells's distressingly "gentlemanly clerk," if not extinct, is certainly rare at Saratoga. Why, then, should Americans seek distraction, with the long and uneasy Atlantic journey, at inferior summer resorts abroad? There is only one tolerably valid reason—that our own watering-places are so expensive, that the transatlantic trip can be taken as cheaply as a sojourn can be made at one of them. This is the most glaring defect of Saratoga; prices are out of all reason. People should not be compelled to pay double price for every thing, from a bath to an Indian gewgaw, and it is to be hoped that a reform will be made ere long in this direction.

THE French prime-minister has enjoined upon his official subordinates to be more careful and legible in their handwriting; and there are few official regions in the world where the same injunction would not be useful. Gentlemen in public life are too apt to write wretched scrawls, there being a saying afloat that great men, as a rule, are bad penmen. Silence, however, no more implies wisdom than does bad penmanship genius. The great men who have written bad hands are exceptional. Napoleon and Byron produced, it is true, strange hieroglyphics, especially when they signed their names; but Washington, Jefferson, the Adamses, and indeed all our Presidents, excepting perhaps Jackson and Harrison, wrote good and some of them very elegant hands; the same may be said of Clay, Benton, and Calhoun, among politicians, and Irving, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Bryant, Prescott, Thackeray, Bulwer, Tennyson, and Scott, among men of letters. And who are to be named above these? Junius wrote a remarkably beautiful hand; and Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," as seen in the original in the British Museum, is grateful for the eye to rest upon.

We have already printed one reply to the article which appeared in the JOURNAL of July 17th, entitled "Mismanagement by Physicians," and hence must be excused from giving space to a very long communication on the subject from another physician. We are quite justified in this refusal inasmuch as the response is merely one of argument, and does not attempt to disprove the special facts set down in Mr. Webster's article. We are quite willing to concede that some of Mr. Webster's conclusions were too sweeping; he should have discriminated better between the reckless and the conscientious members of the profession. It is no doubt true, as our correspondent declares, that there are many persons "who speak in the strongest

terms of gratitude of the kindness, patience, skill, and tenderness of some physician who had ministered to them;" but, while this is undoubtedly true, yet many of our physicians have a reputation for great recklessness in their dealings with their patients, and it is this class that Mr. Webster arraigns so forcibly. In the special cases that he cites we have conclusive reasons for believing his allegations to be true, and if our correspondents knew the facts as we know them they would cease accusing the author of the article in question of ignorance, however much they might censure his generalizations as being too broad and sweeping.

Literary.

THE "Bric-à-Brac Series" seems destined to illustrate anew how few really good stories, or jokes, or anecdotes there are current at any one time, how incessantly these few are reappearing in new phraseology and applied to new persons, and how trivial is the small-talk with which even men of genius and genuine wit seem to entertain their intimates. One would have supposed that, with the vast literature of reminiscence, autobiography, and personal gossip to draw upon, Mr. Stoddard might go on collecting *bric-à-brac* to an indefinite extent; but his last two or three volumes prove distinctly that he is reaching the end of his materials, or that he has exhausted the patience necessary for their proper selection. The eighth volume, just published (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.), contains reminiscences by John O'Keefe, a popular dramatist, who lived from 1747 to 1838; Michael Kelly, a musical composer and singer, who flourished from 1762 to 1825; and John Taylor, a journalist, whose career extended over about the same period. The reminiscences are chiefly of dramatists, actors, and actresses, and others more or less closely connected with the stage; and, after reading them with due diligence, we are inclined to agree with Mr. Stoddard that, though they contain good things, they are, on the whole, dull and tedious. A few of the best things in the volume we shall venture to quote, though we are aware that in doing so, even to a limited extent, we run the risk of leaving nothing which the reader will think it worth his while to discover for himself.

To begin with, here is an anecdote of Congreve, which we do not remember to have seen before, and which, even if not new, is good enough to bear repetition:

"Speaking of persons addressing an audience in their own character, dramatic tradition gives the following circumstance relative to Congreve: On the first night of the representation of his last play, 'The Way of the World,' the audience hissed it violently; the clamor was loud, and originated in a party, for Congreve was a statesman and a placeman. He was standing at the side of the stage, and when the uproar of hisses and opposition was at its height, he walked on (the first and last time this poet ever stood before an audience).

and addressed them thus: 'Is it your intention to damn this play?' The cry was, 'Yes, yes! off, off!' and the tumult increased in violence. He again obtained a little silence, and said, 'Then, I tell you, this play of mine will be a living play when you are all dead and damned,' and walked slowly off."

Mr. Kelly was on terms of intimate companionship with Father O'Leary, the well-known Roman Catholic priest, whom he describes as "a man of infinite wit, of instructive and amusing conversation," "mighty fond of whiskey-punch," and exceedingly partial to corned shoulder-of-mutton. He tells two anecdotes of his reverence, the first of which runs as follows:

"One day the facetious John Philpot Curran, who was also very partial to the said corned mutton, did me the honor to meet him. To enjoy the society of such men was an intellectual treat. They were great friends, and seemed to have a mutual respect for each other's talents, and, as it may easily be imagined, O'Leary *versus* Curran was no bad match.

"One day, after dinner, Curran said to him, 'Reverend father, I wish you were Saint Peter.'

"And why, counselor, would you wish that I were Saint Peter?' asked O'Leary.

"Because, reverend father, in that case,' said Curran, 'you would have the keys of heaven, and you could let me in.'

"By my honor and conscience, counselor,' replied the divine, 'it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out.'"

The second anecdote describes a whimsical triumph which the father once enjoyed over Dr. Johnson:

"O'Leary was very anxious to be introduced to that learned man, and Mr. Murphy took him one morning to the doctor's lodgings. On his entering the room, the doctor viewed him from top to toe, without taking any notice of him; at length, darting one of his sourest looks at him, he spoke to him in the Hebrew language, to which O'Leary made no reply. Upon which the doctor said to him, 'Why do you not answer me, sir?'

"Faith, sir,' said O'Leary, 'I cannot reply to you, because I do not understand the language in which you are addressing me.'

"Upon this, the doctor, with a contemptuous sneer, said to Murphy, 'Why, sir, this is a pretty fellow you have brought hither; sir, he does not comprehend the primitive language.'

"O'Leary immediately bowed very low, and complimented the doctor with a long speech in Irish, to which the doctor, not understanding a word, made no reply, but looked at Murphy. O'Leary, seeing that the doctor was puzzled at hearing a language of which he was ignorant, said to Murphy, pointing to the doctor, 'This is a pretty fellow to whom you have brought me; sir, he does not understand the language of the sister kingdom.' The reverend padre then made the doctor a low bow, and quitted the room."

Perhaps the most entertaining portion of Mr. Kelly's diary is his reminiscences of Sheridan, with whom he was for many years in the closest business and personal relations. Most of these anecdotes are too long for quotation, but here is one which illustrates curiously Sheridan's characteristic neglect of his own interests:

"No man was ever more sore and frightened at criticism than he was from his first outset in life. He dreaded the newspapers, and always courted their friendship. I have many times heard him say, 'Let me but have the periodical press on my side, and there should be nothing in this country which I would not accomplish.'

"This sensitiveness of his as regarded newspapers renders the following anecdote rather curious: After he had fought his famous duel, at Bath, with Colonel Matthews, on Mrs. Sheridan's (Miss Linley's) account, an article of the most venomous kind was sent from Bath to Mr. William Woodfall, the editor of the *Public Advertiser*, in London, to insert in that paper. The article was so terribly bitter against Sheridan that Woodfall took it to him. After reading it he said to Woodfall: 'My good friend, the writer of this article has done his best to vilify me in all ways, but he has done it badly and clumsily. I will write a character of myself, as coming from an anonymous writer, which you will insert in your paper. In a day or two after, I will send you another article, as coming from another anonymous correspondent, vindicating me, and refuting most satisfactorily, point by point, every particle of what has been written in the previous one.'

"Woodfall promised that he would attend to his wishes; and Sheridan accordingly wrote one of the most vituperative articles against himself that mortal ever penned, which he sent to Woodfall, who immediately inserted it in his newspaper, as agreed upon.

"Day after day passed; the calumnies which Sheridan had invented against himself got circulation, and were in everybody's mouth; and day after day did Mr. Woodfall wait for the refutation which was to set all to rights, and expose the fallacy of the accusations; but, strange to say, Sheridan never could prevail upon himself to write one line in his own vindication; and the libels which he invented against himself remain to this hour wholly uncontradicted."

The volume contains portraits of Mr. Garrick as *Sir John Brute*, of Mr. Foote as *Fondlewife*, of Mr. Moody as *Teague*, and of Mrs. Abington—all taken from Bell's "British Theatre."

MR. GEORGE SMITH'S "History of Assyria,"* the second volume of the series of "Ancient History from the Monuments," is, we think, hardly equal to Dr. Birch's "History of Egypt," with which the series opened. It is a clear, concise, and painstaking chronicle of the events in Assyrian history in so far as they are revealed by the monuments; its chronological tables and lists of kings are unusually complete; and the conclusions which the author reaches commend themselves to the judgment of the careful reader. But it partakes of the usual dullness of mere chronicles, and the style is sadly lacking in animation. The reign of Assur-bani-pal (Sardanapalus) is the only period whose details are recorded in a picturesque or impressive way; and several points on which the reader is most desirous of information are almost overlooked in the introductory chapter. The architecture of the Assyrians, for instance (their most important art), is not re-

ferred to at all, further than to record that a certain monarch built or restored a palace or temple at Assur, Nineveh, or Calah, as the case may be. Their sculpture, too, is only noticed to the extent of reproducing, without comment, a few of the tablets, etc., from the British Museum; and, though the principal gods are enumerated, no outline is given of the religious system or worship of the nation. A map, moreover, containing the ancient names of places and peoples, is absolutely necessary to an intelligent comprehension of the text; and the absence of this, together with the other deficiencies which we have enumerated, produces a not unnatural sense of impatience and disappointment in the reader's mind.

This "History of Assyria," in short, is a work on which neither author nor publisher has bestowed any too much care, especially in the perfecting of minor details. Perhaps its most interesting feature is the parallel which it establishes by cross-references, etc., between the Assyrian records and the historical books of the Old Testament; but Mr. Smith will hardly supersede Rawlinson even for popular reading.

WHEN we encountered, at the very beginning of Mrs. Oliphant's "Whiteladies" (New York: Henry Holt & Co.), the complications about the heirship of the Whiteladies estate (for Whiteladies is an old manor-house, not a deserted convent, as might be supposed from the name), we resigned ourselves with the patience of a veteran novel-reader, yet not without despondency, to a long crusade against British laws of inheritance. The prospect was depressing, beyond a doubt, but we are bound to confess that in our haste we did injustice to a story which is admirable in many respects, and in none more than in the singleness of purpose with which the author devotes herself to the entertainment of her readers. The heirship of Whiteladies remains the central point around which the plot of the story revolves, but the law of entail, the law restricting the inheritance of landed property to heirs male, etc., are accepted simply as among the conditions to which the exigencies of the story must be conformed, and are neither approved, nor condemned, nor argued against, nor satirized. The plot of "Whiteladies" is painful, partly, perhaps, because so many people engaged in it are absolutely longing for each other's death, but chiefly because it involves the commission of crime on the part of one whose age, character, and position, ought to have made it impossible to her. It is consistent and well-constructed, however; the action is rapid and dramatic, and the *dramatis personæ* are numerous and natural. Mrs. Oliphant has created few heroines more truly feminine or more femininely fascinating than Reine, and no minor characters more lifelike than Everard, Herbert, Farrel-Austin, and Madame de Mirfleur. Augustine, the Gray Sister, is evidently drawn with care, but she fails to impress us as being any thing more than a respectable lay-figure; and it is hard to believe that girls of twenty could have become such entirely heartless and cynical match-makers as Kate and Sophy Farrel-Austin.

* Assyria from the Earliest Times to the Fall of Nineveh. By George Smith. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Giovanna is a new type of character, and the skill with which she is drawn would alone suffice to make the story worthy of attention.

Perhaps the most plausible ground of complaint against it would be its length. Considering at once the shortness of life and the pitiless persecution of the printing-press, it would seem that five hundred pages are more than any novelist ought to inflict upon us in a single story. In Mrs. Oliphant's case, however, this is almost excusable, for her talent is of a kind which requires an ample canvas for its expression, and no one can say that in "Whiteladies," at least, the canvas is not filled adequately.

THE London *Spectator* closes a long review of "General Sherman's Memoirs" as follows: "Nothing but a perusal of this excellent book will bring home to the reader the thoroughly original character of the man of genius by whom it was written. We see him develop month by month into the masterful soldier he became, and we are forced to conclude that, whatever may be the merits of others, his give him a place in the front rank as a really great captain; while, as a man, he is certainly second to none. Military students may read with profit the closing chapter, entitled 'Lessons of the War'—a war actually full of instruction to all who investigate its details with candor, and one illustrated by as many examples of high soldiery on both sides as campaigns which have attracted more attention, and have been described with more applause, because they were European." . . . A new work by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled "The Makers of Florence," is announced. The object of the book is to present to the many lovers of Florence a vivid picture of her past life and of the men who made her greatness. This is not attempted with the profound research of serious history, but rather with the lighter hand of a biographer affectionately interested in the many noble figures which crowd the scene. The author has striven to link the memories of former times with the pleasant personal recollections of Florence of the present day that so many visitors entertain. . . . "La Terre et les Hommes," by M. Reclus, is appearing in Paris in weekly parts. This work is described as not a technical geography in the ordinary sense of the word. It is a profound study, made from a physical and geological point of view, of every portion of the world in its relation to the races by which it has been peopled and the history of those races, forming a complete geographical, geological, and ethnographical cyclopædia. . . . Darwin is to follow his "Insectivorous Plants" with another record of his researches into the mysteries of the vegetable kingdom, "On the Habits and Movements of Climbing Plants." . . . The literature of reminiscence is to have some notable additions, among which are "Life Records," by Louis Kossuth; memoirs by Miss Martineau; his own story of the regeneration of Italy, by Garibaldi; autobiographical recollections by Earl Russell; and, lastly, "The Life of a Pope," by Pins IX. . . . The proposal to erect a monument to Lord Byron has attracted some notice in Spain, and an enthusiastic admirer contributes to the *Revista de España* an "oda" on the subject. Beyond showing the influence which Byron still exerts on the Continent, the poem is not important. . . . The *Athenæum* says of Mr. Saxe's verses that "they scarcely rise to the dignity of poetry." . . . The scene of George Elliot's forthcoming novel, it is said, is laid in one of the English midland counties.

The Arts.

A YOUNG architect, named Richardson, has lately attracted much attention in Boston by intelligent and imaginative work of a really high character, exhibiting novel and striking features. One of his latest works is a church for Dr. Lothrop, a Unitarian clergyman. It is built of the mottled conglomerate found in the neighborhood of Boston, which we have praised before for its excellent color and surface. In many respects this church is satisfactory; the distinctive feature of it, however, and one that dwarfs its minor excellence, is its beautiful and original tower, which rises large and square fully one hundred and fifty feet high. For two-thirds of its height it is plain and without ornament, but, having reached that elevation, on its four sides and rising at least twenty feet are carved bass-reliefs of scenes from Scripture, while at the four corners of the tower four figures of angels blowing through gold trumpets still further enrich and ennoble this unique structure. Instead of breaking the mass of the church with petty details that amount to nothing, the architect has made this tower its distinctive feature, and so prominent and so positive is it that for miles around the rough surface of the highly-relieved carving, and the glistening shine of the trumpets, add beauty and interest to the building, even when the beholder is too far away to discern the minute particulars which make up the bass-reliefs. Near at hand, looking up into the air at them, the spectator sees natural representations of men and women, dramatic in position and easy in their attitudes; in short, very good art very well rendered with the time and thought and labor that would have been bestowed on similar work designed for the interior decoration of a hall or a drawing-room. It has been commonly asserted that Americans have not the taste nor the interest to care for art so little showy and so costly as this is; but the injustice of such an imputation is proved by the fact that although this tower has cost vastly more than the committee or the architect intended there is a general satisfaction with the result.

Near to this church is another which is building for the Old South Church Society, and is decorated by a mass of carving, which, although not so interesting nor impressive as the bass-reliefs just mentioned, is yet so abundant and so good as to form a distinctive feature of the edifice. The church is a very large one, and, running its entire length, across much of its front, and making capitals to the pillars of its small porches and recesses, a long vine, forming a cornice to the first story of the building, of different species of plants, is carved in close imitation of Nature. The material of which this ornament is made is gray sandstone, too coarse to admit of a very high degree of finish, but, in giving it variety and detail, the stone-cutters have expended all their ingenuity. In one place a bird is pecking at a bunch of grapes, and, hidden behind the grape-leaves, a wily cat is creeping stealthily toward its winged neighbor. Farther on a squirrel runs along

a branch, and in another place a couple of birds are feeding one another. Sometimes a leaf is broken or torn, and tendrils and the rough bark of the stem appear carefully carved, and in exact imitation of the natural forms. The little scenes among the clematis and grape leaves, of bird and animal and insect life, although comparatively coarsely done, recall to the mind the beautiful and multifarious capitals of the columns of the Doge's Palace, with their wealth of natural foliage and animal life, and lead us to hope that, if we have begun to make such vines as this, we may end with details as delicate as the Venetian.

Another class of carved decoration upon the new Boston Museum of Fine Arts consists of one large bass-relief representing "The Arts." The picture comprises many large figures, and is set in the high wall, unbroken by windows, of the second story of the building. This decoration is at least fifteen feet high, and twenty or twenty-five broad, and resembles, in general effect, the large frescoes that ornament the outside walls of the Pinakothek and Glyptothek at Munich. A space has been left vacant beside this bass-relief of "The Arts," on the same side of the Museum, in which another carved picture may be placed at some future time, and these form the first specimens we remember in this country of such a class of ornament. On the same side of the building numerous brown terra-cotta portrait-heads of famous personages are built into the wall, of which they form a conspicuous ornament. These heads are made in England, and are of the hardness and durability of stone, which they exactly resemble, and the minute delicacy of the details of the forms, of the features, of the head-covering, and the dress about the neck, places them in the class of decoration of the best kind.

In the neighboring city of Cambridge, the Memorial Hall of Harvard University is rapidly approaching completion. The rear portion, east of the great tower, contains the theatre, or hall for commencement exercises, which, when finished, will make the structure what it was designed to be by the architect. Over each of the seven windows of this temple of oratory is placed the sculptured head of a master of public speaking. The seven orators selected are Demosthenes, Cicero, St. Chrysostom, Bossuet, Chatham, Burke, and Daniel Webster.

MR. SEYMOUR J. GUY has recently begun a large picture, entitled "Evening Prayer," in which the figures are life-size. A fair but sad-faced woman is seated on a huge boulder, upon an eminence overlooking a great city, with her back to the brilliant twilight sky. A sleeping child lies across her lap, with its prettily-rounded face turned to the front, and its brown hair falling in disorder over her knee. A little boy stands beside the mother, with his head resting affectionately on her shoulder, and his eyes turned toward the face of the sleeping child. The subject is drawn upon an upright canvas, and is charmingly composed. It reminds one of Bouguereau's motives, but is more expressive in sentiment than any work of his that we have recently seen. The face of the mother is upraised, and her lips are slightly parted, as if

breathing a silent prayer. Her hands, too, are clasped, as if devotionally, and rest lightly upon the breast of the little child in her lap. The figure of the mother, as far as finished, shows the most refined and delicate handling, but to us the charm of the work rests in the figure of the sleeping child. It is not naked, like those of the Italian mother which Bouguereau so persistently paints, but is clad in a garment of light texture which covers, but does not conceal, its beautifully-rounded form. The pose of the child shows that relaxation of muscle peculiar to deep sleep, and the *abandon* which accompanies it. The little arm, bare to the shoulder, falls listless from the mother's lap, and the legs, and soiled but yet pretty feet, hang over her knee. There is no division of interest in the group, but it is bound together in unity and expression. The subject is painted under the broadly-diffused light of a cloudless twilight sky, which, although the faces are turned away from the brilliantly-toned horizon, admits of the introduction of those tender gradations of color and delicate modeling of the subtleties of form and feature which are so expressive when portrayed in the broader light of mid-day.

The sky, which is so brilliant at the horizon with reflected light, shows at the zenith the cool gray and shadowy tones of approaching night, and this is repeated in the surrounding landscape, but not so strongly as to hide or veil, as it were, the minor objects of detail. As far as advanced, the work gives expression to a feeling of quiet, not only in the foreground-group, but also in the suggestion of the great city, the spires and domes of which are marked against the bright-toned evening sky; and its coloring is as harmonious in its rich and mellow tints as its story is in refinement and elevated sentiment.

THE French sculptor of animals, Antoine Louis Barye, recently deceased, was held in very high estimation by the best critics. Gautier, speaking of him, says: "M. Barye does not treat animals from a purely zoological point of view—when he makes a tiger, a bear, or an elephant, he does not content himself with being exact in the highest degree. He knows that a mere reproduction of Nature does not constitute art. He elevates, he simplifies, he idealizes the animals, and gives to them a special character. He has a certain lofty, powerful, and unartificial manner, which makes him the Michael Angelo of the menagerie." Another art-critic of high-standing, M. Thore, said of Barye, as early as 1844, "He is a man of the century of Benvenuto Cellini." These are high praises, yet although some allowance for French warmth of expression may, perhaps, be necessary, there can be no doubt that they are, in the main, deserved. Barye was instructed in modeling by the sculptor Bosio, and in designing by the painter Gros. His art-career began about 1819, in which year he received a silver medal for his contributions to a competitive exhibition of plastic works. In 1839 he received the second prize in another exhibition, and a few years afterward his celebrated group of a lion fighting with a serpent won for him the honor of being "decorated." This truly admirable work, which was first displayed in 1838, was soon afterward placed in the Tuileries, where it has been seen and appreciated by connoisseurs in art from many

lands. In 1855 he was appointed an officer of the Legion of Honor. He was chosen, also, by M. Lefuel, the principal architect of the new Louvre, to execute four allegorical groups of men and animals, representing, respectively, "Order," "Force," "Peace," and "War." These groups now form prominent decorations of the pavilions of Daru, Denon, Colbert, and Turgot—the representatives of the principles named. The works of Barye are numerous, and, though most of them are well known to the art-world, and some are familiar to almost every visitor to Paris of late years, yet a more thorough classification than they have heretofore received would be necessary to give a true idea of their number and special characteristics. Their subjects, however, are generally animals, sometimes combined in groups with men or allegorical figures, but more commonly without such additions.

"We are sorry to learn," says the *Athenæum*, "that there is great probability of a new front being put to the north transept of Westminster Abbey—a front which, although only a century and a half old, has some claims to veneration, and, although poor enough in detail, reproduces, and with great dignity and beauty, the masses of the more ancient façade. Looking at Sir G. Scott's rather jejune design for the execution of this long-cherished scheme of his—a design which was in the late Royal Academy Exhibition—we are convinced that those who forward this plan of reparation will assuredly regret it, should any such work be executed. As is common with this architect's compositions, that in question is of the pattern-book kind—a very safe compilation, but otherwise void of spirit and power, timidly composed, and mechanically conceived. If a new façade must needs be put to this transept, let it be, at all events, a good, vigorous, and expressive one, rendering the best of nineteenth-century Gothic with success, not a poor compilation."

THE ART JOURNAL for September will contain as American additions a richly-illustrated article on ceramic art; an engraving on wood, by W. J. Linton, of Vibert's last Salon-picture, "The Painter's Repose;" and two specimens of American artists, one being Mr. Guy's "The Orange-Girl," and the other Mr. Wilmarth's "Ingratitude," both of which attracted marked attention at the last Academy exhibition. The steel-plates of the number are Webster's "Contrary Winds," from the Sheepshanks collection, Turner's "Wycliffe, near Rokeby," and Raphael's "Madonna della Sedia." The Landseer studies are continued, and there are a well-illustrated article on metal and wood work among the Hindoos, a curious illustrated article on ancient shoes in the Museum of Costumes, Paris, and the conclusion of Mr. S. C. Hall's article on Westwood Park.

Music and the Drama.

WHILE there seems to be a powerful reaction of public taste in favor of the better drama—a feeling unmistakable for several years past—the musical current sets in a different direction. By this we do not wish to ignore the palpable increase of sympathy on the part of the better and more cultured classes with classical orchestral music. This section of society will always remain limited. We point rather to the large and growing *clérentle* secured by *opéra-bouffe*. Half a dozen years since a single

company was the limit which the status of the amusement market seemed to allow. Last year there were two French companies in the field, besides the Soldene English troupe and several American organizations, all of which were successful speculations for the managers, though at least two of them were wretched enough in any artistic sense.

It is not hastily to be concluded that this *penchant* of the public is rooted in any essential preference for *bouffe* music as compared with the better forms of opera. Perhaps the simplest and truest solution is, that amusement-seekers are afforded the opportunity of hearing gay and lively music, united with good acting, at a reasonable price—an element in the theatre-problem of no little importance. Be that as it may, the result still remains, that a good *opéra-bouffe* company, whether French or English, can hardly fail to meet with a large patronage. The English form of this entertainment, and the school of singers which it engenders, are hardly as satisfactory as those "native to the manner born" across the Channel. The French idioms and nasal sounds are so admirably fitted to those subtle *nuances* of thought and expression, alike in the acting and singing thereof, which we associate with this style of opera, that we do not look for the artistic excellence of the original in the vernacular adaptation. It is therefore unjust to institute any comparison between French and English *opéra-bouffe*, except for general purposes of discussion.

The English Comic-Opera Company now playing at Wallack's Theatre, of which Miss Julia Matthews is the chief star, opened their season in "Boulotte," an adaptation from the Offenbachian opera of "Barbe Bleue." The bright and sparkling airs in this work, and the many grotesque situations of the story, served as a very effective medium for the display of what must be called an excellent company of its kind—far superior, indeed, in real artistic excellence to the Soldene company which represented English *opéra-bouffe* last year. Miss Matthews is a singer of considerable personal comeliness, a sweet and flexible though rather light voice, and an actress of much quaint humor and spirit. She lacks, indeed, the subtle art and finish which combined with the *chic* of Tostée, Aujac, and Aimée, to make them so attractive even to those who may have been as unwitting of French as of Sanscrit. But, in lieu of it, we get a genuinely bright, joyous humor, which is more healthy and cheerful, even if less seductive, than the delicious *diablerie* of the French exponents of Offenbachian opera. The lady has shown herself a highly-competent artist in her line, and was quite a pleasant surprise to many who were not disposed to expect much from their past experiences of this class of British importations. The principal tenor of the troupe, Mr. Albert Brennir, proved himself a very capable singer and actor, and the other principals of the organization left a very agreeable impression. The company is admirably balanced, and, though there is no voice in it of very marked excellence, the superior style in which it did its work was such as to leave no doubt of its ability to command a permanent

popularity. The chorus is a light one, and hardly powerful enough to do full justice to some of the music. The conductor does his work admirably, and to his skill and vigilance probably the charm of the performance is largely due.

So much for the company in its details. We could wish that the opera of "Barbe Bleue" had been given us in its entirety, instead of a condensation. The liberty taken with the original is by no means an improvement, though it must be acknowledged that some of the offensive portions of the French libretto have been either very much softened or altogether omitted. Still, if we remember the original rightly, something of the brightness and symmetry of it, which need not have been eliminated with its indecency, is gone. A word on the subject of adaptations for the stage will be in point. It is the tendency of translators and adapters to take the action of a play as much as possible out of its habitat and change its coloring. This is oftentimes pardonable, sometimes necessary. In *opéra-bouffe*, which is so essentially Gallic in its spirit and feeling, such attempts are rarely other than injurious, and only such alterations as simple decency and the healthy sentiment of Anglo-Saxon audiences demand, should be made.

Miss Matthews has given the public reason to anticipate better work even than that done in the opening opera. "Boulotte" does not afford the same opportunity to test her mettle as the "Grande-Duchesse" and several other operas. The repertory of the troupe, we are told, will include the most successful works of Offenbach, Hervé, and Lecocq, the last of whom especially will be cordially welcomed in an English dress.

THE apprehensions of many, that the attendance at the summer concerts of the Thomas orchestra would be dangerously affected by the Gilmore concerts, have been so completely refuted as to make it sure that nothing can shake the hold of the finest of our musical organizations on the New York public. There was not, indeed, at any time, cause to make the judicious fear. These two bands appeal to different spheres of public patronage, and there should never have been a question as to the ability of the largest of American cities to support them both.

The concerts of the Central-Park Garden have never been more amply encouraged, and the dropping away of the few has been more than compensated by the steady attendance of the true lovers of fine music. It is quite significant to see so many of the same faces night after night in the audience, and arouses a suggestion of intimate sympathy and sentiment, which the orchestra cannot but feel as well as the *habitués*.

The accomplished conductor has more than justified the public confidence, not merely by the superb playing of his musicians, but by the character of the programmes he has offered. It has been the object of Mr. Thomas not merely to give the public repeated interpretations of the old established masters, but the best of the new contemporary music, almost simultaneously with its production abroad. New York audiences have

been permitted to have the works of the rising composers abroad in many cases before even London and Paris. This promptness and enterprise of Mr. Thomas constitute not the least of his many claims to public gratitude. It is not necessary to catalogue the new pieces brought out during the summer, or the less common works of the old masters, in some cases offered for the first time to many of the audiences. That foreign composers have been willing and eager to give Mr. Thomas the right of interpretation in America prior to their introduction to English and French audiences, is not the least eloquent testimony of the estimation in which he is held.

Among the novel features of the concerts this summer has been the setting apart of certain evenings at stated periods, for the illustration of the music of different composers. Wagner, Beethoven, Schubert, and Mozart, have been thus served up for the admirers of classical music in a series of carefully-arranged concerts. The results have been delightfully satisfactory. The Schubert and Mozart nights were specially gala occasions, as compositions of these great masters of tone, but little known, were offered to the public, as well as their acknowledged masterpieces. The Mozart programme was notably delicious, as it gave us, besides the great Jupiter symphony and his two finest overtures, the "Masonic Funeral Music," composed at the behest of the Esterhazy family, who were the composer's patrons. This magnificent work produced a great impression by its majestic and noble strains, and we trust in the future will be often put on the programmes of the miscellaneous concerts. We trust that ere the end of the season, now drawing to a close, Mr. Thomas will give his patrons Handel, Mendelssohn, and Schumann nights. The opportunity of studying the compositions of our great musical thinkers, with all their different styles and modes placed in close juxtaposition, cannot fail to yield to the thoughtful lover of the art very valuable results, hardly to be attained by the average miscellaneous programme, though the latter conduces more to general amusement. A careful review of the summer season justifies us in finding the verdict that the Thomas orchestra has never done such fine work before, and promises a series of winter entertainments such as will raise the reputation of the band and its conductor to a higher place than ever.

THE dramatic season about to commence in New York promises to be of unusual interest and excellence, alike in character and variety. Mr. Daly will depart from his previous system for a portion of the season, and give us two great "star" attractions, Mr. Edwin Booth and Miss Clara Morris, the former appearing in New York for the first time at his theatre. We are by no means such ardent admirers of Mr. Booth as many, nor are we disposed to rank him as an actor of great genius. It is not to be questioned, however, that this tragedian, take him all in all, stands in the forefront of American artists. However he may lack the vital spark, his work is characterized by a large measure

of finish, picturesqueness, and thorough knowledge of stage traditions, which make him effective in all his personations, and in a few of them an actor of great impressiveness. It is understood that during his six weeks' engagement, to commence early in October, Mr. Booth will play nearly all the characters in his extensive *répertoire*, in which he will be supported by the best people of Mr. Daly's very excellent company. We anticipate from these performances a beauty of stage-setting and an effectiveness of cast beyond what we have been accustomed to for a number of years, even in the palmy days of Booth's Theatre itself. It need not be said that tragedy is generally done, not merely in New York, but throughout the country, with a poverty of cast and surroundings which makes a merely clever actor sometimes appear great by contrast. If Mr. Daly does what the public have been led to expect from him, the reform in this direction will entitle him to the gratitude of the public.

A rival tragedian, Mr. Barry Sullivan, will have made his appearance at Booth's Theatre before this reaches the public. It is so long since this gentleman has acted before American audiences, that he will be new to many of the present generation of theatre-goers. His merits have been so contradictorily discussed in the English journals, that it is alike difficult and dangerous to hazard an opinion as to the probable measure of his desert and success. Clever English actors, even some who are commonplace, have been so generously received by Americans, that an artist of any ability may be sure of at least fair treatment. The probabilities are that Mr. Sullivan will get rather more than less of what he really deserves in any artistic sense.

Not the least interesting feature of the dramatic outlook, in the direction of tragedy, will be the appearance of Signor Ernesto Rossi, who is regarded by the Italians as the rival of Salvini in the representation of such parts as *Hamlet*, in which he has made as great an Italian reputation as the other is *Othello*. These three names will be the principal exponents of tragedy during the coming season, and the lovers of the better drama will have ample opportunity for gratifying their tastes.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

August 10, 1873.

THE Plon lawsuit against the estate of Napoleon III., relative to the publication of the "Life of Cæsar," has brought that more celebrated than successful work on the *tapis* once more. M. Plon's lawyer might have cited in his argument a curious incident, which is given in the posthumous volume of the "Mémoires of Sainte-Beuve." Although the "Life of Cæsar" is not much worse than many of the books that are written by the members of the Academy, the celebrated critic would not permit it to be mentioned in the *Constitutionnel*, calling it an "august error." He did still more. For his own amusement, and for that of a few intimate friends, among whom was numbered Prince Napoleon, he prepared a ferocious criticism upon the imperial production.

from which criticism we extract the following transparently-malicious paragraphs. He commences by proving that there are two kinds of Cæsars. After describing the type of the true Cæsar, whom he depicts as being endowed with all great and fascinating qualities, he thus continues: "The other Cæsars, those of the second order and of the second class, are, on the contrary, toilsome, laborious, and, so to speak, manufactured; they have tried to become Cæsars, and by dint of repeating that incessantly to themselves, they have succeeded. By dint of rehearsing their part and by throwing themselves into it, they have learned it. Born in the purple or beside the purple, they have been inspired with a childlike credulity in the reflections of their cradle; they have grown up in a dynastic religion, and their great merit is never to have departed from it. They have never been men for a single instant without believing themselves Cæsars. Even in misfortune and exile they have never faltered nor despaired. That unique ambition, which was proposed and inculcated to them from their youth, and which they have never abdicated at any moment, that education which they have given themselves, so exclusive, so incomplete, but so perpetually tending toward a single point, has succeeded with them; they have raised their souls and their thoughts to the height of the aim, improbable to all and certain for themselves only, which they ever contemplate, and to which they unceasingly strive to attain.

"By dint of belief, they have acquired the power to act; ask not of them to cease to be mystical; their political virtue, their strength, is forever inseparable from their mysticism. Thus, without one drop of hereditary blood in their veins, without a single primitive trait of the genius that founded the race, they have been known to become by dint of application, of meditation, and of cultivation, the worthy and legitimate heirs of their line."

This passage has been widely and maliciously quoted within the last few days. One can imagine the bland smile wherewith the Red Prince must have listened to these adroitly veiled and telling lines.

The Parisians have got tired of complaining about the rainy weather, and now they are making jokes about it. One gentleman meets another on the boulevards during a northeast storm: "What an unpleasant winter we are having!" cries the first, pulling up the collar of his overcoat. "Do you think so?" says the second, with a shiver. "I should merely call it a very severe summer." The following style of traveling-dress is recommended for lady tourists in Switzerland: a pointed tin hat trimmed with a lightning-rod; a long, loose, water-proof sacque, and India-rubber boots. This costume has one advantage—it can be worn by either sex indiscriminately.

The artists' studios are deserted, the busy workers having fled to study in more congenial climes. The indefatigable Meissonier only is still toiling away at the great battle-picture purchased some eighteen months ago by Sir Richard Wallace, and representing, if I remember rightly, Napoleon reviewing his troops before the battle of Wagram. There is a group of horses that cannot be set right, according to the great artist's ideas. He paints them in most admirable fashion, according to all who see them, but his keen and fastidious taste refuses to be satisfied, so he rubs them out and paints them in, and rubs them out again, and tears his hair, and gets into a frenzy generally. The severest of Meissonier's critics is always Meissonier himself. The vast studio of Gustave Doré is, as usual, crowded with

gigantic canvases, prominent among which is his huge contribution to the Salon of this year, the serpent-swarming "Hell of Liars." It will probably be sent to London to take its place in the Doré Gallery there. He is just sketching another mighty picture, of equally prodigious size, but the subject was not definitely defined when I saw it, nor was the artist at hand to reveal to me its purport. A wilderness of columns and arches in the background, and a crowd of persons in antique Roman garb in the foreground, were vaguely outlined on the canvas. It looked like a Scriptural scene—probably some scene in the life of Christ. Doré has a great fondness for Scotch scenery, and a finished landscape which hung against the wall, a stretch of breezy hill-side flecked with patches of purple heather, and a small lake sparkling in the distance, under a sky half-gray shadow and half-gleaming sunshine, had the very breath of the Highlands in it. A small-sized picture next caught my eye, a scene of such simple, domestic pathos that it was a marvel that it should have owed its being to the weird pencil of Doré. It represented a small, lamp-lighted room, wherein, beside its parents' bed, a chubby baby lay, sound asleep in its curtained *berceau*. Beside the crib stood the father, a French soldier fully equipped for departure, looking down with sad and earnest eyes upon the slumbering babe. Nothing more—only the mute farewell, sadder than tears, more impressive than words, of one who goes, possibly never to return—of a father looking what he deems may be his last upon his unconscious child.

There has been but little doing in the literary line during the past week. Hetzel has brought out a new novel by Gustave Droz, entitled "Les Etangs," the plot of which is original and interesting. A cheap illustrated edition of the works of Frédéric Soulié is shortly to be issued in numbers, at the price of ten cents per number. The series is to commence with "Le Lion Amoureux." A list of the novels that a young French girl of eighteen might be permitted to read was recently published in one of the leading newspapers. All Walter Scott's novels, the "Vicar of Wakefield," and "Robinson Crusoe," in English; and in French, "Télémaque"!!! George Sand's "Petite Fadette" and "Le More au Diable," Lamartine's "Geneviève," and one or two of Jules Sandeau's minor works, filled out the list. Poor little French girls! if you are brought up as strictly as people pretend that you are, what a dismal time you must have of it, to be sure! At a *soirée* at the house of Victor Hugo lately, M. Vaquerie, his intimate friend and the editor of the *Rapport*, read certain portions of a forthcoming work on Faust. Contrary to Goethe, M. Vaquerie does not take the legendary view of Faust as a magician or a student in league with the Evil One; his Faust is the inventor of printing, the enlightener of the world. The work will be looked for with some curiosity. Victor Hugo also read sundry passages from a series of poems upon which he is now engaged, and which is to be called "The Art of being a Grandfather." Some one has described Victor Hugo as "the poet of giants and of children." One of these new poems is entitled the "Siesta of Jeanne," its heroine being, of course, the little granddaughter so tenderly beloved by the poet. It is generally supposed that after Victor Hugo's death an enormous mass of literary productions of all kinds, poems, dramas, novels, etc., will be found all ready for publication, as he is an indefatigable writer, and the works which he has of late given to the world do not at all

represent the amount that he has written. "I am laying up a fortune for my grandchildren," he is reported to have said when once reproached for withholding his writings from the world. I cannot say that I am anxious for the great poet to die, but I *would* like to see those hidden treasures brought forth into the light of day.

The "Procès Veauradioux" is to be succeeded on the stage of the Vaudeville this evening by the new drama in four acts, and in verse, entitled "Jean-Nu-Pieds," which has been promised for so long. The history of the "Procès Veauradioux" is a singular one, and strikingly illustrates the vicissitudes in the affairs of those whose business it is to cater for the amusement of the public. It was accepted over a year ago, but the directors had not the slightest confidence in its powers of attraction. Piece after piece, failure after failure, succeeded each other on the stage of the Vaudeville with disastrous rapidity. The comedies of Barrière and D'Ennery had no better fate than the productions of the veriest novices. Revivals and novelties were both tried, and with the same ill-luck. At last came the 1st of June, the close of the Parisian theatrical season. The directors retired, and the artists of the company joined together in an association to perform during the summer. They needed a new piece, and their choice fell on M. Delpit's drama of "Jean-Nu-Pieds." But they could not get it ready for the 1st of June. Some one of their number then suggested, "Let us bring out the 'Procès Veauradioux;' it will be a dead failure, and then we can go on with the new drama." The suggestion was adopted, and the new comedy was produced, without fuss or flourish of any kind. To the utter stupefaction of the management, it proved an immense success. It has achieved its fifty nights, having drawn crowded houses during the most unpropitious season for Parisian theatrical enterprise. Nor would it be withdrawn now did not its author, M. Hennequin, gracefully yield his place to M. Delpit, whose drama has been ready and waiting for six weeks past. The "Procès Veauradioux" will be revived later in the season. Meanwhile, its lucky author has received orders for three new plays, one for the Palais Royal, one for the Variétés, and another for the Vaudeville. He is quite a young man, being only a few years on the shady side of thirty.

The Gymnase has brought out two new plays, a one-act trifle called "Je déjeune à Midi," and a three-act comedy entitled "Le Million de M. Pomard." The first, though crude, and showing the traces of an unpractised hand, is not wanting in vivacity and originality. Its title ought really to have been "A Magistrate's Morning." It is divided into two scenes, one comic and the other tragic. Before a *juge de la paix* there comes an unhappy husband, who has reason to suspect the fidelity of his wife, and who has found out her evil doings in a very comical manner. One day, while looking at a photograph of one of the quays through one of those great magnifying-glasses which abound in the windows of Parisian print-shops, he perceived in one corner of the picture a carriage, into which a lady and a young gentleman were just about to mount. He recognized his wife in the lady, so he bought the picture, took it home, enlarged it by the usual process, and is certain that it is his wife. Next comes the wife herself to complain of her husband. The judge manages to bring about a reconciliation, and dismisses the pair to conjugal happiness. Then enters a young man who comes to make

a charge against a poacher, but who, as the judge happens to know, has killed his aunt, whose sole heir he was—not by poison or knife, be it understood, but by a plan evidently borrowed from “*La Joie fait Peur*” of Madame Girardin. He merely gave her to understand that her son, who is absent in China, has suddenly returned, and then he comes into her presence and cries, without a word of warning, “Your son is dead!” which happened to be actually the case. The unhappy mother died from the effects of the shock, and her adroit assassin inherited her estate. The judge taxes the young man with his crime; he becomes infuriated, and, seizing a pistol that is lying on the desk, he fires at his accuser, and misses him, whereupon the judge orders him into custody for an attempt at murder. “Twenty years of the galleys!” exclaims the judge, exultingly; “and now for my breakfast—*je dîne à midi*.” As will be seen by the above outline of the plot, this little piece possesses a good deal of force and originality. The dialogue also is terse and telling. The “*Million de M. Pomard*” resembles too much the “*Bons Villageois*” of Sardou. Like that brilliant comedy, it treats of the miseries of a wealthy proprietor from Paris, who seeks to establish himself in a rural district. It was very well acted, and is quite amusing, notwithstanding the lack of novelty in the leading idea.

The other theatres are gradually awakening from their summer lethargy. A new piece called “*The Man with the White Rabbit*” has been brought out at the Palais Royal. It is simply a broad farce, without any pretensions to literary merit. Such a play must be very funny to be successful, and “*The Man with the White Rabbit*” is *not* very funny. The *Comédie Française* has at last announced a semi-novelty, in the shape of a revival of “*Baron Lafleur*,” a comedy in three acts, and in verse, by Camille Doucet. Coquelin is to play the leading rôle in this revival, which is to take place the latter part of this week. Membree, the composer of those very heavy operas, “*L’Esclave*” and “*Les Parias*,” has finished two more, which are entitled respectively “*Colomba*” and “*The Red Monk*.” The libretto of the former is taken from Merimée’s novel of the same name.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

THAT of late best-abused of artists, Mr. Millais, must have made a tidy little sum by his brush, and he seems to be laying it out in a substantial way. Just now he is building a fine mansion not far from the Duke of Bedford’s at South Kensington, and it will cost, it is said, over twenty thousand pounds before it is finished.

There are misprints and misprints. Some are laughable, others are merely irritating. One of the most amusing I have ever seen appears in a London weekly this week. The paper in question contains an article on present-day chivalry, and in the course of it the famous lines of Lovelace—

“Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore:
I could not love you, sweet, so much,
Loved I not honor more”—

are printed as follows:

“Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore:
I could not love you, sweet, so much,
Loved I not *Hannah Moore*!”

Some wag of a compositor is obviously responsible for the last two words; maybe he has been revenging himself on the contributor for his illegible handwriting. But imagine that gentleman’s feelings!

The successful young songstress, Made-moiselle Thalberg, is, I am told, about to undertake an operatic tour in the English provinces in conjunction with Mesdemoiselles Albani and Belocca, and with the indefatigable Sir Julius Benedict as conductor. “Indefatigable Sir Julius,” I may well say. There never was a more favorite musician among the fair sex than he. Early in the day he gives lessons at any number of young ladies’ private schools, and in the evening we find him wielding the *bâton* at some concert or festival miles and miles away.

Messrs. Hamilton’s panorama of America is at present “located” at the Great St. James’s Hall, but I am sorry to say it is not drawing good houses. The fact is, the days of panoramas are past, just as are the days of menageries and Punch-and-Judy shows. Yet many of Messrs. Hamilton’s views are very cleverly painted, and they have, moreover, secured a right genial and versatile “guide,” Mr. Arthur Mattheson, the librettist, a gentleman pretty well known, I am given to understand, in your Empire City.

As I write, the first promenade concert (at Covent Garden) of the season is on the point of being given. This year, as last, the concerts are to be under the direction of the well-known refreshment contractors, Messrs. Gatti. For the opening night, Signor Arditti has arranged “a grand selection”—as the advertisements put it—“from Wagner’s ‘*Lohengrin*,’ for full orchestra and military bands,” while the principal vocalists are Mesdemoiselles Bianchi and Christino and Mr. (not Signor, mark you!) V. Fabrini.

Miss Florence Marryat—or rather Mrs. Ross-Church—the editor of *London Society*, one of the best paying of our magazines, has a daughter who is taking to the stage. The young lady’s name is Eva, and very shortly she will make her *début* at London-by-the-Sea, otherwise Brighton. If she is only as clever an elocutionist as her mother, she will soon make her way.

The French edition of Poe’s “*Raven*,” by Stéphane Mallarmé, which you referred to a week or two ago, is a ponderous tome, indeed. My friend Mr. Ingram has had one of the volumes (only two hundred and forty have been printed) presented to him; this, like its fellows, is two feet high by eighteen inches broad. Manet’s illustrations are wonderfully weird and imaginative; they remind one of Doré. By-the-way, Mr. Ingram’s edition of Poe is in its third edition.

A few days hence Mr. John S. Clarke will appear as “star” at the Haymarket, and, by-and-by, Miss Neilson will appear there as *Juliet*. The veteran author of “*Box and Cox*,” Mr. Madison Morton, is busy on a three-act comedy for the same theatre, and Mr. Henry J. Byron and W. S. Gilbert are likewise writing pieces for it. In his piece Mr. Byron will himself take part. From all which you will see that Mr. Sothorn intends to inaugurate his management thoroughly well.

I mentioned Mr. Byron just now—a fact which reminds me that he has written a most amusing article on “Professional Superstitions” for the first number of the forthcoming *London Magazine*. Let me give you a “plum” out of it. Describing an interview with a certain manager, whose “unswerving rule” was never to transact any theatrical business on a Friday, he says:

“I had at that time done little else dramatically than compositions of a comic character, which, supported as they then were, produced far more effect than their intrinsic merits in any way warranted, and I felt considerable timidity in approaching the presence of the manager. However, I opened out the subject, dilated on its attractive qualities, suggested a suitable cast, and was altogether getting on swimmingly when the inevitable ‘terms’ came on the *tapis*, together with the no less inevitable disclosure of the day of the week. I shall never forget the sudden change in the countenance of my hitherto most amiable friend. He rose, shut to his desk with a bang, and—well, he did not exactly order me out, but he so convincingly let me see that the interview was closed, that, like the sensible dog in the play, I descended the managerial staircase with alacrity.

“The following day I received a summons to the great man’s presence. He was once more all geniality. It was Saturday, and despite its being the one day in the week on which one would imagine a manager would not smile, my friend in question *did* smile, and handed me a check with the blandest cordiality.

“And now,” I ventured to remark, having pocketed the check as a sage precaution—and now, may I inquire what there is so terrible about Friday as a—

“Don’t!” he exclaimed, loudly; “don’t mention that day to me. I hate it. I never produce a new piece on a Friday; I never—”

“Oh, indeed!” I replied, rather knowingly, as I thought. “How about Boxing-day! The Christmas pieces come out on that day, I believe. When it falls on a Friday, do you postpone your production?”

“I shall never forget the look of mingled contempt and scorn which overspread the manager’s countenance at this question of mine. We didn’t speak for months.

“I have since then never met but one manager who would hear of producing a new play on a Friday, and he did so because it was his benefit. It was a melodrama of my own, and it ran seven months. But, of course, that was only the exception that proved the rule.”

Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope has given us, within the last few days, two volumes of his short tales. The first is called “*Diamond cut Diamond; a Story of Tuscan Life*.” There are others entitled “*Vittoria Accoramboni*,” “*The Golden Book of Torcello*,” “*The Duchess Veronica*,” etc. Messrs. Chapman & Hall are the publishers. Another work which has just been issued is “*The Abode of Snow: Observations on a Journey from Chinese Tibet to the Indian Caucasus, through the Upper Valleys of the Himalaya*.” This is by Mr. Andrew Wilson, and is published by Messrs. Blackwood. I should tell you here that an anonymous novel recently issued by Messrs. Bentley—is called “*Comin’ thro’ the Rye*”—is rumored to be by Miss Broughton. The *Athenæum* says there is a great deal of power in it; so there is—and it is certainly Rhoda-Broughtonish power, which is by no means easy to imitate. Who can depict fashionable lovers so well as she?

The Scotch folk remain as “unco guid” as ever—that is, the few of them who still reside ayont the Tweed. When they come over here their intense piousness is soon rubbed off in their desperate struggles to get on, and it is not long before they fall into our wicked ways. However, in “the land of the mountain and the flood” itself, they still have a strong objection to theatres, as you will guess when I tell you that they have at the present moment only eight or ten in their midst. There are, for instance, three in Glasgow (but then Glasgow is a very “fast” city), one in Edinburgh, one in Greenock, one in Dundee, and one in Aberdeen. Perth has no theatre at all, and within the last few days it has been agitated to its very centre because a couple of daring and ungodly individuals have been ar-

deavoring to obtain licenses to erect one. Bless you, the magistrates would not hear of such a thing! They rose *en masse* against the impious application, bedridden bailies even got out of their beds to denounce it. There never was such a scene, and in the end, of course, the would-be managers retired mightily discomforted. All this reminds me of an anecdote my friend Mr. Joseph Eldred, who is just now playing, and playing capitally, too, *Melter Moss* in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" at the Olympic, told me a little while ago. At the time the Edinburgh Theatre Royal was burnt down he was the lessee of the local operetta-house, the only other place of amusement in "Auld Reekie." Naturally, he was not over-sorry at the calamity; I won't say that he actually rejoiced, but some of the "pros" under him did, for they argued, you see, that the canny inhabitants were now bound to come and see *them*. As for his friends outside, they poked him slyly in the ribs, called him "lucky dog," and hinted jocularly that he himself had applied the match which had set the rival house in flames. In the end, Mr. Eldred was so impressed with the idea that his fortune was about to be made that the evening after the conflagration he had his doors barricaded, hired extra money-takers, box-keepers, and check-takers—in short, made every necessary preparation for the grand "rush" and "crush" that was expected. Ah, at that time he little knew how superstitious Scotchmen are! The curtain rose to the worst house he ever had; he could have counted the audience on his fingers! The good folk of Scotland's capital looked upon the destruction of the Theatre Royal as a warning to them. "It's a visitation of the Almighty," declared they. "Na, na," said one worthy old shop-keeper, "I'll ne'er gang to a theatre again; it's the deil's hoose, that is it!"

This is an age of testimonials. Why, was it not only the other day that a society was founded, the members of which were each to receive at stated intervals a service of plate, a valuable gold watch, or something of that kind, subscribed for by the other members? The latest testimonial talked about is one for Dr. Charles Mackay, the well-known song-writer and journalist (who does not know his "Cheer, Boys, Cheer?"). The learned doctor is well on in life (I need hardly remind you that he lived in New York for some years), and few in their literary capacity have served their country better. Doubtless the testimonial will be a substantial one; indeed, the names of the committee would insure that. Here are a few of them: the Dukes of Westminster and Sutherland, the Marquises of Lorne and Hartington, Earl Russell, Professor Tyndall, and Mr. Theodore Martin.

Mr. Norman Lockyer, the distinguished astronomer and editor of *Nature*, is, I am told, about to start on a very pleasant mission. He has been deputed by our government to visit the various courts of Europe and lay before them the advisability of their sending "exhibits" to the forthcoming exhibition of scientific instruments at South Kensington. As he will have *carte blanche*, our astronomer rejoices muchly, to use Artemus's phrase.

Didn't I tell you, some weeks ago, that Mr. Ingram is engaged on a lengthy life of the author of "The Raven?" Any way, such is the case, and I think Mr. Stoddard will be somewhat disconcerted when it appears. For why? That gentleman has declared positively that Poe was never in France; but it so happens that Mr. Ingram has in his possession a full account of the poet's adventures there. He dictated it to a lady-friend as he lay, as

he thought, on his death-bed at his cottage at Fordham—dictated it because, as he said, "the publishers would all be greedy for his life" when he was gone! Mr. Ingram has promised to give me a *résumé* of it for my next letter; so, meanwhile, *verb. acp.*

WILL WILLIAMS.

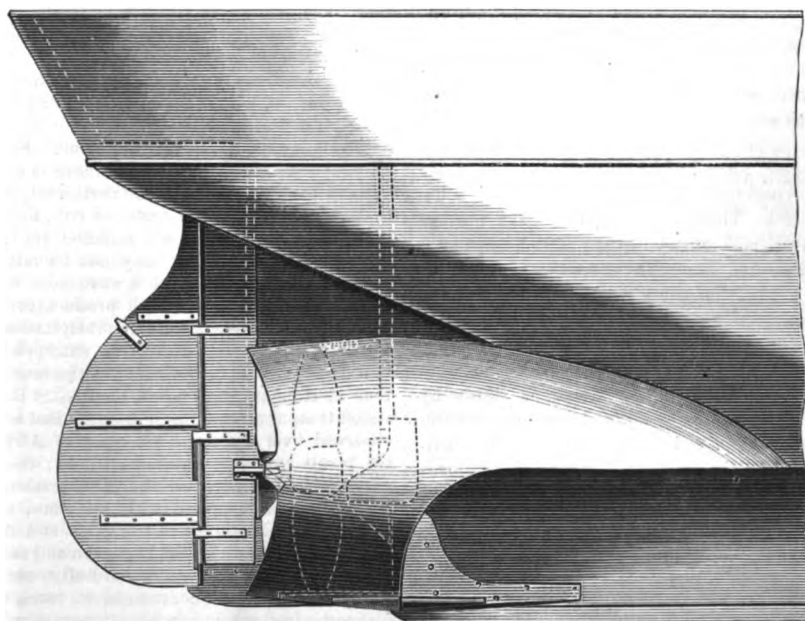
Science, Invention, Discovery.

AN IMPROVED SCREW-PROPELLER.

AMONG the numberless inventions upon the merits of which naval engineers and architects are called upon to decide, those relating to improvements in the form or general construction of the screw-propeller occupy a prominent place. In spite of the active efforts of mechanics and inventors, however, it rarely occurs that their plans possess sufficient merit to commend their adoption; hence, when any worthy plan is submitted, the traveling public, together with

ing in contact with a whale, that she was unable to proceed on her voyage, but returned to Liverpool for repairs. It was with a view to overcome these objections that Mr. Griffiths suggested the plan here illustrated, and as the English Admiralty regarded it of sufficient merit to deserve a thorough trial, and as that trial proved a success, we are induced to direct the attention of our readers to the subject.

As described in *The Engineer*, Mr. Griffiths plan is to put the screw into a casing of fifty by seventy-five per cent. larger area than that of the screw-disk, and provided with an opening underneath, so that the screw is not supplied with water that would otherwise flow into the space left by the ship, nor does the ship rob it of any of the water which it requires to force back in order to give the full forward thrust. Then, as is evident by an examination of the accompanying illustration, the screw—there shown by the dotted lines—is completely protected from



those who are directly interested in all improvements in mechanical engineering, would do well to inform themselves regarding its special merits. Among the earliest and most forcible of the many objections raised against the screw or fan-propeller was, that it occupied a place so directly in the wake of the ship as not to be able to utilize the full resisting power of the waters—in other words, that the screw, from its very location, must needs act upon a current of water flowing away from it. Nor is this objection without force, and hence it is that many of the inventions to which we have alluded are designed to meet it. Another serious objection to the screw as a means of propulsion is, that when broken, as it is liable to be by contact with ice, floating spars, or even large fish, there is no remedy but to return to port and go upon the docks. An instance of this character is just at hand, foreign dispatches having within a few days announced that one of the ocean-steamers so injured her screw, by com-

contact with foreign objects such as we have mentioned. Another argument in favor of the casing is, that when adapted to war-vessels it will act the part of an armor-plate about the screw, thus protecting it from shot and shell, and, what is a more probable source of danger, the bursting of torpedoes.

The arguments in favor of the plan were regarded as of sufficient force to justify the naval officials in authorizing a practical test, to which end H. M. S. Bruiser was placed at the service of the inventor. Of course, the only question to be definitely determined by a trial-trip was the value of the casing as an aid to the speed of the vessel, its use as a guard or armor being self-evident. The report of this trial reads as follows:

"The Bruiser was first tried on the 26th of February with her propeller fitted in the ordinary way, her course being over the measured distance within the breakwater at Plymouth. The force of the wind was two to three, and its direction east-southeast, and the

sea smooth. The draught of the ship was eight feet, both fore-and-aft, and she was in every way fully equipped and ready for sea. The screw fitted was one of Griffiths', with two blades, having a diameter of six feet and eight feet pitch; with sixty nominal horse-power, and a mean pressure in the cylinders of 35.79 pounds, her mean number of revolutions, after six runs, was eight hundred and eighty-one per mile, and her true mean speed 8.016 knots. Having been docked, and the casing fitted to her, as shown in the accompanying illustration, she was again tried on the 2d instant, under almost similar circumstances to those of the first trial. The force of the wind and the state of the sea were the same, though the direction of the former was southwest instead of east-southeast. She carried one more ton of coals, and her trim was a little different, being seven feet ten inches forward, and eight feet one inch aft. With the same nominal horse-power, and only .4 more indicated, the mean number of revolutions was only eight hundred and thirty-six, whereas the speed gained was 8.274 knots, or rather more than a quarter of a knot beyond what was realized without the casing."

From these results it is evident that the claims of the inventor were fully justified, and that, by means of a very simple improvement, both the speed and safety of steamships are likely to be enhanced. In the present connection we learn that Mr. Griffiths's scheme, when fully perfected, involves a far more decided innovation than that above described. This is nothing less than the use of two small screws instead of one large one, and putting one of the screws at the bow of the vessel, the other being, as usual, at the stern. Already certain experiments have been made with this bow-screw, and the results seem to have been most favorable. At least the success of the casing, as shown by the Bruiser, was so marked, that the government have placed a screw-launch at Mr. Griffiths's disposal, by the aid of which he proposes to test the system of bow and stern screws. We shall await the results with interest, and report them to our readers as soon as they are laid before us.

THE mythical "oldest inhabitant," whose chief function seems to be the yearly announcement that "he never knew such a season as the present," is likely, for once at least, to have his statement stand undisputed. The month of August just passed will long be remembered and stand upon the weather records as the "wettest" ever known. It not unfrequently happens that, owing to a lack of previous careful observation, or a treacherous memory, we are prone to regard certain climatic conditions as unusual and phenomenal, when, were the means of comparison at hand, we should find them little different from those of each preceding year. With the month just passed, however, there can be no doubt as to the exceptional extent, duration, and violence of the daily rainfalls, as is attested by the following official statement from the Signal-Bureau at Washington. During the first eighteen days of August, the rainfall in the city of New York was 9.67 inches, while that for the whole month during the four preceding years was as follows:

August, 1871.....	5.48 inches.
" 1872.....	9.36 "
" 1873.....	4.15 "
" 1874.....	3.22 "

From this table it appears that, up to the 18th of the month of August just passed, the rainfall was three times that of the whole month of the previous year, and the record of a single day's storm gives over three inches, or as much as fell during the whole of the preceding months of May and June. With these facts in mind, and with the reports from abroad and the West, that a like condition exists there, the question as to the true cause of this undue "precipitation" becomes one of general interest; and, now that we have a bureau whose special function it is to know all about the weather, an answer may very properly be demanded from that quarter. This answer, as given by Lieutenant Beall, the officer in charge of the Signal Bureau in New York, is as follows: "Two months ago, in June, we observed winds coming into the Southern States from the Gulf of Mexico. These winds, coming from such a large body of water, brought with them heavy quantities of moisture, and, passing over the Appalachian range, blew into the Alleghany Mountains, and forced this moisture up into colder strata of air, which condensed it, and produced the rain. These southern winds are continuing still. In sections of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, which are south of this range of mountains, and where the moisture has not been condensed, there has been less than one inch of rain. But we, here in New York and all over the Middle States, get the benefit of it so long as these southern winds continue. Since Monday morning (August 16th) there is a decline in the atmosphere in the northwest, first in Dakota, yesterday in Leavenworth, to-day in Nashville. I am hardly satisfied yet that it will reach us here; it may not be felt in this section, but, if this cool wave does continue to go eastward, it will produce cooler weather and a cessation of precipitation." When further questioned by an enterprising "interviewer" as to the cause of the inundations in Hungary and France, Lieutenant Beall stated that, as areas of high pressure had been observed over the northern coast of Africa, the result would be southern winds; these, passing northward over the Mediterranean, would become saturated with moisture, and when the cold heights of the Alps and Apennines were reached a condensation and enormous precipitation would naturally occur. From these facts and deductions we reach the disheartening conclusion that when it rains we must be content to let it rain, thankful, however, that we are wiser than our fathers were, and, though that knowledge is of no avail to avert the catastrophe, we may yet be in a degree prepared for its advent.

THE influence of the differently-colored light-rays upon vegetable growth having been made the subject of extended observation, the results of which we have from time to time reported, attention is now directed to certain kindred experiments on animals. These were conducted by M. Thury, and may be briefly reviewed as follows: Two separate batches of frogs'-eggs were placed the one under colorless and the other under green glass, all the other conditions being identical. The method and rapidity of growth were carefully noted, with the following results: The development of the eggs under the colorless glass, where they were exposed to pure sunlight, was rapid and normal, and at the end of May these creatures were over an inch and one-half in length, with well-developed hind-legs. With those under the green shade the growth was stunted and abnormal, being at the end of May but three-quarters of an inch in length, of a blackish

color, and without a trace of hind-legs. By the 10th of June, many of the first batch had their fore-legs, and were changed to frogs, while in the latter no legs appeared, and they breathed still through their gills; and on the 2d of August all of the first were frogs, while the second batch were dead, never having attained even to the first stage of development in which the hind-legs are formed. It thus appears that conditions which, in the case of certain vegetables, may prove favorable to growth, are fatal to animal life; and, while grapes may thrive in blue light, frogs grow best under the full influence of all the solar rays. It is true that we have as yet no report regarding the possible influence of the other colored rays, blue, red, and yellow; still the effect of the green ray would seem to suggest like or kindred results from any other partial exclusion of the full white light of the sun.

In a brief notice made many months since of certain novel uses of electricity, our readers may recall the fact that we then urgently advocated the formation of a company which should agree to furnish all our houses with standard time by the aid of electric clocks. These were to be placed on our mantels, or in niches constructed for them, and were to be operated by electric currents conducted into the house along wires imbedded in the walls, the whole circuit to be regulated by a standard clock at the company's office. So feasible is this plan, and so much would be gained by it in securing accurate time without the repeated winding and regulating of the household clocks, that the wonder is that in this age of invention and enterprise the scheme has waited so long for the capital needed for its furtherance. We pay for water and light, and in our large commercial buildings heat is also furnished from a central reservoir. How long must it then be before we are waited upon by the agent of the coming electric clock company? We have been prompted to make this reference to the subject in view of the announcement received from Paris that M. Leverrier has proposed to the Prefect of the Seine to put at the public clocks of that city in connection with the clock at the Observatory, which instrument is placed in the Catacombs, so as to be as free as possible from all surface vibrations. Although this scheme is limited to the public clocks, there is no reason why it should not be extended to include all private as well as public timepieces.

As an immediate and almost essential consequence of the recent advances in the methods of torpedo-warfare come plans and devices either for guarding against the disastrous effects of these submarine enemies, or for removing them before they have been exploded. To this latter class belongs the invention of Messrs. Denarouze, by which a diver is enabled, without communication or connection with the surface, to remain for a long time under water. Directing his movements by means of a compass and lamp, which may be lighted or extinguished at pleasure, the diver can either place or remove torpedoes with no fear of being observed from above. While no detailed description of this apparatus has yet reached us, it is evident that the air for breathing is taken down in a compressed form, while the light may be an electric one, obtained from a battery attached to the person of the diver. Certain experiments recently made before the English torpedo committee are said to have been very satisfactory.

THE *English Mechanic* states that a new "log" has been invented and patented by

Mr. W. Clark Russell, which is said to indicate the speed of a ship at a glance without any preliminary timing. It consists of a dial placed on deck and connected to a line and log thrown overboard. As soon as the line becomes taut the index points to the rate of speed at which the vessel is traveling through the water. Presuming that the new log is as trustworthy as others employing a line, etc., towing in the sea, it has a great advantage in that its indications are read on an instrument fixed on deck.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

IN the last *Fraser* an article by Mr. W. Longman, which he calls "Impressions of Madeira," contains a great deal of interesting information, well told, about this strange and picturesque island of the Atlantic:

It was getting dusk as we neared Madeira, and had become quite dark when we landed at Funchal. When I awoke the next morning and looked into the beautiful garden of Miles's Hotel, I could not but admire the richness of the tropical vegetation with which it is abundantly filled. The remoter scene was also fine. The mountains rose in the background, and the houses crept picturesquely up the steep sides of the hills on which the town is built.

It was not long before I had an opportunity of seeing more of the island, for the friends I found at the hotel were determined I should lose no time. After breakfast we went, some on horseback, some on foot, and another in a hammock, to one of the volcanic ravines by which the city is intersected, and which descend from the central group of mountains. We went up the steep, paved street, between walls, until we arrived at a water-course, by the side of which we entered the ravine. In the afternoon we rode to a small, prettily-wooded hillock, lying to the north-west of Funchal, called the Pico do Funcho, from which we had a glimpse of the mountain-view it often commands.

But the first impression produced on my mind was, I confess, one of some little disappointment. This was, perhaps, partly produced by the presence, on my arrival, of one of those too frequent mists which veil the mountains, and descend so low as to form a canopy hardly above the highest *quintas*—as the brilliantly-gardened country-houses of the Funchal residents are called. I can well imagine the striking beauty of the island when first seen after a voyage from the Cape, should the mountains be unclouded or covered only sufficiently to veil a portion of their loveliness. But I was not fortunate enough to see them in this state, and even had I thus beheld them I should still have felt some disappointment. On the south side of the island, especially, there are many defects in natural beauty, and in all that combines to produce the feeling of satisfaction and delight which is derived from the enjoyment of Nature in all its various details. Some of these defects are common to the whole island, but others are especially characteristic of its southern portion. There is, in that part of it, a striking and lamentable deficiency of trees, and of all really wild flowers. The volcanic ravines are arid and repulsive. There is no comeliness or

beauty of form in them. They are seams which Nature may not have had time to clothe with decency; for Madeira, geologically, is not only very young, but, being a self-formed island, and having never been a part of a continent, it has never enjoyed the advantages of physical continental intercourse. Man, indeed, has built up terraces to hold the soil, and covered every nook and vantage-ground with vines and sugar-canes, yams, and other useful vegetable products; and man, too, has imported and transplanted into his *quinta* garden many a gorgeous flower, and many a splendid tree and shrub from tropical and other climates; and many of these have become wild, and grow profusely on walls and other separating boundaries of cultivation. Scattered plentifully in these arid ravines are many naturalized species of cactus, more remarkable for their singularity and ugliness than for any other quality, and vines cover every available patch of soil. But of really indigenous and beautiful wild-flowers there is a mighty dearth, and the general effect is an uninteresting bareness.

He who loves the beauty of an English flowery lane, the varied colors of an English wood, the emerald and golden hue of an English pasture, or the richly-painted loveliness of a many-flowered Alpine mountain-slope, will not find such charms in the neighborhood of Funchal. Elsewhere, in the island, he will find some of these beauties, along with others partly making up for the absence of the rest. But he will not find them in the southern districts of Madeira. A brilliant sun, which no doubt is far more frequent in Madeira than in our northern climes, also compensates, to a considerable extent, for the loss of some of these elements of natural beauty. But it does not entirely supply their place: and the bareness of the neighborhood of Funchal, combined with the difficulty of escaping from high-walled thoroughfares—and, indeed, of locomotion altogether—was no doubt the cause which produced at first a feeling of disappointment with Madeira.

On the other hand, the gardens of the *quintas*—which are almost peculiar to the south of the island—are often exceedingly beautiful. They are usually a blaze of color. Every thing grows and blossoms with a luxuriance unknown to the more temperate—and, may I add, more friendly—north. Geraniums grow to a height of twenty feet and more in a few months, and must be cut down yearly to prevent their straggling into useless exuberance. Strange tropical exotics are here naturalized. Bananas, camphor-trees, nettle-trees, palms, and gum-trees, with many others, are found in these delicious gardens, while lilies, daturas, bougainvilleas, and flowers too numerous to mention, decorate the neighborhood of every house, however humble.

But even here—even in these *quinta* gardens—Nature is niggardly, or rather has not had time to do for Madeira what she has done for larger areas. All is silence! or so nearly so that the sounds one hears serve rather to increase the oppressive feeling of want of life than make one perceive its presence. Hardly a bird carols forth its joyous song, or even twitters in the trees; hardly a butterfly flutters among the flowers, hardly a beetle crosses the path. The hum of bees is almost unknown, and the mysterious harmony of myriads of buzzing insects' wings—so charming in an English wood—in Madeira is never heard. All seems silent, all seems dead!

Madeira, we are told, has no lakes and no permanently flowing rivers:

The *ribeiros*, or rivers, are, except after heavy rains, mere water-courses, of which many are usually quite dry, and the others contain nothing more than a mere rivulet of water. During the whole of my excursions in Madeira I never saw a stream which deserved the name of any thing but a brook. I, however, crossed many substantial bridges, which showed that these brooks occasionally become dangerous torrents. Nor is there a single lake in Madeira, and indeed I did not see even one single pond in the whole island.

The cause of this absence is evidently the porous character of the volcanic soil. There are, as I shall describe, water-falls and water-courses. None of the former are really copious, except after rain. The latter, called *levadas*, must to a certain extent rob the rivers, for the water which would naturally run into the *ribeiros* is almost entirely diverted into them. The inhabitants rely on them for irrigating the cultivated soil, and principally also for the water-supply of the houses, both in and out of the capital and the villages. Every house with a garden or cultivated plot of ground is supplied with water for a definite number of hours weekly from the *levada*. The scanty remnants of the streams which find their way into the water-courses are used for washing.

It has been a popular impression that Madeira is the finest of sanitariums, where one with his lungs half gone may breathe freely a glorious atmosphere, with a scenery and a civilization peculiarly adapted for invalids, but, according to Mr. Longman, this idea of the island is only partially true:

The island is well worth visiting, but I think there are but few people who would care to return to it. To those who are in good health the climate is not agreeable. It is too relaxing. To a certain extent one becomes used to it; still, however, it is enervating, and renders one indisposed to pedestrian exercise. But, unquestionably, to one who is not an invalid, the great drawback is the difficulty of getting about. I have often been asked whether one can take walks, and my answer is always that in the neighborhood of Funchal, and with but few exceptions elsewhere, it is impracticable. There is nowhere to walk, and the walking everywhere—if you should walk—is most disagreeable. Wheeled carriages are practically unknown; there are three pony carriages in Funchal, but they are almost useless, and it is said that their owners intend to give them up. They can be used only in some few of the streets of Funchal, and along what is termed the New Road, which is a mixture of a Rotten Row for riding and a very fair road for carriages. It extends for about three miles from the western end of Funchal toward the village of Cama de Lobos.

The universal mode of getting about is either to ride on horseback or in a bullock-sledge on runners, or to be carried in a hammock. There is, however, a fourth mode of descending from the mountains for three or four miles on a few roads, and this is by sledges. A car, to hold either two or three persons, is placed on wooden runners and descends the steep, wall-inclosed roads principally by its own weight. At starting, and where the inclination is not great, it is dragged down by two of the wonderfully active Madeira peasants, who run by its side at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, each guiding it by a leathern thong attached to its front

on either side. It requires but little or no exertion to draw it along, for the road is everywhere steep, and always smoothly paved with pebbles or long stones, to which additional smoothness and even polish, beyond that produced by mere friction, are given by the constant application of grease to the runners of the bullock-cars. When, however, the road becomes very steep, the men stand on the framework of the car with one foot, while with the other they guide or check it, and the car then shoots down by its own weight with a velocity that is not a little exciting, and, after the first dash off, extremely agreeable. The speed is often more than twenty miles an hour. It is wonderful how the angular corners are turned, the car lurching up first toward one wall and then toward the other; with what ease speed is slackened or arrested, and how seldom any serious accident happens. Merchants living in their *quintas* often make use of these sledges to go to their counting-houses in the morning, returning in the afternoon usually on horseback.

To invalids, for whom a bracing air is not required, the remarkable stability of the temperature is a great recommendation.

To men in health the utter absence of any occupation or amusement beyond that of visiting is wearisome. To those fond of scenery or of mountain exploration there are of course those additional sources of interest; but they are greatly lessened by the almost utter want of lodging accommodation. Out of Funchal, with the exception of the neighboring seaside village of Santa Cruz—and this possesses only one small inn—there are but two places in the island where travelers can find a lodging. The first is Santa Anna, where there is little fear of disappointment; the other São Vicente, where there are only three decent bedrooms, and whither it is very desirable to take food. The comfort of Miles's Hotel at Funchal, and the beauty of its garden, must not be omitted among the recommendations of Madeira.

MR. JOHN LATOUCHE, in his "Travels in Portugal," from which we have previously quoted, gives a somewhat striking picture of the habits of the middle-class Portuguese, and their method of love-making:

There is nothing that would strike a traveler fresh from England, Germany, or France, more than the great rarity of real country-houses in Portugal. It is entirely against the genius of the people to live a country-life. The Portuguese is too sociable to endure to be surrounded only by woods and fields and mountains. He has many of our Northern tastes: he likes field-sports in moderation; he rides, in his own style, better than any nation in Europe except ourselves; he has a sincere delight in country-life and country-scenery, but he cannot long support the utter solitude of the country. A Portuguese nobleman, if he be rich enough, lives in Lisbon or Oporto, and if he has a country-house will visit it for a month or two in the autumn; even then he will often rather endure the misery of a sea-side lodging among a crowd than go inland. The larger of the country towns have streets full of gentlemen's houses; and here vegetate, from year to year, families who are just rich enough to live upon their incomes without working. To live, indeed, as the Portuguese do in such towns, need cost but little. A large house with a plot of cabbages (a *kale-yard*) behind it; with whitewashed walls, floors un-

carpeted, a dozen wooden chairs, one or two deal-tables; no fireplace, not even a stove, either in sitting-room or bedroom; no curtains to the windows, no covers to the tables; no pictures on the walls, no mirrors; no table pleasantly strewn with books, magazines, newspapers, and ladies' work; no such thing visible as a pot of cut flowers; no rare china, no clocks, no bronzes—none of the hundred trifles and curiosities with which, in our houses, we show our taste, or our want of it, but which either way give such an individual character and charm to our English homes. All these negatives describe the utterly dreary habitations of the middle-class Portuguese.

For occupations, the women do needle-work, gossip, go to mass daily, and look out of window by the hour. Except the one short walk to church at eight o'clock in the morning, a Portuguese lady hardly ever appears in the streets. As for the men, they lounge about among the shops, they smoke innumerable paper cigarettes, they take a *siesta* in the heat of the day. If there is sunshine, they stand in groups at the street-corners with umbrellas over their heads; in winter, they wear a shawl over their shoulders, folded and put on three-cornerwise, as a French or English woman's shawl is worn: for this is a fashion in Portugal, and the Spaniards laugh a good deal at their neighbors on the score of their being a nation who invert the due order of things, and whose women wear cloaks and the men shawls. In these towns there is never any news, and if two men are seen in eager discussion of some matter of apparently immense importance, and if one happens to pass near enough to overhear the subject of conversation, be sure that one of them is plunged in despair or kindling with enthusiasm at a fall or rise of a halfpenny in the price of a pound of tobacco. An American gentleman of my acquaintance told me that he had never passed two Portuguese in conversation without hearing one of two words spoken, "*teatão*" or "*repariga*"—finance or love.

There are not even fashions for them to think about; young men and old men dress alike, but the younger ones wear exceedingly tight boots, and "when they take their walks abroad" it is obvious that they do so in considerable discomfort. The young men, however, have one occupation more important even than wearing tight boots, and which almost, in fact, goes with it—that of making the very mildest form of love known among men. The process, indeed, is carried on in so Platonic a manner, and with so much proper feeling, that I doubt if even the strictest English governess would find any thing in it to object to. The young gentlemen pay their addresses by simply standing in front of the house occupied by the object of their affections, while the young person in question looks down approvingly from an upper win-

dow, and there the matter ends. They are not within speaking distance, and have to content themselves with expressive glances and dumb show; for it would be thought highly unbecoming for the young lady to allow a *billet-doux* to flutter down into the street, while the laws of gravitation stand in the way of the upper flight of such a document—unweighted, at least, with a stone, and this, of course, might risk giving the young lady a black eye, or breaking her father's window-panes. So the lovers there remain, often for hours, feeling, no doubt, very happy, but looking unutterably foolish. These silent courtships sometimes continue for very long periods before the lover can ask the fatal question, or the lady return the final answer. I heard a story of one such protracted courtship which an ingenious novelist might easily work into a pretty romance.

About forty or fifty years ago, before the suppression of convents in Portugal, a young lady was engaged to be married. For some reason or other, the marriage did not come off, and the girl was placed in a Benedictine nunnery at Oporto. Soon after came the abolition of convents; but, while the monasteries were absolutely dissolved, and the monks scattered, the nuns who were already inmates of religious houses were suffered there to remain. The young lady, accordingly, on the suppression occurring, did not leave the Benedictine convent. It is to be presumed, however, that the rules of this particular establishment were somewhat relaxed, for the young gentleman who had been engaged to this nun was observed to take his constant stand before the barred window of his former mistress's cell, while she would become visible behind the grating. Here the romance I have imagined would perhaps rather lack incident, and, except in a master's hand, might grow monotonous, for this hopeless courtship lasted no fewer than four-and-thirty years, till a bowed and middle-aged man paced the pavement, and looked up to a gray-haired mistress. It only ended with the death of the lady, a few years ago. Many persons have assured me that they have often been eyewitnesses of what I have described, and I found that the fact was quite notorious in Oporto. It will, of course, be understood that the stagnating life I have described, with its narrow circle of interests and its little meannesses of household detail, is confined to the half-educated, middle-class inhabitants of small country towns. The higher native society of Lisbon, with its courtly influences, and that of Oporto—which holds the same relative position to Lisbon that Edinburgh did to London before the days of steam—can compare with that of any capital of Europe. The men are high-bred, courteous, and intelligent, and the ladies have a charm of manner and talents for society which all foreigners admit.

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[VOL. XIV.

"THE LAND OF THE SKY;"

OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER II.

"Wandering as in a magic dream,
By shadowy wood and crystal stream,
By mountain-peak and forest-dell,
Where fauns and fairies love to dwell,
We enter the enchanted clime,
Forgotten in the lapse of time,
The golden land of fair idlesse,
Of sylvan sports and joyousness."



A DAY of
summer
warmth, yet with
a stimulating qual-

ity in the air unlike the languid heat we left below, a cloudless sky, a flood of sunshine, a sparkling mist draping the distant azure mountains—this is the aspect with which Buncombe greets the strangers within her borders when they open their windows the next morning.

These windows look down on the Main Street, but there is room and to spare in Asheville, so we are not hedged in by buildings. Immediately in front is an open space through which we look at the green hills on

which the town is built, rising with gentle, undulating swell in every direction, while afar lie the blue mountains, height overtopping height, peak rising behind peak, graceful lines blending, through the gaps more remote ranges to be seen lying so pale and faint on the horizon that it is almost impos-

sible to tell where mountains end and sky begins. It is only a glimpse of the beauty which is in store for us, yet we are delighted. There is a brilliancy about the scene which is almost startling. We were not prepared for such clear, exquisite colors—colors that would thrill an artist's inmost soul—such emerald greenness, such heavenly blueness, such diamond-like brightness of atmosphere.

"It is a country of which to dream!" cries Sylvia, clasping her hands. "Why have we never come here before? Why have we gone everywhere else, and neglected this Arcadia lying at our very door?"

"In order that we might be fitted to appreciate it when we did come," I reply. "We are

now able to compare it—unbiased by any spell of earthly association—with much more famous regions, and to declare that it surpasses them all."

"Surpasses them!—I should think so, indeed! Have you ever seen anywhere else such tints as those on the mountains yonder? Come! I see a piazza—let us go out on it. One cannot have too much of this air. It is like an elixir of life."

We go out on the piazza. The air is indeed like an elixir in its buoyancy and lightness. Birds are singing in the leafy depths of the trees that droop before the hotel, people are passing up and down the street—among them we presently recognize Eric, walking with a more elastic step than is customary with him in the low-country. Macgregor's foot is plainly on his native heath.

He stops to shake hands with every other person whom he meets, and there is much cordiality in these greetings. Sylvia watches him with amused eyes. When he passes under the piazza she leans over and speaks:

"What is the Arcadian form of salutation, Eric? Shall one say 'God save you!' or 'The top of the morning?' Isn't it delicious—the country, I mean? Alice and I are here. Come up."

"You had better come down," he says. "The breakfast-bell is ringing. I will meet you in the parlor in five minutes."

In five minutes we meet in that apartment. Aunt Markham has declined to rise for breakfast, and reports that she is aching in every limb from the trying passage of Swannanoa Gap. "I don't know when I shall recover," she says, solemnly. Charley is always incorrigibly lazy, therefore it follows that we go in to breakfast attended by Eric alone.

It is the height of the season for tourists, and we hear—in fact, we heard before we crossed the mountains—that every house of entertainment in Asheville is crowded. The "Eagle" demurred about receiving us, but Eric's influence carried our point. This morning we see that the hotel is full to overflowing. As we eat our breakfast leisurely, we criticise the parties that come and go, and are edified by a great deal of fashion. After a while Charley appears, and drops into a seat by Sylvia.

"I see no signs of the linen blouse, the alpenstock, or the thick boots," he says, regarding her pretty toilet with evident appreciation. "Are we going to resign the rôle of explorers, and subside into ordinary summer idlers?"

"I have not the faintest idea what you mean to do," she replies, "but, judging by the manner in which you begin the campaign, I should think you were likely to be more of a summer idler than any thing else. As for the rest of us, we have arranged our plan of action for the day. After breakfast we are going to devote ourselves to seeing Asheville and the French Broad. This afternoon we shall walk to—to—what is the name of the place, Eric?"

"Beaucatcher," answers Eric.

"And to-night let us go to Elk Mountain," says Charley, meekly. "It is only

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about seven miles distant—a pleasant point for a moonlight stroll."

"No, to-night we are going to—what is the name of *that* place, Eric?"

"Battery Porter," says Eric.

"Yes, and then to-morrow we are going to MacSomebody's Hill—Eric says it commands the finest view east of the Mississippi—and the day after to Elk Mountain, and the day after that—"

But the expression of Charley's face is so full of genuine consternation that I interpose.

"Pray spare us, Sylvia. We are not making the tour of Europe after the manner of Brown, Jones, and Robinson—the greatest amount of sight-seeing to be accomplished in the smallest deal of time. We are summer idlers, and we do not mean to exhaust ourselves by making a business of pleasure. Don't let us be tied down to a programme. Let us see all these beautiful places in the manner and at the time that seems to us best."

"Hear! hear!" says Charley, gratefully—but Sylvia regards me with disapprobation.

"We are not likely to see very much if the manner and the time are left to some of the party," she remarks.

"May I be allowed to suggest riding or driving, instead of walking?" says Charley. "Asheville is a town of magnificent distances—every place is a mile at least from every other place—and the French Broad, which you speak of seeing, is a mile from them all."

"What are miles in this climate?" asks Sylvia, loftily.

After breakfast we set forth to discover what miles are in this climate, and we find them quite as long as those to which we have been accustomed. Charley is right. Asheville is a place of magnificent distances, and if it is ever built up within its corporate limits, it will be the metropolis which its inhabitants fondly hope to see it. Yet as we stroll around and about (or, to speak more correctly, up and down the streets), we decide that one could hardly under any circumstances wish it other than it is—less a town than a collection of country-seats scattered irregularly and picturesquely over the innumerable hills. There is no point from which the eye does not command a great expanse of country and mountain-ranges overtopped by mountain-ranges, besides the most charming bits of foreground landscape. As a rule, I dislike comparisons in scenery—especially comparisons which introduce Switzerland—but it is impossible to refrain from saying that in general effect Asheville reminds one of a Swiss town. The green heights over which the gabled houses are scattered, the roads winding away to the breezy uplands, the air of brightness and cleanliness, the winsome glades and valleys, and the frame of distant mountains—so soft, so graceful, so heavenly fair, that it is impossible to wish their violet outlines transformed to the dazzling majesty of the pure, awful Alpine peaks.

"Now," says Eric, as with much expenditure of breath we gain the top of the beautiful hill on which the Catholic church

stands—decidedly the loveliest site in the town—"you can see how Asheville is situated. You perceive that the hills on which it is built rise up from the valleys of the French Broad and Swannanoa—"

"How can we perceive it?" demands Sylvia. "Neither the French Broad nor the Swannanoa is visible. It is a matter of faith, not sight, so far as *they* are concerned. I see the hills—and they are astonishingly green."

"West of the Blue Ridge the famous blue grass grows—which makes Western North Carolina one of the finest grazing regions in the world," says Charley, who is seated in the church-door, fanning himself with his straw hat. He utters this item of information with an air which seems to say that Eric shall not monopolize all the honors of ciceroneship.

"And what are those?—and those?—and those?" asks Sylvia, indicating various peaks in the beautiful mountain panorama spread toward the south and west.

"Those at which you are looking," says Eric, "belong to the range of the Cold Mountain—and that most prominent peak is Pisgah. It is the highest mountain to be seen from this point, and its shape and height make it a landmark through all the country south of the Black."

We can well credit this, looking at Pisgah with admiring eyes. It lifts its head boldly, this commanding pyramid, from among a number of lesser peaks, the lines of which recede away on each side until they lie like azure clouds on the far horizon.

"From Beaucatcher, yonder," says Eric, pointing to a bold hill—the last of a spur running down from the Black—which bounds the prospect on the east, "there is a most extensive view. One hundred and eighty peaks are said to be in sight. I never counted them—but I can believe it."

"Let us go there at once," says Sylvia.

A faint groan proceeds from Charley in the rear.

"Not this morning," I say. "Let us go there for the sunset. Now we are bound to the French Broad."

Charley groans again—evidently this is not much of an improvement in Beaucatcher—but he rises and we descend the hill. A steep street runs along its base. We climb this for some distance, and presently find ourselves in a shady lane, with a stretch of meadow-land before us, and several country-seats in sight.

"What a charming place!" says Sylvia, sitting down on the roots of a great oak by the road-side to rest. "We are in the country, and yet not in the country. Alice, had you any idea that Asheville would be like this?"

"Not the least," I answer, looking beyond green meadows and wooded hills to the shadows moving across the great shoulders of the distant mountains.

"How confidently one draws a mental picture of a place and accepts it for reality!" Sylvia goes on, tracing figures in the sand with the point of her parasol. "I fancied we should find an ordinary village—rather pretty, perhaps—but chiefly remarkable for

being twenty-two hundred feet above the sea—"

"Twenty-two hundred and fifty," says Charley. "The people insist on having the credit of every fraction."

"Good as a health-resort, no doubt," Sylvia proceeds, "but full of the depressing village air and village stagnation one knows so well. Instead, I look round, and what do I see?"

"Mountains," says Eric, literally.

"A bright little spa," the young lady announces, emphatically, "which only needs fashion to make it an American Baden."

"I hope it may be a long time before fashion finds it," says Eric, dryly.

"Then you must hope that it may be a long time before there is a railroad," I say. "One cannot expect to keep Fashion out when once steam has opened the way for her capricious majesty."

"The place, even now," says Charley, might be a great summer-resort—counting its visitors by thousands, instead of by hundreds—if it would arouse to a sense of its own interest, and provide a proper place to lodge them.* A modern hotel, with fine grounds—"

"And a band of music," says Sylvia.

"Of course a band of music, a good table, and good servants, would realize your American Baden in short order."

"You are fine Arcadians," I remark, severely, "to plan deliberately the destruction of all you profess to admire. If I had Mr. Ruskin's gift of invective, I would wither you with my indignation. Not having it, I exult in the fact that you can neither build your hotel, nor bring your bands of music and army of tourists."

"The railway will bring them, however," says Sylvia, beginning to hum a Strauss waltz.

At this moment a carriage appears driving along the lane. It is a small basket-phaeton, drawn by a large horse, instead of a pony, and contains a lady and a gentleman. The wheels roll smoothly and easily over the shadow-dappled road; the lady holds her fringed parasol with coquettish grace; the sound of their gay voices floats to us. We begin to walk on, but Sylvia looks round. "After all, driving is pleasanter than walking," she says.

"Are you tired?" says Charley. "Take my arm."

Before she can accept or decline this civility, an exclamation is heard from the phaeton. "*Ciel!*" cries a voice with a French accent, "is not that Sylvia Norwood? I am sure it must be!—Victor, stop—stop a moment!"

"But you are not sure, Adèle," a man's voice remonstrates.

"I must make sure," replies the other, eagerly.

Then the tall horse is induced to stop, and we look at Sylvia. She turns toward the phaeton, and, as the lady springs lightly to the ground, advances, and holds out her hand. "You are Adèle Dupont," she says. "I am very glad to meet you."

* Since this party were in Asheville, a "proper place" has been provided.

"It is—it is herself!" cries Miss Dupont, rushing forward, and embracing her with effusion.

In the effort to refrain from smiling—knowing that the eyes of the gentleman in the phaeton are upon us—we all look so grave that one might suppose something very sad to be occurring. In reality I am much amused. I have heard of Miss Dupont—a creole, from New Orleans, with whom Sylvia was at school—and I know that the encounter is not altogether agreeable to the latter. She puts what is popularly known as "a good face" on the matter, however, and, when the embraces and kisses subside, says:

"How singular that we should meet here, Adèle! Where do you come from?"

"From the Warm Springs," answers Adèle. "We reached there a month ago, and I should have been content to stay until it was time to go back to New Orleans, but some of our party wanted to travel. We arrived here day before yesterday. We are going—oh, everywhere! And you?"

"I reached here with a party, last night. The length of our stay is indefinite—our plans are indefinite, also. Here is my sister, let me introduce you."

Miss Dupont is introduced to me, Eric is presented, also Charley. She says something graceful and flattering to each of us—being, evidently, one of the persons whose ease and readiness, especially in the line of compliments, make less-favored people feel stiff and awkward. Then she turns to Sylvia:

"Now that you have made me acquainted with your sister and cousins," she says, "I must introduce my brother to you.—Victor, can you leave the horse for a few minutes?"

Victor does so readily enough. He is a slender, dark-eyed man, with a great deal of French grace in his manner. He is thirty, perhaps, and looks interesting and artistic. I see Charley (who is neither dark-eyed, interesting, nor artistic) regard him with evident disfavor. Eric is more cordial, and, while he and Sylvia talk to the stranger, Miss Dupont informs me, in a dramatic aside, that he is a charming musician, that he has been a gallant soldier, and that "we"—the Dupont family understood—are most proud of and devoted to him.

"But where are you all going?" she asks, suddenly turning her attention from me to Charley, in a manner for which I am not entirely unprepared. "Victor and I have been driving aimlessly. Is there any special place to go to? Is there any particular thing to be seen?"

Now, Adèle Dupont is by no means a very pretty woman, but she is a woman who makes the best of her personal appearance, and who has a grace and style that would redeem ugliness itself. She is attractive and beguiling. She knows it, and Charley knows it, too.

"There are several places," he replies. "Have you been to Beaucatcher? Have you driven out to the Swannanoa—or the French Broad?"

"We came up the French Broad, you know. As for Beaucatcher—no, I have not seen it, nor the Swannanoa."

"We were just on our way to Beaucatcher," says Mr. Dupont to Sylvia.

"You had better wait until this afternoon, and join our party," says Eric, good-naturedly. "We are going there to see the sunset."

"Yes, of course we will wait," says Miss Dupont, graciously. "If Victor and I went alone, we should not know one mountain from another; but no doubt *you*"—the beguiling eyes again appeal to Charley—"know the names of them all."

"Not quite," replies Charley, modestly—he really does not know a single mountain besides Pisgah, which, from its shape, is unmistakable—"but I will do my best to enlighten you."

With this arrangement we separate. The Duponts return to their phaeton. We continue our walk, discussing them the while—not altogether in a spirit of charity.

"Adèle Dupont is delightful until you find that she is insincere," says Sylvia, when Charley remarks that she is very agreeable.

"A little insincerity in a woman does not matter," says that lax young moralist, "if the result is good."

"Indeed!" says Sylvia, in a tone of sarcasm. "How edifying it is to the feeble feminine intellect to hear masculine opinions! If insincerity is not objectionable in a woman, what do you consider it in a man?"

"Almost as contemptible as affectation," Mr. Kenyon replies; "and, unless I am greatly mistaken, Monsieur Victor Dupont is a very good example of the last."

Sylvia smiles scornfully.

"I have never seen an Anglo-Saxon man," she says, "who did not consider a foreigner, or anybody with foreign manners, affected. Such judgments are—are—"

"Pray don't hesitate to say what they are," remarks Charley, quietly, as she hesitates.

"Are generally the result of prejudice, jealousy, or provincial ignorance," she goes on, impetuously, with the color mounting to her cheeks.

"Prejudice, jealousy, provincial ignorance!" repeats Charley, meditatively. "Under which head does my judgment come, I wonder? Prejudice?—why should I be prejudiced? Jealousy?—of whom should I be jealous? Provincial ignorance?—I am afraid I must plead guilty on that score. I have never been in New Orleans."

"You have been in Paris, however," I observe, "and therefore ought to be familiar with French manners."

"And Miss Dupont's are very good," he says, with the air of one making a deduction.

I give the matter up, and walk on with Eric, leaving Sylvia and Charley to fight their battle alone. We hear them disputing behind us.

"A person may be enthusiastic and effusive without being affected," Sylvia declares.

"With an impressionable temperament, feelings are so easily effaced that persons of that kind are often unjustly accused of insincerity," Charley says.

Eric and I look at each other and smile. We are accustomed to the sparring and wrangling of these two.

We do not go to the French Broad. An avenue which is very creditable to the town has been opened toward it, and along this we walk for some distance, admiring at every step the green landscape around us and the splendid heights far away; but our pedestrian powers are exhausted before we reach the river. Wiser with regard to Asheville distances, and saddened by the necessity of toiling over the cobble-stones which pave the streets, we return to the hotel.

As we approach the door, we are astonished to see a stout lady in the act of being assisted from the small phaeton with which we have already made acquaintance, by a slender, graceful gentleman.

"There is Mr. Dupont!" says Sylvia, looking at the latter.

"There is Aunt Markham!" I exclaim, looking at the former.

"Aunt Markham!" repeats Charley. "By Jove, so it is! What do you suppose she has been doing?"

"Driving with Mr. Dupont, apparently," says Eric, whom nothing surprises.

We find that this conjecture is correct. When we come up, Aunt Markham receives us benignly.

"Mr. Dupont, whom I believe you have met," she says—we bow, and Mr. Dupont bows—"has been kindly driving me around Asheville a little. It is really a very pretty place—only exceedingly scattered. I should dislike to be obliged to walk very much here. You must all be dreadfully tired."

"I am more vexed than tired," says Sylvia, "for we did not reach the French Broad after all—it is too far away."

"If you would like to see that river, will



MR. DUPONT PROPOSES—A DRIVE.

you not allow me the pleasure of driving you to it?" says Mr. Dupont, eagerly. "I shall be greatly honored."

Sylvia hesitates.

"But your horse must be tired," she says, "and you—are not you tired, also, of playing cavalier of dames?"

"The horse has done nothing to speak of

—nothing to tire him," says the young creole, gallantly; "and, as for me, life offers me no greater happiness than to be a cavalier of dames. If mademoiselle will only be gracious enough to trust herself with me—"

Mademoiselle is gracious. She smiles; nobody knows better than Sylvia herself that she has a very charming smile.

"You are very kind," she says, "and the phaeton looks very inviting. Yes, I will go. The French Broad is only a mile distant, I believe."

As he assists her into the little carriage, Mr. Dupont says something in French—like all creoles, he falls into this language whenever he wants to be very complimentary or impressive—the substance of which is that he should be glad if it were twenty miles distant. Then they drive away, leaving us standing on the sidewalk.

"Mr. Dupont is a most agreeable person," says Aunt Markham, taking Eric's arm as she slowly mounts the steps of the hotel-piazza. "It is a very good test of a young man's breeding and disposition when he is attentive to an elderly woman. He pressed me to drive with him as if I had been seventeen."

Charley puts his hands in the pockets of his coat, and I see that it would relieve his mind to whistle. He refrains, however, and is repaid for this act of self-denial. As we enter the hotel, a light, silvery voice is heard in the parlor, singing a gay French song. "That is Miss Dupont, I suppose," I say to Charley. He nods, and, turning, enters the room. The song breaks off abruptly. There is a trill of laughter; then I hear, "So my brother has carried Sylvia off! Are you inconsolable, Mr. Kenyon?"

"Not if you will let me hear the rest of that song," says Charley the hypocrite.

An hour, two hours pass, without any sign of the return of Sylvia and Mr. Dupont. Aunt Markham grows uneasy, and asks if I do not think that the horse may have run away and killed them, or else that they may have fallen into the river and been drowned. I quiet her fears by assuring her that there is no great probability that either of these events has occurred. I entertain a strong suspicion of what *has* occurred, but I say nothing about it, having long since realized that while men (and women) are what they are, flirtation will be very likely to exist.

The dinner-bell rings presently, and, notwithstanding her uneasiness, Aunt Markham decides not to wait for the absent culprit. "This air gives one a really remarkable appetite," she says. We go down-stairs, therefore, but, as we cross the passage, the tall horse and small phaeton draw up before the door, and Sylvia's pretty, flushed face looks at us.

"Don't scold, auntie!" she cries, as she enters the hall, bearing a large stone jug in both her hands. "I have been on *such* an expedition in your behalf! Can you imagine what I have here? You must taste it at once.—Mr. Dupont, please make somebody bring a glass!"

Mr. Dupont darts away, and in less than a minute returns with a glass. He holds it while Sylvia uncorks the jug.

"Is it mountain-dew?" I ask, skeptically. She laughs; the liquid flows clear as crystal into the glass; Mr. Dupont presents



THE PRIZE FROM THE SPRINGS.

it, with a bow, to Aunt Markham, who receives and tastes it.

"Sulphur-water!" she says, as one might say "Champagne!"

"Yes, sulphur-water," says Sylvia, exultantly, "quite as good—I mean as bad—as that in Greenbrier, Virginia, of which you are so fond!"

"Not *quite* so good, my dear," says Aunt Markham, tasting again, with the air of a connoisseur.

"It is not so strong as the Greenbrier sulphur."

"It is strong enough," says Sylvia. "I tasted it and thought it so abominable that I determined to bring you some at once. So Mr. Dupont went to a house on a hill—"

"All houses are on hills in this country," I say, parenthetically.

"Except those that are in coves," says Sylvia. "He borrowed the jug there, and we are to take it back to-morrow."

"But I thought you made the journey on Aunt Markham's behalf, and from this it appears that you did not think of her until you were at the spring?"

"I will tell you all about it at dinner," says the young lady, flying up-stairs.

At dinner we hear an account of the expedition.

"To begin at the beginning," says Syl-

via, "the French Broad is a most beautiful river. We crossed it on a long bridge, and I made Mr. Dupont stop in the middle while I took in the view. On one side the stream—which is so clear that its water is a translucent emerald—winds through a fertile valley, with Smith's Creek—why don't they give things better names?—flowing into it, draped over with lovely trees and vines. On the other side there are bold, green hills, rising abruptly from the water's edge, round the base of which the river makes a sweeping curve as it disappears from sight. It was so charming that I could not bear to come back, and Mr. Dupont, seeing that I was anxious to go farther—"

"H'm!" says Charley.

"Said that he remembered having been here when a child, and staying at a place called Deaver's Springs, a few miles from Asheville. 'It was a very pretty place,' he said, 'if I could remember where it was.' I suggested that we should ask the direction from some inhabitant of the country—which we accordingly did, and heard that we must 'drive straight on.' So we drove straight on, along an excellent ridge road, with mountains to right of us, mountains to left of us, mountains before us and behind us. I have never conceived any thing so beautiful as the lights and shades on those superb heights, or their exquisite colors. Once we saw rain falling far away among the purple gorges, with the sun shining on it, and the effect was—superb—fairly divine!"



SCENE ON THE ROAD-SIDE.

"A very common effect among mountains," says Eric.

"I am sorry for people who can only see

mire uncommon things," says Sylvia, "when the things that are best worth admiring in the world are all of them common. Mr. Dupont fully agrees with me that this is the most beautiful country in America."

"I wonder if he has seen them all?" says Charley.

"We were so engrossed," Sylvia proceeds, ignoring this remark, "that we drove on, forgetting all about time and distance, until after a while we reached some bars, where we had been directed to 'turn of'—or, rather, to turn in. Mr. Dupont let them down, and from a house across the road several children came rushing to mind the gap while we went to the spring. The road into which we turned led us past a log-cabin, in front of which two or three stout men were lazily smoking and gossiping. We asked for a tumbler—were given one of thick, green glass, and drove on. Mr. Dupont pointed out a hill on the left as the site of the hotel which was once quite a place of resort."

"I have heard of Deaver's Springs," says Aunt Markham. "The hotel was burned, I believe."

"Yes, burned and never rebuilt; but the springs are still there, with a pavilion over them. We drove down the hill at the risk of smashing the phaeton or breaking our necks—for, having come so far, of course we felt it incumbent on us to drink some of the water.—As soon as I tasted it, I thought of you, auntie, and I sent Mr. Dupont back to the house to get a vessel in which we could bring some to you. He returned with the jug you have seen, and I filled it myself."

"I thank you, my dear," says Aunt Markham.

"The moral of the story," says Eric, "is that this young lady was going to see the French Broad, and the only glimpse of the river to be obtained between Asheville and Deaver's Springs is what you see while crossing it."

"The moral of the story is that the best philosophy in life is to enjoy all that you can, when you can," says Sylvia, gayly.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. BASIL RECONNOITRES.

MRS. BASIL in her shabby little carriage, drawn by one shabby horse in shabby harness, and driven by old Thurston in a shabby suit, went on her way funereally. When one compared this sorry turnout with the goodly equipage in which this lady used to raise the dust of Middleborough before the war, one could understand why her heart was set on Mrs. Stargold's money. But the dogs barked after her just the same as in days gone by, and in the course of time she arrived at the house Mrs. Stargold had rented.

Before she could touch the bell, the door was opened by Miss Ruffner in person, a tall, thin, dressey woman of no particular age. She greeted Mrs. Basil in a studied whisper.

"Very glad to see you, cousin. You will excuse my officiousness in assuming the servant's place; but I feared the bell might disturb Cousin Elizabeth, who is trying to sleep. Walk in, please," she added, throwing open the parlor-door with an air of proprietorship most exasperating to Mrs. Basil.

But Mrs. Basil was not to be overawed by Jane Ruffner. She took in the room with all its appointments at a single glance, and would not appear impressed by any thing she saw.

"We have a fine situation here," said Miss Ruffner, opening a window.

"I am glad that you are pleased," said Mrs. Basil, with chilling indifference. "It is not so high, however, as Basilwood, and it is rather remote."

"Remote from Basilwood, yes," Miss Ruffner assented, with a peculiar smile Mrs. Basil did not like; "but, in the present state of Cousin Elizabeth's health, seclusion is desirable."

Mrs. Basil drew herself up stiffly. Had not Arthur and herself quite as distinct claims upon Mrs. Stargold as these Ruffners? "The distance is not worth considering when one rides," said she, as grandly as though her poor little old carriage were the best in the land; "and Arthur will ride over in a day or two to call. I had hoped to see Cousin Elizabeth this afternoon, and am sorry to be denied." She did not believe now that Mrs. Stargold was trying to sleep.

Miss Ruffner coughed, by which she seemed to express that it was to be expected that Mrs. Basil would selfishly annoy poor Cousin Elizabeth with her attentions.

"Do the physicians consider her case particularly serious?" Mrs. Basil asked.

"Doctors are not infallible, you know," replied Miss Ruffner, evasively. "She suffers extremely from nervous prostration, and it is not thought advisable that she should see company. I seldom see her myself, except when she wishes me to read to her. Mother seems to be indispensable to her comfort; and Sam relieves her of all care about business."

"I should think that Sam must find it rather inconvenient neglecting his planting interests," remarked Mrs. Basil, dryly. "Cotton is not so easily made, nowadays."

"No, indeed," Miss Ruffner assented; "but Sam is not selfish; he can give up his interests for Cousin Elizabeth's."

"Oh, I dare say he can afford to do so," said Mrs. Basil, with libelous emphasis. "Such disinterestedness should meet its reward."

"Sam looks for no reward but the approval of his own conscience," said Miss Ruffner, with virtuous calm. "The presence of a gentleman on the place is indispensable to Cousin Elizabeth's comfort. Oh, by-the-way, how is Arthur, after that little farce of his with the burglars?"

"It might have been a tragedy," said Mrs. Basil, coldly.

"So it might. And indeed there is no

telling yet what may come of it. You know, I suppose Arthur has told you, about the bursting of that panel in an old escritoire? Well, it seems that escritoire once belonged to Francis Hendall, and, on that account, Cousin Elizabeth set great store by it. If all her silver had been stolen, I don't think she could have taken it so to heart. I believe she looks upon the accident as an omen, a warning, a summons. She has been busy with papers and lawyers ever since."

"I don't believe it will result seriously," said Mrs. Basil, with evident displeasure. "She hasn't yet had time to recover from the shock; but Cousin Elizabeth is too sensible a woman to fall a victim to superstition."

"Oh, we hope for the best," said Miss Ruffner, resignedly. "But then, you know, we must humor her a little. It really is a sort of amusement to her, I suppose, to arrange her papers and all that; and then she is naturally jealous of any appearance of interference. Oh, now that I think of it, you remember Basil Redmond, do you not?"

Mrs. Basil heard the name with an involuntary start. She had thought Basil Redmond dead, or forever passed out of her world. What had he to do with what they were talking of, she wondered. But, recovering herself, she answered, calmly:

"Certainly, I remember him."

Miss Ruffner smiled; she knew that Mrs. Basil had never been fond of the judge's ward.

"Perhaps," said she, with furtive irony, "you may be pleased to know that you will have an opportunity to renew acquaintance with him. A particular friend of Mrs. Stargold's has written her to announce his coming at an early day. You know he is now a promising young lawyer somewhere in California; I forget the name of the place."

No, Mrs. Basil did not know it; but she saw no necessity to confess her ignorance.

"I shall be happy to meet him again," she said. It would be very like meeting the ghost of the past; and yet, twelve years absence must, of course, have obliterated the old antagonism with which the unruly boy had regarded her; and as for herself, she scorned to bear malice.

"I thought you could not have forgotten him," Miss Ruffner remarked, blandly. "As a youth I know he was no favorite of yours; and we more easily forget those we like than those we dislike."

This Rochefoucauld-like sentiment Mrs. Basil thought proper to ignore. "I am rejoiced to hear a good report of him; of course I naturally feel an interest in his success as a relative of my husband's. May I ask what brings him to Middleborough?"

"Indeed," said Miss Ruffner, "I don't know; I only know that he brings letters of introduction from Cousin Elizabeth's friend."

"I had lost sight of him," said Mrs. Basil; "through his own fault entirely. But I shall welcome him back with pleasure, and Miss Basil, I'm sure, will welcome him as gladly as I."

"His aunt, isn't she? What a treasure you have in her!"

"No; she is not his aunt. Mrs. Redmond,

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

I believe, was a Basil, and a cousin, once or twice removed. Yes, Pamela is a treasure in her way, certainly; but I attribute all Basil Redmond's boyish delinquencies to her injudicious indulgence. However, I would not be hard upon her. No doubt she has repented of that weakness, for she was very ill after he left, and cost me, I remember, a world of trouble." And Mrs. Basil reflected with pride that she had administered medicine to her sick house-keeper with her own hands. Then she rose to take leave, Miss Ruffner protesting that it was "early yet."

"No," said Mrs. Basil, "it is late. I am sorry not to have seen Cousin Elizabeth or your mother." (Mrs. Basil never called Mrs. Ruffner "cousin" if she could avoid it.) "I shall hope to have you at Basilwood soon; some day next week, say?"

Miss Ruffner could not promise; every thing depended upon dear Cousin Elizabeth's health; and then the two kissed each other, and Mrs. Basil drove away, her thoughts busy with Basil Redmond. That he, of all people in the world, should come with letters of recommendation to Mrs. Stargold! It was enough to make her rail against Fate.

But she did not rail against Fate; on the whole, she was rather disposed to regard Basil Redmond's return as a piece of good fortune. It might be possible through him to counteract the influence of the Ruffners upon her wealthy cousin. She was conscious, indeed, that she had been guilty of more than coldness toward him when he was a lad at Basilwood, but she meant, now, that he should forget the past. Pamela, usually so inhospitable, would aid her to welcome him, and he might be made to relieve her mind of those misgivings as to Miss Basil's designs upon Arthur, misgivings that would, now and again, return.

This thought, surely, was an inspiration! Mrs. Basil remembered that young Redmond had been fond of Baby Joanna when he was a school-boy at Basilwood, and, thought she, if Joanna's rustic appearance were a little improved, what might not be hoped for? Surely, now that he had proved himself worthy of being recommended to Mrs. Stargold's notice, a marriage between Basil Redmond, the judge's former ward, and the little Joanna, the judge's orphan granddaughter, would be highly satisfactory to all parties, and very creditable to herself, if she could bring it to pass. With little or no belief in love, Mrs. Basil had a strong feminine faith in a judicious marriage as the very best thing for young people; and what, she thought, could better insure a judicious marriage than an experienced head to plan it? In this, as in every thing else, young people ought to consider their duty to their elders, as it was manifestly impossible that their elders would have any object in view but the good of the inexperienced young people.

Mrs. Basil had never felt better pleased with herself than when this matrimonial scheme entered her head. She was ready at the moment to act upon it; and, just as the carriage was about to turn the corner of the avenue that led to Basilwood, she ordered old Thurston across the bridge, spanning the narrow but dangerous stream separating Up-

per Middleborough from the lower town where the shops are situated.

"Drive to Lebrun's, on Broad Street," she said, to old Thurston's inexpressible amazement, Mrs. Basil so seldom went into the lower town; and at that hour, when already lamps were beginning to be lighted, it was impossible to guess what she could want at Lebrun's, the fashionable milliner of Middleborough.

The carriage stopped in front of the large, conspicuous window, tricked out with all a *modiste's* cunning, and Mrs. Basil, leaning on her ivory-headed staff, entered the wide door.

She had not been within that sanctuary of dress and fashion for years, as she ordered her few hats and dresses from Westport; and yellow little Miss Lydia Crane, the head clerk, who spent her days fitting hats, matching ribbons, and lavishing compliments, and her nights in dreaming of lucky numbers in the lottery, quite lost her presence of mind.

When Mrs. Basil, leaning on her handsome staff, asked to look at white organdie polonaises, "something very chaste and simple, for a young person," the habitual flatterer, with her hand vacillating between two large, green paper-boxes, faltered forth:

"Is it for yourself, madam?" She had paid so many compliments in defiance of the truth that she was unconscious of the satire of her words, until Mrs. Basil replied, with strong dignity—

"For a very young person," I said.

Miss Crane apologized awkwardly, and pulled down one of the boxes with trembling hands. Mrs. Basil was now neither a woman of fashion nor a woman of means, everybody in Middleborough knew that; but she was still a person of some distinction, and her visits were an honor to boast of, all the greater honor because they were so rare; wherefore Miss Crane was more than usually anxious to be agreeable. The polonaises were exhibited, a great variety, and their merits descanted upon with that pliant eloquence which is everywhere the distinctive trait of a milliner's head-clerk.

Mrs. Basil, startled equally by the excessive trimming and the extravagant price of these airy habiliments, selected the plainest and least expensive, which was immediately pronounced by Miss Crane to be the most "researchy" of the assortment.

At Mrs. Basil's request, she obligingly proceeded to fold the purchase carefully in a box, endeavoring, meanwhile, to elicit some information in regard to Mrs. Stargold, whose advent had created an excitement among the gossips.

"Very low, I regret to hear she is, ma'am, your relative, Mrs. Stargold. A large fortune and a large connection."

Mrs. Basil was deaf and dumb; but Miss Crane was not to be repressed in the pursuit of knowledge. She purposely lingered over the package as she tied it, that she might gain time to ask:

"Is it true, then, ma'am, that her days are numbered?"

"Every one's days are numbered," answered Mrs. Basil, coldly.

"Very true," Miss Crane assented, obligingly. "We all do fade as a leaf, and

'death is the end of life.' Did I show you those fuschias? Not that you would wear the like, being out of colors; but as a work of art they'll bear examination."

Mrs. Basil quietly took out her purse and handed the garrulous little woman a bill.

"I do not wish to see the fuschias," she said.

"Sarah!" shrieked Miss Crane, pushing the bill along the counter to a pale, round-shouldered girl of fifteen, "change, quick, for Mrs. Basil. Seven twenty-five."

"Speaking of the number seven," she continued, with an air of mystery, turning again to Mrs. Basil, "I must tell you of a curious vision I had" (Miss Crane's dreams were all visions) "the very night your wealthy relative arrived. I shouldn't speak of it, but it strikes me it *does* concern you. In a vision of the night, Mrs. Stargold cried to me, in a loud voice, 'Fifty-six is the lucky number.' Oddly enough, too, fifty-six dollars and fifty-six cents was the amount of various bills I had been making out before I got me to bed, but that has nothing to do with it. The point is, ma'am, your coming into our rooms" (Madame Lebrun could not endure to have the word *shop* applied to her establishment) "the first time you've honored us these many years.—Yes, Sarah" (this with a nod to the round-shouldered girl who brought the change), "all right."

"It is late," said Mrs. Basil, with dignity, perceiving that Miss Crane was in no haste to make over the change.

"Sarah, lights, *lights!*" said Miss Crane, sharply. "Pardon the oversight, ma'am; it is late. But, as I was a-saying, any reflective mind must see that where there's eight letters to spell *Stargold*, and seven to spell *Hendall*, the natural result, by multiplication, is *fifty-six*."

"I think I must be going," said Mrs. Basil, haughtily; "if you will be kind enough to give me the change." There was a time when she would have walked out of the shop and left the two dollars and seventy-five cents due her for change; but Mrs. Basil couldn't throw away that sum on her dignity now.

"Oh, excuse me!" said Miss Crane, beginning immediately to count out the change; then, surrendering it with a profusion of thanks, she continued, volubly, while Mrs. Basil, with her accustomed deliberation, was disposing of her purse:

"I do hear, most strange of all, that Mr. Basil Redmond may be expected here any day."

Mrs. Basil looked up, involuntarily, with a keen glance, but quickly looked down again.

"I have my information from Rebecca that used to belong to Mrs. Paul Caruthers. Rebecca is engaged to cook for Mrs. Stargold, and she observes a good deal," said Miss Crane, eagerly. "Shall I show you some sashes? Polonaises are generally considered incomplete without a sash."

"No," replied Mrs. Basil; she had heard enough. "Good-evening."

"Good-evening," said Miss Crane, with unction.—"Sarah, here! This box, I say, to Mrs. Basil's carriage, quick.—Always so happy to serve you, ma'am."

"Home, Thurston!" said Mrs. Basil, in a voice more than usually authoritative. It was intolerable to see her own sordid speculations reflected by this odious little gossip. Yet, as she leaned back in her carriage, she remembered to have heard that Miss Crane had once dreamed of a lucky number in some lottery, and had very nearly gone mad because the person to whom she revealed it purchased the ticket, and drew the prize. When she remembered this, Mrs. Basil caught herself spelling the names *Stargold* and *Hendall* on her fingers; but finding, by the same test, that the name of Ruffner also was composed of seven letters, she blushed with contempt at her own fatuity, and at once dismissed the superstition, as she would have dismissed any other impertinent intruder.

When she arrived at Basilwood, she sent the green box immediately to her room, whither she followed without delay, and, dismissing the prying Myra, she fastened her door, and proceeded to ransack her wardrobe with some impatience.

"A sash," she mused. "Here is my handsome Roman sash, that has not seen the light for years. But my day is over; I shall never want such finery again. Joanna is young; let her take it, and the fan and handkerchief along with it."

Mrs. Basil sighed as she took out a stiff, gorgeous sash, and, with it, a lace handkerchief and an ivory fan, both of them "*tout jaunis de la renfermée*," to use George Sand's expressive but untranslatable phrase. These articles she placed in the box with the polonaise, and locked all quickly out of sight, as if the long-disused finery recalled some painful memories.

CHAPTER XII.

I CARE NOT, FORTUNE, WHAT YOU ME DENY.

THE little Joanna, walking home from the town, had not a penny in her purse, and no expectations from any wealthy relative; yet it is doubtful whether Mrs. Basil, in the days of her riches and her glory, ever was as happy as this careless girl who had just expended her whole fortune—a long-hoarded gold-piece—for a chromo, known in the catalogue as "The Bluebird's Nest."

Many different things had Joanna meant, at various times, to do with that precious five-dollar piece—all manner of purchases had she debated, but she had never dreamed of buying a picture. Had she but left her money at home when she went "across the bridge" on Miss Basil's errand, she might still look forward to a new hat, or some fresh ribbons, or a long-coveted pink lawn that adorned Jones & Atkinson's window; but she would not, in that case, have been the happy possessor of that exquisite treasure which seemed to assemble, in a little square of pasteboard, all the charms of spring. Had she left that money at home—But what girl of seventeen, with five dollars of her own, likes to go into the streets without her purse?

Not Joanna, assuredly. Although she could think of nothing that she particularly

needed to buy at that time, she yet must take her little hoard; for, without it, she would have been a stranger to that comfortable sense of independence which is the natural result of carrying a purse of gold all one's own. Then, too, how easy was self-denial, with the means of gratification at hand! Joanna could pass by the flaunting ribbons in Lebrun's gay windows without a sigh; she could turn away from the pink lawn at Jones & Atkinson's without a pang, knowing that, did she choose, she might have either ribbons or lawn. With her talismanic gold-piece in her pocket, nor lawns, nor ribbons, nor any other finery, had power to tempt her; but, when she came to the deep, wide window of Carter the stationer, she wavered, for here the gold-piece began to change its character; from a talisman it became a snare.

Joanna could at any time pass Lebrun's more easily than Carter's. Had she been wealthy, she would have patronized him liberally; as it was, she never failed, on the few occasions when she went into the town, to pay his window the homage of the eyes; and, having accomplished Miss Basil's errand, she stood now fascinated by the parade of pictures, not knowing which most to admire, until her enraptured gaze fell upon "The Bluebird's Nest," which elicited from her a half-suppressed cry of joyful recognition.

The daylight was fading fast, the picture looked but dim; yet Joanna's quick and sympathetic vision could discern the delicate tints of the mossed apple-bough, in a notch of which the round little nest was so cunningly framed. While she lingered, loath to depart, a clerk came to the window and lighted a jet of gas; when, as if by magic, the mossed apple-bough displayed an exquisite cluster of apple-blossoms. Joanna almost fancied that she could smell them. The glow of rapturous delight that had suffused her face faded slowly, and was succeeded by the pallor of a deep resolve. She had determined to possess that picture. She said to herself: "I have withstood the ribbons; I have denied myself all the frivolities of dress; I do not see why I may not, therefore, have this picture for the nourishment of my mind." And she walked resolutely into the store.

A gentleman was standing with his back against the show-case on the opposite side from that where the picture was; but Joanna would hardly have noticed him, had he not stared at her so earnestly that she felt embarrassed, and a little alarmed. He did not cease to scrutinize her even when Mr. Carter brought him a package of paper, with the remark:

"This, sir, is the very best article in the market."

Middleborough people always keep the best of every thing in their line, if one may believe all they say.

The gentleman, appearing to examine the paper, continued to glance furtively, now and again, at Joanna, who, however, had ceased to be conscious of his notice from the moment she held the chromo in her covetous grasp. The price was five dollars—all the money she had in the world. The information startled her; but, on near inspection, the picture proved absolutely irresistible.

"I'll take it," said she, recklessly; and she surrendered her gold-piece without one regret, but not without a certain sense of guilt, that, while it blurred her vision, it rendered her hearing preternaturally acute. Every word that the fat and pompous stationer uttered seemed to strike upon her ears with the sonorousness of a trumpet, and to condemn her purchase as folly.

"You were inquiring about the Basils, sir?" said Mr. Carter, with the loud, aggressive tone of a man ready to proclaim his sentiments to the multitude. "Well, sir, the old judge died, ten years or so ago, not worth a cent; no, sir! *not a cent*, more's the pity! A fine gentleman he was, of the old school—not fit for *these* times. Left a granddaughter, by name Joanna"—how Joanna started!—"and that queer Miss Basil, a distant cousin, as I've heard. The two live with the judge's widow, as grand a lady, sir, as ever stepped, snow-white hair, ivory-headed staff, and all; but no fortune; nothing left but the old Basilwood place, and rickety, sir, rickety that place is, as never you saw!" Here Mr. Carter raised his hands and eyes, and shook his head. His own place was the most complete little gingerbread villa in all the country about Middleborough. "They've none so much money to spend, I fancy," he added, charitably.

"Give me my package, please," said Joanna to the clerk that was waiting upon her. "None so much money to spend," rang in her ears like a reproach. Though she had but spent her own money, she felt like a thief, and she hurried away as if she feared the officers of justice might follow; but what she really feared was Miss Basil's condemnation of her purchase. "No matter," was her philosophical reflection, as she pursued her way home; "whatever I buy, Pamela says it shows a lack of judgment. Nothing would satisfy her taste but over-shoes and flannel petticoats."

The stranger who had not ceased to watch Joanna while she remained in the store, turned abruptly to Mr. Carter, as soon as she was gone, and said:

"I'll take that chromo, 'The Bluebird's Nest.'"

"Why, sir," said the clerk that had waited on Joanna, "it is just this moment sold. It was Judge Basil's granddaughter bought it."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Carter, in unfeigned astonishment. "Why, its price is five dollars, Phillips."

"She paid for it *in gold*, sir," said Phillips. "She was in a great hurry, too."

"Well! that's what I call hereditary extravagance," said Mr. Carter, waving his hands, by way of being emphatic. "The old judge, sir, rest his lavish soul, never could resist that class of articles. It's a pity, sir, we had but the one; but if you'll call to-morrow I'll endeavor to recover it for you. Something else would suit her as well."

"No, no, indeed," said the stranger; "let her keep it, by all means. It is of no importance; let it go."

Foolish, foolish, little Joanna! What had she in exchange for her gold-piece but a bit of card-board, with a picture of a bird's-nest,

such as one might find, any day, in the orchards?

But one must see through other organs than the eyes of the flesh to comprehend the foolishness of a heart like hers. To the little Joanna this bluebird's nest was something more than an exquisite picture of a familiar object; it was an embodiment of sentiments, distinct, indeed, and full of charm, but indefinable. It was not only that the intoxicating perfume of her favorite apple-blossoms was in that delicately-tinted cluster; it was not only that the voice of the pretty warbler was in that downy nest; a sentiment of peace and consolation was associated in her mind with a bird's tiny home; an association that had its forgotten origin far back in Joanna's early childhood, at a time when she experienced her first great grief, the scalping of her wax-doll by her sister Anita. A tall, strong youth, Joanna's earliest friend, whom she had long forgotten, took pity on the heart-broken baby, wiped away her tears of impotent rage, and, lifting her in his arms, carried her to the orchard, where, on the bough of an old apple-tree, he showed her just so charming a little nest as the one in the picture, and told her a wonderful story of the mother-bird and the three speckled eggs. It was not that Joanna remembered all this when she determined to possess the picture; the incident had been long forgotten, but the impression remained, and had its influence on her determination.

Her happiness, however, was not a little chilled, after the first ecstatic thrill of possession, by the reflection that she must enjoy the picture alone. She shrank from confessing her purchase to Miss Basil, not so much through dread of her displeasure as through fear of the contempt she would be sure to display for her treasure. "If only Pamela could feel about it as I do, I could give it to her with joy," thought Joanna—for she was not selfish—"but, oh, I never could brave her looking sidewise at it, and lamenting my lack of judgment."

Thereupon Joanna resolved to put off the evil day; she would not confess an extravagance she could not regret, but she would try to be very, very good, in order to make amends; and she was so quiet, so gentle, so brisk and industrious the next morning about her various little household duties that Miss Basil began to feel encouraged. The good woman was thoroughly satisfied that Hannah More's sage discourse "On Time considered as a Talent" had produced a radical change for the better in her heedless young cousin's character.

Little did she understand the case. Joanna was yet young enough to forget her sufferings, how poignant soever they might be, and she remembered no more of the wisdom that emanated from Barley Grove than she did of the woful penalty once incurred by helping herself unbidden to raspberry-jam. As soon as her work was over for the morning, and she could enjoy a moment of leisure with a clear conscience, Joanna was again an idler in the irresistible garden.

Arthur Hendall, sauntering down the walks, saw her sitting in the shadow of the mimosa-tree, where he had encountered Miss

Basil, and his curiosity was strongly excited to know what she could be studying so intently; for Joanna was absorbed in the contemplation of her treasure.

"Pray what have you there?" he asked, seating himself beside her on the weather-beaten bench.

She put the picture into his hands at once.

"Look!" she said. "I bought that with all the money I had in the world; and it is well worth it, don't you think so? I understand now the sense of Pamela's saying, 'Work is a blessing,' for work makes money, and money can buy such things as these."

"And you, too, Joanna," said Arthur, "you believe in money, like the rest of your sex?"

"Surely," said Joanna, with childlike simplicity, "it is a good thing to believe in! See what it will buy! Pamela wishes to make me industrious, and last year she offered me a—*a proportion* of the profits on the honey, if I would take care of the bees. Taking care of the bees is easy enough; but I had to keep the accounts, to teach me business habits, you know, and that was—*intolerable*. But I see the good of all that, now that I have bought this lovely picture."

"Does it not need a frame, Joanna?" young Hendall asked, with a generous desire to add to her happiness.

"Is that all you can say for it?" cried Joanna, indignantly.

"Surely it is saying much to imply that it is worthy of a frame," replied Arthur, with ready tact. "To be loud in praise is to be commonplace," he added, sententiously.

"Is it?" said Joanna, pondering this axiom deeply, for she saw that it might be useful to her, some day, when she should come to mingle in the world. "Perhaps you are right; it does need a frame," she said, presently, studying the picture critically with her head on one side.

"Then do let me give you a frame!" cried Arthur, impetuously. "I have never yet given you any thing worth keeping; let me give you a frame—"

He stopped suddenly, checked by the expression of Joanna's face; for she had risen, and was standing, looking at him with rebuking eyes.

"No, thank you," she said, with a stiffness that made her appear years older—"no, thank you, Mr. Hendall, I could not."

"You never accept any thing from me," said Arthur, piqued.

Joanna blushed.

"Oh, yes," she said; "you forget the flower-seed."

"Flower-seed!" repeated Arthur, impatiently. "What do flower-seed amount to? And didn't you remind me cruelly that you would be planting them in my—in soil not your own?"

Joanna hung her head.

"That was unkind, my little friend," continued Arthur, throwing prudence and all his aunt's counsels to the winds. "After I had told you, too, that this should always be your home," he continued, with tender reproach. "Now, little Joanna, to heal my wounded feelings, let me give you the frame."

He tried to take her hand, but Joanna recoiled, trembling; she felt instinctively that Miss Basil would not approve, and, besides, she had her own ideas of propriety, and she meant to adhere to them. She would have been very peremptory, if she could have found her voice; but a strange fear and a strange wonder possessed her so that she could only shake her head dumbly.

"But why?" persisted Arthur. "I mean why not?"

"Our—our circumstances—are different," said Joanna, folding her hands with dignity, and looking at him with a sort of pathetic appeal in her large, dark eyes. "I could not—"

"O Joanna!" said Arthur, reproachfully.

"If I were a young lady in society, Mr. Hendall," she began, with great deliberation; but suddenly stopped short, coloring painfully.

"If you were a young lady in society?" repeated Arthur, expectantly. From some cause or other, the opinion of this young lady who was not in society interested him deeply.

But Joanna hardly knew what she would say. Arthur's manner, his words, the tone of his voice, full of a new significance, gave her a sense of strangeness, delightful perhaps, from its novelty, but too perplexing to be endured.

"You—oh, you have spoiled the pleasure of my picture for me!" she cried, suddenly; for, indeed, she knew not what else was the matter, to make her so strangely uncomfortable. "Why did you—*open this discussion*?"

With a swift, unexpected motion, she snatched the picture from the bench, and before young Hendall could master the surprise caused by this little outburst she was far down the walk. He called to her in vain; Joanna would neither wait nor turn back, for she desired nothing so much at that moment as to be alone.

BITTER FRUIT:

A STORY IN A PROLOGUE AND THREE CHAPTERS.

(From *Advance-Sheets*.)

CHAPTER II.

NOON.

UNDER an awning, beneath the foliage which shaded the terrace, Colonel Murray lay sleeping, lulled by a lie—strange and—dyne; but it had dissipated the horrible fear of the sick man. Far away in Paris—be it so! Anywhere, what matter the whereabouts of such a woman? But not at his bedside. Lulled, too, by the assurance of a true heart, death or life, the idol of his soul, Minnie, was safe in the guardianship of a trusty friend.

A sore burden lay on Dr. Sholto, as he watched at the side of his friend's couch. He was a brave man, and he had never failed in meeting duty face to face; but in the perplexity of his soul he mourned that he had ever crossed over to Scutari; and yet he had.

by Heaven's blessing, averted the terrible disclosure which would have been sure death to his smitten friend. That the woman must go was very clear; and yet she alone had saved her husband's life. But it was his duty to send her away at all hazards, and the slender thread of life must needs be left to the careless praying of the hireling and the stranger.

And how to meet this woman, branded with an indelible sin, and yet revered by all around as a saint, an angel of mercy and good works, bearing the stamp of a holy mission on her pale and weary face?

Dr. Sholto met her, as he met most people, bluntly and to the point, yet kindly and with an air of deep respect. The Sister Superior had made Mrs. Murray lie down in her own room, and, after attending her with the utmost solicitude, had left her in the hope that sleep would presently come with restoring power; but the moment she was left alone she stole back, drawn by irresistible fascination, to her husband's room. Her fear of Dr. Sholto was lost in anxiety for the invalid. She hurried up to the couch.

"Is he asleep?" she inquired, in anxious tones.

"Soundly asleep, thank Heaven!" and Dr. Sholto led her gently away from the couch. "It is my duty to tell you that you must leave this hospital at once."

"Have mercy on me, Dr. Sholto!"

"I leave this evening; you will leave before I leave."

"Let me stay, for Heaven's sake!"

"I am inexorable, madam."

"He will die if I go."

"He will assuredly die if he discover the truth," replied Dr. Sholto, sternly. "You heard his words; if I had not told a deliberate lie, it would have been his death."

"He shall never know the truth," replied Mrs. Murray, in accents of despair. "I swear it! Never know that I was his wife! Have mercy; you knew me in happy days; you kissed me on my wedding-day—his oldest friend! Have mercy on me now!"

"I must have mercy on him."

She felt Dr. Sholto was inexorable; but still she pleaded in agonized voice.

"I tell you I have saved his life—they all say so; I watched him day and night with breathless care. Through all that dreadful time his life was absolutely in my hands. O weary pain! O listless restlessness!—his head found its only place on my bosom."

Dr. Sholto gave way to an expression of indignation.

"Your bosom! His head on your bosom! O degradation! better he had died!"

"No, Dr. Sholto," she answered, firmly; and for a moment she clung for support to the noble reputation she had won. "Purged by bitter repentance; worthy now of doing woman's highest work;" but the next moment brought back anguish and despair. "What, leave him! Impossible; who will care for him as I have cared? Let me remain a few days longer," she pleaded, piteously, "and then I'll go, and never look upon him again."

"Impossible, I say. Why did you place yourself in this terrible position?"

"It was not my seeking," she answered. "I swear it, solemnly. When I heard that he had been brought here, I trembled at the thought lest I might be called to nurse him; shame-stricken, yet dying to see him once more, I dared not venture near his presence; but it was a desperate case, and I was considered the most skillful nurse—lightest hand, where a feather's touch was pain—and the order came to me to be his nurse. I obeyed; it was God's doing, not mine. God's bitterest punishment on my sin; for at last I was taught to know the worth and love I had lost forever; taught to know too late the hidden value of that chivalrous heart. O Dr. Sholto! his burning head found fitful rest upon my bosom—close to my heart, and yet the width of the eternal gulf between us! Have mercy! I have done all I could; let me finish this work and die!" She sank down exhausted on a bench.

Dr. Sholto was deeply touched. "I pity you, indeed I do, from the bottom of my heart; but still I am bound to act in this matter according to the dictates of common prudence. Colonel Murray is better—more thoroughly himself; the chances of discovery are thereby increased and are increasing daily; you would not wish to undo the good work you have done?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"You would not desire to endanger the life your devotion has saved; go, then, at once. I believe you have saved his life—be that your consolation."

Mrs. Murray felt the force of all that Dr. Sholto urged.

"I am in your hands," she said, with resignation. "I will go; I will give up the one hope of my miserable existence."

"What hope?" he asked.

"His forgiveness."

"Impossible!"

"I had hoped one day to ask forgiveness for her—his wife. I have saved his life, and he knows it; let him, for my sake, for Graham's sake, forgive his wretched wife."

"Again, impossible; the risk would be too great—you would betray yourself; this must not be done."

"I bend to your decree."

"Nay, his safety."

"Be it so. I will die unforgiven—fit punishment! But how can I go? What excuse?" she asked, in a voice of despair—"what excuse?"

"Your health."

"I have sworn to die at my post!—can I turn back now? The women I have led on, animated by my example, would laugh me to scorn."

"Better, at all events, deride your weakness than your sin. You must tell him your health is failing; you leave here by my advice to save your own life; in short, you must say that you are bound to think of yourself."

"Think of myself!" she exclaimed with bitterness, "and I have striven these years past to forget myself. Oh, fearful retribution! thrust back upon myself after all. Enough of self. You promised, if he died, to take care of our child. Bless you for that! Our child—link 'twixt him and me which no

divorce can break asunder. Dr. Sholto, I, on my part, give her into your hands with a solemn charge."

Mrs. Murray spoke in a low, deliberate tone, but every word was wrung out with agony.

"When Minnie is old enough, when womanhood bursts brightly upon her, when her young eyes are dazzled with this world's glamour of smile and charm—break in upon that brightness with my story; paint it in darkest colors of truth—the false words which deluded—the false sentiments which lured me on—let her know it all, vain, frivolous, heartless coquette. Have no mercy on me, her mother; for her sake, my child—let those dark thoughts of me be her safeguard—promise!"

"I will tell her at the proper time," replied Dr. Sholto, solemnly, and he turned away his face to hide a tear.

"Without pity," she urged with vehemence—"without mercy—holding me up to bitterest scorn and contempt. If she too fall, be it on your head! One word more: five thousand pounds stand in my name at Drummond's, a legacy from my uncle in India, payable to my check. That money is hers absolutely."

"I fear he will not let her touch it."

"My child as well as his. I am no longer his wife, but I am her mother. I repeat, that money is hers absolutely—I desire to place it in safe hands."

"But surely," objected Dr. Sholto, "you will require some of this money for yourself—the interest, at least, during your life."

"I want money enough to keep body and soul," she answered, in a tone of sarcasm; "I can earn it—and a grave; they'll give me that. I constitute you her trustee; the interest to be spent on her education—the principal to be hers when of age. Can you draw such an instrument?"

"I will get it drawn."

"Do so; I'll sign it and go."

"You will speak to him when he wakes?"

"I promise! One word, Dr. Sholto, before you leave me. I know you will be very kind to Minnie—a firm hand, oh, but very gentle. I know what she is; just touch her heart, and she's conquered in a moment."

Dr. Sholto grasped Mrs. Murray's quivering hand with his honest grasp.

"Tell her some day," she murmured, the tears falling from her eyes—"tell her, if you can—"

"Yes, dear lady," he answered, kindly.

She drew her hand from his grasp, and brushed away her tears. "No, don't tell her that I loved her, that I carried her little face in my bosom—my one hope, my one consolation—no; heartless, vain, frivolous to the end—tell her that—always that." She turned away from Dr. Sholto. "Never on earth," she murmured, "but in heaven, perhaps in heaven;" and she struggled to a seat near the colonel's couch. Dr. Sholto left her; he felt it was a case beyond man's mending.

And now for the last time they were alone. Sleep took away his pain and sorrow; sleep surrendered him into her hands—they were husband and wife once more—sound sleep, and she could call him by the old fa-

miliar name, in undertones of despairing love and tenderness; she could talk of the old times; she could recall the old scenes of happiness. For her soul's comfort, she could pour into the dull ear of sleep the confession of that sin and suffering which weighed upon her soul; she could kneel at his side, and, with lightest pressure on his worn hands, pray for the forgiveness she durst not seek when consciousness returned.

He awoke; husband and wife were parted—he was Colonel Murray, and she was nurse Graham; he awoke, speaking incoherently, as waking from a dream. Oftentimes, to her exceeding comfort, there was a link of sympathy between his dream and her waking thoughts. Her thoughts had been his thoughts in the realm of sleep; hand-in-hand, as she sat at his bedside, the thoughts of both had traveled, the one in painful wakefulness, the other in soothing sleep, among old memories of the better days.

"Where am I, Graham?"

"Here, colonel; at Scutari—the hospital."

"Only a dream, then; it was so vivid, though. I was walking under the cool trees, with the fresh ferns about me, and the clear rills trickling down the valley-sides. Were you ever at Lynton, Graham—Watersmeet, by the rustic bridge?"

"Yes, sir."

It was very strange, her waking thoughts had been wandering amid that pleasant valley.

"That was the spot," continued the colonel, "as plainly as if I were there; *she* was walking with me—we often used to walk there in the old days. It was on that very bridge she swore to love me—a lie! a lie! Why dream of a lie? Why wake to be mocked by a lie?" And he turned restlessly on the couch. She raised his head tenderly, and smoothed his pillow, and gave him some cooling drink. "Bless you, Graham!" and he pressed her hand in thankfulness for her service. "It's getting rather too hot and glary here; I think I'll go back to my room. Where are the orderlies?"

"They will be here directly."

And now to her terrible task. She schooled her voice as best she might. "I have something I am obliged to say, colonel, if you will allow me—"

"What is it, Graham—what is it?"

"I am sorry to say my strength has been failing lately: I fainted this morning."

"Sholto told me so. Forgive me for not inquiring—but, alas! illness makes us very selfish. I hope you are better now?"

"For the time, colonel; but I feel I am quite unequal to my present work. The fact is, I require thorough rest. I must leave the hospital."

"Leave the hospital!" he exclaimed, in an anxious voice. "O Graham, is it really as bad as that?"

"Dr. Sholto says so; he tells me I shall utterly break down if I remain here a day longer; in short, I must leave at once."

"If Sholto says so, you must go," replied the colonel, in tones of deep regret. "Heaven forbid I should keep you one moment longer; you've done too much for me

already. I owe my life to you, Graham—my life, I say, to you and God's mercy—" At this moment Dr. Bentley came his rounds.

"Well, Graham, how are you getting on?" he inquired, briskly.

"The colonel has just awoke, sir."

"Rather flushed, eh?" observed Bentley, looking at the patient. "Pulse too rapid—some disturbance in the system."

"It's nothing, doctor," said the colonel; "only for the moment. Graham tells me she is obliged to leave us; her health is broken down by hard work."

"That all!" exclaimed Bentley, in a tone of affected derision. "Egad! that's the case with all of us.—We can't let you go, Graham; you're not half bad enough for that."

"Sholto tells her so," observed the colonel.

"Sholto be hanged! Sholto sha'n't deprive me of my best nurse.—Let me feel your pulse, Graham—fair enough; wants a little power, perhaps. A tonic will soon set you up."

"Indeed, sir, I fear it's worse than that."

Bentley feared so too, and he drew Graham out of ear-shot of the colonel.

"You may be somewhat shaken by this hard work," said he, kindly; "I don't say you're not. I'll take care you get a longer spell of rest; but I tell you, if you go, that man won't live. I'm speaking seriously, mind; and besides that, if you desert your post, the rest of the nurses will leave us. My good woman, you *must* stay. Come, that's settled;" and Bentley returned to the colonel.

"Cheer up, my friend! Graham isn't going to leave us just yet. It's a cunning dodge of Sholto's—confound him!—trying to carry off our best nurse. Make yourself quite comfortable, colonel, Graham will remain with you.—Let him have the composing draught as soon as he returns to his room," whispered Bentley, in the nurse's ear; "full measure, mind, and for Heaven's sake don't leave us, or the whole hospital will go to the deuce."

The colonel was presently carried back into his room by the orderlies, his head resting on Mrs. Murray's arm, and the curtains of the window were closed on nurse and patient—husband and wife.

"Poor woman," muttered Bentley, as he watched the nurse's solicitude and care; "no wonder she's knocked up—done enough to kill a horse—but, short-handed as we are, I can't afford to let her go: A touch of the lady in her, I'll be sworn. Breed's the thing, after all: an ounce of blood is worth a pound of bone—egad, I must be moving on!"

"One moment!" exclaimed the Sister Superior, as she hurried to catch Dr. Bentley.

"Well, ma'am, any thing wrong?"

"Your usual greeting, doctor."

"I'm always afraid of seeing you," replied Bentley, with good-natured *brusquerie*; "your presence is always the harbinger of some misfortune."

"Ah, doctor!" replied the Sister Superior, with a smile, "misfortunes usually do bring us together; however, just now I meet you with a happier purpose. The command-

ant has placed in my hands Colonel Murray's Victoria Cross, which he has just received from the War-Office, for presentation to the colonel. I want to know when we had better give it to him?"

"Not just now," replied Bentley. "He's gone back to his room, a little matter disturbed; let him have a few hours' repose, after that—"

But Bentley was unable to finish his sentence. An orderly came with an urgent requisition for his attendance, and he hurried away.

The Sister Superior beckoned to Travers, who had followed her on to the terrace, but had remained apart during her conversation with Bentley.

"Come, Mr. Leslie, we are alone now. Mrs. Graham—excuse me, Mrs. Leslie, I mean—"

The Sister Superior grew somewhat confused.

"No matter as to names, madam. I am ashamed to sail under false colors, but you know my motive—I do it for her sake. She is here, is she?"

"Close here—that room;" and the Sister Superior pointed to Colonel Murray's room, at the same time laying a restraining hand on Travers's arm. "A few minutes—she is in attendance on her patient."

"O madam!" he exclaimed, in fervent voice, and his arm trembled with emotion, "if you only knew how anxious I am to declare to her my repentance—my sorrow and contrition for past transgressions!"

"I do believe you, sir; but still I must ask your patience—a sad case—you've heard of Colonel Murray?"

"Colonel Murray!" exclaimed Travers, with a violent start.

"The engineer-officer—the hero of the Victoria Cross—blind, helpless now."

"You say she is nursing him?"

"More than nursing; her devotion has saved his life."

"Saved his life!" echoed Travers, deeply moved.

"Yes, sir. Be proud! this is the noble creature you seek; this is the great reward your repentance has won. One moment;" and the Sister Superior went to the room and listened a while at the curtains.

Upton Travers was deeply interested in all the Sister Superior had said.

Of pleasant, sweet, gentle aspect was Upton Travers—light, golden hair, clear blue eyes, and a pleasant smile. He possessed a wonderful power of deception, because he possessed a wonderful power of assimilating the feelings and sentiments of those around him. What others felt, *he* felt. His hypocrisy was not the glaze of the surface, it sprang from the depth of his feelings. It mattered not if people were religious, he *felt* religious; he readily responded to every enthusiasm of life—sincerity itself could not *feel* more sincerely than he felt—a charming companion, a sort of cunning instrument which lent itself to every touch, and answered in sympathetic tones; with regard to feeling, the *mécanique* of a saint; with regard to heart, the heart of a devil; he believed in one God, and he worshiped one God,

himself, and his fears were limited to the fear of bodily pain and discomfort.

Upton Travers had come to Scutari to play a desperate game, and behold, the trump cards were in his hands.

"Is it possible!" he murmured, with exultation, "Colonel Murray, and *she* has saved his life!—a dream!—no, I'm awake. Those were the very words."

The Sister Superior returned from the window with an assuring smile on her face.

"In a minute or two more I shall be able to restore her to you."

"Bless you, madam, for all your goodness!" and he pressed the Sister's hand in gratitude.

"By-the-way," continued the Sister, "I've had no opportunity of preparing her for this interview; perhaps I had better break it to her first—tell her that you—her husband—"

"Yes, *her husband!*" he replied, with emphasis. "Oh, but not worthy of that sacred name—not worthy—alas, she will refuse that name to me!" and the blue eyes were suffused with tears.

"My good friend, take courage," said the Sister Superior, touched to the heart; "believe me, it's not what you were, but what, by Heaven's mercy, you are now. Leave me with her for a moment;" and she led him aside. "Once more, courage! she possesses a noble, generous nature; she will forgive you, I know she will—there's my hand on it;" and she pressed his trembling hand with her own true, heart-felt grasp.

Travers stood aside among the shrubs, and the Sister went to the window.

"Graham," she called, in a low tone.

"Yes, Sister," replied Mrs. Murray, opening the curtain.

"Is the colonel asleep?"

"Soundly, thanks to the draught."

"You may leave him a little," said the Sister, placing her arm round Mrs. Murray's waist, and drawing her away from the room. "I have something very particular to tell you. Ah, dear lady," she continued, in a voice of great tenderness, "you have thought much of others, let others think a little about you. I trust that this day will bring you great consolation. I believe your present sorrow is only a shadow of past happiness. Have confidence; this shadow is about to die away in present joy."

"What do you mean, Sister?" asked Mrs. Murray, in great perplexity.

"Your husband—"

"My husband! Great God, is the truth known?" she exclaimed, in terrified voice; and she clung for support to the Sister's arm.

"Compose yourself, my dear," said the Sister, kindly, "nothing is known; *he* has not breathed one word about the past. For your sake—for both your sakes—he has been silent; but I can guess the whole sad story. He left you—deserted you—but Heaven has touched his heart; he assures me of his sincere repentance."

"He!—who?" asked Mrs. Murray, utterly bewildered.

"Your husband."

"I have no husband!"

"Not even if he repent?"

"I don't understand you."

"He has been with me."

"His name?"

"For both your sakes he has withheld his name."

The horrible possibility of Travers having followed her to Scutari flashed into her mind.

"Has that wretch dared to set foot here?" she exclaimed, in a tone of indignation mingled with terror. "I will never see him again—never, never! For mercy's sake," she cried, "don't let that man enter my presence, it's too fearful! Oh! is there no refuge left for me on earth?"

"Yes," replied the Sister, somewhat dismayed by Mrs. Murray's intense emotion; "his repentant heart. Consider, he has followed you here for the purpose of reparation."

Travers felt the propitious moment had arrived. He came from his hiding-place, and knelt at her feet.

"Margaret, forgive me; I have deeply sinned."

"That voice!" she exclaimed, with a shudder, and she averted her eyes in horror and disgust.

"Have mercy on him!" pleaded the Sister; "at least listen to his prayer. Don't cast him back on despair; maybe your forgiveness will secure his salvation. Remember, we poor sinners all need forgiveness." And the Sister left them; she rejoiced in the work she had done. "A great wrong, doubtless, followed by a noble Christian forgiveness; God bless them both!" and she went about her hospital-work light-hearted, in the reward of a good conscience.

The terrace was quite deserted; all the invalids and hospital attendants had retired to their respective rooms by reason of the noonday heat.

He remained kneeling, with his eyes bent on the ground.

"Why are you here—what do you want?" she asked, in tones of loathing and contempt.

"What I dare scarcely hope for," he answered, in a trembling voice—"your forgiveness. O Margaret! I left you in Paris. I was cruel, harsh; but I was ruined, compromised. They were on my track; I was forced to fly."

"And you left me to perish, to die of want."

"Don't remind me of the past; I can't defend it. I have bitterly repented."

"A little repentance," she retorted, scornfully, "spent at German gambling-tables."

"A man must live."

"And a woman may die," she answered, bitterly. "I have lived; I, too, have repented. I am no longer Margaret Murray; I am Mrs. Graham, a hospital nurse."

"This miserable dress!" he murmured. "Oh, shame that you should have sunk so low!"

"So low, and yet far higher than the mistress of Upton Travers."

"I swore I would marry you as soon as that divorce was gained."

"Lower still," she answered, contemptuously.

"Not so bitter with me, Margaret," he replied, in a deprecating tone; and he rose to his feet. "It's all the reparation I can

make. I have followed you here—sought you out for this very purpose; at least an honest woman in the eyes of the world—my wife."

"Your wife! I prefer shame to such honesty!"

"Margaret, have a little mercy!" and tears dimmed his eyes. "I have erred, deeply erred; but I have repented from the bottom of my heart. Come, it's not too late to realize our old dream of love."

"Hideous delusion, which lured me to destruction!"

"Not so; we'll create a new world of our own—my life devoted to your happiness. I have money now, plenty of money. I ask you to share it."

"Fruit of the gambling-table!"

"No matter; I ask you to share it. Money enough for every luxury; not miserable garments like these—not hard, coarse fare—not menial service. Shame on the thought! I am in earnest, on my honor."

He did *seem* in earnest, and her heart was touched.

"I am willing to believe it," she answered, in softened tone; "I am willing to believe that, in your way, you have repented of the past. I am very happy to think so. I will not utter one word of reproach. I will only make one request—that you leave me."

He felt her change of tone and manner; it was a presage of victory.

"Leave you, Margaret? Impossible!"

"Leave me, and I will forgive the wrongs you have done."

"Come, Margaret," he urged, "this is foolish. Come back to the world with me; there's brightness and effervescence yet in the cup of life."

"Your words grate horribly in my ears," she answered, with a shudder. "That accursed life! I have repented, if you have not. All I ask is—leave me."

"Never, Margaret—dearest Margaret—I swear, never!"

"Let me end my task here, and die in peace. I will forgive you—pray for you—only go, pray go!"

"You will not return with me to the world—share my money, be my wife, live a life of happiness and joy?"

"No!—irrevocably, no! I forgive you all my misery—all my bitter sorrow: a large sum of wretchedness to forgive, but I do forgive you. Farewell—my duties! I must leave you now."

"I must remain," he answered, in a changed tone.

"You cannot remain here."

"I must!" and he threw himself on a bench.

"Impossible! Your presence will betray me."

"Be that as it may," he replied, with dogged resolution.

"Tell the Sister Superior that I have forgiven you—that we have mutually agreed to part."

"I cannot leave you, Margaret."

"You have the world before you," she urged, in dismay at his manner; "you have money."

"No!"

"You said money."

"Not a penny, I say."

"You asked me to share your money," she repented, emphatically.

"I did, but I'd none to share."

"Liar!" she exclaimed, in the vehemence of her feeling.

"Yes, liar," he answered, calmly; "it's the truth."

"What does this mean?"

"It means that I want to share your money."

"What money?" she asked, contemptuously; "my wages here?"

"No, at Drummond's; don't prevaricate," he retorted, sharply.

"You knew it, then?"

"I knew it, and therefore I sought you out."

"Scoundrel!—mean, pitiful scoundrel! You sought me in vain. Thank Heaven, the mask is dragged from your lying face. Listen to me, once for all. That money at my bank is a sacred sum, which shall never be touched by you or me; no, not if we were dying for want of bread."

He had lit a cigarette while she was speaking, and flung himself back at his ease on the bench.

"A good round sum," he answered, amid whiffs of smoke. "Don't talk of dying. Ten thousand pounds—oh, ye gods, a delicious sum!"

"That money is my child's fortune; it is sacred to her. Not one penny—not one penny," she replied, with rapid utterance.

"Plain speaking now, Margaret," he answered, with a smile. "Not your child's fortune, but mine!"

"Fool!" she exclaimed, contemptuously.

"Not fool!—knave, may be—not fool!" he answered, with quiet deliberation.

"Fool or knave, you've had my answer. So it was my money you sought! Miserable gamester, you've shown your hand too soon; your cards are played out—go!"

"Pardon me," he answered, inhaling a deep whiff—"a small trump thrown away, that's all. I hold better cards."

"You come here too late, Upton Travers; the game's over," she answered, derisively. "I have made Staff-Surgeon Sholto trustee on behalf of my daughter; it only remains for me to execute the deed. He has just left me for the purpose of having it drawn. He will return soon," she added, significantly. Upton Travers lighted another cigarette. "I repeat, he will return soon. I've warned you, mind; go, before you are expelled."

"Why expelled?" he inquired, with the utmost unconcern.

"You will not dare to face Dr. Sholto."

"Why not? Dr. Sholto has never seen me. No, Margaret Murray," he continued, in calm, decisive voice—"I beg your pardon, Margaret Graham, you have *really* repented—that's clear—therefore you are in my power; you are striving, under a false name, to regain your position in society—I defy you to reveal my name to Dr. Sholto."

She felt his words were terribly true. She did not dare reveal his name, which was the token of her shame and condemnation. She felt she was in his relentless grasp; her cour-

age forsook her. No longer scorn and defiance, but humblest prayer.

"Go, I beg and pray! if you have any mercy, go! Dr. Sholto is coming, I see him—"

"Let him come," replied Travers, with perfect unconcern; and, throwing away his cigarette, he rose from the bench. "I shall stay till he goes; meanwhile our conversation can remain in abeyance."

Dr. Sholto had brought the document.

"Here's the paper, nurse Graham," he added, with emphasis, being mindful of the presence of a stranger. "Pray who is this gentleman?" he inquired.

"Pardon me, sir, my name is Leslie," replied Travers, bowing respectfully to Dr. Sholto. "I am agent for the firm of Bertemati & Co., bankers at Constantinople, correspondents of Drummond & Co., London. I attend Mrs. Graham on business matters by direction of my firm."

He inclined his head deferentially toward Mrs. Murray, and in all ways assumed the bearing of a respectable and highly-confidential banking-clerk.

"Your presence is most opportune, sir," observed Dr. Sholto; and, turning to Mrs. Murray, he requested her to peruse the document with care. "Mr. Leslie will, no doubt, be good enough to witness your signature," he added, turning to Travers.

"Certainly, sir," replied Travers. "I am here to give every assistance in my power to Mrs. Graham."

"The matter, sir, is briefly this," observed Sholto, by way of explanation to Travers. "Nurse Graham is desirous of placing certain moneys of which she stands possessed in my hands for certain purposes needless to specify. I, Dr. Sholto, have agreed to hold these moneys, and carry out the provisions of the trust.—Well, Graham," he continued, turning to Mrs. Murray, "have you read the deed carefully—does it embody your wishes?"

"I think so—yes," she replied, with a scared look, returning the paper to Dr. Sholto.

"Good. Let's complete the affair at once. Find the Sister; we shall require her signature as a second witness."

"Pardon me, Dr. Sholto," exclaimed Travers, in a tone of the utmost deference, "for venturing to interfere in this matter; but in my capacity as agent for Mrs. Graham I really think I ought, for my own satisfaction, to read over this document before signature; my knowledge of business matters, and general acquaintance with legal instruments of this nature, may possibly be of some avail."

"As you like, sir. Pray read it," replied Dr. Sholto, somewhat annoyed; but still it was impossible to object to such a reasonable request, and he handed the paper to Travers.

"Have I your permission, madam?" inquired Travers of Mrs. Murray, with the slightest tone of significance in his voice.

"Read it if you will," she answered, in trembling utterance.

Quietly, deliberately, and with the utmost apparent unconcern, did Travers peruse the paper, making audible comments here and there.

"Money—at Drummond's—amount not stated—purposes of trust not specified—hum!" and he shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"With regard to the trust, sir," exclaimed Dr. Sholto, somewhat nettled, "Mrs. Graham has given me full instructions, which I am prepared to carry out to the letter."

"Quite so, quite so," replied Travers, raising his eyes for a moment from the paper, but in no wise moved by the doctor's irritation. "So, all moneys—and other properties whatsoever absolutely in trust to John Sholto, staff-surgeon, etc., etc., etc.—hum!" and Travers returned the paper, with a respectful bow, to Dr. Sholto.

"Well, sir, are you content?" inquired Dr. Sholto, with some asperity.

"Pardon me, doctor," replied Travers, still retaining his deferential manner, "I see you are not a lawyer; as this is a matter of serious business, involving consequences of great importance, it is my duty to tell you that this deed is not worth the paper it is written upon."

"I differ from you, sir!" exclaimed Dr. Sholto, thoroughly angry.

"As agent for Mrs. Graham," continued Travers, in deliberate voice, "I protest against her signing that document; I decline to be a witness."

"No matter, sir," retorted the doctor, "we can get another witness.—Nurse Graham, this is not the first assignment I have drawn at a pinch; I tell you it's a good and valid instrument."

"Mrs. Graham must choose between us," observed Travers, with perfect calmness.

"Say, Graham, are you prepared to sign it or not?" asked Dr. Sholto, in a tone of irritation.

She stood there irresolute, utterly fascinated by the presence of Travers, but it was on her lips to break away from the accursed enchantment, to declare the truth—no banker's agent, but Upton Travers, who had wrought the grievous wrong! but—that woman who had honored her—that good, pure, noble Sister Superior would turn aside with scorn, those other women would turn aside with scorn—no saint, but a false, erring wife.

"Your answer, Graham?" asked Dr. Sholto, impatiently.

"Perhaps I had better wait a little," she stammered. "There is no immediate hurry; perhaps it had better be drawn by a professional man."

"Right, quite right; that's my advice," said Travers, approvingly.

"As you will, as you will!" exclaimed Dr. Sholto; and he tore the paper up.

"Pardon me, sir," said Travers, "my business, which is confidential, will not detain Mrs. Graham long."

"I will not intrude upon you, sir. Good-day." And Dr. Sholto hurried off, to the horror and dismay of Mrs. Murray.

They were alone again—Colonel Murray, Mrs. Murray, Upton Travers.

"You are in my power, now!" exclaimed Upton Travers. "To business, once more, short and sharp. I hold the winning card, and I mean to play it, be the cost what it

may. Whom are you nursing in there? I know his name! The Sister Superior has just told me." And Travers gazed significantly at the colonel's room.

She understood his terrible meaning. "Good God!" she exclaimed, "you could never be so cruel—so wicked—the man you have wronged; he lies there betwixt life and death. What, betray me to him? No, no, Upton," and she clung to him in despair. "You are not so bad as that. Heaven would never permit such a crime."

"This is earth!" he answered, with a scornful smile.

"Oh, have a little mercy on the woman whose life you have wrecked!"—still clinging to him, she knelt at his feet. "If you ever loved me, I beg and pray for mercy."

"No need of this agitation," he replied, quietly, at the same time edging toward the colonel's room. "The Sister says you have saved his life; she begs me not to take you away till he has recovered. Well, you can remain; but a check for that money I will have."

"Never!" she cried; "it belongs to my daughter—never, never!"

"You've said that before; repetition is a waste of time. The choice is in your hands. I must be brief."

"What?" she exclaimed, "you would go to him as he lies there, and whisper in his ear that I was his wife? A man do this!—impossible!—a tiger's nature wrapped in a man's form; a tiger's instinct animating a man's brain; oh, monstrous growth! I tell you, the hand of Heaven would strike you dead!"

"Trust to it, if you dare," he answered, derisively, still moving toward the room, notwithstanding all her efforts.

"A step more, and I'll cry for help."

"Raise your voice, and he will hear you."

"No—a narcotic; he will not hear; the orderlies will come, and drive you out, scoundrel as you are!"

"Then I must speak to him myself."

She clung to him, exerting all her strength.

"This is murder!" she cried.

"Have I any weapon?" he answered.

"No weapon, only one word—one fearful word."

"Then word for word," he retorted.

"Your written word, a check!"

"Never!"

"You force my hand—I play my ace, be it life or death." He flung her from him; but quick as lightning she flew to the window, and barred his progress. No help was at hand; it only needed one fatal word in the sick man's ear—only her strength against his, to ward it off. She gazed around in despair—there was no help. Her eyes fell on a little table which stood close to the window, on which had been placed the materials for making lemonade; in her despair, she grasped the table-knife which had been used for cutting the lemon. In a moment, she became strong, fearfully strong.

"Your death, if you advance another step!" she cried. He started back from her in surprise and alarm. This was not the woman he had wronged, the woman whose

weakness he had beguiled—but some strange, terrible being animating her form; eyes dilated with fierce animal rage, muscles wrought to sharpest tension—the swaying balance of a couchant tiger.

"Curse you, would you stab me?"

"Yes, by Heaven!" she answered. "I've strength enough for it. Back, miserable cur!" and he slunk back at her bidding. "Back, I say, as you value your life!" and she kept pressing upon him, impelled by some irresistible force. "Don't tempt me to the worst. A strange feeling burns in my blood—you've roused a hidden nature in my bosom, brutal as your own; touched some hidden spring, and a horrible instinct courses through my brain. I could stab and stab, till your life-blood ebbed away. Better cross the path of a tiger thirsting for man's blood than face me now. Back! for Heaven's sake, back! the horrible thing urges me on! Back, I say—or I shall kill you!"

Upton Travers possessed the courage of a brute; but her rage was a hundred-fold stronger than his brutality. He quailed away from her, not daring to turn his back—not daring to lose her eye; he knew it would have been certain death. Big drops of fear stood on his brow.

"The Sister Superior!" he gasped. He caught a moment's glimpse of the Sister approaching along the terrace.

Mrs. Murray turned her eyes from Travers; the Sister was actually approaching. "Saved!" she cried; "saved!" The fearful force which had animated her frame suddenly collapsed; the knife fell from her nerveless grasp—the power of her eyes was gone—every muscle was unstrung. Travers breathed again; he felt all danger was over. Worn and languid, she staggered forward, with dazed and purposeless expression, and would have fallen helpless at his feet, if he had not hurried forward and caught her in his arms.

A moment's breathing-space—he recovered his self-possession quicker than his breath.

"What's the matter?" inquired the Sister Superior, anxiously, as she approached them.

"Forgiven, madam! forgiven," he gasped, in bated breath; and, bending his head, he kissed the swooning woman's lips with a fervent kiss.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the Sister Superior, her eyes filling with tears of happiness; and she breathed a prayer of gratitude. It was manifest to her that her earnest prayers and kindly efforts had been abundantly blessed.

GERMAN UNIVERSITY DUELING-CLUBS.

BY AN AMERICAN STUDENT AT BONN.

IN America one reads occasionally that the once famous dueling-clubs of the German universities are now almost extinct, and, with this impression uppermost, an American will not be a little surprised to find after some residence in Heidelberg, Bonn, or Göttingen, that these remarkable associations, so far

from being extinct, are still flourishing in full vigor, and by a little management a stranger can even have the high privilege of being present at one of the warlike performances. It is to be confessed that dueling is not carried on by German students in the same savage and blood-thirsty spirit that it once was, for in these days it is an extremely rare occurrence to hear of any one having been killed or even seriously injured in a duel, while in former times it was often the "duel to the death." Many are the murderous scenes that have been enacted in Heidelberg under the cover of darkness, and in the dark woods that skirted the borders of the lovely Neckar, in the last century and the earlier portion of this.

The dueling associations, or "corps," as they are called by the students themselves, date back to a very remote period, some of them showing a record that would put many of the better-known societies of modern times to the blush. On the score of antiquity, as may be imagined, these long-established societies are very proud of their antecedents, and hold those of a more modern origin in supreme contempt. At each university there are a certain number of these societies represented, just as are the literary societies of our American colleges. Thus, branches of the same corps exist at various universities, so that a student belonging to one in Heidelberg, if he chanced to remove to Bonn, would simply have to change his allegiance to a corps of the same order in the latter city. These societies are by no means of a secret nature, nor do their members profess to strive for any higher good than the social pleasures of meeting to drink beer, sing songs, and fence with each other, or with representatives of other societies.

The corps-students wear certain badges by which one familiar with the colors and insignia of the various societies can tell at a glance the name of the corps to which the wearer belongs. The most prominent indication is the color of the caps, next the shape, and lastly the colors of the ribbon worn on the breast. A stranger will usually be some time in getting the run of these insignia, from the fact that there are various religious societies and spurious dueling associations, the members of which also wear caps and ribbons. It would be an insult to a genuine corps-man for one to mistake a member of these bastard associations for a corps-student. The swell societies have great contempt for the mushroom concerns, and no member would deign to cross his sword with a representative of a sham order.

The plan on which the dueling is managed is as follows: A new man joins a corps, and as soon as he has made some little progress in fencing, his society sends a challenge to some other of equal standing, requesting the honor of a combat. Then the corps so challenged appoints a man to meet the member of the challenging party. The preliminaries being all settled, the two corps and a select party of friends go off to some secret place where the university officers will not be likely to interrupt them, and the sport comes off. Thus it will be seen that no personal animosity exists between the combatants in

such a duel, but each man simply fights for the honor of his corps, and to win his own spurs. After a man has fought several times, he need not enter the field again unless he specially wishes to do so, as he is then considered as having won his laurels, and as being to a certain extent exempt.

It is to be understood that there is no difficulty about getting to see a duel—at least in the summer-time—if one can only find out when and where the performance is to take place. But as these matters are always kept a profound secret, in order to avoid the arrest of the duelists by the college authorities, it follows that, unless one has a friend in one of the corps, or else a friend who in turn knows some one connected with them, it is quite impossible to get news of an impending duel. In this way there are many foreigners who live years and years in the very midst of a dueling community without ever having the much-desired privilege of being present at an encounter. The difference between summer and winter is simply this: in the latter season the combats must all be fought in-doors, on account of the extremely cold climate, for when a man is stripped to his shirt and pants for fighting, the chilly winter air would be apt to cool his ardor or stiffen his muscles, while, on the contrary, in summer, the confined air of a crowded room would be insupportable. The duels, of course, never, or very rarely, take place in the immediate precincts of a university town, the plan being to adjourn to some small town in the neighborhood, when in winter a large room in some friendly hotel is engaged, or, if in summer, the party proceed to an open field where, with a wide view in every direction the chances of being surprised are reduced to a minimum. The summer place of resort in Bonn is an old cavalry parade-ground of some eighty or one hundred acres, situated about a mile and a half out of town.

The first students' duel which it fell to my lot to see was here, on a misty, threatening Saturday afternoon, in the early part of last summer. Having heard so much about these duels, it may be imagined that I was not late in arriving at the place of rendezvous appointed by a German friend, who had invited me to accompany him to the exhibition. As we hurried along on foot, through a light, drizzling rain, we were much concerned lest the amusement might have been postponed for a more favorable day, but, at length, to our great relief, carriages, full of students in their gaudy caps, began to pass us, and, when we arrived at the edge of the wide quadrangle, the borders of which were indicated by a double row of ancient and lofty poplars, we could discern, at the extreme end, a gathering of people and carriages, indicating that the preparations were already on foot. After reaching this little camp, so to speak, we were destined to experience a long trial of patience, the encounter being delayed by the condition of the weather. At length the rain ceased, and forthwith the combatants began to dress for the fight.

It is to be remembered that the participants in these duels are animated by no desire to seriously injure each other, for it often happens that two students about to

fight are total strangers, and have to be introduced, and in many cases they are very good friends, or, at least, acquaintances on good terms. Therefore some precautions are necessary to guard against the infliction of fatal or dangerous wounds, and, with this view, each combatant is invested in a suit of armor, which completely encircles the body and neck, and covers the right or sword arm, and sometimes the left arm. The armor for the body is made of padded leather, something like the quilted skirts of a saddle, being an inch or two thick, and provided with straps and buckles, by means of which it is fastened in position. The "gorget," or neck-piece, is made of quilted silk, and is simply wrapped round the neck and secured with strings. The protection for the right arm is afforded by means of a complicated series of stuffed silk bandages, which, when wrapped around the arm by an expert, completely shield that member from injury, but at the same time permit of considerable freedom of motion.

The process of dressing takes some time. Each hero of the coming combat removes his coat, vest, and shirt, and puts on an old shirt that will serve to catch the blood, and, having his breast-armament strapped around him, he takes a seat and has his salient arm done up in the above-described silken bandages, applied by a skillful and practised attendant. Then the "gorget" is adjusted, and, lastly, the eyes are shielded by means of a peculiar pair of spectacles, consisting of two oval leather plates perforated with eye-holes, in front of which project circular steel fringes, or rims, to a distance of perhaps half an inch, by means of which the eyes are protected from all but a direct thrust, which is not allowed in the dueling-code, the plan being simply to cut, not to stab. When a man is completely done up in this fashion he presents a most extraordinary appearance, reminding one, not a little, of a diver preparing to enter the water in his submarine armor. He looks, moreover, perfectly helpless, for, when he attempts to walk, he must be accompanied by two or three friends, one of whom supports his ponderous arm, while the others lead him forward. The field of vision permitted by the steel spectacles is very limited; and, if a combatant had to support his own arm half an hour, with all that bandaging around it, he would be too tired to lift a sword, much less fight a duel. The swords used are very peculiar. They are of the usual rapier length, very thin, so thin, in fact, that they become bent after every few strokes, and have to be straightened before the duel can proceed, and they have a point as square as that of a case-knife would be if broken across near the end. They are about three-fourths of an inch wide, and double-edged. This square point, and the edges for about five inches back, are very carefully sharpened, so as to insure the infliction of a neat, clean gash, and not of a ragged, ugly tear. The handles are provided with immense basket-guards, which completely cover the hand, and the interspaces between the bars of these baskets are filled in with the colors of the corps to which the sword belongs, in velvet or plush.

As soon as the two combatants were ar-

rayed in their warlike attire, they were led forward as above described, and stationed opposite each other. A ring of spectators was instantly formed around them. The duelists stood motionless while an umpire read the terms of combat. Then the second on one side stated the claims of his champion, and was answered by the second of the opposing party. These seconds, it may be remarked, also wear a protective breastplate and visor, to prevent their being hurt in case a blade breaks. The command was then given by one second: "Auf die Messur binden die Klingen" (literally, "Join the blades upon the measure;" or, liberally rendered, "Assume your attitudes"), and instantly the two hitherto motionless figures sprang into life and assumed the first position, upon which the other second cried out, "Gebunden sind" ("Joined they are"), and then came the word "Los!" simultaneously with which the two began to lay about each other's heads with their swords, making these weapons fairly whistle through the air as they whirled in flashing circles round and round, striking fire when they meet, and bending nearly double with every stroke. The necessity for having the sword-arm so well protected was now obvious, for it was used to receive these tremendous blows after the fashion of a buckler, and without the thick wrapping blood-vessels, muscles, and even bones, would be cut asunder. The left arm was held behind the back, where it was out of the way. The combatants cut and slashed at each other for about fifteen seconds, when the command was given, "Halt!" and it was observed that one of the men had his left temple laid open by a cut of perhaps two inches in length, from which the blood was flowing freely. The second of the other side then made a note of his champion having drawn the first blood, and the surgeon in attendance stepped forward with a probe to examine the wound, and to decide whether or not it would be prudent to continue the combat. The spectators listened in breathless suspense for his verdict, and a sigh of relief went round when, after probing the wound and sponging a while, the surgeon announced that the wound would not interfere with the progress of the duel.

The two champions were again placed in position, and the same orders given as before, as signals for them to begin. I will mention, however, that during the pause each man had his mighty arm upheld by an obliging friend, and the one who had received the cut had a glass of wine administered to him to keep up his courage. I say administered, because the process of imbibing a liquid with one's neck wound around with a yard or two of stiff quilting, so that the head is allowed only a slight rotary motion, could scarcely be called drinking. Well, off they went again—whish! clash! whist! rap!—until another cut was given, this time by the party first wounded, but, this proving very slight, the duel was immediately resumed. The next telling stroke took effect on the top of the man's head who had received the first cut, and as the whizzing blade passed with a fierce sweep through his hair we saw a tuft fly up like feathers from a fighting-cock. This gash was at once

pronounced serious, and therefore the duel was at an end. The victor was then led forward to shake hands with the opponent whom he had partially scalped, and as he turned away was surrounded by his friends and warmly congratulated on his success, while the other combatant was led off to have his head sewed up.

The students are very proud of their scars, and nothing gives one of them more joy than to be able to show a face traversed with several huge marks of this kind, betokening what a champion he has been in his day. Of course, it was a great misfortune to get a slash on the top of one's head, for the party receiving it suffered the disgrace of being vanquished, and had nothing to show for it but a little scratch on the temple. It is customary to have all the duels accumulating for a week or two take place upon one occasion, so as to avoid the trouble of having to go out so often; and on the afternoon in question two others came off, both of which were of very brief duration, as the parties were ill-matched as regards skill, and the weaker opponent was soon carved up handsomely in each case. Such are the famous students' duels as they occur at the present day in Germany.

TUNNY-FISHING AT SOLANTO.

SOME months ago, I described, for the benefit of the readers of APPLETONS' JOURNAL,* a moonlight ascent of Mount Etna. In the present paper I purpose to recall once more certain of my Sicilian experiences, and, especially, to give an account of the Sicilian tunny-fishery.

The beautiful island of Trinacria, for such it was termed by the ancients, when seen from the sea, appears to be a mass of rocks, broken into every fantastic shape, and shooting their pointed pinnacles high up into the sunny sky. A stranger, and particularly one who has sailed hither direct from France rather than from Italy, finds it difficult to imagine that those jagged, sterile mountains inclose fertile valleys and plains bringing forth "corn, and oil, and wine in abundance," yet so it is; the soil is still as rich as in the days of the Romans, but it is another kind of fertility than that to which we are accustomed. There are no green, pleasant meadows, no fields of waving corn, and the change of the seasons makes but little difference in the landscape. The orange and lemon groves are always green, and the olives also, though of another tint. Plantations of fig-trees and vineyards slope down to the sea-shore, and the corn is sowed between the vines.

If the stranger approaches the coast in a sailing-vessel, and keeps aloof as far as possible from the larger seaport towns, his eye invariably falls first upon the rugged scenery in the island, and then upon the host of men engaged in fishing. Few Americans, I dare say, have ever seen the *thon*, as it is called in French, or *tunny*, as it is termed by Englishmen. In Paris it may be seen exposed for

sale in small quantities, preserved in oil, but never fresh, for, even with the aid of the Marseilles Railway, it could scarcely reach Paris before spoiling—the season of the fishery being chiefly in the hot months of May and June.

The tunny is a migratory fish, proceeding in shoals like its smaller brethren, the mackerel and the herring. In the early part of the month of April it leaves the ocean, and enters the Mediterranean by the strait of Gibraltar. Being an exceedingly timid fish, it seeks the smooth water, and in rough weather takes refuge in the numberless gulfs and bays formed by the sinuosities of the land, and where the sea is often unruffled when it is agitated outside. In these half-secluded localities it grows plump by feeding on the small sardines, anchovies, and marine plants, which there abound. The tunny then proceeds on its journey, and is caught either on the coast of Sardinia, the Ligurian shore, or, most likely, on the coast of Sicily.

I have been led to believe that it is the intention of the tunny to coast along the shores of Italy, go through the strait of Messina, and pass the summer in the Black Sea. But, as every traveler in this region knows, the meeting of the current from the Adriatic, and that coming through the strait—the Scylla and Charybdis of the ancients—causes an agitation of the water; and it is not unlikely that this perturbed state frightens the tunny so much that it induces it to change its route, and to coast round Sicily, intending to reach the Black Sea by that longer and calmer voyage. Fortunate, indeed, will it be, if it shall escape the net-work of the natives.

When it is remembered that the flesh of the tunny is as solid as and possesses the flavor of veal, that, in the summer, it forms the staple food of the lower orders of the people, and is a source of wealth to some of the richest Sicilians, it may be surmised that neither time nor expense is spared in getting the prisons of net-work ready for sea.

The nets themselves vary in length from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred feet, in width are nearly three hundred feet, and are from fifty to one hundred feet deep. The fishery begins, usually, toward the very last of April; and, from the month of February previous, hundreds of men are employed in manufacturing and repairing the boats and other gear, and in making new nets. Strength is the first requisite of these nets; inasmuch as the fish which they are intended to catch is as apt to measure seven as four feet in length, with a girth nearly as great.

As a matter of interest, I may say here that the cordage used in the manufacture of these nets is made at Solanto. Solanto is a promontory covered with small cottages, the dwellings of the fishermen engaged in the *tonnara*, and which cluster round an ancient Norman castle, the residence of Blanche of Castile during her sojourn in these parts, and now the summer habitation of the proprietor of the fishery. It stands on a projecting point of rock, in a highly-picturesque situation; from its balconies the fish may be seen swimming in the waters below, and the view stretches far over the sea, away to the Lipari Islands, and along the coast to the

point of Cefalu. Hither are yearly brought ship-loads of *sparto*, or Spanish grass, from Valencia, and hemp from the Naples market, to be converted into nets.

From March to July this settlement is a perfect beehive. In the month of February, as I have said, the men are hired by the proprietor of the *tonnara* for a certain amount of daily wages, and after all expenses have been paid, and a certain profit secured by the owner, a percentage on the extra profits. The employés thus become as deeply interested in the enterprise as the employer.

When the hot weather sets in, the workmen no longer sleep in their houses, but lie down on the open beach, and start up to their work at the break of dawn. During the first week in April, the nets are put into large boats or barges, which are well supplied with ballast and stone anchors. As soon as the water becomes calm many anxious eyes are bent on the shining surface; the wished-for signal is given, and, the boats having arrived at the appointed spot—usually about a mile from the shore—the stones and anchors are made fast at intervals to the lower edge of the nets, in order to sink them to the bottom, the upper edge being floated by pieces of the cork-tree. They are cast into the sea by two boats' crews, parting from one point, and lowering them in such a manner as to form a succession of *squares*, loud cries of joy announcing the completion of each *chamber*.

St. Anthony, as some may already know, is considered as the patron of fishermen. The Sicilians say that he one day began to preach to the heathens; but, as they remained incredulous, he turned round and addressed the fishes, who came out of the water in crowds to listen to him—seeing which, the people became converted in great numbers.

As soon, then, as the nets are fairly in the sea, the protection of St. Anthony is implored, and a large branch of olive, some ten feet high, which has previously been blessed in the church, is fixed in the centre of the *tonnara*. The priest then makes the circuit of the nets in a boat, pronouncing a blessing as he goes. This is the concluding preparation, and, to the Sicilians, the most important, for their religion enters into all they do.

As it is absolutely necessary that the nets should stand perpendicularly in the water, and form walls of net-work, it would be useless to sink them while any strong currents prevail in the water, as they would be forced into a slanting position, and the chambers could not be formed. To understand this term "chamber," it must be remembered that I have said the nets form *walls* of net-work, openings being left between each chamber by which the fish are to enter, and which can be closed at will by raising from the bottom to the top of the net a door or curtain, which lies reefed below till the fish enter; it is then drawn up behind them, thus preventing their escape.

Finding the opening to the second chamber, they enter, and are inclosed by the raising of a curtain, as in the first; and so they go on through the several chambers, until

* APPLETONS' JOURNAL for June 12, 1875.

they reach the last and fatal one, called the "chamber of death." At the bottom of this last room is a square of net-work, immensely strong, called the *leva*, exactly fitting to the four sides of the net-walls. This can be raised and lowered at pleasure. The object of forming these numerous chambers is, that one troop of fish having entered and advanced into the second chamber, the first is opened to admit new-comers.

When every thing is in readiness, the nets being fairly set, two watchers are placed at the opening of the first chamber to announce the entrance of the fish. The men lean over the edge of the boat, having a tarpaulin spread over their heads to screen them from the sun and to throw a shade on the water, on which they drop a little oil from time to time to render its surface smooth. By such means, they are enabled to see what is passing in the blue depths below.

Every three hours the watchers are relieved. Whenever a troop of fish is discovered, they immediately, but as silently as possible, close the entrance to the nets; the tunnies go round and round till they come to the opening in the second chamber, and so on until they arrive at the chamber of death. A signal is then hoisted which, when discovered alongshore, is responded to by a red flag being run up on the castle-tower.

Sometimes for hours, sometimes even for days, the fish remain in the central divisions of the nets, and will not go to the last, as if they knew the fate that awaited them there. There is no known means either of forcing or enticing them forward—they must be left to themselves.

I have now to describe my own experience in the sport of "taking" tunnies. I say "sport," because it can scarcely be termed otherwise, and all the real work is finished up long before the catch.

I had come from Palermo to Solanto direct by rail; had passed through the country-town of Bagaria, famous for its groups of palatial villas; and had halted at Solanto, merely because this was the terminus of the route. The harbor lies east of the settlement, and just here is the *tonnara*. I had not been in Solanto more than six hours before securing a passage to the fishing-grounds—and this by the courtesy of the proprietor himself.

The graceful, three-masted launch put off from the shore at the moment when the red flag on the castle-tower announced that fish were in the chamber of death. She fairly bounded over the waters, propelled by six young oarsmen, and we were soon at the scene of action.

The movable floor of net-work (*leva*) was being rapidly hauled to the surface of the water. The fishermen were uttering loud cries of joy as their well-practised eyes already perceived in the blue depths their monstrous prey in great numbers.

Ere long the scene became painfully exciting. We could see the imprisoned victims rushing wildly round and round, trying to escape, and casting the water, lashed by their struggles into foam, high into air. At length, when the net was within six or eight feet of the surface, it was made fast at the

four corners, and the battle began. Each man seized his sharp-hooked weapon, and, plunging it into the fish, dragged them, with loud shouts, alive into the boats. Blood spouted in great quantities from the wounded creatures, covering the men, and reddening the waves for a long distance round. The butchery continued till all were taken; the efforts of two or three men being required to secure each fish, as they are all very strong. Once out of the water, however, they soon die.

The feat of taking tunnies is always a novel spectacle. People of all ranks take the greatest delight in the scene, and come from long distances to witness it. They do not call it *fishing*, but *killing*, as in fact it is. The boats are towed toward the shore, and the fish are sold to dealers from all the neighboring towns and villages, some buying one fish, some two or three, according to the population to be supplied.

I first beheld the tunny-fishing on the 17th of May, and there were just seventeen fish in the net. They were sold on the beach for a sum equal to about twenty dollars. This large price was obtained because the previous hauls of the season had been scant.

In June the greatest activity prevails. From the 1st of the month to the 18th, the date of his birth, prayers are offered up daily to St. Anthony. He is entreated to implore from Almighty God a plentiful take of fish; and, as in the height of the season the tunny fetches not more than a cent a pound, it may be imagined what a boon it is to people eating little or no meat. Immense quantities are salted down, and form the winter provision; while a considerable portion is exported.

The *tonnara* of Solanto is one of the best on the coast of Sicily, from its position, having a large gulf before it, into which the tunny is sure to come. The fish which remain unsold on the beach of Solanto at the ringing of the "Ave Maria" (at sunset), are taken in boats to Palermo. By sea, the voyage is about ten miles, and is not unfrequently attended with difficulty and danger—the Cape Zaffarana having to be doubled, where boats and cargo together are sometimes lost.

When a large haul is secured on a Saturday morning, a large quantity is sent off to Naples by the steamer, which always leaves on that day. The evenings of Saturday and Sunday are always devoted by the family of the proprietor to amusement, in which the fishermen and their daughters are allowed to have a share. A dancing-master, accompanied by two musicians, is brought from Palermo, who generally sets the company dancing interminable quadrilles.

It is a real, live dance, you may be sure, composed of the figures of the ordinary quadrille, caledonian, and lancers, mixed up together, the master calling out in bad French each evolution that has to be performed, and inducing a perpetual movement. All the village-girls dance the polka, waltz, and mazurka, on the evenings in question. They are permitted to come with their fathers and brothers to see the dancing—the gentlemen of the household choosing one of them from time to time for a partner. Very often sev-

eral of them are called upon to make up the number for an English country-dance. At other times they will dance the tarantella to the music of the tambourine, their favorite instrument.

The *tonnara* at Solanto formerly belonged to the kings of Naples, one of whom often superintended it in person, and amused himself for hours sitting on the shore, bargaining for his fish with the dealers.

The average profit obtained may, for the last five years, be reckoned at a thousand a year. Sword-fish are sometimes taken in the net with the tunny, or alone. These are not dragged into the boats with hooks, but are carefully towed ashore after them. Their flesh, which is quite superior to that of the tunny, is sold; but the roe is preserved for the private eating of the proprietor, by whom it is considered a great luxury.

On St. Peter's day, the 29th of June, the tunny-fishery ends. The nets, that have formed the chambers, are cut, sink to the bottom, and are allowed to perish. The *leva*, which is the strongest part, as it has to support the whole weight of the fish, as it is raised through the water at every successive haul, is carefully laid away, and, with some slight repairs, serves for other years.

As I have previously intimated, these fisheries form a great boon to the poorer classes of Sicilians. Some explanation will make this assertion more intelligible.

In the first place, the manner of living and eating of the Sicilians forms as great a contrast to our American ideas as can well be imagined. People, both the rich and the poor, eat what we would never think of placing on the table. For instance, one day, at Palermo, I was forced to partake of a dish of snails, boiled with some green herbs and tomatoes. My host, a Sicilian nobleman, and his family sucked the snails out of their shells with delight. I swallowed two, out of politeness.

In the spring broad beans are eaten—raw, after dinner. The wild, bitter, and unsavory asparagus, which grows wild in the fields, is also eaten raw. Other vegetables are boiled, after which the water is replaced by a plentiful supply of lemon-juice and olive-oil. During the winter months, good veal from Sorrento is brought over by the steamboats from Naples to Palermo, and is bought up at a high price by the gentry. The native beef is always eaten stewed, or in the form of sausage-meat; otherwise, it would be too hard for any teeth or digestion. The want of good meat, however, is compensated by macaroni, of which the Sicilians are greater eaters even than the Italians.

Every one begins dinner by eating a large plateful, piled as high up as it can be handed to him; and, as it is prepared with extremely strong cheese, oil, tomatoes, and a kind of very bitter fruit, fried in slices, it is a portion formidable for any man or woman to get through with. When such is the ordinary fare in a palace, it may easily be imagined what it must be among the poor; and one can well understand the enormous benefit bestowed on them by the tunny-fishery.

GEORGE L. AUSTIN.

THE FRENCH SHAKESPEARE.

OF all modern authors of eminence none, perhaps, is less known to English and American readers than Honoré Balzac. While the works of Hugo, Dumas, and Sue, are as familiar to us of the English tongue as those of Scott or Dickens, few, remarkably few, have any intimate acquaintance with the productions of the greatest of French fiction-writers. With these few, however, he has earned a reputation surpassing not only that of every other novelist, but one entitling him, in their estimation, to a niche beside that of the myriad-minded Shakespeare. High as such praise is, we do not think it unmerited; although we are bound to state that it is beyond the meed accorded him by his own countrymen; for Balzac, so widely read and generally admired in France, and the recipient of unbounded laudation from foreign readers, is nevertheless no such extraordinary prophet in his own land. He is scarcely rated the equal of Scott by French critics, who are either undecided in their estimates, or apparently unaware how great a genius was the author of the "Comédie Humaine." Doubtless this lack, or reserve of appreciation, arises, in a great measure, from the fact that the great novelist's productions are markedly unequal—a serious defect according to French taste—and present an unfavorable contrast in this respect to the harmonious uniformity, and what a modern thinker names the "animated moderation" of the Waverley novels. The comparative ignorance with us of the works of the author under discussion must be attributed solely to the absence of adequate translations. A few exist that make readable books, but they convey no idea of the fire and force of the originals. Miss Mitford, the authoress, doubted, we know, whether Balzac were not too good for the taste of English novel-readers. The reason for this doubt she does not give, and it certainly is not self-evident. All our cultured people are novel-readers, and, judging from the popularity of Thackeray—the writer approaching the nearest to Balzac we have—there is no reason whatever to believe that, if it were possible to reproduce the exact coloring and value of the language of Balzac in our vernacular, his works would not meet with due appreciation. But, unfortunately, the characteristic intensity of his works, which, as Dryden said of Shakespeare's plays, make us not only see but feel what is written, is as untranslatable as the quaintness of Hawthorne, or the rich, exuberant drollery of Dickens. Balzac's style, it is true, is far from faultless. It is often involved, labored, and obscure. We miss the clearness and transparency that distinguish the masters of French prose; but then, in comparison, words from his pen seem to possess a vividness, a sharp significance, and shades of expression, that are entirely lost in the effort to render them into another idiom. Nowhere can be found a more striking proof of Buffon's dictum, that the style is the man, than in Balzac's pages. They teem with the ardor, the audacity, the marvelous vigor, of the writ-

er, and are worth a perusal even if but for the evidence they furnish of what the French language is capable of as an effective vehicle of thought.

Our author's aim, as is well known, was to construct, with his various studies, a monumental work—one that would exhibit every side and phase of human nature. Such an intention is bewildering and ambitious in the extreme, and that it should so nearly have been realized is amazing. He held that the works of an author, to acquire permanence, ought to possess continuity or relationship, and be grouped about some great parent idea. He does not profess to be a reformer, or to labor for the progress of humanity; he is merely an artist and demonstrator. Starting with the fundamental principle that human nature is one and the same, he arrives at the conclusion that man is neither good nor bad. Races differ only in surface traits. We are not only what the sun and wind make us, but also what our avocations and pursuits shape us into. We are, moreover, victims of circumstances and inherited temperaments. Yet, Balzac has not, nor does he pretend to have, any theory of life. He simply desires to represent it in its numerous and varied aspects and stages, to depict the phenomena of virtue and vice, or to trace the growth of a passion, diagnosing and discoursing pathologically the while. Here are puppets: he describes their appearance, their antics, the wires that move them; and leaves others to draw inferences and weave fine-spun conjectures as to their destiny. Naturally he is impartial as becomes a scientist, and exhibits no bias for race or sect. Aloof like Humboldt, his clear vision shows him all faiths as simply different growths of the same God-planted germs of thought. He accepts the condition of things; takes men and women as he finds them; and then, with merciless scalpel, skillfully dissects and lays bare all the hidden springs, multifarious convolutions, and minute folds of their hearts. The French call him a painter of *mœurs*. This comprehensive term means not only the morals but the manners and customs of a people as well. But he is, beyond this, a poet and moralist; furthermore, a psychologist and physiologist. It is to be regretted, in respect to the latter capacity, that it appears so frequently in evidence, and in a manner better befitting a medical treatise than books of polite literature.

In faith, a fatalist with a sincere reverence for religion; a cynic, with a loving admiration of the virtuous; in short, an eccentric and incongruous man is this *Tourangeau*—this *fougueux* son of soft and voluptuous Touraine, the birthplace of Rabelais. Well and thoroughly as he knows others, he does not know himself. In a letter written by him, and recently brought to light, he says: "I have the most singular character I know of. I study myself as I might another within my five feet ten. I contain all incoherences and contrasts possible. . . . Is this kaleidoscopic nature owing to the Fates placing in the soul of those who pretend to paint the affections, and the heart, all these affections, whereby they may force their imaginations to reveal what they wish to paint—and is the power of observation but

a species of memory proper to assist the imagination? I begin to believe it."

This confession is but the revelation of the source of power in all true poets, who, as was said of Otway, "find Nature in their own breast"—feeling all, and seeing all, that they sing, while observation furnishes but the clews to hidden reminiscences, seemingly, of a preëxistence. It is this faculty, in a high degree—this wonderful insight, or power, as it were, of projecting one's individuality into another, and knowing intuitively every impulse, idiosyncrasy, and mood of the paragon of animals under every possible combination of circumstances—that has earned for Balzac the title of the French Shakespeare. True, the genius of the novelist never soars to the Parnassian height of his prototype; his pinions sweep a lower level, not from weakness, though, for, while Shakespeare commands a great share of our admiration on the score of sublimity, Balzac stirs us more deeply. And yet none of his tragedies are reddened with blood; he makes no use of dagger or bowl, but works with humbler and more effective tools—selfishness, depravity, the tyranny of base passions, and the tortures occasioned by their reaction on noble natures, furnish his catastrophes. His victims are not driven to coarse butchery; the preparation for their sacrifice is simple but appalling in its systematic simplicity, seizing one like the terror inspired by sanding the deck of a man-of-war before an engagement, or the suggestive display of surgical instruments on an operating-table.

Is not this direct, penetrating, dramatic power explained by the author's nationality? While it is extremely difficult to generalize intelligently on the character and genius of any nation, especially of so heterogeneous a one as the French, that has produced such antipodal leaders of thought as Calvin and Voltaire, it is evident that this admixture of Celtic, Latin, and German blood furnishes men of a more practical and analytical cast of mind than the pure Teutonic race. To the latter we accord a greater luxuriance of imagination and love for the mystical, the abstract, and the sublime; while the former approximate more to the accurate Greeks. They crave clearness and symmetry rather than the gorgeous floridity and complexity of Gothic taste. This is evident in their schools of philosophy and art. We would not select a Frenchman to paint an Annunciation, or an allegory of any kind. He has no inclination to indulge in ecstatic mysticism or evolve beings from his inner consciousness; but no one can surpass him in limning life, palpitating and actual. Hermann Melville remarks somewhere that the only picture he ever saw that approached a correct delineation of the capture of the whale was one painted by a Frenchman, and adds that the French are the artists to paint life and action. Notable examples of this fidelity to Nature are observable in the battle-pieces of Vernet and in the canvases of Gérôme. Contrast those two great animal-painters, Landseer and Rosa Bonheur. What an impression of posing, prepared elegance, statuesque quiet, combed and brushed beauty, the fine pictures of Sir Edwin give you in

comparison with the vivid, unkempt, breathing nature of the work of his female rival!

Not only has Balzac in perfection this talent of realistic reproduction, but also the one wherein consist the highest expression of art, to wit, that of making the ideal real; and, furthermore, in a superlative degree, the power of exciting absorbing interest and playing on the emotions with minutiae. A chance expression, the disposition of a garment, the furniture of a room, or the description of a physiognomy, reveal more than pages of dialogue. Details that would appear trivial or be tiresome, from a less able writer, are invested with interest and importance by the magic of his narration. It may be observed that he does not possess the genius of inspiration spontaneously developed, if there be such a thing, but the one that grows from patience and persistence, from natural gifts untiringly trained and perfected. Else, how account for the amazing difference between his early works and later ones, and for the occasional feebleness perceptible even in his masterpieces? In no other author will greater contrasts be found. His faults are many. Apart from the defects in style before mentioned, we are at times shocked by incongruities, improbabilities, and sensational passages, that remind one of the efforts of a dime-novelist. In "La Cousine Bette," for instance, a work of wonderful power, incidents are introduced, at the close of the story, unworthy even of a hack-writer. It seems as if it were impossible to sustain the imagination truly poised at such a white-heat of inspiration. Shakespeare, that "wild, irregular genius," likewise is accused of losing himself in excesses—excesses, in truth, that are but the outflow of an exuberant genius rioting in its own richness, but that, nevertheless, betray the author into the slough of extravagance and bombast. Frequent and glaring inequalities of this kind in Balzac's productions constitute, doubtless, the chief reason, as we have before stated, why he has not been installed in his due and proper place in the Pantheon of *belles-lettres* celebrities by the fastidious *littérati* of his native land. Among these, Sainte-Beuve is noticeable as being but grudgingly and faintly commendatory.

In drawing a parallel between Shakespeare and Balzac, we do it mainly on their profound knowledge of human nature, and on their *intensity*, meaning by the latter quality the power that gives edge to thought, and, so to speak, graves communicated ideas. In this latter attribute, however, we maintain that Balzac is the superior. Read, or witness, the most effective of Shakespeare's plays, "Othello," for instance; you will be charmed and delighted with the elegance, the brilliancy, the majesty, of the rhetoric; but the plot fails to seize you, and the fate of the gentle Desdemona causes not a painful heart-throb. Compare "King Lear" with "Le Père Goriot," both masterpieces and tragedies whose plots are founded on filial ingratitude. In them may be fairly gauged the effect produced by the different treatment of their subjects by the respective authors. In the play, as we all know, we have an old king who, deceived in a test instituted by him to

ascertain the degree of his children's affection, divides his kingdom between two unworthy daughters, and discards and disinherits the only true and loving child. The former soon reveal their natural dispositions, and their father, driven away by their unkindness, wanders off and vents his anger and disappointment in maledictions on his unnatural offspring. In the novel, Père Goriot is a retired corn-factor, a widower, who has divided his wealth, the fruit of life-long industry, between two idolized daughters, merely reserving a small annuity for his support. The daughters have been enabled, by means of their munificent *dote*, to wed, one a banker and the other a nobleman, and thereby occupy conspicuous positions in the fashionable circles of Parisian life. The father, a worthy man of commonplace mind, and with but one passion—love for his children—retires contentedly to a third-rate boarding-house in the Latin quarter. The only pleasure he craves are short visits occasionally to his daughters in their grand houses, and he is supremely happy if he has but received a smile of recognition from either of them as she rides by in her dashing equipage, while he is taking a stroll in the Champs-Élysées. Presently, the daughters are discovered making surreptitious visits to their father in his humble lodgings. Not impelled thither by affection, however, but to get money, called for by the exigencies of their extravagant and equivocal lives. To satisfy them, the old man gradually surrenders the little he has retained. He stints himself, retires to a garret; he would give his life-blood to gratify them. The daughters, faithless wives and fashionable *demi-reps*, are insatiable, and torture him with their selfish rapacity. Briefly, their conduct at length breaks the old man's heart, and he dies in want and penury, unattended, save by two students, his fellow-lodgers, while, at the same hour, his daughters are displaying their plumage at a grand ball.

The *mise en scène*, as it may be called, of this tragedy is absolutely perfect. The minute description of the phases of the old man's illness, and the professional enthusiasm of the students in the "case," are admirable specimens of technical skill. There is a masterly touch of Nature in the transient revulsion of feeling—the one cry of execration on his daughters, when, for an instant, the bitterness of desertion overcomes the self-delusion he so steadfastly cherishes of their affection for him; while the depiction of filial heartlessness in contrast with all-absorbing parental love is, we will venture to say, as to power and effect, unsurpassed, if equaled, in the whole range of known literature. It is true that Balzac, in order to heighten the contrast, has yielded too much to a tendency to exaggerate, and the love of the father is surcharged. This is a great imperfection. Nevertheless the probabilities of the story and its consistency with human nature are better maintained than in "King Lear." Goriot was an uxorious husband and a foolishly-fond father. His affection for his offspring is of so extreme a type, so passionate, that we can hardly wonder that the fruit thereof is found in the egotism and indifference of the spoiled children, and that the lat-

ter, brought up in such unwise, doting indulgence, develop into the cold ingrates that they are. In Lear we are surprised that so philosophic a monarch should not have had some inkling or knowledge of his children's dispositions—sufficient, at least, to prevent his being so grossly misled in the absurd test instituted by him, especially when we consider how cruel Regan and Goneril inherently were, and how candid and loving was Cordelia. Hence we are naturally disposed to look upon the father's misery as but a just retribution for his conduct toward his true child. While, therefore, our sympathies are greatly blunted, if not destroyed, by Lear's foolishness and injustice, and all we mind of him is the splendor of his apostrophes, the unmerited suffering and slow lingering agony of poor old Père Goriot wring our hearts, and furnish a picture of filial ingratitude hideous enough to burn an impress on our memories as ineffaceable as the remembrance of a murder witnessed in childhood. Shakespeare is far more of a poet than dramatist. Adherence to legends trammelled him in the construction of his plays, and their plots fail to seize or satisfy the auditor, lost in admiration of the sweetness, beauty, and grandeur of the language. Balzac, on the contrary, is more of a dramatist than poet, and yet—it would be singular to relate, were it not also the fate of Dickens, Thackeray, and other eminent novelists—he failed signally in his attempts to write for scenic representations. His play "Quinola," brought out at the Odéon, was utterly damned the first night, and Léon Gozlan relates *à propos* of this, that when Balzac was sought by his friends after the luckless performance, he was found fast asleep and snoring in the stage-box! It is a common error to assume that excellence in any branch of literature presupposes equal talent in a cognate one. Macaulay asserted that, judging from the "Roger de Coverley" papers, Addison could have written, had he so chosen, a novel surpassing any existing in the English language. We see no reason to accept this dictum. The aptitudes of genius are so multifarious and subtly complex, that we have no more right to expect that a first-class essayist would make an equally good romance-writer, than that an eminent painter could be as great a statuary. Instances where both are combined in one individual may be cited, it is true, but such instances are extremely rare exceptions.

In "Eugénie Grandet," commonly called the author's masterpiece, although inferior in power to several of his other productions, we find him occupied in delineating the most admirable traits of female character; for again, like our great bard, he possesses an intimate and complete knowledge of woman's nature. And what varied creations does his gallery contain! What perfect types of pure girlhood; of tender, loving mothers; of patient, suffering spouses, life-long martyrs; and, on the other hand, what wicked sirens and depraved demons! One marvels that the same mind could have traced such extremes of vice and virtue, as if omniscience like this could only proceed from a supernatural, perhaps an uncanny, source. It is

no less the subtilty than the suppleness of Balzac's genius that amazes us. At one moment we are charmed by the revelation of an exquisite bit of sensibility in the heart of the old parasite Cousin Pons, or by an effusion of angelic tenderness in the deformed spouse Madame Claes, and then terrified by an exhibition of the abysses to which certain passions draw their slaves. When our author ascends to burn incense before the shrine of some exalted exemplar of piety, rectitude, or self-sacrifice, he does it so holily and with such genuine reverence that we are convinced the devotee is a totally different being from the one who but lately led us to the portals of hell, and stood with Mephistophelean malice derisively exhibiting the antics of the imps of darkness; for, let us avow it, Balzac's inspiration seems to contain at times a breath of Tartarean flame, and to proceed from a wisdom born of the serpent.

As a satirist he is incomparably great. We find nothing of the trifier in him—no elegant persiflage or delicate irony wreathes his pen. He is a robust, ferocious Juvenal, driving, with fearless audacity, his blade into every social sore, or boldly tearing the veils from vice and exposing its hideousness with a freedom that causes loathing. The depiction in "Le Cousin Pons" of the odiousness of cupidity, of the harpy-like rapacity engendered by love of money, is enough to cause a shudder of horror at the very sight of gold, as if it bore contagion, and its possession might infect one with a moral gangrene. No more impressive lesson was ever read.

Balzac founded a new school of novelists. Not only in his own country does he number disciples and imitators by the score, but his influence has spread to other lands. A most noteworthy example of this may be found in the pages of Thackeray. The evidence is perceptible in the works of this eminent author that he was a close student of Balzac. Their intellects were akin, and though Thackeray, as he expressed it, had "no brains above his eyes"—in other words, but little imagination—and was inferior in depth and power to his teacher, yet he surpassed him in that satiric humor which forms the chief charm of the author of "Vanity Fair." Not that Balzac is devoid of the *vis comica* so lavishly bestowed upon his countrymen, as the gross Rabelaisism of his "Contes Drôlatiques" sufficiently attests; but, singular to remark, we miss in him that delicate raillery and playful wit, "sparkling like salt in fire," characteristic of nearly all the best writers of his nation. His word-painting is unsurpassable; his pages abound with felicitous epigrams and profound aphorisms—gleam, too, with similes of rare poetic beauty—but of wit, pure and simple, there is a comparative absence. Even his jests carry a formidable sting, and the nimble, sarcastic gayety of a Le Sage or a Molière seems unsuited to his aggressive and trenchant nature. Here is he decidedly inferior to Shakespeare. Indeed, that supreme order of wit which consists of apt conceits blended with philosophic humor is the chief glory of Shakespeare's genius. Others have equaled, some say surpassed, him in sublimity and poetic grace.

While on the subject of the influence of

Balzac on contemporary literature, we may mention that it has seemed to us that we discover evidences of it in the finest novel that has appeared since "The Newcomes." We allude to "Middlemarch." We may be mistaken in this conjecture, but at least there is certainly a coincidence of inspiration in the delineation of Rosamond Vincy which recalls word for word the correct and super-fine characterization and method of the great French novelist.

We have not presumed in this short paper to present an exhaustive or even an elaborate criticism on the works of Balzac. Our object has been simply to touch upon the salient points of his genius as they strike an ordinary observer. It may be too soon to set that extraordinary novelist on his proper pedestal; but when time shall have softened the asperities of prejudiced criticism, and weighed with calm judgment his claims to fame, he will stand, in spite of his defects, second to none on the head-roll of literary celebrities whom France has produced, and ranking as far above Molière as Shakespeare does above Fielding.

JOHN S. SAUZADE.

THE MINER'S BETROTHAL.*

THE miner kissed his maiden bride. "Upon St. Lucia's Day,
Their blessing on our lives, fast-bound, the
priestly palms shall lay;
Then we will build our lucky nest in summer
trees together,
Where Peace and Love, like singing-birds,
shall keep their sunny weather."

Yesterday came the Sabbath-day: oh, brightly
everywhere
The earth was wreathed divinely with the
heavenly halo-air;
And in the village chapel, for the second time
proclaimed,
The holy bans were spoken, and the happy
morrow named.

"Good-morning," at her window now he
greeted her, going by,
Down to the midnight mine all day—her
smile's her bright reply:
"Good-morning," in his heart it sings, and
merrily and fast
From her sweet sight he vanished—far away
into the past!

Glad-hearted plays her needle, and her work
is made of song;
Fancies at loving work for Love lighten slow
Time along.
Slowly the morning dies and slow the evening
hours depart,
And in her cheek the roses climb—their fra-
grance fills her heart.

* The story is related of a young miner, somewhere in the north of Europe, whose body was found fifty years after his death by the falling in of a mine, preserved life-like by some chemical property in the earth, and was recognized only by the faithful woman, grown old and withered, to whom he had been betrothed.

... Fifty long years of happy Junes and
dreary, dark Decembers!
Fifty long years of smiles and tears—bright
firesides, dying embers!
Fifty long years—on what strange shores have
crawled their broken waves!—
How far away their echoes dead drop down in
memory's caves!

Old crowns from dust gleam, buried, and old
sceptres lie forgot;
Old prisons, earthquake-shaken low, have
opened doors for Thought;
Gray, giant slumberers have waked with blind-
ness in their eyes;
The West has rounded toward the East more
manly destinies.

Some miners toil within a mine one morning
bright and fair,
In olden excavations deep below that morning
air:
When lo! a dreamer lying there, asleep in
youth benign!
And with his dream about him, fresh, they
bring him from the mine.

No one remembers seeing him. None know
him. Who is he?—
Lying a dreamer all alone, a man of mystery?
Full of the love-dream long ago, he seems a
dreamer now:
Yesterday's kiss is in his heart, this morning's
on his brow!

They are all gone, they are all gone, the close-
familiar faces;
Old footsteps falter far away, old echoes lose
their places:
No father, no mother, no brother, steals among
that crowd to see
And find his lost face in their hearts, a buried
memory.

But who is she that comes, her hands long
weary with their part? . . .
From the old coffin of her love he awakens in
her heart!
Love only sleeping there like him leaps up as
live and young
As when the dews of the far days to Maying
roses clung.

Her eyes unblinded by the years of patient-
waiting pain,
She claims him for her own, long-lost; she
clasps him back again;
To a true heart she clasps him back; her
wrinkled features trace
Life's paths of sorrow fifty years—Death has
not seen his face!

"Good-morning," long ago he said: he comes
to say "Good-even."
Love that has lived so long on earth has moulted
wings for heaven.
A few more days, the appointed time, Death
will the blessing say:
She knows her fixed betrothal, and she waits
the wedding-day.

JOHN JAMES PLATT.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE see with regret that the peculiar weapons of the political newspapers have been borrowed by novelists and dramatists, who, under the pretext of serving public morals, crystallize into art the noisome scandals of the hour, and endeavor to create amusement by exaggerations that darken the shadows and distort the features of our political life. It is very certain that the elevation of politics is not to be secured by making fiction and the drama vehicles of coarse satire upon those who fill public places. It is of course very important and desirable that corruption, inefficiency, and vulgarity among officials should be held up for public scorn, but care must be taken how this is done, lest the purpose in view be defeated. While it is right enough to denounce, with all the force that language is capable of, the misdoings of public men, yet generalizations that assume a universal defection because of the iniquities of a few, are apt to be very hurtful. And it is just generalizations of this character that the novel, the satirical poem, and the drama, are prone to exhibit. These satirical delineations are written more to amuse than to awaken indignant judgment, and really debase public taste and tone by familiarizing the people with pictures of successful effrontery and vulgar chicanery. There is but one way that literature can serve the cause of morals, and this is by awakening disgust for evil and setting examples for emulation. Pictures of depravity may be actually alluring, even while given in the name of virtue. If we laugh with a vulgar schemer, we half-way indorse his sinful ways; if we are amused by the devices of a rogue, we have almost lost our detestation of his roguery; and if we teach ourselves to believe that trickery and deceit characterize whole classes of men, we shall be prone to look upon these vices as necessary weapons in the warfare of the world.

We believe it can be shown that political corruption in this country has steadily developed in almost an exact ratio with the increase of indiscriminate censure of public men. Originally scandal and loose accusation were principally the weapons of mendacious or hot-headed partisans. It was a sort of legitimate thing in political warfare to defame the character of an opponent to the utmost. The result was, that very soon a sort of natural selection began. Men of high tone and principle refused to be targets for indiscriminate dirt-throwing, and gradually gave place to those less sensitive and less scrupulous, until now in too many instances public office is filled by men who frankly accept the situation by practising all the roguery their accus-

ers charge them with. No man can recollect the time in this country when political abuse was not rank and ferocious, but many can recollect the time when political calumny found little justification in the facts. If, then, by persistent scandal, and satire, and denunciation, political life has grown worse—if the stream of calumny from the fountain has poisoned all the current below—it is high time that we planned a remedy for the evil by going to the source. The unjust accusation and the calumnious innuendo are the evils that we ought to take up first in order, if we hope to get our politics back to a state of purity. Not that we should cease to make uncompromising warfare upon corruption wherever discovered, or for an instant abate the severity of punishment for all offenders; but in order that good men may assume public responsibility, we should punish those who wrongfully accuse as well as those who wrongfully do.

Just so long as political calumny is confined to the partisan press, we can do something toward restricting its influence, but if art and literature are to make common cause with the vulgar partisan, the public mind will soon be wholly demoralized. The partisan scandal is directed toward individuals, while the literary or dramatic characterization is made typical of a class. The picture we sometimes see in the novels and plays of the day, of a vulgar, ignorant, declamatory, and scheming Congressman, enters the public imagination as a sort of photograph of the whole class. People, no doubt, detest the picture a good deal at first, but they laugh at it a good deal more, and in the end cease to be concerned in the disreputable facts which it portrays. It may be asserted in defense that satirical pictures of vice have been common in all ages, but it cannot be shown, we think, that they have ever accomplished any good. If they have brought shame and confusion on a few individuals, they have more than balanced this good by an undermining of the public sense of evil—by substituting an attitude of derision and mirth for the high one of righteous anger. Literature and art are designed for intellectual enjoyment, but what intellectual pleasure can be derived from some of our recent political novels, which only serve to amuse those coarse minds that can laugh at extravagant and overdrawn pictures of depravity?

It is possible to conceive of the political novel or play so written as to tend to the elevation of public taste—first, by being within itself high in tone and pure in art; and while by no means failing to denounce evil or to make effrontery and vulgar portraiture ridiculous, so handling these themes as to awaken all the better impulses of the

heart, and not, as is now too often the case, to cause the idle laugh, to fill the imagination with unwholesome ideals, to undo all faith in human nature, to empty the mind of all feeling of respect or veneration, and to convey the secret conviction to the heart that all the world is false, and that success must be won by any means at hand, fair or foul. These productions are wholly offensive in an art sense and wholly injurious in a moral one; but if it were possible to have a really high-toned political novel, something devoted to other purposes than the delineation of the low, mean, and distasteful features of political life, we might hope to see substantial good effected thereby.

It was perhaps in a wholly beneficent spirit that our Park Commissioners furnished all the small town-parks with an abundance of seats for the weary visitors to these green inclosures. But, like many other charitable devices, the result has wofully defeated the good intentions of those kind-hearted gentlemen. The park-seats, instead of proving a feature of attractiveness, have, been the means of rendering these public resorts unmitigated nuisances, so that ladies can no longer promenade or linger in them with any sense of security. The reason of this is that the seats draw to the parks nearly every idle and dirty vagabond of the town. Blear-eyed and bloated toppers, ragged and vicious tramps, soiled and untouchable wretches of all kinds, gather in these places, and stretch themselves upon the ever-ready seats—some of them sleeping off a debauch, and others closely watching every passer-by, as if with some malicious intent. A slightly better class—that is, a class just above begging and vagabondage—go there to smoke their rank pipes, to eject their filthy tobacco-juice right and left over the promenade, and to help to their full degree to render the places noisome and offensive. Of course there are many better people interspersed among these, but the vagabonds are quite numerous enough to render the parks just what we have asserted them to be—great nuisances to a large class who would otherwise like to enjoy them. Now, the remedy for this evil is to remove the free seats, and substitute therefor chairs at a small charge, after the custom generally adopted in Europe. The idea of perfect democracy in our public places is no doubt very fine in theory; although why it is specially democratic to provide free seats in a park more than free seats in an omnibus is not so clear; but, if free seats means lounging-places for all the worthless wretches of the city, the parks have lost one essential democratic feature—they have ceased to be places of resort for the whole people, inasmuch as the reputable class are practically excluded

therefrom. True democracy has its limitations—it does not give any one the privilege to be as filthy as he pleases, as disgusting in his habits as he likes, or as worthless as he chooses. The parks are designed for and really needed by all that large, respectable mass of people who cannot spend their summers in the country, and not for vagabonds—a class who have no rights that anybody is called upon to consider or respect. In no pleasure-park in the world open to vehicles are carts or business-wagons admitted; hence, if it is right to make a distinction in vehicles, it would be right to make a distinction in persons, and to order the exclusion of every man who comes in rags or dirt, who makes a pool of tobacco-juice upon the pavement, who salutes the nostrils of unoffending citizens with the horrible aroma of a filthy pipe, or in any other way makes himself an object of abhorrence to decent folk. A park is a sort of public parlor, to which everybody is under obligation to come in decent apparel and in his best behavior.

A very different picture in the particular we have dwelt upon is presented in most of the European parks. There the seats are usually chairs, which are furnished by attendants at a nominal price—a penny in England or a sou in Paris. This price, small as it is, serves to exclude vagabonds, and acts as a sort of natural selection in the class of people it brings to the parks, and is notably a means of extending the use of the grounds and of enhancing the pleasure of those who resort to them. When one thinks of the rowdies that congregate in Union Square or at Madison Park, and then recalls the charming domestic scenes he has witnessed in the gardens of the Luxembourg or at the Champs-Élysées, he is ready to head a crusade against the New York outcomes of our democratic leniency. In the Paris parks one will often see a wife and husband seated in their chairs, with their little ones playing about them; the man will be reading to his spouse, and the woman will be engaged in some light bit of sewing or embroidery, while every now and then the little ones will come for a smile or a kiss. The picture is so calm, so restful, so domestic, so wholly felicitous, that the observer will be completely charmed by it, and will wonder why our people have so little genius for extracting pleasure from conditions so simple. But let a family try this experiment here. In a few moments the immovable seats would be neighbored by some ogling toper, and the fair group would become the victims of vulgar laughter or ribald jests from all the assembled mob of rags and dissoluteness. Let us pull up our free and very detestable democratic seats in the parks, and adopt some plan whereby these pleasure-grounds may be made secure and

agreeable for innocent children and reputable women.

If we had not already given so much space to a rather slight matter, we should endeavor to draw a political lesson from the subject—to show how even the mendicancy of a free seat in a park encourages idleness and dissoluteness, and that there can be no such thing as free bestowing without certain demoralizing results. The poor woman who pays her penny for her chair would be compensated by the dignity of proprietorship, the inward satisfaction that she was enjoying what she had earned and purchased, the knowledge that she was in reputable company; and all these satisfactions would be enhanced by the liberty of moving her chair to such positions or to such companionships as she might elect. However, all these deductions and arguments are certain to be of no avail; we run our governments here in the interest of the good-for-nothing, and hence the vagabonds are sure to remain. Perhaps, however, there might be a compromise—one portion of the parks with free seats, and another where one might have a chair and be at his ease at a safe distance from frowy rags, tobacco-spitters, pipe-smokers, and all other forms of pleasure-ground plagues.

THE editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, writing upon our jury-system, declares that the fact of the service of jurors being compulsory is an outrage upon the rights of the citizen. He says:

“There is no other civil or judicial service into which men are compelled but this. In the time of war the state can compel the service of her sons for her defense, if they do not volunteer; but a state of war is altogether an exceptional condition. In a condition of peace any compulsory service in the making or administration of law is essentially a hardship and an outrage. To be forced to compel this service is to acknowledge slavery to precedent, and confess to scantiness of resources. To force men unpaid, or only inadequately paid, into the service of the courts, to drag them away from their business or their families, imprison them under the charge of officers, and annoy them for days, or weeks, or months, as the case may be, with the details of affairs in which they have no interest whatever, is oppression, against which our people would have kicked long ago but for this hallucination about the sacredness of the jury-trial.”

We most heartily concur with the opinion here expressed, and hope to see the time when this view of the question will become much more general. The theory that because A and B have quarreled over some idle matter, or on account of a little money, twelve men must be forcibly taken from their pursuits and be compelled to sacrifice their own personal interests, in order to determine the justice of the dispute, is an outrage which our contemporary does not character-

ize any too strongly. It is a great deal more arbitrary than the compulsion of military service during the time of war. For this the draft is resorted to only at the last extremity, and when drafted a man is not only privileged to send a substitute, but he is often aided in his efforts to obtain one. The compulsory feature is reduced to its minimum. But in jury-matters a man is not permitted to send a substitute; no matter how much his personal interests may suffer by the required service, he obtains no consideration on this account; sickness alone excuses him; and these facts make jury-service one of the most arbitrary and oppressive things in the world. Think, as in the recent Brooklyn case, of men being forced to surrender nearly six months of their time in order to adjust a miserable scandal, and realize the atrocious injustice of the institution!

A remedy for the evil is not difficult to find. In cases of capital crime it may still be necessary to retain the system, removing from it, however, its compulsory feature, so far at least as to select for jurors those only who would not personally or in business suffer by the detention. In the immense range of other questions juries as now constituted are quite unnecessary. Men should be selected and paid for this service just as judges and other officers of the court are selected and remunerated; or all civil cases might be decided by benches of judges, just as appeal and many other classes of cases are now decided. The way to remedy the evil can easily be found just as soon as the public feeling is aroused against it, which has only been delayed because of the popular traditional ideas of the sacredness of the institution. No doubt the jury-system was originally all that is claimed for it. It was the barrier against the despotic mandates of kings; it interposed between authority and the people an important safeguard. But the conditions that rendered the jury so indispensable to the liberties of the people in former times have passed away, and it is now quite time that we employed some method suitable to the requirements of our present civilization.

In the first place, it is a settled thing with every Englishman that America is a fair and legitimate subject for his sneers and mendacious misrepresentations. In the next place, it is a settled thing with every Bostonian that New York is a fair and legitimate subject for his contempt and depreciation. Perhaps we deserve a good many of the sharp things that are said of us, not only in Boston, but in other of the upright and model municipalities of the land; but then sometimes the sneer and the assertion are rather gratuitous. When, for instance, we find a Boston paper deploring the failure

here of Thomas's orchestral performances, and declaring that "New York has had the exquisite music of the most perfect band in the world lavished upon its dull, coarse ear in vain," indignation is smothered in surprise. But the accusation is so worded, however, that, if the asserted fact fall to the ground, the rest is a very good but unintended compliment to us. What authority has this critic for saying that the "exquisite music of the most perfect band in the world" has been lavished upon our "dull, coarse ear" ("dull, coarse ear" is good and Bostonian) in vain? The fact is—but perhaps our amiable critic does not care for facts that uncomfortably jostle his theories—that this "exquisite music" of Mr. Thomas's band has not lacked a full and remunerative following during this and all preceding summers. We say remunerative rather than appreciative, because evidently, with our "dull, coarse ears," it must be our money and not our tastes to which Mr. Thomas's success is to be attributed. However, there is something in employing our money in good directions, whatever may be the motive; and hence our Boston friend, in conceding that we have in New York "the most perfect band in the world," has only to discover that Mr. Thomas's success will keep him in our midst, to see how the facts give us praise, despite the efforts of our defamer.

Literary.

THE most surprising of recent discoveries in natural history is unquestionably that of plants which possess the power not only to catch and destroy animal prey, but to digest and absorb its nutritive elements by a process analogous in all respects to that which goes on in the human stomach. Several monographs on the subject have appeared both in this country and in England during the past year or two, and we in our science department, as well as the scientific journals, have made the leading facts familiar to the public, but Mr. Darwin's "Insectivorous Plants"* is the first systematic and authoritative exposition of the matter, and, as is customary with that author, it is thorough and exhaustive.

The greater portion of Mr. Darwin's observations are devoted to the *Drosera rotundiflora*, popularly called "sun-dew," which grows wild in many parts of England, and which belongs to the family of *Droseraceae*, which includes upward of one hundred species, ranging in the Old World from the arctic regions to Southern India, the Cape of Good Hope, Madagascar, and Australia, and in the New World from Canada to Tierra del Fuego. His attention was first drawn to it in the summer of 1860 by finding how large a number of insects were caught by its leaves on a

heath in Sussex, and, believing that this could hardly be attributable to accident, he forthwith began an elaborate series of experiments, the results of which are given in detail in the present work. "These results have proved highly remarkable, the more important ones being—first, the extraordinary sensitiveness of the glands to slight pressure and to minute doses of certain nitrogenous fluids, as shown in the movements of the so-called hairs or tentacles; secondly, the power possessed by the leaves of rendering soluble or digesting nitrogenous substances, and of afterward absorbing them; thirdly, the changes which take place within the cells of the tentacles when the glands are excited in various ways."

The plant has been frequently described in the various scientific journals, but it may be well, before proceeding further, to refresh the reader's memory with a description of it. It bears from two or three to five or six leaves, generally extended more or less horizontally, but sometimes standing vertically upward. The leaves are commonly a little broader than long. The whole upper surface is covered with gland-bearing filaments, or "tentacles," as Mr. Darwin calls them, from their manner of acting. The glands were counted on thirty-one leaves, and the average number to a leaf was one hundred and ninety-two; the greatest number being two hundred and sixty, and the least one hundred and thirty. Each gland is surrounded by large drops of an extremely viscid secretion, which, glittering in the sun, have given rise to the plant's poetical name of the "sun-dew." A tentacle consists of a thin, straight, hair-like pedicel, carrying a gland on the summit. The tentacles on the central part of the leaf are short and stand upright, and their pedicels are green. Toward the margin they become longer and longer, and more inclined outward, with their pedicels of a purple color. Those on the extreme margin project in the same plane with the leaf, or more commonly are considerably reflexed. A few tentacles spring from the base of the footstalk, and these are the longest of all, being sometimes nearly one-fourth of an inch in length. The glands, with the exception of those borne by the extreme marginal tentacles, are oval, and of nearly uniform size, viz., about $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch in length. They have the power of absorption, besides that of secretion; and they are extremely sensitive to various stimulants, namely, repeated touches, the pressure of minute particles, the absorption of animal matter and of various fluids, heat, and galvanic action. Insects furnish the chief nutriment of the plant (the roots being very poorly developed), and these are captured by means of the viscid fluid surrounding the glands. As soon as even the smallest insect is thus entangled, the tentacles bend slowly inward from all directions and carry it to the centre of the leaf, where it is digested and absorbed; after which, the tentacles reëxpand very slowly, being then ready for further prey. The chemical changes which take place in the plant during this entire process are most remarkable, and are described by Mr. Darwin with great minuteness of detail; but we can only find room for

the paragraph (summarizing his numerous experiments) in which he proves that the leaves "are capable of true digestion, and that the glands absorb the digested matter:"

"The gastric juice of animals contains, as is well known, an acid and a ferment, both of which are indispensable for digestion, and so it is with the secretion of *Drosera*. When the stomach of an animal is mechanically irritated, it secretes an acid, and when particles of glass or other such objects were placed on the glands of *Drosera*, the secretion, and that of the surrounding and untouched glands, was increased in quantity and became acid. But, according to Schiff, the stomach of an animal does not secrete its proper ferment, pepsine, until certain substances, which he calls *peptogenes*, are absorbed; and it appears from my experiments that some matter must be absorbed by the glands of *Drosera* before they secrete their proper ferment. That the secretion does contain a ferment which acts only in the presence of an acid or solid animal matter, was clearly proved by adding minute doses of an alkali, which entirely arrested the process of digestion, this immediately recommencing as soon as the alkali was neutralized by a little weak hydrochloric acid. From trials made with a large number of substances, it was found that those which the secretion of *Drosera* dissolved completely, or partially, or not at all, are acted on in exactly the same manner by gastric juice. We may therefore conclude that the ferment of *Drosera* is closely analogous to, or identical with, the pepsine of animals."

That a plant and an animal should pour forth the same, or nearly the same, complex secretion, adapted for the same purpose of digestion, is a new and surely a wonderful fact in physiology; and even more wonderful is the structure of the plant, by which, in the absence of a nervous system, so complicated a process is accomplished. Perhaps the most striking feature of this structure is the extreme sensitiveness of the glands to pressure. Says Mr. Darwin on this point:

"It is an extraordinary fact that a little bit of soft thread, $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch in length, and weighing $\frac{1}{16}$ of a grain, or of a human hair, $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch in length, and weighing only $\frac{1}{16}$ of a grain, or particles of precipitated chalk, after resting for a short time on a gland, should induce some change in its cells, exciting them to transmit a motor impulse throughout the whole pedicel, consisting of about twenty cells, to near its base, causing this part to bend, and the tentacle to sweep through an angle of above 180° . That the contents of the cells of the glands, and afterward those of the pedicels, are affected in a plainly visible manner by the pressure of minute particles, we shall have abundant evidence when we treat of the aggregation of protoplasm. But the case is much more striking than as yet stated; for the particles are supported by the viscid and dense secretion; nevertheless, even smaller ones than those of which the measurements have been given, when brought by an insensibly slow movement, through the means above specified, into contact with the surface of a gland, act on it, and the tentacle bends. The pressure exerted by the particle of hair, weighing only $\frac{1}{16}$ of a grain, and supported by a dense fluid, must have been inconceivably slight. We may conjecture that it could hardly have equalled the millionth of a grain; and we shall hereafter see that far less than the millionth of a grain of phosphate of ammonia in solution, when absorbed by a gland, acts

* Insectivorous Plants. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

on it and induces movement. A bit of hair, $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch in length, and therefore much larger than those used in the above experiments, was not perceived when placed on my tongue; and it is extremely doubtful whether any nerve in the human body, even if in an inflamed condition, would be in any way affected by such a particle supported in a dense fluid, and slowly brought into contact with the nerve. Yet the cells of the glands of *Drosophila* are thus excited to transmit a motor impulse to a distant point, inducing movement. It appears to me that hardly any more remarkable fact than this has been observed in the vegetable kingdom."

Among the other insect-eating plants described by Mr. Darwin, the most remarkable is the *Dionaea*, a small plant which grows only in a limited district of North Carolina, and which catches its prey by the quick closing together of its double-lobed leaf when touched. It is not possible, however, for us to follow the author further in his interesting observations; but must content ourselves with recommending the book to all lovers of natural history. We recommend it especially to those who are inclined to distrust Mr. Darwin as a biologist, for scarcely any of his works illustrates so conspicuously the tireless industry with which he accumulates facts, and the extreme care with which he guards his conclusions.

MR. FRANK LEE BENEDICT is an excellent illustration of what a moderate amount of talent can accomplish by steady work and careful cultivation. It is no very long time since his literary efforts were confined to a monthly periodical, designed specially for circulation among the semi-cultured multitude, and but two or three years have elapsed since "*My Daughter Elinor*" introduced him for the first time to the general public. The utmost that could be said of "*My Daughter Elinor*" was that it was a plausibly mediocre first work, and little more could be added concerning his two or three following ones; but in "*St. Simon's Niece*" (New York: Harper & Brothers) we have distinctly a novel which is deserving of very high praise. It may be urged, indeed, that the story is sensational, that it is unnecessarily painful, that it compels us to associate with bad company, that it reveals a perilous tendency on the part of the author to indulge in morbid mental anatomy, and that its tone altogether is too cynical and *blasé* to be healthful—all this may be said with truth, yet without impairing the fact that the novel is one the power of which not only compels recognition, but fairly drives out for the time being all consciousness of these or any other defects. The plot, to begin with, is intensely dramatic, and at the same time coherent and "thinkable;" it is developed with such skill that the interest is maintained from first to last; and there is scarcely a single character who does not furnish, in the course of the story, an adequate reason for his (or her) existence. Few creations of modern fiction are more distinctly individual or more vividly portrayed than St. Simon, the handsome, witty, wily, unscrupulous adventurer and swindler, and the even more handsome, witty, wily, and unscrupulous niece of

St. Simon. The latter is the principal character in the book, and is well worthy of study, but any attempt to analyze it here would not only require more space than we can spare, but would also reveal more of the story than the reader would like to know beforehand. Those who can recall Sister Helen, in Rossetti's ballad of that name, will have caught one phase of her character—that of a passionate woman whom disappointed love has rendered as revengeful, as cruel, and as pitiless as a savage. Fanny St. Simon, however, is a vastly more complex character than Sister Helen; and the constant struggle between her good and evil impulses, between the careless, unselfish generosity of a born Bohemian and the fierce egotism of a woman who would commit murder rather than lose her lover, between blind passion on the one hand and the clear insight of a thoroughly worldly woman on the other, furnishes a memorable leaf out of the great book of human nature. One more feature of Fanny's character is worthy of mention: she is an admirable specimen of that rare creature in fiction who is not only represented by the author as being almost supernaturally witty and intelligent, but actually illustrates it in her recorded conversations. All the dialogue in which she participates is excellent, and portions of it read like passages out of the old comedies.

Not less life-like, and scarcely less striking, than the portraits of St. Simon and Fanny are those of Talbot Castlemaine, Fanny's weak, sensual, vacillating, unprincipled lover, love of whom wrecked at least two women's lives; of Roland Spencer, generous, high-spirited, and with the unsophisticated enthusiasm of youth; of Gregory Alleyne and Helen Devereux, to whom are assigned the heavy, respectable rôles. Even the minor characters are individual and skillfully drawn. Mrs. Pattaker is rather overdone, perhaps, and "the Tortoise" is too consistently and persistently idiotic; but both are genuinely humorous conceptions, and are seldom permitted to become tedious.

Almost the only fault we have to find with "*St. Simon's Niece*" is the occasional carelessness of style, which not seldom lapses into vulgarity. An author with a vocabulary as copious as that of Mr. Benedict ought to be above using slang in his own person under any circumstances, and it is surely a superfluity of naughtiness to manufacture it. If he insists upon it, however, it is to be hoped that he will append a vocabulary of original slang-terms to his future works. We have not the slightest idea what a "jubay" man is, and yet, if we are to encounter the word seven times in a single story, we certainly consider ourselves entitled to a definition.

AFTER conceding to Mr. A. E. Newton all the credit due to good intentions, we are obliged to inform him that his tract entitled "*The Better Way: An Appeal to Men in Behalf of Human Culture through Wiser Parentage*" (New York: Wood & Holbrook) is an impertinent, feeble, and vulgar production. His cardinal premise, that the men and women of our day (and of all other days of

which we have any knowledge) pay too little heed to the conditions, physical and moral, of wise parentage, is well enough; but reform which aims at a practical object should at least attempt to use practical means, and not begin by ignoring the most powerfully operative impulses of human nature. We infer from his closing section that Mr. Newton thinks that the chief objection to his suggestions lies against their high moral plane; but the difficulty with them is not that they are too moral, but that they are foolish. One of them, for example, is to the effect that a woman before being called upon to bear children should feel that she is "independent and self-supporting. . . . Her husband should remember that her services in making home what a home should be, and surely in bearing the burdens of maternity, are above all price. . . . and in any case where a wife performs her part with ordinary fidelity, she may fairly be considered entitled to one-half the income, whatever it be, and to the same freedom in the use of her share as has the husband of his." If this meant that the wife, thus secured an equal share of the income, was to be held equally responsible with the husband for the joint family expenses, for the education of the children, and for making provision for their future, we presume few husbands would object to an arrangement which would materially reduce their special burdens; but that no such thing was in the author's mind is evident from a subsequent paragraph, in which he insists that one of the plainest duties of a father—in addition, we presume, to giving half his income to the mother—is to "provide properly for the education and support of his children."

A CONVENTION of German editors is now in session at Bremen for the purpose of trying to induce the Imperial Government to remove some of the present restrictions upon the press. It is not very probable that much can be accomplished in this direction at the present time, but the convention may, by perfecting the union of editors throughout the country, prepare the way for the great movement which must, at some future period, break through the trammels with which old-time prejudices still strive to restrain liberty of thought throughout the greater part of Europe.

Only a few details have yet been received concerning the composition and organization of this convention. But a general notice of some of the most remarkable newspapers of the empire will serve to show what sort of material is represented therein. The first newspaper in Germany, as to tone, character, and reputation, is probably the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, or *Universal Gazette*, of Augsburg. Though it is published in an old-fashioned, provincial city, this paper is known and honored in every part of the civilized world, and has a history of which it may well be proud. Founded by the famous Cotta publishing-house, in 1798, at Tübingen, it was soon afterward removed to Stuttgart, then to Ulm, and was finally located at Augsburg, where it quickly acquired that world-wide fame which it has never ceased to deserve. Its fearless advocacy of liberal principles at a time—previous to 1848—when the reactionary spirit which followed Napoleon's invasion of Russia had made the German rulers almost absolute, caused it to be

looked upon as the chosen mouth-piece of the people's party. Herwegh, Hoffmann, Freiligrath, and the other great post-patriots of Germany, were among its contributors, and its utterances during that dark era were largely instrumental in bringing on the great uprising that marked the middle of our century. During the period which has succeeded its political character has undergone some change, and, in the altered positions of German parties, its standing is less clearly defined than formerly; yet, in the truest and widest sense of the term, it is still thoroughly liberal. This paper consists of two parts, one of which is chiefly made up of correspondence from various parts of the world, while the other is a sort of supplement, containing the latest news, together with reviews of books and literary sketches.

Another German paper which is extremely popular, both at home and abroad, is the *Kölnische Zeitung*, or *Cologne Gazette*. This is a large, well-printed daily, truly liberal in politics, and edited with marked ability. Its news reports are always very full and reliable, and in this particular department it is unsurpassed by any Continental paper, not even excepting the *Independence Belge*, of Brussels.

One of the most notable papers in Berlin is the *Nous Preussische Zeitung*, or *New Prussian Gazette*, commonly called the *Kreuz*—"Cross"—*Zeitung*, on account of the large black cross which decorates its heading. This journal has long been known as an organ of the reactionary party. It deals with political questions, not only in its own proper columns, but also in a supplementary publication called the *Rundschau*, or "Outlook," of the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, which is issued at certain intervals during the year. Some years ago it was so persistent in its laudation of that union of the Eastern European monarchies, led by Russia against the first Napoleon, that it was generally considered a special advocate of Russian aims and principles. Indeed, it was then looked upon by many Germans as a mere agent of the czar; and a well-known scientific man of Berlin, having been asked whether he was in the habit of reading the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, replied: "No; I don't understand Russian well enough for that."

Opposed to, and very different from, the last-named journal are the *Berlinische Nachrichten*, or *Berlin News*, and the *Spener'sche Zeitung* (*Spener Gazette*)—two influential and well-conducted Berlin papers, published every day. They resemble each other in their general character, and both contain, besides their news reports and political articles, many very creditable sketches on literature, science, and art.

The *Schlesische Zeitung* (*Silesian Gazette*) is one of the oldest newspapers in the world, having been established in the first half of the eighteenth century, before the Great Frederick had made Silesia a part of Prussia. It is still published at Breslau, where it was originally established, and is a large, flourishing daily paper, containing ample news reports, able editorials, and unusually good reviews of new publications. Of the illustrated newspapers, properly so called, the best is the *Illustrierte Zeitung* (*Illustrated Gazette*), published every Saturday at Leipzig. It resembles the *London Illustrated News* in its general style, and its pictures, which are usually very appropriate and interesting, are well drawn and admirably engraved. But the most universally popular of the German illustrated papers is *Die Gartenlaube* (*The Garden-arbor*) also published at Leipzig. This, however, is a literary journal, intended for the family-circle, and cannot be considered a newspaper. Its regular sub-

scribers, in Germany alone, amounted some years ago to five hundred and twelve thousand; and since that time their number has been largely increased.

Kladderadatsch, the Berlin *Charivari* or *Punch*, was established in 1848, and has become a great favorite all over Germany. It is a small sheet, containing humorous pictorial hits at passing events, ordinarily of a political character. Its humor is apt to be a little coarse, and its letter-press is seldom equal to its designs; but both are often very amusing, and frequently convey keen and forcible expressions of public opinion.

At the Vienna Exposition, held a few years since, the indomitable Heinrich Stephan, who has since perfected the great international postal treaty lately signed by all the European powers and the United States, prepared an exhibition of German serials, which attracted a great deal of attention. One of the most noticeable features of this exhibition was the space allotted to *Die Modenwelt* (*The Fashion-World*), a lady's newspaper, of Leipzig. Ranged around a copy of the original German publication were about a dozen other lady's journals, all regularly issued in English, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Bohemian, Hungarian, French, Spanish, Italian, and Polish cities, and all literal translations of the corresponding number of *Die Modenwelt*. The energy of the German paper in collecting materials and providing itself with the latest advices on dress and fashion received a very practical acknowledgment in this conception of the German Inspector-General of Post-Offices.

Even the ultramontane and ultra-reactionary papers of Germany are directly interested in the accomplishment of the objects for which the convention at Bremen has been called—namely, greater liberty as to publications, and the right to withhold the names of contributors. It is probable, therefore, that great unanimity will mark its sessions while these important points are under discussion. And, if such should be the case, there can be no doubt that the German Government will look with respect upon the action of the united German press, and be in some measure influenced by it.

In one of those finely appreciative obituary articles for which the *Spectator* is noted, the late Professor Cairnes is thus described as to certain of his mental qualities: "Mr. Cairnes was a formidable and somewhat unsparing controversialist. His indignation and contempt were easily aroused, either by moral or intellectual faults; but the forcible expression of these feelings to which he was sometimes prompt was always, so to say, transfused through and sustained by close and candid reasoning. He never condescended to the slightest trick or unfairness, or any use of arguments *ad captandum* or *ad hominem*, but always wrote like an advocate perfectly confident both in the justice of his cause and in the intelligence of his jury. Still, we cannot but regret the extent to which, especially in discussing questions of general politics, he lapsed into the one-sidedness of a mere advocate, instead of the more comprehensive and judicial treatment which we might have expected from a scientifically-trained observer of social phenomena. Perhaps a certain rigidity of intellect, naturally combined with the qualities that constituted his peculiar excellence as a political economist, somewhat unfitted him for a department of thought where the method is so much more vague and disputable, and where the attainment of truth depends on a delicate balancing of complicated and desperate con-

siderations. But even in strictly economic controversy he sometimes showed a curious incapacity for entering into the point of view of an antagonist; of which his argument against Professor Jevons in his last treatise affords a striking example. On the other hand, he had the rare and valuable gift of seeing error with the same perfect distinctness with which he saw truth; so that his exposure of real fallacies and confusions of thought in his opponents is always delightful to read, from its clear and crushing completeness. Indeed, such essays as his review of Bastiat have the same educational value as his expository treatises; for in a subject where fallacies and confusions of thought beset the student at every step, this 'teaching by contraries' is an almost necessary supplement of direct exposition. And after all deductions are made, we cannot but feel that there is no one left who can fill the place of Mr. Cairnes as a master of either method of instruction; even if we consider only what he actually did, and do not allow ourselves to conjecture what, under happier circumstances, he might have done."

MR. W. F. KAE is engaged upon a companion-work to his "Wilkes, Sheridan, Fox; the Opposition under George III.," which will be entitled "George Washington; the American Opposition to George III." . . . Mr. Browning's new poem will be out in October. It treats of the effect produced on the mind by sudden loss of fortune. . . . Mommsen, the German historian, delivered an address at a recent *fête* given by the University of Berlin, in which he said that his countrymen would be deceived if they hoped to find an element of prosperity in fresh victories. . . . Mr. Bain is said to have objected to the publication of some of the letters addressed to him by John Stuart Mill. . . . The clerical journals of Antwerp attack violently the Communal Council there for allowing a translation of Mr. Smiles's "Self-Help" to be given as a prize in the communal schools. They declare the work to be of an anti-religious nature. . . . PICTURESQUE ETCHINGS of which the public expectation is keen, will be edited by Bayard Taylor, the fittest man for the task, indisputably, in the whole country.

Music and the Drama.

THE name of Dr. Hans von Bülow ranks not far below those of Wagner and Liszt in the interest which it excites among the music-loving people of Europe and America. It is not merely in virtue of his extraordinary powers as a pianist, though these give him such a rank as to place him beyond competition, except by Rubinstein and Liszt, the latter of whom is now retired from the active field. Von Bülow's greatness gets its peculiar quality from the fact that, to wonderful abilities as a performer, he adds intellectual power and a searching culture, which would have given him eminence as a *littérateur*, philosopher, or jurist.

It is the misfortune of most musicians, even composers, that they are the slaves of a special sense on which few of the side-lights of thought let fall their radiance. They pursue their faculty whithersoever it leads in the fixed channels, without troubling themselves to seek the food and growth which come of a wide mental survey. Even such great men

as Beethoven and Mozart, living in an epoch of large mental activity, were little more than children in their thoughts outside of the mere world of music, in which they reigned so supremely.

It seems to be the province of the Wagner school of music to attract to itself disciples who are not simply great artists, but who are keen and cultured thinkers. Wagner's theories are linked in the interdependence of music with the other arts, and built up on a philosophical idea. No one has done more to illustrate these theories, the illustrious founder excepted, alike as an artist and a thinker, than Dr. von Bülow. At an early stage of his career he threw himself into the war raging between the old and new with a zeal which has never shown abatement. As pianist and musician, then, we may expect to welcome in this player the most competent and enthusiastic exponent of the Wagner doctrines now living, next to the prophet and law-giver himself. As he is now looked for in this country, a few brief particulars of his career will be of interest.

The son of a distinguished novelist and *littérateur*, Baron von Bülow, he studied music under the celebrated Wieck, the father of Clara Schumann, who did so much to inaugurate the revolution in piano-forte playing. At the age of eighteen he entered himself at the University of Berlin for the purpose of studying law, and made himself foremost among those whose pronounced gifts betokened a brilliant career on the bar and bench. The innate musical feeling, however, was too strong, and, by the advice of Liszt, he concluded, at the close of his university studies, to devote himself to music. He pursued his art with great assiduity, under the instruction of the celebrated *virtuoso*, then at the most dazzling height of his reputation, and drew from him his large and liberal views of music. Adopting Liszt's theories of the function of the piano, which differed widely from the methods of Mozart, Hummel, Moscheles, and Thalberg, he learned to treat the instrument as an orchestra, and make it an organ of all the heights and depths of musical expression, so far as its limitations would permit. No compositions were regarded beyond the reach of an aggressive *technique*.

The young disciple also came to the assistance of the *Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, or "Art-Work of the Future," under which name the new school had commenced its battle, in the columns of the leading musical reviews, and made himself marked by the boldness, eloquence, and vigor of his writing. The attention of Germany was drawn to the champion, and, when he first commenced his concert-tour in 1853, he was already a man of note. For several years he pursued a brilliant career as piano-forte player, and professor at the conservatory of Berlin, and devoted himself to the labors of poet and critic, as well as those of composer, teacher, and performer. He broke the shell of the mere *virtuoso*, and became a master, in the widest sense.

In 1859 Von Bülow went to Paris, and created such a *furor* by his extraordinary playing as had not been witnessed since the palmiest days of Liszt and Chopin. Wagner

had been a failure and *bête noire* among the gay Parisians, but his most outspoken champion carried every thing before him, and became one of the lions of the art-world. The next ten years of our pianist's life were given to the work of founding a great conservatory at Munich, and illustrating the new school both as author and musician. He was selected by Wagner to lead alternately with himself at the representations of his operas in Munich, where only at that time his works found appreciative audiences.

England had never heard Von Bülow till 1873, in which year he was induced to continue the triumphs he had made in France and Germany. A very bitter feeling among the critics and musicians against Wagner and his followers existed generally, and the player had to fight against a strong tide of prejudice. This, however, was triumphantly overcome, and the series of Albert-Hall and Philharmonic concerts of 1873 and '74 were such as to create a great enthusiasm. The best judges were free to confess that his interpretation seemed to recreate the works of the great masters. As conductor, too, he excited extraordinary interest by his magnetic control of the orchestra, and mere mechanism seemed to disappear entirely from their work under the inspiration of his *baton*. The effect produced by Von Bülow as a pianist is very well illustrated by the following criticism in the *Athenæum*, for many years a most bitter opponent of Wagner's theories and adherents, while its musical columns were under the control of the late Henry Chorley: "The more frequently Dr. Bülow performs, the more demonstrative does the approbation of his audience become. This result is very natural. The marked individuality which characterizes his style at first startled those artists and amateurs who had heard him for the first time. As they have followed him in various works, with or without orchestra, the admiration produced by his intellectual and poetic conception of the composers whose works he has interpreted by his marvelous mechanism, has steadily increased. So irresistible is the influence of an independent thinker, that compositions as familiar as household words have been, so to speak, recreated. The most able and experienced pianists of this metropolis do not hesitate to declare that to hear Dr. Bülow's performances is to recommence their lesson and practice."

We quote this from a grave and cautious critical authority to justify the hope so generally entertained that America will hear in Bülow an exponent of the piano, in some respects superior even it may be to Rubinstein. The latter is the possessor of a fiery and intense individuality, which colors and assimilates the whole of his performances to a very remarkable extent. To such a degree did he carry this, that at times he took extraordinary liberties with the text of his work; never failing, indeed, to invest his interpretation with a superb and suggestive poetry, but often wandering from the motive and feeling of the composer. Dr. Bülow, among other claims to public interest, we are told, is a most exact and thoughtful scholar in projecting his art-work, and assiduously aims to sink his own individuality in that of the

master whose medium he for the moment becomes.

To the more advanced class of musical lovers and students, this *virtuoso* will be less interesting as the mere player than as a great champion and illustrator of Wagnerism. It is said that he succeeds in introducing the essential principles of the new school of music in his playing. How he does this, by what peculiarities of *technique* and style he achieves what at first thought seems an impossibility, will be awaited with no little curiosity.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN made his first appearance at Booth's Theatre on the 30th ultimo, under circumstances peculiarly offensive to good taste. Why because a man is an Irishman, and has acted Shakespearean parts with moderate success in the English provinces, his appearance on the American boards should be made the occasion of a noisy and sensational ovation, with military bands, regiments in uniform, flying banners, lanterns, and a general meaningless turbulence, it is not easy to say. Assuredly there is no connection between the artistic rendition of a part like *Hamlet* and the boisterous frolicking of a horse-race or an agricultural fair. The whole artificial excitement of Mr. Sullivan's opening night, with the procession, the music, the military, the addresses to the mob, were of a character calculated to do the actor great injury in the estimation of all sensible people; and as a protest against degrading clap-trap of the kind it would be well if the better class of theatre-goers should leave Mr. Sullivan severely alone during his visit to this country. Those who manufactured the distasteful ado of the occasion ought to be taught that this is not the way to win the suffrages of the people for art. *Hamlets* and *Othellos* are scarcely to be forced down our throats by the bayonets of a popular regiment, nor is public criticism to be drowned by drum and trumpet, or seduced from the right paths by bunting and Chinese lanterns.

Mr. Sullivan is a long way from being a great actor. He has a very pleasing face and presence, a fine, mellow voice, and he knows how to pose in very picturesque attitudes, and to fill the eye with a succession of well-studied stage-pictures. He unites in these particulars the instincts of the sculptor and the painter; his eminently picturesque make-ups show a fine taste for color, and his attitudes evince a plastic grace that would make him always an attractive actor in purely picturesque parts. Nor is he without a calm, balanced intelligence. But there is absolutely no fire and no imagination. His cool judgment keeps him always from rant or turbulence; he never "oversteps the modesty of Nature;" in truth, Nature with him is rather closely veiled, and one can get no more than faint glimpses of her true form and being. He errs altogether on the side of tameness. His grasp of *Hamlet* is of the stage, stagey—that is, it is just that perception of the part that a thoroughly-trained actor would have who has limited his study to all the external arts—of how he shall walk, how he shall

stand, how he shall sit, how he shall do this and that piece of "business," how and where he shall deliver this and that line—but there is no subjective insight, no heed of the fires that burn within, no psychological study, no imaginative grasp of the character of the melancholy and philosophic prince. His conception is that *Hamlet* is wholly sane, but he never succeeds in catching even the spirit of the assumed madness; no "antic disposition" confounds the court; he never "unpacks his heart with words," for his heart carries no burden. So sedate, so calm, so sane, so balanced, so fine and courtly a *Hamlet* would never have given king, queen, or courtiers, a moment's uneasiness. He listens to the players in their trial-speeches coolly, and when he finds himself alone gives no hint, in the most impulsive and passionate speech in the play, either in manner or expression, of the tumult of feeling which the words describe. In the play-scene he makes a telling picture by graceful posing on the floor; and in fact throughout this actor is always good in a stage-sense, but never really any thing more. He is not vigorous enough to please the untutored, nor introspective enough to charm the lovers of Shakespeare's great creation.

THE current tone of amusements has had an agreeable and unique variation in the performance of the juvenile Mexican Opera Troupe at Daly's Theatre. For the most part, we associate with childish performers a pretty *naïveté*, merely a lisping, stammering approach toward art, with which we sympathize as with the every-day gambols of childhood, or else we are pained with watching the results of some drill, prematurely imposed for the construction of a formal mechanism.

Neither of these feelings found place in listening to the childish artists of this troupe, whose ages range from six to fifteen years. The whole performance, while showing the marks of a fruitful discipline and hard work, had none of that cold, metallic click ordinarily found in child-actors. In some respects, indeed, the performers indicated a large share of the genuine artistic spirit. This came out specially in the singing and acting of Carmen, Guadalupe, and Estevan U. Y. Moron (*Grande-Duchesse*, *Wanda*, and *Fritz*). To hear their childish voices "pipe out" such marvelous imitations of the best performers of the school of French *opéra-bouffe*, was as quaint and amusing a thing as can be well imagined. It was no soulless mimicry, but a reproduction exact and finished, colored and brightened by a genuine childish quaintness. All the *chic* and flexibility in acting, all the vocal tricks and graces, so far as the organs of children could execute them, were charmingly effected, even to runs and trills.

The entertainment was one of so much interest, so far apart from the commonplace and familiar, that we regret it could not have been lengthened to an engagement of another week. The many children in the audience, and the deep interest shown by them, would seem to indicate that there is an untrodden field in the way of standard amusements which might be profitably filled.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

August 17, 1875.

THE warm weather, which has set in at last, has rather hindered any artistic or literary developments for the past week. People are thinking of getting out of town more than of enjoying new books, new pictures, or new plays. But summer is wellnigh over, and I, for one, will not be sorry to say farewell to its dullness. For summer is a dull season in all cities, even in Paris.

Nevertheless, there is some small activity manifested by the publishers. Michel Lévy has just issued a new novel by George Sand, entitled "Flamarande." The "Tales of a Grandmother," by the same celebrated author, is now running as a *feuilleton* through the columns of one of the leading journals of Paris. Degure-Cadot has published "The Mystery of Westfield," an American romance in the style of Edgar Poe (they pronounce the poet's surname as a word of two syllables over here, by-the-by), by Emile Desbeaux. The twelfth number of the "Geography" of Elisée Reclus has just been issued by Hachette, and the fourth volume of Houssaye's "Mille et une Nuits Parisiennes" ("La Dame aux Diamants"), by Dentu. From the same publisher we have a very remarkable novel by Bêlot, which is interesting as containing sundry curious details respecting the houses for female correction, or feminine prisons, of France. This work, which forms the fourth volume of a series entitled "Mundane Mysteries," bears the name of "Une Maison Centrale des Femmes." The details respecting the regulations of such houses have been carefully collected from authentic sources, and the work abounds in curious information and authentic anecdotes. We give an extract which may prove interesting:

"In these prisons for women absolute silence forms a portion of the penalty. Any infraction of this enforced dumbness is severely punished. Even during recreation, which is merely a promenade in the yard, it is forbidden to the prisoners to communicate with each other. The greatest favor that can be conferred on them is to restore to them, if but for a moment, their liberty of speech. Yet, they never fail to abuse the privilege. To prove that statement we have only to cite the following official anecdote:

"M. Baille, the director of the most important of these prisons, was, in 1862, invited to the *filles* at Compiègne, and was questioned by the empress respecting certain details relative to the regulations of the establishment of which he was the director. On learning the rule of enforced silence, the empress said, pityingly: 'Poor women, that is a severe punishment. I desire that your sojourn here and my conversation with you should be of some service to them, and I request you to permit your prisoners to converse freely together during twenty-four hours.'

"Of course M. Baille was obliged to give orders to that effect. At once a number of private conversations were organized. But one hour later the conversations were changed into arguments. Cries and screams succeeded, heads grew hot, and all these unhappy creatures, habituated to silence, became drunken with their own words, like a usually sober man whom one glass of wine intoxicates. They disputed, they quarreled, they struck each other, they flung the earthen pots at each other's

heads. It was necessary to summon the turnkeys, and they were saluted by cries of 'Vive la République!'

"That we have been permitted the use of speech,' the prisoners had said among each other, 'is a sign that great events have taken place; the empire must have been overthrown and the republic proclaimed. Let us salute this new revolution!'

"It was hard to persuade them that Napoleon III. still occupied the throne of France, and that it was to the intervention of the empress that they owed the favor which they had just abused."

Among these female prisoners were several criminals of peculiar atrocity.

"The only one who was put into solitary confinement was La Quiniou, who, after having tried to set fire to the prison at Rennes without succeeding, managed, on the 5th of June, 1871, to burn down the female prison at Vannes by means of placing hot coals under packets of rags. One prisoner was suffocated, and the establishment was totally destroyed. For this crime La Quiniou was condemned to death, but her punishment was commuted to perpetual imprisonment. She would have been suffered to remain amid the other prisoners, and would have lived side by side with them, had she not had the impudence, when in the car that was conveying her to the Maison Centrale, to say to her companions: 'They had better look out, or I'll burn down Clermont, as I have burned Vannes!'

This speech being repeated to M. Baille, he demanded and received permission to place his dangerous charge in solitary confinement.

"Among the criminals of a higher station of life might be mentioned the famous Madame Frigord, who was condemned to perpetual imprisonment for having poisoned one of her friends in the forest of Fontainebleau, and Mademoiselle Doudet, the English governess, who was sentenced to ten years' confinement for having inflicted atrocious tortures on the children confided to her care. The case of this last was a curious one, on account of the protection and sympathy which were accorded to her. A Protestant clergyman, an ambassador, three cabinet ministers, a lord, and a royal personage, were all interested in the fate of that creature. Solicited on all sides, forced at last to obey formal orders from those higher in authority, the director was obliged to separate Mademoiselle Doudet from the other women, to give her a spacious apartment as a bedroom, and to supply her table with delicate food. In the interests of discipline, M. Baille soon obtained the removal of Mademoiselle Doudet from his establishment."

M. Julian Klaczko, in the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, continues his interesting sketch of Prince Bismarck. He gives an account of a little incident that occurred in 1865, and which created at the time much talk. The convention of Gastein had just been concluded, and the famous interview of Biarritz had not yet taken place, when, in the month of August of that year, happened what was called the Lucca affair. The great future prince-chancellor of the empire, then merely the Count von Bismarck, sat for a *carte-de-visite* photograph in company with Madame Lucca, then prima donna of the Royal Opera-House at Berlin. Our author says that they were taken in a romantic attitude, a story in which there is not a word of truth, as I possess a copy of the photograph in question, and the pair are seated as prosaically as possible, one on either side of a little table. M. von Bismarck, whose profile is turned toward the spectator, is indeed looking at the

lady, but she is gazing forth into space in the most unsympathetic manner imaginable. The picture was taken, it is said, at the earnest solicitation of a poor photographer at whose rooms M. von Bismarck and Madame Lucca chanced to meet, and who saw in such an unusual combination of personages an opportunity for making a sensational picture. The picture did create a sensation—not only a sensation but a scandal—so much so that all the pictures and the negatives as well were bought up and destroyed by the police. Some stray copies, however, found their way into Austria, where the great Prussian was far from being very cordially beloved, and it was in Vienna that my copy was purchased. It must be remembered that Pauline Lucca in those days was far from being the scandalous personage that she afterward became, especially in these later days of many husbands and many divorces. A letter concerning the affair from the pen of M. von Bismarck himself is given at length, and it is rather amusing to see how he goes round and round the subject without giving any positive answer to the queries of his correspondent, who is evidently quite exercised about the matter.

Mr. D. E. Knight is still hard at work at Poissy on his "Market Scene" and "Harvest Scene." Both these pictures are already sold, the first to Mr. Anthony Drexel, the well-known Philadelphia banker. The studies for the "Market Scene" were made from actual life, the artist sitting, with his sketch-book on his lap, in the open street, on market-days, and, whenever any picturesque group struck his eye, rushing to secure the immobility of the personages by some small payment. The painting will thus have all the vividness and vitality of real life. The "Harvest Scene" was almost literally painted in the open fields.

There is a continual talk of forthcoming novelties at the Grand Opéra, but, somehow or other, they do not come. Mademoiselle de Reszké is to create her second character to-morrow night; it is *Mithilde* in "William Tell." I question much whether her voice and style will be found as well suited to the music of Rossini as that of Thomas or Verdi. Favre is to make his *rentrée* in the character of *Don Juan*, which opera is to be brought out for the occasion. The scenery is all ready, and rehearsals are proceeding briskly. Vergnet, who has a good tenor voice, but is as vulgar as a boiled cabbage, is to be the *Don Ottavio*. Midan-Carvalho, who is forty-five if she is a day, is to personate *Zerlina*; and poor, old, fat, voiceless Gueymord will play *Donna Elvira*. If ever a *Don Juan* was justified in running away from his wife, it will be he of the present cast. The scenery of "Robert le Diable" is all ready, and it is said that this will be the most gorgeous of all the operas as yet performed at the Grand Opéra. Camille Doucet's pretty comedy of "Le Baron Lafleur" has been revived at the Comédie Française, and is admirably played by Coquelin and Dinah Félix. Strange that this last, the sister of the greatest of French tragic actresses—the wondrous Rachel—should be the most vivacious and sparkling of French stage *soubrettes*. The play itself is a successful attempt to revive, on the modern stage, the style and personages of the Moliéresque comedy.

The dramatic event of the week has been the production of "Jean-Nu-Pieds" at the Vaudeville. It is a four-act drama in verse, from the pen of a comparatively young author, M. Albert Delpit. In construction and characterization it betrays the inexperience of an unpractised hand, and the plot reminds one too much of that of Victor Hugo's "Ninety-

Three;" but it has one strong qualification—it is interesting. The piece opens on the 9th of August, 1792, the day of the taking of the Tuileries by the mob, and, by an odd coincidence, the first representation took place on the 9th of August. The *Marquis de Kardigan*, a venerable Breton noble and a fanatic royalist, has three sons. The eldest is slain in the massacre of the 9th of August; the second, *Jean*, is an ardent republican; while *Henri*, the youngest, is devoted to the cause of the monarchy, like his father and his eldest brother. *Jean de Kardigan* is in love with *Fernande*, the daughter of the republican deputy *Heurard*. He becomes a general in the service of the republic, and gains the soubriquet of *Jean-Nu-Pieds* by a heroic deed, which renders him popular. His brother becomes one of the chiefs of the Vendéan insurrection, and wins the heart of *Jean's* love, *Fernande Heurard*. The *Marquis* and *Henri* are captured by *Jean's* soldiery, are tried by a court-martial, and are sentenced to death. By means of his own passport, *Jean* contrives that his brother shall escape, and, taking *Henri's* place in the prison, he dies in his stead, blessed and pardoned in the last hour by the father whom he accompanies to execution and whose doom he shares. This last situation is peculiarly strong and striking. But the great mistake of the dramatist is made by depicting *Jean* as false in this last moment to the republican principles, which had led him to forsake his father, his family, and the olden cause of his race. The character of the stern republican, *Heurard*, is probably the best-delineated one in the piece. The company of the Vaudeville is hardly suited to the personation of the rhymed drama. Stuart, who played in New York last season in that disastrous failure, the "Hero of an Hour," personated *Jean de Kardigan* fairly well, but his features lack mobility and his voice is unpleasant. Charly, from the Ambigu, played *Heurard* admirably; and Madame Dupont-Vernon, a recruit from the Comédie Française, lent the charm of her cultivated and polished diction to the utterances of *Fernande*, but she is plain in person and lacks fervor as an actress.

Poor Sophie Hamet, the original *Frocharde* of the "Deux Orphelines," is dead. She was sixty years of age, and has been ailing for some time past. She used to be known on the bills merely as Madame Sophie, till, on assuming the rôle of *La Frocharde*, she took also her surname. On being asked the reason of her so doing, she made answer, "My son is studying at the Conservatoire, and I thought it might aid him before the judges when he came to compete for a prize, were it known that he had a mother who was already a successful actress." Poor Sophie Hamet! She was a good mother and a good woman, and yet she played the part of the atrocious old hag in "Les Deux Orphelines" with such striking realism that the excitable audience of the upper tiers used to hurl insulting epithets at her, and once, even, a band of strong-armed *dames de la Halle* waited outside the stage-door to give her the thrashing which they thought that her treatment of poor blind *Louise* richly merited. Fortunately, their purpose was discovered, and Madame Hamet was smuggled out of the front-door, thus escaping her ferocious would-be assailants.

LUCKY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

"BARON" GRANT'S new investment, the little evening *Echo*, which rumor—and rumor is very busy at this dull season—says is to be

made into a morning publication, like its big rivals the *Standard*, *Telegraph*, and *Daily News*, has been giving us some information about Mr. Carlyle which is not generally known. Every thing about the great Chelsea sage is of interest, wherefore I quote the *Echo's* remarks:

"It is" (runs the article) "generally supposed that Mr. Carlyle studied at the University of Edinburgh for the ministry of the Church of Scotland, and that it was only when he was on the point of receiving 'license'—the Presbyterian equivalent to holy orders—that he shrank from becoming a clergyman. This now turns out to be a mistake. Mr. Carlyle passed from school to the University of Edinburgh at a very early age, and studied the subjects embraced in what is known in Scotland as the Arts curriculum—that general and comprehensive course of culture which forms the prelude to special professional study; but whatever may have been his own original intentions, or those of his father, a shrewd Scotchman and sound Calvinist, the future author of 'Sartor Resartus' never attended any theological classes. From college he went to Annan, obtaining, by public competition, the post of mathematical teacher in the burgh school there, at which, singularly enough, he had received his early education. After two years, he exchanged this situation for a similar one in Kirkcaldy, where his boyish acquaintance with Edward Irving developed into a memorable and now historic intimacy. Tired of the school-master's life, he left Kirkcaldy in two years more for Edinburgh, where he devoted himself to reading enormously in the University Library, and to literary work of that lower order which he himself has called 'the stray-ground husbandries.' At length, release from drudgery came in the shape of the tutorship to Charles Buller. But at no time after his university studies came to an end did Mr. Carlyle contemplate entering the ministry. However interesting it may be, therefore, to speculate upon the influence a Reverend Thomas Carlyle would have had upon religious thought in the present time, there is no basis of fact for such speculations. Any attempt to make an inference as to Mr. Carlyle's opinions—his orthodoxy or heterodoxy—from a supposed refusal on his part when a young man to subscribe certain theological standards, is, of course, equally idle."

Quite so; but, then, some writers are so fond of speculating! Why, aren't there people up to this very day speculating what Shakespeare would have become if he hadn't been the son of a butcher?

We have a phenomenon in London just now—the "smallest man in the world." I don't know whether he has ever been in the States or not. His real name is Jean Han-nema, his nickname Admiral Van Tromp, and his native place Francker, in Holland. His height tallies with the number of his years—he is twenty-six years, and he stands just twenty-six inches in his stockings. Yes, he is actually half a foot shorter than Tom Thumb, and is, moreover, it is said, quite as accomplished. In sooth, he is a very Elihu Burritt, for he can converse fluently in English, French, Dutch, German, and Italian. Probably, like Porson, he "thinks in Greek."

Here is an anecdote which has just been told me of "Owen Meredith," the present Lord Lytton; I shouldn't like to vouch for its authenticity, but 'twill serve: Walking down Ludgate Hill, not very long ago, a low fellow pushed rudely against him, and made some unpleasant remark. "Sir," said his lordship, sternly, his "dander" rising immediately, "do you know whom you're addressing?"

"No, I don't," replied the man, insolently. "Then I'll leave you to find out," continued the young nobleman. "*Meanwhile, go to the devil!*" And the fellow went; that is to say, his lordship looked at him so defiantly that he walked away. Your late guest, Mr. J. L. Toole, is at present "starring" in the British provinces, previous to his "first appearance in London since his return from America," at the Gaiety, on November 8th. Mr. Toole makes quite little fortunes by these provincial tours. The managers of even the minor theatres pay him fifty pounds a night—ay, and find the speculation pay, too. You've no idea how popular he is among us; let me whisper it, he's a much-overrated man. A far abler comedian, Mr. Charles Mathews, but who "draws" nothing like so well, will also appear at Mr. Hollingshead's theatre soon. Well may Mr. Mathews be dubbed "the evergreen!" Though seventy-two years of age, he is as hale and active as many a young man of twenty. I may tell you here that Boucicault opens with "Shaughraun" at Drury Lane, on September 4th, and that Mr. Jefferson will impersonate *Rip Van Winkle* on the 2d of November, at the Princess's.

An adaptation of the younger Dumas's "Monsieur Alphonse" has been produced at the Globe. The adapter—he has changed the title to "Love and Honor"—is Mr. Campbell Clarke, the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. The same gentleman's version of "Rose Michel" met, you will remember, with a disastrous fate at the Gaiety some months ago—a fact in a great measure owing, it is only fair to add, to Mrs. Gladstone's inadequate personation of the title rôle. However, Mr. Clarke's new play bids fair to be a success. It is much more compact than "Rose Michel;" then, again, it does not touch on such delicate ground. In sooth, as French plays go, it has almost a moral tendency. Of course you know the plot; here it is in brief:

"Before marrying M. de Montaignin, a captain in the French Navy, Raymonde de Montaignin has been the semi-innocent victim of Octave, an unscrupulous young rake, who has persuaded her into a false marriage and abandoned her. She has borne him a child, Adrienne, thirteen years old in the opening of the play, and then living with some peasants at Rueil, her father having visited her from time to time under the alias of M. Alphonse; while her mother, who has been less cautious, is known to her and her foster-parents. Octave's approaching marriage with Madame Victoire Guicharde, a wealthy and good-hearted, but withal jealous and vulgar widow, leads him to explain to Madame de Montaignin, whose husband, a late companion-in-arms of his father, he visits on friendly terms, that something must be done with their daughter, lest his prospects of comfort might be compromised; and ultimately the wife, who struggles violently against deceiving her husband, consents that her betrayer, whom she despises, shall ask him to receive the child. This is done, Octave confessing his paternity without compromising the lady, and Adrienne helping to keep the secret by repressing her caresses save when in private. But now Madame Guicharde intervenes, her curiosity and suspicion aroused, and eliciting the admission from her admirer that he is the father, and the falsehood that the mother is dead, resolves to take charge of the child herself. Thereupon a 'scene' ensues, for Madame de Montaignin, at first kindly, and then so energetically as to open the eyes of her husband, protests against the separation. He, comprehending all, forgives her, and fills up an 'acte de naissance,'

accepting the paternity, which Octave refuses, though he is compelled to sign it as a witness. Some complications arising from the arrival of Madame Guicharde, who has been to the mairie meanwhile and declared herself to be the mother of Adrienne, are followed by the fall of the curtain, with the discomfiture of the villain, discarded for his heartlessness rather than his perfidy."

Mademoiselle Beatrice's comedy company sustain the various characters, mademoiselle herself enacting the heroine. She is a finished and graceful actress. Mr. Frank Harvey as Octave, Mr. J. Carter-Edwards as M. de Montaignin, and Miss C. Saunders as Madame Guicharde, are all fairly good. So, altogether, "Love and Honor" may run eight through this "dead" season—this season of gigantic gooseberries and sea-serpents.

Mr. Frederick Maccabe had a most enthusiastic reception at the pretty little Philharmonic Theatre, at Islington, a few evenings ago. At present he is giving his "Begone, Dull Care," there, and the evening alluded to was the occasion of his first performance since his return from your shores. I never saw a more densely-crowded house; I never heard more hearty and spontaneous applause.

He whom Walter Savage Landor dubbed "a noble poet" has just put forth a new and revised edition of his verse. I refer to Mr. Edward Capern, "the rural postman of Bideford." Mr. Capern is in some respects a remarkable man; humble though his calling has been, the "divine afflatus" is certainly his. Passing, letter-bag at side, to and fro along the beautiful Devonshire lanes, he has drawn inspiration like Burns, like Hogg, like Tannahill, from tree, and bush, and wild-flower. "The rude bar of a stile or field-gate has often," as he says in his preface, "served him for a writing-desk; or, seated on the side of some friendly hedge, his post-bag resting on his knees, he has penciled out his thoughts in the rough, to be polished up in the little cottage at the end of his outward journey." The years are beginning to weigh heavily on Mr. Capern now, and no longer is he a humble letter-carrier, but, like Goldsmith's parson, "passing rich on fifty"—or rather sixty—"pounds a year," a sum which is allowed him from the Civil List. Do your readers, by-the-way, know Mr. Capern's poetry? In case not, let me quote a specimen lyric from the volume I have referred to—"Wayside Warbles"—published by Messrs. Varne & Co.:

"MY LITTLE LOVE."

"I have a love at Aston Hall,
A little prattling darling;
She's very, very, very small,
And chatters like a starling.
Her hair is light, her eye blue-bright,
Her cheek is like a posy,
And if you wish her name outright,
'Tis little Baby Rosy.

"She's such a sweet, wee, winsome thing,
That, spite of my endeavor
To give the witch the cruel fling,
I fear that I must have her:
She comes and peers into my eyes,
And climbs up o'er my shoulder,
Or snarles me by some fond surprise,
Till I am forced to hold her.

"And then she pulls me by the beard
Or clutches at my glasses,
Till I begin to be afraid
She'll beat my Devon lassies.
God keep her little loving heart;
I wish her well and cozy,
And may no evil bring a smart
To my sweet Baby Rosy."

Surely there are real tenderness and genuine poetic feeling in that. WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery

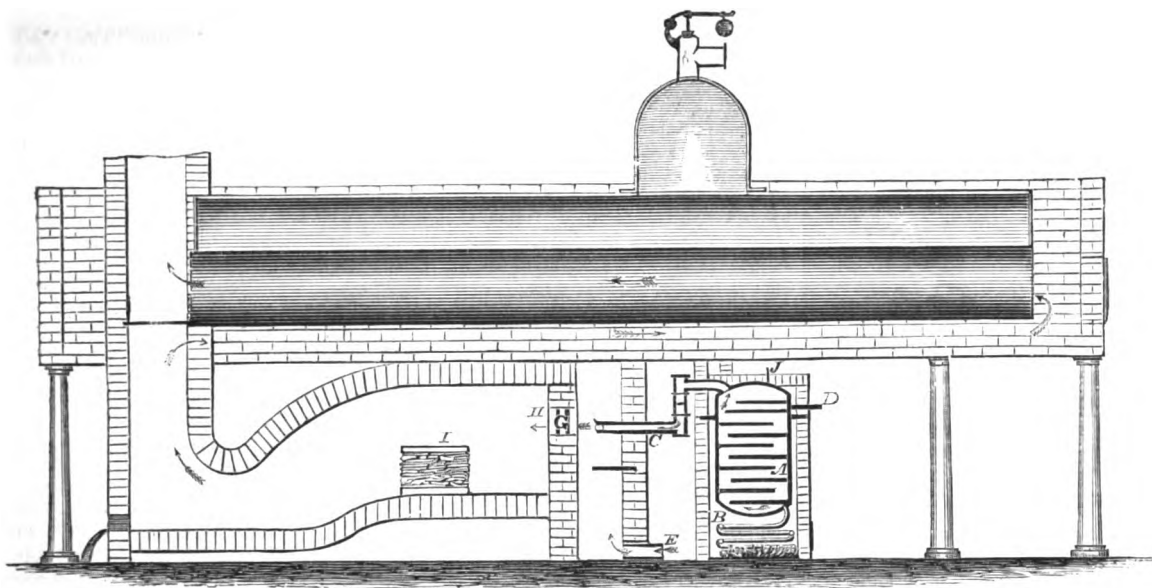
A NEW PETROLEUM-FURNACE.

DURING a recent conversation with an oil-refiner, who was deploring the fact that there was so poor a market for his wares, we took occasion to remark on the efforts now being made to devise some means for burning petroleum under boilers, in furnaces, etc.—in a word, for using it as a fuel. "Well, I wish they would hurry up and discover it," was the reply; "for what we producers want is a market for crude or refined oils, and any such discovery as you suggest would create a demand at once." Nor is it the producer alone who would be benefited by this discovery. The advantages of oil as a fuel, if it can be safely and effectively adapted to this purpose, are self-evident. Here we have, in a compact and readily-managed form, a heat-producing substance of greater relative strength than coal, the supply of which, for the present at least, is fully up to any reasonable demand.

Engineer-in-chief Isherwood, United States Navy, having conducted a series of experiments "upon various systems of utilization of petroleum as a fuel," states the advantages of its use as follows:

1. A reduction of the weight of fuel amounting to 40.5 per cent.
2. A reduction in bulk of 36.5 per cent.
3. A reduction in the number of stokers in the proportion of four to one.
4. Prompt kindling of fires, and consequently the early attainment of the maximum temperature of furnace.
5. The fire can, at any moment, be instantaneously extinguished.

With such decided testimony, from so high an authority, in favor of petroleum as a fuel, the reader will doubtless be induced to inquire why, if petroleum be such a good thing, it is not used at once? To this query we are prompted to reply as was the wont with our good Professor of Chemistry at — College, who, on the failure of some promised experiment, would advance timidly to the desk, remarking, "Young gentlemen, the experiment is a failure, but the principle remains the same." So it seems to have been with the numberless experiments to effect the economical burning of petroleum. We use the word *economical* advisedly, though in a chemical rather than mercantile sense. The one obstacle to the solution of the problem has been the deposition of soot—that is, the failure to effect a complete combustion of the oil; and it is to the successful accomplishment of this that the efforts of inventors have been chiefly directed. The question as to how the oil may be safely introduced into the furnace from the supply-tanks, though an important one, has been satisfactorily answered. The plans for effecting a complete combustion of the oil may be classified under two general heads. The first relates to the burning of liquid oil directly, and the other to the previous conversion of it into gas, the combustion of which gives the heat desired. As this subject is one of very general interest, and as the success of any



EAMES'S PETROLEUM IRON PROCESS.

invention may result to the advantage not only of large consumers, but in every instance where heat is needed, we are induced to lay before our readers the accompanying illustration of one of the more recent inventions. While not being understood as indorsing this or any other patented device to which we refer in these columns, justice to the inventor induces us to state that the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, the authority of which in this and kindred questions will not be gainsaid, in referring to the Eames furnace, states that "it promises to be one of the most important inventions of our fruitful times."

By a reference to the illustration, it appears that the Eames furnace belongs to that class where the petroleum is first converted into a gas, which gas, or mixture of gases, is conducted into the furnace, where it is consumed. Professor Henry Wurtz, having made the Eames system of furnace-working with petroleum a special study, embodies his views in an extended report favorable to the inventor, from which report we obtain the following description of the furnace, as now in constant use in Jersey City:

"The novel feature of the Eames furnace is the vapor-generator, shown in the illustration by letters *A, B, J, D*. Here we have a cast-iron vessel, *A*, inclosed in brick walls. Within this vessel horizontal shelves project from opposite sides; the oil conducted from the supply-tanks enters this iron vessel at *D*; at the same time a jet of steam, under a pressure of ten pounds per square inch, and heated to incandescence, enters from below through the superheating coil *B*, the heat for this coil being obtained from a fire, as shown. *I* indicates a charge of three thousand pounds of iron, for the reheating of which the furnace is designed. When the oil, having entered at *D*, begins to fall over the shelves, it at once encounters the rising current of heated steam; the result is that every trace of oil is taken up and swept into a mixing-chamber, which occupies the space which in the old method would be used for the fire-box. Between this chamber and the furnace proper is a brick wall hav-

ing a cellular wall, of fire-bricks placed on end, along the line *G*. While the gas is entering from the generator, a blast of air comes in at *E*, and mixes with it, the whole passing in through *H*. Here the combustion begins, and the flames are projected against the pile of iron *I*, and finally pass in along the line indicated by the arrows, heating the boiler above, and passing out at the chimney."

This description is sufficiently explicit to illustrate the main principle of the invention, which consists in the volatilization of the oil by the aid of superheated steam, and its subsequent union with an air-blast. By this means it is claimed that a complete combustion of all the carbon is effected. Whether this is actually the case may yet be a question, though the evidence at hand is certainly most favorable. Whatever may be the fate, good or bad, of this special furnace, the final solution of the problem, with its important effect on the industries of the country, is certain to come in due time. In the meanwhile we have accomplished some service in laying the subject before our readers, who, in spite of many failures, may yet rest assured that "the principle remains the same."

DURING the early stages of the discussion regarding the influence of forests upon the annual rainfall, we were induced, by what was deemed most significant testimony, to take the ground that as yet there was not sufficient evidence at hand to justify the popular opinion that the removal of forests resulted in the diminution of the annual rainfall. On the other hand, we have the testimony of Professor Draper and the meteorological records to prove that the average rainfall over the United States, taken year for year during the last fifty years, has neither increased nor diminished, though the removal of timber has been rapid and constant. Although we were inclined to consider this opinion regarding the annual rainfall as sustained by abundant evidence, we were also ready to admit that the clearing of forests did result in an increase in the violence and number of our local freshets. This effect was at-

tributed to the fact that forests serve to check the too rapid melting of the snow, while they also serve to hold the surface-water and prevent its too rapid flow down the hill-sides to the streams below. Then, again, the irregularities of surface, caused by the elevation around the base of each tree-trunk, and the intervening depressions thus caused, would seem to act as so many basins, in which the falling water might collect, and from which it must pass either by absorption or evaporation. The leaves also present an extended surface, upon which a certain amount of water is always retained, and from which it is again returned to the atmosphere by evaporation. We are thus prompted to review our reasons for believing that the removal of forests increases the liability to freshets and consequent inundations, in view of the fact that a recent French writer, M. Vallés, in a work entitled "*Etudes sur les Inondations*," takes opposite ground. The main argument advanced in support of his opinion that forests do not diminish the violence of inundations, is that over wooded districts "mosses and plants abound, beds of dry leaves accumulate yearly, and fill up all the interstices; the roots of the trees themselves fill up the fissures in the rocks." On the other hand, the writer claims that in the cleared regions the ground is kept ploughed and clear of weeds, while the countless numbers of furrows and ditches give the soil more time and opportunity to absorb the water. On reviewing this argument, it is evident that the writer, in support of his theory, is led into certain evident inconsistencies. For instance, it is claimed as against the forests that the roots of the trees fill up the "fissures in the rocks;" and yet immediately afterward and in the same connection, we are informed that in the cleared regions the ground is kept ploughed, although the ploughing and furrowing of rocky slopes is a rare occurrence. It is true that the vineyard districts along the Rhine are often the most barren of hill-sides, and yet they are hardly such as the term "rocky fissures" would indicate. Granting, however, that in exceptional cases the effect may be as stated, it is evident that to us in America the conditions may be altered. It is a demonstrable fact that the removal of forest in many of our wooded districts is not followed

by the subsequent cultivation of the land, and hence the leaf-covered surface, now hardened by the direct action of the sun's rays, soon becomes an impenetrable table, from which the water runs without impediment to the streams below. We would not have given to the discussion of this question so extended a space were it not that the subject is one of general interest, the recent floods in Europe having served to direct public attention to it, and already active measures are being taken to prevent the indiscriminate destruction of timber, and in cases of cleared lands the owners are advised to begin a regular system of tree-planting. While those who are now suffering from these causes are engaged in devising a remedy, we of this country would do well to adopt the wiser course, and by "prevention" avoid the need of "cure."

THE scheme for flooding the desert of Sahara still continues to attract the attention of engineers and meteorologists: of engineers, since with them rests the solution of the direct problems relating to levels, canals, etc.; and of meteorologists, since, whether with good reason or not, the question of the possible climatic changes consequent upon the changing of a desert into a salt sea seems to be worthy of consideration. As we have already noticed in the discussion of this subject, there are certain observers who do not hesitate to proclaim that the flooding of so great an area will result in such modifications of temperature and wind-currents as would change the whole climatic condition of Europe. Among the prominent observers who take this ground is Mr. Kinahan, of the Geological Survey of Ireland, who thinks it a subject worthy of attention as to whether the submergence of Sahara would not cause the snow-line in Southern Europe to descend to its ancient limits, and the Rhine, Danube, and other rivers, be changed into great glaciers. From recent reports, it is evident that these dismal forebodings have had little effect upon the ardor of the original projectors of the scheme, and, while the one party has been busy with its weather-maps and rain-gauges, the other has been going over the ground with tripod and level, wisely determining to first settle the question as to whether the land of the desert be, in fact, lower than the adjacent sea. It is to the results of these special observations that attention may at present be fitly directed. At the time that M. de Lesseps first directed the attention of the French Academy of Sciences to the subject, an expedition was appointed to take the levels of the region of the Chotts (flats) in order to determine the extent of the area which was capable of being submerged. This expedition was organized under the leadership of Captain Roudaire, the original projector of the scheme; with him were associated two captains and a lieutenant of the *Etat Major*, an infantry-captain, a surgeon-major, deputed by the Geographical Society, and a young mining-engineer. We notice the constitution of this expedition so fully, since the further consideration of the matter was dependent upon their report, and it is from this report that we condense as follows: Four months were consumed in the prosecution of the work; during this time an entire tour of the Chotts was made, and El Ould and Negrine connected by a transverse profile, the whole distance being over four hundred miles. As the result of this survey, it was determined that the region in Algeria whose depression below the sea-level renders it capable of being flooded has an area of six thousand square kilometres, included within 34.38° and 33.51° north latitude, and 4.51° and

3.40° east longitude. In the central portion of this area the depression varies from sixty to ninety feet. It was also ascertained that the Chotts Rharsa and Melvir were sufficiently depressed to admit of submergence. Should this great work be ever accomplished, the fine oases of the Souf would be converted into islands, since the lowest of them, Debila, is nearly two hundred feet above the sea-level. The engineering problem seems thus to be answered in the affirmative, and, should the report of Captain Roudaire be favorably received, we doubt not an early attempt to accomplish the work will be made.

Of the many papers read before the American Association at their late meeting at Detroit, that by Professor Riley on "Locusts as Food for Man" deserves special mention. From a brief report, we condense as follows: Before recounting his own experience, the writer refers to certain historic records as supporting his—the affirmative—side of the question. Among the Nineveh sculptures in the British Museum are representations of men carrying various meats to a festival, including locusts tied to sticks. In Leviticus and elsewhere in the Bible, the locust is classed as a clean meat fit for man's food. Herodotus names an Ethiopian tribe which fed on locusts, and Livingstone confirms the statement. In Morocco, where the insect appears in such numbers as to threaten the crops, they are killed and eaten, and roasted locusts are to be found for sale in the markets of Tangiers and other cities. The Jews of Morocco regard the markings under the thorax of the female locust as Hebrew characters, placed there to indicate that the food is clean, and thus a preference is given to the females—not altogether a vain superstition, we would say, since it creates a demand for the mother-locusts, and thus checks an undue multiplication of the pest. It is also said that many tribes of American Indians make use of this food.

Regarding the methods by which the locust is rendered palatable, we learn that those of the Old World being large are easily prepared by first detaching their wings and legs, and then roasting, boiling, broiling, frying, or stewing them. The Romans are said to have roasted them to a bright-golden yellow. In Russia they are salted and smoked, and the Hebrews of Morocco use the salted insect as an ingredient of a mixed dish, which is cooked on Friday and eaten cold on the Sabbath—à la Boston baked beans. With such established records and worthy precedents in mind, it is not surprising that so wise and enthusiastic an entomologist as Professor Riley, since he knew every thing else about locusts, should wish to know their flavor, and this zeal becomes the more worthy when it is remembered that, as an incident to the meal, the learned epicure might discover the final remedy for exterminating the pest—that is, to eat them as they do in Morocco. Be the motive what it may—and we doubt not it was a wise one—the result was that he found the flavor of the cooked insect, prepared in almost any of the methods described, quite agreeable. Fried or roasted in nothing but their own oil, they had a pleasant, nutty flavor, peculiar but agreeable. All the more credit is due the professor from the fact that, owing to a prejudice begotten of ignorance, the cook and servants deserted the kitchen, leaving the naturalists masters of the turning-fork and griddle. "But," says the report, "the savory messes they concocted converted the kitchen, and cooks and guests alike agreed upon the excellence of the soups, fricassees, and fritters, which were materially composed

of locusts." In spite of the character of the last dish mentioned, it is evident that the naturalists did not "fritter" away their time in a vain endeavor, but made of their meal a scientific and a culinary success. Though prompted to review this paper in a semi-serious spirit, it is evident that the service rendered by Professor Riley is no mean one. We all have been taught to commend the bravery of the man who ate the first oyster, and yet we may now search the world over for him who would not gladly take a second. So may it prove with the locust; and, instead of the truly pathetic appeals for food which recently came to us from the locust-invaded districts, may we not yet receive during the time of the next invasion equally urgent invitations to come out and share with our Western friends in that royal and well-authenticated repast, "locusts and wild-honey?"

WE recently directed attention to the fact that a severe case of blood-poisoning had been reported in England, the cause of which was proved to be a hat-band which had been colored by some poisonous dye. It appears that this incident has given rise to a more extended investigation as to the constitution of many of the more-commonly-used dyes. That green wall-paper acts injuriously upon the health of those occupying rooms hung with it, seems to have been clearly proved. It has now been ascertained that many blue papers have also arsenic in the composition of the dyes used. The recent introduction and extended use of colored or striped stockings, and the evil effects experienced by the wearers of them, have served to direct the attention of the physician and analyst to the question of the dyes used in coloring them. The *Pull Mall Gazette*, in noticing the evil effects of wearing colored hose, cites several instances where the first symptoms were intense irritation in the skin of the feet, swelling, and an inflamed appearance; then an outbreak of watery blisters of all sizes, from groups of the size of hemp-seed to single blisters on the sole of the foot larger than a five-shilling piece. This condition was accompanied by general feverishness, rigors, loss of appetite, and a sensation of pervading *malaise*. In a severe attack the patient was rarely able to walk for three weeks, and after one attack passed off it was often followed by another of a milder type. In one case a gentleman was obliged to wear cloth shoes for upward of eight months, and with other patients the system has been so impregnated with the poison that blisters have reappeared at intervals, not only on the feet, but on the hands, ears, etc., for more than three years. There was no doubt as to the cause and method of this blood-poisoning, for the blisters first came in stripes corresponding to the colored stripes of the stockings, and the laundresses complained of the irritation and inflamed condition of their hands after washing these poisonous articles. A Scotch lady who suffered from a like cause brought a successful suit against the firm which supplied her with the goods, and it was formally announced by them that henceforth the use of arsenic in the composition of the dyes would be discontinued. Although having no wish to appear as "alarmists," yet it is evident that the occasion is one calling for watchful care on the part of both purchaser and manufacturer. As we have suggested above, these facts are worthy of special consideration at present. For, while the fashion of wearing striped stockings will, without doubt, soon be confined to gentlemen alone, yet the use by them of questionable colors may result in the disastrous effects above described.

DR. HENRY G. PIFFARD, of New York, contributes to the *Medical Record*, July 10th, a valuable paper on "The Diffraction Spectra of Colored Fluids," in which the writer not only presents, in a forcible manner, the advantages of the diffraction grating over the prism in spectrum analysis, but also, by the aid of a simple formula, shows how the wavelength corresponding to any line may be readily and accurately determined. Those familiar with the spectroscope and its uses will readily recognize the value of any simple method for obtaining a mathematical expression for any or all of the lines of the spectrum under examination. In addition to the statement and practical application of this formula, Dr. Piffard devotes special attention to a discussion of the relative value of the two methods of analysis, together with brief reference to the several forms of diffraction gratings. Experience has unquestionably demonstrated the fact that in chemistry the service of the spectroscope will be mainly confined to the examination and comparison of absorption spectra, and hence any contribution to this branch of knowledge can but be of great significance and value, and from the fact that the writer, whose work we have noticed, speaks from actual and careful personal observation, his suggestions merit, and will doubtless receive, special attention.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

ON the occasion of the celebration in New York, August 28th, of the one hundred and twenty-sixth anniversary of the birth of Goethe, a poem of great beauty and force was read by Mr. Bayard Taylor. As many of our readers may desire to preserve this production in a more permanent form than can be afforded by a morning newspaper, we reproduce it here:

I.

Whose voice shall so invade the spheres
That, ere it die, the Master hears?
Whose arm is now so strong
To fling the votive garland of a song,
That some fresh odor of a world he knew
With large enjoyment, and may yet
Not utterly forget,
Shall reach his place, and whisper whence it
grew?
Dare we invoke him, that he pause
On trails divine of unimagined laws,
And bend the luminous eyes
Experience could not dim, nor Fate surprise,
On these late honors, where we fondly seem,
Him thus exalting, like him to aspire,
And reach, in our desire,
The triumph of his toil, the beauty of his dream!

II.

God moulds no second poet from the clay
Time once hath cut in marble: when, at last,
The veil is plucked away,
We see no face familiar to the Past.
New mixtures of the elements,
And fresh espousals of the soul and sense,
At first disguise
The un conjectured Genius to our eyes,
Till self-nursed faith and self-encouraged power
Win the despotic hour
That bids our doubting race accept and recognize!

III.

Ah, who shall say what cloud of disregard,
Cast by the savage ancient fame
Of some forgotten name,
Mantled the Chlan bard?

He walked beside the strong, prophetic sea,
Indifferent as itself, and nobly free;
While roll of waves and rhythmic sound of oars
Along Ionian shores,
To Troy's high story chimed in undertone,
And gave his song the accent of their own!
What classic ghost severe was summoned up
To threaten Dante, when the bitter bread
Of exile on his board was spread,
The bitter wine of bounty filled his cup?
We need not ask; the unpropitious years,
The hate of Gneif, the lordly sneers
Of Della Scala's court, the Roman ban,
Were but as eddying dust
To his firm-centred trust;
For through that air without a star
Burned one unwavering beacon from afar,
That kept him, his, and ours, the stern, immortal
man!
What courtier, stuffed with smooth, accepted lore
Of Song's patrician line,
But shrugged his velvet shoulders all the more,
And heard with bland, indulgent face,
As who bestows a grace,
The homely phrase that Shakespeare made di-
vine?
So, now, the dainty souls that crave
Light stepping-stones across a shallow wave,
Shrink from the deeps of Goethe's soundless song!
So, now, the weak, imperfect fire
That knows but half of passion and desire
Betrays itself to do the Master wrong;
Turns, dazzled by his white, uncolored glow,
And deems his sevenfold heat the wintry flash of
snow!

IV.

Fate, like a grudging child,
Herself once reconciled
To power by loss, by suffering to fame;
Weighing the Poet's name
With blindness, exile, want, and aims denied;
Or let faint spirits perish in their pride;
Or gave her justice when its need had died;
But as if weary she
Of struggle crowned by victory,
Him with the largest of her gifts she tried!
Proud beauty to the boy she gave:
A lip that bubbled song, yet lured the bee;
An eye of light, a forehead pure and free;
Strength as of streams, and grace as of the
wave!
Round him the morning air
Of life she charmed, and made his pathway fair;
Lent Love her lightest chain,
That laid no bondage on the haughty brain,
And cheapened honors with a new disdain:
Kept, through the shocks of Time,
For him the haven of a peace sublime,
And let his sight forerun
The sown achievement, to the harvest won!

V.

But Fortune's darling stood unspooled:
Caressing Love and Pleasure,
He let not go the imperishable treasure:
He thought and sported; caroled free, and
tolled;
He stretched wide arms to clasp the joy of Earth,
But delved in every field
Of knowledge, conquering all clear worth
Of action, that ennobs through the sense
Of wholly-used intelligence:
From loftiest pinnacles, that shone revealed
In pure poetic ether, he could bend
To win the little store
Of humblest Labor's lore,
And give each face of Life the greeting of a friend!
He taught, and governed—knew the thankless
days
Of service and dispraise;
He followed Science on her stony ways;
He turned from princely state, to heed
The single nature's need,
And, through the chill of hostile years,
Never unlearned the noble shame of tears!
Faced by fulfilled Ideals, he aspired
To win the perished secret of their grace—
To dower the earnest children of a race
Till never tamed, nor acquisition tired
With Freedom born of Beauty—and for them
His Titan soul combined
The passions of the mind,

Which blood and time so long had held apart,
Till the white blossom of the Grecian Art
The world saw shine once more, upon a Gothic
stem!

VI.

His measure would we mete?
It is a sea that murmurs at our feet.
Wait, first, upon the strand:
A far shore glimmers—"knowest thou the
land?"
Whence these gay flowers that breathe beside
the water?
Ask thou the Erl-King's daughter!
It is no cloud that darkens thus the shore:
Faust on his mantle passes o'er.
The water roars, the water heaves,
The trembling waves divide:
A shape of beauty, rising, cleaves
The green translucent tide.
The shape is a charm, the voice is a spell;
We yield, and dip in the gentle swell.
Then billowy arms our limbs entwine,
And, chill as the hidden heat of wine,
We meet the shock of the sturdy brine;
And we feel, beneath the surface-flow,
The tug of the powerful undertow,
That ceaselessly gathers and sweeps
To broader surges and darker deeps;
Till, faint and breathless, we can but float
Idly, and listen to many a note
From horns of the Tritons flung afar;
And see, on the watery rim,
The circling Dorides swim,
And Cypris, poised on her dove-drawn car!
Torn from the deepest caves,
Sea-blooms brighten the waves:
The breaker throws pearls on the sand,
And inlets pierce to the heart of the land,
Winding by dorf and mill,
Where the shores are green and the waters still,
And the force, but now so wild,
Mirrors the maiden and sports with the child!
Spent from the sea, we gain its brink,
With soul aroused and limbs aflame:
Half are we drawn, and half we sink,
But rise no more the same.

VII.

O meadows threaded by the silver Main!
O Saxon hills of pine,
Witch-haunted Hartz, and thou,
Deep vale of Immenau!
Ye know your poet; and not only ye:
The purple Tyrrhene Sea
Not murmurs Virgil less, but him the more;
The Lar of haughty Rome
Gave the high guest a home:
He dwells with Tasso on Sorrento's shore!
The dewy wild-rose of his German lays,
Beside the classic cyclamen;
In many a Sabine glen,
Sweetens the calm Italian days.
But pass the hoary ridge of Lebanon
To where the sacred sun
Beams on Schiráz; and lo! before the gates,
Goethe, the heir of Hafiz, waits.
Know ye the turbaned brow, the Persian guise,
The bearded lips, the deep yet laughing eyes?
A cadence strange and strong
Fills each voluptuous song,
And kindles energy from old repose;
Even as first, amid the throes
Of the unquiet West,
He breathed repose to heal the old unrest!

VIII.

Dear is the Minstrel, yet the Man is more;
But should I turn the pages of his brain,
The lighter muscle of my verse would strain
And break beneath his lore.
How charge with music powers so vast and free,
Save one be great as he?
Behold him, as ye jostle with the throng
Through narrow ways, that do your beings
wrought—
Self-chosen lanes, wherein ye press
In louder Storm and Stress,
Passing the lesser bounty by
Because the greater seems too high,
And that sublimest joy forego,
To seek, aspire, and know!
Behold in him, since our strong line began,
The first full-statured man!

Dear is the Minstrel, even to hearts of prose;
But he who sets all aspiration free
Is dearer to humanity.
Still through our age the shadowy Leader goes;
Still whispers cheer, or waves his warning sign;
The man who, most of men,
Heeded the parable from lips divine,
And made one talent ten!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

MR. LATOUCHE, from whose "Travels in Portugal" we have already quoted several times, tells us something of a general faith among the Portuguese in hidden treasures:

It is hardly to be believed with what childish credulity stories of hidden treasures are told and accepted in all parts of Portugal. There is more time and labor wasted in searching for imaginary concealed riches than would earn real wealth if properly directed. Some small foundation, indeed, for this general credulity exists in the hoarding propensities necessarily produced in former times of insecurity and danger; and one or two well-attested instances of the discovery of hidden treasure have come to my own knowledge. An English merchant having occasion to make some repairs in a house rented by him, in or near the town of Regoa, the workmen, either in pulling down a wall or in taking up a floor, came upon a receptacle containing about two hundred millreis, in gold and silver coin—about forty or fifty pounds. A goldsmith of Viseu told me that the garden-wall of a neighbor threatening to fall, it was ordered to be pulled down; and that on one very heavy stone in it being removed, an earthen pot was laid bare in a little hollow behind where it had stood, and in this pot were found no less than seven golden moldores! These discoveries were not magnificent ones, and it is not likely that the few which now and again are made, are more so; but they serve to keep up the prevailing appetite for treasure-seeking.

There has always prevailed a belief that an immense treasure was hidden away—I have never heard under what circumstances—in the uninhabited royal palace of Queluz, near Lisbon; and ineffectual efforts have from time to time been made to find it. A few years ago, great interest was suddenly created by the announcement that an old sergeant of artillery had sent, on his death-bed, for a high officer of the court, and had confided to him that he—the sergeant—was the sole survivor of the party which had been intrusted with the concealment of the treasure in question. He then proceeded to describe accurately the situation in which it was to be found. There was, as may be imagined, prodigious excitement among the lords and ladies of the court; and, on a certain day, a large party of them went to the deserted palace. The particular plank designated by the sergeant, in the particular room which he mentioned, was found. The workmen brought for the purpose forced it up with their tools, and between it and the ceiling below was found a space, in which there was—nothing at all! Then more planks were pulled up, then the floors of other rooms, then holes were made in likely-looking places in the walls; but still no treasure, and the courtly party had to return without it: but the palace of Queluz has been left in a state the reverse of what is known to lawyers as "tenantable repair."

Another instance of credulity is of so astounding a nature that, if I had not heard the account on unexceptional authority, I should not venture to relate it. In the city of Oporto, a society or club has been formed, for the sole

purpose of seeking for the hiding-place of a fabulously large diamond, concealed, under I know not what circumstances, either in the city or in its near neighborhood. I am ignorant of the rules and regulations of this club—whether the entrance is heavy, the subscription high, or how many black-balls exclude. I should imagine that the search for a single gem, among the streets, and squares, and suburbs, of a large city, must be very much like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay; nor do I well see how such a search could be set about without exciting comment and suspicion. I presume the members perambulate each other's gardens after nightfall with dark-lanterns. They must, of a truth, be men of a solemn and earnest temperament if they can meet together and preserve their gravity. Perhaps the club is broken up now, and for this very reason, and that *solvuntur risu tabulae*, they could not look each other in the face without laughing.

I am not aware that the belief of the members of the Diamond Club in the hidden stone rests upon any thing resembling evidence, or upon any thing at all, except the fact that a great number of fine gems, particularly diamonds, do exist in the country. The Portuguese obtained many precious stones of great value from India during the palmy days of their connection with that country; and more still, chiefly diamonds, from their Brazilian dependencies. I have seen, at evening parties in Lisbon and Oporto, a far greater show of good diamonds than would be seen, on similar occasions, in London or Paris; the stones, indeed, mostly ill-cut and ill-set, but representing an immense money value.

Or music and the theatre in Germany the author of "German Home-Life" writes the following:

Among the amusements of German life that bore, the so-called "musical party" is unknown. People who love music come together; they play their trios or quartets; sing their duos and solos, madrigals and glees; stop, take this or that passage over again; discuss the composer's intention; try it one way and another, enjoy it, and pass on to fresh enjoyments. There is no yawning audience bored to death in the background, longing to talk; guilty, perhaps, of that indiscretion, to the fury or despair of the performer, and the mute misery of the hostess. There is no "showing off" and forced acclamations, no grimace, and no vanity in the German evening. These lovers of music meet together with the reverence and simplicity of primitive Christians reading the legacies of the evangelists; and, having interpreted their beloved masters to the best of their abilities, go their quiet way rejoicing. Of the absurdity of gathering a crowd of unmusical people together, calling it a "musical party," and paying a professional person to bore the assembly, the sincere German mind is, happily, incapable.

After these open-air concerts you have the theatre. With us the flare of the foot-lights

always smacks somewhat of dissipation. To have been often to the theatre seems to savor of frivolity, perhaps even of extravagance. They manage these things better in Germany, where theatre-going enters as much into the daily existence of men and women as the meals they eat and the clothes they wear. The drama is regarded seriously; the stage is not looked upon merely as a source of amusement; it is treated as a potent means of education, moral as well as intellectual. Princes of the smaller states are princely in their support of the drama: the Ministry for Public Instruction votes its yearly sum, and the grand-duke adds his munificent contribution; as Goethe says, German culture owes more to the liberality and generous encouragement of the little, despised, so-called "tin-pot" state governments than she is ever likely to owe to the more distant imperial sympathies of a united Fatherland. Had Dresden, Weimar, Hanover, Stuttgart, and Brunswick, been only provincial towns, surely results would have been far different from what they are.

According to the terms of your *abonnement* you will be able to go more or less frequently to the theatre. Generally a lady will arrange to have her *fautouil* on the same night with, and in the immediate vicinity of, friends. Men are not allowed in the dress-circle, nor women in the stalls, which are devoted to the ubiquitous military. Officers obtain their *abonnement* under specially favorable conditions, and are free to come and go without worry from box-keepers or seat-guardians. It is the correct thing for them to put in an appearance for an hour or so during the evening. If his royal highness be there he is better pleased to see the parterre of his pleasure-house filled with gay uniforms. Should the play weary or the ballet bore him, he can look down with pride on his gallant little army, and think what fine fellows it is composed of. Next to the royal box is the *Fremdenloge*, generally occupied by distinguished strangers passing through the town. The names and titles of its occupants will be duly chronicled in to-morrow's *Anzeige*. You are at liberty to sell your ticket of *abonnement* should other engagements prevent your availing yourself of it. The agent will charge you a small commission for conducting the transaction. A lady goes to the theatre with her maid or a friend, and, without any impropriety, returns after the same simple fashion. The performances will begin at half-past six or seven at latest, and she will be at home again by nine or sooner. In the theatre, as in the coffee-garden, strict division of the sexes. In larger towns, where the passing through of many travelers makes the local laws less stringent, it is not unusual to see men and women sitting together, but they are almost invariably strangers and pilgrims. Birds of passage enjoy a freedom in such particulars that the *Einheimischen* cannot boast; and it is all these easy privileges, these rational, inexpensive, and early amusements, that make a residence in Germany so charming to English people of intelligence but small means.

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[VOL. XIV.

THE VERPLANCK HOMESTEAD.

ABOUT two miles northeast of the railway-station at Fishkill, on the Hudson, stands the old Verplanck Homestead, one of the precious landmarks of our history. It stands some half a mile from the river's edge, and is surrounded by extensive gardens,

withal that the least sound has a startling ring, and is easily magnified by the imagination into a savage war-whoop.

The house is of the Dutch style of architecture, built of stone and wood, one and a half story high, with dormer-windows. It

ably the oldest—in the State of New York. In 1682 Gulian Verplanck and Francis Rombouts obtained a deed from the Indians of seventy-six thousand acres of land in this vicinity. It was described as extending back into the woods from the river, "four hours



THE VERPLANCK HOMESTEAD, FISHKILL, ON THE HUDSON.

handsome lawns, and broad, green fields dotted with clumps of stately trees. The whole has the appearance of an English park. To the south is a patch of the primeval forest, dense enough to ambush a whole tribe of the original lords of the property, and so silent

has a broad, sheltering piazza on both the east and west fronts (which are fashioned to match), covered by a continuation of the house-roof. It is approached by a private avenue from the main road on the east.

It is one of the oldest homesteads—prob-

ably the oldest—in the State of New York. A patent was issued by Governor Dongan, but, Mr. Verplanck dying in the mean time, Hon. Stephanus Van Cortlandt was joined with Rombouts and Jacob Ship as the representatives of the Verplanck heirs. In the subsequent

division of the estate the homestead fell to the children of Mr. Verplanck, and has ever since been in the family.

The house has been carefully preserved, with all its antique peculiarities. During the Revolution it was the scene of many an interesting episode. In 1778 General Lafayette was for some time dangerously sick there with a fever, and was attended by Dr. John Cochran. During his convalescence he was visited by Dr. Thatcher, who says, in his journal, that he was received by the marquis "in a polite and affable manner." Long before then wheat had been shipped from this place to France and exchanged for pure wine, with which the vaults of the mansion were well stocked, and it was cordially bestowed upon the young nobleman and his friends. Dr. Thatcher describes Lafayette as elegant in figure, with an "interesting face of perfect symmetry, and a fine, animated, hazel eye."

It was the headquarters of Baron Steuben, the celebrated Prussian disciplinarian, at the same time that Washington was in Newburg, on the opposite shore of the Hudson. It was during that most trying period of the Revolution, the year of inactivity of Congress, of distress all over the country, and of complaint, discontent, and almost revolt, among officers and soldiers throughout the army. Barracks extended along the line of the road south of Fishkill village for a mile and a half, beyond which there were a few log-houses, where it was said the soldiers were sent to hide when their clothes could be mended no longer and actually fell off them.

There is a cozy room opening from the great dining-room of the Verplanck Homestead, which the baron used for his library. The antique shelves remain, and the decorations are all of the century gone. One day Washington, Knox, Hamilton, and Morris, had been dining with the baron, and retired to this apartment for a confidential wail over the miserable state of the treasury. Morris was complaining bitterly.

"Are you not a financier? why do you not continue to create funds?" said the baron.

"I have done all I can; it is impossible to do more," replied Morris.

"But you still remain financier without finances?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I do not think you are so honest a man as my cook. He came to me one day and said: 'Baron, you have nothing to cook but a piece of lean beef which is hung up by a string before the fire. Your negro wagoner can turn the string as well as I; you have promised me ten dollars a month, but, as you have nothing to cook, I wish to be discharged and no longer be chargeable to you.' That was an honest fellow, Morris."

Marquis de Chastellux, a member of the French Academy, who came to America as a major-general with Count de Rochambeau, spent some days with the baron at the Verplanck homestead. Mabois, the distinguished Secretary of Legation from France, was also for a short time the baron's guest at this place, and spoke in his letters of the military precision with which every dish was served at table.

It was under this slanting roof that the idea first found expression which was proposed by Colonel Nicola, on behalf of himself and others, to Washington at Newburg, that he (Washington) should be made King of the United States, for the "national advantage!" It is said that Washington was astonished and grieved, and severely reprimanded Nicola for entertaining such a thought for an instant.

Here, too, the celebrated Society of the Cincinnati was organized. The meeting took place on the 18th of May, 1788, in the square room to the north of the broad hall which runs through the house. Baron Steuben, as the senior officer, presided, and his chair was placed between the two windows which appear at the left hand of the door in the sketch. The society originated in the mind of General Knox, its object being to cement and perpetuate the friendship of its founders, and transmit the same sentiment to their descendants. Washington was made its first president, and officiated until his death.

The chairs used on this memorable occasion are still preserved. Some of them are of wood, and may be seen upon the veranda of the house. Other articles of furniture, rendered priceless through contact with illustrious men, are cherished with tender reverence. A mahogany side-board, dark as ebony from years, stands in the same corner of the dining-room which it has occupied for a century. It seems invested with tongues, and harrows the visitor's mind with the eloquence, wit, learning, magnetic genius, and cultivated wisdom of that by-gone and golden period.

The new part of the mansion, of which the sketch reveals a corner to the left, has been in existence about seventy years. The drawing-room is a model of elegance and good taste in its appointments, and contains, among other relics, some fine specimens of cut-glass ornaments from the "Old Walton House" before it was dismantled; also some antique vases of great beauty, and an easy-chair of Walton memory. Another heirloom is an arm-chair of Bishop Berkeley.

The Verplanck family are one of the oldest and most honorable of the New York families of Holland origin. Every generation, since the old Indian sachem Sakoraghuok signed the deed by which he and his tribe parted with their hunting-grounds, has had its good and gifted men. Judge Daniel Crommelin Verplanck was, for many years, a member of Congress; his city home was a large, yellow mansion standing on the spot in Wall Street where the Assay-Office has since been built. He was a gentleman of great intelligence and force of character. He married the daughter of Dr. Johnson, the first president of Columbia College.

His father was Samuel Verplanck, who was betrothed to his cousin, Judith Crommelin, when seven years of age. She was the daughter of a wealthy banker of the Huguenot stock in Amsterdam. When the young man was of the proper age he was sent to make the tour of Europe and bring home his bride. He was married in the banker's great stone house, the doors opening from the wide mar-

ble entrance-hall upon a fair Dutch garden. The counting-room was upon one side of the passage and the drawing-room, bright with gilding, upon the other. The lady was particularly accomplished, and versed, not only in the several modern languages, but in Greek and Latin, speaking the latter fluently.

It was this lady who, in her beautiful old age, trained her grandson Gulian, so well known to New York political and social life, and to all lovers of Shakespeare, to love books and study. She taught him, when a mere babe, to declaim passages from Latin authors, standing on a table, and rewarded him with hot pound-cake. It is said that she used to put sugar-plums near his bedside, to be at hand in case he should awake and take a fancy to repeat his lessons in the night. The boy was a born scholar. He took to books as other boys take to marbles. He entered Columbia College at eleven. The tradition is that he studied Greek lying flat on the floor, with his thumb in his mouth, and the fingers of the other hand employed in twisting a lock of the brown hair on his forehead.

He rose to eminence in the law, in politics, and in literature. He served in the State Legislature, and was sent to Congress. One of his chief acts while in the councils of the nation was to secure the passage of a bill (in 1831) for the additional security of literary property. In 1834 he was the Whig candidate for the mayoralty of the city, but Cornelius W. Lawrence, the Democratic candidate, was elected by about two hundred majority. In 1855 he was made Vice-Chancellor of the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York. He was also one of the six gentlemen, "of the very highest character," who formed the Board of Commissioners of Emigration charged with the oversight and care of the vast influx of strangers from the Old World. It took eight years for this board (which was at that time wholly free from party influences) to obtain the privilege of a special landing-place for immigrants. But finally a grant from the Legislature enabled them to lease Castle Garden for this purpose. Mr. Verplanck ministered to the public welfare in innumerable ways. He was a trustee of the Society Library, one of the wardens of Trinity Church, one of the governors of the New York Hospital, one of the most active members of the New York Historical Society, and one of the trustees of the Public School Society. He was an author of no little distinction—some of his legal writings are among the most elaborate, learned, and exhaustive that have ever been produced in America—and was editor of one of the best editions of Shakespeare printed in this country.

He spent his summers in the old homestead, and it was here that many of his finest literary conceptions saw the light. He entertained generously, and most of the celebrities of his day were, from time to time, invited to this lovely retreat.

Few houses are hallowed by more varied or charming associations than the Verplanck Homestead on the Hudson.

MARTHA J. LAMB.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER XIII.

A REVELATION.

JOANNA went at once to her own little room. She wished to be alone; but she did not wish to think about Mr. Hendall, nor what he had said, nor how he had looked; she was afraid, she knew not wherefore: so she took a pin from her toilet-cushion, and, fastening her treasured picture to the wall, she sat down in front of it, her hands clasping her knees, her dainty, fresh, and piquant face upturned—a pleasing picture herself, had any one been by to see.

But there was no spell in "The Bluebird's Nest" to bar all thought of Arthur Hendall, and Joanna really did not see the picture upon which her eyes were fixed as she sat pondering in her very young head the distressing question, Had she been cruel and disdainful in rejecting the picture-frame, or had she acted—commendably? It was a question to be decided by herself alone, for she wouldn't have Pamela know her thoughts—how very, very silly they would appear to the wise Pamela! Joanna, pressing her hands against her burning cheeks, wished Pamela were not so wise, or that she herself were wiser, for what did ail her silly, fluttering heart, she could not tell.

And then the door opened abruptly, and Miss Basil looked in with a much-perturbed countenance.

"Mercy preserve us, child!" she exclaimed, in a tremulous voice that matched her anxious face, "what are you doing there? I've knocked and knocked! Mrs. Basil has sent for you."

"O Pamela!" cried Joanna, starting up in dire confusion. "I—I was contemplating this picture. See, 'Mela, is it not beautiful?"

Miss Basil hardly vouchsafed it a glance. Could she have surmised what a confession Joanna had to make about that bit of cardboard, she would not, it is true, have regarded the picture more favorably, but she certainly could not have looked upon it so indifferently. "Looking at pictures is an idle waste of time," said she, coldly, "excusable only in children. I never could see any good of them; but if you must stick that painted box-top up there, don't waste your time gazing on it."

"Box-top!" gasped Joanna, indignant. "Pamela"—she had opened her lips thus far with a desperate resolve to let her inappreciative cousin know what a price had been paid for that "box-top;" but Miss Basil, unconscious of what she did, checked the revelation with the curt words:

"No time, now, for one of your arguments, Joanna. Make yourself nice—it is Mrs. Basil's wish—and go down to her immediately."

"Nice" was Miss Basil's idea of full dress. As soon as she had delivered this command, she shut the door, and Joanna was left alone with her "feelings." Between the indignation excited by the ignominious misnomer applied to her treasure, and the surprise caused by "the grandmama's" unexpected summons, she was in a state of excitement that interfered sadly with the performance of her toilet. She put on a fresh muslin in trembling haste, tied a ribbon around her refractory locks; then, unable to adjust her collar to her satisfaction, she ran to Miss Basil's room to ask for aid.

The door of Miss Basil's room was ajar, and Joanna was arrested on the threshold by the sight of her cousin, in her best dress—a plain, somewhat worn black silk—saying her prayers in her accustomed corner.

Joanna shook with a superstitious thrill. The sight of Miss Basil saying her prayers after nightfall, or before the dawn, was not alarming; but "something dreadful must surely be going to happen," she thought, "when Pamela takes time to dress up and say her prayers in broad daylight." But Joanna did not tremble long at the sight. "I dare say," was her sober, second thought, "she is only praying that I may be relieved from the bonds of vanity and presumption; that's the way she characterizes me." So she pinned her collar as best she could, and went down-stairs.

In the hall she met young Hendall. Nothing was further from this young man's wishes, so he assured himself, than to engage the little Joanna's artless affections; yet her little airs of distance and reserve wounded his vanity far more than the studied slights of any young belle with whom he could wage an equal warfare.

"Stay, stay, Joanna!" he cried, stretching out his hands to bar her progress. "Stay one moment; I—"

"But, indeed, Mr. Hendall, you must not detain me," said Joanna, shrinking away. "The grandmamma has sent for me."

"My aunt!" exclaimed Arthur, dropping his hands and recoiling. "Why has she sent for you?"

"Is it a strange thing that she should send for me?" said Joanna, with rather a lofty air. "I assure you, she often does." But she blushed when she said this, for, though it was true that Mrs. Basil, upon one trifling pretext or another, did often send for her husband's granddaughter, she had never before accompanied her summons by any message relative to dress, and Joanna could not escape the conviction that the injunction to make herself nice augured something of importance to herself—perhaps the long-desired introduction to society.

"Joanna!" exclaimed Arthur, impetuously, seizing her hands, and speaking in an excited whisper, "if my aunt—that is, if you—if your feelings—if—"

Joanna heard him, her eyes growing larger and larger, and her breath coming quicker and quicker, until the sound of a man's step in the room across the hall interrupted this incoherent speech. Arthur dropped her hands abruptly, and she, with surprise in voice and manner, said:

"I do not understand you, Mr. Hendall."

"It is nothing," Arthur said, turning away hurriedly, and muttering to himself that he was a fool; and Joanna, after a moment of bewildered hesitation, passed on her way, in a strange flutter at the thought that possibly Mr. Hendall was in some way concerned in "the grandmama's" message.

Mrs. Basil was in the sitting-room, which now was made to serve all the purposes of a parlor. A cheerless apartment it was—a dingy carpet was on the floor, worn, old-fashioned pieces of furniture stood at decorous right angles in their fixed places, and the severe old family-portraits frowned on the sober-colored walls. There was nothing bright to be seen here, except the honeysuckle and the sunshine at the open window.

Near this window Mrs. Basil was seated in a sort of state—her draperies disposed with care, her ivory-headed staff beside her, her dainty hands folded in her lap, and an expression of studied blandness enthroned upon her countenance.

Opposite her stood, or rather moved, a young man, tall, vigorous, sunburned, with brown hair and beard, and large blue eyes. His face lacked the perfect contour and delicate finish that distinguished young Hendall's; but it was, nevertheless, a pleasing face, at once expressive of strength and tenderness.

"Twelve years is a long time in the life of a man of twenty-eight," he was saying, as Joanna entered; "and—" but, looking up, with a sort of restless expectancy, instead of finishing his sentence, he started abruptly toward her.

Joanna recognized, instantly, the gentleman she had seen at Carter's, and, thinking that he might be one of Mrs. Basil's numerous relations, and remembering how ready that Miss Ruffner had always been to report her misdoing, she quickly decided that the object of his visit must be to reveal the extravagance of which she had been guilty. Her first impulse was to run away; but, as she stood a moment, hesitating, the stranger, advancing, held out his large, shapely hand, and said, with a kindly smile:

"The little Joanna, I know. But she hardly remembers me, I fear."

"Oh, yes," answered Joanna, who, having conquered her cowardly wish to flee, was now ready to encounter, with her usual straightforward courage, whatever this unlooked-for visit might portend. "It is not so very long since we met."

"It is longer than you can realize, child," said Mrs. Basil, indulgently. "This is Mr. Basil Redmond, Joanna, your grandfather's kinsman and namesake. It is some years since he left us; yet I suppose you must remember him, as we all do."

She made this assertion with a confident air, as though she defied contradiction.

Basil Redmond's arrival had followed so closely upon the hint of his coming, that there had been no time to prepare for the kind of reception Mrs. Basil had desired to give him. She had, it is true, essayed without delay the task of breaking the momentous tidings to Miss Basil—a task not to be undertaken, she felt, without some trepida-

* *Revised*, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

tion. For now that Basil Redmond had become of importance to herself, though twelve years had gone by, she could estimate something of the agony of mind poor Miss Basil had suffered at the time of his departure.

When once her own personal interest was touched, Mrs. Basil was not incapable of sympathy; and, having to announce young Redmond's expected return, it struck her as a strangely painful fact that, during all the years of his absence, Miss Basil had never alluded to him in any way. But if Miss Basil's rigid silence in regard to the young man struck Mrs. Basil as something strange, she thought it stranger still when she found that Miss Basil was well informed about his movements. When Mrs. Basil, anxious to avoid a scene, having with careful diplomacy paved the way for disclosure, and almost trembling in anticipation of the effect her news must produce, announced that Basil Redmond might return to Middleborough any day, Miss Basil replied, composedly:

"Yes; he will be here to see me to-morrow."

Not another word on the subject did Miss Basil vouchsafe; and the self-respect of a Hendall forbade Mrs. Basil to give expression to the curiosity she felt.

But, when young Redmond came, his first demand was to see Mrs. Basil herself; and she, having been all her life a stickler for precedence, found herself regarding him now with some warmth of feeling. She would fain have had him believe that his name had been fondly remembered by the household of Basilwood; Joanna's manner, in spite of her statement that it had not been so very long since they had met, seemed to disprove this.

"She *has* forgotten me," Redmond said, with a sigh. "It is not strange; she was so very young when I left here, and I have been away, you remember, rather more than twelve years."

"And you are a kinsman?" said Joanna, giving him her hand, rather shyly.

"Oh, yes," he said; "I am a kinsman; but, indeed, I do not know what our relationship is exactly, not being good at genealogies."

This he said turning to Mrs. Basil.

"Ah, the judge, were he living, could settle that question, I fancy," said she, graciously. "But you young people don't keep up family connections so strictly as we did in old times. The judge was proud to have you bear his name; he always predicted well of you; and I am sensible that you are on the way to verify his predictions."

Her own predictions she prudently ignored.

Redmond bowed and smiled, but made no attempt to disclaim.

"But then, indeed," continued Mrs. Basil, with amiable condescension, "none of the Basils are without talent. You remember what the judge himself was in his palmy days; and our good, retiring Pamela is undeniably a woman of wonderful executive ability.—By-the-way, Joanna, child, how Pamela lingers! Is she not coming down?"

"I suppose she is," answered Joanna, naively. "She is all dressed in her black silk."

Redmond smiled; Mrs. Basil coughed; and then, happily, to fill an awkward pause, Miss Basil, "moving with a silken noise," appeared upon the scene.

There was an innate ladyhood about Miss Basil that nor care, nor poverty, nor hard work, could obliterate; but she could not receive Basil Redmond after his twelve years of absence with the stately self-possession that never forsook Mrs. Basil. Always nervous in company, she was, on this occasion, most unbecomingly agitated. Her thin lips twitched, her hands trembled, her eyes blinked painfully at the sunlight that streamed through the window; yet she seemed to put great restraint upon herself, and no other sign of emotion escaped her.

Mrs. Basil, relieved of all apprehension of a scene, looked at her, and thought that Pamela had chosen her calling wisely since *her* talents were not of a kind to render her an ornament to society. Joanna looked at her, and wondered how *Mela* could be so uncomfortable and so unhappy in her best clothes. Young Redmond alone seemed to enter into her real feelings. Hardly less agitated than herself, he ran toward her, and clasped her in his arms; and it was several seconds before either could speak.

"I am sure, I am sure that you have never forgotten me," he said, in trembling accents.

"No, my dear boy," Miss Basil answered, almost in a whisper; "that was impossible."

"And I should have known you anywhere!" he exclaimed, oblivious of every other presence. "I am sure I should—in spite of change."

Poor Miss Basil's self-command almost gave way at this. She could not say a word; she could only look at him with a strange, pathetic smile, the tears gathering in her faded eyes. Twelve years had changed her boy into a great, strong man, good to see; but *she* would not have known *him* anywhere; and she felt, sadly, in the midst of her joy, that time had defrauded her of something no future could restore.

"Oh! oh!" thought the little Joanna, jealously, "Pamela is good enough to me, surely; she never forgets to dose me when I'm sick; but she never smiles on *me* in that *devouring way*; I'm only a girl!"

Mrs. Basil rose politely. She remembered that she herself had not been unmoved by Arthur's coming, though she did hope that she had maintained a well-bred composure.

"I will retire," said she, graciously. "But, Mr. Redmond, I beg, I insist, that you consider yourself entirely at home in this house. I regard you as one of the family."

Mr. Redmond gravely bowed his thanks, and Mrs. Basil passed out of the room with the air of having performed a magnanimous action.

A silence followed. Deep feeling cannot find expression in fluent speech. The little Joanna, moved by an indefinable jealousy, had taken her seat on a low stool at Miss Basil's feet, and, bewildered by all she saw and heard, sat still in her place, casting from under her lowered brows furtive gleams of distrust at the stranger.

At last Redmond spoke:

"How very gray she is! I should not have known *her* anywhere. And yet she is not changed."

"No," Miss Basil answered. "Mrs. Basil is—just the same. And yet you asked to see her first," she added, reproachfully. "Was she so good a friend of yours in days gone by?"

"I can afford to forgive and forget the past," replied young Redmond, proudly. "And do you not understand that I could not approach you suddenly? See, we tremble still."

"But it is for joy," said Miss Basil, stretching out her hand to him. "Ah, my boy! my boy! you always had a good heart; far be it from me to embitter you." But she had not forgiven Mrs. Basil yet.

"Then we need not speak of Judge Basil's widow," Basil Redmond said, as he took her outstretched hand, "we that have so much else to talk about!"

"Yes; it is twelve long years and *five months*," said Miss Basil, with bitter emphasis. She was one of those who, after reaching the shore, "would count the billows past." But she turned her eyes upon the young man with a look that gave Joanna a jealous pang; and the poor child impulsively placed her hand upon Miss Basil's knee, as Redmond moved his chair nearer. "Pamela is mine, and I am hers," she said to herself, indignantly. "What right has he to come between us?"

Neither Miss Basil nor young Redmond divined her jealous thoughts; they forgot her presence, indeed; and Joanna, herself, presently forgot her displeasure as she listened to his story of a life in the distant West.

But not long was her jealous heart at rest; for soon, to her unutterable amazement, she learned that in some remote town of that remote, great country, in which she found it hard to believe as a reality, Pamela, *her* Pamela, once had lived! Her hand, that rested lightly upon Miss Basil's knee, nervously clutched the worn black silk; but Miss Basil was all unconscious of the touch. She was leaning forward, listening so eagerly to the stranger.

"You went back *there*?" she said, excitedly. "Oh, my boy! you did not write me of that?"

"No," young Redmond answered, quietly; "I thought it best to wait. I could tell you about that visit so much better than I could write." And he seemed to speak with peculiar significance.

"But it is years—*many* years, since I left there," said Miss Basil, turning her face away, and wringing her hands nervously. "I must be forgotten—oh, yes! quite forgotten, like a dead man, out of mind." She seemed to be talking to herself; but Redmond answered gently:

"No; there are some who remember you; one, indeed, who knows all—your story."

Miss Basil started at this, and so also did Joanna; but in Miss Basil the start was succeeded by an uncontrollable tremor, while the little Joanna's first quick thrill of unutterable surprise was followed by the rigidity of despair.

Miss Basil's face, as she leaned forward,

looking eagerly into the young man's eyes, seemed transformed by struggling thoughts and feelings, to which she dared not give utterance. She evidently wondered, yet dreaded to ask from whom he had learned her secret, and how much of it he really knew; and the little Joanna's mobile features, after one swift glance as swiftly averted, at her Pamela's altered countenance, became stony. This stranger of a day—for Joanna could not regard Basil Redmond otherwise than as a stranger—actually knew Pamela's story; and she, the child of Pamela's adoption, had never even suspected that this prim, precise, elderly, and matter-of-fact woman, who preached so strenuously against youth and its follies, *had a story!* By no word or sign had it ever been revealed to her that Miss Basil had known any other life than the daily, prosaic routine of the grandmamma's household; yet this man knew it! The little Joanna felt cruelly wronged.

"You—but no, no; you cannot know *all?*" Miss Basil said, with a vain attempt at a smile that ended in a gasp, as her relapsed figure sank back upon her chair. "It is—a thing of the past, and best forgotten."

But Joanna heard not. She had taken her hand from Miss Basil's knee, not hastily but deliberately, sorrowfully, and Pamela had not missed it! With the quick intuition of passionate sympathies, she felt that Pamela did not miss her touch; and, although the removal of her hand was, in effect, a renunciation, Joanna's resentment of this indifference was keen. "I can bear this no longer," she said to herself, as she rose abruptly and left the room, passing out upon the piazza through the open French window; and neither Miss Basil nor young Redmond heeded her departure.

CHAPTER XIV.

UNEXPECTED COMFORT.

JOANNA stepped from the piazza into the broad walk leading down between the weed-grown flower-borders to the thrifty cabbage-beds where old Thurston was resting on his hoe. With childish petulance she wreaked her vexation on the tall white lilies, snatching at them, and scattering them ruthlessly as she passed; but she who had been so ready to weep over her unsatisfactory attire, had now no tears wherewith to relieve the keen anguish she felt at the necessity of renouncing Pamela; for, to her morbidly wrought-up feelings, this seemed to be the step forced upon her by all she had heard that morning—she must renounce Pamela.

The perception that Pamela and herself were incongruous had been slowly dawning upon Joanna for some time past; but while recognizing this unwelcome truth most reluctantly, her heart had never swerved from its allegiance to her exacting cousin, in spite of many differences of opinion. There had been times, often of late, when Joanna acknowledged to herself, with sore distress, that she could never give the stolid, stoical, excellent Miss Basil the genuine confidence of her heart: struggle as she might, she could not resist this desolating conviction.

Yet Miss Basil was the one human being to whom she clung with a sort of repressed, defiant ardor of affection. Even when most at variance with her, Joanna had taken comfort in the thought that nothing could change Pamela; that to her, at least, she must always be the same unfailing, prudent, reliable counselor, if not a consoler.

It was no slight shock to discover that this reticent, unimpressible Pamela, with whom she was impatient every day, was not the Pamela she knew; not the indispensable, inalienable adjunct of quiet, humdrum old Basilwood, but a person wrapped about in mystery, who had lived in a far-away country, who had a "story," like people in books, and who had lived a different life from this in which Joanna knew her. Basil Redmond's startling revelation had destroyed for her Miss Basil's identity. She felt as though her Pamela had died and given place to some one she did not know; and poor Joanna thought remorsefully of her harsh kindness, her faithful fault-finding, her stern piety that had no sympathy with human weakness.

And yet Joanna knew that Miss Basil's vigilance and invective would continue just as heretofore. "She will retain all her rights over me," she mused, moodily; "but I shall have none over her. She has kept her life a secret from me—from *me*, as though I were nobody, and less than nothing to her! And if 'Mela doesn't care for me, who *does* care for me?"

Joanna had betaken herself to her favorite alcove, and was sitting there, staring vacantly into the garden, seeing nothing, and in her wretchedness quite unconscious of the flight of time. But at this stage of her unreasonable reflections, she chanced to turn her eyes upon the slender stem of the mimosa-tree immediately in front of the alcove, where, to her intense surprise, she beheld, freshly cut in the greenish-brown bark, her own name, JOANNA.

It was as though the tree had found a tongue and spoken to console her; and her thoughts were turned abruptly into a new and pleasant channel. At first she stared incredulously; then she rose and deliberately traced the letters with her finger, as though she would have the sense of touch corroborate the testimony of her eyes: this done, she quietly sat down again, leaning negligently forward with her hands in her lap, and contemplated the epigraph with a pleased smile, her cheeks burning with the conviction that none but Arthur could have carved it there. She did not attempt to conceal from herself that she took a supreme pleasure in the certainty that this was his work; yet she could not have told why she felt unwilling that any one should see it but herself.

How long she sat there in dreamy abstraction she did not know; the sun was burning fiercely, but she was in the pleasant shade, and a soft breeze was fanning her. But, after a time, the sound of approaching footsteps awoke in her heart a wild wish that the name staring at her so persistently would vanish. She knew that it could not be Arthur that was coming, for she had

caught sight of a black dress through the shrubbery, and she surmised that it must be the grandmamma, taking a noontide constitutional, as Dr. Garnet had lately advised. "Wait until the sun has dried the dew," said the doctor, "and then walk in the shade. Exercise! Exercise! that's the thing." So Mrs. Basil raised her second-best parasol, that was beginning to split, and went out every day, just about the hour that the garden lost its attraction for Arthur, that is to say, when Joanna herself went in-doors; for Miss Basil did not approve of the noontide sun. Knowing this, how could Joanna suppose that the ever-busy, methodical Pamela would be walking a round-about way through the garden at that hour of the day merely to see *that stranger* to the gate?

With a sudden impulse, of which she was afterward heartily ashamed, Joanna slipped the blue ribbon from her hair and tied it around the tree so as to hide the telltale name. "The grandmamma," she knew, would never stay to disturb any of her fanciful arrangements; and, having fastened the ribbon securely, she fled.

The pair approaching the alcove were too much absorbed in each other to see her. "Here," said Redmond, "is the spot where I came to study. How familiar and yet how strange it looks to me now! I had thought surely to find this little nook much more spacious. That tree, I remember, I planted with my own hands. How it has grown!"

"It has been twelve years"—Miss Basil began; but, before she could add the five months, she caught sight of the blue ribbon. "Joanna is incorrigible!" she cried, in a totally different voice. "A brand-new ribbon to be abused in this way!"

Young Redmond laughed. "Why, the child must be lonesome," said he, "to make a playmate of a tree. What an odd freak!"

"Odd freak?" repeated Miss Basil, tugging angrily at the obstinate knot in the ribbon. "Culpable extravagance, I call it! I shall never be able to make—Gracious heaven!" she interrupted herself in a voice of utter dismay, as the name in the bark stood revealed. "It is just what I expected!" she cried, vehemently. "That young Hendall—" Poor Miss Basil paused, powerless to express herself. "O Basil, don't you see? What shall I do?" Habituated though she was to self-dependence, her pleading voice and look showed unmistakably the ineffable comfort she felt in having some one to apply to in this extremity.

Her broken hints gave Basil Redmond a sufficiently clear understanding of the little pastoral comedy of which Joanna was the heroine; but what should he, a young man, know about the management of girls?

"Poor little Joanna," said he, compassionately. "Don't scold her just for a ribbon."

Perhaps, all things considered, no wiser advice could be given, yet Miss Basil, for all her unquestioning faith in "her boy," shook her head dubiously. "You don't know Joanna," she said. "A vast deal of supervision that child requires. I have striven faithfully to bring her up in the way she

should go; but she is turning out as little like me as if she had never known my care."

"Poor little Joanna," said Redmond. "She is as much a child as when I left her years ago. I knew her the moment I saw her; I felt sure it was she, though I was not expecting to see her."

"Why should you not have been expecting to see her?" Miss Basil asked, in rather an injured tone. "You knew Joanna must be with me."

"It was not here that I saw her first; it was over in the town at Carter's."

"Joanna! What was she doing at Carter's?" Miss Basil asked, incredulously.

"Why, oddly enough, she was anticipating me in a purchase I wished to make myself. I was going about reviewing the town, *incognito*, you see—and, by-the-way, not a soul I met knew me—when I was attracted by a picture in Carter's window—a picture of a bluebird's nest—that in some way reminded me of the little playmate I had left twelve years ago, and I wished to buy it for her."

"Ah!" murmured Miss Basil; she was not quite sure whether she approved or not.

"But," continued Redmond, "while I lingered over some paper I had asked to see, Joanna—my little playmate herself—came in and actually bought the very picture."

"It is not possible!" said Miss Basil, with irritation. "But it is just Joanna's way—to be wasting money on pictures; and then wasting time looking at them. I tell you, Basil, you must help me watch over Joanna for the judge's sake—he was good to you, whatever Mrs. Basil may have been."

"Let us do her justice," Redmond interrupted, quickly. "I can understand, now, what a trial I must have been to such a woman; and I think, after all, that what you call her want of forbearance had not a little to do with making a man of me."

"As if it was not in you to make a man of yourself!" remonstrated Miss Basil, proudly.

"Perhaps it was the thought of you more than any thing else," he said, affectionately. "The thought of you has influenced all my course, and saved me from many a temptation."

"It is because you have a good heart, my boy," Miss Basil said. The merit should be entirely his; she would have none of it.

"I had ever before me," continued he, "the hope of one day making your life the happier for me—you who were so good a mother to me in my motherless childhood."

"My life has always been the happier for you, Basil, my boy," said Miss Basil, turning her face away. "It is enough—it is all I ever hoped, if I do not need to part from you again. I can hardly bear, even now, to have you leave my sight."

They had arrived at the gate now, and Redmond took her hand.

"Never fear," he said, cheerfully. "You shall be reinstated in all your rights—"

"O Basil! don't! don't!" she entreated. "It was the good old judge's advice to let my sad, sad story die with me. Push it no further—you do not know what it involves."

"But if I can bring proof?" he urged.

A wild light gleamed for an instant in Miss Basil's faded eyes, but it died quickly.

"So much of my life is gone—," she said, slowly and sorrowfully.

"We shall see!—we shall see!" he said, encouragingly, as he walked away.

"Dear, beloved boy, what would he do?" Miss Basil asked herself, uneasily, as she stood watching him through gathering tears. "Heaven guide, I pray; Heaven will guide him, I know; and Heaven's will be done! But can any good come of revealing that miserable story? Alas! it is now too late! too late! Better it should die with me."

She brushed away a tear at this; and, rolling Joanna's ribbon round her finger by way of smoothing it, walked back to the house in meditative mood.

"What to do with Joanna I do not know," she mused, as she went. "Her heedlessness is unaccountable, considering her training. I must have a talk with Basil about that Arthur Hendall; he shall advise me. As to Joanna—how *could* she throw away money upon a trumpery picture, when money is so scarce? I must give her a talk about her wastefulness and her extravagance; but I'll not scold her, I'll reason with her. Basil knows best, and I won't scold her."

Necessity, not Nature, had made Miss Basil self-reliant; and Nature reasserted herself the moment the spur of necessity was removed.

Meantime, while Miss Basil was lingering with young Redmond at the gate, Joanna, returning from the garden, flushed and panting, and going through the hall as the nearest way to her room, was not a little startled to meet Mrs. Basil, whom she thought she had left in the neighborhood of the mimosa-tree.

"Child, I was seeking you," said she, blandly. "Come to my room; I have something to say to you."

Joanna, her heart beating loudly and painfully, followed without a word, unable to understand why she should feel like a culprit.

"Joanna," said Mrs. Basil, gravely, seating herself on the old sofa that filled up a corner of her room, and motioning Joanna to a faded ottoman opposite, "you cannot remain a child forever."

"No," answered Joanna, not knowing what else to say.

"And I can do very little for you, Joanna."

"No, grandmamma," said Joanna again, very meekly.

"If," pursued Mrs. Basil, with a sigh—"if I had the means I once had, I should take both pride and pleasure in introducing you as the judge's granddaughter into society."

"Yes, grandmamma," said Joanna, echoing the sigh.

"But at least I will gladly do what is in my power. I shall have company to dine with me next Thursday, and I wish you to be present."

Joanna started. Was she in a dream? Was she really to attend one of those rare entertainments Mrs. Basil sometimes gave, of which she saw only the wrong side? Her renunciation of Pamela, the name on the

mimosa-tree, the ribbon she had tied over it—all went out of her head; but the all-important question of dress, never long absent from the mind of dawning womanhood, was on her lips in an instant.

"What should I wear?" she asked, timidly; half in hope, half in despair.

Mrs. Basil, smiling, rose and unlocked her wardrobe; and, taking thence the great green box, she displayed, with some ceremony, the fleecy white polonaise, with its billowy frills and puffings, the gorgeous Roman sash, the fan, the rich but woefully yellow lace handkerchief; and Joanna, comprehending without words that all this array was for her adornment, actually went down upon her knees in artless adoration of finery.

"For me?" she sighed, with profound satisfaction.

"For you," said Mrs. Basil, almost wishing that she had been actuated solely by an interest in the judge's granddaughter.

"Oh, how good, how very good, you are to think of me!" said Joanna, with ardent gratitude, but still keeping her eyes riveted upon the adorable polonaise.

"Joanna," said Mrs. Basil, impressively, laying her hand upon the shoulder of the kneeling girl, "I am old, and I have some old-fashioned notions. I do not like to see young people *forward*. I hope that you will remember your extreme youth, and not expect particular attention."

"Oh, yes!" cried the grateful Joanna, eagerly. "I will never speak, unless I am spoken to."

Mrs. Basil smiled, and laid the polonaise with its accompaniments back in the box.

"Take it to your room, child," said she, giving it into Joanna's eager hands, "and be sure you have a skirt sufficiently long to wear with it."

A needless injunction; for Joanna was at that moment even running over in her mind various expedients for converting her apple-green challis into a demi-train. If only there had been some one to sympathize with her, and assist her, in her feminine solicitude about this matter of the demi-train. She could not trouble the grandmamma about that; and Pamela would be sure to moralize about poms and vanities. Nevertheless, Joanna was eager to display her new possession to Miss Basil, and to proclaim the honor in store for her. Oh, if that strange man down-stairs would only go away and leave Pamela at liberty!

However, she was at no loss to pass away the time. She took down the green challis skirt, and disposed the white muslin over it, tying the sash about the waist, and laying the handkerchief and fan across the lap.

Surveying the effect critically, there was no denying that both fan and handkerchief were yellow—decidedly yellow; but then the carving of that ivory fan, it was *superb*; and the lace—why, it was *real point, point d'aiguille*, Joanna knew, for she had heard Miss Ruffner say so once when Mrs. Basil had displayed it for criticism; and Miss Ruffner, she knew all about dress—not a doubt of that! Joanna's satisfaction, but for her solicitude about the demi-train, would have been complete.

BITTER FRUIT:

A STORY IN A PROLOGUE AND THREE CHAPTERS.

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER III.

EVENING.

A COOL, refreshing breeze from the sea; and Upton Travers enjoyed it greatly, lolling at his ease in a cane-chair on the terrace, and smoking a cigar with evident gusto. A grand sunset also—the full crimson bathed the terrace, and colored every object with its radiance. Travers had a deep appreciation for the loveliness of Nature. He gazed with rapture on the bars of dark purple, fringed with burning gold, on the distant lakes of glowing ether, on the islands and cloud-mountains of the upper world. Tears of sensibility stole down his cheeks. "Pshaw!" he exclaimed, wiping away the tears. "It's very lovely, yet what is it after all but moisture, the result of evaporation, not really more wonderful than these tears; part and parcel of that same wonderful thing, moisture. What are we men and women but a good deal of moisture, a little carbon, and many illusions; a given column of water, and a residuum of ash? *Voilà tout!*" he exclaimed, in a tone of regret, as he brushed the ash from his cigar, and blew some of the gray dust from his sleeve. "And yet, hang me, if the illusions don't seem more real than any thing else—ultimate sublimation of cell and tissue. I wonder whether they remain component parts of the water or the ash?" Travers was amused with the query—any thing, in fact, to while away time. He had, as was his wont, quietly reviewed the situation in which he stood, summed up the result, and laid the matter quietly to rest until it was required for action.

The sum total was satisfactory enough: he had been foiled, but not vanquished. Nay, not foiled: he had made a *reconnaissance* in force, but he had not risked a serious battle—a *reconnaissance* which had tested the weakness and strength of the adversary. He reasoned the matter thus: "I didn't believe enough in her repentance, there I was wrong; a little more hypocrisy would have opened a better approach; anyhow, nothing could have mined her love for that man. There's my strong point—my winning-card! Egad! I didn't know the spring I touched when she turned upon me with all the fury of a tigress—that weak, frivolous woman a tigress—who'd have guessed it? She would have stabbed me, too—by Heaven, she would! All the better, she has revealed the intensity of her feelings. That ten thousand pounds is mine! I have only to stand before that man in her presence, and the check will be signed then and there, no doubt of that; cool head and steady hand, and I must win."

The Sister Superior entered on the terrace from the colonel's room. She stood awhile by the curtains and watched Travers with the greatest interest; she was deeply touched

by the traces of tears in his eyes—the bitter memories of that sad past, repentance and reparation for the future. She approached him, and laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"I'm sorry I can't let you see her now," she said, in sympathetic tone. "The colonel is going to be brought out on the terrace; the cool, fresh air of the evening always soothes him; and he's so fond of listening to the regimental band which plays after sunset, old English tunes, usually. As soon as he is comfortably settled, another nurse will replace your dear wife, and then she will be free to join you. There's my sitting-room at your service; you'll be at peace there."

"You are very good, madam," replied Travers; "but I am obliged to run away directly for a few hours to Constantinople on pressing business—"

"You would like to see her before you go?" observed the Sister, in a somewhat embarrassed manner. "I could call her out, though, of course, the affair being still a secret, it's rather awkward, you see."

"Don't disturb her, pray," replied Travers. "I said I would not interfere, for the time at least, with the sacred duties she has undertaken; besides, it is perhaps for the best, after the agitation she has endured, that we should not meet again to-day. Her forgiveness was not lightly won—you understand my motive—I shall return to-morrow morning; be kind enough to tell her this, with my best love. O madam," he exclaimed, with deep fervor, "I can never sufficiently acknowledge your goodness to her and to me!"

"Not another word of thanks, I beg," replied the Sister, touched by his warmth. "I can never do too much to further her happiness."

"By-the-way," asked Travers, "shall I have any difficulty in reëntering the hospital—the sentry made some demur to-day?"

"There need be no difficulty," replied the Sister. "I will procure an order from the commandant. Dear me, how can I explain the affair to him? I do wish this dreadful secret was at an end."

"A little longer, for *her* sake, I beg," answered Travers.

"Very naturally the commandant would want to know," urged the Sister.

"Is there any pass you could give me," suggested Travers, "or lend me for a day or two?"

"I'm afraid not; I've only my special pass."

"Depend upon it, madam, that pass would be perfectly safe in my hands."

"I have never parted with it," replied the Sister; however, this is a very special occasion." She took the pass from her pocket-book, and placed it in his hands. "Please to be very careful of it."

"Most careful, madam, be assured of that. Thank you for this additional mark of your confidence. Is Dr. Sholto still with the colonel?"

"He is; but he'll have to start directly, his leave is almost up."

Travers had gained his point with the Sister—the hospital was open to him at any hour he chose to enter; it now only remained

for him to keep up his assumed character with Dr. Sholto, and, further, to deceive the doctor into the belief that he was really about to leave for Constantinople.

Dr. Sholto followed the Sister on to the terrace, and Travers withdrew.

"Well, ma'am," exclaimed Sholto, in cheerful voice, "I really think we may fairly venture to give him his nobly-won reward this evening. He's enjoying his soup and the glass of old brown sherry. We won't make any fuss about the affair—as quietly as possible; I should dearly like to see it given to him, poor fellow. I shall stop till the last moment. By Jove, we mustn't forget he's Bentley's patient, though; Bentley ought to have the responsibility."

"You doctors are so dreadfully punctilious," said the Sister, with a smile. "I'll go and find Dr. Bentley."

"Allow me to go; you must be tired."

"We nurses don't understand the word," replied the Sister, energetically, and she started off on her quest.

"How splendidly that woman works!" exclaimed Sholto, with admiration. "Pay people wages, and they shirk; make conscience their paymaster, and they'll do your work for nothing—economical labor-system, if it could only be carried out on a large scale."

Mrs. Murray was utterly aghast at the thought of Dr. Sholto's departure. He was the only person in whom she could trust, the only protector to whom she could cling. As soon as the Sister was fairly out of sight she hurried up to Sholto.

"For God's sake, don't leave me!"

"What's the matter, dear lady?" he answered, kindly.

"That man—has he gone?" she asked, anxiously.

"Your agent—why, here he is," answered Sholto, as Travers approached him from his lurking-place. Mrs. Murray cowered away.

"I desire to apologize, doctor, for my undue warmth about that document," said Travers, in deprecatory tone.

"No apology is needed," said Sholto, somewhat stiffly.

"I feel I ought to make one," persisted Travers, "and I do so most fully."

"If apology be needed, it ought to come from me," answered Sholto, touched by the frankness of Travers. "I was, I fear, hasty—huffy. I beg in return to apologize to you, sir."

"I am profoundly touched by your good feeling," said Travers, bowing respectfully. "And now to business, if you will permit me. I leave here directly for Constantinople. Will you allow me to wait on you to-morrow morning with a draft assignment duly drawn at our office?"

"Good suggestion," replied Sholto. "It is certainly better that the document should be drawn by a professional man."

"Less chance for the lawyers to trip us up hereafter. I understand the substance of Mrs. Graham's wishes. What hour will be convenient for you, to-morrow, doctor?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"Staff-Surgeon Sholto, Royal Hospital, Pera, I believe?"

"Yes; Mustapha Pacha's palace."

"I shall be with you, doctor. Pardon me, I have one word to say to Mrs. Graham;" and Travers approached Mrs. Murray.

She shrank involuntarily from him as he whispered in her ear, with incisive clearness, "I think you were going to be foolish enough to betray me to Sholto. Think well of it. The *toils* are closed around you. In the belief of the Sister Superior you have received me as your repentant husband; let my name be divulged, and you will become doubly infamous in her eyes. I wish you good-evening," he added, in accustoming tones, bowing most respectfully to the tortured woman.

"Twelve o'clock to-morrow, doctor."

"Good-evening, sir—thank you," replied Sholto; and Travers, raising his hat respectfully, left the terrace.

Sholto did not perceive Mrs. Murray's state of trepidation.

"I have arranged every thing with Bentley for your departure," he said, kindly. "I have persuaded him that you require perfect repose. You are to come over to us; we have a nurses' home, you know."

"Thank God!" she exclaimed. "But when?"

"To-morrow—I shall come and fetch you."

"This evening; for mercy's sake, this evening!"

"It is impossible, my dear lady; I must make arrangements for your reception."

"This evening," she persisted—"you said this evening."

"Utterly impossible," he replied, with decision.

"That man will return," she exclaimed, in terrified tone. "Save me! save me!" and she clung desperately to Sholto.

"What—your agent?" he answered, with surprise.

"That man is not my agent—not from Bertimati's—it's all a lie; that man is Upton Travers."

"Upton Travers! What does this mean?"

"He has come here to extort that money from me; he threatens to reveal my presence here to Colonel Murray."

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed Sholto, with indignation. "How did he gain admittance here?"

"He deceived the Sister with a specious story that he was my husband—that he had deserted me—that he had repented."

"Liar! Egad! if I had only known this I would have choked the life out of his cursed body."

"Don't let him come here again," she exclaimed, piteously. "I shall die if he does. I have passed through a fearful ordeal; my being is shattered to its very depths. He strove to gain access to the colonel's room. I baffled him, thank Heaven—but in the struggle I fainted. Oh, horror, I returned to consciousness in the coil of that man's arms; his accursed lips were pressed to mine! I was helpless—the good Sister stood smiling on my agony, which she deemed the emotion of new happiness—helpless in the sense of past sin, crushed in soul, as the python crushes a man's body in its loathsome folds. A little more, and the end will come." She

sank into a chair and clasped her hands over her face.

"Scoundrel! if we meet—by Heaven! if we meet," exclaimed Sholto, significantly, as he involuntarily clinched his fists. "My dear lady," said he, tenderly, "be assured, you are safe with me, I will protect you; have no fear of this vile wretch."

"Only let me go with you, I beg and pray."

"Gently—compose yourself. It is impossible for you to leave here this evening; indeed, you will be safer under this roof."

"He will return when you have gone," she answered, in despairing voice.

"Trust to me—I will see the commandant. I will undertake that strict orders are immediately given that no one be admitted to the hospital without a special pass. On my return to Peru, I will make effective arrangements for your reception. You shall be transferred to my own hospital. Let that scoundrel venture there, if he dare!"

"If I am transferred to your hospital, you will have to tell the truth to Dr. Bentley and the Sister," she answered, mournfully. "They will think of me with scorn and contempt. I have striven so very hard; shall I never be able to escape from the consequences of that sin?"

"My dear lady," said he, tenderly, and he took her hand in his, "I *must* tell the truth, even if it be very bitter; believe me, it's the safest course—the cleverest lies always end in confusion worse confounded. I know the truth, and I respect and honor you. Be sure those two worthy people will do so also when they know your story. I have not time now to speak to them as I should wish to speak. To-morrow morning, count on me—till then be assured you are quite safe here."

She pressed his hand in token of her submission. "My truest blessing upon you, good, true friend to him, to me, to my child."

The Sister returned from her mission to Dr. Bentley.

"It's all right, doctor!" she exclaimed, cheerfully; "Dr. Bentley leaves the affair entirely in your hands."

"Good! then we'll give it to him forthwith," exclaimed Sholto. "Let him be brought out on the terrace. I shall be back in a few minutes; I've a word or so to say to the commandant," he added, with a significant glance at Mrs. Murray.

"I suppose the colonel is all ready?" inquired the Sister. "By-the-way, Mr. Leslie desired me to say that he was called back on pressing business to Constantinople. He wouldn't let me call you out; he does not wish the secret to be known yet." The Sister went up to the curtains, and partly drew them open.

Mrs. Murray shuddered with disgust at the words of the Sister. There was only too much reason in all that Dr. Sholto had urged—better tell the truth, however heart-rending the task, than be a puppet to the lies of Travers. She resolved to tell the Sister the whole sad story, and trust to her noble love and mercy; but the resolution was baffled by the voice of the colonel.

"Graham! Graham!" he cried, impatiently, "where are you?"

"Here, colonel;" and she threw open the curtains.

"I'm ready, Graham, for my evening's parade on the terrace; fine evening, is it?"

"A lovely, calm evening, with a cool air from the sea," replied Mrs. Murray.

"Where's Dr. Sholto?"

"He'll be here directly, colonel." Sholto returned at that moment. "The colonel has been inquiring for you, doctor," said Graham.

"Here I am, Murray; haven't got long to stay, though.—Come, let's help you on to the terrace—Graham will assist." And the colonel's couch was accordingly wheeled on to the terrace, Graham carefully supporting the invalid's head, which she propped up with a pillow.

"Is your head comfortable, colonel?" she asked, tenderly, hiding her tears from the Sister as best she could.

"Very comfortable, thanks. I won't keep you any longer; I require nothing else."

"Go and rest a little, dear lady," whispered the Sister, kindly pressing her hand; but Mrs. Murray, not trusting herself to reply, retired apart into the colonel's room.

"Will you give it to him?" whispered the Sister to Sholto.

"No, ma'am—from *your* hands."

"You are his oldest friend. I am sure he would like it best from you."

"Be it so;" and Sholto took the little case containing the cross from the Sister.

"It's very good of you, Sholto," said the colonel, "to stop so long with me. It has been a great pleasure, I assure you—done me real good, old fellow; but you mustn't forget your duty to your patients, mind."

"All right, my boy," answered Sholto, cheerfully; "I'll take care of them, and of you, too. I must be off in another few minutes or so, but before I start I am going to have a bit of pleasure on my own account. Last time I was here I read you that splendid notice in the *Gazette* about the Victoria Cross, and now they've sent out the cross itself."

"Have they, indeed?" exclaimed the colonel, his pale face flushing instantly with excitement and emotion.

"The commandant wanted to present it to you himself," continued Sholto—"make a grand business of it, you know; but we thought, old fellow, you weren't quite in a state for much fuss and palaver. Better do the thing in *mufti*, eh?"

"Quite right, Sholto—quite right. I'm very glad they've sent it, though," he added, in heart-felt words. "Who's got it?"

"I have. I'm going to have the pleasure and honor of giving it to you," answered Sholto; and he came close to the couch.

"One minute, Sholto," and the colonel waved back the doctor's hand; he held silence for a moment, and then he added, "we'll have a little ceremony over the affair, after all. Where's Graham?"

"In your room, colonel," replied the Sister.

"Graham, I want you, please;" and Graham came trembling to the side of the couch.

"I am here, colonel," she gasped with an effort.

"Graham," said the colonel, in a voice of emotion, "our good queen has sent me the Victoria Cross. It's a very great honor—no man could desire a greater. I want you to give it me, because your great care and devotion have, by Heaven's blessing, enabled me to live long enough to receive it; and I assure you I am very glad, and I esteem it an honor also, to receive it from your true, honest hands!"

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Sholto. "Well spoken, by Jove!" and he placed the cross in Graham's hand.

"God support me!" she murmured. "I cannot speak to him," she whispered to Sholto. "This is too much for me."

"Give it to him, that's all you need do," answered Sholto, kindly.

She placed the cross in the colonel's hand.

"Now clasp it on my breast," he said. She fastened the cross on his breast. "Thanks, thanks—your hand, Graham." She gave him her hand, which he held awhile firmly grasped. "Would to Heaven that that poor drummer-boy, whose life I saved in that assault, to be lost in the hospital, had had such a nurse as you, and all the comfort you have afforded me! God bless you, Graham!" She tottered away from the couch, but Sholto placed his arm round her waist, and kindly led her away.

"The commandant has issued the order," he whispered in her ear; "be assured you are perfectly safe. To-morrow I shall come for you—farewell." He left her sitting on a chair in the colonel's room, and returned to the couch.

"Well, Murray, I must positively say good-by now—time's up. Keep a good heart, old boy, stick to the brown sherry—it's the right sort of tippie. You'll soon pull up, I'll warrant. Remember Minnie will be due very shortly. I shall run over again soon."

"Good-by, Sholto," replied the colonel, warmly. "Thank you for all you've done and said. Good-by, true friend." With a hearty shake of the hands the friends parted.

"Take care of Graham," Sholto whispered earnestly to the Sister; "she wants every care." With a cheery good-night he left the terrace, and returned to his noble work at Pera.

"Does us all good, I declare!" exclaimed the Sister, "his bright, pleasant manner, and noble, honest face! How well the cross looks on the white, doesn't it, Graham?—Ah, colonel, be proud—the whole wealth of the world couldn't buy that little bit of bronze! It's a happiness to think there are things in this world worth more than gold!"

"By Heaven, madam!" exclaimed the colonel, "I am proud and happy, too, and I thank you all for your goodness and attention to me!"

"Then we are happy also," replied the Sister. "Well, I must be off on my rounds. Graham will stay with you till Simpson is able to relieve her."

Husband and wife were again alone.

The thought of leaving him was very terrible, but still more terrible the thought that

he must never be told the truth—that to the very end the lie must be acted out.

"Graham," he murmured, "are you there?"

"Yes, colonel."

"I wonder whether the account of my receiving the Victoria Cross will get into the French papers?"

"It will be very generally known, no doubt."

"Of course, in England," he answered; "but the French papers—*Galignani*, for instance?"

"Very probably—but why, colonel?"

"That woman is in Paris, Graham. I should like her to read it. I think perhaps she would feel some sorrow, some remorse. Pshaw! that whirl of gayety and vile dissipation!"

"You are so far right, colonel—that woman who was once your wife is in Paris."

"What do you know about her?" he asked, in an excited tone.

"I will tell you," she replied, with desperate effort to conceal her agitation. "That woman is in Paris—Dr. Sholto said in my hearing, and I was utterly overcome when I heard him say so—leading an abandoned life. That woman is in Paris, *dying* in a hospital!"

"How do you know this?"

The lie which, in her despair, she had resolved to tell him, if the opportunity ever arose—and in a lie lay her last hope of pardon—came readily to her lips.

"I passed an apprenticeship in nursing at the Hôtel-Dieu. I formed a deep friendship with one of the chief nurses—we correspond—she knows my work; I know hers—that woman is dying!"

"Not leading a wicked life, you say?"

"Not leading a wicked life!" she answered, with feverish emphasis.

"Thank God for that!" he exclaimed, with evident relief. "Is she very, very ill?" he asked, after a pause.

"Dying!" she answered.

And it was a true answer: death was, indeed, at work among the fine tissues of her heart.

"What does that nurse say?" he inquired.

"She asks, is there any hope that that woman can be forgiven by the man she has so deeply wronged—any hope that her miserable death-bed can be soothed by the knowledge of *his* forgiveness?"

"Graham, I can't forgive her—I can't!"

"I will write that to my friend," she answered; and she crouched down at the side of his couch in hopeless despair.

"Why should I forgive her?" he asked, with irritation. "Look at the misery she has caused!"

"She has bitterly repented—the nurse says that."

"Repentance is not reparation! Why haven't you mentioned all this before?"

"I did not dare; your state of health forbade it. You are stronger now."

Once more a ray of hope—one last effort to win his pardon. She nerved herself as best she might: she drew together her shattered power for the supreme effort.

"You say you owe your life to me. You wished to give me some acknowledgment of your gratitude. I ask you something very, very precious: I ask you, for *my* sake, to forgive *her*. O Colonel Murray! think well of it: *dying unforgiven*! I tell you there is no anodyne for that pain; it gnaws through all the opiates; it begins its torture when bodily anguish is lulled. Have mercy on this woman, for my sake! Remember, for your sake, I, a woman as she is, have passed sleepless nights—watching through your sleep—watching through all your pain and anguish—" Still he made no response; and the awful words rose before her: "Never on earth—never in heaven!"

She fell on her knees, and prayed silently that his heart might be touched.

"Graham," he said, "I could never meet her again; it would be my death."

"You *will* never meet her again," she answered. "Dying, I say."

"What would you have me do?"

"A few words on a scrap of paper, that's all."

"Fetch pen and paper."

Her prayer was answered. She fetched the writing-materials from his room, laid the blotting-book on his knees, and held the pen in her hand.

"Tell me what to say, Graham; I feel very exhausted."

"I, Colonel Murray," she answered, in trembling tones, "forgive that woman who was once my wife the wrong she has done me."

"Guide my hand," he murmured, striving painfully to govern the pen.

She held his worn hand in hers, guiding it as he wrote.

He repeated the words which she had dictated: "I, Colonel Murray, forgive that woman who was once my wife the wrong she has done me."

"Sign it," she said, with beating heart; and she guided his signature, "Henry Murray." She took the pen from his hand—she was forgiven! She did not dare to kiss him: forgiven, yet no loving kiss of absolution. But she was forgiven. She *knew* her sin was loosed. In *his* voice she had heard the voice of Heaven—through his lips, consecrated by a great wrong, had been pronounced a full and perfect absolution.

"Remove the blotting-book," he said, in a wearied voice. "You will send it to her, Graham?"

"She will have it, be sure of that." She thrust the paper into her bosom, close to her heart.

The regimental band began to play on the promenade below, and "Home, Sweet Home," was wafted on the wind, its tender sweetness swelling on the fitful breeze, or lapsing into plaintive murmur in the calmer air.

"I'm glad I've done it, Graham," said the colonel, after a pause of thought—"glad I have forgiven her. Thank you for speaking as you did."

The Sister Superior hurried on to the terrace, and drew Mrs. Murray aside. "His child has arrived," she whispered.

"What?"

"His daughter—most unexpectedly—"

some muddle about the letter. A sweet child, poor dear; so anxious to see her father! You break it to him very gently; I'll go back to her.—Colonel," exclaimed the Sister, "Graham has something very particular to say to you, only you must promise to be very calm and composed, or Dr. Bentley will never forgive her!" and the Sister hurried away.

"What is it, Graham?" asked the colonel, eagerly; "what's the Sister been telling you?"

"Your daughter," she answered, with painful effort, "has arrived."

"What—Minnie?" he cried, in a voice of exultation.

"Your daughter."

"O Graham, this is happiness! the only thing I wanted. Where is she?"

"With the Sister."

"They must bring her to me directly."

"Directly," she answered; and *he* would see her—the daughter *she* must never see.

"You'll see her, Graham," he exclaimed, joyfully. "I'm so glad you'll see her; she's such a darling. I know you'll love her. You must be her nurse, Graham; mind, her nurse."

"I shall be very pleased to see her some time or other; I'm too fatigued to stay now," she stammered; and her breath grew thicker and thicker.

"Where's papa?" cried a little eager voice in the distance.

"That's her voice, Graham; don't you hear? Fetch her, Graham; do fetch her," he exclaimed, impatiently.

"O my God," she cried, in her agony; "last drop of the bitter cup—my child—he will kiss her—he will hold her in his arms!"

"Here, Minnie; here, darling!" cried the colonel; and the child, breaking away from the Sister, flew with eagerness into his arms.

The Sister turned back, with tears in her eyes. Father and child were locked in a close embrace. The mother gazed at them in an agony of despair; and then turned away. She staggered back; good Dr. Sholto was not at hand to hold her in his arms. But the purpose of her life was consummated; she had freely spent health and strength in a holy cause; she had won her pardon, and the minister of mercy was at her side to save her from all burden of future sorrow. She sank to the ground, and, with the name of "Minnie" whispered on her lips, passed quietly away at the merciful bidding.

Father and child in their happiness did not know that she was dead, or had even fallen to the ground. "Home, Sweet Home!" sounded pleasantly in their ears, and lent sweet harmony to their eager greetings.

Travers from his lurking-place saw her fall. He flew to her side. "Dead or fainted?" He laid his accursed hand on her heart. "Dead!" He was baffled at the moment of victory—and the illusions, they seemed more than ever real. There lay Margaret Murray, but where lay *life*? His faith in the truth of materialism was greatly modified by his serious pecuniary loss. He rose, with a curse on his lips—what use a curse in dead ears?—and left the hos-

pital. The good Sister, to her great marvel, never beheld him again.

Dr. Sholto followed the dead woman to her grave, together with Bentley, the Sister, and the commandant. The Union Jack was her pall, and four brave, noble people were her mourners-in-chief; and many tears were shed by the women she had animated by her example and courage.

Dr. Sholto held his peace, intending on some future day, if ever Colonel Murray grew well and strong, to reveal the truth; but *Dieu dispose*—the truth was never revealed. Long before the invalid grew well and strong, Dr. Sholto, ever faithful, fell a victim in his brave fight against disease and misery; and his daughter became the daughter of Colonel Murray. And so it fell that Colonel Murray never knew that the woman who had saved his life, and restored his lost faith in womanhood, was the wife of early days who had been faithless to her marriage vow.

"Who could Nurse Graham have been?" the child would often ask in after-days, as child and father sat together talking over the sad days at Scutari.

"I can't tell, my darling; we shall never know here on earth. But I do know she was the best and truest woman I ever met; and I believe she sacrificed her life for my sake."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

AS seven cities claimed the honor of having given birth to Homer, so a castle and a city still dispute between them the nativity of MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI. The Florentines, in whose midst the great artist lies sumptuously entombed, and in whose beautiful city he achieved his fame and found a long and cherished home, stoutly assert that he was born there, and even point out the house in which he first saw the light. But there is a much greater probability that he was born at the Castle of Caprese, near Arezzo, in Tuscany, of which town Michael's father was *podestà*, or governor. There is a doubt, moreover, of the exact date of Michael Angelo's birth; it was certainly in the year 1475, and the most trustworthy evidence names the day as the 6th of March. That he died on the 17th of February, 1564, just as he was about to complete his eightyninth year, there is no dispute.

The present year is, therefore, the fourhundredth anniversary of Michael Angelo's birth. The people of Florence have resolved to celebrate a career almost unexampled in the annals of the arts in its wonderful achievements, and a character which, whether considered aside from or as illustrated by his works, was truly great, on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of September. The ceremonies will be appropriately imposing. From Tuscan town and village Michael Angelo's countrymen will flock to the fair city which he did so much to adorn. Multitudes will do formal homage at his tomb in the grand old church of the Holy Cross. A monument of him will be uncovered in a spacious square which is henceforth to bear his name. The works of the master, such of them as can be readily collected, will be exhibited in the hall of the

Academy. The sister-art of music will lend its harmonies to celebrate the genius who wrought so well with chisel, pencil, and compasses. The grave Academicians will assemble in the Senate-House to listen to poems and orations in Michael Angelo's honor. Thus the taste and enthusiasm for art which still linger in otherwise degenerate Italy, and which Michael Angelo himself has through the centuries done so much to keep alive, will render proper tribute to a fame as green and fresh now as when he was tenderly laid in his almost royal tomb.

Michael Angelo was one of the few well-nigh universal men. Taine, the French critic, speaks of him as one of the four men in the world of art and letters who have been "exalted above all others, and to such a degree as to seem to belong to another race"—the other three being Dante, Shakespeare, and Beethoven. Nor is it easy for those who are most learned in the arts to decide whether this man was greatest as a sculptor, as an architect, or as a painter. All concede him mastery in each. Michael Angelo was yet more than these; the preëminence of his productions in art overshadows and dwarfs his notable skill as a chemist, his erudition as a scholar, his grace and elegance as a poet, and his keen wit as a philosopher and an observer of men. Like Dante and like Beethoven, his genius was sombre, tempestuous, tragic, such as Taine compares to the soul of a fallen deity.

The details of his life are full of romantic, sometimes dramatic, and sometimes painful interest. He was of patrician descent, being a scion of the ancient family of the Counts of Canossa, a family nearly connected with the imperial house of Henry II. His father, Ludovico Buonarroti, was one of the proudest men in Tuscany; austere in his pride, severe in the domestic circle, and ambitious that his son should become a power in the Church or in the law.

When his son was born he named him Michael Angelo, as if to imply that he was designed to a lofty career. Nor did the superstitious *podestà* fail to have the horoscope of the child's nativity cast. The fiat of the horoscope is given in Vasari's life. According to it, the birth occurred when Mercury was in conjunction with Venus; "these," continues the quaint account, "were received into the house of Jupiter with a benign aspect, which fully demonstrates that the boy, by his genius and skill, will produce wonderful and stupendous works of art."

A wayward fate which the father was afterward fain to curse caused the boy to be nursed, in a little village hard by the castle, by the wife of a stone-cutter; so that, as the Italians of his time were wont to say, he was "weaned on marble-dust." As he grew up, his favorite playthings were pencils and colors; he took to chiseling, drawing, painting, as other boys did to balls and fishing. Ludovico intended that he should be a statesman or a cardinal; but Michael Angelo refused to be wrapped in the writings of the Fathers or the droning of the Codes. At thirteen he revolted from the paternal purpose, and declared his aspiration to be a sculptor. It was a cruel blow to the proud family at

the castle; but Michael Angelo already asserted the sort of grim determination which rode him rough-shod over difficulties throughout the journey of his life.

"He was born," says a writer, "to command and to subdue. He was born to trample upon difficulty, and to root out obstacle." So his will overcame and bore down the scruples of his parents, and he became the apprentice of the artist Ghirlandajo at Florence.

Lorenzo de Medici was then reigning and in the zenith of his magnificence. Through his patronage Florence had become the metropolis of art. Sculptors and painters swarmed about his hospitable court. It was not long before Lorenzo, ever on the watch for rising genius, discovered that of Michael Angelo. The progress of young Buonarrotti was so rapid, indeed, that from approaching and then equalling the proficiency of his master, he began, to Ghirlandajo's amazement and chagrin, to venture to criticise and correct that master's work. Ghirlandajo was an envious man, and at first sought to conceal the talent and check the progress of his too precocious pupil.

One day Lorenzo de Medici was visiting the artist's studio. He was at once struck with the power of a study upon which Michael Angelo was employed. Turning to the master, he asked that the young artist should be permitted to become one of the chosen band of students who practised their art in the garden of St. Mark. Here Lorenzo had collected many of the best antique sculptures; to be admitted to the garden of St. Mark was a privilege craved by every artist in Florence.

When Michael Angelo entered the garden, he saw a student modeling some figures in clay, and immediately set to work in the same way. Then he aspired to work in marble. Choosing the mutilated statue of a laughing faun, and begging a piece of marble from a mason who was decorating Lorenzo's palace, he chiseled away with intense zeal, making up for the imperfections of his model by inventions of his own.

The prince, walking through the garden as was his daily habit, found Michael Angelo polishing his first sculpture.

Said Lorenzo: "You have restored to the old faun all his teeth; but don't you know that a man of that age has generally some wanting?"

The artist could scarcely wait for the prince's departure. As soon as Lorenzo had disappeared among the groves, he broke a tooth from the upper jaw, and drilled a hole in the gum for the socket of the lost tooth.

It was while Michael Angelo was at work in the garden of St. Mark, that he received that disfigurement of face which is so plainly discernible in his portraits, and which robbed him of whatever comeliness of feature he may have possessed. Among his fellow-pupils was a hot-headed and ambitious young man named Torrigiano. The same task in modeling had been assigned by the master to Torrigiano and Buonarrotti. The task completed, Torrigiano proudly exhibited his work to his competitor; then Michael Angelo quietly displayed what he had done. Torrigiano was so much amazed and overwhelmed by

the superior power and genius of his rival's work that, seized with an uncontrollable fit of jealous rage, he caught up a heavy tool and struck Michael Angelo a terrible blow across the face, breaking his nose. Lorenzo de Medici at once expelled Torrigiano from Florence, and received Michael Angelo as a friend and companion in his own house. Here he had ample opportunities to engage in the study of both sculpture and painting; and it was during his residence at the palace that he executed the famous bass-relief of the "Battle of Hercules with the Centaurs," which is still to be seen in Florence, and which was one of the few works of which he always spoke with pride.

His munificent patron died in 1492; Michael Angelo returned grief-stricken to Arezzo. While there he executed the statue of Hercules, which afterward stood in the palace of Francis I. of France. Piero de Medici, Lorenzo's son and successor, invited him back to Florence; he had not been there long, however, before the political troubles which arose, in consequence of Piero's bad government, induced him to retire to Bologna. It was in this ancient home of the arts that Michael Angelo executed the "Sleeping Cupid" which, by a fraud which does more honor to his shrewdness than his honesty, he caused to be passed off upon Cardinal St. Giorgio, at Rome, as an antique. The deception was soon discovered; but, instead of pursuing Michael Angelo, the worthy cardinal overwhelmed him with praises, and urgently invited him to Rome.

We find Michael Angelo, at the age of twenty, busily at work upon Cupids, Bacchuses, and Virgins, in the Eternal City. He was now one of the most famous sculptors in Italy; and when he had executed the noble "La Pietà," representing the Virgin with the dead Christ in her lap, he was hailed as the first in his art.

Once more he went back to Florence, to which the wisdom and moderation of the Gonfaloniere Soderini had restored something like tranquillity. A new triumph awaited him at his Tuscan home. An immense block of marble lay in one of the public squares. A Florentine sculptor, Da Fiesole, had been ordered to chisel a colossal statue from it, but had failed. Then Soderini offered the task to Leonardo da Vinci, who declaring that Da Fiesole had spoiled the block, refused to touch it. It was Michael Angelo's turn next. He chiseled at the irregular mass for a year and a half; and the result was the colossal "David," which stands to this day at the door of the Old Palace of Florence. It was not the last time that he was brought into rivalry with Leonardo da Vinci. He had outdone him in sculpture, and now proved his superiority in painting. They were commissioned to paint two pictures for opposite sides of the hall of the ducal palace. It is true that Michael Angelo's picture was never finished; but the cartoon which he executed was pronounced "the most extraordinary work which had appeared since the revival of the arts in Italy."

From the opening of the sixteenth century till his death, far on toward the seventeenth, Michael Angelo's career was one of

unremitting labor and almost uninterrupted triumph. He was as famous at Rome and Bologna as at Florence. Julius II., the art-loving pontiff, called him to the Eternal City, and there he executed the colossal statue of Julius, which was afterward made into a cannon and used against the papal troops by the Bolognese. Not content with attaining unrivaled eminence as a sculptor, Michael Angelo now resumed the sister-art of painting, which he had practised fitfully from early youth, in good earnest. The pope persuaded him to share with young Raphael the task of decorating the walls of the Vatican and Sistine Chapel with Scriptural frescoes. His subjects comprised the creation and fall, Scriptural history, and the redemption of man. At the same time the artist worked diligently upon the monument of Pope Julius, including the colossal statue of "Moses," with its horns of light, its serene majesty of posture, and its patriarchal beard.

In the long interval which elapsed between the completion of these frescoes and that of "The Last Judgment," that masterpiece of painting which the visitor still gazes upon with wonder and awe on the wall of the Sistine, above the altar, he was engaged in selecting marbles for and superintending the works upon the church of San Lorenzo at Florence. Leo X., a proud and munificent Medici, had followed the good Julius, and Adrian VI. and Clement VII. had succeeded in turn to the pontifical throne. Michael Angelo's art reign continued seemingly absolute and unimpaired through every change in the papal sovereignty. Popes and cardinals made his will their law. He resented their slights with the haughtiness of an emperor; and more than once defied their spiritual power by disobeying their urgent commands. Finally, he began "The Last Judgment," which it took him, with his other labors, eight years to complete.

It was during this period that Michael Angelo met and became the beloved friend of one of the noblest and most celebrated women whose fame is preserved in the annals of the world. It was often remarked as strange that a man so full of enthusiasm, passion, and love of the beautiful, had never married. When this was said to him, Michael Angelo replied, "Painting is my spouse, and my works are my children." Yet it seems that at one time, some years previous to the period of which we are speaking, his heart was softened and his eyes charmed by the beautiful daughter of Philip Strozzi. She was a scion, on the mother's side, of the De Medici; lovely in person, she was known for the beaming brightness of her smile, her love of the arts, her taste and skill. She visited Michael Angelo's studio, and it was observed that his rugged manner gave place to gentleness when she appeared. But his love, if love he did, was hopeless. The fair Strozzi was betrothed to and soon married a young noble of Florence.

That he loved Vittoria Colonna he himself has left the most ample proofs in sonnets, which would have made him a renowned poet had he never touched chisel or pencil. But it was not a common or physical affection. They first met in 1538. The great

artist was in his sixty-fourth year; Vittoria was forty-eight. Both were famous. Vittoria Colonna had already, according to a writer of the time, "raised up a name for herself, unrivaled even in the brilliant sixteenth century." She was a poetess, and her sonnets had been for many years repeated in every polite society in Europe. The daughter of that proud mediæval Roman house which had so long struggled with the Orsini for the dominion of Rome, she had won the title of "Diva," which was never conferred on any other. When young, she was as beautiful as she was talented. The portraits of her still extant, by Del Piombo and Muziarno, betray gentle and lovely as well as intellectual features, illumined by the richest tresses of golden hair. In character she was "lovely, gentle, feminine"—a notable contrast to her rival as a poetess, Veronica Gambara, who was "strong-minded" and masculine. The Dukes of Braganza and Saroja had contended for Vittoria's hand; she had bestowed it upon the gallant Francesco di Pescara, one of Italy's most brilliant soldiers. He was killed, twenty-four years before she met Michael Angelo, at the battle of Ravenna.

Vittoria Colonna sought the master's friendship when he was at work on "The Last Judgment," and from that time until her death their souls were bound together by one of the noblest affections the world has seen. They constantly exchanged letters when apart, and wrote sonnets to each other. Her friendship was a constant solace and inspiration to him; and in the last years of her life she dwelt at Rome so as to be near to comfort and encourage him. When she died he was overwhelmed with grief and despair. He constantly tended her in her last illness. At her funeral he tenderly kissed her hand. "What would I give," he afterward exclaimed, "if, instead of her hand, I had kissed her forehead or her cheek!"

His life thenceforth was a weary, sombre, almost tragic one. He dwelt solitary, apart by himself. Yet it was not in his nature to be driven from his work. He went on learning his arts till he died, and bore with him a strange, touching humility into extreme age. After "The Last Judgment" he painted the frescoes in the Capella Paolina. Then he laid aside the brush forever.

He was full threescore-and-ten when he appeared in a third phase, that of a great architect. The pope summoned him to undertake the completion of the Basilica of St. Peter's; and there is somewhere a pathetic description of him, sitting alone in his gloomy studio, his aged hands wandering over a human skull, which he took as his model in designing the dome of the vast cathedral. For nineteen years he continued at this task, and death found him, at almost eighty-nine, still sturdily struggling with it. If he did not live to see its completion, he at least did enough to add one more laurel to his already laurel-laden and illustrious brow.

His personal appearance is thus described by one of his biographers: "Michael Angelo was of the middle stature, bony in his make, and rather spare, although broad over the

shoulders. He had a good complexion; his forehead was square and somewhat projecting; his eyes were rather small, of a hazel color, and on his brows but little hair; his nose was flat, being disfigured from the blow he received from Torrignano; his lips were thin; and, speaking anatomically, the cranium, on the whole, was rather large in proportion to the face. He wore his beard, which was divided into two points at the bottom, not very thick, and about four inches long; his beard and the hair of his head were black, when a young man, and his countenance was animated and expressive."

It was with the revival of art as with the Reformation—both reached their culmination by slow, successive steps. The Reformation grew out of a century's scrutiny, criticism, and protestation, in Pisa and Paris, Oxford and Salamanca. Nicholas Cop, Abélard, Wycliffe, and Savonarola, prepared the way for Luther. The revival of art in Italy had a longer growth from Cimabue, its patriarch, to Michael Angelo, who personified its culmination. Giotto followed Cimabue, and struck upon a wider path. Ghiberti, with his twenty years' labor upon the bronze "Gates of Paradise," carried imitative art to its highest perfection in his sphere. Brunelleschi followed, and piled high the dome of Santa Maria del Fiore, the precursor of Michael Angelo the architect. These two, with Masaccio, were the true revivers of art in Italy. Then came the searching and restless Donatello, vainly struggling to express ideas; those before him were great workmen; he essayed to create, and with what success may be seen in the statue of St. George in San Michel.

Then rose he who combined the genius of all these famous predecessors. Michael Angelo was greater in conception, far more powerful in imagination, than Donatello; he far surpassed Ghiberti and Brunelleschi in masterly execution. It is a very striking and suggestive comparison which Taine makes between him and Beethoven. Some one has eloquently said that "there is a whole symphony of Beethoven in his statue of 'The Dawn.'" No one can doubt the truth of the assertion that "Michael Angelo conceived of a statue as something complete from the first, but concealed in the marble, and released from its covering by the chisel." Like Beethoven, he was proud and passionate, headstrong and jealous, fitfully dark and stormy in his moods, but of deep and lasting emotions, struggling always to utter the mighty throbbings of his great soul with an enthusiasm wastefully intense, and a mind too tragically powerful to bear patiently the society of common men. Both were solitary, unhappy, and both were pronounced insane. And, if both struggled, both struggled upward. Their fury was a divine fury; their wrath was godlike, and their pathos angelic.

It is well said that, while the Greek sculptors made serene gods, Michael Angelo depicted suffering heroes. Not for such as he was it to portray grace and beauty, delicacy of outline, symmetry of feminine features. He sought to carve out tremendous passions,

Titanic strugglings, virtues of tragic heroism, mighty rage, all-moving will, pride, and superhuman effort, a courage more awful than that of Achilles, tragedy profounder than Greek had ever penetrated. The expression of the passions he carried to the minutest detail. The limbs, the folds of the robes, the muscles, and the locks of his heroes or his heroines, in unison emphasize the passion he is working out of his own turbulent soul. Raphael, happily, was there in the same era, to soften the terrible impression of Michael Angelo's works, by beautiful faces, exquisite drawing, and soft coloring, the exhibition of all the sweeter and gentler virtues. Raphael's angels are truly angelic; Michael Angelo's "angels are athletes, his madonnas are amazons." The one inspired tenderness and love, the other evoked always awe, and sometimes terror.

Yet, for all his imperious, stern, and passionate temper, his unsatisfied strugglings to give expression to the lofty passions of his soul, Michael Angelo had room in his heart for charity and affection. He bewailed the loss of his old servant Urbino as if he had been, as indeed he was, a dear and honored friend. The death of his father, at the age of ninety-two, plunged him into a paroxysm of grief. A great and loving heart beat beneath that rugged and contemptuous exterior. He was generous, gave statues and pictures freely away, and supported more than one needy relation, as Beethoven did.

Michael Angelo lived with austere simplicity. The wealth he gathered in the pursuit of his arts was put aside, or spent in gifts and charity; his house was of the plainest in furniture and decoration, as may still be seen, for it stands in Florence very much as he left it more than three centuries ago. It is said that he often dined off a crust of bread. His dress, too, was quite simple and unostentatious. In his studio he wore a coarse paper cap; in the top of this was a socket, where at night he fixed a candle, which shed light upon the marble he was chiseling. A plain blouse covered his body. It was in such garb that he received alike popes and princes, ladies of Colonna and fair maidens of Strozzi. When he was not at work upon some fresco or statue, he was intently studying the philosophers and the fathers. His temperament was devout but not bigoted; in the midst of voluptuous courts and of an easy-going age he preserved himself chaste and temperate from youth to age. That, in religious opinions, he was in advance of his era, is evident from his reverence and affection for Savonarola, whose teachings led him captive.

Whether he be regarded as greatest as a sculptor, a painter, or an architect, it is certain that sculpture was his best-beloved art. He always dropped the chisel with reluctance, and returned to it with eager enthusiasm. Proud as he was, and well might he be, of "The Last Judgment" and the "Cartoon of Pisa," of the works on San Lorenzo and the building of St. Peter's, he was proudest of all of "La Pietà," the bass-relief "Hercules and the Centaurs," the "David," and the "Moses."

GEORGE M. TOWLE

THE TYRANNY OF FASHION.

"I WONDER," said a handsome young editor to me, one who had just been considerably lionized at a fashionable watering-place—"I wonder always at the prominence of certain sets, the power of certain leading women, the *tyranny of fashion*. What does it mean? Why is not one set as good as another? why are certain leaders elected whose *dictum* is infallible? why do certain people create an exclusive atmosphere into which certain other people cannot penetrate? and why are you women so afraid of each other? why has Mrs. Brown-Jones's eye a power which Mrs. Jones-Brown's eye has not? I think the one quite as pretty a woman as the other, quite as clever—what does it mean?"

"Well," I answered, after due reflection, "you have asked the most unanswerable of questions. If I answer you at all, it must be only approximative; it cannot be conclusive. For fashion always, from the beginning of the world to the present moment, has been an undefinable term. You may say that it requires wealth, beauty, good position, and tact, to become a fashionable leader, and yet I have known a woman holding all these cards to be *not* a fashionable leader. Again, I have known a woman to become a fashionable leader who held none of them. It *seems* to be a sixth sense, a union of certain advantages and certain ambitions. A woman must *care* to be a leader first."

"But how many *care* to be, and work very hard for it, and never succeed!" said he.

"Many, no doubt; you have described a very large class, and hence that 'masquerade of hate,' which goes on in fashionable society, which is full of baffled ambitions and disappointed hopes. A woman often embarks more talent, more work, more heart in her enterprise, than you have invested in your newspaper, and she utterly fails. Society will not see her; society will not fall down and worship; society is neither influenced by her nor afraid of her. It neither loves nor fears her. Do you wonder that she becomes soured, embittered, and scornful, and abuses that which she cannot conquer?"

"Yes, I wonder, first, at her ambition; secondly, at her being baffled."

"Ah! That is because you are a man, and cannot read the politics of women. You are a great student of those of men—you have not studied those of women."

"Because, you know," said the editor, "the man does not live who can understand a woman."

"No; perhaps you would not be so fond of us if you did."

"I should not have dared to say that."

"I should not have allowed you to—but 'to return to our muttons.' You agree with me that the formation of a good social position is a very great thing. The woman who makes her parlor a rallying-point for nice people is doing a great public service. She who, in a great city, is a fashionable leader,

is a power in the state. She helps to refine, elevate, purify our great American conglomerate, where distinction and individuality are obliged to submerge themselves in the common mass, and where a high grade of mediocrity is obtained, but nothing better. Those more choice intelligences which, in older and more aristocratic societies, can stand on their glass pedestals, isolated from the common herd, have no existence here; our institutions forbid them. We are all mixed together—a sort of social blueberry-pudding, no one berry any better than any other berry.

"So, you see, it is left to a woman leader to make this particular pudding in a superior manner. She must know how to discriminate between those who are to be let in, and *those who are to be kept out*, for exclusiveness is a very necessary part of it—in fact, it is the whole stock-in-trade of one of our most distinguished leaders; and then she must know how, and when, and in what proportions, to mix her ingredients."

"I wish," said the editor, pensively, "that she always knew how to seat her company at dinner. Why, last evening I was put between my most intimate friend and my most intimate enemy, neither of whom did I wish to speak to. My friend and I had talked out, my enemy and I wouldn't speak."

"That was ignorance and crass stupidity," said I; "but both those qualities can belong to a leader of fashion."

"Then do draw a line—*some* line. Give me an imaginary picture of a leader. Do not keep on drawing 'this impossible monster, whom the world never saw.' Tell me of some one leader, and why she has succeeded."

I saw the editor was getting irritable. He had eaten many good dinners, had been much flattered, was up late at night; his nerves were unstrung. I took pity on him, and described three women:

"One great leader of fashion whom I knew, formerly, succeeded by cruelty alone. She, of course, had talent, some money, some prestige of family name. But she came to a watering-place with a determination to succeed, to marry off her young daughter, and to rule society. She began by being very agreeable, giving some choice parties, and by propitiating those persons who, by reason of their wealth, propriety of conduct, and social position, always constitute what is called the first circle. Then she began to insult and injure those who had delicacy, timidity, and modesty. Thus she made people afraid of her. It became a question whether Mrs. Hightowers was going to speak to you or to throw her fan in your face. Therefore, she began to be a terror to all the weak people, of whom there are many in every society. A want of social courage is a natural defect in a society which has no defined boundaries. Mrs. Hightowers went from bad to worse. She, it was known, could spoil the career of any young lady at a watering-place if she chose. She could also make it a success. This she achieved by impudence, self-confidence, cruelty. Many powerful families in this country have achieved a high position by the exercise of similar qualities. Thackeray says: 'The way to succeed is to push.

Stamp on your neighbor's foot, and will he not draw it away?' Such people have allies in all the modest, the timorous, and the delicate people who hold themselves too high to contend with such a nature as Mrs. Hightowers's. We are at the mercy of all such people, to a certain extent, because our dignity forbids our entering such a field, or fighting such an enemy. So Mrs. Hightowers had a short success."

"I am so glad to hear that it was short," said the editor; "do get to the end of her, and tell me about a more agreeable leader."

"Well, there was Mrs. Clavering. She was a simple, unambitious person, very beautiful and attractive, and with a gift of *exclusiveness*. She would give a ball, and leave out two or three ambitious aspirants. The ball would be perfect, for Mrs. Clavering knew how to do things. Therefore, when Mrs. Clavering gave another ball, there were heartaches and headaches, lest the card did not come. People used to say, on seeing her and hearing her talk (for Mrs. Clavering was by no means brilliant), 'How can such a woman be a leader?' But you see she had the negative qualities.

"Other women, far more clever, would be too clever, they would be too good-natured; at the last minute, they would let in the panting aspirant, and thus lose the prestige of refusal. There are only one or two such leaders as this, but they are the most clever of all.

"Then comes a third leader, Mrs. Devonshire we will call her. She has wealth, high position; she is the wife of a dignitary; she has to receive all sorts of people, but she has such tact, such goodness, such delicacy, such discrimination; that her *salon* never degenerates. She is a duchess always; she works like a hero; no Joan of Arc ever stormed or took a more forlorn hope than that which this lady perpetually conquers: for she conquers vulgarity, social ignorance, stupidity, pretension, and fashion—mixes them all into her pudding, and produces a successful result. She creates a *salon* to which the most exclusive are glad to be admitted, and in which the most vulgar and pretentious come away improved; but, I am sorry to say, such leaders are not common; I only know one such."

"I fear you do not," said the editor; "if there were many such, society would be a much more fascinating thing than it is. But I now wish to ask you to define the word 'snob.' I have read Thackeray on the subject, and I rise from the perusal still uneducated. Please to define and interpret for me the conduct of certain individuals who, at the fashionable watering-place of Fish's Eddy, court and run after Mrs. Clavering and her set, and will not know Mrs. Fotheringay and her set. Now, I dined with Mrs. Fotheringay, found her house charming, her guests well-bred and delightful; her sons and daughters seemed to have all the accomplishments; they dressed beautifully; Mrs. Fotheringay herself was a well-bred lady; yet I am told that they are not fashionable, and 'know nobody.' What does that mean?"

"Well, it means that Mrs. Fotheringay has been in Europe a great deal; she does

not care much for 'sets'; she is too dignified to take any steps toward what is called a 'fashionable position,' she is too good for it; she prefers to wait and let people find her out; she stands on her own platform securely, and hesitates to try her neighbors'.

"One of these days some fashionable young man will want one of her pretty daughters; they will be married, and then Mrs. Clavering's set will call on Mrs. Fotheringay and she will become fashionable."

"I feel that I am constantly knowing less and less what fashion means," said the editor.

"As language is given to us to conceal our ideas, I seem to be making a success," said I.

"What place has wealth in this tyranny?" asked the editor.

"It had a very commanding place a few years ago, but there arose, particularly in New York, a more vulgar wealth, which made it almost disreputable to be rich. You may say, generally, that it is a very important thing to be beautiful for a woman, yet we see that the very great beauties do not always gain hearts as the plainer women do—so the great fortunes do not always make their possessors either famous or fashionable. We have some eminent instances of very rich women who are at the same time accomplished leaders of fashion; but we have, at the same time, many instances of others who are not. I should say *tact* was worth more than wealth as a road to leadership."

"What do you mean by 'tact'?"

"I mean that subtle apprehension which teaches a person how to do and say the right thing at the right time; it coexists with very ordinary qualities, and yet many great geniuses are without it. Of all human qualities I consider it the most *convenient*—not always the highest, yet I would rather have it than many more shining qualities."

"Now tell me," said the editor, "why are all social leaders so *tyrannical*?"

"You harp on that word perpetually," said I, laughing, "and why?"

"I have just seen a case of social ostracism so undeserved," said he.

"Describe it to me, and I will venture to read the riddle."

"A very pretty young married woman, with her husband, arrived at the Pine-Tree House at Fish's Eddy in the height of the season. She sang delightfully for us every evening, and, being beautiful, well-dressed, rich, and educated, I predicted a success for her. So, as the Mrs. Clavering of the period was giving a ball, I asked for an invitation for my pretty friend."

"What! *that* woman?" said Mrs. Clavering.

"Yes," said I, "do you know any thing against her?"

"Oh, she is so common! she sings every evening at the Pine-Tree House, and everybody knows about her."

"Is not that a condition of fashionable success, that every one *should* know about one?" said I.

"Mrs. Clavering gave me a look, and begged politely to refuse my request. Now, there arrived at the Pine-Tree House another

young married lady, not half so presentable or nice, from the same town as my first love (whom I will call Mrs. Daisy), and number two (whom I will call Mrs. Buttercups), and Mrs. Buttercups immediately got acquainted with some fashionable young men, and was invited everywhere: now why was that?"

"I think I can explain: Mrs. Daisy should have adopted a different code of social ethics, she should not have sung, she should have let Mrs. Clavering discover her, and bring her out. Mrs. Clavering did not want an old sensation—one that had been heard at the Pine-Tree House—she wanted a new one. Mrs. Daisy was too pure, and good, and natural, to know or care about this, perhaps; so sang as a bird sings, without thought that she was thus throwing away an introduction into society. Now, Mrs. Buttercups got the best of allies on her side by making herself fascinating to certain young men who have the *entrée* to all these houses. It is not a handsome way of getting invitations, but, unfortunately, it is too common. It is a part of that thirst for fashionable distinction which has possessed the mind of Americans, just as Wall Street has driven the men crazy to be rich."

"It seems to me that there is a constant temptation to meanness, and selfishness, and smallness, in this struggle for fashion," said the editor.

"Will you tell me if there is any human struggle in which there is not the same temptation? Is the struggle for political success any more ennobling? Is the struggle to get rich any more generous?"

"No; they are all marked by human infirmity; but then the struggle is for greater things."

"Ah! there we take issue," said I. "This passion for social distinction is as old as the Pyramids. To have your *rank*, to stand well with your contemporaries, is not an ignoble ambition. I grant you that one curious experiment of equality has brought about some absurd, and impalpable, and false barriers, which certain people essay to build up against another set—certain street barricades thrown up in a passion, bloodily fought for, and, when gained, worth nothing; that kind of guerrilla warfare which is waged every winter by certain women, with a sort of fish-wife vulgarity and temper—but that is not society. That is one of the consequences of *newness*. To gain admission to certain *salons* which you and I know and admire, is a different thing. We know the women who preside over them confer distinction by their acquaintance; we know that, in their houses, we shall meet *society* winnowed of its vulgarity, pretension, and ignorance—we shall find individuals. As Margaret Fuller said, 'to have unity, you must first have units.' Our friend knows where to find the units, and she combines with them luxury, fashion, dress, splendor—all that can intoxicate the senses—without leaving a 'to-morrow' in the cup. There are such houses in our American society. To be ambitious to gain a foothold in them, is not unworthy of the most dignified neophyte."

"Certainly not," replied the editor, "but I wish there were not so many who are willing to go by the back-stairs."

"Ah! you must remember that snobs are born, and not made."

"Did I not ask you a short time ago to define the word 'snob'?"

"Yes, and I turned the conversation, for it is almost impossible; however, I will try. A refined snob is a person of otherwise good qualities, of which reverence is one; but he has not the courage of his opinions—he is a victim of social cowardice. He is afraid, in fact, of his own social position; perhaps entirely without reason, but you cannot call courage to a heart which has it not. Therefore he is a victim to the social leaders who have that priceless commodity, impudence. Also, the respectable snob lives in perpetual fear of phantoms which he conjures up himself. He fears that Mrs. Clavering looked coldly on him, that Miss Brown-Jones will not dance with him; in fact, the respectable snob has no easy life. If a woman, she suffers tortures. Every social occasion is freighted with dangers and pin-pricks."

"The vulgar snob is a far coarser creature. He is generally a foreigner of ignoble antecedents, who finds in our country a position he never could have held in his own. His tyranny is immense if he gets high enough, his subserviency absurd if he is kept down. I have known the native vulgar snob occasionally, but to blossom into full luxuriance the snob must be a foreigner. To be a snob argues a profound absence of self-respect; perhaps the sufferer should be more pitted than blamed."

"It is to this element, this presence of snobbism, that we owe much of the failure of society. It disgusts the honest and the sensible. They meet it always at the portals of the great world, and they retire before it. Certain brave, and modest, and genuine young men shun it as an unclean thing. They see their comrades whom they have not respected, perhaps, at school or college, or on the ball-field, or in the rowing-match—men who are their inferiors in every respect—they see those men succeeding in society, and through a subservient, slavish snobbery; and they naturally conclude that a society which endures such things must be a sort of place which they will not enjoy, and they retire accordingly, taking from society the element that it so much needs—their own sincere selves."

"One hates a coward everywhere," said the editor.

"Yes, and a coward who succeeds, even measurably, through his cowardice, is doubly hateful; but I think there should be more pity for snobs—just as you pity the deformed and the maimed; they are not to blame."

"How long does a social leader last in this country?" inquired my companion, who was given to statistics.

"Well, not long; the same rotation in office prevails as in politics. It would be much better if they lasted longer. You see our society needs a head. Having no queen, no nobility, we have no standard in social politics, no party to hail from. As in every other profession, practice makes perfect, and those women who have been long at the work are much better fitted to make a society which shall represent at least some elements

of agreeability, than those who come to it newly. So that we occasionally have a dull winter, a dull summer at a watering-place, when a good leader would have made the whole thing very gay. We need a master of ceremonies very much at the watering-places to introduce people, and to keep out the adventuresses, who are making their way perpetually into the society which should know them not; we need a censor of public morals, too, but that we never shall have."

"And a hospital for those who are killed by the cruelty of women," said the editor. "I mean *other* women. I have seen elderly women so cruel to young ones—old society-leaders killing young and handsome neophytes with a glance, those in good society looking so askance at those who are *not*. I want a hospital for the wounded!"

"Oh, you may save your pity! The young and handsome ones are very recuperative, and they have a terrible revenge. Time is fighting for them all the time."

"But I have seen some delicate souls wounded to the death," said he.

"So have I. Fashion has its story of Keats, of that handsome young actor Walter Montgomery, who shot himself because the critics pitched into him so mercilessly; and then they found out that he was the most romantic of *Romeos*. Fashion has its parallel to the boy Chatterton, no doubt; I have known a gifted and lovely woman stung to madness by social arrows, by the wounds inflicted by the hands of other and jealous women—but such tragedies are rare."

"I must say one such takes the taste for society away," said the editor.

"And yet one or two failures have not impaired your interest in politics," said I.

"You are unfair in your argument. Politics is business. Society is a pleasure," replied he.

"No, I think society is a business; it becomes so in its practical working, and you find in it, as I have said, only the imperfections of our common nature. The jealousies of the convent are quite as narrow, and bitter, and cruel, as those of society, and the benefits less. See how society and social attrition brighten up the mind! One says unexpectedly good things at a dinner or in the presence of a gay company. That is one of the advantages."

"But I think society very leveling. I think fashion extinguishes or aims at extinguishing wit. Emerson says that 'the constitutions which can bear in open day the rough dealing of the world must be of that mean and average structure such as iron and salt, atmospheric air, and water; but there are metals like potassium and sodium, which, to be kept pure, must be kept under naphtha.' So I think the best elements of the human mind evaporate in the air of fashion, and only the commonplace flourishes."

"There is a great deal in what you say, no doubt. The commonplace and the vulgar have great vitality in them, like certain weeds; but I still think there are many flowers which flourish in the atmosphere of fashion. Look at the beautiful, pure, young daughters of our best houses, how they adorn and are adorned. Look at the grace it in-

roduces, the courtesy, the elegance, the picture which it makes! Contrast a *salon* at Newport with one at Julesburg or Salt Lake City, and which do you prefer?"

"Decidedly Newport, which is one of the perfect places of the world; for there you have fashion engrafted on home, social science with a background of respectability and reality. There the American people take their pleasure with a certain deliberateness and quietude which do not exist elsewhere. Bonaparte said he found the 'vices were very good patriots' when he laid a tax on brandy. The virtues are good patriots at Newport, and one forgives the lavish expenditure in equipage, and dinners, and dress, when one sees the *patriots* who indulge in these things teaching a whole nation good taste," said the editor.

"I wish the tyranny of fashion would give us a Napoleon I," said I, "an absolute monarch whose decisions were final. I think it would quiet so many uneasy souls, and bring about such delicious peace. I believe in absolute monarchy, 'a despotism tempered by assassination,' a good tyrant."

"Then I should open all the terrors of the newspaper upon him, and he would be crushed by the immense engine of the press," said the editor.

"Never," said I. "King Fashion cannot be crushed. He has a thousand lives, a million heads; you and your great newspaper would be the first to bow before him, and to own up to his power. All mankind and womankind have done it always, and will do it forever. His great realm is boundless, his revenues enormous. How many millions do we pay annually for artificial flowers? More than we pay for iron! There is no trouble in collecting *his* revenues; his subjects are enthusiastically loyal—don't you think so?"

"Perhaps," said the editor. "At any rate, I will allow you—the last word."

M. E. W. S.

AN ENGLISH VILLAGE FEAST.

THE festival of the day on which the church of any parish was dedicated is specially enjoined in the law of Edward the Confessor (A. D. 1058); and from this festival originated the fairs and feasts observed to this day in the rural districts of England. With the exception of the counties of Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland, these annual merry-makings are designated "fairs," but in the three northern counties they are termed "feasts," and are the occasions of saturnalian jollification. The feast in the border counties is the red-letter day of the calendar; and, no matter how much penurious cares may have corroded the heart of the humble villager during the year, by hook or by crook he fares sumptuously on Feast-Sunday and revels unrestrained on Feast-Monday.

The writer was a guest at the annual celebration of a Northumberland feast last year, and he purposes in the present article to try

and describe what he saw and heard on that occasion.

Loughoughton is a considerable village on the Northeastern Railroad, about forty miles from Newcastle-on-Tyne, and thirty from Berwick-on-Tweed. The parish of Loughoughton comprises the smaller villages of Boulmer and Littlehoughton, and several hamlets, and the entire population comprises some four thousand souls. The parish church was dedicated to St. John the Baptist shortly after the Reformation, and the feast is held on the first Sunday in July.

For weeks previously, the approaching festivity is the dominant topic of conversation among the rustics, who nightly discuss their vesper pint of ale in the four ale-houses which Loughoughton village boasts. With the early days of June comes the first note of preparation. The village Witenagemote is held in the "Blue Bell," and four stewards are appointed to superintend the sports on Feast-Monday, and to collect money for prizes. The latter portion of their duty naturally comes first; and they accordingly commence at once a vigorous canvass of the whole parish. Every house is visited; every man-servant and maid-servant is dunned; and everybody, rich or poor, subscribes according to his means. The half-dozen wealthy farmers give each a sovereign or half a sovereign; the poorer five shillings; cottagers two or three shillings; and domestic servants and farm-laborers, termed "hinds," from a shilling to threepence each. The "stewards" are quite as importunate as enterprising philanthropists, male and female, in other branches of "wind-raising," and when they come to "reckon up" on the Friday night preceding the feast, they always have a good round sum to show as the fruit of their canvass.

On Saturday it is market-day at Alnwick, and thither, riding on a swing-seat in a two-wheeled cart, carpeted with straw, the stewards proceed to buy prizes, to be competed for at Monday's sport. The purchases usually include bridles, whips, pocket-knives, shawls, handkerchiefs, spoons, half-pound packages of common tobacco, etc. About one-half of the funds is thus invested; the other half is disposed of in money prizes, and in liquidating the expenses of the stewards—whose receipts and disbursements, I was informed, are never audited, but who undoubtedly live on the fat of the land during the term of their official existence.

Early rising prevails throughout the parish on the morning of Feast-Sunday. Men and women, old and young, contrive to have some portion of their holiday attire spick and span new for the occasion. Where the finances warrant the extravagance, the whole suit is warm from the hands of the tailor or the dress-maker. By nine o'clock invited guests begin to arrive. They are invariably ultra-parochial, for no one would dream of dining from home on this eventful day. The village Sunday-school is crowded with flashily-dressed children, and the church is crammed from altar-rails to porch by the male parishioners and their male and female guests. The gude-wives are, of course, at home toiling like beavers in cunning culinary manip-

ulations, designed to astonish and ravish their visitors.

As the vicar walks up the aisle to the reading-desk, his rather morose countenance wears an injured expression when he looks around at the densely-packed pews. His sermon has been prepared with a view to this "rush;" and when he mounts the pulpit, he proceeds to emphasize a vehement philippic for the chastisement of such of his hearers as condense the public worship of the year into this anniversary. On fifty-one Sundays of each year, his congregation consists of the Sunday scholars and a score or two of old people, who drop comfortably asleep while he is "a-bumming and booming away" in his usual somnolent style. The old clerk, when he "raises the hymn," seems to feel as if the eyes of Europe were upon him, and he shakes his head and darkly frowns when the Boulmer fishermen, with voices like fog-horns, prolong the last syllable of each line to an aggravating length, as is their inviolable habit. He gasps and bawls as if his salvation depended upon being heard above the chaos of discord that surrounds him, but the hoarse wailings of the fishermen and the wild howlings of the "hinds" and their guests overwhelm the juvenile choir and extinguish the old clerk.

If the dinner that awaits the worshipers is not in every instance a culinary success, you may rest assured it is not because the gude-wife has been remiss in her exertions. Generally speaking, the earliest new potatoes, green-gooseberries, and green-peas, make their appearance at the Feast-Sunday table. For the season in this border district is quite six weeks behind that of the southern counties of England. Roast-lamb is the favorite joint with the well-to-do yeomen, and a boiled ham is considered indispensable. Moreover, every table in the parish must be graced with "a Loughoughton Man;" there could be no feast—nor, indeed, any thing approximating to a feast—without one. The "Loughoughton Man" is a mammoth dumpling of transporting aroma and distracting richness—a sort of beatific Christmas-pudding at midsummer; and "he" was set a-boiling yesterday at eventide, and has boiled the whole night through.

With the ravenous orgasm plainly apparent on every face, the gude-man of the house rapidly mumbles a grace—generally speaking, the only grace before meat his wife and children hear in the twelvemonth—and then the heats of epicurism glow around the festive board. Boys and girls in their early teens exhibit gastronomic capacities that would amaze and confound city-folks; and, in farm-houses where roast-ducks and green-peas form part of the bill of fare, most of the masculine feeders are served with a duck intact!

The village taverns do a thriving business in the evening, but it is rare to see a case of actual temulency on Feast-Sunday. This does not arise from any exalted respect for the Sabbath, but from the fact that most of the villagers retire early to bed, so as to be up betimes on the morrow. For the quiting for small money prizes, on the village green, begins at eight o'clock. At this hour there are assem-

bled competitors from all the surrounding parishes within a radius of ten miles. Groups of somewhat vagrant-looking young men, the majority of whom intend to participate in some of the sports of the day, are present from Lesbury, Warkworth, Felton, Shilbottle, Alnwick, Whittingham, Chatham, Remington, Embleton, Dunstan, Howick, and other towns and villages even more distant. The quiting is over by noon, and a good deal of "London porter," drawn in half-gallon pots, has been consumed by the contestants and spectators. By this time the village street and green present an animated and curious spectacle. Hordes of hucksters are arriving and erecting their ramshackle stalls in a long line, fringing the street opposite the church-yard. They are all denizens of the squalid "yards" of Alnwick, and are of both sexes, representing various types of shrewd vagabondism. Some drive wretched starveling ponies, hitched to creaking homemade carts; others ride donkeys with panniers; while others carry their merchandise on their backs, presenting an exact picture of the huckster as Holmes in heraldic language has described him: "He beareth *gules* a man *passant*, his shirt or shift turned up to his shoulders; breeches and hose *azure*, cap and shoes *sable*, bearing on his back a bread-basket full of fruits and herbs, and a staff in his left hand or."

Oranges, nuts, candies, gingerbread—compounded, moulded, and ornamented, as one may see it any day in Baxter Street and other classic slums of Gotham—toys, jews'-harps—or, as the natives here term them, "gew-gaws"—ribbons, and cheap jewelry, comprise the temptations artfully paraded to entrap the pence of the bairns and hobbledheys. Long before their stalls have been erected or arranged, the candy-specialist hucksters have found it necessary to gratify the clamorous demand for "claggum," a villainous, dark-complexioned substance, composed of sophisticated molasses, dirty-brown sugar, and an oleaginous substance playfully termed "butter." I know not how to account therefor, but I note the fact that this black, adhesive nastiness seemed surprisingly gratifying to the palates of Loughoughton fledgelings. Every second juvenile face was tinged and daubed with "claggum." When one pen'orth was consumed, the bantling straightway hied him to the "huckster-wife" for a fresh supply, and forthwith began purring over it like a cat when she finds a sprig of valerian. Others were overcome by cheap toys of the "monkey-up-a-stick" and "jack-in-the-box" pattern; while others, again, created a hideous din with newly-purchased tin whistles and twopenny trumpets.

Surrounding the single stall, where ribbons and "bows for the ball" of every positive rainbow hue are exhibited, stand buxom country lassies in their teens. They are no airy-like sylphs, but rollicking, strapping hoydens, bounteous in shoulder and chest, and large of limb. There were witchcrafts and philters long ago for entangling the hearts of the fair; but philters and charms have an aspect of perfect innocence compared to the fascinations of those gaudy bows of ribbon for these red-cheeked maidens. When one

of them makes a purchase, there is a buzz of excitement among her companions, and she pins the garish embellishment on her bosom with a fearful joy.

A cart containing the prizes, drawn by willing hands and guarded by the four stewards, now appears on the green. The races are about to begin, and men and women eagerly occupy every coign of vantage whence a good view may be obtained. The church-yard is invaded by hundreds, for its soil is five feet higher than the street, and the wall is level with the turf. First of all, there is a boys' foot-race of a hundred yards for a pocket-knife, followed by a bigger boys' race for a whip, a young men's race for half-a-crown, a girls' race for a shawl, and a men's race for five shillings. Man, and girl, and boy, run bareheaded, in their stockings; and the encouragement which the various competitors receive from the crowd is of the most demonstrative kind. "Haud away, Tom!" "Gau on, Bob!" "Get up, Sall!" and similar exclamations, are heard till the race is won.

The "starter" steward now bawls, "Bring out yer cuddies for the cuddy-race!"—cuddy being the expressive provincialism for the much-enduring ass. Five long-eared steeds, mounted by depraved-looking Alnwick boys, are speedily in line, and the betting begins. "Aw! bet a shillin' on maw cuddy!" "Aw! hev maw cuddy agyen yors for half-a-croon!" "Whe'll lay two to yen agyen maw cuddy?" etc.

At the words "Haud away!" a shambling start is effected. The jockeys thwack the ribs of their coursers with stout sticks, and amid the delighted cheers of the crowd they canter slowly past the church-yard, when, the gate of the vicar's shrubbery being open, one of the donkeys darts in and scours wildly around, making dreadful havoc of trim gravel-walks and flower-parterres. Another bolts down Crawla' Lane, while two others proceed to exhibit the four cardinal sins of the equine race—they shy and stumble, they rear and run away. The fifth skir-mishes along the street, jumping and bucking until he works the pad forward to his narrow shoulders, bringing disaster to his rider, when a great cry arises that "Puddin' Smith's cuddy's fouled the laddie!"

From the starting-place along the straight village street, sparsely dotted with houses, to "The Rock" ale-house and back, is two miles; and it is fully an hour before the winning donkey returns at a tripping hobble, with the next pirouetting along a quarter of a mile behind, and the rest nowhere to be seen. I never witnessed such an exhibition of stubborn, sneaking tricks, and general asinine depravity, as were presented by these cuddies on this occasion. The owner of the winning flier received a new bridle and half-a-crown, and bets were settled with promptitude, if not with all the amenities of more pretentious race-courses.

The next is a wheelbarrow-race, in which young men engage. As most of the competitors are from a distance, the "man-cart" is usually borrowed; and, as the starter cries, "Come on wi' yer barrazi!" one of the aspirants is seen propelling his machine through

the church-yard, when he is unexpectedly and morosely challenged by the vicar:

"What are you doing here, fellow, with your barrow? Don't you know, you scoundrel, that this is consecrated ground?"

"Yis sor, yis sor; but an gat the len' ov the barra fra the sexen, an' aa thowt it was consecrated tee!"

The ready wit of the cadger provokes the risibilities of his reverence, and the "barra" is allowed to proceed.

There are half a dozen barrows with a human propeller between each pair of shafts. The stewards exhort them on penalty of forfeiting the prize to "gan fair" and "nee dings;" but the admonition is unheeded. No sooner are they started than the inborn rascality of these fellows begins to appear. Vicious collisions are adroitly perpetrated, and two of the barrows are soon wheelless and at rest. Every effective carom is received with vociferous cheers by the male portion of the spectators, and with delighted sniggering and screams by the ladies.

Athletic sports, such as putting the stone, throwing the heavy hammer, leaping, etc., are next in order, and some extraordinary agility and puissance are exhibited. The excitement is now at its height. The hearts of the clodhoppers are big with tumultuous joy. The faces of the maidens and their sweethearts are wreathed in smiles. The vicar walks through the street with a severe and deprecating look. The penny showman puffs his Pandean pipes and wallops his drum outside his booth, preparatory to vomiting fire, papers of pins, handkerchiefs, and miles of ribbons, within. The hucksters are vociferously auctioneering their wares. "Here ye are, hinnie, here's yer fine Cheeny oranges;" "Here's yer nice Barseelowny nuts;" "Here's yer nice sweet claggum, hinnie;" "Here's yer bonnie breest-knots, are ye gan ti the baall the neet, hinnie?" "Come noo, binnies, try yer luck at the rowly-powly"—*row* and *pow* pronounced like *row*, a noisy disturbance. The "rowly-powly" is a hollow brass ball, about two inches in diameter, with one hundred and twenty-eight equal sides, numbered from one to one hundred and twenty-eight. The ball is whirled round in a small wooden dish by those who try their luck, and the one who wins receives the value of the stakes invested in nuts, oranges, or gingerbread.

In a corner near the "Blue Bell" is a man yelling, "Come an' try yer dogs! Sixpence a pull at the badger!" The odorous animal is kenneled in a large barrel, lying lengthways, and grins horribly when a dog ventures his nose near. The native dogs are mostly of the shepherd's collie breed, and no amount of cuffing or persuasion can induce them to enter the barrel; but the amount of barking they accomplish while scampering round in make-believe fury outside is prodigious.

Presently, from all sides, there is a mad rush of the crowd toward the prize-cart on the green, and, amid the uproarious guffaws of the rustics, three young chimney-sweeps, with sooty faces, red lips, and excessively bright eyes, mount the cart to compete, by facial contortions, for half a pound of tobacco.

This is termed in local parlance "girling for bacey," and old and young seemed to regard it as the most excruciatingly funny thing in the day's amusement. The sweeps certainly earned their sop. More repulsively hideous imps I never beheld as they sat grinning and snarling at the open-mouthed audience and each other; and I felt relieved when the exhibition was over, and each sweep received half a pound of "shag."

Meantime, in the four taverns, there has been a heavy consumption of ale and porter by that irregular element to be found in every English village that prefers tobacco and intoxication to every other form of enjoyment. Besides, beer is not only plentiful, but priceless to-day. An Alwrick brewer or his "traveler" has his headquarters at each of the ale-houses, and is ordering gallon after gallon among the horny-fisted toppers, who incessantly drink his health and laud his ale, after the manner of impecunious sponges from time immemorial.

By this time, too, notorious local characters are beginning to manifest themselves. There is Ned Forster, the comical cobbler, who at church yesterday wore a new suit, hatless to-day, with his coat rent, and his extenuations demoralized. He goes bawling a song up the street, sees the vicar in his garden, enters, and accosts him. Ned is a steady church-goer, and moderately temperate on the other fifty-one cobblers' Mondays of the year; consequently the vicar is shocked, and proceeds to scold. "For shame of yourself, Forster," cries his reverence; "go home to your wife and family. What a disgrace it is to see a respectable man like you in this condition!" The cobbler strikes an attitude of severe attention, and, after every pause in the angry exhortation, solemnly and alertly responds: "Lor' have marcy 'pon us, k'-cline our hearts to keep 'is law!"

One of the large farmers of the parish has been "busy" in the "Blacksmith's Arms," and now he is inspired with a frantic desire to obtain an audience while he counts twenty in French.

A huge Boulmer fisherman, yclept Geordie Stewart—mulish and quarrelsome when sober—has got freighted with Atkinson's extra pale ale, and is recklessly buying sweetmeats for the children—at present the most arrant child of them all.

"Sing to thy mammy, hinnie,
Dance to thy daddy, hinnie,
An' thou'll git a penny when the boat comes in,"

roars the giant toiler of the sea.

A retired captain of the Royal Navy, in receipt of a handsome pension from the crown, is here drunk, quarrelsome, and half-crazy. He is but five feet two inches in height, yet he has a voice like a clang of trumpets. Every articulation is an absolute roar, and among the revelers he is the hero of the day.

The gude-wives, meanwhile, have not permitted the day to pass unimproved. Sundry and many jugs of ale—and, I am afraid, of more potent liquors—have found their way from the different "tap-rooms" to various firesides; and, when the shades of evening begin to prevail, groups of smirking matrons

may be seen apparently suffering from vertigo or other premonitory symptoms of a determination of blood to the head, accompanied by a mysterious paralysis of the locomotive functions.

There are now two rival ballad-singers rasping and roaring their ditties in the street opposite the ale-houses. Most of their songs verge on indelicacy, and are relished and purchased in direct proportion to their tendency in this direction. There are also the gipsy fortune-tellers from Yetholm, the Zingari capital at the foot of the Cheviot Hills. The street is lit up with the lurid, smoky flare of naphtha-lamps; and the clamor of the hucksters, who will stay till daylight, the pipe and drum of the conjurer, and a Babel of other discordant shrieks and sounds, fatigue the ear. Dancing has also commenced in each of the taverns, and the crush and jam and perspiration are overpowering. The ball-rooms are lighted with tallow-candles, hung on the wall in tin sconces. The fiddler is mounted on a strong kitchen-table, and each young man, as he bespeaks a tune, "tips" the fiddler sixpence, so that, when the revelry ends, he has been amply recompensed for his unremitting scraping. In the early dawn of the morning the young ladies start for their homes, every red-handed nymph accompanied by a rustic cavalier, who will see her to her very door.

Next day many of the villagers are trying a hair of the dog that bit them yesterday. Among them are the four stewards, who have taken care to cultivate the mammon of unrighteousness to the extent of reserving "a few shillings" of the prize-money for the solace of their "often infirmities" during the remainder of the week. It is not until next Sunday that the village wears its normal look, while the *débris* of nuts, oranges, etc., will adorn the green and the street for many a week to come.

JAMES WIGHT.

MISAPPLIED PROVERBS.

ALL utterances are to be interpreted by their evident intention. And this is as true of proverbs as of other forms of speech. Yet, of these last, there are many perversions, some noticeable only for their drollery, others regrettable on account of their mischievous tendency.

An Irishman once backed his application for help a second time by the logical plea that *One good turn deserves another*; and a countrywoman who recently came to town to purchase a fitch of bacon said to a clergyman with such an air of sanctimonious drollery as to leave her auditors in doubt whether she were more in jest than earnest, "The Bible says, 'Man shall not live by bread alone,' so I thought I would come in and buy a little meat."

Were all misapplications of proverbs as harmless as these, we might pass them by with a smile. But some are of a very grave character, become the parents of very grave-looking offspring, and sometimes demand an equally grave consideration. To most people, proverbs are like coin from the mint;

they bear the stamp of authority, and pass from hand to hand with scarcely a question raised as to their genuineness or their value. They are reverently received into ordinary parlance as the condensed wisdom of ages, and the verdicts of hoary-headed experiences; and, when once received, they govern with an authority like that of Holy Writ.

Who has not heard, and perhaps been misled by the oft-repeated proverb, *Feed a cold and starve a fever*, interpreted to mean that fevers and colds are to receive opposite modes of treatment—"stuffing" and "starving." Whereas its author, who endeavored to crowd words of wisdom into too narrow a space, no doubt knew and supposed that everybody else would know that a cold is only a fever under a disguised form, and, therefore, as in the proverb *Marry in haste and repent at leisure*, he intended to be understood as saying, "If you feed a cold you will have a fever to starve."

The teaching implied in the old-time adage, *The idle man's brain is the devil's workshop*, and also in the phrase so common in criminal indictments, *at the instigation of the devil*, is calculated perhaps to exert a salutary influence, for, if there be a principle of evil, we may reasonably expect him to make use of just such opportunities for his chosen work. But, whatsoever may be one's faith on this subject, it may be no less salutary to keep in mind the fact, and it may at the same time help to relieve a much-slandered individual in accounting for the machinations of that workshop, that it is questionable whether we need inquire for any worse or busier instigator to evil than the workman's own heart; for there is another old, old adage which says, *No man can find a worse friend than the one he brings with him from home*.

Charity begins at home.—This is a capital and truthful saying if properly emphasized. Like every other virtue, it begins—in fact, it must begin—its genuine work as near as possible to the centre of one's being, and radiate thence, like the concentric waves of water and of light, so far as the laws of surrounding Nature will permit. If there be no vital pulse in the centre, there can be none in the extremities. Even patriotism is revealed in its last analysis to be only a noble self-love which first permeates the home, and then expands so as to embrace the country; and philanthropy is only an extension of the same generous feeling to the limits of the race. But for the same reason that a so-called patriotism and philanthropy, which would refuse to go beyond the limits of home, must become an intensified selfishness, so with a so-called charity. The proverb, to be used aright, must be emphasized on the second word.

Charity covers a multitude of sins.—Could the several authors of this charming proverb arise from the dead and learn the interpretation which has been given it, their holy horror would probably express itself in a dramatic scene worth witnessing. Solomon, never probably a man of high spirituality, notwithstanding his world-famed wisdom (that is, his common-sense), began its history by writing, in Proverbs x. 12: "Hatred stirreth up strifes; but love covereth all sins."

The Septuagint translators gave a free and unauthorized form to the last clause, which made it say, "But friendship shall cover all that are not contentious." The apostle Peter, in quoting Solomon, rejects the Septuagint, and draws upon the original Hebrew, which he interprets, "*Charity* [i. e., love] *shall cover the multitude of sins*;" and the apostle James, quoting substantially in the same way, gives us the words, "*shall hide a multitude of sins*." In all these cases the writers evidently intended to say, in their flowing, Oriental style, what the Greeks and Romans embodied in their pithy maxim, *Love is blind*. As to the nature of its misapplication, no one need be informed. The effort to wrest the teaching of Solomon, James, and Peter, to support the doctrine that almsgiving to the poor will atone for sin, is so "thin" as to remind one of the turn given to the saying *Cleanliness is next to godliness* by a man equally noted for dissolute habits and for personal purity, who used to quote it as saying *Cleanliness is godliness*.

The tongue is an unruly member, untamed and untamable.—Few proverbs of caustic character are more universally attested than this, and, strange to say, attested most readily by those who are most obnoxious to its indictments. No doubt this is the effect, in some cases, of ingenuous self-reproach; in others, probably, it is the effort to devise an excuse for language that is otherwise inexcusable. Viewed as a piece of animal mechanism, the tongue is marked with wonderful flexibility and adaptedness to vocal purposes. As to its training, it is of all the members of the human body, not excepting either hand or eye, the most perfectly ruled. In producing those articulate sounds by which thought is conveyed, and those modulations of voice which express the tone and spirit of that thought, it perfectly obeys every monition of the will. The tongue is, in fact, an excellent member—the best, perhaps, in this body—if only the heart be so. It is an "unruly member" only by being too faithful a servant of the power that wields it.

The world owes me a living.—By whom is this claim put in? If by one who has long and unselfishly labored for the good of the world at large, to the neglect of private interests, as did the apostles of our Lord, and as has done many a John Howard and Florence Nightingale since their day, and even an occasional Socrates among the heathen, the claim will be good, morally, if not legally. But such are the last persons whom we expect to urge it. They usually prefer to go on silently in their work of noble disinterestedness, and to say—if they say any thing—"The Lord will provide." A claim of incomparably more manliness and truth was once expressed by a horribly maimed soldier, who said with bright and hopeful air: "I know that the world has some useful place for me to fill, and work for me to do; my business is to hunt it up."

Knowledge is power.—This proverb is in two respects like Franklin's *Honesty is the best policy*—first, in probably being sound by original intention, and secondly in probably being the parent of more evil than good. Franklin's, after the reign of a century, has

been condemned by high ethical authority, and is rapidly passing out of use, because it seems to base *honesty* on *policy*, instead of regarding it as morally obligatory, and thus lowering the standard of public morals. The proverb at the head of this paragraph has also been condemned, and is also passing out of use, because its tendency has been to lower the standard of popular education. There can be no question but that those peoples and generations which have excelled in knowledge have also excelled in power; but any educator of youth who should act upon the principle that education consists in cramming the mind with knowledge will have perpetrated as great an error as would a body of civil-engineers who should saturate the atmosphere with vapor from boiling caldrons because it is known that steam is a motor. The truth is, that steam and knowledge are powers (or rather *means of powers*) only when properly used. Many a man who has been noted as a walking encyclopædia has been equally noted for inability to put his knowledge to account, because the practical part of his education had been neglected. It is the right use of knowledge—and rather the *right use* than the knowledge itself—which is entitled to the name of power. The poet Cowper seems to have had an indirect vision of this truth when he wrote:

"Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In minds replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge is proud that it has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that it knows no more."

"Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of decency is want of sense."

If there be any misapplication predicable of these words it is rather in the reason given by the author than in the use made by those who quote them. In any case the last line is true; but in offenses against society no excuse on behalf of the offender is regarded as more available than to say that *he knew no better*. Even the apostle Paul affirmed, in a certain sense, its validity when, in speaking of his blasphemy against Christ, and his persecution of the Church before he became a believer, he said, "But I obtained mercy because I did it ignorantly in unbelief." The plea, however, to be urged by permission of the offender requires such a degree of humility, or rather of self-abnegation, as to be seldom heard; for, as another old proverb says, *Most people would rather be accounted knaves than fools*. Possibly Mr. Pope had this fact in mind when penning these lines; but, if he had, he would have been nearer the truth, and not a whit the less biting, if he had said substantially, in his smooth verse:

"Immodest words admit but one defense,
That want of decency is want of sense;"

and perhaps this is what he intended.

What everybody says must be true.—There are certain deep and resistless intuitions possessing the universal mind—such as belief in the existence of a God and in the immortality of the soul—which might be safely received as true, even if they had no other support than their evident adaptedness to the necessities of our being, and the fact that they

impress all unbiased minds alike, thus beautifully illustrating the sententious old maxim of the Romans, *Vox populi vox Dei*. These intuitions are always strongly marked with the peculiarity that, although they may not need the support of argument, they are not opposed to reason. There are cases, however, in which the *vox populi* has been in direct opposition to the *vox Dei*, as afterward revealed by reason, though none of these cases are of a moral nature, nor is their accompanying perception worthy the name of intuition. A few generations back, under the guidance of another old proverb that *Seeing is believing*, "everybody said" that the world was flat, and that it was a sort of immovable centre around which daily revolved the sun, moon, and stars. But when this "voice of the people" came to be tested by facts, which reason proclaimed to be utterances of God in Nature, it was found to be utterly false, being an illusion of the senses; the earth is not flat, nor do any of the heavenly bodies daily rotate around it. Then, again, that mysterious and all-prevailing authority known as "everybody" is proved in many cases to be a mere myth, being composed oftentimes of one's own party in politics or clique in society, while their maxims are contradicted by people of other parties and of other cliques. There is one form, however—and perhaps but one—in which reverence for a universal verdict is usually liable to be cherished to an injurious extent. It is when that verdict comes in the shape of a time-honored but unsound proverb, or in the false interpretation of a sound one. The popular sentiment toward all such proverbs is well expressed in the stanza of an old English poet:

"The people's voice the voice of God we call;
And what are *proverbs* but the people's voice,
Coined first and current made by public choice?
Then sure they must have weight and force
withal."

At the risk of disturbing the shades of the poets by irreverent criticism, we must notice another saying from the land of song, being nothing less than Dr. Young's celebrated line—

"All men think all men mortal but themselves."

These words embody a noble as well as a reprehensible truth—not always appreciated, however, by those who quote, and not even acknowledged by the learned author from whose pen they flowed. He intended them as a biting sarcasm on the folly of procrastination, especially in the matter of religion; and he seems not to have been able to discern any thing but insanity in the slowness of mankind to realize the truth of their own mortality.* Now, whenever this slowness is

* The following lines will suffice to show the *animus* of the passage, though better shown by quoting more largely:

"'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor, dilatory man.

At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves—and re-resolves; then dies the same.
And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves."

the result of an unwillingness to entertain an unwelcome truth, we must admit that it is in the highest degree chargeable with folly. But we may question whether it is always, or even usually, the offspring of a parent so unworthy, and whether, on the contrary, it may not be one of those deep and resistless intuitions of the universal mind, having in this fact the proof that it is the outspeaking voice of God himself. That the human body is mortal no one can doubt; it is obvious to every sense, and attested by every law of Nature. If man has an immortal part, it must be a something which is invisible, intangible, beyond the reach of sense and of material laws. Now, it is an important fact, as significant as it is singular, that the conception we form of other people and the conception we form of ourselves are from totally different standpoints. When the name of another is mentioned there instantly rises before the mind of the listener an image of that person's bodily presence. When our own names are mentioned there arises no bodily image (we do not thus symbolize ourselves; indeed, we cannot, for the man who "beholdeth his natural face in a glass, goeth his way and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was"). The mention of our own names is instantly associated with certain *consciousnesses* of thought and feeling, which constitute our mental picture of self, and by which we distinguish that self from all other beings. In other words, the idea we naturally form of others is bodily; the idea we form of ourselves is spiritual. When, therefore, the mortality of another is alluded to, our conception of it is easy, because we have only to imagine the living body of that other pale, cold, and stiff in death. But when our own mortality is the subject of thought, we cannot without special effort realize it, because these consciousnesses by which self identifies self cannot be conceived of as pale, cold, stiff, or, in fact, other than living and active. If, therefore, the soul of man be immortal, this natural tendency of men to

"think all men mortal but themselves"

is not in all cases the insane habit which Dr. Young seems to have supposed, but, on the contrary, may be a noble instinct, revealing to us, as by a voice from heaven, the momentous truth that *we are immortal!*

F. R. GOULDING.

WOMAN'S NATURE.

SHE'S very shy, forsooth;
Well, is there any hurry?
When women hesitate,
There is no cause for worry.

What mean the April clouds?
Nothing but summer roses;
And Love one moment frowns,
The next a smile discloses.

When she is proud and cold,
You should be pleased the better.
Given her own wild way,
She'll ask you for a fether.

What have you been about?
Not woman's nature learning—
Her dear heart goes away,
For sake of the returning.

M. F. BUTTS.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE average American tourist is good-humored and easily contented. It is rarely that he grumbles, even under injury. And he is prone to lively gratitude when, in the course of his travels, he is made here and there thoroughly comfortable. It is quite needless to point out how dependent he is upon the well-keeping of hotels. We do not design to become cynically bitter upon the American landlord, much less to compare him unfavorably with his foreign *confrère*. In very many respects the average first-class American hotel is quite superior to the average first-class European hotel. Its rooms are larger; its linen is cleaner and drier; its service is more assiduous, and on the whole less mercenary; its food more various and quite as good; and its method of charging more satisfactory. Yet the ideal hotel is rarely to be found. He who aspires to keep such a one must be great in detail. In one or two little, or seemingly little, things a very beneficent improvement might be made in most of our hostelries, large and small, with little expense, and no very harrowing amount of care. The average traveler, for instance, might be conciliated, in the matter of food, by a few simple and wholesome reforms. We would commend to enterprising "mine hosts" everywhere rather more attention to the arts of making good bread, distilling good coffee, and the cooking of plain steaks and chops. A traveler, even if he be stopping at a hotel-palace in New York, Saratoga, or Newport, will generally find the fancy, fixed-up, Frenchified dishes, which take up so much space on the bewildering bill of fare, pall upon his taste ere many trials; and will fall back upon the plain and substantial food to which he is accustomed at home. If he finds the coffee, the bread, the beef, and the mutton, as good as they are upon his own table, he is usually thankful and content. An hotel that is famous for its good bread has a far better lease of prosperity than one that is famous for its good *frites-deaus*, *vols au vent*, or new-fangled *entrées*. Yet it is exceptional when the traveler hits upon really good bread and good coffee. The average bread and coffee, even at first-class hotels at summer resorts, are just sufferable, and that is all. Better bread and coffee will be found in nine out of ten of the private houses of a respectable New York street. Yet it would seem to be an easy matter for a landlord, who must be supposed to have abundant means with which to secure the best bread and coffee making talent, to provide his guests with that for which they would, as a rule, far more heartily thank him than for the more ostentatious

dishes which his head-cook tasks an inventive brain to produce. Few can enjoy a breakfast, however sumptuous, without good coffee; or a dinner, with however many courses *à la Paris*, without good bread; and amendment in these respects seems so feasible, that we hope the hostile mind will some time be inspired by it.

While upon the subject of American hotels, we may as well quote some rather surprising information about them which the London *Daily Telegraph* has been giving to its readers. The ignorance of this paper about every thing American is inveterate, and must, we should think, sooner or later become notorious. We can hardly look to a journal to enlighten Englishmen about this country which gravely asserts Brooklyn and Staten Island to be a civic part of the city of New York. Its description of our hotel-system is quite as wide of the truth. The London reader is told that it is the custom "to drive the guests, at the sound of a gong, at certain times of the day, and at no others, into a common dining-hall, and there allow them to browse at will in a wilderness of second-rate cookery." There is just enough truth in this statement to encourage the false inference that Englishmen will make from it, that the meals in our hotels are confined within arbitrary and narrow periods—the fact being, that a range of two or three hours is given for each meal. If we mistake not, the guests of English hotels are much more restricted; at most of them it is only at a certain precise hour that one can get a dinner with "a hot cut off the joint." Then, as to service, the *Telegraph* seems to regard the system of feeing waiters, and chambermaids, and porters, and boot-blacks, which prevails in England, preferable to our fashion of paying for service in the lump hotel-charge. Our hotels "discourage the giving of fees to waiters, the result being that a visitor is mainly compelled, except at meal-times, to wait upon himself." We venture to assert that in our well-conducted hotels guests are waited upon quite as assiduously as at the best London houses. We supposed, moreover, that the feeing of waiters was generally regarded in England as an evil and nuisance which it was well to get rid of. Certainly the *Telegraph*, when it has not happened to want to turn a contrast unfavorable to America, has spoken regretfully of the universal bribery of English waiters, and the pecuniary competition of guests to secure special attention. That American hotels are not such places of cheerless vastness, elaborate discomfort, frantic food-bolting, and curiously-devised methods of inconveniencing the guests, as the *Telegraph* would have its readers believe, is evident from the wide-spread imitation of them in Europe. It was the American hotel

which suggested the main plan of the Grand Hôtel and the Hôtel du Louvre in Paris; and everywhere on the Continent may be found traces of the American example.

THE commotion excited in England in consequence of the sentence of Colonel Baker is very great. Society seems to be divided upon the question—one faction bitterly denouncing the sentence of the court as unjustly lenient, the other defending it as fully as severe as the offense and the circumstances pertaining to it warranted. The subject is one that has brought out no little discussion on the whole question of the penal law as it relates to different classes of society. It will doubtless always be maintained, and with a good deal of reason, that legal punishments should be enforced without distinction of persons. There must be, it is claimed, the same law for the rich and the poor. This is fundamentally very true, and the truth of the maxim is so generally accepted that in every civilized country capital crimes are equally punished. Whenever there are any distinctions at all, they pertain to minor offenses. Rich speculators sometimes succeed in escaping the penalty of their misdeeds, not because the law makes a distinction between the rich and the poor thief, but because the speculation has not been the theft direct, has been adroitly managed so as to stand beyond the reach of the law. In all cases of a graver character where the offenses committed are identically of a like nature, the penalty is the same, no matter who the person is. But there are a few cases that necessarily involve a question of condition or of antecedents. The rich and the poor forgers suffer alike; but perhaps the rich and the poor drunkards, or the rich and the poor combatants in an assault, are quite likely to have a different sort of penalty dealt out to them. But this different justice in appearance may be very far from being different in fact. The noisy vagabond who is sent to the penitentiary for ten days probably feels no disgrace, and experiences only a little temporary inconvenience in the penalty; but to the man of customary sobriety, who in an exceptional convivial hour disturbs the peace, a single night in the station-house is an intense humiliation, a bitter fact likely to stain and embarrass all his future life. To a man of sensibility and refinement a prison is ten times more formidable than to a man of coarse instincts and rude habits of life. Every thing in this world is much or little by contrast: a mode of life that to a laborer is comfortable and even agreeable, to one of another kind of training would be unendurable; the tasks that some find easy, others find intolerable; the act that with one man is a matter of custom, to another is a bitter hu-

miliation; and hence if the law in the infliction of its penalties makes no distinctions, it simply succeeds in making practically tremendous differences. If it be a fundamental maxim that all men should suffer alike for similar offenses, then, in order that they may suffer alike the penalty should be adjusted to the character, rank, and conditions pertaining to the persons under judgment. An inflexible law is sure to be an unjust law. A law incompetent to recognize the difference between a woman reared tenderly, amid ease and luxury, and a fierce termagant of the gutter, or insensible to the difference between a man of breeding and life-long repute and one hardened to every form of degradation, such a law is actually very unjust, however much it may carry upon the surface a seeming equity. How far it may be practicable to act upon these differences of character and condition, it is not easy to say. In many kinds of offenses it is certain that it cannot be done; but, as the law always falls even at its best with peculiar harshness upon that better class who are not habitual criminals, who have under some mad temptation sacrificed every thing that had made life dear, there need be no fear that these unfortunates will not experience the bitter consequences of their misdoing to the full.

A VERY intelligent correspondent of a Western paper has been dilating upon the evidences which he found, on a recent visit to England, of the power, glory, and great future, of our mother-land. Among other subjects, he examined that of the English land-tenure. Going thither with the strongest prejudices against that system, which "puts great estates in the hands of a few persons, and divorces the many from any interest in the soil except as tenants and hirelings," he seems to have made some discoveries which modified his opinion. The chief was, that farming in England has come to be not only an industry but a trade. Companies and firms have been organized, with the object of leasing large tracts of land, and of cultivating it to the best advantage by the aid of the latest appliances and of generous outlays for wages and improvement. As far as it goes, the result of this system is to convert the peasant into an artisan, and, if he so chooses, also into a stockholder. No one can deny that this is a great advance upon the old customs of English landlordism; nor is it surprising that these agricultural companies, when in full operation, get eight or nine per cent. profit, where the landed proprietors have long been, and are to this day, content with two or three. But the correspondent of whom we speak greatly exaggerates the extent and influence of agricultural companies. After all, there is but a

very small portion of the arable land of England which can be so leased; prejudice and jealousy on the part of most landed proprietors will not permit a wide range of such operations. The writer proceeds to argue that the commercial system is far better than it would be to divide up all the land in England equally among heads of families; and so it is. But in the first place, as we have said, that system can go but little way; and, in the second, it is certainly possible to find some reforms and ameliorations in the arbitrary land-tenure short of adopting the communistic programme of an equal division of property. The great difficulty is, that English land is not permitted to circulate freely, as a marketable commodity. Put English land upon the same basis as American land, and we should hear no more, probably, of two peers owning half a county, and the Duke of Sutherland riding by rail from dawn to dusk over his own domain. The richest would always have the most land; but it would pass gradually from the hands of the patricians who are content with an income of three per cent. from the cultivated farms, and who keep large spaces for parks and preserves which yield them no income at all, into the hands of enterprising capitalists who would force the farms into their highest production, and turn the parks and preserves into flowing fields of wheat and rye. To abolish the old prescriptive laws of primogeniture and entail would be a long step toward that free trade in land which is the best possible remedy for existing evils.

ONE of our citizens, writing to an evening contemporary in regard to the obstructions in our streets, innocently asks what our highways are for. Inasmuch as the inquirer is well known as an old and intelligent citizen, it is much to be wondered where his eyes have been all these years. What are our highways for? Why, they are for stabling unused vehicles, and for the storage of empty boxes and barrels; they are for the display of merchandise, and for the convenience of sidewalk venders; they are for telegraph-poles, awning-posts, and shutter-boxes; they are for garbage and ash receptacles; they are for protruding signs, flaunting banners, and dilapidated awnings; they are for circular-distributors and placard promenaders; they are for fruit and candy stands; they are for target-excursions and military funerals; they are for everybody who has a patent nuisance or an ingenious inconvenience specially designed to intrude upon the rights of other people. It is easy enough to see, for one who goes about and keeps his eyes open, what the streets are for; but in obtaining this knowledge, he is occupying the streets in the way they are evidently not de-

signed for; and he will discover that pedestrians have no rights which those in possession of the highways are in any way bound to respect. He must make *détours* around loading and unloading trucks; he must pick his way amid labyrinths of boxes; he must dodge beneath drooping awnings and pendent fabrics; he must circumnavigate show-cases and samples of merchandise; he must perform his task with the intense consciousness that the highways are in no wise designed for him or his class. He will be perplexed a little, no doubt, at the universal acceptance of this fact. If he has been abroad, he will recollect cities where the highways are wholly withdrawn from the uses to which they are given up here, the rights of the traveler therein having the first and the supreme consideration, and he will greatly wonder how it is that in those countries so different an idea of the purposes of a highway should prevail from that which obtains in ours.

IN the JOURNAL of September 4th the author of an article entitled "High-Flying and its Dangers" erroneously put to death the distinguished aeronaut, Professor Wise. We are half inclined to thank our contributor for his mistake, inasmuch as it has been the means of eliciting the subjoined pleasant note from the still living and very hopeful professor:

"PHILADELPHIA, September 4, 1875.

"To the Editor of *Appletons' Journal*.

"DEAR SIR: In the present number of your JOURNAL you say I 'died peacefully in my bed.' In saying that, you committed a moral homicide. I am not dead nor sleeping, but full of life and vigor, working and living in the hope of being enabled to prove to the world that a system of aerial drifting with the balloon, *via* Gulf Stream air-current, from New York to England, is a feasible thing. Indeed, it is merely a matter of endurance to float. That part of the necessity is no longer problematical. We can use copper balloons. One of two hundred feet diameter, made of copper sheeting, weighing one pound per square foot, will have a net lifting power of sixty-eight tons when filled with hydrogen gas.

"Now, as I hope to live long enough yet to demonstrate this theory in a humble way, you will be generous enough to resuscitate me, pat me on the back, and say encouragingly, 'Go on and try.' As another inducement to you to keep me alive a little while longer, allow me to tell you that I am diligently engaged in laying the foundation of a system of weather predictions by which we shall be enabled to prophesy the weather a year in advance. We have cycles of weather, as we have cycles of eclipses. Our planet is subject to vicissitudes of perturbations and pressures from the other planets by conjunctions, oppositions, quadratures, and by the interference of comets, acting upon the elastic shell of our earth, its atmosphere producing climatic phenomena that fail to be explained by mere terrestrial differentiations.

"All these considerations toward the evolution and progress of science call upon you

to take me out of the death-bed and to put me fairly on my feet again, as I have before me this minute a proposition to make a number of balloon-ascensions in the interest of science.

"Your JOURNAL claims to disseminate science, civilization, art, refinement, and literature, and it will but be promoting these ends by allowing me a lease yet a little while longer over and beyond the sixty-seven winters that have frosted my head, if not to fully establish the two systems above mentioned, to at least teach my grandson, John Wise the younger, how to take up the line of march in the science of meteorology, to prove that the balloon is made for nobler ends than acrobatic performances.

"Very respectfully,

"Your friend and fellow-citizen,

"JOHN WISE."

Literary.

TO many good people the accusation that a novel is "sensational" is about the worst that can be brought against it; but, though our own taste for sensational novels is but feebly developed, long experience has convinced us that there is a species of story more preposterously unnatural than even the sensational, more "weak'nin' to the mind" than poor poetry, and more prejudicial to literary good morals than the familiar tales of bigamy, murder, and sudden death. Of such, Mrs. Newman's "Jean" (New York: Harper & Brothers) is a recent example. Mrs. Newman quite evidently congratulates herself on not being as other (naughty) novelists are, and on writing "pure, quiet, healthful" stories, which even Mr. Pecksniff might have read aloud in his family circle without bringing a blush to the maidenly cheek of his daughters; yet, after spending an hour or two in following Jean's adventures, we are prepared to accept Miss Braddon's most lurid story as plausible, probable, and life-like, in comparison. It is not merely that its plot is incoherent and absurd, that its coincidences are too numerous to mention, and that there is no logical antecedent for any thing that is said or done by any one of the names that do duty for persons in the story: Mrs. Newman absolutely insults her readers by the impudence of her demands upon their credulity. Either from poverty of invention or a superabundant faith in this credulity, she does not take the trouble to vary in the slightest degree the circumstances of her heroine's successive disappearances. Three times Jean runs away from as many different households, and each time it is against her own inclinations and interest, and against the wishes of those she was most bound to consider, and brought about each time by a precisely identical misapprehension. The culmination of it all is, that three different advertisements from the said three households appear simultaneously in the *Times*, each offering a reward for information that will lead to the discovery of Jean, she at the time lying sick of a fever brought on by the hardships to which she had thus unnecessarily exposed herself. A parallel performance is that of Maud (to whom is assigned the wicked business of the story), who

inserts in the *Times*, first, a fictitious announcement of her own marriage with a certain Nugent Orme, and afterward a fictitious announcement of Jean's death. The first is intended for Jean alone, and, of course, she sees it at once, while no one of the dozen or more persons who could have exposed the falsehood happens upon it. The second announcement, on the other hand, is intended for these dozen or more people exclusively, and, of course, they see it immediately on its appearance; while Jean, and those of her friends who might have corrected it, conveniently overlook that special issue of the paper. The author's ingenuity, such as it is, is expended in getting Jean out of one set of difficulties immediately to plunge her into another, all of them being destitute of any conceivable reason except to give a cumulative impression of Jean's angelic loveliness of character. Spite of all, however, the numerous complexities are removed by the one solitary sensible act, which is credited to Jean during the entire course of the story: the wicked are punished, the virtuous rewarded, and the curtain descends to the familiar music of wedding-bells.

It would be waste of time to analyze the several "characters," which are of a piece with the plot. Mrs. Newman evidently wished to create a heroine who should attract by contrast with the typical, worldly-wise young lady of ordinary fiction; and her recipe for making one is to endow the said heroine with every quality which the ordinary young lady has not, and to represent her as doing on any given occasion the exact opposite of what the ordinary young lady would do. Accordingly, Jean really loves her aunt and cousins, and actually believes them when they declare that they love her; when a certain lady, to whom she has just been introduced, politely expresses the wish to become better acquainted, she opens widely her dark, liquid eyes, looks wistfully into those of the other, and asks "Why?" when the young men pay her compliments and make love to her, she utterly refuses to become self-conscious, and frankly pays them back in kind; when she goes to a ball, she exclaims aloud to her aunt, so that all the room can hear, "Isn't this splendid? did you ever see any thing so delightful?" and, when the young men crowded around for dances, "she delightfully gave them her tablets to fill up as they chose, and when they disagreed among themselves as to who was to have which, frankly informed Edward Lawrence, who appealed to her, that it did not matter in the least—it was all the same to her." Of course, such freshness and simplicity, after our surfeit of heroines who are acquainted with the ordinary *convenances* of society, are very charming, and it is not surprising that wherever she goes she wins the hearts of all except the wicked. But, in addition to all this, Jean is a "genius," as distinguished from her accomplished cousin Maud, who only has "talent." The difference between genius and talent, as defined by Mrs. Newman, is that, while Maud could detect the slightest flaw in logic or reasoning from given premises, Jean, though weak in logic, had an intuitive perception of the weakness of the premises

themselves. Indeed, Jean won Nugent Orme's love (which should have been given to Maud) by revealing to him that after reading a certain philosophical pamphlet four times with the aid of the dictionary, and sitting up till twelve o'clock at night to do it, she had "hit the centre-point of the writer's fallacy, when Maud's quick intelligence had failed to find it." As to Nugent Orme, the hero of the story, who spends his income in social experiments for the benefit of the laborer—who has "every important question of the day—religious, political, and social—represented upon his library-table, with all the best opinions for and against it"—who discusses with his betrothed at balls the "new philosophies as they arise," and who is a "skeptical," but not an "infidel"—he is as pretty a prig and as neat a specimen of the woman's ideal man as we have lately encountered.

Most young ladies will be sure to follow Jean's example in falling in love with him; and we are compelled to confess that, in spite of all we have said, "Jean" is a story with which many readers will be greatly pleased.

THE fifteenth volume of "Little Classics" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.) is devoted to "Minor Poems," and contains one hundred and forty-two pieces. The selection is very good indeed, and, if the reader regrets the absence of some poetical favorites which he would fain believe are little classics, he will find himself compensated by others with which he was, perhaps, not so familiar. As we have already said, Mr. Johnson's collection of poetry cannot compare, as a whole, with Palgrave's, or Dana's, or Bryant's, or several others that might be named; but it is excellent as far as it goes, and the entire series, poetical as well as prose, is well worth shelf-room in every family library.

REFERRING to the death of the late Bishop Thirlwall, the *Saturday Review* says: "The name of another great scholar has to be added, alongside of the names of Finlay and Willis, to the list of those whom death has taken from us within a year of which little more than half has as yet passed. It may be that a generation which has not yet learned to know the name of Finlay has already forgotten the name of Thirlwall. But those who know what writing history really is, and who know the powers which it calls for—those who hold that two good books on the same subject are better than one, and who do not think that the appearance of the second makes the former useless—they will feel that one of the few men at whose feet the learner might sit in the full trust that he would never be misled has passed away from among us. Of three great English historians of Greece, three men of whom any age and land might have been proud, all now have gone, and two have gone within a few months of each other. The two men who have, between them, told in our own tongue the tale of Greece, from her earliest to her latest days, were in life far apart from one another in their callings and in their places of abode. They were yet farther apart in the motives and circumstances which led them severally to undertake the task of which each of them so well discharged his own share. In the life of each there was a contemplative and a practical stage; but those stages came in reverse order in the lives of the two men. The writings of

one deal wholly with a distant past; the writings of the other begin, indeed, from the distant past, but carry on the tale down to days in which the historian recorded events in which he had been an actor. The man who went out to fight for Greece lived on in the land which he had helped to free to be at once her historian and her censor. The other, a scholar from his cradle, finished his one great work early in life, and was then called away to practical life in a post as toilsome and difficult as any that could be found within the range of his calling. This marked contrast in the position of the two men leaves its impress on their writings. It is vain to argue which does his work the better of the two. Each does it as it was natural that he should do it in the position in which he found himself, and from the point of view in which he necessarily looked on his subject. It is enough to say that, between them, they have told the whole tale of Greece, and that each has told his part of it as it never was told before him."

ONE Mr. George Vasey has published in London a somewhat extraordinary and, we should judge, very comical work, entitled "The Philosophy of Laughter and Smiling," which the *Saturday Review* notices as follows: "Mr. Vasey has devoted himself to the study of laughter with, as he says, 'all the seriousness and gravity becoming a scientific or philosophical inquiry,' but he has as yet only a 'rough outline' of his views to offer. Mr. Vasey is of opinion that laughing has become a confirmed habit of the human race from the practice of tickling babies, and doubts whether children would ever begin to laugh if they were not stimulated or prompted, 'but let alone, and treated naturally and rationally.' He is very severe on parents and nurses for being so foolish as to imagine that the sounds proceeding from babies under such circumstances are manifestations of pleasure and delight. His own view is that they are 'nothing more nor less than spasmodic and involuntary contractions and dilatations of the pectoral muscles and the lungs, excited into action by absurd ticklings and stupid monkey tricks. . . . The conclusion is unavoidable, that the absurd habit of laughing,' which Mr. Vasey also thinks uncomfortable, 'is entirely occasioned by the unnatural and false associations which have been forced upon us in early life.' One of the chapters is devoted to 'the degrading and vicious consequences of the habit of laughing.' Sensible people, Mr. Vasey holds, rarely laugh, and fools who like laughing do a great deal of harm by encouraging folly in others in order to have something to laugh at. How much better, he thinks, it would be if people would be content with smiling, which does not twist the face into horrible grimaces; and he gives a number of illustrations to deter his fellow-creatures from making frights of themselves by laughing. On the other hand, there are pictures of the 'entreaty smile,' the 'confiding smile,' the 'mother's sympathetic smile,' the 'infant's smile of delight,' the 'joyous smile of friendly recognition,' the 'supremely affectionate smile,' the 'pensive smile' (of a very idiotic character), and so on, which readers of the work can practise with the help of a mirror. We suspect Mr. Vasey will have some difficulty in putting down laughter, but it might perhaps be well if people were more reasonable in regard to what they laugh at."

THE Paris correspondent of the *London Academy*, writing of Mérimée's "Lettres à une autre Inconnue," says: "This new *Inconnue*

was a Polish lady, who with her sister was one of the stars that glittered at the imperial court: she was, if we are to believe Mérimée, possessed both of beauty and wit, and had the free-and-easy cavalier manner then (1865-1870) regarded as the special mark of the highest breeding. She was the president of a *Cour d'Amour*, organized by way of pastime by the empress, and composed of ladies of her suite. Mérimée was their secretary, and he carried on the pleasantry which had been begun at Fontainebleau or Compiègne by continuing at a distance in his capacity of secretary to keep his fair president *au courant* of all that is going on around him. The notes he addresses to her, for they are notes and not letters, are couched in the frivolous and gallant language of the court, and long trains and striped stockings are as fully discussed as politics and literature; but the style throughout is clear and brief, and as free from pretension as it is bright and witty, while the language is precise, nervous, and expressive, and owing to these qualities Mérimée ranks as one of the two or three most distinguished writers of this century. He cannot, either as a novelist, historian, or archæologist, be said to be the first of his age, because by his own choice he was an amateur to the last, and wrote and studied professedly, solely for his own amusement; nevertheless, he is the most marvelous story-teller, and, in his way, a perfect writer. At the same time his letters are a valuable record of the moral history of the Second Empire. They reproduce in a wonderful manner the vanity and ignorant levity of the imperial world, as well as the vague dread which was beginning to make itself felt in spite of the efforts made to stifle and dissipate it by the mad pursuit of worldly distractions and pleasure. Written, as the whole volume is, in a light, jesting tone, there is a note of bitter sadness sounding through it, which we cannot but feel to be the unconscious presentiment of coming misfortunes."

"If it be true," says the London *Spectator*, "that imitation is the sincerest flattery, then Miss Broughton must be quite satisfied with the testimony to her powers which she is constantly receiving. Her style has an air of ease about it which beguiles one into believing that it is easy. Unconventional people who lead unconventional lives of their own, but with elegant surroundings, and with the leisure and locomotion which writers of fiction bestow as easily as immense fortunes upon their *protégés*, and which are not a bit more like reality; odd talk, untrammelled by the rules of society as by those of grammar, and a combination of vehement passion with tawdry cynicism—such are the components which we usually find in novels of the imitation-Broughton school. In reality, even the defects of Miss Broughton's style are not easy to imitate, and that something which pleases in every thing she writes, which frequently pleases side by side with much that one most dislikes and deplores, is just what nobody can imitate—the spirit, at once subtle and audacious, which sets her stories apart."

The Portfolio, edited by Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, is an art-publication the merit of which is very generally recognized. Its illustrations consist of etchings by a process known as *photogravure*, which for certain classes of subjects is very satisfactory. The etchings in the August number consist of a sea-study by Turner, which is very striking in character and effect; "Le Chaudronnier," by Lagros; and "Kingston-on-the-Thames," by

L. B. Phillips. Among the articles of special interest is the beginning of a paper on Antoine Joseph Wiertz, the half-mad Belgian artist, whose collection of paintings at Brussels is the amazement of all who witness it. It is fairly described in this article as "a pictorial pandemonium where rages the perpetual conflict between good and evil, God and devil, where demons are in mortal combat with angels, dragons belch out fire in the face of Heaven, lightnings rend rocks asunder," but mingled with which are some of the quaintest fancies and the most delicious ideals of women ever put on canvas. The American publisher of *The Portfolio* is J. W. Bouton.

THE Marquis of Lorne has written, and Macmillan & Co. are to publish, a poem entitled "Guido and Lita: a Tale of the Riviera," founded, it is said, on an incident in one of the many Saracen inroads which troubled the coast of Provence in the tenth century. . . . The *Saturday Review* is merciless on Mrs. Wood. It thinks that "whatever qualities valuable for story-telling Mrs. Henry Wood may possess, whatever problematical graces time may take from her or bestow, one thing is tolerably sure to be left in its integrity—namely, the ingrained and ineffaceable vulgarity of her writing." . . . It is anxiously asked by some of our contemporaries, "What is the matter with Professor Lowell?" His recent gloomy utterances seem to indicate a very despondent and hopeless state of mind. The *Springfield Republican* advises him to read daily the closing lines of Longfellow's "Building of the Ship," and the *Christian Union* urges him to tear up his lugubrious satires and give us a strain of hope and courage. . . . A book entitled "Leverana," consisting of reminiscences and anecdotes of the late Charles Lever, will be published in November. . . . A new book, entitled "Nero: an Historical Play," by W. W. Story, the artist, will appear in the autumn. . . . A novel, the scene of which is laid in antediluvian ages, has just been completed by M. Elie Berthet. It is entitled "Parisians of the Stone Age," and it is to be the first of a series of such romances. . . . Mr. J. Hill Burton, the distinguished historian of Scotland, is engaged on a "History of the Reign of Queen Anne." . . . Messrs. Chatto & Windus (London) have in preparation two volumes of correspondence of the late B. R. Haydon, abounding in matters of interest, and throwing much new light upon his life and character. . . . Mr. E. C. Stedman's work on the "Victorian Poets" will be published simultaneously in England and America. . . . Herr Julius Kostlin, a professor in the University of Halle, has just published what is said to be the best life of Luther yet written. In it many of the legends that have gathered around the early life of the great Reformer are shown to be untrue.

The Arts.

IN the middle of the village of North Conway, and close beside the Kearsarge House, its chief hotel, is an old school-house two stories high, surmounted by a small bell-tower. One or two scrubby trees stand in front of the door of this building, hacked and cut with the names of the children who attend the school in the winter; and its windows and weather-worn sides are quite dilapidated. This house overlooks the lovely Conway intervalles, softly shaded with green turf

as smooth as velvet, and before its windows the range of Mount Washington spreads out bathed in a purple atmosphere like the tint of the bloom on a plum.

The upper floor of this school-house is as rough as its exterior, with wooden desks piled about it, and its walls are partially colored by patches of old whitewash. In this odd-looking place George Inness has established his summer studio, and here through many of the summer days he may be found at his easel. Many of our readers will recollect his beautiful and peaceful landscapes in the neighborhood of Perugia, pictures full of the lovely atmosphere of the Apennines. These paintings, more than any other landscapes, have excited admiration by the richness of their color and their spacious aerial effects.

An idea prevails among unobservant people that the sky is everywhere the same. Than this impression nothing is more untrue, for the coarse humidity above salt, boggy meadows produces rich color in the clouds flat-banded in their level forms as the earth beneath them, but as coarse in color as the atmosphere whence they derive their character; a dry and hilly country has its own cloud-figures, which "stoop from heaven and take the shape" of the general outlines of the land, the atmosphere of which is neither humid with sea-mists nor possessed of the silvery and golden purity and light that bathe the upland. In the mountain-regions themselves the clouds have a variety of shape varying from small silvery flocks, in bands and level cirrus, to the majestic processions of storm and wind clouds. There is, besides, an infinite variety of delicate fringes, wreaths of mist, and high and low wandering vapors caught in eddies of air, totally different from and much more varied than those found elsewhere. Each country has its own distinctive sky, so far as we know, and great bodies of water affect their surroundings equally. Italy forms no exception to this rule, but in analyzing the peculiarity of a summer sunset at Florence, or the opaline hues that reflect themselves in the canals and lagoons of Venice in the end of the day, we could not detect that the atmosphere was deeper from its mistiness, purer in its freedom from smoke or fog, more varied or more sparkling, than our own. It was only in the Apennines that a glittering yet tender light seemed to surpass any of our skies. Claude has always been famous as the artist of these wonderful and spacious atmospheres, and his pictures by comparison dim and blur all other paintings into a coarseness like mud. Of late years Mr. Inness has shown this same peculiarity, and when we entered the dingy, dull little school-room, his summer studio, the full glory of our own mountain heavens first dawned upon us.

On the easel in the middle of the room, which was lighted by the sky above Mount Washington, and which itself spread serene and blue across the valley, was a painting of the mountain and of the mountain skies, so delicate, so distant, and so full of light and space, that we felt that all the pictures of all the artists had never revealed before the best excellence of North Conway. Mr. In-

ness, basing his work on a theory derived from long thought and observation, uniformly, as our readers may remember, paints his skies of a deeper color and in a lower key than any other of our landscape-artists. Against this solemn gray-blue, or rather in the space it forms, he stretches out the level shoulders of the great hills and the long, waving lines of their summits. The gorge of Tuckerman's Ravine appears here far removed into the picture, and sunk in great recesses of the air that forbid the beholder to consider it except vastly remote and utterly beyond his access. Near the summit of the range, and veiling the long, flat line of upland beneath the main peaks of the range, pale snow glimmers from out the vast hazy distance, while Thorn Mountain, the "Ledges," and the familiar near peaks, afford full play for the rich, deep purples and porphyry tones Mr. Inness knows so well how to produce. In the foreground again is spread his magnificent and subtle palette, and trees and meadow are massed with strong and well-characterized appreciation of their forms, stalwart or graceful, as the groups contained maples, silver birches, or dark pines. But the glory of this picture consists in the delicacy and spiritual serenity of the mountains, which seem like a great humanity raised above the imperfection and weakness of earth.

Another picture of almost equal beauty with the one we have just described, and very characteristic of another phase of Conway scenery, represents the gathering of a storm on the lower flanks of Mote Mountain. This mountain, which is about four thousand feet high, forms the western boundary of the Conway Valley, and stretches in a long ridge, broken by several small peaks, from the village of Conway to near where the road passes up toward the great Notch. Less interesting in shape than many of the other ranges of hills in this neighborhood, Mote Mountain has remarkable beauty and variety of color when the great masses of rock that largely compose it expose their red and yellow and purple surfaces over great areas, made desolate by the burning of the woods along its sides. Here are seen the last red clouds of sunset, and above its ragged summit lingers the last glow of the evening sky. On this side of the valley, also, are collected great masses of cloud and the vapors that precede the mountain-storms, which, descending the upper ridges of the mountain, settle down toward the valley below, and wrap its huge shoulders in obscurity and gloom. Frequently by day the farms and orchards that cover its base are bathed in bright sunshine, while the upper regions of the mountain are hidden by dense and dark thunder-clouds, which roll about it in round masses dun as smoke. It is such a scene as this that Mr. Inness has depicted, and, while many another painter would have left it uncertain how vapory and of what character the clouds might be, in Mr. Inness's painting the light and shade are a perfect *tour de force*, though pedantry of means is one of the last motives that ever influence this artist. Ruskin, in his word-pictures of Turner, describes the appreciative rendering by him of the minute and local features of a landscape, and in his storm on

Mote Mountain Mr. Inness's mind and brush appear most lovingly to dwell upon the great purple mass of the thunder-cloud, with its van of silvery thunder-heads; and beneath this mass of darkness he has painted the cool wreaths of mist, forerunners of wind and rain, which scud along in a lower current of air, and tangle and confuse themselves in the small clefts of the hills. A bright light still rests on the base of the mountain, and beyond it, stretching far down to the southward and the Ossipee Hills, masses of pink cumulus are the outriders of this storm.

Mr. Inness has made another painting of another day in Conway, for it seems to us that these pictures may be better designated as "days" here than as this or that particular view, in which pale birches and the pale, far-off Ossipee Hills sleep under bands of white, satiny clouds, and a sky whose blue is soft and sparkling with a silvery sheen. The sky looks very high and far away, and the whole atmosphere seems pervaded by the sense of warmth and peace. Like Corot's woodland pictures, the row of birches in this painting seem more a feature of this sentiment of light and quiet than to have been painted for themselves only, and their delicate leaves and white stems quiver and gleam in the breeze, which is slight enough only to stir this aspen class of forest-trees. Mr. Inness is best known by the strength and richness of his coloring, and by strong contrasts of light and shadow. His paintings each represent a sentiment or a passion, "Nature passed through the alembic of humanity," as Emerson says. Yet his pictures are by no means ideal conceptions of Nature, and, were it not that the artistic instinct and the human feeling which dominate them were so much more impressive than their realistic forms, the beholder would suppose that he painted only for the pleasure of reproducing a daguerreotype likeness of natural objects.

As we remarked, it is usually the strong effects of scenery by which Mr. Inness is most conspicuously known. But such paintings as these silvery birch-trees show him to be possessed of a much wider range of power and of sympathy, and, while he is at home with storm and shadow, the quiet reaches of peaceful landscape are as near him.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, which was formally opened for the autumn and winter season of 1875-'76 on the 1st of the present month, has received several important additions to its collection of prehistoric relics and objects of modern art. In sculpture, the chief example is a life-size marble group of "Latona and her Children, Apollo and Diana," by the late Mr. Rinehart. The design represents the goddess seated in a reclining attitude, with her head bent forward, and gazing with an expression of admiration and love upon her sleeping children. The infant Apollo lies on his back, and his breast serves as a pillow for Diana's head. The idea conveyed by the pose of the goddess is that she fears for the safety of her children, and she bends over them as they sleep to preserve them from real or imaginary harm. The figure of Latona is draped, but it simply

covers without concealing the gracefully rounded contours of her form. The design is charmingly composed, and is generally conceded to be the sculptor's master-work.

Among the prehistoric relics is a sarcophagus sculptured from a species of calcareous stone, and recently discovered by General Di Cesnola in his excavations in the old tombs at Golgos. The sarcophagus is oblong in form, and has a roof-shaped cover, with nondescript animals, in high-relief, sculptured upon the four corners. The side is ornamented with a series of scenes representing, evidently, some of the old heroes of mythology, listening to the music of graceful young women. The reverse suggests a sporting scene, with archers and spearmen in conflict with wild bulls and boars. The sculptured scenes are in low-relief, and, like the other objects discovered on the island of Cyprus, represent the dawn rather than the maturity of art. The ends are ornamented in the same style, but illustrate a chariot-race, and a foot-traveler, carrying a staff and bundle on his shoulder, and followed by a dog. This sarcophagus was somewhat injured on its passage to this country, but it has been skillfully repaired, and is as fresh in appearance, no doubt, as when entombed many centuries ago. The massive sarcophagus-cover, in the shape of a mummyified figure, which came from Cyprus with the original Di Cesnola collection, now rests upon its case, which has just been received. The cover was discovered several years ago, but the case was not brought to light until later and more thorough excavations were made. General Di Cesnola, it is said, has recently discovered another and more elaborately-sculptured sarcophagus in his researches, which represents a higher development of art than any thing heretofore recovered, and it will be forwarded to the Museum in a short time.

In the collection of bass-reliefs there are six new objects with inscriptions, which, it is thought, will prove of peculiar interest to the student and scholar. They are oblong in form, and were intended for the ornamentation of the fronts of the tombs in the ruins of which they were found. They are of calcareous stone, and rude sculptures at the best, but objects of interest as relics of prehistoric times. Several other objects of this character have also been received from General Di Cesnola; but, as the trustees of the Museum have no room at disposal for their proper exhibition, they will not be unpacked at present.

In the department of modern art there are a series of the original copperplates of Audubon's "Birds of America." They are neatly inclosed in frames, under glass, and were presented to the Museum by Mr. William E. Dodge. Another elegant object of art is an electrotype copy of the famous Milton Shield, the original of which was first exhibited at the Paris International Exhibition of 1867, and is now in the South Kensington Museum. The design was by Ladeuil, and the work was executed by the celebrated firm of Messrs. Elkington & Co., of Birmingham, England. Aside from the artistic beauty of the design, the exquisite mechanical

execution of the work is worthy of the highest praise. This rare object was lent by Mr. Charles M. Congreve, of Brooklyn. The collection of Japanese ivory carvings lent by Mr. Prun, of Albany, remains on exhibition as arranged last spring, and the gallery of modern paintings is composed of works selected from the best private collections in New York. It is probably the most valuable collection of modern oil-paintings ever opened for exhibition in a public gallery in this country.

PIETRO VAINI, the Italian artist who committed suicide when engaged in a dramatic recitation at a social gathering at City Island, Long Island Sound, a few days ago, was a young man of brilliant promise, and esteemed for his attractive personal characteristics as well as for his art ability. He came to New York from Rome, his native city, in 1872, and his work from the first attracted great attention. He worked with the greatest facility in oil, water-colors, pastel, and crayon, and in the off-hand brilliancy of his touch and coloring, when using the former medium, showed himself an accomplished master of the school in which he was educated—that of Rome. Vaini was possessed of a morbid fancy, and this is shown in his selection of subjects for his pictures. One of these, and the most shocking of the series, illustrates a dark story of intrigue drawn from Florentine history of the fourteenth century. The Duchess of Cibo, a noble Italian lady, being annoyed by the attention of her husband to a beautiful rival, procured her assassination, and had her decapitated, and the head sent to her private study. The head she afterward enveloped in her husband's ruffles, and sent it to him in a basket. The subject of the picture represents the dark-haired duchess standing beside the table upon which rests the beautiful head of her rival, and apparently gloating upon her horrible revenge. In the delineation of this subject Vaini showed conclusively that he was possessed of a dramatic power of composition which was of the highest order, but unfortunately it was linked with a gloomy insatiation which led to his own sad end. Another subject of interest painted by him is entitled "After the War," and represents two poverty-stricken wretches seated by the wayside on a winter's day asking alms; but its sad story is too realistic to please the multitude, and, like the picture of the Duchess of Cibo, it remained in the possession of the artist up to the time of his death. Vaini at times touched with his pencil the follies of modern female costume with vigor and brilliant effect. One of these subjects, entitled "Fashionable Piety," shows a pretty woman partly kneeling and bending gracefully over the back of a chair during prayer. Another picture is that of a young lady in fashionable costume posing gracefully upon one of the lake-bridges in the Central Park, in silent admiration of herself and the swans which are floating gracefully on the water at her feet. Vaini was also a successful portrait-painter, and probably two of his best works in this specialty are life-size pictures of Madame Ristori and her daughter.

ter. His studio was a museum of rare and interesting objects of art, comprising rich old tapestries, arms and armor, ancient carved Roman trousseau-chests and costumes, all of which were of great value to him as an artist. When in Rome he was the associate of Fortuny, and the same taste which that lamented artist lavished on the ornamentation of his studio was unquestionably reflected in that of Vaini, though perhaps in a less degree.

HARVARD is comparatively in its infancy, but already a good many names of its students are illustrious in our history, and, for the past hundred years, good portraits of these men have gradually become the property of the college. Until the new Memorial Hall was completed, these paintings were hung in old Harvard Hall, but now they have been placed permanently against the ash panels beneath the windows of the new college dining-room, and sixty-four portraits of men prominent in history, or interested in the college, gaze at the visitor. As a fact of art-importance, here is a very fine collection of Copleys, several Stuarts, pictures by Trumbull and Stuart Newton, besides some by artists of our own time—Hunt, Page, Ames, and Healey. On the left side are full-length portraits of Nicholas and Thomas Boylston in flowing brocade gowns, ruffled hands and velvet-tasseled caps. Benefactors of the college in the last century, and founders of the Boylston Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory, they, and their old mother, who sits in satin and lace, are among the most excellent specimens of the painting of Copley. Ten pictures by this artist form a collection by themselves of very unusual value and interest, numbering among them likenesses of Samuel Adams, of John Adams, and several other famous personages. Gilbert Stuart has portraits of Fisher Ames and John Quincy Adams; Trumbull contributes three likenesses: one of Washington; one of Christopher Gore, the donor of Gore Hall to the college, and the founder of a professorship; and one of John Adams. Sully painted the body and background to a full-length of John Quincy Adams, but the paint is faded and chalky. Of the more modern portraits of artistic excellence are Page's President Quincy, and the beautiful picture of young Colonel Robert G. Shaw, which was much admired in New York two or three years since. One of William M. Hunt's finest pictures is here, too—a likeness of President Walker, the picturesque qualities of whose mellow, wrinkled, and keenly-intellectual face have been well understood and delineated. Chester Harding has a picture of Lord Aberdeen, and there is a copy from Van Dyck's famous portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio.

In addition to these valuable works of art, many marble busts of famous Americans are ranged in brackets on the two sides of the room. The work of Powers, Story, Clevenger, Crawford, the two Grenoughs, and others, is immortalized in beads of Everett, Felton, Sparks, Walker, Judge Story, and other names familiar in American history. This collection of paintings and busts accumulated by the college forms an excel-

lent basis for a gallery, which now, that it has so dignified an abiding-place, is a tempting place, where really important portraits can be most worthily placed.

Music and the Drama.

THE opening of the French *opéra-bouffe* season at the Lyceum Theatre drew together a large audience to witness the first complete representation of Offenbach's "Madame l'Archiduc" given in this country. A somewhat curtailed version of the opera was presented last year by the Soldene troupe in English, but so garbled and changed as to offer but little of the characteristic of the original. "Madame l'Archiduc" has proved abroad one of the most popular of the recent Offenbachian operas, and it is so completely marked by the stamp of the composer's peculiarities as to demand but little general comment as a musical work.

The airs are merry and jingling, the concerted music conceived in the widest spirit of *opéra-bouffe* extravagance, and the choruses peculiarly bright and good. Whatever else may be said of Offenbach, his music can never be charged with being dull and tame. People do not expect to have their hearts stirred or their emotions elevated by such gay and superficial sparkle in sound, but they rarely fail to have a hearty laugh, or to find in the quaint and characteristic songs, if well-executed (by no means an easy task, even if the music is of a trivial nature), admiration of something like genuine art. The peculiar intonation and coloring given, the singing is so subtly interwoven with dramatic expression, that there is often demanded a greater power of a peculiar sort than in the more pretentious opera. Mere singing will not suffice, for often the musical foundation by itself is too slight. Mere acting is equally insufficient, for in all the principal rôles there are enough of bright and pretty tunes, occasionally of really brilliant and difficult arias, to tax the art of an accomplished cantatrice.

Mdlle. Coralie Geoffroy, the prima donna of the present French company, has all of the wantonness and abandon of her predecessors, but lacks their finer art. Robust physical beauty and bouncing gayety of manner can hardly compensate in the art demanded by the *opéra-bouffe* stage for the seductive *dia-blerie*, the beguiling suggestiveness of Aimée or Tostée. It is less dangerous in a moral sense, but far less satisfactory as art. Every thing must be measured by its own standard. Mdlle. Geoffroy's voice and method are both far inferior to those of the other exponents of *opéra-bouffe*, and, while she has the best intention to vie with them in breadth and lubricity of suggestion, she falls far short of that fine artistic tact necessary to gild the abandon of the part in the minds of the more refined and cultivated auditors.

The story of "Madame l'Archiduc" is simple but effective. It hinges on a series of conspiracies supposed to be carried on against the *Archduke Ernest*. Count Castellando is suspected of being a leader in the plot, and is on the point of being arrested,

when he persuades *Giletti* and *Marietta*, domestics at an inn (Mdlle. Geoffroy and M. de Quercy), to dress in the clothes of himself and wife, and thus enable him to escape. The mock count and countess, under the charge of *Fortunato*, captain of the guard (Mdlle. Duparc), are arrested and carried into the presence of the *Archduke*, who is an original, and disposed as far as possible to turn the whole of life into a kind of picnic or burlesque.

Sentence is passed on the mock count and a quartet of comical conspirators, whose mysterious movements enliven the action with flashes of merriment. The *Archduke*, however, falls in love with *Marietta*, and at last is teased by her into the comical freak of intrusting to her the government of his duchy, with *Giletti* as prince-consort. Of course, affairs are turned upside down in the government. The new ruler indulges in all sorts of extravagant freaks, and the amorous duke finds himself no nearer than before in winning *Marietta* as his mistress. Finally, *Giletti*, the obnoxious lover, is sent away on an embassy to leave the coast clear. But he suspects the purpose, and returns at a critical moment, again frustrating the plans of the amorous duke. The story closes with the marriage of *Marietta* and *Giletti*, and the conclusion of the *Archduke* that he would do best to govern himself, and not interfere with the happiness of the humble couple.

The story is comical, interesting, and well sustained, and full of droll situations; and the music, as we have said before, bright and entertaining. There is not more than the usual amount of *double entendre*, a sort of negative praise, which must suffice in lieu of more direct eulogium.

M. de Quercy, the tenor of the troupe, is an unusually clever singer and actor of his school, and Mdlle. Duparc, one of the *débütantes*, has rather a good voice and style. The concerted music and choruses are finely done, and the opera is well mounted.

Among the novelties promised by Mr. Grau are "Le Canard à Trois Becs," "Indigo," and "Les Prés St. Gervais," all of which made decided successes in Paris during the last season.

WHILE Mr. Barry Sullivan's *Hamlet* errs on the side of tameness, as we said last week, his *Richelieu* errs a little on the side of noise. The personation of the cardinal is less even and finished than that of *Hamlet*, being more variable and marked, both as to its merits and defects, while it is far better calculated to impress a miscellaneous public. Mr. Sullivan's *Hamlet* is monotonous and dull, but his *Richelieu* is at least vivid, picturesque, full of strong contrasts, and never wearies, even if it does not wholly please, the auditor. Its defects are: that it lacks dignity; that the passionate scenes are without true fire; that the value and significance of many passages are not fully brought out; that the picture is not complete in all its parts, being without force here, without color there, without the hundred and one minute touches that mark the difference between the thorough and the imperfect artist. A personation that

has so many good and bad features as Mr. Sullivan's *Richelieu* is difficult to adequately characterize. Genuine fire the man does not (we should judge by the two personations we have seen) possess; and hence, in this particular, his performances will never be electrical, never exhibit the glow of true genius; but an actor who is so good in many things ought to be able to carry his study and his elaboration a few points further. He ought not to miss so often as he does the real significance of his language, and he should not so frequently lose the cue to the dominant passion of the moment. We will illustrate our meaning by one example: When *François* comes to tell *Richelieu* of the dispatch being wrested from his hands, he begs that his life may expiate his fault. *Richelieu*, quivering with excitement and disappointment, impatiently thrusts the proposition aside. "Who talks of lives?" he shouts, and rushes swiftly to consider the means of remedying the almost fatal mishap. But Mr. Sullivan has no quiver of impatience, no flash of eager passion, and pauses to strike an attitude and sleepily debate the issue with the boy. Swiftness is a great force in dramatic art, and we can but wonder how often even trained actors fail to catch its inspiration. Mr. Sullivan's *Richelieu* has sufficient merit on the whole to make it popular; but it is far from being the perfect piece of art Forrest and Macready both gave us in this character. In fact, it serves very well to show, as a foil, how really consummate and admirable these rivals were in this great part.

In "The Mighty Dollar," produced at the Park Theatre on the 6th inst., we were again called upon to accept a few incoherent scenes of broad burlesque as American comedy. As burlesque this new production is not unamusing; it is quite likely, indeed, that Mr. Florence's humorous personation of *Slote*, the Congressman, may become as widely known as Mr. Raymond's *Colonel Sellers*. Like that irrepressible speculator, he has his catch phrases, which, before the performance on the first evening was over, were current in many mouths; and there is nothing like a pat phrase to establish the popularity of a farce. As a coarse satire in which the colors are broad, the features salient, the humor fantastic, this personation has its merits. The actor's make-up is capital; he quite sinks his individuality, indeed, in the part, and, as the external semblance is one that every one will recognize as truthful, there will be more readiness, on this account, perhaps, to overlook the extravagant doings of the man. But there are defects in the play that may prove fatal even to its chances of a popular success. Art cannot be wholly disregarded at any level of effort. In this production there is a slight story, based upon the far from fresh incidents of the discarding of a lover for the sake of a wealthy marriage; and around the few scenes directly connected with this story characters and incidents rotate with the slightest possible relation to it. There can be no permanent enjoyment of characters or incidents in a play when they are not the artistic outcomes of the conditions of the story. If humorous characters

are simply attached to the plot like so many excrescences, their purposeless and motiveless coming and going soon become wearisome. The story of "The Mighty Dollar" has no national significance. It has no relation to the period, the country, the locality, or the characteristics of the people. It is just such a sentimental story as may be picked up any time in the magazines, and, to this commonplace outline, all that is added is a succession of scenes designed, with or without reason, to set the spectators laughing. A play that gives no insight into character, that has no new story to tell, that presents no faithful picture of persons or of manners, that is without wit of language or felicity of incident—such a play is an impertinence in art, however much it may contain in the way of farcical situation to set the theatre in a roar.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

August 24, 1878.

WE are reveling in really exquisite weather now, bright, cool, and sparkling, after the more than tropical heats of the past week. The thermometer on one day actually rose to ninety-eight degrees in the shade. Think of that in a land where ice-water and baths are wellnigh unattainable luxuries! However, one does wrong to complain, remembering that we have only had two so-called "heated terms" since the 1st of June, and neither of these lasted over a week. A brilliant American lady, for some years past resident in Paris, once remarked to me that it was her experience that the average of pleasant weather in Paris was far higher than that of any other place—there were fewer uncomfortably warm days in summer, and cold days in winter, and fewer days on which one could not go out-of-doors. And such I believe to be the case.

The correspondence between Napoleon I. and his brother Louis, King of Holland, has just been collected and arranged by M. Rocquain. It is known that the resistance of Louis to the inflexible will of the emperor, who wished to destroy Holland, was greatly to his credit, although the very serious views which he took of his own regal rights were occasionally rather absurd. M. Frédéric Béchard has published a few of the most interesting of these letters in the *Journal Officiel*. Among these last there is one which bears on the tradition of the disputed paternity of Louis Napoleon and the reported *liaison* between Queen Hortense and Admiral Verhuel. King Louis desired to send the admiral to St. Petersburg as ambassador. "I think," writes the Emperor Napoleon to his brother, in 1807, "that it would not be proper to send Marshal Verhuel to St. Petersburg: first, because I may have need of him on account of the movements of the flotilla; and, secondly, because it is not customary to send a marshal as minister to a foreign court. Since you have established the dignity, you ought not to lower it. I do not enter into the reasons which lead you to part with your ministers of war and of the marine, who are just now very useful to you. But if you are anxious to send Verhuel away, I should prefer you to send him as ambassador to Paris." To this the king makes answer: "It is true, sire, that I have had *private reasons* for changing

the functions of MM. Verhuel and Hogendorp. The first is a man of integrity and a good soldier, but he has no administrative ability, and is very disorderly in his expenses. There is even a *reason of a domestic nature* ("une raison de conduite domestique") "which compels me to act thus."

It is a well-known fact that Louis Napoleon, while multiplying portraits of Queen Hortense in every direction, studiously avoided any display of that of King Louis, and indeed official mention of his royal papa was seldom or never made. Rochefort, in one of the earlier and more witty numbers of his famous *Lanterne*, maliciously called attention to this fact, and begged to be informed why the "august father" of the emperor was persistently kept in the background, while his august mother was smiling in every style of portrait possible on every side. Could it be that the striking dissimilarity between the features of Napoleon III. and those of the late King of Holland would have provoked remark? Certain it is that a portrait of Admiral Verhuel is to be seen in one of the public galleries in Holland (I think at the Hague), and any one familiar with the long, narrow eyes, the attenuated features, eagle nose, and stony composure of visage of the late emperor, will be struck with the resemblance. The scandal may be false, but, false or not, it is universally believed in Paris, even amid the partisans of the late emperor.

A singular and melancholy mortuary relic was lately exhibited at a private *soirée* in Paris. It is the handkerchief which the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico held in his hand at the moment of his execution. It had evidently belonged to the Empress Carlotta, as it is a woman's handkerchief of small size, of the finest cambric, bordered with Mechlin lace, and bearing the arms of the empress embroidered in one corner. At the moment that he fell his fingers closed convulsively upon the handkerchief, which is spotted with the blood that flowed from a wound in the wrist. This mournful token of conjugal affection and misguided and betrayed ambition belongs to Don Andres de Valdejo-Arjona, a wealthy Mexican gentleman.

In the current number of the *Revue Britannique* M. d'Orceet gives some curious and heretofore unknown details respecting a famous model who posed for the Atlanta of Pradier and the young girl in Gérôme's "Cock-Fight," now in the gallery of the Luxembourg. She was also the personage from whom Henri Murger drew his Musette. She was a thorough original, and, though she arrived in Paris a young and illiterate peasant, she managed to educate herself, even going so far as to study Latin. While posing for the Atlanta, she ceased one day to come at the accustomed hour, so Pradier went in search of her, and found her, as he thought, lying dead. An attack of brain-fever had struck her down, and in a few days all was over, to all appearance. But this seeming death was only the rigidity of an intense attack of catalepsy, and poor Musette knew all that was passing around her. After the first shock was over, Pradier concluded that he would take a cast from the corpse. The modeling of the hands and feet gave the poor patient no uneasiness, but it was far otherwise when it was a question of taking a cast from the head and chest. Even if care had been taken to keep the mouth and nostrils free, which in the case of an artist modeling a corpse was extremely improbable, the weight of the plaster on her chest would infallibly suffocate her. So great was poor Musette's fright that the very excess of her

terror triumphed over the lethargy, and enabled her to break its fetters. To the amazement of the artist, the supposed corpse bounded from the bed, and, seizing a mass of the half-liquid plaster, she dashed it full in Pradier's face. The violent exertion did her good. A profuse perspiration ensued, and Musette was saved. But the sculptor vainly tried to win her favor again. She never forgave him for having nearly been the innocent cause of her death by suffocation, even though he did actually save her life. She refused ever to set foot in his studio again, and Pradier was forced to engage another model to complete his Atlanta.

Schneider is making an ado again among authors and managers, after her usual irrepressible fashion. She was engaged to create *La Boulangère a des Eous* at the Variétés, as I wrote you a few weeks ago, but she refused to sign any contract, and the other day, after exacting from the managers and MM. Meilhac and Halévy, and M. Offenbach, all sorts of impossible changes and alterations, she coolly walked out of the theatre, declaring, like a spoiled child, "If you don't do as I ask you, I won't play." Tired out with her whims, M. Bertrand, the director of the Variétés, took the troublesome lady at her word, and engaged Mademoiselle Aimée to fill her place. Now, be it known that there is no rival in the profession more disliked and dreaded by the bumptious *Grande-Duchesse* than is pretty, winning Aimée; so she forthwith came back to the theatre, and declared that she *would* play. "You sha'n't," quoth the manager. "I will," vowed the lady. Thereupon she appealed to the law, and the lovers of theatrical gossip are on the *qui vive* respecting the case of Schneider *vs.* Bertrand, which is shortly to come before the tribunals.

A small but significant fact: M. Léon Say, the Minister of Finance, has suppressed the female figure representing the French Republic on the postage-stamps and coinage of France. The competition for the new designs for the postage-stamps closed yesterday. Among the drawings submitted were several very amusing caricatures. One joker sent in an admirably-drawn figure of *Punch*, and another a very elaborate drawing representing M. Thiers in the garb of a Roman emperor. This new issue of stamps will occasion fresh worries and expense to the ardent devotees of that passion dignified by the name of *philately* and otherwise known as postage-stamp-collecting. Does any one know all the symptoms and varieties of this mania; how valuable a complete set of the stamps used in the government departments of the United States are; how there is a stamp used in the Isle of Réunion whose value in Paris to a collector is one hundred francs (twenty dollars); how there is a regular exchange carried on once a week at the corner of the Champs-Élysées and the Rue de Marigny, etc., etc.? And can any one suggest a remedy for this fever which is at once exhausting and expensive? We pause for a reply.

We hear a great deal about the extortions of some of our American watering-places, but the experience of a party of four American gentlemen, who went down to the races at Trouville recently, rather surpasses all that I ever heard of in the way of charges on our side of the water, even at Newport or Long Branch in the height of the season. Four dollars apiece was charged for a bed to sleep in, all four gentlemen being put into one room. The board, of course, was in proportion, and then the carriage in which they drove to the races was set down at sixteen dollars for the drive

there more, as the gentlemen dismissed the carriage at the race-course, and returned to the hotel on foot. Another friend of mine, who went to Spa to stay some time, found, on leaving, that he had been charged with two extra rooms which he had tried to engage for his children but was unable to procure; nor would the landlady consent to deduct the price of the rooms from his bill, saying that, as he had put more persons in the rooms he had at first hired, it had come to the same thing in the end.

The credit of discovering and creating the beautiful watering-place of Trouville is divided between Alexandre Dumas the elder, and a celebrated French marine-painter named Mozin. In the summer of 1825, M. Mozin, being in search of some new and good sea-views, quitted Honfleur, and in his travels reached a shabby little village on the sea-shore, the beauty of whose site bewitched and charmed him. He lingered there for some weeks, and painted several fine views which he sent to the next year's Salon. These pictures attracted the notice of the public, and a sudden influx of tourists to the heretofore unknown village was the result. The seal on the growing reputation of the new watering-place was set by the elder Dumas, who wrote a short article about it, full of all the exquisite sparkle and witchery of his style. On the publication of this article, a retired notary of Paris hastened to the spot and entered into negotiation with the fishermen of the coast for the purchase of their huts and little patches of ground. He had made arrangements for the expenditure of some two thousand dollars in that way, when a cautious friend came along who dissuaded him from thus spending so large a portion of his capital. To-day the ground for which he had negotiated is worth twelve hundred thousand dollars.

There is a prospect that the new Hippodrome will be opened on the 11th of September. It is to contain ten thousand people, and the prices of the seats are to range from five francs down to ten cents. A stream of water is to be introduced which can be shut off or turned on at will. The Theatre of the Ambigu is to be reopened in the fall with a new company and a new director. The opening piece is to be a revival of the old melodrama of "A Son of the Night." Marie Delaporte was to have made her *reentrée* at the Théâtre du Gymnase in "Frou-Frou" this week, but the sudden illness of the actor who was to have personated *De Valreas* has necessitated the postponement of the revival of this charming comedy. The drama of "Jean-Nu-Pieds" has been withdrawn at the Vaudeville in favor of the great summer success, "The Procès Veau-radioux." Mademoiselle Jeanne Samary, the lucky "first prize" of the Conservatoire, makes her *début* at the Comédie Française to-night in the character of *Dorine* in the "Tartuffe" of Molière. Only four of the Parisian theatres still remain closed—namely, the Ambigu, the Renaissance, the Bouffes Parisiens, and the Odéon. LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

I *KNOW* that the works of your "good gray bard," Walt Whitman, are very scarce over here, but I must confess I didn't know till the other day that they are valued so highly. "Leaves of Grass," at any rate, is evidently much prized by bibliopoles, for, in one of our second-hand bookseller's catalogues, a copy of the first edition of it is priced at no less than six guineas, and a copy of the second edition at two guineas.

Within the last few weeks a most depressing publication has been brought out in this modern Alsatia. Its very title is enough to make one shudder. It is called *The Obituary*, and treats, as the prospectus has it, of all subjects relating to "interments." In the number before me, the frontispiece engraving—for it is illustrated—represents "The Embalming of Joseph," and there are two other lively "cuts:" one, "The Shrine of Edward the Confessor," the other, "The Monument of Gervase Alard, Admiral of the Cinque Ports." Perhaps the most interesting part of the paper—it is issued weekly—is the long list of deaths. Singularly enough—and the comic journals have not been slow to note this fact—the publisher's name is *Croke*.

The Covent Garden Promenade Concerts are a great attraction this year—more attractive, indeed, than they have ever been since the time of Jullien. Arditi is a splendid conductor, and has a fine body of instrumentalists under his sway. He has been giving us charming selections from Mendelssohn and Wagner. What an energetic little man he is! How he enters into every movement of his orchestra! It was amusing to see him, on the first night, patting players and singers on the back and giving them words of praise. By-the-way, the new soloist, Mademoiselle Christino, is not a great acquisition. Her voice is powerful, but unsympathetic; moreover, she is by no means prepossessing in appearance.

One of our most recently-issued volumes contains many good anecdotes of famous men. It is called "The Life of Mrs. Fletcher." Mrs. Fletcher was the wife of an able Scottish barrister, and, at the time "Auld Reekie" was the literary centre of Britain, mixed a good deal in society there. Here is a pleasant extract from her diary:

"The latter part of the year 1802 was interesting to us in a public way, by the commencement of the *Edinburgh Review*. We were fortunate enough to be acquainted, more or less intimately, with several of the earliest contributors—Mr. (now Lord) Brougham, Mr. Jeffrey (afterward Lord Jeffrey), Dr. John Thompson, Mr. John Allen, Francis Herner, and James Grahame, the author of 'The Sabbath.' . . . The authorship of the different articles was discussed at every dinner-table, and I recollect a table-talk occurrence which must have belonged to this year. Mr. Fletcher, though not himself given to scientific inquiry or interests, had been so much struck with the logical and general ability displayed in an article of the 'Young Review' on Professor Black's chemistry, that in the midst of a few guests, of whom Henry Brougham was one, he expressed an opinion (while in entire ignorance as to the authorship) to the effect that the man who wrote that article might do or be any thing he pleased. Mr. Brougham, who was seated near me at table, stretched eagerly forward and said, 'What, Mr. Fletcher, be any thing? May he be lord-chancellor?' On which my husband repeated his words with emphasis, 'Yes, lord-chancellor, or any thing he desires.' This opinion seems to confirm Lord Cockburn's words in another place concerning the young Henry Brougham, of the Speculative Society, that he even then 'scented his quarry from afar.'"

We are very fond, as you know, of making fun of the propensity some of our American journalists have for calling rival brothers of the pen hard names, but, after all, we ourselves have among us not a few *redacteurs* who are given to bespattering one another with uncomplimentary epithets. For instance, only a day or so ago, the editor of one

Norwich paper sued the editor of another Norwich paper because he (the editor of the other Norwich paper) had called him "a depraved and despised wretch," and "a music-hall bounce." And he got twenty pounds as compensation, too.

Certainly the two most successful books published here this year are Mr. J. R. Green, M. D.'s, admirably full and succinct "Short History of the English People," and the Rev. Dr. Farrar's eloquent "Life of Christ." The former—no short history was ever so unanimously praised before—is in its eighteenth thousand, the latter in its fifteenth edition. Messrs. Macmillan, Mr. Green's publishers, are, by-the-way, about to issue a three-volume library edition of the "Short History"—one which will treat more fully than the other does of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The same firm, too, will shortly publish a work on "The Russian Power," by Mr. Ashton Dilke, the brother of Sir Charles Dilke, the proprietor of the *Athenaeum*, who by this time is, I presume, among you. Mr. Ashton Dilke has spent a good deal of time of late in the Muscovite Empire (his father died there), and very few know more about it politically; *ergo*, we may expect a volume which will be especially useful to politicians and statesmen. I have already told you that he is editor and owner of the *Dispatch*, which, under his *régime*, is picking up its lost circulation wonderfully. A complete edition of the poems of that sweet songstress Miss Christina Rossetti is also announced by Messrs. Macmillan.

I am very glad to see that Olive Logan has been doing her best to dispel one of the delusions into which many of you New-Yorkers have fallen. After reading her recent lively letters in the *Daily Graphic*, you will, I am sure, no longer regard Mr. Joaquin Miller as a kind of poetic savage. I myself met Mr. Miller once or twice when he was over here some months ago, and, I am bound to add, was most pleasantly surprised by his ways and manners. A more modest, courteous, and affable gentleman could not be found in these islands; moreover, he is an excellent conversationalist. True, he is somewhat eccentric in his dress—but then most bards are. I shan't forget for a long while the heartiness with which he shook my hand on my wishing him God-speed on his departure for your shores, or the earnestness with which he bade me "give his love to Bob," meaning Robert Buchanan, whose poetry we had been talking about, and whom, by-the-way, he has never seen.

Gravestone-literature is both curious and amusing, as has been often shown. Seldom, however, has a more striking collection of epitaphs been brought together than that just collected by a London contemporary. For example, according to one correspondent, this curt epitaph is in Croydon church-yard:

"Died of a horse and cart;"

while this equally suggestive one is in the church-yard of Penrith:

"Here lies Moll,
Fol de rol rol!"

which surely must have been written by the same hard-hearted and unforgiving Benedict who inspired the following couplet, to be found in the Old Gray Friars burying-ground, Edinburgh:

"Here snug in grave my wife doth lie;
Now she's at rest—and so am I!"

Gowalton church-yard, Notts, would also seem to be not without its quaint epitaphs; any-

way, it has one—at least, so another correspondent solemnly assures us—and here it is:

"She drank good ale, strong punch, and wine,
And lived to the age of ninety-nine."

What will total-abstainers say to that?

WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

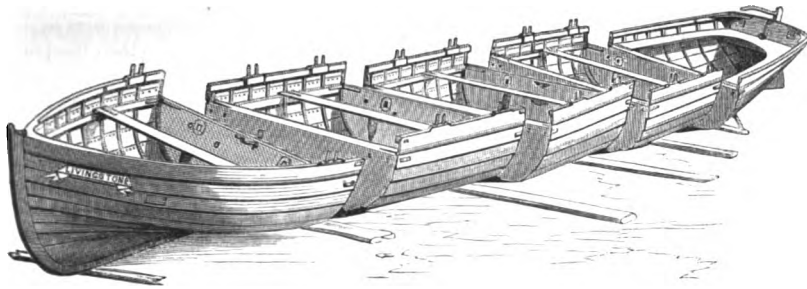
STANLEY'S PORTABLE BOAT AND RAFT.

GEOGRAPHICAL explorers at the present day cannot fail to acknowledge their obligation to the inventor and mechanic. The English Arctic Expedition enters upon its hazardous journey equipped with all the appliances that science could suggest or genius invent. Ice-crushers, chisels, anchors, and knives; water-bottles with leather mouths; improved knapsacks and snow-shoes; sledges and ice-boats; tents of improved pattern and compact form; harpoon-guns of a form recently described and illustrated in these columns; and compact cooking apparatus—these and many other equally serviceable articles were to be found upon the list of supplies, and to these are added the many forms of condensed and preserved foods; the variety of these being such as suggested by the physiologist as most nutritive and heat-producing.

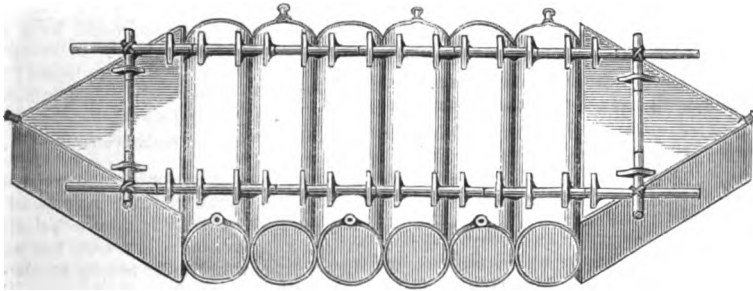
Nor is it in the field of arctic exploration alone that the genius and constructive talent of the traveler is called into play. If ice-boats and sledges are needed for the journey to the pole, no less are portable boats and rafts desired by the African explorer. Owing to the absence of roads, and, at times, the impenetrableness of the forests and jungles, the only highway is the river, to and from which boats must be carried by the natives. Having by his former experiences become acquainted with the needs of the country, Mr. H. H. Stanley, under the patronage of the *New York Herald* and London *Daily Telegraph*, seems to have determined to enter his old fields of research more fully equipped than before, and it is to two of his ingenious contrivances that attention is here directed.

Since in these regions the natives are their own beasts of burden, it is evident that any boat, to be of service in the interior waters and great lakes, must be of such a form as to render its transportation on the backs of the guides possible. Comprehending this need, Mr. Stanley caused to be constructed for his use two forms of sailing-craft, the one a boat and the other a life-raft.

The boat as here illustrated is, when put together, forty feet long and six feet four inches wide. It is composed of five waterproof sections, which may be firmly united by means of bolts and clamps. This craft, the largest that has yet floated in the rivers of interior Africa, has been christened the Livingstone. The life-raft, as shown in the second illustration, is of a form that might wisely be adopted for use nearer home. It is composed of six India-rubber pontoon-tubes, which may be inflated at pleasure by means of bellows. These tubes rest transversely on



STANLEY'S PORTABLE BOAT.



STANLEY'S PORTABLE RAFT.

three keels, to which are lashed the poles shown above. The bow and stern consist of triangular compartments, and the whole during transportation may be packed in a convenient form. Its whole weight is three hundred pounds, which can be divided into five loads of sixty pounds each. In the construction of this raft the explorer has given to our steamship companies a hint that might wisely be heeded. As Stanley starts out on a journey of general exploration, we doubt not that these facilities for water-travel will add greatly to the success of his schemes. Possibly it remains for him to explore that mightiest of African rivers, the Congo — a work which the *Geographical Magazine* regards as "the most worthy object of an African explorer," adding that "he who succeeds in laying open the hidden secrets of that famous stream will rank second to none in the glorious roll of English travelers." Should it happen, however, that this honor should fall upon an American, we are certain that our contemporary will be equally willing to grant him all the praise that he will merit. Already Stanley has a rival in this field should he choose to enter it, but we doubt not Lieutenant Cameron would welcome him as did Livingstone, and avail himself of these modern appliances to aid in the prosecution of a work that, according to the worthy authority above quoted, may be regarded as "the grandest geographical exploit achieved during the present century."

W. H. DALL, the Alaskan explorer, contributes to the *American Naturalist* for August an exceedingly interesting and valuable paper on Alaskan mummies. At the time of the appointment of Alphonse Pinart as commissioner of the French Government to explore and report on the ethnology past and present of our newly-acquired Territory of Alaska, we ventured the assurance that, as the result of the combined labors of Messrs. Dall and Pinart, decided acquisitions to our present knowledge of that country might be looked

for. The communication to which we refer embodies the results of these observations in one branch of research, and from it we condense as follows: The practice of preserving the bodies of the dead was in vogue among the inhabitants of the Aleutian Islands and the Kodiak Archipelago at the time of their discovery, and probably had been the custom among them for centuries before. So hard and unyielding is the soil in these regions that burial is impracticable, and, owing to the difficulties attending the process of cremation, it is the present custom of the inhabitants of the Chukchee peninsula, on the Asiatic side of Behring Strait, to expose their dead on some hill-side to the tender mercies of bears, dogs, and foxes. In the Yukon Valley, where timber abounds, the dead are placed in wooden coffins, which are elevated on four posts. As a further protection against wild beasts, long strips of fur or cloth are fastened to these posts, the agitation of which by the wind serves to frighten away the intruders. In certain instances the bodies are doubled up to economize space, others are packed around with clay, while the Norvikakht Indians sometimes place their dead erect, surrounding the body by hewn timbers secured like the staves of a cask. On the Aleutian Islands, however, the soil is unfrozen, but wood is scarce, the only source of supply being that which is drifted on the shore by ocean-currents. Abundant caves also exist, and the absence of wild animals renders the exercise of more imposing burial-rites possible. Hence it is that in these quarters we find more attention given to the burial or preservation of the dead. It is a singular fact, noticed by Professor Dall, that no people have ever adopted the plan of committing their dead to the sea. Passing from these descriptions of the practices of the ruder tribes, the writer describes the method adopted by the Kaniag and Aleut branches of the Esquimaux stock in preserving the dead. The body was prepared by making an opening in the pelvic region and removing all the internal organs. The cavity was then filled with dry grass, and the body placed in running water. This in a short time removed all the fatty portions, leaving only the skin and muscular tissues. The knees were then

brought up to the chin, and the whole body secured as compactly as possible by cords. The bones of the arms were sometimes broken to facilitate the process of compression. In this posture the remains were dried. This required a good deal of attention, the exuding moisture being carefully wiped off from time to time. When thoroughly dried the cords were removed, and the body usually wrapped in a shirt made of the skins of aquatic birds with the feathers on, and variously trimmed and ornamented with exceedingly fine embroidery. Over this were wrapped pieces of matting made of elymus-fibre carefully prepared. This matting varies from quite coarse to exceedingly fine, the best rivaling the most delicate work of the natives of Fayal. The technical and artistic skill shown in the manufacture of this matting is one of the most suggestive facts elicited by these observations. In certain instances a further water-proof covering was added. This was made from the split intestines of the sea-lion sewed together. The exterior covering was usually made from the skins of the sea-otter or other fur-animals, and the whole was finally inclosed in a case of seal-skins, coarse matting, or similar material secured firmly by cords, and so arranged as to be capable of suspension. This case was sometimes cradle-shaped, especially when the body was that of an infant. In the latter case it was often composed of wood ornamented in a crude fashion, and painted with red, green, or blue native pigments. The whole, being carved or adorned with pendants of carved wood, was then suspended by braided cords of whale-sinew from two wooden hoops like the arches used in the game of croquet. It is impossible to read of these acts of devotion as exhibited in the very nature of the work described without having awakened in the heart sentiments of tender sympathy and pity for the devoted friends, and most of all the loving mothers who, away among those rock-bordered and sea-encompassed islands, centuries ago felt, as we feel, the same pure reverence for the dead and the same worthy desire to honor their remains. So constant and devoted was this love of the Aleutian mother for her child that we are told that the body of the little one, after being dressed in the richest of garments that her industry and skill could provide, was often retained in the house for months, where its presence doubtless taught the same lesson of love and hope that the mother of this day still heeds and hearkens to. While the ethnologist and historian acknowledge their obligation to these explorers for the service rendered to science by their faithful researches, others who read may not wait for their decision before advancing to claim a willing kinship with that race whose love and reverence for their dead make their memory worthy of all honor by the living.

While engaged in the same general field of research as that indicated in the above report of Professors Dall and Pinart, Henry Gilman, of Detroit, directs the attention of anthropologists to the artificial perforation of the cranium, a singular practice connected with the burial ceremonies of the aboriginal inhabitants of this country. This practice or rite consisted in the boring, probably with a rude stone implement, of a circular aperture in the central portion at the top of the skull. This hole is of a diameter varying from one-third to one-half of an inch, and is flaring at the surface. The examples that suggest the present inquiry were taken respectively from the great mound on the river Rouge, Michigan, and from a mound on the Sable River. From this latter

mound from ten to fifteen skulls were taken, all similarly perforated. These skulls were isolated, no other remains having been interred with them. A skull found at Saginaw, Michigan, had three perforations, arranged about the central part of the cranium. While Mr. Gilman hesitates to advance even an hypothesis regarding the purpose or cause of this practice, Dr. Prunières regards the motive, as respects a similar treatment of the neolithic skulls of the Lozère, as either medical or superstitious. Attributing disease to supernatural agencies, he deems it probable that the opening was made in order that the evil spirit might escape through it. As these latter skulls are those of men existing during the prehistoric, polished Stone age, the significance of this theory, should it be established as a correct one, is apparent, in defining to a certain degree the intellectual status of these people, and the existence of certain crude, religious ideas among them. It is the opinion of Dr. Prunières that, in certain instances, the subjects lived for several years after having had their skulls trepanned in the manner indicated. As there is no evidence that these prehistoric surgeons or sorcerers worked with any but stone instruments, it is evident that with these they had become exceedingly expert, since the operation of trepanning, even with all the modern appliances, is yet regarded as one calling for the exercise of great skill and professional knowledge.

A NOVEL method for propelling or towing canal-boats has recently been introduced in Belgium, which is described in the *Scientific American* as follows: "The tow-path is laid with a single rail, weighing some sixteen pounds to the yard, and fixed on traverses a little more than three feet apart. The locomotive has four wheels, two of which are placed directly along the axis of the vehicle, one in advance of the other, and the others one at either side. The first pair are directing and the second driving wheels. The directing-wheels are grooved and fit the rail; the others have rubber tyres, which give purchase on the macadamized road, and which press thereon to the extent of 0.07 pounds to the square inch. By means of a simple mechanism, the weight of the machine may be thrown upon either the driving or directing wheels at will. In the former case the maximum, and in the latter the minimum, of adherence is obtained, to suit the conditions of a loaded or an empty boat. There is but a single road, with rotary engines provided at suitable distances. Each locomotive tows one boat; and when a meeting takes place of two traveling in opposite directions, the engines change boats and retrace their paths. The locomotives weigh four tons each, and travel about three miles an hour, with full boats, carrying a cargo of one hundred and fifty tons each." This method is doubtless a novel one, but the question naturally arises, In what degree is it better than the common two-track railway, since, though but one rail is used, there is need of a careful grading of the whole road-bed?

OUR readers will recall the fact announced in these columns that the dust and ashes from the volcanoes of Iceland were conveyed upon the wind to Sweden, where they fell in dense clouds, thus announcing in advance of the regular news-channels the disasters that occasioned them. Another incident illustrating the power of the wind as a conveyor of solid matter is given by Dr. Hawtrey Benson, of Dublin. This relates to a fall of hay that was observed at Monkstown. As described in *Nature* it ap-

peared in the form of "a number of dark flocculent bodies floating slowly down through the air from a great height, appearing as if falling from a very heavy, dark cloud, which hung over the house." The pieces of hay picked up were wet, "as if a very heavy dew had been deposited on it. The average weight of the larger flocks was probably not more than one or two ounces, and, from that, all sizes were perceptible down to a simple blade. The air was very calm, with a gentle under-current from southeast; the clouds were moving in an upper-current from south-south-west." The air was tolerably warm and dry, and the phenomenon is thus accounted for by Dr. J. W. Moore: "The coincidence of a hot sun and two air-currents probably caused the development of a whirlwind some distance to the south of Monkstown. By it the hay was raised into the air, to fall, as already described, over Monkstown and the adjoining district."

THE announcement is now made that the Bessemer Steamboat Company is in liquidation, and that the Channel steamship Bessemer is for sale. At the same time we are informed that the *Castal* is receiving praise for her sea-going qualities. Our readers, who, by the aid of illustrated descriptions, have been fully instructed as to the peculiarities of these two rival vessels, will recall the novel features in their construction—the Bessemer being a four-wheeled steamship, and fitted up with an oscillating cabin, while the *Castalia* is a double-hulled vessel. The failure of the Bessemer is said to be "in consequence of the want of requisite accommodations in the French harbors." Notwithstanding this statement, the public will doubtless be persuaded that the real trouble is with the oscillating cabin, which proved to be unwieldy and useless in a rough sea. Should it, however, be proved that the defect is with the harbors and not the vessel, we doubt not that Mr. Bessemer will persist in his plan, and adapt his cabin to a vessel of less draught. That so experienced an engineer should have intrusted the modeling and construction of his vessel to those who were so incompetent as to build it of too great a draught for the well-known harbor of Calais, can hardly be believed. Hence this enterprising and experienced engineer will be compelled to demonstrate the practicability of his cabin or own up to its failure, and the consequent sale of the Bessemer.

SHOULD the movement against the indiscriminate practice of vivisection, which is now being made in England, prove successful, the efforts of American workers in the same cause will be greatly lightened. For this reason the contest becomes one of more than mere local interest. While many of the most distinguished English physiologists have declared in favor of greater restriction in the practice, others are coming forward in its defense. As it is probable that the final settlement of the matter must come in the form of legislative action, it seems wise that the people, whose voice is law, should be so advised as to act intelligently on the question. The position we have heretofore taken is one that still appears to us the only wise and tenable one: viz., no vivisection shall be permitted the only purpose of which is to establish or demonstrate a recognized physiological truth; no such operation shall be permitted when every needed result can be obtained after the previous administration of an anesthetic; and finally if, in the course of original research, vivisection is deemed necessary, it shall be practised either by or in the presence of pro-

fessors of recognized position, whose pledge shall be exacted that the occasion is one which calls for the operation upon the conscious, living subject.

It is announced that Professor Proctor is again to visit this country on a lecturing tour. He will lecture before the same audiences which listened to him before, opening with a second course of twelve lectures before the Lowell Institute, Boston. After fulfilling his Eastern engagements, he will extend his lines so as to include San Francisco, New Orleans, and Quebec. We have had frequent occasion, since Professor Proctor's departure, to refer to his favorable commendations of American science and scientific methods, and, on the principle that "he who would have friends must show himself friendly," Professor Proctor returns sure of a hearty welcome; add to this his recognized ability as a student and popular lecturer, and we feel safe in promising for him full and appreciative audiences.

DURING the early preparation for the English Arctic Expedition, we announced that a request had been made for the privilege of using the provisions that were left at Disco by the American party led by the late Captain Hall; we now learn that these provisions have been found, in a fair state of preservation, and it is certainly a source of congratulation that what might well have been supposed to be lost may yet serve to aid in the prosecution of the work for which they were originally intended.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

WE glean from a recent pamphlet, by J. Lewis Farley, Esq., on "The Decline of Turkey," a few significant statements:

No matter what their origin, however, the first thought of modern Turkish statesmen is to make money. They know their tenure of office is insecure, and they seize their opportunity. It is true, there was always speculation and corruption at the Porte, but these habitual vices were, to some extent, kept in check by Fuad and A'ali. Since the latter's death, however, all control has ceased, and corruption is the rule from the highest to the lowest. Their creed is: "The country is going hopelessly to the dogs; let us take care of ourselves." When Mahmoud Pasha fell from power in August, 1872, amid the execrations of the populace, there was a little sum of £100,000 found to be missing, for which he had given an order under his own hand; and this money has, I believe, never yet been accounted for. In England, the richest country in the world, the prime-minister receives £5,000 per annum; in Turkey, the poorest country in Europe, the grand-vizier draws £30,000 a year, while the civil-list, and the salaries of all the high officials, are vastly more than those of the queen and ministers of Great Britain. Mr. T. Brassey, the honorable member for Hastings, who is on a cruise in his yacht, the *Sunbeam*, has sent home for publication a series of letters relating to his voyage. Dating from Constantinople, he writes, relative to the Government of Turkey: "The authorized civil-list of the sultan is about £1,200,000, and, by means of more or less arbitrary grants, it is actually little short of £2,000,000 a year. All along the shores of the Bosphorus vast pal-

aces and elaborate *kiosks* occur in succession at a distance of a little more than a mile apart. Some of these buildings are furnished in the most costly style. The daily dinner of the sultan—he always dines alone—consists of ninety-four dishes; and ten other meals are prepared in case it should be his fancy to partake of them. He has eight hundred horses, seven hundred wives, attended and guarded by three hundred and fifty eunuchs. For this enormous household forty thousand oxen are yearly slaughtered; and the purveyors are required to furnish daily two hundred sheep, one hundred lambs or goats, ten calves, two hundred hens, two hundred pairs of pullets, one hundred pairs of pigeons, and fifty green-geese. Between the profligate luxury of the establishment of the sovereign and the miserable poverty of too many of his subjects, the contrast is truly melancholy. The incomes of the principal ministers of state are such as would grievously shock the radical reformers of our own country. The salary of the grand-vizier is £30,000; of the Minister of Finance, £15,000; of the Minister of Public Works, £11,000; and so in proportion for the other principal ministers."

That, however, is not all. Each ministerial department is supposed to have its own separate budget, but that budget is always exceeded. Every department issues its own *mandats* or promissory notes, and these *mandats* are discounted at heavy interest by the local bankers, who thus realize enormous fortunes. I do not, of course, mean to state that the issue of treasury bonds is pernicious *per se*. It is the abuse, and not the use, of such obligations to which exception must be taken; the abuse consisting in converting that which should be a temporary—and, in such sense, a justifiable expedient for the assistance of the treasury—into a perpetual annuity on the imperial revenue. It is practically impossible to correctly estimate the income of the state, but it is even still more impossible to estimate its expenditure. Expenditure without limit is, if any thing, worse than uncertainty of income, but when the two are combined, the difficulties of the situation are indefinitely increased. To remodel the fiscal system so as to insure a sufficiency of revenue, would, however, be a task far beyond the capacities of the present ministers of the Porte, whereas the issue of *mandats* and treasury bonds is an operation which commends itself for its simplicity and facility of execution.

This borrowing continues until the money-lenders have no more cash to advance, and then comes the necessity for a new loan. Promises of financial reform are lavishly made, a prospectus is issued, the local bankers of Constantinople convert their *mandats* and treasury bonds into the new stock, and, when a quotation is obtained on the stock-exchange, the bonds are gradually transferred into the hands of the unsuspecting English investor. The government and the local financiers are then in a position to resume the same system of borrowing and lending, with the same inevitable result; the only persons really benefited being the ministers and *saraffs*. Not a piaster is spent in developing the resources of the country, or in improving the condition of the people.

The whole financial system is, in fact, as far as the state is concerned, a gigantic sham—a sham, in the manipulation of which the ministers and the local bankers accumulate wealth, and the state accumulates debt; in which the morals of the community are systematically sapped, and the estate of the citizen systematically plundered. If Turkey is doomed

to fall, she will owe her destruction to the want of honor and capacity in her rulers, and her decline will date from the death of A'ali Pasha. The root of the evil, which is fast bringing Turkey to ruin, is the unchecked extravagance of the civil-list, and the irresponsible expenditure in the ministerial departments of the state.

THE latest poem by Robert Buchanan is from an Irish legend, and bears the title of "The Faery Reaper:"

'Tis on Eilanowen,
There's laughter surely!
For the Fays are sowing
Their golden grain.
It springs by moonlight
So stillly and purely,
And it drinks no sunlight,
Or silver rain;
Though the shoots upcreeping
No man may see,
When men are reaping,
It reaped must be;
But to reap it rightly,
With sickle keen,
They must lead there nightly
A pure colleen!

Yes, pure completely
Must be that maiden,
Just feeling sweetly
Her love's first dream.
Should one steal thither
With evil laden,
The crop would wither
In the pale moon's beam!
For midnights seven,
While all men sleep,
'Neath the silent heaven
The maid must reap;
And the sweeter and whiter
Of soul is she,
The better and brighter
Will that harvest be!

In Lough Bawn's bosom
The isle is lying,
Like a bright-green blossom
On a maiden's breast—
There the water-eagle*
O'erhead is flying,
And beneath the sea-gull
Doth build its nest.
And across the water
A farm gleamed fair,
And the farmer's daughter
Dwelt lonely there:
And on Eilanowen
She'd sit and sing,
When the Fays were sowing
Their seeds in spring.

She could not hear them,
Nor see them peeping;
Though she wandered near them
The spring-tide through,
When the grouse was crowing,
The trout was leaping,
And with harebells blowing
The banks were blue.
But not by moonlight
She dared to stay,
Only by sunlight
She went that way.
And on Eilanowen
They walked each night,
Her footprints sowing
With lilies white!

* The osprey.

When the sun above her
Was brightly blazing,
She'd bare (God love her!)
Each round white limb.
Unseen, unnoted,
Save fay-folk gazing,
Dark-haired, white-throated,
She'd strip to swim!
Out yonder blushing
A space she'd stand,
Then falter flushing
Across the strand—
Till the bright still water
Would sparkle sweet,
As it kissed and caught her
From neck to feet!

There, sparkling round her
With fond caresses,
It clasped her, crowned her,
My maiden fair!
Then, brighter glowing
From its crystal kisses,
The bright drops flowing
From her dripping hair,
Outleaping, running
Beneath the sky,
The bright light sunning
Her limbs, she'd fly—
And with tinkling laughter
Of elfn bowers,
The Fays ran after
With fruit and flowers!

Could the Fays behold her,
Nor long to gain her?
From foot to shoulder
None white as she!
They cried, "God keep her,
No sorrow stain her!
'The Faery Reaper
In troth she'll be!"
With stalks of amber
And silvern ears,
From earth's dark chamber
The grain appears.
'Tis harvest weather!
The moon swims high!
And they flock together
With elfn cry!

Now, long and truly
I'd loved that maiden;
And served her duly
With kiss and sign;
And that same season
My soul love-laden
Had found sweet reason
To wish her mine.
For her cheek grew paler,
Her laughter less,
And what might ail her
I could not guess.
Each harvest morrow
We kissing met,
And with weary sorrow
Her eyes seemed wet.

"Oh, speak, mavourneen,
What ails ye nightly?
For sure each morning
'Tis sad ye seem!"
Her eyes not weeping
Looked on me brightly:
"Each night when sleeping
I dream a dream.
'Tis on Eilanowen
I seem to be,
And bright grain growing
I surely see;
A golden sickle
My fingers keep,
And my slow tears trickle
On what I reap!

"The moon is gleaming,
The faeries gather,
Like glow-worms gleaming,
Their eyes flash quick;
I try while reaping
To name 'Our Father!'
But round me leaping
They pinch and prick—
On the stalks of amber,
On the silvern ears,
They cling, they clamber,
Till day appears!
And here I'm waking
In bed, once more,
My bones all aching,
My heart full sore!"

I kissed her, crying,
"God bless your reaping!
For sure no sighing
Can set you free.
They'll bless your wedding
Who vex your sleeping;
So do their bidding,
Ma cushla chree!
But oh, remember!
Your fate is cast,
And ere December
Hath fairly past,
The Faery Reaper
Must be a bride,
Or a sad, cold sleeper
On the green hill-side!"

"Sure wedding's better
Than dying sadly!"
She smiled, and set her
Soft hand in mine.
For three nights after
She labored gladly,
'Mid fairy laughter,
And did not pine;
And when the seven
Long nights were run,
Full well 'neath heaven
That work was done:
Their sheaves were slanted,
Their harvest made,
And no more they wanted
A mortal's aid.

THE Royal Statute Revision Commission of England have, in their labors of condensing and revising the enactments of Parliament, unearthed many strange old laws. The subjoined, pertaining thereto, is from the London *Daily News*:

In the course of their labors the commissioners have brought to light curious and forgotten pieces of legislation. They have dug up strange laws, quite as suggestive and as alien to our modern world as the flint knives of an early civilization found in the drift-deposits. Until the other day there were in force, or at least there were to be found in the statute-book, enactments more fitted for a community of Bushmen than for Englishmen. It provokes sometimes a shudder, and sometimes a smile, to read of the terrible or quaint engines which were slumbering in retirement. It is not generally known that until 1863 the Statute of Laborers was regularly printed as portion of the law of the land. The curious foreigner who consulted our statutes twenty years ago would there find that Parliament, to restrain the malice of idle and wicked servants who wished excessive wages, "to the great damage of the great men," had named the wages which servants must be willing to receive, and had ordered that "stocks be made

in every town" for the punishment of the ill-conditioned and the ungrateful hay-maker not content with the statutory penny a day, or the threshers who stood out for more than twopence-halfpenny a quarter. This is not the only statute lately in force or regularly reprinted which breathes a sublime disregard of political economy. How astonished would be the city to learn that it is only a few years since the statute-book declared that "no man shall take profit by exchange of gold or silver!" What would be the reflections of our great iron-masters if they were informed that by a recently-repealed act of Edward III. it was expressly stipulated that "iron made in England and iron brought into England and gold, these shall not be carried out of the realm of England on pain of forfeiting the double to the king." We do not know that very many alien merchants would have settled among us had they been aware of the existence of a statute declaring that they must prove that they employ within the realm all the money which they earn there. Mr. Ruskin, who is never weary of descanting on the commercial iniquities of our time, would read some of the early statutes with pleasure, and would deplore their loss. He would be delighted to find severe penalties against the makers of shoddy-cloth, whose malpractices are minutely and graphically described in the preamble of one enactment: "Certain evil-disposed and deceitful persons," says this garrulous statute of the Elizabethan times, "using to buy and ingross into their hands great store of linen cloth, do use to cast the pieces of cloth over a beam or piece of timber made for their purpose, and do by sundry devices rack, stretch, and draw the same both of length and breadth; and that done, do then with battledoors, pieces of timber and wood and other things, sore beat the same, ever casting thereupon certain deceitful liquors mingled with chalk and other like things, whereby the cloth is made to appear not only much finer and thicker to the eye than it is indeed, but also the threads thereof be so loosed and made weak, that after three or four washings it will scarcely hold together." It is curious to find that nearly two hundred years ago our ancestors, troubled as we are with the abuses of speculation, were engaged in passing acts "to restrain the number and ill-practices of brokers and stock-jobbers." But for the most part the objects of the repealed statutes are strange

and obsolete. We enter a world of buried ideas when we peruse their preambles. Their purpose is to "encourage" this or "discourage" that. They are inspired by a confident belief that an act of Parliament can alter all things, the laws of Nature or the heart of man alike. They recoil from no difficulties or obstacles, and prohibit all commerce with France with as much coolness and conciseness as if they were making mere municipal regulations. Nothing is too minute or too large for them to handle. They settle the religion of the realm and the wages and dress of the people.

Mr. Froude once wrote an ingenious essay, the nucleus of his greatest work, to show how much neglected lore, useful to the historian, lay in the statute-book. And it cannot escape the most careless reader of the schedules of the revision statutes that a multitude of interesting facts have been turned up and for the first time exposed to general view. What a picture do not these repealed statutes give of the relations between England, and Scotland, and Wales! "No armor, victual, or other refreshment," says one pithy and concise enactment, "shall be sent into Scotland without the king's license upon pain of forfeiture thereof." A host of measures offensive or disrespectful to Welshmen had to be repealed. Not only was it a crime to carry armor or provision into Wales, but the Eistedfodd itself was menaced, seeing it was declared that "no conventicle or congregation shall be suffered in Wales for any council or other purpose without license of the chief officers of that lordship and in their presence." In scarcely less evil odor were Irishmen. In our own day we have been familiar with the cry, "Ireland for the Irish;" but in the days of the Tudors England for the English was an accepted principle of the legislature. We find Parliament declaring that "Irishmen and Irish clerks-mendicant shall quit the realm" in the interest of quietness and peace. Of course the statute was disregarded, and we observe that in a subsequent reign Parliament returns to the charge, and declares that all Irishmen repairing to the University of Oxford must take their departure. A vivid glimpse of the rapine and lawlessness of past ages is got from an act recently in force, which empowered the justices of Northumberland and Cumberland to raise men to repel the Moss-Troopers of the Borders. It is one of many similar statutes only recently repealed.

Notices.

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[VOL. XIV.

"THE LAND OF THE SKY;"

OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER III.

"And always, be the landscape what it may—
Blue misty hill, or sweep of glimmering plain—
It is the eye's endeavor still to gain
The fine, faint limit of the bounding day.
God haply, in this mystic mode, would fain
Hint of a happier home, far, far away."

"AND this is Beaucatcher in front of us!" says Sylvia. "Such a fine height certainly deserves a better name."

"The name is vulgarly foolish," says Eric, "but, as far as absolute ugliness goes, there are worse within the borders of Buncombe. What do you think of creeks named Hominy, Cane, Turkey, Sandy Mush—?"

"O Eric!"

"Literally true, I assure you. Then there are Beaver Dam, Bull, and Flat—all clear, rushing mountain-streams."

"It is infamous!" says Sylvia, with the most feeling indignation. "Something ought to be done—the Legislature ought to interfere! If the Anglo-Saxon settlers had no sense of poetry in their own rude organizations, they might at least have spared the Indian nomenclature, which is beautiful and appropriate wherever it is found."

"Yes, it is beautiful," says Eric, who has a passion for all Indian names, and repeats them with the lingering intonation which makes them thrice musical. "Compare with such a nomenclature as I have just men-

tioned, Swannanoa, Nantahala, Tuckaseegee, Hiwassee, Cheowah, Feloneke, and Iselica—all Cherokee names, and all possessing excellent significations."

"What are the significations?" I ask.

"Swannanoa means 'Beautiful'; Nantahala, 'Woman's Bosom,' from the rise and fall of its breast of waters; Tuckaseegee, 'Terapin Water'; Cheowah, 'River of Otters';

ing by her side, "I have been thinking, while Mr. Markham spoke, of the names in Louisiana and Texas. None of them are ugly unless—forgive me!—they are English. Many melodious Indian names are left, and those which the first settlers gave are full of a religious poetry—such as Laguna del Madre, Isla del Padre, Bay of St. Louis, Bayou St. Denis, Île au Breton."

"Those are certainly very different from Smithville and Jonesville, and Big Pigeon River," says Sylvia, "but I wish the Indian names could have been preserved everywhere."

This conversation takes place as we walk out of Asheville along the winding road which leads to Beaucatcher. The sun is sinking low toward the western mountains, spreading a mantle of gold over the uplands, and leaving the glades and dells full of softly-toned shadows. Eric and I form the advance-guard of the party. We have been tried friends and comrades for many a day, and, when we were younger, he often paid me the compliment of wishing I were a boy. Sylvia and Victor come next, Charley



SCENE ON THE FRENCH BROAD.

Feloneke, 'Yellow River;' and Iselica—the Cherokee name of the French Broad—is the most expressive of all, for it means 'Racing River.'"

"And no doubt there were any number, just as admirable, which have been lost," says Sylvia. "It is unbearable! We do not find that the French or Spanish settlers left such barbarities behind them."

"No," says Victor Dupont, who is walk-

and Adèle loiter in the rear. Scattered around in every direction are villa-like houses "bosomed high in tufted trees;" before us are the green hills—that in a different country would be esteemed mountains—behind, the marvelous peaks at which we are forbidden to glance.

"Nobody must look round," cries Adèle, playfully, waving a flowering branch. "You shall all be turned to stones, like the princes

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

in the story of the singing water, if you do!"

"The view is not to be devoured piecemeal," says Charley, "but to be taken whole—like an oyster—from the top of the knob to which we are bound."

So we go on, with our backs to the glory which is behind. The ascent of Beaucatcher is not difficult. A very excellent road leads over it to a highly-cultivated cove in the mountains behind, where day begins an hour or two later, and ends an hour or two earlier, than in Asheville. We leave this road at the gap where it crosses the mountain, and follow a steep path to the top of the knob which rises on the right.

"One could not easily drive up here," says Sylvia, as we clamber over the rocks, "but it



THE ASCENT.

would be quite possible to ride without difficulty."

"Shall we try it to-morrow, if saddle-horses are to be found in Asheville?" asks her attendant.

"I thought we were to return to the Sulphur Spring to-morrow," she says, laughing.

Eric and I reach the summit first. It is smooth, level, and green. There is a grass-grown fortification where a Confederate battery was once planted, and close beside it a dead tree that from Asheville, and miles beyond, presents the perfect appearance of a large cross.

We mount the fortification just as the sun sinks behind the distant mountains. At our feet Asheville is spread, but we scarcely glance at the picture which the town presents, crowning the verdant beauty of its summer hills, with the fertile valleys of the French Broad and Swannanoa on each side. Our gaze turns beyond—to the azure world that stretches, far as the eye can reach, to the golden gate-way of the sun—an infinity of loveliness, with the sunset radiance trembling on the crests of more than a hundred peaks. The atmosphere is so transparent that it is impossible to say how far the range of one's vision extends. Mountains rise behind mountains, until they recede away into dimmest distance, their trending lines lying faint and far against the

horizon. Blue as heaven, and soft as clouds, the nearer ranges stand—serried rank behind rank, and peak upon peak.

The view is so boundless and so beautiful, that the imagination is for a time overwhelmed. Are those sapphire heights the Delectable Mountains?—and do those dazzling clouds veil the jasper walls of the city of God? It almost seems so. The sunset sky is a miracle of loveliness—of tints which it would be presumption to attempt to describe—and the majestic sides of Pisgah grow softly purple as the incarnadine glow falls over its towering pinnacle.

"Oh, what a scene!" says Sylvia, with a long sigh. She stands like one entranced, gazing at the farthest peaks where their blue outlines melt into the sunset gold.

"I scarcely thought there were so many mountains in the world," says Adèle Dupont.

"It is one great charm of the Asheville views," says Eric, without looking round—he is standing in front, with his arms folded—"that they possess such magnificent expanse, and all the effect of farthest distance. It is difficult to exaggerate the advantages of the incomparable situation of the town—especially in the fact that, although surrounded by mountains, it is not overshadowed, but regards them from a sufficient distance, and a sufficient elevation, to behold them like this."

"I see several depressions, like gaps, in the chain," I observe. "What are they?"

"They are gaps," Eric answers. "That farthest west is the gorge of the French Broad. Yonder is the Saluda Gap—yonder, the Hickory-Nut. Swannanoa is in the east."

"Don't let us go home," says Sylvia. "Let us live in this land of the sky forever. It is enchanted."

"I think it is," says Victor Dupont.

"As a Frenchman remarked of Niagara, it is 'grande—magnifique—very good!'" says Charley. "Do you mean to live just here? Shall we build you a cottage, and call the hill—to the absurd name of which you very justly object—Mount Sylvia?"

"The name would suit it very well," I say. "It is sylvan enough."

"No," says Eric, "don't build a cottage here. Wait until I show you the view from McDowell's Hill. It is finer than this."

Chorus: "Finer than this! Impossible!"

"Wait and see," says our leader.

But we refuse to entertain such an idea. With the enthusiasm of ignorance, we cannot believe that any thing—not even the view from the Black Mountain itself—can surpass the scene spread before us in softest beauty, to the farthest verge of the dying day. We sit on the fortification and watch the fires of sunset slowly fade, and the lovely dusk of summer steal over the land. Winds laden with the freshness of the great hills come to us from remote distances. Venus gleams into sight like a tremulous diamond in the delicate sky. The immense expanse, the great elevation, seem to embody at once infinity and repose.

"This is delightful!" says Charley. "We may fancy ourselves lotus-eaters, 'propped on beds of amaranth' far above the world."

Sylvia smiles; and, without turning her eyes from the distant scene, she repeats in the sweetest tone of her sweet voice:

"Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow lotus-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world."

"That was all very well for the gods," says Eric, "but we have no nectar, and your golden house is not yet built, Sylvia; therefore we must go down to supper."

Chorus: "Not yet. Let us stay a little longer."

"The enchanted hours of life are short," says Victor Dupont. "Let us enjoy them to the last minute."

"Let me know when the last minute comes," says Eric, walking away.

It does not come for some time. We cannot resolve to break the spell which rests over us. We talk very little, and that little in low tones. It is enough to see the splendor of the west grow faint and more faint, while the far, heavenly mountains change from blue to tender gray. Suddenly Charley lifts himself on his elbow and points toward the east. We turn and see the silver face of the full moon rising slowly over the tree-tops into the hyacinth sky.

The appearance of her pale, pure majesty above the chain of hills that stretch eastward to the Black, fills our cup of pleasure to the brim. It is a scene to hold in remembrance while life shall last. We linger until we see lights like stars, gleaming here and there in Asheville. Then we know that our enchanted hour has ended.

"At least one enchanted hour," says Sylvia, as Mr. Dupont folds her shawl around her, "but I hope that there are many more in reserve for us. Like Moses, I have had a glimpse of the Promised Land, and now I shall not be content till I have seen every thing that is to be seen."

Silver lights and dark shadows are lying on the streets of Asheville when, foot-sore and weary, we cross the large open square in the business part of the town, and turn into the street which leads to our hotel. To tired and hungry humanity, the lights blazing out from the last are more cheerful than the beauty of the great constellations shining overhead; and, although Eric has made one or two astronomical remarks, we have not paid them the attention which no doubt they deserve.

"To-morrow night we will go to Battery Porter and study astronomy at our leisure," says Sylvia. "To-night I shall first do full justice to the *cuisine* of the 'Eagle,' then I shall beg Mr. Dupont to play for me the 'Cradle Song,' and perhaps a strain or two of Mendelssohn. After that I shall say good-night to everybody, I shall go to bed, and I shall sleep—like a top!"

"I thought you would have said like an angel," says Victor.

"But angels never sleep," says Charley.

This programme is carried out. After supper the young creole goes to the piano, shrugs his shoulders in expressive disgust over its untuned condition, and makes Sylvia



AT THE PIANO.

understand that it is only because *she* desires it that he condescends to touch so poor an instrument. But when he begins to play, he draws forth, even from it, such melody that the chattering groups which fill the room are hushed into silence. His sister is right—he is an admirable musician, an amateur evidently, but cultivated in taste and *technique* as few amateurs are. His music is in the lullaby key which Sylvia suggested—the "Cradle Song" for which she asked, and those exquisite, dreamy nocturnes in which German composers excel—until at last he turns and asks with a smile if she is asleep.

"Not yet," she answers, "but, if this goes on, I soon shall be. It is like mesmerism."

"Before you go," he says, "listen to what I thought of when we came down that hillside this evening with the moonlight and delicate shadows all about us."

His lissome fingers sweep the keys, and the next instant we hear the fairies lightly tripping over the greensward in the wonderful *scherzo* of Berlioz's "Queen Mab." The fairy-like measure seems to us—who have so lately looked on the scene which suggested it to the musician's recollection—filled with a double grace and sentiment. Queen Mab's court, if we had surprised them at their revels, could scarcely have charmed us more.

When the strain ceases, Sylvia looks at the musician with her eyes shining.

"Whenever I think of this evening," she says, "I shall always think of that."

"And whenever I hear or play it, I shall think of *you*," says the young man.

"I am afraid this is going to be a very serious flirtation," I say to myself, as I walk across the room to where Aunt Markham is sitting, trying to look interested in a conversation on mineralogy, which Eric is holding with a gentleman well known for his devotion to that science. I am rather inclined to like mineralogy—at least to the extent of taking an interest in probable diamonds and emeralds—so, I join the group, and receive a great deal of information on the mineral wealth of Western North Carolina, which unhappily forsakes me as soon as it is acquired.

Adèle Dupont is, meanwhile, the centre of a group at the other end of the apartment. She is charmingly dressed, and her gay, vivacious manners have a fascination which the men surrounding her plainly feel. Charley is not among them. Music may have charms to soothe the savage, but not the jealous, breast. Some time since he muttered something about smoking, and took his departure. In a lull of the conversation around me, I hear Adèle's light tones addressing her court.

"What birds of passage you all seem to be! No two of you come from the same point, no two of you are going to the same point. It reminds me of the old nursery game—'One flew east, and one flew west, and one flew over the eagle's nest.'"

"I wish you would fly with us to-morrow," says one of the gentlemen, gallantly.

"But with the best disposition in the world to be obliging, I could not fly with *all* of you," she answers, laughing.

When I retire presently and fall asleep, my dreams are a strange *mélange* of blue mountains and tripping fairies, of Aladdin's garden—the mineralogy is accountable for this—and men in strange guise flying east and west and north and south over endless peaks. Notwithstanding these freaks of fancy, my slumbers are sound and sweet, for Buncombe nights are delicious in their coolness—nights of which to dream in the heat-parched, mosquito-haunted low country.

I sleep late the next morning, and, when I wake, Sylvia is gone. I rub my eyes and look again. There is no doubt of the fact—her bed is empty, her boots have vanished. She is certainly gone. I gaze around in mute amazement. In all the twenty years that I have had the pleasure of her acquaintance, such a thing has never happened before as that, of her own accord—without the most stringent outside pressure—Sylvia should rise with the lark.

While I make my toilet I wonder what this strange caprice can possibly mean, and it is not until I am nearly dressed that the mystery is solved. Then the door opens, and the pleasant, dusky face of our chambermaid appears. She has come to tell me that "the gentleman" wants to know if I am ready for breakfast.

The gentleman in question is Eric, so I reply that I shall be ready presently. "You can hand me a necktie," I add; "and pray, Malvina, do you know what has become of my sister?"

Malvina is evidently surprised. She pauses on her way to the trunk, and stares at me.

"I thought you would have heard the young lady, ma'am," she replies, "though it's true she was very keener not to make a noise to disturb you. I waked her at five o'clock, and she went to ride."

"To ride!" I ejaculate. "With whom?"

"I think she called the gentleman Mr.—Mr. Dewpan," answers Malvina.

Then I remember that there were signs of a secret understanding between Sylvia and Victor Dupont the night before, and, when they parted, I caught the words "sunrise" and "Beaucatcher"—but I was too sleepy to give them due weight, or to be equal to that

mathematical calculation known as putting two and two together. Now, every thing is plain. "Sunrise—ah!" I say to myself. "Not difficult to understand what *that* means!"

Leaving my room, I meet Aunt Markham issuing from hers, and as we go down-stairs together I tell her of Sylvia's escapade. She is surprised and concerned.

"To mount a strange horse—how rash! She may be thrown—there may be a terrible accident—who knows whether Mr. Dupont understands horses?"

"He is old enough to understand them," I say—and just then a cheery voice speaks above us:

"Good-morning, madame!—good-morning, mademoiselle. Ah, what a charming day!—is it not?—how cool, how fresh, how delicious!"

We glance up. Descending the stairs is Madame Latour—Adèle Dupont's aunt—a vivacious lady, with dark eyes, a sallow complexion, and a foot like a fairy.

"It is pleasant to think that, while we have been sleeping, those dear young people have been enjoying the first freshness of this delightful morning!" she goes on, after we have returned her greeting. "Chère petite Adèle was so eager about her ride that she must have waked at five o'clock. I saw them off from my window. Ah, it was heavenly, the air sweet, the birds singing!—and then I returned to bed like a sluggard."

"So Miss Dupont went to ride, also," says Aunt Markham. "I wonder if there is no danger about the horses? Do you think Mr. Dupont was quite sure that they were safe? When one gentleman has charge of two ladies—"

"Pardon!" says Madame Latour, looking a little surprised, "but Mr. Kenyon went also. He accompanied Adèle. Victor escorted your charming niece. Be sure she is quite safe under his protection. He is a dauntless rider," etc., etc.

I do not hear the end of the panegyric on Mr. Dupont, because I am so much surprised by this news of Charley. If it is strange that Sylvia should have been smitten with a mania for the beauties of Nature, sufficient to rouse her from her slumbers at daylight, what can be thought of an indolent gentleman, who has consistently and persistently declined to appreciate those beauties, when he also leaves his pillow for the saddle at five o'clock in the morning?

We go to breakfast, and are devoting ourselves to beefsteak, hot cakes, and coffee, when the matutinal equestrians make their appearance. They come in directly from horseback—the girls still in their habits, loose locks of hair floating, fresh color mantling, youth and good spirits in looks, manner, and bearing. They cause quite a sensation in the large dining-room as they make their way to our table. Sylvia sits down and heaves a deep sigh—a common mode with her of expressing inexpressible feelings.

"Oh, it was heavenly!" she says.

"I am hungry as a wolf," remarks Charley. "What will I have?" (to the waiter:) "Any thing and every thing! When a man has been riding on an empty stomach for

three hours, he is ready to exhaust your bill-of-fare."

"Mrs. Markham," cries Adèle, eagerly, "it was lovely beyond every thing you can imagine!—Victor, tell them all about it! I am famished."

"I wonder if she thinks Victor is not famished, too?" says Eric, under his mustache.

However that may be, Victor obeys. Like most Frenchmen and people of French blood, he describes dramatically—his dark eyes quicken, he uses many gestures.

"When we rode out of Asheville," he says, "it was very early—some time before sunrise—and the mist, like a white curtain, wrapped every thing. We knew that this would add greatly to the effect if we could reach the top of the hill on which we were yesterday evening, in time to see the sun rise, so we rode at a brisk pace and soon



THE MORNING RIDE.

found ourselves there—mademoiselle and myself in advance of Adèle and Mr. Kenyon."

"My horse was slow," says Adèle, "and I grew tired of urging him on—I knew we should reach there soon enough."

"We rode up to the fortification," continues Mr. Dupont. "The east was all aglow with radiance—the most beautiful colors momentarily changing on the sky—and the reflection fell over and gilded the great sea of vapor at our feet, which the wind was gently agitating into billows."

"The resemblance to the sea was perfect," says Sylvia, eagerly. "You cannot imagine any thing more delusive! The waves caught the light on their crests, just as ocean-waves do. All below us—all over Asheville and the distant mountains—there was nothing to be seen but this boundless, rippling expanse, aglow with tints so roseate and so radiant that we could only stand and gaze in breathless wonder. The effect lasted I cannot tell how long, but for some time."

"At least half an hour," says Mr. Dupont. "Then the sun rose over the hills behind us, and his rays fell horizontally over the shifting sea of vapor. For a minute it was like a vasty deep of molten gold heaving and tossing at our feet. Then it began to dissolve, and peaks tinged with the same

beautiful tints appeared here and there like islands."

"Pisgah first!" says Sylvia. "You should have seen how superbly the great crest came up out of the mist which still clung around the lower heights. Then gradually the other mountain-tops appeared, and we saw islands and continents, diversified by seas and lakes—all bathed in the most delicious colors!"

"I'll tell you what it was like," says Charley, speaking for the first time. "It was as if the world was being newly created, and we saw the water divided from the land."

"And every thing was so fresh!" cries Sylvia. "The earth seemed, as Charley says, new made. I don't think I have ever known an hour of purer delight than that which we spent on Beaucatcher—odious name!"

"Mount Sylvia," says Victor Dupont, with a smile.

"Well, Mount Sylvia, then. Even after our sea was dried up, the mist of early morning still wrapped in soft haze the far heavenly heights of the glorious prospect. Asheville remained submerged to the last, but, when finally we saw its green hills and scattered houses emerge, we turned our horses' heads, and, piloted by Charley, descended Beau-Mount Sylvia at the back. The road led us down, through a shaded gorge of the hills, to the valley of the Swannanoa. Oh, if I could—if I only *could* tell you of all the beautiful things we saw! We raved over evening scenes—over the long shadows and westering light—yet how pathetic it is compared with the joyousness of early morning! The effects of light and shade are somewhat similar, but the spirit is so different. If you could have seen the rocks this morning blushing in the sun, the mosses and lichens, gemmed with dew and hung with fairy-like cobwebs, the ineffable freshness of the whole landscape—as if Nature had washed her face—and then the river, when we reached it—ah!"

"Total bankruptcy in the matter of adjectives!" says Eric, aside. "I have been anticipating it for some time. What a fortunate thing that Miss Dupont's appetite is so excellent, else she would probably take up the strain and chant for us the beauties of the Swannanoa!"

After breakfast I chance to be coming down-stairs just as Charley is standing alone in the hall, lighting a cigar. I take advantage of the opportunity to walk up to him, to button-hole him, and conduct him into a private corner. Here I look straight into his eyes.

"Charley," I say, "what is the meaning of your conduct this morning? What unhalloved influence is at work with you? Such a thing has never been known before that you—you should rise at daylight for the pleasure of riding several miles with a young lady! Tell me, honestly and seriously, are you flirting, or are you falling in love, with this girl?"

"Women's heads always run on flirting and falling in love," replies Charley, with an air of carelessness. "Suppose I return your question and ask you whether Sylvia is flirting or falling in love with *Monsieur le Musicien*?"

"What insufferable nonsense! How dare you imagine that she is doing either? Can she not be civil and agreeable to the young man without incurring such suspicions?"

"And can I not be civil and agreeable to Miss Dupont without incurring ditto?"

"Of course, if you choose to take that tone about it, there is nothing to be said," I remark, with dignity, "but, if you think I do not understand the matter, you are vastly mistaken!"

"I don't know that there is any thing to understand," says Charley, coolly, "except that Sylvia is amusing herself with Mr. Dupont; and I am allowing Miss Dupont to amuse herself with me. *Voulez tout!*"

"I hope you are not both playing with fire," I say, vexedly.

"If we are, we shall probably be scorched," returns Monsieur Imperturbable, walking away.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER XV.

POMPS AND VANITIES.

Nor long did Joanna stand thus in rapt contemplation of her finery, her head drooped on one side, her finger on her chin, before Miss Basil appeared in the doorway.

She held in her hands the blue ribbon, from which she was still endeavoring to smooth out the creases, preparatory to the delivery of a wise speech in which she meant to reason with Joanna; but having caught sight, first of the display on the bed, and next of the great, green box with Lebrun's name in staring capitals, she stopped, dumb at the first word.

What new revelation of Joanna's incomprehensible character was this? Had she not the promise that a child trained up in the way she should go, should *not* depart from it? Yet here was this child, whom from infancy she had trained with unsparing pains, already departing into the ways of pomps and vanities, and hankering after the state of a fine lady, to which it had *not* pleased God to call her. It was enough to destroy one's faith in the wisdom of Solomon. Her literal mind could never comprehend that the way in which a child should go must be a way conformed to the just demands of youthful spirits. When we begin to use crutches we are apt to condemn dancing.

"Joanna," said she, in a voice hoarse and tremulous with indignation and dismay, "I demand the meaning of all this!"

"O 'Mela!" cried Joanna, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "It means that I am going to the dining!"

"You are going to destruction!" cried Miss Basil, remembering the reckless extravagance Joanna had been guilty of in buying so useless a thing as a picture—doubtless she

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.

had not paid less than a dollar or two for it. "Where is your folly to end?" she cried, making a dash at the green box. "Have you been running up accounts, you reckless girl? These things must be returned immediately, do you hear? I say, *immediately!*"

"O Pamela!" said Joanna, with mingled anger, mortification, and reproach. "How can you go on so? The grandmamma herself gave these things to me, that I might—make a creditable appearance at her dining next Thursday."

"Next Thursday? Next Thursday, child? Did I hear you aright?" Miss Basil asked, with keen interest. "I wonder Mrs. Basil hasn't named the day to me, and this only Saturday. But you are dreaming, surely?"

"No, indeed!" answered Joanna, shrill with exultation; "*next Thursday!* And," she continued, triumphantly, knowing well that Miss Basil would never oppose "the grandmamma's" expressed wishes, "I am to have my skirts a *proper* length, a demi-train—at last!"

Miss Basil should have felt flattered by Mrs. Basil's interest in poor little Joanna, but she resented it as an injury. "Dear, dear, dear," she said, plaintively, "Joanna, how often must I tell you that this world is all a fleeting show? but you never will believe me."

"No," said Joanna, sturdily; "not while you say that, 'Mela.'"

"True happiness—" began Miss Basil.

"True happiness," interrupted Joanna; "I know what it is; it is going to a dinner-party in a brand-new polouaise. 'Mela, there are three yards left of that green challis; I can have a founce.'"

"No, indeed, Joanna," said Miss Basil, sternly; "those three yards are to make new waist and sleeves."

"But I don't want new waist and sleeves; I want a founce," said Joanna, piteously.

"Your heart is set upon the vanities of dress, and I am not going to encourage you," said Miss Basil, resolutely.

"But I care a great deal more about the founce, *not* having it, than I should if I had it," argued Joanna, not inaptly.

"I dare say," replied Miss Basil, dryly. "Here is this ribbon, a new ribbon, wantonly abused." Joanna, who had not noticed the ribbon before, started, blushing vividly. "Your head is turned," pursued Miss Basil, thinking, O most lame and impotent conclusion! that she had gained a great advantage. "Your head is turned; and it is not hard to guess who has turned it."

"Pamela," said Joanna, with unaffected innocence, "if you mean that my head is turned by the dinner-party, I tied that ribbon on the tree before the grandmamma gave me those things."

But Miss Basil could never understand her. "Why did you tie the ribbon there?" she asked, sternly.

"'Mela, you know," said Joanna, appealingly. Poor child, she hardly knew, herself; but some blind instinct of womanhood made her appeal to a woman's sympathetic intuition.

"Why should you wish to hide your name in that way, you silly child?" Miss Basil

asked, determined to have an explanation of what was inexplicable.

"I suppose it *was* silly," said poor Joanna, the tears starting to her eyes, "but—why are you so harsh, Pamela? What wrong have I done? It was no fault of mine that Mr. Arthur Hendall carved my name on the tree."

"It *was* he, then?" said Miss Basil, her eyes flashing.

"Of course it was," replied Joanna, with innocent decision; "who else could have done it?"

"And it was *my* tree, mark you, my tree, that I cherished," said Miss Basil, in a choking voice.

"How can it possibly be your tree, Pamela," said Joanna, calmly, "when you have told me, over and over again, that every thing here belongs to Mr. Arthur Hendall?"

Miss Basil rose abruptly and walked across the room. She did not like the taste of this fruit of her own planting; but she felt that it would never do to make wry faces over it. Returning presently, she asked, not without a touch of scorn:

"I suppose you are flattered by it?"

"I liked it—yes," answered Joanna, slowly, and coloring.

"Joanna," said Miss Basil, under conviction that now was the time for the word in season, "I am your truest friend, and I tell you he means nothing by it."

"Of course he means nothing by it," said Joanna, in mild astonishment. "How was he to tell that you cherished that particular tree? I am sure I didn't know it. Cutting my name there is just an empty compliment, you see, not to be compared to—an *eventful* present like this lovely polouaise. And if you are indeed my truest friend, O Pamela, consider, consider the founce, and what an advantage it would be."

What could a woman like Miss Basil say to a girl like this? If Joanna could not be made to see the folly of cutting up for founces the material that had been so carefully saved for waist and sleeves (and the child did outgrow her things so!), how could she be made to understand the significance or the insignificance of having her name cut in the bark of a tree by a vain and idle young man? "Oh, of course, Joanna," said she, sourly, "it is useless to talk common-sense and economy to a girl that throws away money on a trumpery picture."

"Trumpery picture!" said Joanna. "'Mela, you don't know; it is a valuable possession. Do you know what I paid for it?"

"More than it is worth, I don't doubt," said Miss Basil, dryly.

Then Joanna began to tremble, and to wish that the picture had not come under discussion just when the green founce was about to create a crisis.

"What *did* you give for it?" Miss Basil asked, laying aside her assumed indifference when she saw that Joanna wished the subject dropped.

"I gave my gold-piece," said Joanna, rather reluctantly.

Had she said that she had given but a dollar, Miss Basil, who had made it the study of her life to avoid all useless expenditure,

would not have spared invective; but so remorseless an extravagance as this transported her economical spirit beyond all bounds.

"You surely never threw away five dollars in that way?" she gasped. "You'll go headlong to destruction with your imprudent waste of money. Joanna, Joanna! What shall be done to you? Five dollars for a trumpery picture to stick against the wall, and you so desperately hard on shoes!"

"It was my own money," said Joanna, sturdily.

"So much the worse!" retorted Miss Basil, illogically. "Will you never learn to husband your resources, foolish child! Don't think I shall permit that trash to hang there!"

"Pamela," said Joanna, deliberately, "you can't bring back the five dollars *that* way; and, if you do any harm to my picture, I'll go away to foreign parts, and you shall never hear of me." (Joanna had long ago discovered that this threat invariably brought Miss Basil to reason.) "I'll die and be buried under alien skies, and the place of my—my sepulchre you shall never know!"

"Don't think to prevail with me by such idle threats, Joanna," said Miss Basil, visibly moved. "It ought to be a matter of principle with you to deny your eyes the gratification of that picture, at least until by persevering diligence you shall have atoned for such extravagance."

"Turn it to the wall, then, 'Mela," said Joanna, penitently, "if you think I have done so wrong."

Miss Basil always felt it to be her duty to preach severe doctrines to Joanna's awakened conscience.

"I do, indeed, think so," she answered, gladly availing herself of the unlooked-for permission to turn the picture to the wall. "You have been guilty of criminal extravagance—yes, *criminal*, for money is a trust, whether it be ours in large or in small sums. If you don't feel your responsibility in little things, you will never be able properly to appreciate it in great things. Self-indulgence will be your bane. Let this be a lesson to you—"

"Now, 'Mela," cried Joanna, with tears in her eyes, "don't! I can't be sorry that I bought the picture; no, I am glad, for it does make me happy to look at. Pamela, can't you see that I must have something to—to *nourish* my aspirations?" she asked, pathetically. "We do need something more than food and raiment in this life."

"Yes," assented Miss Basil, readily enough, for the "spirit of preach" was strong within, and she could seize any text; "steady principles, a sound faith—"

"'Mela," said Joanna, with doleful weariness, "all that has nothing to do with the founce to my green challis."

"I see it is no use talking to you, Joanna," said Miss Basil, with a sigh. "I suppose you must do as you please when your heart is so set on a thing; but I hope you'll never regret the founce."

"That I never will!" said Joanna, positively, and springing up with alacrity. "I must go at once to work at it."

"Joanna, surely you forget," remonstrated

ed Miss Basil, gravely. "This is Saturday, and work like that is no preparation for to-morrow."

"But my week's mending is all done," said Joanna, innocently.

"I am not thinking of the week's mending, child," said Miss Basil, solemnly, "but of the duties of religion."

"You don't suppose I am going to sew on it to-morrow?" asked Joanna, half ready to cry, accustomed though she was to Miss Basil's opposition to the pomps and vanities.

"You might as well sew on it as have your head and heart full of it."

"Oh, dear, Pamela! don't you see that if I can just *familiarise* myself with the—the idea, my head and my heart will both be the more—*discumbered* by to-morrow?" asked Joanna, imploringly.

"Ah, child," Miss Basil answered, with a telling sigh, "what would become of you, I wonder, if I were to leave you wholly to your own devices?" Joanna thought in her heart it might not be so bad for her, but she said nothing; and Miss Basil continued: "But a day will come—yes, a day will surely come, when you'll remember, with tardy gratitude, maybe, how I've carried your waywardness on my heart all these years."

And without a word of interest in Joanna's first toilet, she went away in the comfortable consciousness of having performed her duty unshrinkingly.

"I know what all that means," said poor little Joanna to herself, a tear rolling over her cheek; "it means that she will pray for me at intervals all day to-morrow; but it would do me a great deal more good, I should feel more—Christian placidity, if she would only help about my flounce."

This child that Miss Basil had trained so carefully from infancy seemed destined in every way to be a perpetual source of surprise and bewilderment to her anxious guardian. Whether she went in the way she should go, or whether she departed therefrom, she was forever doing some unexpected thing. The next morning being Sunday, Joanna, to the confusion of Miss Basil's private anticipations, came forward as usual, with simple, childlike solemnity, to recite the Church Catechism and a hymn, as she had been accustomed to do ever since she could remember.

But then Miss Basil could not divine how little distasteful this exercise was to Joanna, who had always, happily for her, associated it with the impressions derived from an old pictorial Bible, with its rude engravings of Moses in the bullrushes, Elijah raising the Shunamite's son, Daniel in the lion's den, Ruth among the stocks, the Babe in the manger, the Marys at the tomb—pictures that, in spite of their crudity, impressed her childish heart with a deep sentiment of religion that she, poor child, failed to recognize as religion, because it was opposed to Miss Basil's creed of sackcloth and ashes.

It was because her Sunday lesson helped to keep alive these early impressions that Joanna never was willing to miss reciting the Catechism and the hymn, more especially as Miss Basil permitted her to select the hymn herself, which unwonted wisdom was

attributable to the fact that Joanna would memorize just three times as many lines of her own selection. Although Miss Basil's taste inclined her to prefer such strains as "Life is but a winter's day, a journey to the tomb," she could tolerate any thing that passed under the name of sacred poetry; and she honestly thought "the more the better," particularly in Joanna's case.

And Joanna liked going to church, where she sat, not in her grandfather's pew, close to the pulpit, but up-stairs in the gallery with Miss Basil, who had always sat there in a remote corner. Joanna liked going to church, not so much because it was her one stated contact with the outside world, as because, from her dim corner facing the chancel-window, gaudy with colored glass, she had early learned to believe in the church as the gate of heaven; and, sitting there, she was thinking far more in her simple, childlike faith, of God and his angels than Miss Basil ever knew. But religion was, as yet, only a sentiment with Joanna, and Sunday was blissful chiefly because on that day Miss Basil did not believe in work, and she could be idle with impunity.

But Sunday passed, and Joanna's thoughts reverted to the flounce of her green challis. It was for her an arduous undertaking, yet she knew that it was vain to expect sympathy or assistance from Miss Basil, who, indeed, was too busy about more important matters to attend to any such trifle. However, by dint of diligence and perseverance, the demi-train, with its flounce, was finished early on Thursday morning, and Joanna, having nothing more to do, beset poor Miss Basil with suggestions about the table, the dishes, the silver, the flowers, and even about old Thurston's "deportment."

Miss Basil was a much-enduring woman, but her endurance failed at last, and she curtly reminded her officious adviser that it was none of her dinner-party. Joanna had almost fancied that it was, and upon this home-thrust she returned to cool her enthusiasm with a shower of tears. Why was Pamela so unfeeling? Why was she always so indifferent? And poor, harassed Miss Basil was asking herself what she should do to shield this thoughtless child from the deceitful snares of the world.

It would be hard to say which was more to be pitied in this state of mutual misunderstanding, but Joanna had at least this advantage over Miss Basil: she could forget every vexation in the contemplation of the marvelous puffs of her polonaise.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF SOCIETY.

NEVER had a day seemed so long to Joanna as that memorable Thursday. The dinner-hour was half-past five, and she thought the time to dress would never come. At last, afraid of being late, she began the preparations for her toilet; but when all was done, finding that it was but a little past three, she carefully undressed again, for fear

of crushing that billowy *enflure*, which was, in her eyes, the chief merit of her costume.

There was no one to give the gracious finishing touches, no one to assure her that all was right, no one to take a pride in her appearance. Poor little Joanna felt this; yet not to such a degree as to mar her satisfaction in the demi-train with the flounce, notwithstanding the fact that it did not "hang evenly," and was too full here and too scant there; defects that Miss Basil's more skillful hands might easily have remedied, could she have seen how much better a little judicious interest on her part would have been for Joanna than all the lectures on pomps and vanities she could devise.

Hearing the clock in the hall down-stairs strike four at last, Joanna concluded that any longer delay in completing her toilet would be inadvisable, and she put on again the lovely polonaise, with many admiring glances at the glass, and many little caressing pats of adjustment, that must have been the result of a natural instinct, for certainly she had not learned these ways from Miss Basil.

As she was tying her sash, it occurred to her suddenly that she might never have so good an opportunity to display certain jewels of her mother's, relics of departed grandeur, that Miss Basil kept under lock and key. Knowing that she would have to contend the point, and haunted always by that fear of being late which is the torment of the novice, she hastened to Miss Basil's room, but Miss Basil was not there. She ran, breathless, down to the dining-room, but Miss Basil was not there. Rushing aimlessly through the hall, she encountered old Thurston, who was waiting to admit the guests.

"Miss J'anna," said he, with respectful solicitude, "if you isn't uncommon keeful, somebody'll tread on your dress and *elope* the gathers."

"I shouldn't mind it at all," said Joanna, with a lofty air. Proof so indisputable of the length of her train could hardly fail to give her satisfaction, and she proceeded gravely to practise the difficult art of managing her flowing draperies, unconscious that she had Basil Redmond for an amused spectator.

He had come early, that he might see Miss Basil before the arrival of the other guests—thus far he was willing to make himself at home at Basilwood—and he was now waiting in the sitting-room, the door of which was open, affording him a view of Joanna in all her glory.

"But, Thurston!" she exclaimed, suddenly quitting the contemplation of her trailing robes, "no one has come yet, I hope? Where is my cousin; I must see her instantly!"

"Miss Pamela? she's not come down yet, and nobody is come except Mr. Redmond, as I remember him, a harum-scarum boy to disappear, and then come back without warning, as nobody wouldn't know him, so growed he is—"

"Oh, what do I care for *him*?" interrupted Joanna, with an impatient shrug. "It's Pamela I want."

Just then Miss Basil came down the stairs,

rustling in her silk dress, and smiling with a brightness so unwonted that Joanna, for the moment, forgot the request she wished to make.

"O Pamela!" she cried, with unaffected delight, "and you, too! you are to be at the dining?" Never, since she could remember, had Miss Basil appeared at the grandmamma's dinner-parties; but to her artless mind there was no other way of accounting for Miss Basil's smiling countenance.

"No, child," answered Miss Basil, decidedly, as she put Joanna aside without noticing her dress; "you know that I never take part in any thing of the kind; don't detain me; some one is waiting to speak to me."

"But, O Pamela, one moment!" cried Joanna, her thoughts reverting perforce to herself. "I am all ready, except my jewels."

"Jewels?" repeated Miss Basil. "What do you mean, Joanna?"

"My jewels," repeated Joanna, impatiently. "O Pamela, you know! The rubies and pearls that were my mother's. Oh, please, there is no time to lose; and you said they should be mine!"

"When you are a woman grown, child," said Miss Basil; and then, with hesitating approval, she added, "You look well enough as you are."

"I am no child," said Joanna, upon whom admiration so tardy made no impression; "don't you see my train?"

"You are detaining me," said Miss Basil, with a slight flush of annoyance; "and some one is waiting to see me." They were at the sitting-room door now, and Basil Redmond came forward, smiling.

A frown, quick and angry, darkened Joanna's face. Here was this stranger, again, standing between Pamela and herself. What right had he to smile in that way? Yet she could not help feeling that there was something kindly in his smile, vexatious as it was to hear Pamela appeal to him.

"She does not need ornaments, so young as she is?"

"So young!" Hatful words to Joanna, by which she knew that this appeal was indicative of a determination not to indulge her vanity with the rubies and pearls.

Redmond, hesitating just a little, turned to the table upon which stood a vase of white geranium, and, with that smile Joanna in her heart called "masterful," said:

"If this young lady will permit a suggestion from me, these would be the prettiest ornaments she could wear."

He spoke with some diffidence, holding out to her a spray of the flowers; and Joanna half-relented toward him because he called her a young lady! She was most anxious to conduct herself with becoming propriety, now that she stood on the threshold of society; but she was at a loss to know what a young lady should do under such circumstances. She cast an imploring glance toward Miss Basil, a glance that plainly asked, "What ought a young lady to do when a gentleman offers flowers?" But, receiving no sign by which she could be guided, she shyly put forth her hand and took them, with very much the manner of a child.

She was conscious that she did not appear at her ease, and, misinterpreting the smile that passed between Miss Basil and Mr. Redmond, she would have returned his offering instantly, but that, to her great surprise, Miss Basil started forward with a sort of shy impulsiveness, and, before Joanna was well aware of what the prim woman would do, the geraniums were pinned in her hair.

Very stiff and ungraceful they stood bristling, but there was no mirror at hand to betray to Joanna their aggressive *altitude*; and the mere fact that Pamela would do this much for her adornment gave the child a pleasure in the flowers that compensated for the disappointment about the jewels.

The next moment, before her first surprise had subsided, in came Mrs. Basil, leaning on her ivory-headed staff, like an old fairy godmother; and, after a most gracious greeting to Basil Redmond, as if wonders were never to cease, she turned admiringly to Joanna, and expressed a smiling approval of her appearance; then, "Permit me, child?" said she, with polite formality, and with an airy touch, the stiff cluster of geraniums in Joanna's hair was gracefully adjusted.

No time was there for more; the guests were arriving. Miss Basil, murmuring inaudible words of regret, hastily retired; Mrs. Basil, with some ceremony, conducted Mr. Redmond to the large drawing-room (so seldom used now), whither Joanna, with a feeling that life was just beginning, followed eagerly, her heart beating, her knees trembling far more than the poor occasion called for; old Thurston, full of the dignity of his office, forgot his rheumatism, and strode majestically to the door, as if the good old times had come again; then the people entered, and from that moment all was confusion to the inexperienced neophyte, who, long before it was over, found this tedious dinner-party a weariness to the spirit and the flesh.

To begin with Mrs. Basil's relations, though they were the last to arrive, there was Miss Ruffner, elaborately dressed, and serenely conscious of her own perfection; Mrs. Ruffner, her mother, all bugles and bangles, a stout, plain, good-natured, maladroit, insignificant woman, with a word in season and out of season—especially out of season—for everybody; Mr. Sam Ruffner, indolently smiling and showing his handsome teeth; and, lastly, old Mrs. Stargold, who was received with a flutter of satisfaction, not by Mrs. Basil alone, but by all the assembled guests. When the little crowd that hemmed her in fell away, Joanna saw a feeble little old lady, whose face bore the unmistakable signs of an anxious mind. Warm as was the day, she was richly dressed in black silk, with a lace scarf, that threw into the shade every other toilet in the room. Her voice shook when she spoke, and her hands trembled so, whenever she attempted to adjust her scarf, that Miss Ruffner, or Mrs. Ruffner, or Mr. Sam, would rush to her assistance. Joanna wondered what pleasure this poor old lady could find in life.

There were a few people in Middleborough whom Mrs. Basil delighted to honor when she gave one of her rare dinner-parties, and besides Mrs. Stargold and her suite there

were present on this occasion Mrs. Carl Tomkins, a woman of exceptional culture, according to the verdict of Middleborough; Mr. Carl Tomkins, a gentleman eminent in the life-assurance business, but overshadowed in society by his wife; old Mrs. Paul Caruthers, ancient, deaf, and garrulous; Miss Caruthers, a pretty, somewhat *passée* young lady, who had been invited for Mr. Sam Ruffner's behoof; Dr. Garnet, the loud, aggressive man of medicine; nervous little Mr. Leasom, of St. John's; and portly Chancellor Page, remarkable for silence and appetite. There were no young companions for Joanna; Arthur was there, indeed, but he took good care not to attach himself to her, for he felt his aunt's eyes upon him, and he obligingly devoted himself to Mrs. Stargold. So Joanna sat in a corner looking on, rather glad, indeed, to escape the notice of so formidable a company.

In such a party, nothing of any moment ever happens before dinner. Every one then is in a state of dull and decorous expectation, and a little girl in a corner is liable to be overlooked and ignored. It was a relief—it always is a relief—when dinner was announced. Before Joanna could penetrate the mystery of the magical ease and celerity with which each gentleman, without clashing with his neighbor, selected some particular lady, a voice at her side said:

"Joanna, I am to have the pleasure of taking you in to dinner."

It was Basil Redmond; and Joanna, though conscious of a little disappointment that it was not Arthur, felt a quick thrill of delight at the unexpected distinction of being "handed in" to dinner. She remembered such things in books she had read, and her color rose, her eyes sparkled with the thought that she was now indeed about to enter upon the delightful realities of life. With one passing sigh for poor 'Mela's "sad exclusion from the doors of bliss," she put her hand on Mr. Redmond's arm, and walked, she knew not how, to the dining-room.

Dinner, to which she had looked forward with considerable anxiety of mind, as the great ordeal that should stamp her future fitness for society, passed off smoothly enough; there were no failures, there was no awkward *contre-temps*, no lack of every thing needful. Nothing of this kind, however, had she feared; she knew that Miss Basil, who was behind the scenes, would have every thing perfect, and that old Thurston could be implicitly relied upon; for his pride was up when Mrs. Basil gave a dinner, and he made his assistant, hired for the occasion, feel that it would not do to merit his wrath. What Joanna doubted was her own ability to perform her part creditably, a doubt that quite deprived the poor child of appetite. It was not possible, of course, that she could be guilty of any barbarism, for Miss Basil had been very strict in teaching the proprieties of ordinary life; but Miss Basil dined without ceremony, and poor Joanna was haunted by a terror of transgressing the formidable etiquette of dinner-parties, of which she had a dim but colossal idea. She might have spared herself all anxiety, however; for between Miss Caruthers, who absorbed Mr.

Redmond on the one side of the poor little *débutante*, and Miss Ruffner, who engaged Mr. Carl Tomkins on the other, Joanna attracted no attention.

After dinner she drifted back into her corner again; but here she was no longer so fortunate as to escape notice. Mrs. Paul Caruthers espied her, and, puzzled by a face she had not seen half a dozen times, she turned her best ear to Mrs. Carl Tomkins, inquiring, in an audible whisper, who she was. Mrs. Carl Tomkins appealed to Mrs. Ruffner, who, with good-natured eagerness to gratify innocent curiosity, mildly roared the information that she was "old Judge Basil's granddaughter." All eyes were immediately turned upon the blushing Joanna.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said Mrs. Paul Caruthers, who, being old herself, and done with folly, invariably pitied all young people.

"Not so *very* poor, I fancy," said Mrs. Carl Tomkins. "That queer Miss Basil, who is never seen, except at church—" (Was Pamela, then, *queer*? Joanna knew that her excellent cousin was strict and exacting; but to hear the slighting judgment of the world pronounced upon her thus was a shock.)

"Sh—h!" said good-natured Mrs. Ruffner, with loud sibilations, for she saw Joanna's telltale face.

"A woman of good, sound sense," amended Mrs. Carl Tomkins, promptly. "She has shown it by taking out a policy for the benefit of that child." On the subject of life-assurance, Mrs. Carl Tomkins was thoroughly imbued with her husband's views.

"You don't tell me so!" exclaimed Mrs. Ruffner, forgetting all about Joanna. "Where did she get money to pay the premium, or whatever you call it?"

"She saved it, I suppose," said Mrs. Carl Tomkins. "She's been saving for years."

"La!" exclaimed Mrs. Ruffner, incredulously. "How *could* she save out of a bare living?"

"Management," said Mrs. Carl Tomkins, briefly.

"Let me into your charming circle, ladies, I entreat!" cried Miss Caruthers, rushing across the room with a pretty, juvenile air. "The gentlemen are discussing cotton and politics, subjects inevitable among gentlemen; and I, alas! have not, like Mrs. Basil, and Miss Ruffner, and Mrs. Stargold, the intelligence and *experience* to appreciate those topics. I know *you* must be talking about something within my comprehension?"

"Do be quiet, Aurelia!" said Mrs. Paul Caruthers, inclining her good ear. "I can't hear what's going on."

"Oh, don't *you* come here, Mr. Ruffner!" cried Miss Caruthers, shaking her head playfully at Sam, who had sauntered lazily after her. "Here's gossip, and gentlemen hate gossip."

"Go on, Mrs. Tomkins," said Mrs. Paul Caruthers, impatiently. "Don't mind Aurelia. What's that about a man's age? *Whose* age?"

"I was speaking of a *WOMAN'S MANAGEMENT*," said Mrs. Carl Tomkins, raising her voice irritably, as some people are apt to do when the deaf fail to hear. "My dear Mrs.

Ruffner, it is Mr. Tomkins's opinion that every woman in the South might insure her life for somebody's benefit, if she would exercise a little forethought and management, like this Miss Basil now. Like the great Sully, she is 'fertile in resources.' But who the great Sully was, nobody in that company, except Mrs. Carl Tomkins could have told. However, people felt rather flattered when she made an allusion they could not understand, and they listened attentively. "Everybody knows that Miss Basil sells vegetables and fruits in the town; and she makes wine; she sells a great deal of blackberry-wine, I'm told."

"Would *you* drink blackberry-wine, Mrs. Tomkins?" asked Mr. Sam Ruffner, making a face.

"Oh, you funny man!" cackled Miss Caruthers. "Why, plenty of people drink blackberry-wine, *now*; it's *cheap*. And Miss Basil makes it—"

"Speak softly," said Mrs. Carl Tomkins, glancing around. "Remember where we are. Yes, Miss Basil, like the great Sully, is 'fertile in resources;' and I've heard that she has a romantic history."

"What is it, pray?" cried Mrs. Ruffner and Miss Caruthers, eagerly. "Do tell us."

"What are you saying?" groaned Mrs. Paul Caruthers. "Everybody speaks so indistinctly, nowadays."

"La! why doesn't your aunt carry a trumpet?" said Mrs. Ruffner, impatiently, to Miss Caruthers; but she leaned forward with good-humored alacrity, and whispered to the old lady so loudly that poor little Joanna, hemmed into her corner, heard every word. "Miss Basil, you know, ma'am; they say she has a very romantic history."

The old lady gravely nodded her thanks to her informant; and, turning with owl-like deliberation to Mrs. Carl Tomkins, said:

"I've heard as much hinted before."

And then the five heads, Sam Ruffner's included, drew together, and "*Buz—buz—buz*" was all Joanna heard, until old Mrs. Caruthers impatiently pushed back her chair, and exclaimed:

"That amounts to just nothing at all! I thought you had some reliable information. Nobody believes in any thing that comes from 'lebrun's—unless it's bonnets.'"

Mrs. Carl Tomkins, turning aside to Mrs. Ruffner, rolled her great eyes expressively; and then the conclave broke up.

THE EMPRESS OF SPINETTA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

ON the plain of Alessandria, about an hour's walk from the village of Marengo, is another hamlet called Spinetta, which has been completely thrown into the shade by the fame of its world-renowned neighbor. Even the most minute histories of the war scarcely mention its name, and strangers who scan every pile of stones on the battle-field of Marengo do not even vouchsafe modest Spinetta a passing glance. So it is known to very few persons that this insignificant hamlet once witnessed the corona-

tion of an emperor and empress, or what a singular fate afterward befell their majesties. Only a fugitive paper, similar to those sold at country fairs by thousands for a small copper coin, preserved the strange history of this coronation, and the poetic fancy of the Piedmontese and Lombardy peasants surrounded the historic germ with all sorts of wonderful accessories, so that at the present day it is difficult to effect a total separation between fact and fiction. The main events of the story, however, occurred as here related:

At the beginning of the year 1820, when Carl Felix, after suppressing all the revolutionary attempts of the Carbonari, asserted his right to the throne of Piedmont, there lived in one of the forest-huts on the outskirts of the village of Spinetta two beautiful sisters, who were held in universal respect for their virtue and piety. They had lost both parents at a very early age, when the younger, Margheritina, was scarcely three years old. The mother died of grief at the sad fate of her husband, who accompanied Napoleon's army to Moscow and perished in crossing the Beresina. Positive news that he was really dead, and had not been taken prisoner, did not arrive for several years after that terrible national tragedy, and the good wife's feeble flame of life died with the spark of hope she had always cherished. The elder girl, named Pia, was just fifteen years old when she was left an orphan with her little sister, but she would not hear of giving the child to the care of strangers, in order to earn her own support at service. She remained in the little house her father had built, maintained herself and the child by the earnings of her distaff and the products of a little field of maize, and meantime kept herself and sister so neatly dressed and so faultlessly modest and honest that the greatest praise was bestowed upon her, and mothers were in the habit of holding up the two orphan girls to their daughters as models of good behavior.

The praise was hardly earned; for Pia's poverty forced her to work from morning till night merely to keep from starving, and would not suffer her to put her spinning-wheel in the corner even on holidays. And she might have been so much more comfortable if she had only chosen. It was not only that assistance and friendly gifts were offered from many quarters, while others would gladly have taken her sister, who was a remarkably pretty and clever child, but she received many a proposal for her hand, for she was considered the prettiest girl in the village, and any man, even the richest, would have been glad to win such a housewife. But she only shook her head, declined all gifts, and sent away with a long face and heavy heart one after another of the young men who wooed her.

This prudish conduct, of course, made her an object of suspicion to young and old, and even the village pastor at last found himself obliged to speak to the young girl about the strange pride which led her to rely so entirely upon herself. Her explanation revealed no sin, so she did not confide it to the guardian of her soul under the seal of confession, and therefore the whole village

soon knew with what sort of eyes Pia viewed her future.

She had come into the world on the 14th of June, 1800, at the time when the battle of Marengo was being fought in the vicinity of Spinetta. The mother in her hour of peril had heard the thunder of the French cannon, and trembled with fear, as her husband was serving under Desaix. The child was thus undoubtedly born under the influence of the planet Mars, and had for its father a hero, whom the first consul himself praised and promoted to the rank of sergeant on the battle-field. But the family pride rose still higher when five years later the mighty man before whom all the kingdoms of the earth trembled once more came into the vicinity of the humble village, now Emperor of the French, and on his way to Milan to receive the crown of Italy. The emperor held a magnificent review on the battle-field of Marengo, and the sergeant's wife, unable to resist the temptation, set out with her child to witness the superb spectacle. The bright little girl of five, of course, did not clearly understand what all this meant; but, when the review of the troops was over, and the emperor with his brilliant suite rode slowly along the road to Alessandria, the mother stood in the first rank of the boundless living wall formed by the peasants from the neighboring villages, holding in her arms the little Pia, who usually walked stoutly on her own tiny feet, that the child might have a good view of the emperor. When shouts now arose of "There he comes! That is he! The one in front on the gray horse! Evviva l'Imperatore!" the little girl, as the emperor's keen, dark eyes fell on her rosy face, stretched out both arms toward the wonderful hero, shouting her *evviva* in so clear a voice that the childish tones rose high above the tumult and fell on the ear of the monarch, who checked his horse for a moment. The next instant he lifted the little girl on the saddle before him, gazed steadily for a few seconds into the large black eyes which bore the look without the quiver of an eyelash, kissed the little forehead framed in curly hair, and then returned the child to its mother, who, speechless with delight at this unprecedented favor, stood by the road-side like a statue, and, absorbed in gazing after the retreating figure of the conqueror, failed to see her own husband, when soon after, wearied and covered with dust, he marched in his regiment past his wife and child.

No one will wonder that this event, occurring before so many eye-witnesses, and especially intimate acquaintances from the village, should produce an unusual and lasting influence. "That is Pia whom the emperor kissed" was repeated for years whenever a stranger in Spinetta noticed the beautiful slender girl, who on her part, in dress and bearing, seemed to show that she felt herself as it were ennobled by this fairy-like event of her childhood. In spite of her poverty, Pia always wore shoes and stockings, and never allowed a spot to remain on her petticoat or the coarse linen, spun and woven by her own hands, while she wore her long, thick hair above her brow in a heavy braid that looked almost like a black diadem. Her

companions felt no special affection for her, called her the princess or even the empress, which she took as a matter of course, and they tried to make the lads believe she was simple-minded.

But this slander was of no avail with the young men, especially as it really did the beautiful girl injustice. Pia despised no one, because she had respect for herself, and, if the emperor's kiss had worked mischief in the young brain, it had done no worse harm than to render her prone to fits of reverie, which often attacked her when she fancied she heard secret voices describing a future of such splendor and honor that she felt the same thrill of delight experienced at the moment the conqueror of Marengo lifted her on his horse. She was sensible enough not to believe these dream-voices as soon as she roused herself and looked around her mother's miserable hut, and when she had the sole charge of her little sister these fancies grew more and more rare; yet, it was still on their account that she declined to take a place at service; and when, spite of her hard work, she gave special care to her dress, it was owing to the secret thought that some fine day a prince might ride by again and fix his eyes upon her, and she would then be so ashamed if she looked dirty and slovenly.

But her aversion to listen to any of her numerous suitors was not based upon the fact that she considered herself only fit for a noble lord, but, as she blushing confessed to the priest, owing to her fond and faithful love for the poorest lad in the whole village. This was a certain Maino, a peasant-lad, who, like Pia, had lost his parents at an early age, and was forced to earn an honest but scanty living, first as a day-laborer, and afterward as a mason's apprentice. This had neither paralyzed his courage nor arrogance, and there was no bolder or gayer lad far or near. He was a handsome fellow, too, with thick, curly hair, and flashing dark eyes, a broad chest, and thighs like a stag; besides, he had a beautiful clear voice, and knew hundreds of songs, which he accompanied on his guitar. His only fault, except his poverty, was a fiery temper, that often involved him in brawls, where knives leaped from their sheaths more quickly than was advisable. But these quarrels had never yet had any fatal result, and the older Maino grew, an overweening pride, rather than reason, held his passion in check, so that he avoided common brawls, and reserved his anger for greater occasions.

Love, too, had its share in taming the wild fellow. Pia was only a half-grown girl when Maino told her that she must belong to nobody but him, but, in spite of her imperial dreams, the child made no objections. Her young lover's poverty did not alarm her. She knew by her own experience that true nobility and a royal nature can exist in the simplest garb. Only when her mother died she insisted that he should keep away from her, and tell no one of the secret tie between them until he had made enough to establish a house of his own, in which there must also be a place for her sister. She would willingly wait for him, but he must first serve his apprenticeship—she would give her hand to no

one save a free and independent workman. Pia probably knew that it was needful to spur him on to constant industry; he would have preferred to marry her on the spot, and then commence a scrambling life from hand to mouth.

As, to defend herself from the accusation of pride, she had confessed to the priest her engagement to Maino, and this unexpected news made a great stir everywhere, the lad thought he need hold aloof no longer, but on every holiday, and as often as he passed the cottage on work-days, paid a visit to his beloved, who never allowed him to cross the threshold. On pleasant evenings they could often be seen seated outside the door on a little bench, with the child Margheritina playing at their feet, till she at last fell asleep with her arms around the neck of the dog Brusco. Then, for the first time, Maino ventured to lavish a few innocent caresses on his beautiful but coy betrothed. In spite of his passionate nature, the reverence he cherished for her as a superior being kept him within certain limits.

"O Pia!" he often said, "I know I am not good enough for you, and if I could believe that any mortal man would love you better or more faithfully, I would hang myself on the first tree, and let you be as happy as you deserve! But have patience. Great things are happening in the world every day, real miracles; and, as the nameless Corsican became a great emperor, and the master of the whole world—to be sure his splendor came to a miserable end because he loved himself more than the people—so the poor peasant-lad Maino may some day be a great man, and lead you to his house like a princess."

Pia smiled incredulously at such words, and tried to persuade her lover out of his fancies, but something that did not seem very unlike a miracle actually occurred, and suddenly brought the goal of their wishes, which appeared to be a long way off, close at hand. One fine day, long before evening, Maino appeared in the village with a radiant face. Against Pia's wishes, he had not neglected to leave a little door open to luck, and often took chances in the lottery. Now, an almost unprecedented thing had happened—the four numbers he selected came out together. The blessed prize brought a large sum of money into the house, enough for him to establish himself in business and wed a girl whom the emperor had kissed.

His betrothed consented to become his without resistance. It was not so much the money that won her consent to the hasty marriage as the fact that the goddess of luck had sent it into the house. She looked at Maino with different eyes, as a favorite of higher powers, and, though too sensible to suppose that he had so brilliant a career before him as that of the Corsican lieutenant, saw him in imagination invested with all sorts of honors and dignities as the first man in the village, or perhaps even *podestà* of one of the neighboring cities, if Fortune remained faithful to him.

Besides, she was now two-and-twenty, loved the bold youth with all her heart, and longed to become his wife.

There were to be grand doings at the

wedding—the happy bridegroom was resolved upon that. Everybody who was even distantly connected with the sisters, and that was half the village, was invited to the tavern; musicians were ordered from Alessandria, and a generous cask of the best wine provided, while it need hardly be stated that Maino dressed his bride and the child Margheritina from head to foot in the handsomest clothes that could be procured. Even the little dog Brusco received a wedding collar of red velvet, with a little silver bell, and, since luck had befriended him, Maino never visited his betrothed without taking the latter a bouquet of flowers and the dog a sausage.

When, on the second week after the piece of good fortune, the wedding-day arrived, the bridegroom appeared on horseback with four or five of his friends, also well mounted, as the village of San Giuliano Vecchio, where they all worked, was at some distance from Spinetta, on the road to Tortona, and wedding-guests must not appear with dusty shoes and clothes. The bride, surrounded by her bridesmaids, herself the fairest and most queenly of all, received him with such a radiant smile that the worthy lad felt as if the heavens had opened, and had great difficulty in controlling himself sufficiently not to make the most extravagant leaps of joy. He swung himself from his horse like a feather, took his betrothed by the hand, and, with the utmost dignity, as the ancient village custom required, led her toward the church.

From time immemorial it had always been a necessary part of every wedding in Spinetta for the bridegroom's friends, while on the way to church and back to the inn, to discharge small cannon, guns, and pistols, in short every thing that would make a noise. But, since Carl Felix had exerted undisputed sway, as the fear of secret designs on the part of the banditti was not wholly removed, no peasant was allowed to have a gun, let alone fire one. The royal *gendarmes*, who were stationed everywhere among the villages, had strict orders to see that the command was not evaded, and even the joyous firing at weddings had ceased since the year '21.

Hitherto the merry village lads, to whom noise is the principal feature at every feast, had sullenly yielded, gnashing their teeth; but Maino was not inclined to let his wedding-day pass without this warlike music. He thought he owed it to his bride, whose father had fallen as a brave soldier, and, although as much powder could not be burned as at the coronation of the great soldier emperor, or on the occasion of his marriage with Maria Theresa, the wedding-day of one who had drawn a prize in the lottery must not be permitted to pass like that of any ordinary peasant-lad.

Therefore, when the procession was about half-way to the church, Maino's friends, amid loud shouts and *evvivas*, began to discharge their guns, and the bridegroom himself, as soon as he heard the sound, drew from his belt a pair of old but beautifully-ornamented pistols, and, in spite of Pia's earnest entreaties, fired them into the air.

Under ordinary circumstances, this infringement of the law would probably have

received no harsher punishment than a heavy fine, or perhaps only a sharp admonition to the culprit. But, unfortunately, one of the two *gendarmes* stationed in Spinetta had himself been a lover of the bride, and, on account of his handsome person, cherished high hopes of success. He therefore felt it as a personal insult, if not an offense to his official dignity, when a marriage now took place between the beautiful Pia and this ordinary mason's apprentice. He had gone about for days before the wedding brooding over plans of vengeance, informed his comrades in the villages of Pardi and Mandrogne that they must come to Spinetta on the marriage-day, as trouble might easily arise, and, if the wine once mounted to the peasants' heads, they two would not be able to prevent mischief.

When the harmless firing began to echo on the air, the six well-armed *gendarmes* suddenly appeared in the street, demanded the delivery of the weapons, and the bridegroom's rival—who bore the nickname of Barbone—triumphantly approached Maino, to arrest him as the instigator of the whole tumult. Whether the young men, on the way to Spinetta, had been discussing the bold deeds of former days, or whether indignation at this piece of intentional malice went to their brains, would be difficult to decide; suffice it to say that they openly resisted the soldiers, and Maino, almost beside himself at this humiliation in the presence of his betrothed bride, answered Barbone with such outting contempt that all the villagers burst into shouts of laughter. Infuriated by this treatment, Barbone forgot all consideration, and seized his enemy by the collar to drag him to prison with his own hands. The next instant the glitter of Maino's knife vied with his flashing eyes. A struggle ensued, the women and children shrieked, the men fought savagely. Barbone's comrades were engaged in a fierce battle with Maino's friends, and not until the priest, who had heard the noise of the conflict in the church, appeared on the threshold in his robes, and raised a warning voice, did a sudden stillness ensue. The people now saw with terror that Barbone and two of his comrades lay bleeding on the ground, while Maino's wedding-garments were sprinkled with blood and large drops were oozing through a cut in his velvet sleeve.

A gloomy pause followed the wild tumult. The priest hurriedly approached, and no one knew what would be the end of the rudely-interrupted festival. Maino was the first to regain his composure. Casting one glance of mortal hatred at Barbone, who lay groaning on the ground, he whispered into the ear of his motionless bride a few words that nobody understood, clasped her in a passionate embrace, kissed her pale lips, then made a sign to his comrades and vanished in the crowd just as the pastor came up, panting for breath, and loudly uttering the bridegroom's name, to ask him for an explanation of the affair.

The shots he had just heard, and the sight of the groaning guardians of the law, taught him enough, and he had scarcely sent for a doctor and asked the wounded men how they felt, when news arrived that the bridegroom

and his friends had mounted their horses and dashed away like the wind, probably to the forest-clad hills near Tortona, unless the fugitives had selected this road to mislead their pursuers. In that case they would probably seek refuge in the mountains near Novi.

Such was the sorrowful end of the wedding. The bridegroom had fled to the forest—an outcast, a bandit; the bride could do nothing but return to her lonely home, and resume the old solitary, toilsome life with her little sister.

But, after the first terror, the beautiful and sensible girl did not seem to find it difficult to make this resolution. She avoided all tokens of pity, took Margheritina by the hand, and turned into the path leading to her deserted house, where that very same day she was seen working quietly in her every-day clothes.

She told the priest, who visited her toward evening to inquire into the state of her mind, that she was very sorry for this terrible affray, but trusted in her own and Maino's lucky star. They were both undoubtedly destined for some great and unusual fortune, only they must not allow themselves to grow weary of waiting.

It was evident that her betrothed husband had become dearer to her than ever, since he had so boldly defended himself against insolent force. On this point she would not allow even the priest to teach her better ideas. "Even the Emperor Napoleon," she said, "would not have reached such a height, if he had allowed himself to be taken to task by every *gendarme*."

The priest saw with regret that a sort of imperial monomania had taken possession of the quiet girl's head, and resolved to make every effort to uproot it. But of course this could not be done at once.

It was soon known in the village that Maino and his friends had really been seen near Novi. The wounds inflicted on Barbone and his comrades were trifling, it is true, but the government and police could not afford to pass over the matter lightly at a time when the smothered fires of the Carbonari still gleamed under the ashes, and threatened to blaze up brightly at the first gust of wind. Therefore the escaped peace-breaker and his comrades were hotly pursued, after the manner of all police-hunts, which invariably allow the game plenty of time to escape, as if to prolong the pleasure of the chase. In this way the authorities transformed the poor fellows, who at first had only entered upon the profession of robbery as amateurs, into accomplished *virtuosi*, who at last made a virtue of necessity, and would not on any account have exchanged the new, free life for the old one of toilsome labor.

Pia heard all these things and seemed to consider them a matter of course, and by no means disgraceful or desperate. All praised her Maino for carrying on the trade of a bandit in a very high-spirited manner, sparing the poor or even helping them, attacking only the great and powerful, and never staining his name by murder or malicious cruelty. The village of Spinetta, in which he had formerly enjoyed no special distinction,

now began to speak of its famous son with respect and admiration. Those who met him in the mountains could not say enough of his handsome and stately appearance, or the chivalrous manner in which he treated his country-people. Barbone, on the contrary, who, after lying in the hospital a few weeks, was once more ready for service, though he limped about on a crutch, was avoided by everybody, and, in spite of his official dignity, met wry faces and angry glances wherever he turned his eyes.

Several months had passed. Summer was drawing to a close; the lovely Pia doubtless often thought, with many a secret sigh, what would become of the hunted peasants during the rude winter among the mountains, and her confidence in Maino's lucky star began to waver. One evening, when the moon was just rising over the roof of the little church, the pastor of Spinetta sat in his kitchen at a little table close beside the hearth, where he was in the habit of taking his meals; the old maid-servant had brought in the dish of *polenta* and plate of bread and olives, and was just going into the cellar to get a bottle of the red wine of the country, when the door was gently opened, and, with a "Good-evening, Signore Pastore," a man attired in a singular costume crossed the threshold. He really resembled one of the fantastic brigands who are usually not to be found in Italy except on the stage, when the opera of "Fra Diavolo" is performed. Over one shoulder was flung an excellent English double-barreled gun, and two handsome silver-mounted pistols were thrust into the red sash that girded his waist. His face and hands were clean, and his close-curling hair was scented with perfumed oil. The priest, notwithstanding he had instantly recognized the famous hero of Spinetta, was very much startled, and gazed at the apparition in silence, while the old maid-servant fled shrieking from the room. But Maino, nodding familiarly, approached, removed his broad-brimmed hat with its floating plume, and begged his reverence to have no fear; he had no evil designs, and would not intrude upon him after the object of his visit was accomplished, namely, that the wedding ceremonies which had been so rudely disturbed should now be duly performed.

With these words he motioned toward the door, and Pia timidly entered, clad in the same bridal garments she had worn before, only it was evident that she had had little time to arrange them. Behind her appeared a motley throng of dark figures with glittering weapons, and the whole population of Spinetta seemed to have assembled before the house, waiting in breathless suspense to see what would happen next.

The priest, though a much braver man than his famous colleague, Don Abbondio, perceived that no refusal was possible, and as all the usual preliminaries had been arranged before the first wedding-day, he could have no conscientious scruples about blessing this marriage. But he took the liberty of asking the question whether Maino was quite sure the wedding would not again be disturbed by the interference of the temporal powers; to

which the bridegroom, who seemed to have grown an inch taller since his elevation to the rank of captain of the band of brigands, answered, with a superior smile, that they could be perfectly at ease until the following day, as he had put the envious disturbers of the peace in safe custody. The two miserable scoundrels, Barbone and his rascally companion, were lying securely bound in the engine-house, which was, moreover, locked and guarded. He intended to spend that night in his young wife's cottage, but on the following day turn his back upon his home for a long time, if not forever. "A *galantuomo*, Signore Pastore," he concluded, laughing so joyously that his white teeth glittered in the firelight, "a *galantuomo* finds his country wherever there are *galantuomini*, and in our envied Piedmont these are rare as figs on a church-roof. I intend to settle with my wife in France or Spain, where a man is taken at his proper value. The best dish loses its taste when it is burned, and my enemies here have caused a smoke and smell that hurt the eyes. But I ask nothing *gratis*, your reverence, and here is the wedding-fee."

He approached the table and counted out a dozen shining gold-pieces, but the priest saw that his gait was somewhat unsteady and his hands trembled. He had evidently been drinking heavily, and the slightest opposition to his will might transform his careless good-nature into a fit of violent passion.

The priest therefore instantly gathered up the princely fee, and declared himself ready to precede the young couple to the church.

Meantime the twilight had deepened into night, but the road between the parsonage and the church was brightly lighted by a number of torches brought by Maino's companions, as well as by lamps and candles, with which all the inhabitants of the village had illuminated their little windows. The peasants of Spinetta had also probably emptied more than one glass at the expense of their famous fellow-citizen; at any rate, they were all in a merry mood, and received the priest and betrothed couple with loud cheers, accompanied by the firing of pistols, which now had a malicious sound, as the enemies of this harmless festal music could not fail to hear it in their gloomy dungeon. After the priest and bridal pair reached the altar, there was another short delay. The bridegroom insisted that, besides the two candles already lighted, all the chandeliers should be filled with wax-lights and the church illuminated as on the occasion of the greatest festivals. The money for this expenditure he tossed into the baptismal font, and commanded the organ to be played. Meantime the poor little church was bathed in fairy-like splendor, and, when all was ready, and the stately youth led his beautiful bride to the altar, an exclamation of admiration ran from lip to lip, and each lad, in spite of the ban of outlawry, would gladly have changed places with the bridegroom, each maiden with the happy bride.

But the priest—the only one in the throng who did not feel perfectly at ease in regard to the affair—hurriedly performed the ceremony, and, when the pair had gained their object, and were irrevocably united, hastily waved

his hand and attempted to retire into the vestry. But Maino courteously stepped before him and said, still in a strange voice, like a man excited by wine:

"Your reverence, we are now married, in spite of Signore Barbone, but you must do us another favor."

"I don't understand you, my son," replied the priest, who with difficulty concealed his consternation at this new demand.

"I have sworn a solemn oath, by the seven wounds of our blessed Saviour, that I will not leave this church until I and my beloved wife, Signora Pia Maino, have been crowned Emperor and Empress of Spinetta! You must know, your reverence, that my wife is the crown and pearl of women, was recognized as such in her childhood by the greatest man of the century and all time, who kissed her on the forehead, because he wished to declare her his peer and her brow worthy to wear a crown. Therefore I beg you, your reverence, as you are already present, to perform the coronation ceremony. As for the cost—"

He again thrust his hand into his pocket, to draw out his purse.

"You are jesting, my son," said the priest, trying to smile. "Who am I, to bestow worldly honors, if you and your young wife were ever so worthy of them? Besides, with what could I crown and anoint you? This poor house of God—"

"These are only excuses, begging your pardon, your reverence. You have no inclination to perform this sacred task, and do not think us worthy of the coronation. But I know what I'm talking about, and will count myself of no more value than a hair of Barbone's head, if I go away from this church uncrowned! So make no more delay. There's plenty of oil in the lamp that burns before the Virgin's altar; and as for the crowns—"

His eyes wandered over the walls on each side of the altar, then he walked quietly to a couple of figures of saints the size of life, which stood on small pedestals, and wore ancient, dusty crowns of gilt tin. He removed these, blew off the dust, polished the gilding with the sleeve of his velvet jacket, and then carried the two crowns carefully back to the altar, and laid them on the altar-cloth.

"There," said he. "These will do for the present. And now go to work."

"Maino!" exclaimed the young wife, with an expression of the utmost horror, "what have you done? The saints in heaven—"

She did not finish the sentence. A look from her husband had silenced her.

But the priest did not allow himself to be intimidated by these imperious eyes. "I solemnly protest against such sacrilege," he exclaimed, in so stern a tone that even Maino's wild comrades shrank back. "Do you know, blinded youth, that you defy God's anger when you seize upon the ornaments of the church, the crowns of the saints, to serve your worldly pride? Depart, and pray to the Holy Virgin to forgive you this blasphemous deed, and intercede with the Lord of heaven! I wash my hands in innocence. I have nothing to do with this profanation of the saints."

With these words he turned away, and, before any one could detain him, disappeared in the vestry.

For an instant it seemed as if this brave protest had made an impression even on Maino's intractable soul. Then the old fantastic insolence blazed up anew, and he exclaimed, laughing: "Go, miserable slave of habit, poor peasant-priest, who does not even know how to deal with noble lords! What I have sworn, I will do with your help, or in spite of you. Did not the great emperor place the iron crown on his head himself at Milan, because he knew the hands of a mass-singing coward would tremble if he confided the deed to them? Well, then, my friends, I will do the same—crown myself and my beloved wife with my own hands, and say, as the emperor did in Milan, 'God has given me this crown; woe to him who touches it!'" As he said these words, he seized both crowns and placed them on his own head and that of his newly-wedded wife, without heeding the gesture of repugnance made by Pia, who had fallen on her knees, and shuddered, as if stung by a serpent, when the light diadem pressed her brow. The coronet did not rest on her hair, but fell upon the steps of the altar, and a village boy picked it up. Maino, on the contrary, wore his imperial diadem as if it were forged upon his head, and when, at an imperious sign, his comrades shouted exultingly, and pressed forward to congratulate the Emperor and Empress of Spinetta, he raised his kneeling wife, gravely but tenderly admonished her to calm herself and be mindful of her dignity, and then led her through the ranks of peasants to the tavern, whither all the witnesses of this strange ceremony followed in throngs.

Again pistols and guns were fired, and now the notes of the guitar and clarinet blended with the noise, but the wedding-guests had become strangely quiet, and the wine, which flowed in streams at the bridegroom's expense, was the first thing that loosened their tongues. Meantime the peasants gazed with secret horror at the glittering crown the giver of the festival wore on his curly locks, and whispered in undertones to each other how pale and silent the young wife looked as she sat beside Maino, without even wetting her lips with the red wine, or laughing at the jests made Beppo, the official buffoon of the village, made at this as well as every other wedding. "The wedding is all right," whispered the barber to his cousin, the blacksmith, "the wedding is all right, for the men who live in the green wood want wives as well as other people, and the marriage is according to law; but this business of the coronation, cousin, is a bad one. Sacrilege is sacrilege, and church rules are not to be made a jest. Only look at Pia! Didn't it seem as if her brain had turned to stone, when the consecrated crown touched it? However, what does it matter to us? We drink Maino's wine because we must, or he would take it as an insult and revenge himself upon us; that we can swear before a court of law if necessary. For the rest, let us see how he will come out of the scrape."

The man whom these words concerned seemed to be any thing but troubled about the manner in which he should be called to account for what he had done. He sat among his guests with a radiant face, drank very lit-

tle himself, but was the gayest and most loquacious of all. He laughed at each of the jokes with which the buffoon paid homage to his imperial dignity, and related all sorts of droll stories of the free, bold life he had led in the mountains. Sometimes he even sang in his clear voice a tender ditty, clasping closer to his heart the pale bride, who sat mutely beside him, without noticing her strange manner. Only when the young people began to dance and the wedded pair rose, did he remark the death-like pallor of her face. He drew her gently away into the quiet garden, and asked what was the matter. Her only reply was to throw her arms around his neck, clasping him in such a close embrace that he fairly gasped for breath, while he felt her whole frame tremble as if with a sudden chill.

To all his entreaties and questions she remained obstinately mute, so that he at last gave up the attempt to understand his young wife, especially as he considered that the excitement of the day might well have shaken a stronger temperament. So he resolved to take her away from the tumult at once, especially as they could not remain in the village late the following morning, but must set out at once for their hiding-place in the mountains.

Without taking leave of the wedding-guests, he led Pia, who walked beside him as if in a dream, to her own little house. Margheritina had been sent to spend the night with a worthy old woman, who was henceforth to take charge of her, for the child was not to leave her native village, like her sister. Only the dog Brusco followed the pair, jingling his silver bell merrily, and even slipped into the bridal-chamber, where he instantly fell asleep on the straw mat in his usual corner.

At midnight Maino also fell asleep, and the moon, which peeped in through a hole in the window-shutters, probably shone on no more peaceful or happy face than that of the young outlaw, who seemed to sleep the sleep of the just. He had laid his crown on the stool beside the bed, together with his clothes and arms, which formed a striking contrast to the bare walls and plain village furniture. Pia's crown had been left in the tavern.

He had not slept many hours, the cock had not yet crowed, and the first faint glimmer of light was just appearing on the eastern edge of the horizon, when Maino, in the midst of the happiest dreams of love, heard the dog whine, and, with the rapidity learned in his bandit-life, brushed the burden of slumber from his lids and started up in bed.

The place by his side was empty, but the shutter was half open, so that every thing in the room was visible by the dim gray light. The young wife sat by the window, holding in one hand a mirror and with the other trying to place the crown on her head, in which she succeeded with great difficulty. She was dressed in her night-robe, just as she had risen from the bed, but her thick unbound hair fell over her shoulders like a cloak. She smiled at her reflection in the mirror, and hummed under her breath one of the songs Maino had sung the night before.

This had roused the dog, which moved around its mistress whining piteously.

"Pia!" exclaimed the terrified bridegroom, "are you up already? What are you doing at the window? It is not morning yet. They will wake us when it is time. I charged them to do so. Come. Put down the crown. Sleep an hour longer—it is a long distance, and you are not used to riding."

"Hush!" she said, raising her finger with a warning gesture, though she did not turn toward him. "Don't you hear? They are coming already. I must dress to receive them—an empress ought not to show herself to the people without her crown—but it will not stay—there—there—there—that will do—now the purple mantle—"

In the twinkling of an eye Maino had sprung from the bed and thrown on his clothes.

"Pia!" he cried, imploringly, "I entreat you by all the saints—"

"Hush!" she interrupted. "Don't call on the saints. We have fallen under their displeasure. They are angry with us because they were obliged to give up their crowns. 'But,' and here she smiled with a strangely crafty expression, 'a hungry ass eats its own straw—necessity knows no law—why did not the goldsmith finish our crowns in time? The good saints may well go bareheaded for once—ha! ha! ha!'"

Maino rushed up to her, seized her hands, which were cold as ice, and touched her brow, which also felt like marble. "Misery!" he exclaimed, "you are dreaming, Pia. Wake up. See, here am I, your Maino, your husband, whose heart you are breaking with your senseless talk. Lie down again, my sweet wife, and sleep off these fancies. Miserable man that I am to have carried matters so far!"

"No, no, no!" she said to herself. "Don't trouble me. My husband, the emperor, was here last night, but he went away to the war, we have so many enemies. It is terrible to see how greatness is hated and envied. But my imperial lord will overthrow them all, that I may set my foot on their necks. Then we shall reign in joy and splendor, and Brusco will be governor of Spinetta when we go on a journey among our provinces. There—there! Does not the crown look regal? There are still a few cobwebs on it, but they do no harm—Empress Pia—that is what they shall call me—and my husband—wait, what is his name? He has a sweet name, and has kissed me a thousand times—but these are childish follies, we must not think of them until all our enemies—hark! There they come!"

She had sprung from her seat; the mirror fell from her lap, and was shattered on the stone floor; she did not notice it, but leaned out of the window, staring fixedly into the gray dawn. Maino stood before her overwhelmed with grief; his sole thought was the disordered mind of his beloved wife, which he must attribute to his own conduct. With low, tender words he sought to lure her away from the window. But she did not seem to hear his voice; only waved him away with her hand, and pressed closer to it.

"Now!" she exclaimed, suddenly. "Don't you hear any thing *now*? There they are! Well, let them come! I am ready!"

In fact he, too, now heard a strange, dull noise, that pierced through the morning mist. A crowd were approaching in front; the sound came from the village street, and could not be more than fifty paces away. Hastily forming his resolution, Maino rushed into the larger room, which was kitchen and sitting-room in one, and had a window overlooking the street. Through a chink in the shutter he could see the village. A troop of soldiers were cautiously approaching. They halted a short distance from the house, and he recognized his old enemy Barbone consulting with the sergeant. The whole truth flashed upon his mind with terrible clearness; the two prisoners had shaken off their bonds, opened the bolts by stratagem or treachery, and obtained aid from Alessandria. Where were his poor comrades? It had doubtless cost little trouble to overpower men stupefied by wine. But the main blow was now to be struck, the leader and captain of the band of outlaws was to be surprised in his bridal chamber, and led away in bonds, as Samson was captured by the Philistines.

The doubly miserable man started back with a savage curse. He had instantly understood that all was lost if he did not succeed in making his escape without delay.

"Pia!" he exclaimed, rushing back into the room, "they want to seize and drag me away. The pursuers are close at hand, but we can still save ourselves; spring out of this window, creep through the maize-field past the barn—no one can overtake me easily, and if you will only make haste—"

"Yes, it is well," she answered, "well for us to leave here. I am curious to see our palace. But I won't go one foot—that does not befit an empress—they must bring me a carriage with six milk-white horses—beautiful—beautiful—the saints have no better."

"If you value your life and mine, dear, precious child, come!" he urged, despairingly, trying to throw a shawl over her bare shoulders. "Three seconds more and it will be too late, and we—don't you hear me? Don't you know me?"

"Do not touch me, insolent man!" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes. "I know you well—you are in league with our enemies. You will not pay us the homage that is our due—but, by the crown on my head, I swear—"

"Well, may God have mercy on your poor brain!" he cried, forcing her away from the window; "then I will fly alone, and come back for you when your head is clear. Good-night, my wife!"

He snatched his weapons from the stool, clasped the poor, pale creature to his heart, and swung himself out of the window into the dark court-yard. At the same moment the butts of the soldiers' muskets knocked at the door, loud voices shouted Maino's name, the dog barked violently, and the house groaned under the thundering blows with which the men attempted to burst the door. Suddenly the report of a gun echoed on the air; shrieks, groans, and cries of "Murder! murder! catch the murderer!"

rose around the house; the door yielded, and the armed band rushed into the quiet room. As they found no one, they entered the chamber. There they saw the pale young wife sitting on the foot of the bed, the crown still on her head, her bare arms folded across her breast, nodding to them with a grave smile, as if thanking them for having come to pay her homage.

Horror checked the steps of the crowd, and for a time no one ventured to interrupt the silence. Not until a few soldiers brought in Barbone, who had attempted to seize the escaping Maino, and been mortally wounded by a bullet from his old enemy's pistol, did speech and movement return to the terrified throng. They wished to lift the dying man on the bed where the maniac sat, but Barbone, whose glazing eyes had recognized the white-robed figure, made a violent gesture of aversion. He was laid on the stone floor, at the feet of the wearer of the crown, who looked down at him with a gracious smile, and here, in a few minutes, before the priest could be summoned, he drew his last breath.

Nothing more was ever heard of the escaped outlaw. An old woman, who, at night, slept in the kitchen to watch the poor maniac, related, about a week after the event just mentioned, that Maino, mounted on a horse, whose hoofs were covered with rags, ventured into the village one stormy autumn night, to see his wife, and take her with him on his wanderings through the world. Pia at first recognized him, and showed pleasure at his coming; but, when he tried to clasp her in his arms, shrank as if from the embrace of death, and began to moan and wail so piteously, that he was forced to acknowledge his effort was vain. He parted from her with bitter sorrow, and left, in a leather purse, a large sum of money, to keep his wife from want throughout her life. Then he dashed away, never to appear again.

Pia's nurse found this purse on the window-sill the next morning, and gave it to the priest, who used the money to purchase masses for the soul of the poor maniac and her sinful husband. The fugitive's fate has never been known; but one thing is certain, that in the year 1840 a poor woman sat daily in the sun before the last house in Spinetta, holding in one hand a distaff, which she extended toward the passers-by like a sceptre. She was always gentle and kind, and wore her iron-gray hair, now that the saint's crown had been restored, braided above her brow like a diadem; the children, who passed her on their way to school, always nodded, and said, "God bless you, Empress of Spinetta!" to which the woman answered, "In eternity, amen!"

FISH-CULTURE.

I.

IT is calculated that only one salmon's egg out of every thousand reaches maturity. Nature, so prolific of her products, so abundant in her fruitfulness, lavishes her bounties with a prodigal hand on the waters of the earth. The spawn of one codfish, if

allowed "to increase and multiply," would, we are told, in twenty years, fill all the oceans and seas with its product. This may be an exaggeration, but when we are given as the basis of this extraordinary calculation the fact that a single cod weighing twenty pounds contains four million eight hundred and seventy-two thousand eggs, and that each of these eggs possesses within itself the germ of equal productiveness, we do not feel inclined to dispute the accuracy of the statement. Fortunately, this excessive increase is not possible, and "the checks and balances" are so arranged that not only the great deep has its bounds, but every living thing within its teeming waters has also its limits.

The excess of production is prevented by the operation of various causes, with which we are made familiar through the researches and discoveries of natural science, and to which it is unnecessary here to allude. It is with the means which scientific experience has furnished to prevent the diminution, and in some instances the threatened extermination of particular species, that we propose to deal. The continued falling off in the supply of certain kinds of fish, and especially those of a superior description, has ceased to alarm, or to excite the apprehensions with which it was formerly regarded. The remedy has been found, and fortunately in time to be applied. For this remedy we are wholly indebted to the rapid progress made in the cultivation of fish, and the successful results accomplished within the present generation through the efforts of the pisciculturists of France, Germany, England, the United States, and other civilized countries. That the Chinese have for ages had a thorough and practical knowledge of the science of aquaculture or water-farming, is well known, and the extent to which it is carried among the Celestials may be appreciated when it is understood that one-tenth of the population live almost exclusively upon fish. Fish-spawn, impregnated by artificial means, form one of the principal articles of commerce, and tens of millions of eggs are purchased from traveling merchants for the replenishing of ponds and lakes, in which vast quantities of herbivorous fishes are raised. These fish are, it appears, not only very prolific, but of rapid growth, and, being supplied with abundant and appropriate food, develop so fast that in from two to three weeks they attain a weight of as many pounds. Nor is this surprising, in view of the fact that the smolt, or young salmon, has grown from three or four ounces to seven or eight pounds during the first four months of its existence in salt-water after its change of habitat from the river in which it was spawned. This is, of course, attributed to the abundance and superior quality of the food, which has a marked influence upon the dimensions as well as upon the productiveness of the various species. The voracity and digestive powers of fish are essential in the economy of Nature in keeping within limits the tendency to superabundance. They not only prey upon each other, but they devour the young of their own species, and even their own spawn not unfrequently forms a portion of their food-supply. Trout are oo-

casional taken with eggs partially digested in their stomachs, and in some instances, where the eggs were uninjured by the gastric juices, they were subjected to the process of incubation, and the young fish successfully hatched in due time. But there are some exceptions to what might, we suppose, be called the absence of parental affection, and a notable one is afforded by the black bass, which has become quite a favorite, not merely on account of its game qualities, but also because of the superior character of its meat. By some it is preferred for the latter reason to all other fresh-water fishes, with the exception of the *Salmo fontinalis*, or brook-trout. The black bass remains with its young after they are hatched, leading the feeble fry in among the sedgy grass and rushes, amid the shallows, where it acts as a sentinel, warding off all danger, and fiercely attacking every intruder within the forbidden limits. Another member of the *Percide*, which is found in some of the waters of California, and which brings forth its young alive, is no less affectionate and vigilant in the care of its young.

These, however, are rare exceptions, and are in striking contrast with the well-known voracity of fish. But, destructive as they are acknowledged to be, and, like a certain mythological character, devouring as they do their own young, they have an enemy who is still more destructive, and who has succeeded, by his rapacity and cupidity, in depopulating many of our inland waters, and who, if not stopped by timely and restrictive legislation, will utterly exterminate the most valuable and highly-prized of our lake and river and even of our coast fishes. That he has not thus far succeeded in doing so is owing to the persevering efforts and successful labors of the Commissioners of Fisheries in this and other States, to whom the country is more indebted than it is aware, and who have repaid it a hundred-fold for the amount expended in the prosecution of the important work with which they have been charged. It is but a few years since the subject has received that attention in the United States to which it is so preëminently entitled.

The French are indebted to the Messrs. Gehin and Remy, two fishermen of the department of the Vosges, for the discovery of the art of preserving, artificial impregnation, and incubation of the eggs of fish. Gifted with a keen perception, and devotedly attached to their vocation, they were close observers of the habits of the denizens of the streams and brooks. Having thoroughly satisfied themselves, by practical tests and experiments, of the successful propagation of fish by their method, they made their valuable discovery known to the Academy of Sciences at Paris. This eminent body became deeply interested in the process, and extended to the two humble fishermen a prompt and hearty encouragement. It was at once seen that a great secret had been revealed, and that, at a comparatively trifling expense, all the barren and exhausted lakes, ponds, and rivers, might be made most productive and profitable. Messrs. Remy and Gehin, in their observations of the habits of trout during the spawning-season, perceived that they ascended the rivers till

they found in the more aerated water, and the sandy and gravelly bottom, the conditions most favorable to their purpose. Digging with their noses pits in the sand six or seven inches deep, and three or four feet in diameter, the trout places in the centre of these excavations a line of stones of various sizes, according to the size of the fish. In this work a number of trout coöperate, and, when the bed is thus prepared, the eggs are deposited by the females in successive lines, and after impregnation the whole mass is covered up by the parents, the noses, fins, and tails being freely used in the operation. While this work is progressing there are generally a number of small, feathered spectators, called water-ousels, in the vicinity, deeply interested in the operation. These visit the beds when the fish leave, and, disappearing beneath the surface, pick up such insects as would otherwise feed upon the ova. For a long time it was supposed that this friend and ally of the trout devoured the spawn, and, while this erroneous impression lasted, a most unrelenting warfare was waged against the unoffending bird; but, when the error was discovered, hostilities ceased, peace was declared, and the harmless little fellow was at once taken under human protection. He is now a welcome visitor on the trout preserves of England and wherever else he is found ready to do his share of the work in the protection and propagation of his finny associate and protégé.

In the course of a month the eggs are hatched, and these eggs are wonderful things in their way. Semi-transparent, and varying in size from the head of a large pin to the dimensions of a large pea, they have a peculiarly horny and elastic shell, so that, if struck against any hard substance, they will rebound therefrom with the elasticity of a miniature ball of India-rubber. Subject to the action of the water, and to abrasion among the gravel and sand, these little eggs are protected by the peculiar properties of the delicate-looking case in which they are inclosed. A few days before the imprisoned embryo is ready to emerge from his prison, two little black specks are observed within the shell. These are the eyes, and a glance through a microscope reveals a movement of the body and a wagging of the tail, all of which are doubtless the preliminary efforts which are to result in the final deliverance. When he has at last emerged there is a little sac attached to his abdomen, and this constitutes his sole nourishment as he lies on the bottom, unable, so long as this appendage remains, to rise to the surface. The umbilical sac disappears in four weeks, and then, for the first time, the fry employs his means of locomotion to good purpose. The little fins and tails are set at work, and carry him from place to place in quest of animalcules and such infinitesimal game. To enable him to grow apace, he must have plenty of the right kind of food, and clear spring-water having a temperature of from forty to forty-five degrees. Bullock's liver cut fine and grated, offal, or the flesh of almost any animal subject to the same process, will suit his taste. He is not fastidious, and, when he has attained a weight of

two or three pounds, he enjoys such dainty morsels as a frog or mouse. He is, in fact, a keen-sighted hunter of mice and other "small deer," and will lie in wait under the pads of water-lilies or the shelving banks, or behind a log or stone, as eager after his prey as Grimalkin himself—ready to pounce upon the hapless victim the moment he shall be within reach.

We have said that fish feed on spawn, and the fact, as already stated, that not more than one out of every thousand salmon's eggs ever attains to the maturity of a full-sized fish, affords abundant evidence that they are beset with enemies at every stage of their existence. The water-larvæ of the *libellula*, or dragon-fly, which Sir Humphry Davy says is the most voracious of the winged insect-tribe, and of the *Ephemera*, or May-fly, it is said, are deadly enemies of the eggs of the trout and other fishes. Pouncing upon the ovum, they pierce it with their sharp pincers, destroying the living germ; but when the egg becomes a trout, the tables are turned, and the winged product of the larvæ becomes the prey of the matured fish. It is true, the insect has undergone a wondrous transformation—from a nympha he is converted into a full-fledged fly; but yet, tempted to wing his flight over the dimpled surface of the stream, he falls a prey to the voracious enemy lying in watch beneath the wave.

Aquaculture, or water-farming, is a peculiarly applicable title for the system of fish-culture pursued in France. There, where the conditions and form of the ground are favorable to the purpose, they construct artificial fish-ponds by damming up the waters of streams. The land thus overflowed has become exhausted by successive crops; but now it is to be turned to account in another direction, and its products are to be of a different description. It may have yielded oats, or wheat, or vegetables, but the soil has lost its fertility by frequent planting, and, if not abundantly manured, should be permitted to recuperate. If, however, it has ceased to yield of its abundance, it can be made to produce a crop of fish. The ponds thus made are overflowed and stocked with fish—the carp being the favorite for this kind of farming. In the course of three or four years the crop is considered ripe, the pond is drained, its finny product gathered in by nets, and disposed of at a handsome profit, for the carp is a most wholesome article of food in the French *cuisine*. The bottom of the pond, drained of its water-supply, is planted, perhaps, with hemp, of which it yields an abundant crop, and for the next three or four years the process of dry-farming is continued until it becomes evident that the character of the crops must be again changed. The water is again turned in upon the land, and it is once more converted into a lake. But this time it is entirely unnecessary to plant it with fish. The seeds of the former crop remain in the soil, and only require the water, their natural element, to accomplish the work of incubation. When freed from their tiny egg-shells, the youthful *Cyprinide* swarm by thousands through the water in quest of insects and tender plants, for the carp thrives on vegetable food.

The cod has been mentioned as an illustration of the fecundity of fish, but all species of the finny tribe are noted for their fertility. Although belonging to a different family, the oyster is worthy of notice in this connection, its spat, or spawn, containing at the spawning-season as many as 1,800,000 eggs; a trout of one pound weight contains 1,008 eggs; and a salmon of twenty pounds, 40,000; while a mackerel of one pound contains 86,120; and a pickerel of four and a half pounds, 42,160. The supply of food has much to do with the productive character of fish, as well as with the important question of their size and growth. We might cite, as a special instance of this, the proof afforded by the Rangely Lake trout, which, although declared by the late Professor Agassiz to be a pure *Salmo fontinalis*, or brook-trout, grows to the enormous weight of ten pounds, and is commonly taken at four or five. It is true that an occasional brook-trout has been caught weighing ten pounds, and it is said that one was captured in some Western river years ago by an Indian, a prize having been offered by an officer of a surveying expedition for the largest specimen. However that may be, we have seen a stuffed monster of the Rangely Lake species which turned the scale at ten pounds. The superior size of this fish is attributable wholly to the abundant supply of food afforded by the waters which he inhabits, and in which is found a new species of the numerous *Salmo* family. This species is called the blue-backed trout, or *Salmo oguassa*, and, according to Seth Green, the Superintendent of Fisheries of the State of New York, is a relative of the European *char* or *Salmo umbla*. While of the same family and resembling the trout, except that the red spots are absent, its habits are altogether different. The blue-back makes its appearance in countless swarms on the shores of the lake in the month of October, and "invariably at the same time, to spawn," the tenth being the eventful day. Punctual to date, it never fails, and is captured by tens of thousands. Smoked and salted, it forms a considerable portion of the winter supply of the people living in the vicinity.

J. M.

OUR HALF-BROTHER.

IN a series of articles descriptive of a journey made by Lord Southesk through the Hudson's Bay Territory in 1859, published in the JOURNAL of May last, is given the following pen-portrait of James McKay, a half-breed guide:

"A Scotchman, though with Indian blood on his mother's side, he was born and bred in the Saskatchewan country, but afterward became a resident of Fort Garry, and entered the company's employ. Whether as guide or hunter, he was universally reckoned one of their best men. Immensely broad-chested and muscular, though not tall, he weighed eighteen stone; yet, in spite of his stoutness, he was exceedingly hardy and active, and a wonderful horseman.

"His face—somewhat Assyrian in type—

is very handsome; short, delicate, aquiline nose; piercing, dark-gray eyes; long, dark-brown hair, beard, and mustache; small white, regular teeth; skin tanned to a regular bronze by exposure to the weather. He was dressed in a blue-cloth *capote* (hooded frock-coat), with brass buttons, red-and-black flannel shirt, which served also for waist-coat; buff-leather moccasins on his feet, black belt around his waist; trousers of brown-and-white-striped home-made woollen stuff."

Could Lord Southesk see the subject of his special admiration at this date, he might add, with truth, "McKay, of late years, has grown too obese to lie horizontally in his bed; and, as to putting his foot astride of a horse, it is doubtful if he has ever seen those extremities for many a long day!"

Nevertheless this etching of McKay will do duty, in all essential points, as the correct portraiture of a large and distinct class of people inhabiting our own frontier, and that of our northern neighbor, and familiarly known as half-breeds, who, neither Indian nor white, possess all the craft of one and a fair degree of the intelligence of the other. Familiar with the customs of both from infancy, they adopt the *medius res* between the two, and in language are equally cosmopolitan.

At the beginning of the present century, when the rival Canadian fur companies, known as the X. Y. and Northwest Companies, were engaged in fierce competition with the Hudson's Bay Company for the possession of the Indian trade, there sprung into existence, in the exigencies of this special service, a class of men known as *coureurs des bois*, or wood-runners. They were French colonists, whose spirit of adventure, stimulated by a desire of gain, and love for the free, roving Indian life, led them to pursue the calling of trappers and traders, betaking themselves to the woods and hunting-grounds of Canada, and spreading gradually over the whole country east from the height of land west of Lake Superior. As hunters and trappers they were even more skillful than their Indian teachers. As traders they were outfitted by the Canadian companies with the necessary goods to barter with the Indians for fur; and, after periods of absence extending over twelve or fifteen months, spent in traveling in their canoes, would return laden with furs of great value, their share of which they regularly squandered during a short residence in the towns or cities, previous to embarking on their next voyage. After the coalition of the competing fur companies, in the year 1821, and their consequent loss of employment as traders, these *coureurs des bois* gradually spread farther into the interior, penetrated the unsettled districts of Dakota and Manitoba, and the nearer Lake Superior region, formed small communities, took to themselves Indian wives, and forsook civilization entirely. In place of traders, they became more especially hunters and trappers, disposing of their furs and produce at the trading-posts scattered throughout the country, and near which they invariably settled. In addition to this they became canoe-men and freighters to the trading-companies, or engaged in certain miniature agricultural pursuits tending to

increase their subsistence. To the half-breed children—a numerous progeny—of these French and Indian parents, descended the vocation of the father, and the nomadic instincts of the mother, resulting in the production of a civilized nomad who unites the industries of both civilized and savage life. To this element may be added a considerable number of *metis*, the offspring of the Scotch and English employés of the trading corporations, and the half-breeds of the old *régime*, resident on the Canadian coasts—for the most part the poorest representatives of their class. Scattered over the vast country from the Canadas to the Pacific coast, and from the Coteau of the Missouri to the Saskatchewan, the half-breed forms the advance-guard of civilization, ahead even of the white pioneer. His paternity may be French, English, or Scotch—his maternity Chippewa, Cree, or Sioux; but his vocation will always be the same, until, by admixture of lighter or darker blood, he becomes resolved into one of his original elements.

As a rule, the French half-breed—by far the largest and most representative class—is eminently social in disposition, and gregarious in his habits. As a consequence, he lives in communities, more or less miniature, during the winter months, and trades and hunts in bands during the summer. He enjoys company and is loath to be alone. Like his wealthier white brethren, he affects two annual residences—a log-house for his hibernal months, and a wigwam for the summer solstice. As a rule, he may be addressed at the former. About it he has some arable ground, which he cultivates in a feeble and uncertain manner. He scratches the surface of the ground, and expects it to be prolific. Not being fond of labor, the weeds are allowed to choke the crop, the fences to fall into decay, and a general air of wreck to take possession of his tiny farm. This appearance of improvidence becomes perennial, not apparently getting worse or better, but remaining at about the same state year after year. The scanty crops, when gathered and stacked in the open air, in irregular piles, contribute to the general tumble-down aspect. Indian ponies, with their usual worn-out and overworked look, wander about the premises, or stand engaged in melancholy retrospection. About the door-yard are a few wooden carts—whose antecedents date back to the fields of Normandy—guiltless of iron, in a state of greater or less fracture, bound up with rawhide, and ornamented with rusty sets of harness. There may possibly be a cow on the premises, though not likely to be, as she would be killed and eaten the first time her improvident owner ran short of provisions. There are dogs, however, and in proportion as the *metis* is poor, the number of canines increases.

The dwelling itself, except in the mid-winter months, presents an appearance of decay. The plaster placed in the interstices of the logs crumbles under the action of the elements, and falls about the foundation of the building in muddy heaps. The thatch or clapboards of the roof are loosened in places, and are certain not to be repaired until the next winter. Internally the house is one

single apartment; occasionally, in the better class, though rarely, two apartments. The floor is of planks sawed or hewed by hand; the ceiling, if there is any, of the same material. In one corner is the only bed, a narrow couch, painted, generally, an ultra-marine blue, or a vivid sea-green. An open fireplace occupies one end of the apartment, with the chimney within the walls. A table, one or two chairs, a few wooden trunks or boxes—doing duty with this people everywhere as table, chair, clothes-press, and cupboard—and a dresser, constitute the furniture. About the walls somewhere, more especially over the bed, hang colored prints of the Virgin, the sacred heart, etc., together with a rosary. It may be that the daughter of the house—and there always is a daughter—has come under the influence of a convent for a season, and can read; perhaps write. In that event, there is a copy of the "Lives of the Saints" on a bracket; and, it may be, a few periodicals. For the rest, the apartment is cheerless and uninviting. It may be clean, but the chances are that it is not. That peculiar aroma, too, which pervades all inhabited chambers, here becomes often aggressive, and, as it were, wrestles with the visitor for the mastery.

In this apartment the family herd—a squaw mother often, and children so numerous and dirty as to be a wonder to behold. During the day its utter inefficiency to adequately accommodate the numbers it shelters is partially concealed, from the fact that they are seldom all in at one time. But on the approach of night, when the dusky brood are all housed, the question of where they are to sleep becomes startlingly prominent.

I remember well my first experience in the solution of this difficulty. Caught one stormy winter's evening, on the banks of a northern river, without preparations for camping, my uncivilized guide halted before the door of a small cabin, and asked permission to remain overnight. Hospitality being one of the savage virtues, the request was readily granted. After a meagre supper of fish without salt, and a post-prandial smoke, I began to look about for a couch for the night. Nothing was visible save one narrow bed, into which my host and his swarthy consort soon retired. Now, in addition to myself and guide, there were thirteen of the family composed of children, male and female, from infancy to mature age. Where were they all to sleep? I thought of a possible loft; but there was no ceiling. Finally, I was about making preparations to sit before the fire all night, when, from trunks and boxes were produced blankets and robes, and a shake-down made on the floor, into which I was directed to crawl. Scarcely had I done so, when my bed began to widen, and in a few minutes extended from wall to wall. Soon I found myself the central figure in a closely-packed bed of thirteen, filled promiscuously with males and females. I thought involuntarily of the great bed of Ware and its thirty occupants.

The occupations of the half-breed, when not engaged as *voyageur* or agriculturist, are limited to fishing in the stream near his residence, hunting for small game, the care of

his ponies, and a round of social visits to his neighbors. The two former are followed only to the extent of furnishing a supply of food for the day, to-morrow being left to care for itself. The idea of accumulating supplies of provisions in advance, save in the late fall, never apparently enters the half-breed mind. If he fails to secure sufficient game or fish for the day's provision, he simply goes without his dinner; nor do frequent privations of this sort seem to impress upon his volatile mind the policy of reserving of present excess for future scarcity. But, should he by some fortuitous circumstance become possessed of a surplus of salable provision, its ownership becomes a consuming flame to him until disposed of. The idea of keeping any thing which he can sell is an absurdity which his intellect cannot grasp.

It is in the winter season, when the cold has put an end to their labors for the most part, and the cares of existence are lightened by reason of advances made them upon the work of the approaching season, or the fair supply of provisions laid by from the last, that the social life of the half-breeds may be said to be at its highest. It is then that they marry and are given in marriage; that feasting, dancing, and merry-makings of all descriptions, do much abound. Every log-house then echoes to the violin of some moccasined and straight-haired Paganini, who after years of sedulous practice has attained a certain ghastly facility of execution. It is rumored weekly that, at the residence of Baptiste, or Pascal, or Antoine, there will be given a dance, and the rumor is accepted as a general invitation. The young bucks of the neighborhood array themselves in the bewildering apparel which obtains upon occasions of this nature: a blue-cloth capote, with brass buttons; black or drab corduroy trousers, the æsthetic effect of which is destroyed by a variegated sash, with fringed ends pendent about the knees; moccasins, and a fur cap with gaudy tassel. The young maidens apparel themselves in sombre prints or woollen stuffs, but with bright-colored shawls about the shoulders. This, with a false lustre upon their black locks, from copious applications of grease, is all that is showy about them. The dances are reels and square-dances. When they begin, however, they continue for days at a time; the younger people occupying the night, and the older ones the day, repairing home to rest, and then returning. Custom makes it obligatory upon the entertainers to furnish food and liquor for the dancers, and there is a vast consumption of both. It frequently happens that, from the number of participants, and the long continuance of the dance, the amount of supplies demanded reduces the host to poverty. I have known repeated instances where at one ball, continuing three or four days, the entire winter's provision for a family was consumed, and ponies were sold to pay for the liquor. Yet, the improvident half-breed thinks nothing of it, and gives the ball, well knowing the result. He wants either a feast or a famine. If he spends his substance for others, however, he retaliates by haunting all the festivities of his neighbors during the entire winter.

At home, when not engaged in dancing and feasting, or taken up with the sordid and petty cares of his existence, the half-breed smokes and drinks tea. His consumption of tobacco is ceaseless, and his libations of tea would do no discredit to John Chinaman. If he hires out by the day to labor, he spends ten minutes of each hour in filling and lighting his pipe; if he is voyaging, he halts at every headland or wooded promontory to put his kettle on and drink tea. Of a winter's day he curls up by his neighbor's fire, and smokes and relates his adventures. His life has run in a limited channel, but he knows every point in its course. Virtues may have abounded in it, but cakes and ale have much more abounded. But we may learn from it that many admirable things are consonant with an entire ignorance of books.

When the ploughing is done in the spring-time, and the seed in the ground, the half-breed agriculturist experiences a yearning for the chase, or goes to fulfill his engagement as *voyageur*. If the former, the fractured wooden carts are bound up with raw-hide thongs, the broken-spirited ponies coaxed into a semblance of life and vigor, the dusky progeny packed in with boxes and blankets, the house locked up, and the migratory family set forth for the prairie or stream. With the first pitching of the wigwam the manners and customs of civilized life cease, and the half-breed assumes the habits of a savage. He hunts for the pot; for this spring-time chase is simply to obtain daily subsistence while his meagre crops mature. His tent is encountered in the usual Indian haunts—by the side of a stream or lake, or half hidden in some timber-bluff on the prairie. He has become a nomad pure and simple. But, when the harvest-time approaches, he returns again to his miniature farm. In a negligent manner his crop is gathered and thrashed. Reserving barely sufficient for the winter's needs, the remainder is sold, and with the proceeds an outfit for the long fall hunt is purchased. Perhaps, if they can be obtained on credit, a few goods are selected for trade with his savage brethren. Again, with his family, he seeks the prairie and stream, and hunts for his winter's food, trading betimes for such furs as may yield a profit. Later in the fall he returns to his winter's residence, adds a few repairs to its leaky roof, plasters up the interstices in its log-walls, and settles down to hibernal monotony and the dance.

If the half-breed is a *voyageur* or guide, the task of cultivating the garden-plot is left to the members of his family, if he have one, the season of his service being the summer and fall months. For the most part, however, little or no planting is done by this class. They rely for support on a system of advances, which obtains with the trading corporations of the wilderness. Engagements are generally made in the month of December for a certain trip or amount of service, either boating or land freighting, to be performed during the ensuing season. A small advance is made the *voyageur* at that time, to bind the bargain, as it were. When the meal becomes low in the measure and the wine gone from the jar, he repairs to his

employers, and at times receives small advances. If he is economical—which he seldom or never is—these advances may eke him out a scanty subsistence until spring and labor arrive. The probabilities are, however, that he is prodigal, has his feast, and then lives, in want and squalor, upon any refuse that may come to hand. Nevertheless, he accepts the situation as a matter of course, and is light-hearted through it all. At the opening of navigation he receives another advance, which is quickly spent; then takes his place on the benches of an inland boat or canoe, pulls an oar hundreds of miles into the interior, and crosses long portages with the huge packages of the cargo strapped to his back. Over vast and trackless wildernesses echoes his monotonous boat-song; on many a bleak promontory shine his camp-fires; and isolated posts waken into life and joy for one day in the year at his coming. His journey made, and the cargoes exchanged with boats from yet farther inland, or distributed at the numerous forts on the way, the *voyageur* returns home again, receives the remnant of his wages, to be dissipated in the shortest possible time; then relapses into a condition of uncertain sparring with destiny for diurnal sustenance.

If he be freighter, the life is essentially the same: merely exchanging the boat for the wooden carts, creaking their way in long lines over the plains, like a caravan in the desert. His days are spent in toil, his nights in fighting stinging insects, or shivering in the cold and wet. But his good-nature never tires; his pipe is smoked in quiet satisfaction under all circumstances, and no occasion is too serious to prevent the perpetration of his practical joke.

The tastes of the half-breed are of a decided sort, and essentially like those of other mixed races. In apparel, he is fond of color, and, in most instances, exhibits good taste in the combinations he effects. Ornaments, too, are held in great favor, quality not being so much sought for as quantity. In this regard, however, there is a marked decadence from the extravagant ornamentation of former days. I remember when the arrival of the plain-hunters at our border-posts was the signal of a dress-parade which, if lacking in artistic merit, amply atoned by its rainbow-hues and constellations of tawdry jewelry. Oftentimes the entire profits of a season's trade would be invested in highly-colored wearing-apparel and cheap jewelry, in which the hunter decked his tawny family and himself, and paraded the adjoining camps, with all the pride of a Hottentot chief. It was a brave and pleasant show, nevertheless, to see these athletic men and supple and graceful women, arrayed in holiday attire, galloping swiftly and lightly over the green prairies. Unfortunately, after this parade of bravery, the demon of thirst would seize them, and, if liquor was attainable, the rivalry of dress was succeeded by a rivalry of drink, ending in a low debauch; for, in his tastes and appetites, our half-brother follows the maternal root.

The religion of the half-breed is the creed of superstition. Roman Catholic in the main, he adds to its formulas a shadowy belief in

the Great Spirit. He acknowledges a purgatory, yet fondly hopes that in the next world human shades will hunt the shades of buffalo and other animals who have lived here. When he dies, he hopes to be carried to the bosom of the saints; yet he feels that his shade will linger four nights round the place of his decease ere taking its flight to the village of the dead. He believes in signs and omens to some extent, and ties a certain number of feathers to his horse's tail, or paints rude emblems on his bark canoe, to increase their speed. Nevertheless, he yields implicit obedience to his priest, and obeys, in his volatile way, the traditions of his Church; but, over all, cherishes a dim faith in the shades of shadow-land.

H. M. ROBINSON.

TIGER-HUNTING IN CENTRAL INDIA.*

I.

ALTHOUGH there is much in the sport of tiger-hunting that renders it inferior, as a mere exercise, or as an effort of skill, to some other pursuits of these regions (for many a man has killed his forty or fifty tigers who has never succeeded in bagging, by fair stalking, a single bull bison, or a stag *sámbar*), yet there is a stirring of the blood in attacking an animal before whom every other beast of the forest quails, and unarmed man is helpless as the mouse under the paw of a cat—a creature at the same time matchless in beauty of form and color, and in terrible power of offensive armature—which draws men to its continued pursuit after that of every other animal has ceased to afford sufficient excitement to undergo the toil of hunting in a tropical country.

The hot season, the height of which is in April and May, is the most favorable time for hunting the tiger. Then the water-supply of the country is at its lowest ebb; and the tiger, being very impatient of thirst, seeks the lowest valleys, where, too, much of the game he preys on has congregated, and where the village cattle are regularly watered. In Central India tigers vary a good deal in their habits and range; and they may be roughly classed into those which habitually prey on wild animals, those which live chiefly on domestic cattle, and the few that confine their diet to the human species. Not, of course, that any tiger adheres invariably to the same sort of prey. But there are a large number that appear to prefer each of the former methods of existence, and a few that select the latter.

The regular game-killing tiger is retired in his habits, living chiefly among the hills, retreating readily from man, and is altogether a very innocuous animal, if not even positively beneficial in keeping down the herds of deer and *nilgai* that prey upon the crops. His hot-weather haunt is usually some rocky ravine among the hills, where pools of water remain, and shelving rocks or

overhanging trees afford him shelter from the sun. He is a light-made beast (called by *shikáris* a *lodhia bagh*), very active and enduring, and, from this, as well as his shyness, generally difficult to bring to bag.

The cattle-lifter, again, is usually an older and a heavier animal (called *ootia bagh*, from his faintly-striped coat resembling the color of a camel), very fleshy, and indisposed to severe exertion. In the cool season he follows the herds of cattle wherever they go to graze; and then, no doubt, in the long, damp grass brings many a head of game also to bag. In the hot weather, however, the openness of the forest, and the numerous fallen leaves, preclude a lazy monster of this sort from getting at game; and he then locates himself in some strong cover, close to water, and in the neighborhood of where the cattle are taken to drink and graze about on the greener herbage then found by the sides of streams, and, watching his opportunity, kills a bullock as he requires it, and drags it into his cover. Of course a good many head of game are also killed by such a tiger when they come to drink, but so long as he can easily procure cattle he does not trouble himself to hunt for them.

Native *shikáris* recognize more or less two kinds of tigers, with the names I have given above. It may be matter for speculation which is cause and which is effect. Is it that, as tigers grow old and heavy, they take to the easier life of cattle-lifting? Or has the difference of their pursuits, continued for generations, actually resulted in separate breeds, each more adapted for its hereditary method of existence? I myself believe the former to be the truth, and that there really is only one variety of tiger in all peninsular India. It is only to extreme specimens that the above distinctive names are applied; and the great majority are of an intermediate character, and not distinguished by any particular name. The larger and older the animal the more yellow his coat becomes, and the fainter and farther apart are the stripes. Small tigers are sometimes so crowded with the black stripes as almost to approach the appearance of a *melanoid* variety. The tiger, like all animals, is subject to slight variations of appearance and conformation among individuals; and local circumstances, and perhaps "natural selection," may tend to give the race something of peculiarity in different localities. But none of these has as yet, I believe, reached the point of even permanent variation.

It is useless to devote much time to hunting the hill-tigers that prey on game alone. They are so scattered over extensive tracts of jungle, and are so active and wary, that it is only by accident that they are ever brought to bag.

Favorably-situated covers are almost certain to hold one or more cattle-eating tigers during the hot weather; and, however many are killed, others will shortly occupy their place. A favorite resort for these tigers is in the dense thickets formed of *jáman*, *karondá*, and *tamarisk*—evergreen bushes whose shade is thickest in the hot weather, and which grow in islands and on the banks of the partially dried-up stream-beds. A thick

* From "The Highlands of Central India," by Captain James Forsyth, of the Bengal Staff Corps.

and extensive cover of this sort, particularly if the neighboring river-banks are furnished, as is often the case, with a thick, scrubby jungle of thorny bushes, through which ravines lead up to the open country where cattle graze, is a certain find in the hot season. Sometimes considerable gatherings of tigers take place in such favorable places. I have twice known five, and once seven, tigers to be driven out of one cover at the same time; and I think the season of love-making has something to do with these meetings. More usually it is a solitary male tiger, or a tiger and tigress, or a tigress with her grown-up cubs, that are found in one place. The tigress cannot breed more than once in three years, I believe; for the cubs almost invariably stay with her till they are over two years old, and nearly full grown. The greatest number of cubs I have ever found with a tigress was three. These were small, however, and I never saw more than two grown-up along with the female.

A single tiger will kill an ox about every five days, if not disturbed, eating, if very hungry, both hind-quarters the first night. He will not go farther than he can help after this meal, but will return again next night to the carcass, which in the mean time he often stores away under a bank, or covers with leaves, etc. This time he will finish all but the head; next night he will clean the bones; and then for a couple of days he will not take the trouble to hunt for a meal, though he will strike down another quarry if it comes near him. Should he have been fired at, however, when thus returning to his kill, he will frequently abandon such measures of economy, and kill a fresh bullock whenever he is hungry. A tigress and grown cubs are also far more destructive, finishing a bullock in a night, and, like the daughter of the horse-leech, always crying for more. The young tigers seem to rejoice in the exercise of their growing strength, springing up against trees and scratching the bark as high as they can reach by way of gymnastics, and, if they get among a herd of cattle, striking down as many as they can get hold of. The tiger very seldom kills his prey by the "sledge-hammer stroke" of his fore-paw, so often talked about, the usual way being to seize with the teeth the nape of the neck, and at the same time use the paws to hold the victim, and give a purchase for the wrench that dislocates the neck.

Tigers that prey on cattle are generally perfectly well known to the cowherds and others who resort to their neighborhood. They seldom molest men, and are often driven away from their prey, after killing it, by the unarmed herdsmen. Frequently they are known by particular names; and they really seem in many cases to live among the villagers and their herds much like a semi-domesticated animal, though, from a mutual consent to avoid direct interviews as much as possible, they are chiefly known by their tracks in the river-beds, and by their depredations on the cattle. They do not, of course, confine their attacks to the cattle of a single village, usually having a whole circle of them where they are on visiting terms, and among which they distribute their favors with great

impartiality. Generally there is at least one native in every circle of villages whose profession is that of *shikári*, or hunter, and who is always on the outlook to shoot the village tiger. When he hears of a bullock having been killed, he proceeds to the spot, and, erecting a platform of leafy boughs in the nearest tree, watches by night for the return of the tiger, who, though he may kill and lap the blood during the day, never feeds before sunset. Generally he does not get a shot, the tiger being extremely suspicious when approaching his "kill," and the *shikáris* being usually such bunglers at their work as to disturb him by the noise of their preparations. Often he misses when he does shoot, the jungle-king being somewhat trying to the nerves; and if he kills one tiger in the course of the year he considers himself lucky. His weapon is a long matchlock, which he loads with six "fingers" of powder and two bullets. These fly a little apart, and if they hit are usually the death of the tiger. His method of shooting is sometimes imitated by lazy European sportsmen.

Another way of hunting ordinary tigers is to beat them out of their mid-day retreat with a strong gang of beaters, supplied with drums, fireworks, etc., the guns themselves being posted at likely spots ahead. This plan is often successful, when the operations are directed by some one who knows the ground. Frequently, however, the tiger is not found at all, and moreover he very commonly manages to escape at the sides, or break back through the beat, without coming up to the guns at all. It has also the disadvantage of exposing the beaters to much danger; and there are few who shoot in this fashion who have not had more than one beater killed before them. To stalk in on a tiger in his retreat on foot is generally impracticable, as a man commands so little of a view in thick cover that he rarely sees the tiger in time for a shot. In some places, however, where tigers lie in rocky places inaccessible to elephants, this is the only way to do; and a very certain one it then is, there being generally little cover and plenty of commanding elevations whence to see and shoot. The best way of hunting the tiger is undoubtedly that usually adopted in Central India—namely, to bring in the aid of the trained elephant, and follow and shoot him in his mid-day retreat. Any one who thinks he has only got to mount himself on the back of an elephant, and go to a jungle where he has heard of tigers, to make sure of killing one, will find himself very much mistaken on trying. A number of sportsmen with a large line of elephants may kill tigers if they simply beat through likely covers for a long enough time; and many tigers are thus killed, or by driving the jungle with beaters, without the possession of any skill in woodcraft whatever. But no sort of hunting requires more careful arrangements, greater knowledge of the habits of the animal, perseverance, and good shooting, than the pursuit of the tiger by a single sportsman with a single elephant.

At the outset of one's experience in forest life it is impossible to avoid the belief that the tiger of story is about to show himself at

every step one takes in thick jungle; and it is not till every effort to meet with him has been used in vain that one realizes how very little danger from tigers attends a mere ramble in the jungles. During ten years of pretty constant roaming about on foot in the most tigerish localities of the central provinces, I have only once come across a tiger when I was not out shooting, and only twice more when I was not actually searching for tigers to shoot. In truth, excepting in the very haunts of a known man-eater, there is no danger whatever in traversing any part of the jungles of this, or I believe any other, part of India.

Some people affect to despise the practice of using elephants in following tigers, and talk a good deal about shooting them on foot. As regards danger to the sportsman, nine-tenths of the tigers said to be shot on foot are really killed from trees or rocks, where the sportsman is quite secure. The only danger, then, is to the unfortunate beaters, if used; and when this is not the case the sport generally resolves itself into an undignified sneaking about the outskirts of the covers, in the hope of getting an occasional pot-shot from a secure position. In this method of hunting many more tigers are wounded than are finally secured, the only danger lying in following up a wounded animal, which is usually avoided; and thus an innocuous animal is often converted into a scourge of the country-side. A very few sportsmen do, for a short period of their lives, make a practice of hunting and shooting tigers really on foot; but they are seldom very successful, and sooner or later get killed, or have such narrow escapes as to cure them of such silly folly for the remainder of their days. A man on foot has no chance whatever in thick jungle with a tiger that is bent on killing him. He cannot see a yard before him, and is himself conspicuous to every sense of the brute, who can completely hide in a place that looks scarcely enough to conceal a rat, and can move at will through the thickest cover without the slightest sound or stir. At the same time the sportsman who, as a rule, uses an elephant in thick cover, will find quite enough opportunities, in special cases, of testing his nerve on foot, particularly if he marks down and tracks his own game instead of employing *shikáris* to do so. Even on the elephant all is not perfect safety, instances being not rare of elephants being completely pulled down by tigers, while accidents from the running away of the elephant in tree-jungle are still more common. Much of the excitement of the sport depends on the sportsman's method of attacking the tiger. Some men box a tiger up in a corner and push in at all hazards, getting repeatedly charged, while others keep at a distance, circling round and offering doors of escape to the tiger, and never get a charge at all. As a rule, when on an elephant in fair ground, the object should be to get the tiger to charge, instead of letting him sneak away, as the hunt is then ended in a short and exciting encounter, while if let away it may be hours before he is found again, if he ever is at all.

The first difficulty is to get reliable information of the presence of tigers in a par-

ticular neighborhood. A great many reasons, besides the simple one to which it is usually attributed, namely, that "they are cursed niggers," combine to make the natives in most places very unwilling to give information about tigers. Firstly, it is likely to bring down a large encampment of "sahibs" on their village, which they, very justly in most cases, dislike. The military officer who scorns to learn the rural language, and his train of overbearing, swindling servants, who fully carry out the principle that from him who hath not what little he hath shall be taken away, and that without a price too, stink in the nostrils of the poor inhabitants of the tracts where tigers are found. The tiger himself is in fact far more endurable than those who encamp over against them to make war upon him, and demand from them grain and other supplies which they have not, and carts, etc., to carry the camp, which they want to use for other urgent purposes. Then they fear that they will be made to beat for the tiger—both those who are willing and those who are not—with a considerable chance of getting killed, and very little of being paid for their services. There are few well-known resorts of tigers where some story of the sort has not been handed down among the people. The first essential toward getting sport is to conciliate the willing coöperation of the people, and make it plain to them that your arrangements for supplies are such as to throw no unbearable burden on a poor country, and that your method of hunting is not one to lead to the constant risk of life. Such, however, is the want of sympathy often engendered in the naturally generous Englishman by the fact of his becoming a member of the ruling caste in India, that sportsmen will sometimes be heard on their return from an unsuccessful expedition, in which they had harried a quiet population who did not want their tigers killed at all on their terms, cursing and swearing at them, and perhaps even expressing little regret that a few of them had been sacrificed to their bungling ardor. On the other hand, a properly organized expedition, where the sportsman provides his own supplies and his means of hunting the tigers, is certain to meet with every coöperation from the people. They will even crowd in to help in driving the jungles, when they know they are to work for a good sportsman and shot who will not unnecessarily risk their lives.

With luck and first-rate arrangements a few tigers may be got in the cold weather. At this season tigers sometimes venture very close to large towns, and even to the European stations. But it is not until the greater part of the grass has been burned in the jungles, and a hot sun has contracted the supply of water in the neighborhood of the great rivers, that regular tiger-hunting can be commenced with a fair prospect of success. At this season, having discovered a tract where tigers are reported, a good central place should be selected for a camp, in the deep shade of some mango-grove near a village, or under the still more grateful canopy of some spreading banyan-tree. The graciousness of Nature in furnishing such

plentiful shade at this arid season cannot but be admired. It is just at the time when all Nature begins to quiver in the fierce sun and burning blasts of April that the banyan and peepul figs, and the ever-present mango, begin to throw out a fresh crop of leaves, those of the first tree being then moreover charged with a thick, milky juice that forms an impenetrable non-conductor to the sun's rays.

Riding up to his camp, pitched in the cool, shadowy depths of some grove like this, the sportsman will probably find assembled the village head-man, with a small train of cultivators and cowherds, waiting to receive him with some simple offering—a pot of milk, or a bunch of plantains from his garden. If he is welcome, tales will not be wanting of the neighboring tigers—how Ram Singh's cow was taken out of the herd a few days before, or Bhyron, the village watch, going on an errand, went down for a drink to the river, and there came on a tigress with her cubs bathing by its brink. That youth himself will chime in, and graphically describe how he took to a tree and was kept there all night—the same being probably a euphemism for a night passed with some boon companions at a neighboring grog-shop. The usual haunts of the tiger will be described; and the size of his footprints and width of his head be drawn to a greatly exaggerated scale. The shikári of the neighborhood will be present, or can be sent for—a long gaunt figure clad in a ragged shirt of Mhowa green, with a dingy turban twisted round his shaggy locks, and furnished with the usual long small-bored matchlock, with its bulky powder-flask of bison-horn, and smaller supply of fine priming-powder kept carefully in a horn of the gazelle. Rupees, or a prospect of them, will be wanted to loosen his tongue, and then his statements will likely be studiously vague. His hearty services must be secured, however, for he alone knows intimately the ways and haunts of the tiger, and he alone will have the pluck to accompany you or your shikári to mark him down. If you are known to be a good paymaster he will willingly serve you, otherwise you must promise him a handsome *douceur* in case of success, to induce him to spoil his own chance of claiming the government reward. This reward was, till financial difficulties reduced it to half, fifty rupees (twenty-five dollars), and, as all sportsmen were entitled to claim it, it used to go far to cover the cost of the hunt. I used always to divide it equally between the village shikári, if he worked well, and my own shikári and elephant-driver. Now, however, the sportsman will find himself a good deal out of pocket by every tiger he kills.

More precise information must be sought for by the sportsman himself. The village shikári knows nothing of our system of hunting by attacking the tiger in his mid-day lair. His personal experience of him has probably been confined to nocturnal interviews from the tops of trees; but he will be certain to know his habits and usual resorts, and also whereabouts he is at the time being. It is necessary, therefore, for some one to go out with him who knows our style

of work and what particulars to note for guidance when the actual hunt commences; for it is absolutely necessary to have some preliminary knowledge of the ground, and habits of the particular tiger, to insure success. In my earlier sporting days I always went out to make the preliminary exploration for tigers myself; and this is the only way to learn the business thoroughly, so as to be able afterward to devolve the labor on your shikáris. A sportsman who is not thoroughly master of this business will never have a reliable shikári; and the best men are those who have been trained up in it along with their masters.

The morning is the best time for this work. It is then cool, and every footprint of the previous night is sharp and clear. All the wild animals, from whose movements much is to be learned, are then on the move. The movements of the tiger, even, may often be traced up to eight or nine o'clock by the voices of monkeys and peafowl, the chatter of crows and small birds, and the bark of sambar and spotted-deer. The whole nocturnal life of the beasts of the forest is then displayed in the clearest manner to the hunter whose eye has been trained to read the book of Nature; and I know nothing more interesting than a ramble in the cool gray of a summer morning along the stream-beds of a tract in which live a great variety of wild animals. The river-beds usually contain large stretches of sand and gravel, with here and there a pool of water, the margin of which will be covered with tracks of deer, wild-hogs, bears, etc., and here and there the mighty sign-manual of the jungle-king himself. All must come here to drink in the cool night succeeding a burning day; and in the neighborhood of the water occur most of the tragical interviews between the herbivora and their carnivorous foes. Everywhere the cruel tyranny of the tiger has imprinted itself on the faithful page. His track to the water is straight and leisurely, while that of the *nilgai*, or spotted-deer, is halting and suspicious, and apt to end in a wild scurry to right and left, where it crosses the tiger's. Here and there bleaching skulls and bones show that the whole herd have not always made good their escape.

AT EVENING-TIME.

ALL day the silent snow fell down
Upon the meadows bare and brown;
But ceased at evening, and the skies
Grew bright with sunset's mingled dyes.

All day we watched our dying child
With grief suppressed—to break out wild
When she, removed from hopes and fears,
Could not be tortured by our tears.

But when the sudden radiant glow
Purpled the whiteness of the snow,
And shone serene-upon our dead,
Our grieving souls were comforted.

We crossed her hands upon her breast,
And kissed her in her dreamless rest;
And God's voice whispered through the night,
"At evening-time it shall be light."

MARY E. BRADLEY.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE well-known art-critic, Mr. J. Jackson Jarves, in a recent article entitled "Ethics of Taste," utters the subjoined remarks upon the aspect of some of our American business streets:

"All honor to industry, even of business; but not all the honor. Give beauty a hearing also. Nothing more forcibly strikes a European eye on first landing in America than the frantic look of the business streets, with their costly, incongruous, ill-combining store-fronts, eruptive with extravagant mammoth signs, howling the venders' wares in every pitch of discordant competition, often stretching across whole streets, and intercepting the serene blues of the heavens, each struggling to make its particular advertisement seen the farthest, and cover the most space; all reminding one of a mob of tipsey sons of Erin at a shillalah-exercising fair, each striking his hardest and yelling his shrillest, in utter unconsciousness that the world is not as much interested as he in his diabolical uproar. However pretentious and sometimes elegant the architecture may be, it is in the main confused or eclipsed by these unsympathetic signs; not unfrequently it serves merely as a costly background advertisement to them, supplementing their ill-timed claims on the attention of the passer-by. The confusion which reigns without is continued within the stores and at shop-windows. Merchandise of all descriptions is shown in heterogeneous confusion and senseless disorder, absolutely repellent to eyes accustomed to the æsthetic taste displayed in Europe in the exhibition of similar objects on sale."

There is no denying the truth or force of these statements. We wish they could be printed in mammoth circulars for general distribution in those precincts where the abominations described are to be found. And yet this would do little good. The art-instincts of the tradespeople who so deform our thoroughfares must first be awakened before the condemnation of cultured critics can have much effect upon them. The idea that any thing must be considered but business advantage—that struggle for trade should be abridged in any of its manifestations by notions of harmony, beauty, or grace—would probably strike these clamorous traders as something preposterously ridiculous. The day may come, however, when culture will open the public eyes to the distasteful condition of our streets, and a widespread sentiment enforce upon offenders a different policy, if it should so happen that they do not voluntarily surrender to the civilizing influence.

One of the discouraging facts pertaining to this question is, that our streets do not improve in appearance, notwithstanding all the new and pretentious structures that are constantly going up. Broadway is not so handsome a street as it was thirty years ago, although since that period an immense number of very large and costly buildings

have been erected, some of which are really good examples of architecture. This paradox is to be explained by the fact that no miscellaneous juxtaposition in architecture can be effective. Unless there are unity and harmony there can be no genuine beauty; and hence the ceaseless additions to Broadway architecture, many instances of which, considered apart, are very good, but which are all planned with entire independence of all that has gone before, only add to the chaos of forms and tints which the façades of this famous street present. Things have so come to pass with us that every instructed person hears with alarm that any "new and elegant structures" are contemplated, feeling sure that the new buildings will only add a fresh discord to the general inharmony. Here and there along the street a square can be seen in which by chance a certain unity of effect has been secured; and in these instances one can enjoy the real beauty of the architecture; but for the most part, even where there are merit and largeness in the designs, the eye is distressed and the taste is in rebellion at the woful confusion that meets the gaze. This confusion is in many instances enhanced by the redundant and inelegant sign-boards. One notes, however, frequent attempts to secure a harmony in the signs, but these praiseworthy instances are too isolated to have much effect upon the whole, and a single harmonious structure only emphasizes the discordant character of all the rest. Yet these instances are an example and a hint. If it is possible to get a coöperation among the many tenants of large buildings, it is also possible to secure it among the residents of an entire square; and, once let it become an accepted principle that every one is morally bound to build and adorn with a measure of regard for the character and the adornment of neighboring edifices, we shall be enabled to secure at least an approximate harmony in our street-architecture. In Paris a perfect unity is obtained by the authority of law; in London there is a partial concord secured by public opinion; with us it is public opinion only that can be invoked to enforce a remedy for the present disorders; but to this end it must be industriously cultivated.

OUR Bryant sings of the melancholy days of the late autumn—the November days of "wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere;" but some poet should also sing of the melancholy days of early autumn, when, after the summer days have gone, come the sadness of deserted piazzas, the dreariness of abandoned lawns and summer walks, the loneliness of shut windows, and the dismal household hush and emptiness that ever intervene between the early

chill of autumn and the time for glowing fire-sides. This interregnum is not always dreary out-of-doors; the watering-places, it is true, look dismal, the roads have lost their gayety, the sea-side and the lake-shore are often silent and solemn enough; but still out-of-doors all during September and October is, as everybody knows, very delightful; it is, therefore, only the house, and the house after sunset, that becomes at this season peculiarly dreary. The air is too chilly for the piazza or for open windows; and this first shutting of summer softness and sweetness out of the house, this retreat before the first chilling breath of autumn, casts a gloom over the household. Everybody wanders about listless and restless. The rooms have a shadowy, gray, repellent look. There is no cheer and no brightness anywhere; the gas looks raw and intrusive, coming after the soft, romantic summer moonlights upon the piazza; the social circle, so long nightly formed in ample chairs, with fluttering fans, with cooling drinks, with long, pleasant chats, is broken up; a gathering under the chandelier is not to be tolerated, and there is no other sufficiently attractive point where the restless spirits can assemble. If there are young lovers under the roof, they sit apart in a half chill; there is no inspiration and no sweetness in the metallic glitter of gas. The men find a measure of compensation in their cigars, of which they smoke an unusual number; some of them even, in sheer desperation, hurry to the billiard-room; but the ladies can do nothing but struggle wearily with such murmurs of gossip and talk as the half-torpid spirit can keep alive. There is no life, no relish, no spirit, no comfort, no felicity of any kind in this truly melancholy and dreary period.

That is, usually there is not. But occasionally one may find a bold spirit that knows how to confront the evil and to master it. There is a certain subtle, strange, merry sprite that may on these occasions be successfully invoked, and whose appearance is sure to dissipate the gloom and the chill, and to bring all the scattered members of the household once more into a gay and happy circle. The sprite is a now too much neglected household familiar, but he is known everywhere as the Blaze on the Hearth. There is no reason why we should keep this excellent genius of good cheer in banishment until the winter winds compel his appearance. He is as competent to cheer our hearts on a cool September night as in a December snow-storm. There is wonderful brightness, and glow, and sparkle, and exultation in his companionship, and never more warmth than we choose to permit. Even a few snapping twigs on the old andirons are sufficient to show us the imp in his happy

moods, to scatter the dull cloud that rests upon our rooms and in our hearts, and to awaken a hundred pleasurable sensations. All those benighted roof-trees that harbor no hearth-stone, no fireplace where the delightful sprite may disport himself, are to be greatly pitied indeed; for these households there is no remedy we can suggest for the melancholy days—all their days, indeed, are in gloom and cloud; but wherever the hearth-stone is still cherished for all its delights and associations, let the blaze be lighted at once, and see how quickly it will transform gloom into brightness and charm.

And there is a reason other than that of good cheer why it is well to invoke this sprite with the coming of the first chill airs. Health is promoted thereby. The blaze is a deadly enemy to damp, and ague, and fever. It gives sweetness and purity to the atmosphere; it kills miasma and the poisons that the air sucks up with the beginning of the decay of vegetation. There is no better preventive of sickness at this season than a good wood-fire. It would be well if one could be lighted in every room; if this is impracticable, the living-room at least ought to be made bright, cheerful, warm, dry, and healthful, by the magic of a blaze on the hearth.

A CONTEMPORARY, deploring the disadvantages which the American artist labors under in being without the "fostering care of the government," remarks that our government "does absolutely nothing except to discourage art by now and then paying enormously for some utterly worthless production in the shape of a statue or a painting." If the little that the government does is so discouraging to art, perhaps its "fostering care" would only increase its unfavorable influence. The fact that governments abroad found academies and form galleries is no reason why our rulers should do the same. The nature of our government excludes, or ought to exclude, any such purpose from its administration; and, if the thing were attempted, we may be sure it would be done in such a manner as to prove our reproach rather than our glory. American politicians are not exactly the class to be intrusted with the "fostering care of art." But our painters and sculptors do not need the interposition of government. The voluntary system is likely to accomplish for us very soon more than government supervision could possibly effect. It would have been practically impossible for our government to have done any thing of moment in the advance of art before a public opinion in behalf of this form of culture had arisen; and, now that public taste is aroused upon the subject, we may be sure it will be fully adequate to the fostering of art, without the interference or the aid of

the politicians. In Boston a splendid Museum of Arts is nearly finished, built by wealthy and public-spirited citizens; in Philadelphia an imposing edifice devoted to art is nearly completed; in Washington the Corcoran Art-Gallery bears witness to the munificence of one of its citizens; in all the cities of the West public enterprise is building galleries and forming collections; in New York a Museum of Art has been formed, which, although partially aided by a bequest from the State, is, in the main, an instance of private energy and subscription. It has always been assumed abroad that the Church could only be sustained by governmental aid, but at this moment nowhere are there so much public spirit and energy manifested in religious matters as in the United States by the voluntary system; and we may confidently trust that art, according to the measure of public spirit and taste, will suffer no less than religion by depending solely upon voluntary aid. American picture-buyers are now among the most liberal patrons of foreign art, and no really good American artist has occasion to complain of neglect from this class. Academies and museums for study are our principal needs; but, as we have already shown, measures are actively on foot for supplying them, and hence there is no reason now why the interposition of government should be asked for—if, indeed, there could be any just reason for it at any time. That it is not the province of our government to form museums or picture-galleries, or in any way to attempt the æsthetic culture of the people, ought to be sufficiently well known to prevent intelligent critics from uttering complaints like those we have referred to.

THE intellectual stillness of the English summer is gently broken every year by the sometimes drowsy and sometimes novel utterances of the British Association. This congress of *savants* is migratory in character and various in its phases of thought and talent. In 1874 the Irish city of Belfast was honored by its presence; in 1875 Bristol, the home of Southey, Coleridge, and Chatterton, has been the hostess of its concentrated learning and science. In 1874 Professor Tyndall aroused a tempest of remonstrance by seeming to relegate religion to a level apart from and lower than that of experimental science. In 1875 Sir John Hawkshaw, who succeeds Professor Tyndall as president of the Association, has contented himself with the modest task of repeating that glowing tribute to material scientific progress during this century which has been so often dinged into our ears as to begin to sound rather rapid and commonplace. To be sure, Sir John, who is an engineer of emi-

nence, and not devoid of scientific daring, threw in a few figures to give point to his panegyric. He told his hearers how many thousand miles of railway there are now in the world, and how many million pounds sterling they represent. He also mentioned the names of the great men who, in his opinion, deserve the credit for our amazing advance in the use of steam and electricity. It would appear from his discourse that at least eight men, of whom three or four were Englishmen, had more or less to do with giving mankind the telegraph; in the list, however, there is no mention whatever of any person of the name of S. F. B. Morse! So, too, many are the heroes of the appliance of steam to rapid locomotion; but, as we read, we begin to have historic doubts whether such a man as Fulton ever existed. In short, Sir John Hawkshaw, a man learned enough to preside over the greatest lights of English science, and self-confident enough to imagine that he is going to put a tunnel under the British Channel, talks half an hour about the telegraph without one word about its inventor, and another half-hour about steamboats without recognizing so much as the existence of him who put the first steamboat in history on the river Seine, and whose steamboat, the Clermont, set all England a-wondering whether one like it could be made to navigate the Thames! If Sir John Hawkshaw pleads ignorance of the works of Fulton and Morse, what shall be said of his capacity to preside over the choicest examples of British learning? and, if he omits mention of them because of national jealousy, is he quite the man to represent a body which professes above all a spirit of serene and liberal progress, studying the majestic phenomena of Nature on a plane above the passions and spites of human rivalries? Happily, the fame of our inventors is less likely to suffer from such a slight than that of him who thinks that he can obscure their claims by omitting to state them.

THE late revolt in Bosnia has at least had the result of exhibiting more clearly that fatal illness of the Ottoman Empire of which the Emperor Nicholas spoke more than twenty years ago. The realm of the Osmanlis is slowly but surely moribund. It can scarcely be doubted that the long line of the Ottomans draws near its end. Year by year it sinks deeper into the mire of hopeless debt. The crushing land-tax is steadily exhausting the agriculture of a country profusely gifted by Nature; the farming population is growing less and less; the deserted villages and untilled domains are constantly increasing. The sultan's power is undermined not only in Egypt, Tripoli, and Tunis, not only in Roumania and Servia, but also in Albania, Mon-

tenegro, Bulgaria, and Bosnia, in Europe, and in Syria and other provinces in Asia. There are two Christians to one Mussulman in European Turkey; is it supposable that these will long endure the odious yoke? Meanwhile the sultan spends one-eleventh of the entire revenue of his dominions on his household. As has been sharply said, he "expends less money in making roads than in maintaining an opera." Sultanas and court-pageants, gorgeous apparel and extravagant feasts, are wasting the revenues which might possibly—though it is now probably too late—redeem the existence of the Osmanli Empire for another century. Corruption is universal; the beys and pashas are so many leeches sapping the life-blood of the once-fair provinces of the Danube and the Ægean. It is the anticipation which foresees the breaking up of Turkey that constitutes the pith and danger of the "Eastern Question"—the eager question, to whom the spoils shall fall; the fear of one great power lest its rival should get the largest morsel; and the preparation to struggle over the shattered remains lying on three continents.

THE stupidity that may characterize a jury is illustrated by a ludicrous scene which recently took place in an English court. A lady, having been injured in a railway-accident, was taken to an hotel, where she was laid up for several weeks. When the bill was presented to her she refused to pay it, and referred the landlord to the railway company for settlement. Thereupon the landlord brought an action against his guest to recover. The question whether she was liable for the claim was submitted to her "peers" in the persons of twelve substantial and rural jurymen. After solemn conclave they returned to court with the verdict that the railway company was liable. The judge informed them rather sharply that it was the liability of the defendant, and not of the railway company, that was in question. Another solemn delay resulted in a verdict for the defendant for one hundred pounds! The judge, waxing impatient, told them that the defendant did not and could not claim any thing, and sent them out again. A third verdict was to the effect that the railway company was responsible for every thing except the luxury items. Once more they had to march off, to come back at last with a verdict of a few pounds in the landlord's favor. There is a flavor of such persistent stupidity in the anecdote that it will be no wonder if the advocates of the abolition of juries seize upon it as an apt illustration. But it should be remembered that the very fact that such glaring blunders are rare, and that this case has occasioned remark by reason of its unusual character, is really an argument on the

other side. It shows that juries are fallible; and happily, where a jury palpably errs, the law and the judge are there to set it right, with power to annul its decree if it manifestly effects a miscarriage of justice.

EVEN to the city man, who never smells a ripe apple-orchard or dances at a corn-husking, there is something welcomely refreshing in the accounts of the merry-makings which attend the garnering of the harvest. Just now the agricultural fairs are in full career. Orators from the town are gracefully sounding the praises of peace and the ploughshare; the peddler is in clover; the monster pumpkins and prize cheeses turn aside the bucolic thought from politics and floods; and happily there is little reason, in any part of the land, to do other than rejoice at the bounteous yield of the earth, guided by the skill and patient labor of men. On both sides of the ocean the long-awaited and worked-for harvest is being gathered. Rural England is given up to the merry old customs and hospitalities of the harvest-home, while down in Kent and Sussex the hop-pickers are encamped in festooned fields of the slumber-tempting herb. Grapes are being danced upon in thousands of French and German troughs by urchins and maidens with wooden shoes; while in Italy the fancy pictures a yet richer garnering of grapes, of olives, figs, and pomegranates. The summering season is over; but, if we only knew it, there are country pleasures at harvesting-time better worth enjoying than the vacation pastimes of the fashionable.

Literary.

JUDGE CATON'S "A Summer in Norway" * is evidently just what he declares it to be in his preface—a record of travel noted down from memory and intended for private circulation only; but, though it partakes of the usual deficiencies of such work, we are not disposed to quarrel with the friends whose advice induced him to put his manuscript into print. Norway lies outside the usual routes of travel, and any fairly intelligent man spending six months in the country, and using his eyes with reasonable diligence, could hardly fail to observe much that would prove interesting to the general public. The "perpetual day," the "midnight sun," the endless twilight, and other similar phenomena of the far North, are not so novel, perhaps, as the author seems to suppose—they have been described many times, and more vividly and picturesquely than

* A Summer in Norway; with Notes on the Industries, Habits, Customs, and Peculiarities of the People; the History and Institutions of the Country; its Climate, Topography, and Productions. Also an Account of the Red Deer, Rein-deer, and Elk. By John Dean Caton, LL. D. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

by Judge Caton; but his personal observations and experiences are fresh, and reveal much of the inner life of a people whom we like better the more we know of them. The popular idea among "the most favored nations" is that these Scandinavians are little better than barbarians, whose virtues, if they have any, partake of the rough and sturdy qualities of vikings, whom unkindly circumstance has converted into fishermen; and this idea continues to prevail, notwithstanding the uniform testimony of travelers that they are the most amiable people in Europe. From the beginning to the end of his book, Judge Caton is constantly recurring to this feature of the national character, especially to the courtesy and politeness which mark every class from the peasant to the noble. He says:

"I have traveled much and have carefully observed many peoples, and, beyond all comparison, the Norwegians are the politest people I have met. There is a heart, a soul about their politeness, without rigid formality or affected frigidity, which I have nowhere else seen. If politeness in French society is more elaborate, it is more formal, and on its face tells you it is false and mere affectation, while in Norway they make you feel that every thing they have is quite at your service, and that they are ready to go to any trouble to oblige you, without saying the least word to that effect. If they promise nothing and profess nothing, they perform every thing."

It is due to Judge Caton to say that his own overflowing good-humor and amiability would secure a certain reciprocity anywhere, but he gives examples enough to prove conclusively that among the Norwegians politeness is truly a national trait. Here is an illustrative incident which occurred during his stay in Trondhjem (pronounced *Tronjyem*):

"After dinner, I took a stroll through the town. It was a time when laborers, merchants, and bankers, were either walking for recreation or passing to their homes, so that many were on the streets, which before seemed quite deserted. Whoever I met, whatever his social rank, the hat was removed and brought down to a level with the breast, and I was saluted with a bow, which I returned as best I could, but the hod-carrier could do this with so much more grace and ease than I could command, that I was really ashamed of my awkwardness, although I never before felt the deficiency. Constant practice from childhood, with careful training by the mother, must secure to all a high degree of proficiency in this act of courtesy, so universal here among all classes. . . . I had walked but a little way when a young gentleman addressed me in English, and inquired if I were an American, and volunteered to give me any information about the place which I might desire. He was a clerk in the bank of the British vice-consul, and was now taking his evening walk for exercise. He spoke English very well, was evidently well educated and intelligent. We walked together for perhaps an hour, while he furnished me a great fund of information. During all this walk the same salutations were exchanged with all we met. I asked him to show me where I could get some matches, and he took me to a tobacco-shop. The man behind the counter was uncovered, while his hair was carefully dressed. The moment we entered the door my conductor removed his hat, and remained uncovered till we left the shop. Of course, I did the same—and this I

found to be the universal custom throughout Norway. It is considered very rude for any one—except he be an Englishman—to wear his hat in any store or shop, precisely as in the parlor of a mansion."

This universal courtesy, however, never degenerates into mere formality, for no people are more entirely easy and unaffected in their social intercourse than the Norwegians. They are, moreover, intelligent and usually well educated. Substantially every one above ten years of age can read and write, and among the wealthier classes several of the modern languages are nearly always spoken. This, indeed, is to a certain extent a matter of necessity, for no young man can hope to obtain official position or any desirable business occupation without being at least tolerably proficient in English, French, and German, as well as Norsk. In addition to all this, the hotels and modes of conveyance are better than one might reasonably expect, and the charges are ridiculously cheap. The benighted condition of the people in this respect could hardly be more forcibly demonstrated than by the fact that as yet they have not learned to practise extortion even upon Americans; and a stranger can actually procure lodgings, a boat, a carriage, or a carriage, on about the same terms as a native. Still more surprising but true is it that in any of the rare cases of misunderstanding on these matters, the spectators are more likely than not to take the stranger's part, and, at worst, are genuinely anxious to defeat any attempt at palpable fraud.

Mr. Caton's itinerary was from Hull by steamer direct across the North Sea to Trondhjem, the ancient capital of Norway; thence by coasting-steamer to Bodo and Tromsø, above the Arctic Circle; thence, also by steamer, to Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world, lying within excursion-distance of the North Cape; thence southward to Bosekop, at the head of Alten Fjord; thence back to Trondhjem; thence by railway to Stören, in the interior; thence by carriage over the Dovre Fjeld to Lillehammer; thence by steamer to Eidsvold; and thence by rail to Christiania. It will be seen by this that Mr. Caton did not diverge at any point from the beaten highways of travel (if highways can be described as "beaten" which are so little traveled); but he made the trip in a leisurely manner, stopping long at all important places, and acquainting himself thoroughly with the history and antiquities of the people, as well as with their present habits and customs. On all these points his book is instructive as well as entertaining, and to any one proposing to make the tour of Norway we can commend it as likely to prove a serviceable guide in more ways than one. The author seems to feel an especial interest in questions of natural history, and his remarks on the red deer, reindeer, elk, etc., and their correlation with American members of the family, are not without scientific value. His anxiety to see the reindeer in their natural haunts brought him into contact with that peculiar people, the Lapps, who inhabit Northern Finmark. He describes them as a race of small, hardy men and women, stocky or stout in propor-

tion to their height, which is several inches below the Norwegians among whom they live. They have in general broad faces, short chins, and high cheek-bones, dark complexions, brown hair, and some light and some dark (but never black) eyes. They look more like smoked white men than men naturally tawny, and he is inclined to think that they owe their dark complexions to smoke and mountain-soil. Some of the men have a wonderfully pleasing and winning expression of countenance, but the women are generally extremely plain, and not over-particular in the matter of dirt:

"The Lapps have no tribal organizations, and affect no independent form of government, like our Indians. The patriarchal influence is pronounced among them. While individuals do not acquire titles to the land they occupy, in general they confine their range within certain limits more or less broad, and their preferred right to their camping-grounds is respected, while they are not jealous of those who wander into the territories thus occupied.

"There are distinctions of rank among them, arising largely from considerations of wealth. Their wealth consists almost exclusively of reindeer, which are bought and sold, inherited and given as marriage-portions. Some of the most wealthy have many thousand reindeer, and have hired servants to tend them. But their aristocracy is of the primitive kind, and does not depart from the simple habits and modes of life of their ancestors. The rich man lives in the same smoky and filthy hut as the poor, only it is larger, because it must be so to accommodate his larger family; for his servants or herders are strictly members of his family, and live on an apparent equality with himself. The great kettle is hung over the fire in the middle of the hut and filled with the flesh of the reindeer, and when it is boiled all go up and help themselves alike, with fingers or sticks, or with forks and spoons made of the bones or antlers of the deer, or their sheath-knives, which always hang at the hip of young and old. All sleep together in the hut, on the pallets of deer-skins, wherever they can find room.

"The most wealthy as well as the poorest dress in the deer-skin trousers and coat, which comes nearly to the knees, and are girded by a broad belt about the waist. These skins are tanned and made into garments in each household. All that I saw were tanned with the hair on, and were made up with the hair on the inside. . . . Their shoes are a kind of moccasin, made from the skin taken from the legs of the deer where the hair is short and firm, and much more durable than from other parts of the deer. They are constructed with the hair outward. They come up around the ankles, have a seam under the hollow of the foot, forward of which the hairs have a backward set, and behind which the hairs have a forward set, which prevents slipping. They differ from the Indian moccasin in having a regular sole, which, however, is but one thickness of the skin. . . . The Lapps wear them considerably larger than the feet, so that they can wrap the feet in a good coating of dried grass, which is placed in most of them. Nearly all the Lapps wear caps of a uniform style, mostly made of cloth, so far as I saw, but some of skins. They consist of a heavy broad band around the forehead, surmounted with a large, square crown, with sharp points or angles, to some of which small tassels were attached."

These quotations give a fair idea of the literary quality of the book. It is easy to see that it is not the work of a ready writer, or of one who labored much after effect; but is, in truth, just such a record of a summer's journey as a good-natured and well-informed gentleman might write down for the amusement and instruction of his friends and the public.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON claims for his work on the "Norse Mythology" * that it is "the first complete and systematic presentation of the Norse mythology in the English language;" and it is this and more too. It is a treatise on the science of education, and a singularly powerful plea for giving the preference to the Scandinavian languages as against Greek and Latin in the curriculum of American colleges. The greater part of the introduction, which fills considerably more than a third of the volume, is occupied with his argument (presented under many different aspects) on this point; and, indeed, the entire book may be said in a certain sense to be designed to give emphasis to this thesis. For Roman mythology, as for Roman literature, Professor Anderson expresses profound contempt. Of Roman mythology he says that, "properly speaking, there is no such thing;" and he declares it to be "an historical fact that nearly the whole of Roman literature, especially that part of it which may be called *belles-lettres*, is scarcely any thing but imitation. It did not, like the Greek and Old Norse, spring from the popular mind, by which it was cherished through centuries; but at least a large portion of it was produced for pay and for ornament, mostly in the time of the tyrant Augustus, to tickle his ear and gild those chains that were artfully forged to fetter the peoples of Southern Europe." He concedes that Greek should be studied, "for that is no imitation. It is indigenous. It is a crystal-clear stream flowing unadulterated from the Castalian fountain of Parnassos." After all, however, "we free-born Goths, the descendants of Odin and Thor, ought to begin our education and receive our first impressions from our own ancestors," and the true medium for this is the study of the Scandinavian languages, and especially of Icelandic, "which is the only *living* key to the history of the middle ages, and to the Old Norse literature. It is the only language now in use in an almost unchanged form, through a knowledge of which we can read the literature of the middle ages. We must by no means forget that we have Teutonic antiquities to which we stand in an entirely different and far closer relation than we do to Greece and Rome. And the Norsemen have an old literature, which the scholar must of necessity be familiar with in order to comprehend the history of the middle ages. When we have thus done justice to our own Teutonic race, we may turn our attention to the ancient peoples around the Mediterranean Sea, the most important of which, in literary

* Norse Mythology; the Religion of our Forefathers. Containing all the Myths of the Eddas, systematized and interpreted. With an Introduction, Vocabulary, and Index. By R. B. Anderson. A. M. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

and historical respects, are the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans."

For Greek mythology Professor Anderson entertains a hearty admiration, but his enthusiasm is reserved for the Norse mythology, which he regards as the grandest system of cosmogony and theogony of which we have record. Perhaps the finest of several very fine chapters in the book is the one in which he draws an elaborate comparison between the two systems; and after reading it—especially after reading the fuller exposition to be found in the body of the work—the reader will agree with Carlyle's verdict when he says:

"To me there is in the Norse system something very genuine, very great and manlike. A broad simplicity, rusticity, so very different from the light gracefulness of the old Greek paganism, distinguishes this Norse system. It is *thought*, the genuine thought of deep, rude, earnest minds, fairly opened to the things about them, a face-to-face and heart-to-heart inspection of things—the first characteristic of all good thought in all times. Not graceful lightness, half sport, as in Greek paganism; a certain homely truthfulness and rustic strength, a great rude sincerity, discloses itself here."

The exposition, analysis, and interpretation of the Norse mythology, which constitute of course, the most important feature of the book, leave nothing to be desired. The whole structure and framework of the system are here; and, in addition to this, copious literal translations from the Eddas and Sagas show the reader something of the literary form in which the system found permanent record. Occasionally entire songs or poems are presented, and, at every point where they could be of service, illustrative extracts accompany the elucidations of the text.

Professor Anderson, indeed, has left little to be performed by future workers in the special field covered by his present work. Keeping in view the fact that it was not designed to be a record of original investigation or speculation, but simply to present the fruits of the labors of other scholars in a systematic and popular form, his work is very nearly perfect. Imperfections of style, indeed, might be pointed out; but it would be churlish to insist upon verbal infelicities in an author who is writing in an alien tongue, and, at the worst, these do not affect in the slightest degree the value of a highly instructive and interesting book.

We can easily agree with Mr. Charles F. Wingate in his estimate of the preëminent importance of journalism in our day, and still fail to perceive how the good cause—namely, the public recognition of that importance—is to be aided by a performance such as his "Views and Interviews on Journalism" (New York: F. B. Patterson). No doubt young men, with journalistic aspirations, will find it useful to know what ideas, as to the aims and function of journalism, and the conditions of success in it, are entertained by those who have attained eminence in the profession; but for that general public to which the book evidently appeals, we cannot see why

more interest should attach to the views of an editor as to the details of his work, than to those of a lawyer as to the discipline and practice of law, or of a butcher as to the slaughtering, preserving, and serving of meat. Journalism is no cult. There are no esoteric mysteries connected either with its objects, its processes, or its methods. It has a sphere peculiar to itself, of course, but so has banking; and, exactly as in banking, the indispensable condition of success in it is a judicious application of industrious and intelligent effort.

The truth is, Mr. Wingate's book is a bad example of that uneasy self-consciousness on the part of journalists, that straining after effects outside of purely professional success, and that evident desire to *compel* public recognition, instead of *earning* it, which have done more than any thing else to retard the progress of journalism to its due position among the professions. Even if the plan of the book had been well carried out, it would not have been worth doing, but, as it is, it is a poor piece of book-making. There are scarcely half a dozen genuine interviews with men whose opinions are of consequence; and in these the questions put are singularly commonplace, futile, and monotonous; the rest of the volume consists of extracts from editorials and addresses, rehashes of old biographical sketches, and inferences from published opinions. Aside from the personal gossip, which is plentiful and not seldom entertaining, we can discover no particular in which the book rises, in point of interest, above the level of the ordinary newspaper scrap-book.

And the mechanical execution is on a par with its literary character. The proof-reading is very bad, a considerable proportion of the proper names, even, being misspelled; and the printing seems to have been done in an office where commas are habitually substituted for periods.

LITTLE remark seems called for by Mr. Gladstone's new pamphlet on the "Speeches of Pope Pius IX." (New York: Harper & Brothers). It is strictly controversial in character, and is the latest word in the heated discussion evoked by Mr. Gladstone's "Vatican Decrees." This whole discussion has seemed to us unnecessary, and extremely unlikely to be productive of good results, either in the religious or the political field; and the present pamphlet, beyond furnishing those who have always believed Pío Nono to be an exceedingly foolish, quick-tempered, and deluded old gentleman, with chapter and verse for their belief, and enlarging the popular knowledge of the "cursing vocabulary" of "the living Christ," can subserve no useful purpose. There is no doubt, however, that it furnishes some very lively reading, and it is amusing to note how skillfully Mr. Gladstone defeats the attempts of his antagonists to place him on the defensive. His tone is fully as aggressive as at the beginning; and he certainly offers Cardinal Manning some nuts which that hardy controversialist will find it somewhat difficult to crack.

MR. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is said to have completed his introduction to the "History of the United States" which Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. are to publish, and the first volume of the work is nearly finished. The work is to be richly illustrated, and will be sold by subscription. . . . Edmund Yates is said to have already made a success of his new London paper, *The World*. . . . The *Pull Mall Gazette* is informed that a royal commission on copyright, eminently representative in character, and with Earl Stanhope for its chairman, has been appointed by the government, and awaits the royal sanction, prior to its session, about January next, for the consideration of the direction and extent to which international, colonial, and domestic copyright can be improved. . . . A lady writes to the *Athenæum*, from Vienna, to give various reasons why Mr. Murray should change the color of his guide-books (they are red), one of which is that she has been nearly tossed by a bull for carrying them. . . . In his will the late Hans Christian Andersen leaves the bulk of his property to the Collin family, in gratitude for the aid Mr. Collin gave him in early life. He also makes bequests for the benefit of the school and workmen's library of Odensee, his native town. He gives the Royal Library of Copenhagen a large album, two smaller ones, and four copies of the complete works of Charles Dickens, with inscriptions in the author's handwriting. He directs that his correspondence, which was very large, shall be placed in the hands of M. Bille, who was formerly an editor, and of M. Bøgh, a literary young man with whom he read over the letters, and who knows his wishes in regard to them. . . . Mr. George Sauer, who has for several years represented in Europe the interests of the *New York Herald*, is engaged in the preparation of a book on European commerce, which will serve as a guide to the manufacturing districts of Continental Europe. . . . The London *Examiner* pays the following handsome compliment to Professor W. D. Whitney: "As a comparative philologist Professor Whitney has many peers and some superiors; in the general application of the results of comparative philology to the solution of such problems as have been enumerated, he is, as yet, unequalled."

The Arts.

ONE of the most promising of our young artists is George Inness, Jr., whose specialty is the painting of animals and of landscapes. He is the son of the well-known landscape-painter, and has evidently inherited much of his father's genius. Last spring we gave some account of his pictures, made principally in Italy, of the long-horned cattle of the Campagna, and of his studies in Paris under Bonnat, and with his father. The past season he has spent in Conway, New Hampshire, and an examination of his summer's work justifies our first impression of his talents. In his portfolio are to be found a multitude of large sketches of cattle, sheep and pigs, horses and dogs, in a great variety of attitudes, and with very varied accessories of light, and shade, and color. Among the most interesting of these are a pair of oxen yoked together in an old country wagon. The creatures are reddish brown and white, big and lazy. They stand nearly facing the be-

holder, who observes above their long, crooked horns the irregular, bony ridges of their backs, and the pointed hip-bones powerfully indicated under their loose hides. Another vivacious picture represents a dog gazing through the boards of a fence at a rat on the other side, which he cannot get at. The tail, the paws, and the wriggling back of the animal, all equally express his intense interest in the prey which he is prevented from reaching. In another of these sketches a long-legged, shambling calf stands sucking his mother, and, though not one of his limbs seems to have any particular shape to give it distinctiveness, long lines, which, analyzed, look like crooked sticks only, have yet a *tout ensemble* of grace and impatience at once comical and pathetic.

Many of Mr. Inness's pictures possess a grim humor entirely distinct from caricature or the exaggeration which gives piquancy to works like those of Beard or F. C. Church. One of these, for instance, is of a rough hog rooting in her sty. The animal, with pointed snout, the curved back coming nearly to points at the shoulders, the hips, and along the spine, shows a great deal of rugged strength, which is well represented in the firm drawing and in the steadily anatomized structure of the skeleton beneath the massed flesh. The sight of the beast's avaricious greediness gives one a sense of cynical amusement at the same time laughable and sad. The hog might be a transmigrated sinner from Dante's Inferno.

The expression of grace and strength in horses, and timidity and delicacy, with restlessness, humor, and grand power, in some of the other animals, exhibits a range of appreciation very rare among animal-painters. Young Inness has inherited his father's brilliant talent for color and a perception of combination of forms, which, setting aside the highest faculty—the expression of the distinctive life of his subjects—would insure him a high place among artists. His pictures show strongly the influence of the modern schools of painting with which his residence abroad has made him familiar. His *technique* is already excellent, far beyond the average, but the animation, grace, and sense of beauty shown in his works, are such as make it certain that with perseverance and industry he is capable of reaching the highest eminence as an artist.

THE Woman's Art-School of the Cooper Institute, which opens October 1st, will add to its former branches a class for preparing teachers of drawing in the public schools of the State, for which the Legislature at its last session made provision, by the act passed May 14th. As a result of the law, it is expected that there will be a great demand for drawing-teachers, and accordingly a special class will be organized at the Cooper Institute, of which a competent teacher will have charge. The class will be composed chiefly of graduates from the Woman's Art-School and from pupils of the Academy, whose long study in those schools have prepared them to readily acquire the technicalities of this particular class of work. It is hoped that by the 1st of January they will be sufficiently

skilled in the necessary duties of teachers of the State drawing-schools to be able to fill such situations.

In connection with this subject, we subjoin an extract from the "Circular in Relation to Industrial Drawing," by the Superintendent of Public Instruction at Albany, in which he says: "The act takes effect on the 1st of October next, and by that time the Board of Education of each city and the local board of each normal school, in which drawing does not now constitute a part of the regular course of study, should be prepared to comply with its requirements."

The Woman's Art-School will also this year have a special class for instruction in porcelain-painting and for tile-painting in oils, the latter to be used chiefly for decorative purposes. The photograph-class has been an entire success for the past three years, and from the Cooper Institute have gone out many drawing-teachers of private classes and into the public and private schools. By the addition of these new branches of industrial art, it is hoped to increase still further the usefulness of this institution.

THE thirty-first reception, preliminary to the opening of the usual autumn exhibition of paintings and sculptures of the Brooklyn Art Association, is announced to take place on Monday evening, November 29th. The exhibition will be continued two weeks. Circular letters announcing the proposed exhibition will be issued to artists during the coming week. The announcement is made at this early date so as to enable our artists to paint new pictures, if they are so disposed, for the occasion. The exhibition committee, however, do not apprehend any difficulty in securing enough new pictures, or those which have never been exhibited in New York or Brooklyn, to make a good display.

The exhibitions of this Association are largely made up of paintings selected from the private collections of its members. From this source some of the finest foreign pictures owned in this country have been exhibited from time to time, and the call for the coming exhibition will also be extended to the owners of this class of works both in New York and Brooklyn. During the past summer the Association has maintained a summer exhibition comprising about two hundred and fifty paintings. This will be continued until the middle of November. The exhibitions of the Association, except on the occasion of the receptions, are maintained at all times free to the public.

THE demands made upon Eastern artists this year, by the art and industrial exhibitions at Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, and Indianapolis, have been unprecedented, but all appear to have been well filled, and attractive displays of pictures are now in progress in all of the places named. The exhibition at Chicago contains upward of nine hundred works; of this number, at least one-half are by American artists, and the display is said to be the finest ever organized in this country. It embraces some old pictures, but a large proportion are new works, and were painted expressly for the exhibition. The

arrangements in New York for the collection of the works were made under the supervision of Mr. William H. Beard, the well-known animal-painter. Mr. Beard was also selected to supervise the exhibition generally, but more particularly to attend to the hanging of the pictures. This duty he has successfully accomplished. About thirty of our leading artists contributed from four to six paintings each to the display, and these have been hung in groups, that is to say, the works of each artist are grouped by themselves. The effect is said to be very striking, as each group is tastefully arranged and appropriately draped. At Cincinnati the art-department of the Industrial Exposition contains four hundred and sixty paintings; and at Indianapolis and Louisville the displays are equally large. Great efforts will be made during the progress of the several exhibitions to make sales of the contributed works, but none of the artists appear to be very sanguine in regard to a successful result. In Chicago, last season, an attempt was made at the close of the exposition to make a general sale of the contributed paintings by auction; it was a failure, however, as nearly all of the paintings were held at a high limit, and were bid in. Of the twelve hundred paintings sent West last year, not more than five per cent. of the number were sold. This result was unsatisfactory, as may be inferred, and it is to be hoped that it will not be repeated this year.

The events lately occurring in Herzegovina and the neighboring provinces will probably recall to the minds of many persons who visited the Paris art-exhibitions and galleries last year a picture by E. Gautier, which was then exhibited for the first time in that city. The picture was entitled "Une Jeune Fille de l'Herzegovine," and was one of the favorites of the Paris Salon of that year. The subject comprises the figures of a young girl, the daughter of a wealthy Herzegovinian cattle-breeder, and of two horses belonging to the very handsome and serviceable breed, usually of a fine white color, with which the country abounds. According to the common custom in that part of the world, the girl has led the horses to drink at a fountain near her father's house, and stands holding one of them by the mane as they quench their thirst. Her attitude is admirably free and graceful: her back resting against the shoulder of the horse whose mane she holds, while her other arm hangs negligently at her side. But the steady, forward gaze of the eyes, and the somewhat fixed expression of the whole face, are rather too suggestive of the artist's pose to be quite in unison with the ease and naturalness of the figure. Her face is a little too square to conform to the most orthodox notions as to female beauty; but the features are good, and the large, dark, expressive eyes, shaded by their long black lashes, and overarched by very shapely brows, harmonize well with the sun-bronzed skin, and the whole effect is very striking and attractive. Her costume is picturesque and becoming, and is remarkably rich, according to our ideas, for a young woman who has the care of horses: for the necklace that hangs down upon her bosom is composed of thick gold cordage, and the embroidered frontlet of the velvet hood which crowns her forehead is stiff with heavy threads of gold. The horses are splendid animals, and the one

the girl holds has much of that suggestiveness of speed and endurance which pervades the wild steeds of our far Western prairies, and the almost equally untamed coursers of the South-Russian steppes.

The scene of M. Gautier's picture is in the neighborhood of Trebigne, and the background is formed by a wide-stretching open plain. The fountain at which the horses are drinking is adorned with some remains of ancient Roman sculpture, and is evidently one of the vestiges of early Illyrian civilization which are still found in many parts of Northwestern Turkey.

This picture is one of the results of the artist's travels in Eastern Europe, and shows him to be possessed of much talent, as well as of a very praiseworthy capacity for faithful, conscientious labor. It has been reproduced, in the form of engravings, in several French and English illustrated journals.

AN article in a recent number of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, on Mohammedan art, by M. Lavoix, gives new light upon the question of the employment of figures by the Mussulman artist. It is generally thought that the followers of the prophet are forbidden in the Koran to make for themselves any graven image, or likeness of God, man, or beast, but the Arabic word *anash*, translated statues, merely applies to certain sacred stones used as altars, and on which oil was poured in sacrifice. It is only in the commentaries on the sacred volume that painters are assigned to perdition if they venture to represent any animate objects. In spite, however, of this prohibition, and the fearful consequence of disobedience, there were many artists at different periods among the Mussulmans who painted the human form, and at last, custom becoming stronger than religious prohibition, figures were everywhere employed even upon the Arab money, on which portrait-heads of the caliphs were often represented. Animals also were often depicted in Moresque decoration.

Music and the Drama.

THE BAIREUTH FESTIVAL AND THE NIBELUNGEN CYCLE.

THE interest felt by the world of culture in the art-battle fought by Wagner and his disciples is culminating in the great national stage-play, called the "Nibelungen-Ring," for which such extensive preparations are being made at Baireuth, Germany. It need hardly be said that for several years Wagner has been devoting his whole energies to effecting this end; that, after many disappointments and delays, there seems every probability that next summer will witness the consummation of what will gratify a profound curiosity. The most bitter opponents of the new school of music, while firm in the belief that for general use and pleasure it will never supplant the old established forms, even if it modifies them, have been content to rest their judgment of the radical value of its pretensions on the test which the composer himself has invited and prepared.

The Wagner music has gradually forced its way to a recognized place in the world, not merely by the determined pugnacity of its adherents, but by its own intrinsic worth and power. For orchestral purposes, its merits have never been disputed; as operatic

form, the production of "Lohengrin" in England and America within the last year has opened the eyes of the lovers of music in a notable fashion to its astonishing possibilities. The latest work of the poet-composer, based on the great German Iliad, the "Epic of the Nibelungs," is the final development of the school; and, to present it properly, a national theatre has been built, and the whole resources of Germany taxed, the most eminent vocalists and instrumentalists having contributed their services. The accounts of the progress of rehearsals now going on have been such as to fully justify expectations of the extraordinary nature of a work so colossal in proportion as to require four days for its presentation. Before saying something of the "Nibelungen-Ring," a few words about the general characteristics of the Wagner music, as opera, will be of value to make the matter clear.

The apostles of the new musical philosophy hold that the art is something more than a vehicle of the mere beautiful in sound; that its highest function is found in its union with poetry, making thereby something new and different from both, a creation as unique and perfect as that typified by Goethe's character of *Euphonia*, in the "Helena." Music, as speaking the most spiritual language of any of the art-family, is thus burdened with the responsibility of raising the drama, the highest form of poetry, to its ultimate possible beauty and suggestiveness. To make this marriage perfect as an art-form the two partners come as equals to the sacrament, neither one being the drudge of the other. Each contributes its best to emancipate art from its thralldom to the merely trivial, accidental, and commonplace. To accomplish this, music is made to sacrifice something of its power as a merely suggestive force, the key which unlocks the vague pictures of fancy and feeling, and forced to something like definiteness of expression and meaning. In other words, it is not merely used as the organ of a lyric emotion, but compelled to describe and color thought in strict consonance with the dramatic purpose of the poetry.

In the development of his plan, Wagner was led, not arbitrarily, but by a necessity, to do away with what was artificial and conventional in music. The utter variance of music and poetry was a stumbling-block, to remove which required him to crush all the hard, arid forms which had previously existed in the lyric drama, such as duets, *arias*, and finales, set with an exact mechanical precision in a flimsy web of *recitativo secco*, without reference to dramatic economy. The musical energy is made to concentrate in the dialogue, and fashioned entirely according to the requirements of the action. For set forms is substituted the continuous flow of melody, and each dramatic element is characterized by a distinct musical phrase, which comes into play whenever the movement of the story calls it forth.

Wagner was made to believe that it was rather in the land of myth and legend than that of history or every-day life that he must seek the true material of his music-drama. Characters even in the near background of history are too closely related to

our familiar surroundings to permit music to be the artistic expression of the life of emotion and sentiment. But with the vague, heroic shapes of legend, the case is widely different. Here is found a drama of the demigods with a distinct poetic atmosphere of its own, and the medium of music ceases to be an artificial medium for those who dwell in the magic land of the imagination.

In the old German *epos*, the "Lay of the Nibelungs," Wagner found the subject which alike suited his æsthetic theories and his national love. The story is vast and complicated, and it is impossible to do more than to give some general indications how it has been treated for musical purposes. The latter portion of the "Nibelungen-Lied," relating to purely human scenes of bloodshed and vengeance, is entirely untouched, and Wagner's use of the legend ends with the death of *Siegfried* and *Brunhilde*, which in the original is followed by a long and intensely dramatic sequel. The trilogy of operas, "Walküren," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung" ("Dusk of the Gods"), is preceded by a prologue, "Rheingold," which furnishes the motive and gives the key of the whole drama.

The first scene of "Rheingold" is laid in the waters of the river, where the naiads watch over a great golden treasure intrusted to their keeping, with which mysterious Fate, superior in Northern as well as Greek myths to both gods and men, has linked mighty issues. The gnome *Alberich* ascends from his subterranean kingdom to gain one of the daughters of the Rhine to his amorous purposes. To divert him from his purpose they tell him of the fatal power of the gold, to exercise which all thought of love must be given up. The dwarf's desire of rule is excited, and he steals the treasure from its guardians.

The spectator is next introduced to the domain of *Wotan* (Odin), the father of the gods, where the All-father is sleeping in a meadow. He is awakened by his spouse, who reminds him that *Freia*, the goddess of beauty, is in pledge to the giants for payment of their labor in building the castle *Walhalla*, and that they demand either payment or forfeiture. *Wotan* discovers from *Loge*, the Northern Mephistopheles, or Satan, that the only treasure the giants will accept is the Nibelung treasure, stolen by the gnome *Alberich* from the Rhine maidens, which had been transformed into a ring, at once the means and symbol of universal power.

Wotan and the other gods at first conceive the idea of stealing the gold for themselves, but at last conclude to accede to the giants' wish, and descend to the subterranean abodes for the purpose of getting the gold either by fair or foul means. *Alberich*, in the mean time, by the power of his ring, has subjected all the other dwarfs to his command, and compelled his brother, *Mime*, to forge for him a tarn-cap, a helmet which has the power of making him invisible or transforming him into any other shape at will. The dwarf recognizes the gods, and threatens them with the powers of his ring. But the suave seductions of *Loge* persuade him to exhibit the possibilities of the magic helmet. He transforms himself into a serpent or

dragon, on which the gods seize him, drag the tarn-cap from his head, and carry him to the celestial abodes.

Alberich is now made to give up the ring and the treasure of which it is the key, but attaches his curse to it, which should always be baneful to the possessor. When the ransom is about to be paid to the giants, it is found that it does not suffice, and *Wotan* is obliged to add the helmet and the ring to complete the terms of the agreement by which *Freia* is to be restored. He is then informed by *Hertha*, the great earth-mother, the symbol of the primeval power of the universe, that his own avarice and injustice threaten the end of his reign and the doom of the celestial gods, fixed by the decrees of Fate.

The "Walküren," the first drama of the trilogy proper, contains the life and death of *Siegmond* and *Sieglinde*. *Wotan*, to create the inspired hero who is to save him from the fatal power of the gold of the Nibelungs, assumes human form and begets twin children, *Siegmond* and *Sieglinde*. Separated from his sister in infancy, the young hero has been trained by his father to every feat of manly strength, and becomes the terror of all his enemies. At last, vanquished by overwhelming odds, *Siegmond* is obliged to take refuge in the house of *Hunding* in the darkness of night. He is protected by the law of hospitality, but, when he reveals his adventures, he is recognized by his host as the slayer of his father and brethren, and challenged to fight on the morrow.

His hostess, in listening to his story, has vague memories of childhood awakened, for she is *Sieglinde*. She tells how a mighty stranger had entered the house once on a festal occasion, and smote his sword into the roof-tree, so deep that none could remove it, then strode forth again without a word.

This was *Wotan*, who had thus left his sword for his son's use. *Siegmond* instantly seizes the hilt and wrenches it from its hold in the wood, thus proving his divine descent. Between the pair, unknowing each other, a great passion had sprung up, and there then follows a love-scene of exquisite beauty, as may be judged from the fragments of the music which have been given at the Thomas concerts.

In the ensuing combat, the heart of *Wotan* is on the side of his son, but *Fricka*, his spouse, the protectress of the marriage-vow, insists that adultery shall be punished, and *Siegmond* is slain. *Brunhilde*, the Valkyrie, the favorite daughter of *Wotan*, now enters, and her heart is touched with pity at the misfortunes of the pair. As the hero falls, pierced by *Wotan's* spear, *Brunhilde* seizes *Sieglinde*, bearing her babe unborn, and carries her off, followed by the angry pursuit of the god, and the wild outcries of her sisters. *Wotan's* anger at first threatens to divest *Brunhilde* of her divinity and leave her an easy prey to any who might seek her. But he remembers that she had incurred her punishment in trying to save her father from his fate in spite of himself. He cannot revoke a sentence, but he will save her from dishonor. He closes *Brunhilde's* eyes with a kiss, and encircles her with a ring of magic fire. Only the hero who shall pass the flame shall

possess the sleeping Valkyrie. With this scene ends the first opera of the trilogy.

Siegfried, the hero of the second, is brought up as the child of Nature under the care of *Mime* the dwarf, for he is the son of *Siegmond* and *Sieglinde*, born in the wilderness and cared for by the compassionate gnome. His divine nature early declares itself by his heroic strength and feats in arms. He is the hero to whose prowess the redemption of gods and men from the curse of gold is reserved. As a mere youth he slays the giant *Fafner*, who in the shape of a dragon guards the Nibelungen hoard. He then bathes in the dragon's blood, which renders him invulnerable in all spots except where a fig-leaf falls on his back. He wrests from his fallen foe the magic ring and the tarn-cap; and, as he sits under the tree after the victory, he learns from the singing of the birds, whose language the possession of the ring deciphers for him, who he is.

Siegfried's next feat is to break through the ring of magic fire guarding the sleeping maiden and kiss her on the lips, thereby arousing her from her trance. In the passion of the kiss the goddess is forgotten in the woman, and *Brunhilde* becomes the spouse of *Siegfried*.

In the "Götterdämmerung," the hero *Siegfried*, through the effect of a love-philter, is made to forget his Valkyr wife, and becomes enamored with *Chriemhild*, the sister of *King Gunther* of Worms. So far does he carry his indifference and new infatuation as to accompany *Gunther* to Isenstein, the residence of the deceived Valkyrie, and, by his magic powers of the tarn-cap and the ring, compel *Brunhilde* to become *Gunther's* wife. Hence arise bitter hate between the two female rivals, and the cause of *Siegfried's* death. *Hagen*, one of the Burgundian king's heroes, half-demon, half-man, being the son of *Alberich*, wishes, for his own purposes, to kill *Siegfried*, that he may get the tarn-cap and ring, with the treasure dependent on them. *King Gunther*, through the influence of the slighted *Brunhilde*, is taken into the plot, and *Siegfried* is stabbed in the vulnerable place of the back, made known by *Brunhilde*, while on a hunting-excursion.

The murdered hero is burned with magnificent pomp by his assassins, and *Brunhilde*, repentant, her old love surging back in full force, leaps on the funeral-pile. Through the agency of fire she is transformed again from woman to goddess, and the two, purified from earthly taint, are reunited. With the entrance of *Siegfried* into the story commences the reign of free human impulse and aspiration, and the decadence of the rule of Fate and the ancient gods. With his death the twilight of the gods settles down over the story. It is impossible here, as also contrary to the purpose of the article, to dwell on the profound meaning of the series of myths embodied in the story of the "Nibelungen." The beauty and poetry of the hidden purpose have a clearly-defined connection with the music, and Wagner has done vastly more than simply to illustrate a mythical narrative in the language of tone. But, for the present, what we have already said must suffice.

By the use of what he calls leading mo-

tives in the music, the composer knits the whole structure together into a symmetrical and organic growth. As each important character, on recurring action, is introduced, the hearer recognizes it by its characteristic strain, and it is linked with what has gone before. But few choruses are used in the trilogy, the principal ones being the Rhine maidens, the Valkyries, and *King Gunther's* warriors. Properly speaking, there are no duets, but only dialogues, in which the personages take part as in speaking. The most marked characteristic of the trilogy is the marvelous use made of the orchestra, the instruments being made to give coloring and warmth, to fill up all the gaps of description, and, in a word, to play the purpose of the chorus in the old Greek tragedy.

So many fragments of the "Nibelungen" trilogy have been given by Mr. Thomas that it is easy to imagine the marvelous beauty of the whole, though no operas will so little bear judgment by detached extracts as those of Wagner. The power of such works hinges on the *ensemble*, the effect of the whole on the imagination of the audience. The hints derived from the above imperfect synopsis of the story will enable the reader to get some idea of the colossal nature of this great work of Wagner. A band of one hundred and twenty instruments, the finest concentration of talent in Germany; scenery, on an unprecedented scale, painted by the first artists of Europe; and a theatre with the largest stage ever built, will insure such a presentation as will make a new era in art-history.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S *Richard III.* exhibits in the main the same qualifications displayed in *Hamlet* and *Richelieu*. The tameness which we remarked in *Hamlet* scarcely appears in *Richard*, although all the same the performance lacks fire. One sees before him a broad and strongly-marked personation—a moving, stirring, picturesque figure; he listens to a clear, flexible, and intelligent reading of the text; he notes an adequate mastery of the actor's art in all the different situations and scenes; he finds that all is careful, elaborate, full of emphasis, and tone, and color—and yet all the time failing to give the deepest insight, and missing that something which thrills and takes command of an audience. It is to be noted, too, that the performance is designed to seize upon the grosser instincts and passions of the listeners. The character is depicted with all its darker tints strongly brought out—the brutality, the fierceness, the dark villainy, have no gradation and no shading; all the scheming and wicked features of the character are delineated in every look and motion, so all may see that this is a villain. These strong colors, however, fail to greatly stir the auditors, for there can be no substitute, even with the uncultured mass, for the passion that flashes with true fire. The sum of our judgment of Mr. Barry Sullivan, therefore, is, that he is an intelligent, well-trained, picturesque actor, whose voice is clear and pleasant, whose readings are good, whose knowledge of the stage is complete, but whose personations have neither great power nor subtle insight.

MR. DALY, being prevented from opening his season with "Rose Michel," revived the popular comedy of "Saratoga" for the occasion. We had hoped that the preposterous nonsense of this play was forever buried, but what is evil in the dramatic world is apt to have a very tenacious life. It is too late to criticise "Saratoga." Every theatre-goer knows that it is like the whole army of American comedies in its amazing unlikeness to any thing in American society, and that it is made up from innumerable fragments derived from time-honored English farces, as if it were a sort of dramatic Joseph's coat of many colors. It is a play that people laugh at heartily, but, while a man of judgment may laugh, he can at the same time but feel irritated that such stuff should be offered as a picture of manners. If the author, now, would only call it a burlesque or a farce, no injustice would be done either to art or to society. Mr. Daly's actors give good effect to the nonsense, and rarely fail to make the burlesque any less palpably foolish than the author designed.

Correspondence.

FLOWERS AND PLANTS IN WASHINGTON.

To the Editor of *Appledons' Journal*.

SIR: Some weeks since your JOURNAL contained an earnest plea for floral decoration in cities.

A tolerably large acquaintance with American cities has shown me none in which there is so much "window" and "front-yard" gardening as in Washington. There are many towns in the South and some cities where, at certain seasons of the year, one walks the streets enveloped in an aroma of fragrant native flowers, shrubs, and vines.

It is not that in Washington, however, the flowers, vines, shrubs, and trees cultivated are not merely such as are indigenous to the locality; they are from all quarters of the globe. Hardly does a plant (I use the word generically for vegetable growth) make its appearance in the florists' catalogues before you begin to see it in the windows or door-yards of the city, according to its hardiness and the requirements of its nature.

Undoubtedly this is very largely due to the presence here of the "Congressional," "Agricultural," and "Propagating" Gardens, wherein novelties are constantly being tested, and whence Congressmen and executive officers of the government, under certain restrictions and regulations, obtain slips and seeds for their own use or that of their friends.

Something, too, is due to our peculiar climate that gives us such memorable springs and falls. Mr. Smith, of the Congressional Garden, points out three trees near the entrance of one of the buildings, the respective habitats of which are Japan, the Crimea, and Maryland.

But when all allowance for climate and accessible gardens has been made, there remains the moral or æsthetic reason of this universality of flower-culture. I will not say that that reason is larger in Washington than elsewhere. I only leave you to your own inferences.

The fact is, there is not a two-room "shanty" upon the outskirts of the city, dwelt in by blacks, who (as gender determines) wash or

whitewash, that hasn't got at least its hanging-basket bright with geraniums and lobelia, and graceful with pendulous moneywort and tradescantia. And from that up and on—to whole house-fronts alive with flowers, yards beautified with beds, and chimneys covered with wistaria and the Virginia creeper. The ivies, too, that farther north fare badly, are here luxuriant beyond description. The chapel at Oak Hill Cemetery, and the lodge at the Glenwood entry to the Soldiers' Home, no one can forget who has ever seen them. There is an immense amount of ugly brick-and-mortar here that finds its *raison d'être* in the screen of ivy it supports.

Singularly happy is Washington, too, in front-yards.

The founders of the city "made broad its ways." The narrowest streets were eighty feet from building-line to building-line, and the avenues, which traverse at various angles the rectangles made by the streets, vary in width from eighty-five to one hundred and sixty feet.

Until a few years ago, these distances were enormous, useless, and a waste. It impoverished abutters to pave them; and when paved it surpassed civic ability to keep them in repair. So in winter they were mud, in summer they were dust.

Six or seven years ago Congress authorized the parking of the *centre* of the streets (or most of them). One or two such "parks" were made—that is to say, stones were put down on each side of the street, and for a breadth of twenty feet in the middle turf. It was soon a question which was the barer and more disagreeable, the pavement or the parking.

In the process of time there came to us—what I believe you have heard of in New York—a "Board of Public Works." One of that board had an idea—he knew what to do with these dreary widths of street and avenue—and he and his fellow-members did it.

First, they put the carriage-way in the middle of the street, and narrowed it to, say, from thirty to fifty feet in width; then they put twelve to twenty feet of sidewalk on each side; and then the rest of the street was put into parking in front of and adjoining each house. A strip of from ten to forty feet in width was thus added to each house-lot. It was turfed by "the board," and sometimes fenced. That done, their supervision ceased. The house-owner had as absolute jurisdiction over it as if he had bought it, except that he could not build upon it. He might put flowers, fountains, trees, in it. And, I may add, he did. These front-lots, these grass-plots, are cared for even by the humblest householder, whereas with the centre-parking there was no one to water and shear and roll and manure it; but each house-width of the side-parking has its custodian and curator.

Taste has been cultivated, the appearance of the streets has been benefited, and the public health promoted. All the advantages of free circulation of air that come from broad streets are conserved, as well as the great protection afforded by them against the spread of fire; while the cost of expanded carriage-ways, breeding dust and mire, is done away; and the many hygienic influences that come from grass and plants are secured. And all this, mind you, is not done for the benefit of our Fifth-Avenue people (whoever they may be) alone, but for the "common people." Imagine a London "navvy," or a New York "longshoreman," or a Philadelphia "coal-heaver," living in a house with from ten to forty feet of front-yard, green with grass,

splendid with foliage and plants, and perfumed with madeira-vine!

It can't be done, unless you have an imagination as tremendous as the asserted strength of the Keeley motor.

But our Washington "unskilled labor" lives with just such surroundings.

Wherefore, I rejoice over this our capital city—as I know you would if you could see it.

R. D. M.

WASHINGTON, September 10, 1875.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

September 1, 1875.

I WENT a few days ago to visit the panorama of "The Siege of Paris," now being executed in the vast building originally occupied by "Les Pompes Funèbres," which is destined for America. The great success of the panorama of the same subject, on the Champs-Élysées, evidently fired the American soul with a desire to possess the like, and negotiations of all kinds were opened, respecting not only the already existing picture, but another of the same subject by the same artist, M. Philippoteaux. The first idea was found to be impracticable. The Compagnie Générale des Panoramas refused to sell their picture except at a price far beyond that paid for its execution, as its powers of attraction were in no wise diminished by the lapse of two years since the date at which it had first been exhibited. Notwithstanding the high prices charged for admission, it continues to be one of the most popular and best-frequented of all the sights of Paris. Then M. Philippoteaux was applied to, but he could not conceive the possibility of painting the picture anywhere but in the building wherein it was to be exhibited, and he positively refused to take a journey to New York for the purpose. The enterprise was finally confided to Colonel Lienard, its present director, and, under his intelligent and skillful management, the gigantic picture is rapidly approaching completion. The mechanical difficulties of the work have been marvelously overcome. The giant canvas is stretched fast on the floor of the great building appropriated to the enterprise. As soon as a portion of the painting of sufficient dimensions is completed, the surface is covered with paper, and the finished part is rolled up, thus bringing an unpainted section of the canvas within reach of the artist's brush. The finished picture will be three hundred metres long, and over fifteen wide. It will be even finer than its prototype in the Champs-Élysées, being taken from a far better point of view—namely, the Prussian batteries on the heights of Chatillon, which overlooked all Paris and its environs, and from which a superb view of the whole city could be obtained. A peculiar feature of this exhibition will be the introduction of life-sized figures, in *papier mâché*, of men and horses, by which the eye will be insensibly carried from the reality to the painting. These figures are modeled with painstaking accuracy, and are even startlingly life-like. Special messengers have been dispatched to Metz for the necessary Prussian uniforms, helmets, weapons, etc. The artistic part of the panorama has been confided to a corps of artists, among which are some of the leading exhibitors at the Salon of this year, and notably M. Betsellier, whose fine equestrian portrait of Marshal McMahon was so much admired. Over four hundred sketches were painted to serve as models for the work. The panorama is to be shipped

on the 8th of October, and is to be first exhibited in New York; it is then to be transferred to Philadelphia for the Centennial.

Gladly Brothers publish this week "The Fencing Rooms of Paris," by M. A. de Saint-Albin. This curious work contains a list of over four hundred of the best fencers in Paris, together with biographical sketches of one hundred of the most celebrated among them, including the notorious duelist Paul de Cassagnac. It is, moreover, embellished with a frontispiece and thirty portraits, etched by Courtry, and comprising likenesses of the King of Spain, the Dukes d'Aumale and de Chartres, Carolus Duran, etc. Furne Jouvett & Co. announce the speedy termination of "The Popular History of France," by Henri Martin, which they have been issuing in numbers for some time past. The first three volumes are out, and the fourth and fifth, which complete the work, are shortly to appear. Ducher & Co., the architectural publishers, are about to issue "The New Opera-House of Paris," by Charles Garnier, the architect thereof. It will include full and exhaustive notices of the statues, bronzes, paintings, etc., as well as a description of the architectural details of the building. Michel Lévy has just published a novel by George Sand, entitled "The Two Brothers;" and one of those morality-and-water productions peculiar to that division of French literature which is intended for young girls, entitled "The Book of a Mother," which consists of dissertations on dolls, story-books, matrimony, and other kindred subjects. The notorious Madame Rattazzi has given to the world a new volume of poetry, entitled "The Shadow of Death." E. Plon has just issued a charming book entitled "Portraits of Great Ladies," by the Baron Imbert de Saint-Amand, which includes biographical sketches of Mademoiselle de la Vallière, the Duchess de Berri, Marie Antoinette, the Princess de Lamballe, and others.

In default of a present court and sovereign, we learn occasionally some anecdotes respecting the royalty of the past. The following story is told of the Duchess de Berri: She was extremely fond of Dieppe, and passed a great deal of her time there in summer; indeed, it is said that the town owes to her fostering patronage the establishment of the workshops for the production of those exquisite ivory carvings which are well known to every stranger that ever tarried at Dieppe. One summer evening a fisherman met a plainly-dressed lady walking alone on the beach. He ventured to accost her, saying that he had a petition which he wished to present to the Duchess de Berri, but that he did not know how to proceed in order to do so. "Did you ever see the duchess?" asked the lady. "No," was the answer, "but I am told that she is deuced ugly." "Give me the petition, at all events," said his questioner, "and it shall be placed in the hands of the princess herself." The fisherman complied with the request, and a few days later he was summoned to the villa of the duchess. What was his dismay, on being introduced to the presence of the princess, to find that she was the person to whom he had given his petition! He commenced to stammer forth some incoherent excuse, but Marie Caroline interrupted him. "Your petition is granted," she said, smiling, "and henceforth, when people say that the Duchess de Berri has an ugly face, do you add, 'But she has also a kind heart!'"

The reply of a mayor of a small provincial town to King Louis Philippe has also been quoted recently. The avarice of the good king, as is well known, was proverbial. One day, while in one of his royal progresses

throughout France, he presented, for some reason or other, a rich flag to the municipality of some town whereto he had halted. The mayor received the precious gift with an elaborate speech of thanks. As he continued to hold it, the king said to him: "Monsieur le Maire, I fear that you will find that flag very heavy." "O sire," responded the mayor, with a profound obeisance, "the gifts of your majesty are never heavy!"

M. Villemessant has recently commenced in the *Figaro* the second series of his amusing "Memoirs of a Journalist," and has consecrated the first two or three numbers to his friend and collaborator, Jules Lecomte. From an article on Rachel, published by M. Lecomte in the *Figaro*, shortly after the death of the great actress, he quotes the following curious anecdote:

"A few days after the death of King Louis Philippe, the Prince de Joinville brought to his mother a drawing which he had just finished. This admirably-executed design represented an allegorical group. In the upper part to the right was seen St. Louis, covered with the royal mantle spotted with *fleurs-de-lis*, and kneeling before the Virgin, the traditional protectress of the kingdom of France. Far off, and in the guise of an angel, vaguely shadowed forth amid the clouds, appeared the soul of Louis Philippe, soaring toward the skies. And beneath the cloud lay a tossed and stormy sea, on which floated the ship of state beaten by the tempestuous waves.

"This drawing, which was executed in India ink, was sent to Paris by the widowed queen, to be engraved. The royal artist had intended it for his mother's prayer-book, but the queen desired to possess several reproductions of it. One of the best engravers of Paris had the work confided to him, and twenty copies only of the impression were struck off.

"The orders of Marie Amélie were carried out with rigorous exactness. The twenty plates were forwarded to London, the engraver not daring to retain even a single one for himself. On the back of the engraving could be read, in fac-simile, the following lines which the queen had written beneath the touching gift of her son: 'The king shall disappear in his strength and in his glory, and the nations shall be covered with mourning.'

"Mademoiselle Rachel learned, heaven knows how, all these particulars. She ardently desired to possess one of these rare plates, and she wrote on the subject to General de Rumigny. The request was submitted to the queen, who returned the following answer: 'Mademoiselle Rachel shall have the engraving on the day of her conversion to Catholicism.'

Several anecdotes of Rachel follow. M. de Villemessant speaks of her passion for playing cards, and says: "She seized every occasion to organize a game. But if she lost twenty or thirty sous she became extremely angry. One evening she left the table and broke up the game, exclaiming against every one. An hour later her brother entered; he came to ask her for four hundred dollars, a sum of which he declared he was in the greatest need, and she gave it at once and without hesitation.

"She invented one day a new and exquisite style of bath. It consisted of perfumed soap-suds beaten with wires till the bath-tub was filled to the brim with a snowy scented foam. She loved to plunge into this mass of pearly bubbles, and these baths were her favorite form of refined toilet luxury.

"Her orthography was never beyond re-

proach. One day, wishing to thank the Minister of the Interior, M. Bouche, for some official favor, she wrote him a letter which she showed, before sending, to Arsène Houssaye. He advised her to rewrite it for the purpose of correcting sundry faults in the spelling. 'Bah! let it go,' she cried; 'it will only look all the more sincere.'

The dramatic event of the past week has been the *rentrée* of Mademoiselle Delaporte, at the Gymnase, in the rôle of *Frou-Frou*. Originally written for her, and afterward created by Mademoiselle Desclée, who made the part peculiarly her own, she has often played like characters in Russia, but never before in Paris. It is said that she undertook the task with the greatest reluctance, dreading the effect on the audience of the souvenirs of her brilliant and regretted predecessor. The event showed that she was more than half right. In the first two acts she lacked the requisite grace and vivacity for the proper embodiment of the spoiled, petted, frivolous heroine. But when the more tragic scenes were reached, and when guilt, and sorrow, and remorse, became the portion of poor little *Frou-Frou*, her acting was marvelously forcible and real. She is a great actress despite her plain face and her lack of taste in dress, and she will fill a niche in the Gymnase that has been too long left vacant. Coquelin the younger, who left the Comédie Française in a pet because Sarah Bernhardt was named *sociétaire* instead of him, has made his *début* at the Variétés, in a piece called "La Guigne." The play was a failure, and the style of the young actor, bred amid the refined traditions and scholarly graces of La Comédie, was found to be as much out of place at Les Variétés as blue-seal Johannism would be in a rum-shop. He will have to vulgarize himself if he wishes to make a place for himself at the Variétés. The Bouffes Parisiens and the Renaissance reopen this evening, the first with Theo in the "Jolie Parfumeuse," and the latter with "Giroflé-Girofla." Madame Theo is engaged at the Bouffes for three years, at the by no means astounding salary of three hundred dollars per month. The Odéon and the Ambigu are now the only leading theatres of Paris that remain closed. M. Valdejo, a young provincial tenor, sang for a few nights at the Opéra Comique last week with great success, in "Zampa" and "La Dame Blanche." He goes to Lyons to fulfill a previous engagement, but returns to the Opéra Comique as a permanent *pensionnaire* next spring. Mademoiselle Jeanne Samory, who has just made so brilliant a *début* at the Comédie Française (her first appearance on any stage), is a niece of the celebrated Augustine Brohan. It is predicted that she will prove a dangerous rival to Croizette. The "Jeanne d'Arc" of Mermet is in active preparation at the Grand Opéra. Faure is to personate Charles VII., Miolan Carvalho is to be Agnes Sorel, and Mademoiselle Krauss the Jeanne.

LUCK H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

MR. HENRY NEVILLE, the energetic manager of the Olympic, is about to do a remarkable thing. True, he is not going to swim across the British Channel either in a Boyton suit or in pure *naturalibus*. His will be a much different achievement. He is on the point of playing *Bob Brierly* in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" for the thousandth time. *Bob*, you of course know, is Mr. Neville's original character, and very pathetically and forcibly does

he sustain it. The revival of the piece at his theatre has turned out a trump card; it has already run over three hundred nights. At the Strand we still have "Weak Woman" and Mr. Farnie's burlesque of "Nemesis," and these, during the last week or two, have been preceded by a very funny little farce—all farces are not funny—called "Two to One," a title which is explained by the fact that the plot turns upon the loves of two house-maids for one man in livery. It is by "Mr. Arthur Clements," otherwise Mr. Baker, the dramatic critic of the *Hour*, which "daily," by-the-way, still lags behind woefully. Another play which is having a long run—as I write, its one-hundred-and-thirty-ninth representation is about to take place—is Mr. Halliday's adaptation of "Nicholas Nickleby." This is being given at the Adelphi, and was shortly to have made way for an adaptation, also by Mr. Halliday, of "Martin Chuzzlewit." As, however, that gentleman is confined to his bed, and has been ordered rest, it's probable he won't be able to finish the piece for some time yet. Many of your readers who know Mr. Halliday as the genial president of the Savage Club will share in my regret at his illness.

Superstitious people—those people, as Mr. H. J. Byron has described them, who, if they go under a ladder and a brick falls on them, blame the ladder, and not the brick—are beginning to shake their heads and declare that the Mirror—the old Holborn—never can be kept up to the paying point. Well, they have good reason to look upon it just now as a house of ill-omen, for its lessee, Mr. Horace Wigan, has certainly made a *fiasco*. He has withdrawn "The Detective" (which was a fair success), and produced a translation of an old French drama—"The Dogs of St. Bernard." He has done this in order to show off some splendid canine specimens which he has brought over from Paris; but, unfortunately, these same canine specimens—and, you must know, they are very important characters in the play—won't act; indeed, when I saw them, they went through their parts so reluctantly that, had they been human beings, they would inevitably have been hissed off the stage—or, as a "pro." would put it, "goosed." The play itself, too, has no earthly interest; it is as unreal as can be. The plot turns upon a false charge of murder brought by a wicked captain against a young artist, of whose wife he is enamored, and whom he wishes to carry off. The principal dog-actor is the means of saving this young man's life as he is flying from pursuit—at least, so we are told, but we don't see him do it; and the same dog also saves the life of a baby who is hanging over a yawning abyss—that we *do* see him do. Altogether, the sooner "The Dogs of St. Bernard" is withdrawn, the better for the management. This will be done very soon, for a new piece by Mr. Wigan himself—its title is "Self"—is announced.

It would seem that the china mania has extended even to his holiness the pope—that is, if a dignitary of our Church—Archdeacon Matthias—is to be credited. The archdeacon has written to the most bigoted of Protestant sheets, the *Rock*, to assure the world that, when he was in a Burslem pottery-manufactory recently, he was shown some dinner-plates which the pope had ordered, and which, he was told, would cost his holiness twenty pounds each. The reverend gentleman's argument, of course, is that the pope lives very extravagantly. I'm not a Roman Catholic myself, but I should just like to ask this question—Don't the Protestant bishops do ditto? Mr. Whalley, M. P., who sees a popish plot

in every thing, can answer the query if he likes.

Some miniature copies of the Bible—indeed, according to the publishers, the Oxford University Press, the smallest that have ever yet been issued—have just been put into circulation here. Though each of them measures only four and one-half by three and three-quarters by one-half inches, and weighs, when bound in limp morocco-leather, something under three and one-half ounces, the type is quite clear, and readable to ordinary eyes. They are printed on very thin India paper, and altogether are quite curiosities in their way, as Caxton would admit if he could only see them, for not even he, I'm sure, could have foreseen that the art of printing would be brought to such perfection.

I have just had the misfortune to witness the most vulgar dramatic performance I ever saw on the English or any other stage. A few evenings ago there was produced at the little Charing Cross Theatre a very weak and coarse adaptation of a very weak and stupid French *opéra bouffe*. It is called "Dagobert," and the music (which is second rate all through) is by Hervé. The librettist of the English version is a Mr. Richard Sellman—a gentleman who ought to go at once and hide his head under a bushel or any thing else that may happen to be handy. The puns are bad, the jokes are bad, the whole book is bad. As for the plot, that is ludicrous enough in all conscience. Mr. Sellman himself shall tell it:

"On the day the opera commences Dagobert is about to be married to the Princess Fleur d'Amour, daughter of the all-powerful monarch of Trisalgarbar. He is preparing for her reception, when arrives upon the scene, much to his discomfiture, Mlle. Cunégonde, a country lass, who holds his pledge to make her Queen of France, and to whom he had promised to consecrate this day, the anniversary of the feast of Bacchus—a feast famous in the days of Dagobert. She, finding his wedding-dress, begins to suspect the state of affairs, and, determining to foil him, makes a parcel of his wedding-suit, and takes it away with her, leaving in its place the costume of a Bacchante. The arrival of the princess and suite being announced, he is forced to receive her in his dressing-gown. They are all greatly disgusted at such a proceeding, but at his request the bridal party accord him four minutes to complete his toilet. The king locks them into an inner apartment, when once more arrives upon the scene Mlle. Cunégonde, who, discovering the truth of the king's marriage, vows vengeance as the marriage party are starting for the ceremony. The second act shows the progress of Cunégonde's vengeance. She keeps the king in a continual state of hot water, makes him her prisoner, and prohibits him from rejoining his bride until such should be her (Cunégonde's) good will and pleasure. He escapes, and is pursued by the vindictive country lass, but he refuses to submit to her tyranny any further, when she, goaded to frenzy, calls the guard, and hands the king into custody. He protests, but is so disguised that not even his own soldiers can recognize him. The captain of the guard arrests not only the king, but Cunégonde and her companions, so as to make certain of the right party. In act three we see the king in prison. The princess and her mother also soon arrive, having been arrested at the feast of Bacchus, where they went in search of the truant husband king, they also being disguised. An old lover of the princess—Diamond Eye—disguised as a cantineer of the period, effects an entrance into the prison, for the purpose of se-

curing the escape of the princess, when he is discovered by the king, who calls on the guard, and proves himself to be King of France. They all crave his pardon, which he grants, and all ends happily."

But it is neither the plot nor the words to which I take exception; one always expects to find both of these, in pieces of the kind, in a great measure pointless and absurd. What I object to—and what, I am glad to say, others objected to—was the stage business. This, in some parts of the piece, was indelicate in the extreme. She who may be safely described as the most impudent actress in this great metropolis, Miss Pattie Laverne, was perhaps "broader" than ever, while as for Mr. Odell, who is a weak imitation of Mr. Terry, of the Strand, and who played *Diamond Eye*, he was simply disgusting. The scene in which he is divested of every thing save an imaginary chemise, was too much even for an audience which was mainly composed of fashionable young bloods about town. They hissed vociferously, and at that point your humble servant, I am bound to say, left. Of course the lord-chamberlain was not present. Probably Mr. W. R. Field, the manager, knew he was "rusticating." This last-named gentleman would seem to be doing his best to bring the stage into fresh disrepute, which is really too bad, to say the least, after all the fine talk there has been about the regeneracy of the legitimate drama.

Mr. John P. Clarke is now appearing at the Haymarket nightly in those well-worn characters *Dr. Pangloss* and *Major Wellington de Boots*. Among others, Miss Linda Dietz supports him. He draws here as much as ever. London must surely be his El Dorado.

"Mr. W. H. Wills is writing a new play"—so runs one of our literary announcements. But, after all, this can scarcely be called news, for the same might safely be said of every other living dramatist. Mr. H. J. Byron, for instance, is at present writing *two* new plays; and—what is more—he has them "placed." By-the-way, here is another anecdote of this most popular of dramatists: Years ago he was lessee of a Liverpool theatre. At the time to him came a friend, who, on his shaking hands with him, and inquiring how he felt, replied that he had just taken some spirituous compound, which did not agree with him. "Cheer up, old boy!" exclaimed Mr. Byron, patting him on the back; "I'm worse off than you. I've taken the Theatre Royal, and that doesn't agree with me!"

WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

AN ARTIFICIAL AURORA.

IT is probable that, of all the familiar celestial phenomena, there is none which more attracts and interests the observer than that of the aurora borealis. While much of this interest is doubtless due to the peculiarly striking and beautiful character of the phenomenon itself, a certain degree must be credited to the mystery which surrounds it. Even at the present day, when, by the labors of astronomer and physicist, the causes of nearly all other celestial phenomena have been made plain, the problem suggested by the aurora still remains unsolved—at least, students are of various minds regarding its proper solution; and, if the true answer has yet been given, it still requires a complete verification.

In a recent note we announced that an eminent authority had suggested, as a probable cause, the illumination, by refraction, of suspended dust-particles, which, retained in the atmosphere, received and reflected light that would otherwise be invisible to those on the earth's surface.

It is our present purpose to make plain, by the aid of a simple illustration, the theory that electric currents, passing through the atmosphere at the polar regions, are the true source of illumination. The apparatus was one of the attractive objects at the late Geographical Exhibition at Paris, and was daily put in operation by M. Mohn, director of the meteorological service of Sweden.

A is an electrical machine, the negative pole being connected with a copper sphere, B, and the positive with the earth. This sphere B stands for the earth, while the remaining portions of the apparatus may be described as follows:

The base or stand is formed of two non-

conducting cross-pieces, S, S, and R, R. In the present instance these are of ebonite. B also rests on a column of similar material, and is as much isolated as the earth in space. At the points *h* on the frame two non-conducting rods project, which are connected by a curved bar extending from *g* to *k*. Upon this bar are fastened a series of Gassler-tubes, *a*, *a*, *a*, with copper ends above and below; all these ends above are united at *o* with a wire which leads to the earth. The copper points from the lower ends of the tubes extend but a short distance toward the sphere B.

As thus constructed B represents the earth. The space between B and the lower ends of the tubes *a* is the non-illuminated atmosphere, while the tubes themselves are in the place occupied by the aurora. To reproduce the desired phenomena the electrical machine is charged; the current, then passing to the sphere B, leaps from it to the projecting

THE CLINICAL THERMOSCOPE.

The importance of determining the temperature of the body in cases of suspected disorder has been so clearly established that already the literature on this subject is extended and various, and the physician of the present day holds the thermometer in as high esteem as did the old practitioner his lancet and cupping-glass. "Bodily temperature," writes Dr. Seguin, in his "Manual of Thermometry," "is the true and visible index either of steady health, of sickly tendencies, of impending or actual sickness, of imminent danger, or of unavoidable dissolution. The other vital signs are precious—temperature alone is indispensable." Before describing the little instrument before us, a few general facts pertaining to the subject may be of interest and possible value. The normal temperature of health, or *norme*, is 98.6° Fahr., and the maintenance of this temperature under varying conditions is a proof of sound health. The range of temperature in severe diseases is between 95° and 108.5°

Fahr. Influences which in no way disturb the temperature of the healthy, derange that of the sick; hence the discovery of abnormal temperatures in men previously healthy is a means of determining or confirming the existence of latent disease.

Alterations of temperature may be confined to special regions, while the rest of the body remains almost normal.

Temperatures much below 96.8° Fahr. are "collapse" temperatures, while those at or above 100.4° Fahr. are febrile or fever temperatures. The general method of taking the temperature is to insert the bulb of the thermometer beneath the fold of the muscle under the arm—that is, in the armpit, or axilla. The arm on that side is to be carried across the chest, and thus held so that the bulb may be inclosed in the muscles for eight or ten minutes.

From the authority above quoted ("Medical Thermometry," C. A. Wunderlich), we obtain certain additional facts of interest: As yet the influence of sex in temperature has not been determined, nor that of race, though Livingstone found that the temperature of the natives of South Africa was 2° Fahr. less than our own. A difference of occupation or habits of life seems to have no direct influence on the normal temperature. There is a slight oscillation even in healthy persons according to the time of day. Mental exertion raises the temperature from 2.5° to 5°.

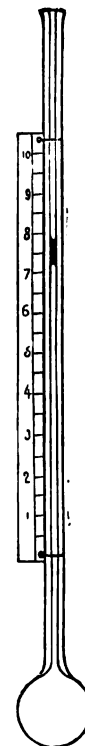
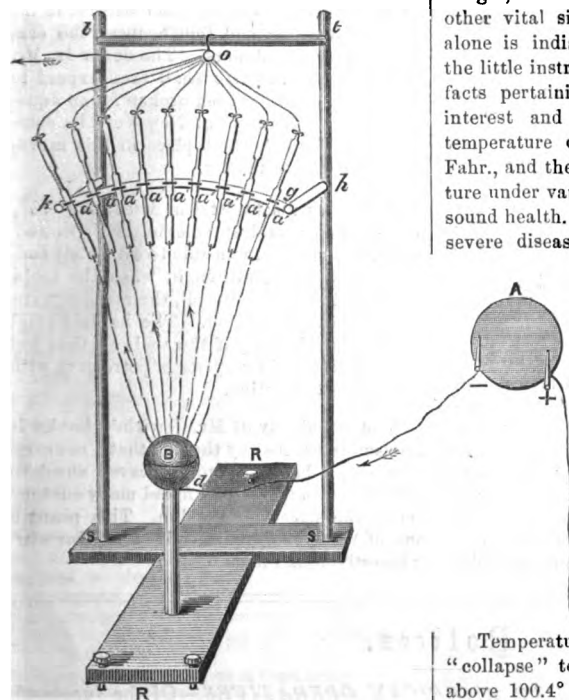
Having thus demonstrated the importance of watching these thermometric changes, we would direct the attention of mothers, particularly, to a simple appliance contrived by Dr. Seguin, and named by him the clinical thermoscope. "Let mothers learn to regard disease as a natural phenomenon," said Dr. Seguin, in a recent conversation, "and observe accordingly, and the labors of the physician can be directed with far greater certainty and promise of success." It was that this practice of intelligent observation might be fostered and rendered serviceable that this instrument was contrived, and already it has been freely distributed by Dr. Seguin among the mothers to whom he renders service in the treatment of their children.

As seen by the illustration, the clinical thermoscope is a glass tube, a quarter of a line bore, seven inches long, closed at one end by a bulb, and open at the other end. In this state it contains nothing but air.

To make the thermoscope ready for clinical use, its bulb is heated over a lump of fire, or in a bowl of "hot water," and when the air contained in the bulb is dilated a few degrees above the ambient temperature, the open end is quickly plunged in—an inch deep—and at once withdrawn from another bowl of "cold water." The drop or two, which will have then entered the mouth, is seen to run up the tube. If it stops near the bulb, it will be the "index" of the thermoscope. If it stops sooner, say two or three inches from the mouth, or if it runs into the bulb, the latter was too cold or too hot; we have to jerk away that drop of water and recommence; three or four trials to obtain a good "water-index" take hardly a minute.

The point at which the instrument is applied is the palm of the hand. By the aid of the movable scale the standard of comparison can be established. In the extended description of the instrument given by Dr. Seguin, the mother is furnished with full directions as to its use and the nature of the observations to be made. We have accomplished our desired object in directing attention to the subject, and this we do with all the emphasis in our power—never doubting that a careful regard of the claims of the thermometer or thermoscope, and a knowledge of its use, may aid the mother in saving the life of the child over whose cradle she is called to watch and wait.

The chronicler of scientific progress cannot fail to acknowledge his indebtedness to the British Association. In the addresses of the presiding officer and the several presidents of "sections" are to be found, in a condensed



Dr. E. Seguin's Thermoscope.
Diagram—Half-size.

conducting cross-pieces, S, S, and R, R. In the present instance these are of ebonite. B also rests on a column of similar material, and is as much isolated as the earth in space. At the points *h* on the frame two non-conducting rods project, which are connected by a curved bar extending from *g* to *k*. Upon this bar are fastened a series of Gassler-tubes, *a*, *a*, *a*, with copper ends above and below; all these ends above are united at *o* with a wire which leads to the earth. The copper points from the lower ends of the tubes extend but a short distance toward the sphere B.

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and serviceable form, all the news of the year; and the full record of these yearly meetings constitutes an "annual cyclopedia of scientific discovery." So highly valued are these records, and so general is the public interest in them, that the greater portions of the two leading weekly scientific journals of England now before us are devoted to the inaugural address of the president, Sir John Hawkshaw. Our readers have not forgotten the address of Professor Tyndall and the subsequent discussion it called forth. It is possible that President Hawkshaw was mindful of the mistake made by his predecessor in venturing "beyond the boundaries of experimental research," and so determined to weigh well his words and say nothing that he could not prove. Be the motive what it may, there could certainly be hardly a greater contrast than that existing between these two addresses. Being an engineer, the theme chosen was that on which he was best informed. "Past presidents," says the speaker, "have already discoursed on many subjects, on things organic and inorganic, on the mind, and on things perhaps beyond the reach of mind; and I have arrived at the conclusion that humbler themes will not be out of place on this occasion." Having thus prepared his audience for an unambitious effort, Sir John proceeds at once to justify his promises. The address is, in fact, a simple historical review of the progress of engineering and mechanical science. There is material enough in it for a score of lectures on the "Lost Arts," and its careful perusal will well repay the general reader, though those to whom it was specially directed must have waited in vain for special instruction on disputed points.

Among the interesting facts mentioned in Sir John Hawkshaw's address, we select the following: The art of casting bronze over iron was known to the Assyrians, though it has but lately been introduced into modern metallurgy. An inventor in the reign of Tiberius devised a method for producing flexible glass, but the manufactory of the artist was totally destroyed in order to protect the interest of the gold, copper, and silver smiths. The Pyramids of Ghizeh contain many enormous blocks of granite from thirty to forty feet long, and weighing more than three hundred tons. The Peruvians used blocks weighing from fifteen to twenty tons, and fitted them with the greatest nicety in their cleverly-designed fortifications. In the Temple of the Sun, at Orissa, stones weighing from twenty to thirty tons form part of the pyramidal roof at a height of from seventy to eighty feet. The terrace-wall of one of the temples of Baalbec, erected under Roman rule, is composed of three courses of stones, none of which are less than thirty feet long; and one stone lies in the quarry, squared and ready for transport, which is seventy feet long and fourteen feet square, and weighs over one thousand tons. It is not unreasonable to believe that the Egyptians had a knowledge of steel, and there are early paintings on the walls of the tombs at Thebes where butchers are represented as sharpening their knives on pieces of metal colored blue, which were most probably pieces of steel. We might continue throughout our allotted space in the presentation of similar facts, which the writer has evidently obtained after wide and careful reading. But, though facts are always convenient to have on hand, we must be content to refrain at present, though in a subsequent return to the subject we may follow the learned author into more recent and hence more fresh fields of research.

THE *Boston Journal of Chemistry*, writing of natural ice-houses, describes the ice-cavern near the village of Sezelitze, Upper Hungary, as follows: "The entrance of the cavern, which faces the north, is one hundred and eight feet high and forty-eight feet broad, consequently ample enough to receive a large supply of the external air, which here generally blows with great violence. Subterraneous passages stretch away from it southward to a greater distance than has yet been penetrated. In the midst of winter the air in this cavern is warm, but in summer, when the heat of the sun without is scarcely supportable, the cold within is not only very piercing, but so intense that the roof is covered with icicles of great size, which, spreading into ramifications, form very grotesque figures. When the snow outside melts in spring, the roof of this cave emits a pellucid water, which immediately congeals as it drops. This forms the icicles mentioned, and the water that drops from them on the sandy floor freezes in an instant. It is even observed that the greater the heat is without, the more severe the cold is within; so that in the dog-days all parts of this cavern are covered with ice, which the inhabitants of Sezelitze use for cooling their liquors. The quantity of ice thus formed is sometimes so great that it has been estimated at six hundred wagon-loads in a week. In autumn, when the heat of the day begins to abate and the nights grow cold, the ice begins to dissolve, and is quite cleared away by Christmas." In France and Russia other instances of similar caves are to be found, and, though an apparent mystery, this strange phenomenon may be satisfactorily explained. The cause of the cold is the same as that at work in all ice-machines, viz., rapid evaporation. The air of the caverns is very moist, and, so soon as the heat of the sun dries the air without, evaporation takes place through the openings of the cave, and the inclosed air, being thus rapidly deprived of its moisture, becomes cold, and finally the freezing-point is reached. Where the opening is too large, the warm air from without enters and retards the cooling; and where the vents are too small, the vapors cannot escape with sufficient rapidity to accomplish the result of cold. Thus, it is evident that, while the causes of the phenomenon are plain,

yet the conditions under which these causes act are rare; hence it is that ice-caves are few in number.

THE wisdom of the ancients, which rendered it difficult for even Solomon to conceive of any thing new under the sun, is likely to prove a stumbling-block to all inventors of "life-saving suits." A correspondent of the *London Times* writes on the subject as follows: "Among the Nineveh marbles in the British Museum there is a *baso-relievo* showing the manner in which the Ninevites crossed the water. An inflated bag, probably made of the skin of an animal, is strapped round the body immediately above the hips, and on this bag the man supports himself, while he propels himself with his hands. At the other end of the bag, which extends to his chin, there is a mouth-piece for inflation."

THE grand yearly Exhibition of Native Industry at Cincinnati has already become of national importance and interest, and the efforts toward the establishment of a zoological garden are receiving the support of many rich citizens. The latest information is that the Cincinnati Society of Natural History has received, in the form of an actual and free bequest, the sum of fifty thousand dollars. The donor is Mr. Charles Rodman. We shall soon expect to hear that ground has been broken for an aquarium, and then will we of New York be compelled to yield the first place in this movement to our inland sister.

A FRENCH machinist has discovered that, by keeping his turning-tools constantly wetted with petroleum, he was able to cut metals and alloys with them, although, when the tools were used without the oil, their edges were soon turned and dulled. The hardest steel can be turned easily if the tools be thus wet with a mixture of two parts of petroleum with one part of turpentine.

THE popularity of Mr. Darwin's books in England is attested by the fact that a countryman with a basket of round-leaved sundews (*Drosera rotundifolia*) has found many customers in the streets of London. This plant is one of those recently described in Darwin's "Insectivorous Plants."

Notices.

THE PAY-ROLL TO GO TO AMERICAN OPERATIVES.—Of the successful concerns in the State of New Jersey we may mention the pen-factory of R. Esterbrook & Co., with factory at Camden, and warehouse 26 John Street, New York.

Gillott for years had almost the monopoly of the steel-pen business, but the Esterbrooks have so persistently pushed the business, so successfully have they competed with Birmingham, that within a few months we understand that orders from the leading houses were on the books of the company, taking turn in the product of a factory of 250 hands. The Messrs. Esterbrook have brought a liberal and off-hand policy into their business, and the result is that when their monthly accounts are made out they include the leading stationers and dealers in pens in all the States of the Union, and of the Territories too. The Esterbrooks have as great a variety of pens as there are tints in an autumn foliage.

Thus year by year we become more independent of the foreign labor market. With the deepening of the English coal-beds the cost of coal will increase in England and the natural tariff presented by our vast coal area, and our improved and improving machinery, must develop more and more our ability to make our pencils, our pens, and it is to be hoped our silks and our broadcloth. American money to go into the hands of American operatives is our ambition, and daily we are, in one branch or another of industry, seeing our ambition gratified.—*New Jersey Journal (Elizabeth)*, August 18, 1875.

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 2, 1875.

[VOL. XIV.

"THE LAND OF THE SKY;"

OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.



CHAPTER IV.

"A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumb'rous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land. Far off three mountain-tops
Stood sunset-flushed."

"**A** LICE," says Sylvia, as she stands before the mirror arranging her hat, "I shall ride with Mr. Dupont this afternoon."

"Very well," I answer, indifferently, being engaged just then in fitting on my gloves and gazing out of the window. "There seem to be a great many people here," I remark, "and such a number of ox-carts!"

"And I want you to go with Charley," she proceeds.

"Indeed!" I say, roused to interest by this. "How kind of you to think of me! But there is one slight objection to my going with Charley—he has not asked me to do so."

"But you can ask him to go with you," she says, persuasively. "You can take him in the phaeton, and make Eric go on horse-back with Adèle."

"If he and Eric were puppets, and if I had any desire for Charley's society, I might—perhaps. As it is, such a thing is impossible. Why do you suggest it?"

"Because I don't want Adèle to have the pleasure of flirting with him," is the candid reply. "She is a dreadful flirt, and has a particular knack of making fools of men. Of course, I am not afraid of her making a fool of Charley in any *serious* manner, but still I should like her to be disappointed—and you know she could do nothing with Eric."

"I know that I have occasionally heard of such a thing as Satan reproving sin. If you want Charley looked after, why don't you do it yourself?"

"How can I, with Mr. Dupont on my hands?"

"Turn Mr. Dupont over to me. I will take charge of him."

I make this suggestion in a spirit of malice which Sylvia understands. She takes up her gloves as she quietly replies:

"Mr. Dupont asked me if I would not ride with him. It is impossible, therefore, for me to turn him over to any one else."

"I am afraid Charley will become a hopeless victim to Miss Dupont's fascinations, then," I say, coolly.

Events verify this prediction. When we go down-stairs, we find the horses standing before the door, and Charley in the act of assisting Miss Dupont to her saddle. This feat is accomplished very well on both sides. The lady puts one dain-

ty foot—all creole women have pretty feet—into the gentleman's hand, he lifts her, she springs, and presto! the thing is done. Mr. Kenyon swings himself into his own saddle as quickly, then turns and waves his hand to us—

"She is won! we are off, over bush, bank, and scur—

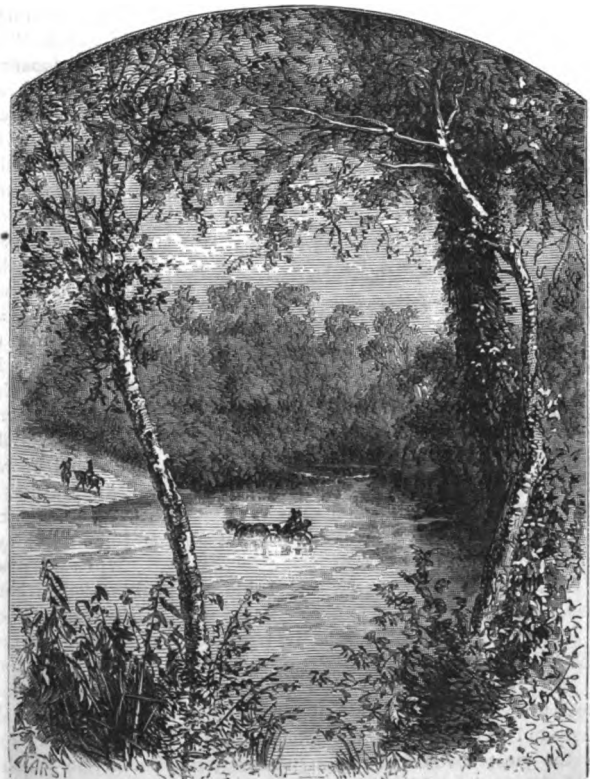
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,"

he says, as they ride away.

"Their steeds were not particularly fleet the last time they rode, were they, Mr. Dupont?" says Sylvia, looking after them. "Adèle, you know, said her horse wouldn't go; but he seems to go now very well. I hope they will miss the road for their hypocrisy!"

"Charley has probably taken care to make inquiries," says Eric, handing me into the small phaeton.

Few rivers have been more praised and



THE SWANNANOA.

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

rhymed than the Swannanoa, toward which we take our way. To those who have not penetrated far into the mountains, and seen wilder and lovelier streams, it is certainly a thing of beauty. The stream itself is clear as crystal, and flows with glancing swiftness between its vine-draped banks, while it is scarcely possible to imagine a more charming picture of fertility than the valley presents. We follow the river for several miles—every turn opening fresh scenes of loveliness—and finally pause at a ford where Sylvia and Mr. Dupont ride into the stream. Lances of sunlight dart through the lace-work of shade, touch the sparkling current, and dapple the glossy coats of the horses. The rippling river makes a background in long perspective for the two riders, and on the opposite side the road leads up between high, picturesque banks.

"Is not this delightful?" cries Sylvia. "One might expect to see Diana and all her nymphs. Instead, I see an ox-cart coming in one direction, and two horsemen in another."

The ox-cart is lumbering directly down upon the phaeton in which I am seated, so I cry out to Eric for rescue. He comes and



OX-CART.

drives into the river just as the two horsemen ride down between the sloping, shade-arched banks.

At this double invasion of the ford, Sylvia and her escort turn their horses to ride out, and in doing so face the last-comers. One of them stops and lifts his hat.

"Miss Norwood!" he cries. "What an unexpected pleasure!"

Sylvia checks her horse, and holds out her hand with a laugh.

"Is it possible this is you, Mr. Lanier?" she says.

Eric and I glance at each other. We both think of Charley. Of all Sylvia's suitors—and she has not a few—Ralph Lanier is the most devoted, the most persevering, and the most wealthy. Consequently, he is the one whom all her friends and acquaint-

ances have long since decided to be destined by Providence for her.

Mr. Lanier is plainly delighted at the encounter. "To think that I should meet you here!" he says, rapturously. "My uncle has a country-seat near Flat Rock, and I have been spending a week or two with him. We only came to Asheville this morning, and I was thinking of leaving the mountains to-morrow."

"Leaving!—so early in the season?" says Sylvia. "What a strange idea!"

"I find this country very dull," says Mr. Lanier, shrugging his shoulders. "I am no great admirer of Nature. I prefer civilization and society. I was thinking of going to the White Sulphur and Saratoga, and hoped very much to meet you."

"You would have been disappointed," she says, coolly. "I have become an Arcadian, and abjured all resorts of that kind. We are just beginning an extensive tour through this country which bores you so much.—By-the-by, here are Alice and Eric—and let me present Mr. Dupont."

Hands are shaken and proper speeches made—the Swannanoa, the while, rippling gently round us, the sunbeams slanting, the vines drooping, the setting of the whole scene idyllic enough for a pastoral poem. We learn that Mr. Lanier is accompanying his uncle to pay a visit to a friend who lives near by.

"Nonsense!" says Eric. "A man does not come to Arcadia to pay or receive visits. We are going to McDowell's Hill for the sunset. You had better come with us."

"Probably Mr. Lanier is no admirer of sunsets," says Sylvia, with a slight touch of scorn in her tone.

Mr. Lanier is quick enough to hear this. "On the contrary, I admire them exceedingly," he says. "If my uncle will excuse me, I will accompany you with pleasure."

The uncle readily excuses him, so he turns his horse and rides by Sylvia's side up the road down which he came. As Eric and I follow, we exchange a few remarks about the pleasure in store for Charley.

"Poor fellow!" I say. "An evil fate seems to war against him. I could not help hoping that on this expedition he might have a fair field for once; yet see!—first Mr. Dupont appeared, and now Ralph Lanier, his most formidable rival."

"Charley is his own worst rival," says Eric, touching the horse sharply. "If Sylvia ends by marrying somebody else, it will be his fault, and I shall not pity him. A man should be ready to fight for every thing—fortune, fame, and the woman he loves. There are other kingdoms than that of heaven to be taken by violence."

When we reach McDowell's Hill we find all the equestrians assembled, Sylvia attended by her two cavaliers, Charley standing with an air of great nonchalance by Adèle's horse. Only the very best actors do not overact a part, however, and there is a trifle too much nonchalance in this young gentleman's bearing for perfect unconcern. The manner in which his hat is pushed back as he looks up into Adèle's eyes is significant of irritated defiance. As soon as we draw

up, he turns abruptly and comes to the side of the phaeton.

"Where did you pick up that fellow?" he asks.

"He is a fish caught in the Swannanoa," says Eric. "I think you may find him a kindred spirit: he is nearly as fond of Nature, and of the exertion which a liking of that kind entails, as you are."

"I should not judge so from his appearance," says Charley, with a sneer.

Now, it must be stated that there is nothing in Mr. Lanier's appearance to draw forth a sneer. He is dressed as men in cities dress, but that is, to say the least, not a heinous crime, and he would be called by most people a very handsome man. Charley is not handsome, though his frank, pleasant face is infinitely more agreeable than Ralph Lanier's well-cut features. His blue eyes look into mine with an odd kind of appeal, and I say hurriedly, "Don't be disconsolate, Charley—he talks of going to-morrow!" Then Eric claims my attention for the view.

It is certainly fine, though not so extensive as that from Beaucatcher. At our feet the hill shelves down abruptly, and two hundred feet below lies a green expanse—the valleys of the French Broad and Swannanoa at their junction. Here the Swannanoa, making a graceful curve on the verdant plain, empties its waters into the channel of the beautiful stream which has come from the far heights of the Balsam to seek it. It is only possible to mark the winding course of its current by the trees that fringe its banks, but the French Broad spreads out in full view—its splendid "breast of waters" shining in the glow of sunset. Bounding the cultivated valley, green hills roll softly up, while beyond stretches the blue-waving mountain-line, with the majestic outlines of Pisgah and the Cold Mountain overtopping their lower brethren. Far and faint in the west the trending heights that overlook Tennessee stand, their violet crests outlined against a bed of glory into which the sun is sinking with great pomp.

This portion of the view is like that which Beaucatcher commands, but turning northward we have a prospect which no other point near Asheville possesses. There, dark and massive, rise the great peaks of Craggy, and the stately pinnacle of the Black. As usual, these mountains are cloud-topped, and even at this distance—eighteen or twenty miles—wear the deep shade of color which has given a name to the range. Spurs running down from them form a chain of hills around the entire northeastern horizon, and at their base lies Asheville, scattered over its picturesque slopes.

"I am converted," says Mr. Lanier, breaking the silence. "The country which contains such views as this is worth seeing.—Miss Norwood, will you accept a recruit for your party?"

"I must refer you to Eric," says Sylvia. "I am not the leader of the party, nor qualified to judge of your fitness for the service. I am afraid, however, that, if you like society and civilization, you will be disgusted with the wilds to which we are going."

"But we shall take the best of society

and civilization with us," he remarks, gallantly.

"We'll show you at least what a mountain-view is before we get back," says Charley. "Only hopeless ignorance could excuse anybody for thinking this worth any special admiration."

There is a chorus of indignant dissent, in which only Sylvia fails to join. She says, quietly: "We are both hopelessly ignorant then, Mr. Lanier, for I think this the most beautiful view I have seen in the mountains."

"You have not yet seen any thing at all," says Charley. "Beaucatcher in itself is very little, but it is finer than this, which proves that your taste needs cultivation. Mr. Lanier, no doubt, will be able to assist you in cultivating it."

What reply the young lady makes is not audible to the rest of the party, but there is a flash in her eye and a flush on her cheek that do not bode well for Master Charley.

After this hostilities are suspended while we watch the sun go down behind the last chain of western heights. For several minutes after his disk has disappeared, the mountains behind which he sank are transformed into dazzling, translucent gold. The effect is indescribable.

"They cannot be mountains; they *must* be clouds," some one says; but they are mountains, though they lie like clouds on the distant horizon.

Meanwhile a haze of luminous color spreads over the blue chain encircling the southern sky, and the wide breast of the French Broad is painted by the magical splendor.

It is so beautiful that we linger until the fires of sunset have nearly burned out, and Venus is shining in serene state. Then we return to Asheville by a road which leads through woods full of dusk shadows and sweet odors. Arching shade droops over us; the air is inexpressibly fresh and pure; we cross a bridge with the ripple of flowing water underneath; every sound seems "but an echo of tranquillity" in the soft hush of the summer twilight.

When we reach the hotel we find Aunt Markham on the piazza. The carriages and horses have arrived, she tells us, and have made the trip very well.

"John" (the coachman) "assures me that the road over Hickory-Nut Gap is excellent," she says. "We will certainly return that way."

Rupert makes the same report.

"I saw no bad road at all," he says. "We crossed the Gap and came on to Asheville to-day easily."

Eric and Charley go to look after John and the horses, while Mr. Lanier expresses again an intention of joining our party.

"The only way to travel through such a country as this is in the manner you propose," he says. "I can easily obtain a horse from my uncle if I may be allowed to join you."

"We shall be happy to have you do so," says Aunt Markham, graciously.

She glances at Sylvia, and I know as well what she is thinking as if her thoughts were

expressed in words. As I turn and go upstairs, I think again, "Poor Charley!"

Two hours later the moon is rising, when we leave the hotel and take our way to an elevated point in the western part of the town known as "Battery Porter." We are advised against visiting this at night, and warned of fences to be climbed and terrible dogs to be braved, but such trifles do not weigh with tourists in search of a view.

Aunt Markham declines to accompany us, but Rupert volunteers to do so. To raise our spirits he draws from his pocket, and opens, an enormous knife.

"I could cut a dog's throat with that," he says.

I am amused at the order into which the procession falls. Miss Dupont slips her hand with an air of proprietorship into Charley's arm.

"You'll take care of me, I'm sure," she says, in a tone of confident trust.

"I'll defy all the dogs in Asheville, if need be," he answers—but I see him glance at Sylvia.

This young lady has in some intangible manner made it understood that she prefers Mr. Lanier's attendance, therefore I find Mr. Dupont at my side. He is courteous and attentive, but a little melancholy. No doubt it is trying to be coolly laid on the shelf when a new admirer appears on the scene. An Anglo-Saxon man under such circumstances sulks, or else (like Charley) diverts his mind by flirting with some one else. This young creole is merely pensive, and we stroll along, talking of music—of Schumann, and Wagner, and Thomas's orchestra—while Sylvia's gay laugh floats back to us, and Eric and Rupert discuss the horses and the roads behind.

Before attempting the dangers of the narrow road which leads to Battery Porter we decide to wait until the moon rises sufficiently to show us the enemy's movements. We pause, therefore, in a street bounded on one side by a low stone-wall, beyond which is a sloping field, and on the other by a row of houses set on the side of a hill, which rises in the rear to the elevation we desire to ascend. Here, on the stone-wall, we sit down in a row and watch the moon rise.

It is very beautiful. There is an alabaster glow all over the eastern sky, against which the trees on the distant hill-tops stand distinctly defined, and the great cross on Beaucatcher is thrown into relief by the broad, yellow shield of the moon herself. The circle of mountains all around the horizon are bathed in radiance, while Asheville—which we partly overlook—still lies in shadow. Lights gleam here and there from the houses, foliage is darkly massed in every direction, overhead the stars shine in the dark-blue sky with a brilliance which almost seems to equal the advancing moonlight. From the field below us rises a dewy odor of sweet, fresh grass.

"Come out and hear the waters shoot, the owl hoot, the owl hoot;
Yon crescent moon—a golden boat—hangs dim behind the tree, O!
The dropping thorn makes white the grass, O sweetest lass and sweetest lass,
Come out and smell the ricks of hay adown the croft with me, O!"

It is Ralph Lanier who repeats this as he stands by Sylvia, and we think the application, despite a few trifling inaccuracies, very good. The "sweetest lass" looks up with her brightest smile. "How charming!" she says. "What a picture those four lines paint!"

"Not any prettier picture than this," says Rupert. He is standing erect on the wall, despite a suggestion from Charley that people may fancy the Cardiff giant has arrived in their midst.

"Or perhaps they will think that some imprudent person has found and opened one of King Solomon's bottles," says Sylvia. "Rupert always reminds me of those remarkable genii in the 'Arabian Nights.' He is so very long in proportion to his width—just as if he had shot up out of a bottle suddenly—and he can double himself into such a small compass, that I think he could go back again, if necessary."

"I'm slim—that's the reason I look so tall," says Rupert. "But I shouldn't think any thing in the way of height could astonish people here, after some of the men I've seen. There! now she's over the trees!" (This remark applies to the moon.) "Let us go on to Battery Porter.—Brother Eric, hadn't we better open our knives?"

These weapons prove unnecessary. The dogs rush out and bark at us, making night hideous with their uproar, but, deterred probably by the imposing appearance of our phalanx, they make no attack. We pass the point of danger, and reach the open summit of the hill in safety.

Then what a picture is spread around us! North, south, east, and west, the eye sweeps over an apparently limitless prospect, bounded only by far, faint mountain-lines, and bathed in a flood of enchantment. It is not night, but sublimated day—white, lustrous, magical, and so still that we hear the refrain which the French Broad is chanting as it takes its way between the hills that overshadow it.

"How distinctly one hears that river!" says Lanier. "It can't be far away."

"Not more than half a mile, I suppose," answers Victor Dupont.

"How beautiful it must be in this light!" cries Sylvia, addressing the company. "Let us go down there. It will be better than staying here."

"And returning to the hotel better than either," says Charley.

"Then do you return," she says. "But I don't think one can possibly have too much of this divine beauty. All who are in favor of adjourning to the French Broad please hold up their hands."

Three pairs of hands are immediately lifted—to wit, Mr. Dupont's, Mr. Lanier's, and Rupert's. "I shall be well protected, at any rate," says Sylvia, coolly. "Will nobody else come?"

"I've no doubt everybody else will come," says Mr. Lanier. "How can they resist such an invitation?—Miss Dupont, you don't really mean to stay behind?"

No, Adèle does not mean to stay behind. The French Broad by moonlight is too tempting for her powers of resistance, even though the reluctance of her attendant is patent to the dullest observation.

Carried away by the contagion of example, and feeling, in a measure, bound to look after the others, Eric and I bring up the rear, and so we stroll, in straggling procession, down the winding, moonlit road, toward the French Broad.

The least romantic of us feel repaid for our walk when we stand, at length, on the bridge, and see the river flowing underneath, all silver light and dark shadows. This bridge seems to mark the boundary of the change which awaits the stream. Up to this point it is swift but placid, impetuous yet not tumultuous, and flows through the loveliest of fertile valleys—first in Transylvania, then in Buncombe. Looking up the stream we see, lying white in the moonlight, the broad fields of the last; but, turning our gaze down the current, a very different picture greets us. Sheer and bold rise the hills among which the river enters here, and which it will not leave again until it has cut its stormy way through to Tennessee.

"It seems to invite us to follow it," says Sylvia, watching the sweeping current. "Listen! does it not say 'Come and follow me?' Why should we not do so?"

"Why not?" says Charley. "Yonder is a canoe. Let us embark and attempt the through navigation of the French Broad."

"We can at least get into the canoe and take a row," says Adèle. "What is the good of water if one cannot go on it?"

"A row!—a pole, you mean," says Charley. "That is a mere dug-out, with half a foot of water in the bottom."

"I know all about poling," says Rupert, cheerfully. "I'll take you, Miss Dupont."

But Miss Dupont thinks of her pretty boots, her dainty skirts, and declines. "Dug-outs are muddy things," she says. "Now, at the Warm Springs there are excellent boats."

"The Warm Springs!" says Sylvia. "That is what I mean—that is where the river is inviting us. Why should we not go there at once?"

"There is no reason why we should not— if you like," says Eric.

"O mademoiselle," says Victor, reproachfully, "how can you be so cruel? You promised that you would join our party. And now to talk of turning in the opposite direction—"

"I don't think I promised, Mr. Dupont," says the young lady, calmly. "I had no right to promise for the rest, you know. Of course, we can't decide anything without Aunt Markham's consent; but I am inclined to think that this might be the best time to go down to the Warm Springs. A little gayety, now and then, is relished by the wisest men—and women. Asheville is not very gay."

"But Nature!" says the young man, rather agast. "I thought you were so enthusiastic. I thought gayety would only annoy you!"

"Not at all," says Sylvia. "On the contrary, I like it—taken with Nature. And then this magnificent river! I must see it before I go anywhere else. I shall propose the Warm Springs to Aunt Markham, to-morrow. Meanwhile, I am going to get into the canoe, despite the half a foot of water, and whoever likes may come and pole me."

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MEDICINABLE GRIEF.

JOANNA had no very clear recollection of any thing that occurred after this; she saw and heard as in a confused dream. She was vaguely conscious that everybody gathered around old Mrs. Stargold, to hear her repeat, at Miss Ruffner's artful suggestion, the *true* story about the burglars; but Mrs. Basil's anxiety to have Arthur's prowess recognized, and Miss Ruffner's determination that he should be ignored as far as possible, were lost upon her, utterly guileless as she was. She sat dejected in her corner, wishing, wearily, that the end were come, when suddenly Mrs. Basil called her.

Mrs. Ruffner was responsible for bringing her thus prominently into notice. "La!" said that good-natured busybody, plucking at Mrs. Basil's sleeve, "do you know, now, I wouldn't pin that child into a corner so!"

"I do not 'pin her into a corner,'" said Mrs. Basil, reddening. "She is naturally retiring—" But as she was about then to call Joanna, Mrs. Ruffner checked her.

"Let me ask you," said she, mysteriously, "do you know for what sum that Miss Basil of yours has insured her life?"

Mrs. Basil stared; she could not help it, she was so astonished. "No, I do not," she said.

"Very likely you didn't know even that she has insured her life? But she has—for that child's benefit," said Mrs. Ruffner, triumphantly. She did enjoy telling news, especially unexpected news.

"Miss Basil is a very prudent, far-seeing woman," said Mrs. Basil, taking to herself great comfort in the thought that *this*, then, was what Pamela had meant by saying that she would provide for Joanna's future; it wasn't a match with Arthur that she had had in contemplation, after all. But why should Pamela have kept her plans such a secret from her, as if she took no interest in her husband's granddaughter?

"And what is this about her having a romantic history?" continued Mrs. Ruffner, eagerly. "I suppose you know all about it? It seems, Lydia Crane says—"

"I never listen to Lydia Crane," said Mrs. Basil, quickly, and flushing at the recollection of her last interview with that gossip. Then she called, peremptorily, "Joanna, child, come here, and speak to Mrs. Ruffner."

"Oh!" thought Mrs. Ruffner, "I see there's something in it, but she doesn't choose to tell."

"Poor thing! she is very young," said Mrs. Paul Caruthers, as Joanna came forth from her corner at Mrs. Basil's bidding.

And then every one immediately remarked that she strongly resembled the judge, her

grandfather. Mrs. Ruffner good-naturedly patted her cheek, and called her "a quiet little mouse." Miss Ruffner was surprised to find her grown so tall, and admired her polonaise (with a doubtful glance at the chalis skirt). Miss Caruthers asked if she had learned the new lace-work. Sam Ruffner, with his sleepy eyes half shut, said something nice and foolish about the flowers in her hair. But attentions, that might have won Joanna's heart that morning, had no effect upon her now. Her absent looks, her unwilling smiles, her inadvertent answers provoked and mortified Mrs. Basil, who would have been pleased to have the judge's granddaughter reflect a little credit upon the judge's widow.

How the day ended, Joanna never knew. When the guests were all gone, she stole sadly out into the garden, oblivious of the dew that threatened ruin to the puffs of the marvelous polonaise; for, much as Joanna delighted in dress, she was more indifferent to it than Miss Basil's economic soul would have approved, when any deeper question engaged her. White organdie, and a demitrain, could fill her careless moments with supreme bliss; but they were powerless to console a desolated heart.

Mrs. Basil and Arthur were on the porch, in the shadow of the vines; Joanna heard them talking as she passed. "A dinner-party is a tremendous bore," said Arthur, with a yawn.

"One must perform one's duty to society," said Mrs. Basil, with a sigh.

In the dining-room Miss Basil was lamenting over the great waste of material; Joanna heard her, too, as she passed under the windows, and she thought, sadly, "There is no real joy in life."

The anticipation of the dinner-party, the care of preparing her dress, had held in abeyance, for the time, the jealous uneasiness that had sprung up at Mr. Redmond's allusion to Miss Basil's past life; but her pleasurable excitement in the little foretaste of society was wearing off, the fairy gold was turning to moss and stones in her hands, when Mrs. Basil's guests began to discuss the same subject; and all the pain at finding that she had known Pamela only in disguise, revived, intensified by the thought that every one knew her truly except herself.

Many and many a time had Miss Basil told her, when compelling her to read religious works against which she revolted, that the wisdom they contained would recur to her in seasons of trouble, and fill her with comfort; but Joanna, now that she had ceased to believe in Miss Basil as the Pamela she had always known, was hardly surprised to find that this was not true. The memory of the pages she had blistered with impatient tears was any thing but a comfort, now that, unable to reason about the trouble that so cruelly beset her, she could only feel. But she was glad, she knew not, questioned not why, to remember the quaint old pictures in the great Bible on the dusty shelf of the garret—she thought of Joseph, patient in the pit; of the infant Moses afloat in his frail ark; of Daniel, kneeling undismayed among the hungry lions; and then, as the summer moon

* EXTENDED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

rose up and made "every common bush afire with God," Joanna dropped upon her knees, and hid her face in her hands. Her plaint did not shape itself in words, hardly even in definite thought; but these dumb orisons of the heart express our needs better than words, sometimes; and presently, when a mocking-bird in a neighboring thicket burst into rapturous song, she rose from her kneeling posture, calmed, if not consoled, and began to awake to the beauty of the summer night.

The rushing of the little brook through the ravine beyond the fence sounded loud in the still moonlight; the breeze rose and fell dreamily, laden with the heavy odors of jasmines and honeysuckles, while ever and anon the mocking-bird uttered its passionate strain of rain-like melody, giving to the garden a weird, unreal aspect. Joanna hardly knew her own familiar haunts in this soft moonlight, for Miss Basil, with a wholesome dread of night-air, had always strictly forbidden her to remain out after the dew fell.

And Miss Basil, with the protection of a ragged old nubia over her head, was coming now in search of her. She had expected to find her in the neighborhood of the mimosa-tree; but Joanna stood leaning on the brick-work vase, over which the verbena had now grown rank, and hung tangled wildly.

"O Joanna, Joanna!" said Miss Basil, querulously, "I've been looking for you everywhere" (which was not strictly true). "How imprudent you are; out in the night-air with nothing on your head! Don't you know I've warned you, over and over again, about miasma? And quinine three dollars and a half the ounce!"

"Well, 'Mela," said Joanna, the old habit of antagonism asserting itself as usual, "you don't need to give me an ounce for a dose, ever."

"And this polonaise; you reckless child!" exclaimed Miss Basil, running her long, thin fingers over the limp muslin with the scrambling rapidity of a father-long-legs. "Brand new, and perfectly stringy with the dew!"

"Only pomps and vanities," said Joanna, bursting into tears. "O 'Mela!"

The cry was sharp with anguish.

"There, child, there," said Miss Basil, relenting. "I'm not scolding you; I'm past that. I suppose you must always have some one to look after you. Tie this handkerchief over your head and go to your room. I'll see what can be done to remedy it."

"Nothing but p-pomps and—vanities," sobbed Joanna; "and this world is all a fleeting show, as you told me, 'Mela; but I wouldn't care if only you were true to me."

"Mercy guide us, child!" exclaimed Miss Basil, impatiently; "what nonsense are you talking? I am glad to see that you've come to a reasonable sense of the world's ways; but you mustn't abuse good clothes, for that is sinful extravagance."

Joanna did not say another word. She tied the handkerchief over her head with meek obedience, and went up to her room so quietly that Miss Basil was thoroughly appeased. "She has had enough, I see, of this thing they call society," the much-mistaken

woman thought. "I shall hear no more of demitrains."

But Joanna, quietly as she got herself to bed, could not compose herself to sleep; the shadow that had arisen between Pamela and herself haunted her so persistently; if Pamela only would come and put it aside forever! After what to her seemed interminable hours, she called, softly:

"Pamela! Pamela!"

Miss Basil's room was across a little entry, and the doors between were open. Now, to Miss Basil, any call in the night-season meant illness, and she was always quick to respond.

"Did you call, Joanna?" she questioned, anxiously; and the next moment she came pattering across the bare floors in her list slippers. "What is the matter?"

Joanna was sitting up in bed.

"Pamela," said she, tremulously, "I cannot, cannot sleep. No; my head does not ache"—putting away Miss Basil's hands—"the trouble is, you are not yourself any longer; you are somebody else."

"You've got the nightmare, child," said Miss Basil, giving her a little shake. "I charged you not to eat that salmon salad; it was entirely too rich for you."

"I didn't eat it; I ate no dinner at all," said Joanna; "and it's not the nightmare."

"Then it's an empty stomach," said Miss Basil, with decision. "Joanna, when you know how thoroughly I disapprove of going to bed on an empty stomach, I wonder you did not ask for something to eat before this."

"But I am not hungry, 'Mela. You talk to me about an empty stomach when my heart is breaking."

"Joanna! Joanna! what foolishness have you been listening to to-day?" cried Miss Basil, shaking her now in good earnest. "It is all pure fancifulness, and I shall just give you a good dose of valerian."

"No, no, 'Mela; no valerian for me; but stay and tell me if it is foolishness, this that I have heard to-day!" cried Joanna, throwing her arms around Miss Basil, who was about to go in search of her medicine-chest. "What do they mean, this stranger that I never heard of before, and all these Middleborough people, when they talk of your—your story? O 'Mela, that you should be a woman with a story, and—and another life out West, when I believed in you so! When I thought you had always belonged to only me and Basilwood!"

Miss Basil was powerless to interrupt this outburst. She understood clearly enough that Joanna must have heard something that half revealed the sorrowful story she had thought must die with her; but how? Through Basil Redmond's inadvertence, she could not doubt; and she had relied so upon his discretion! She was utterly unconscious of the fact that Joanna had been present on the day of his first visit, when he had startled her so by the announcement that he had learned her story. He had begged to hear it in detail from her own lips; and she was glad, now, to remember that, though she had told him the truth, she had not told him the whole truth. How much of her past history Joanna knew she could not guess, and would

not ask. Hers was not a confiding disposition. In Joanna's excitement she could see nothing but a querulous, illegitimate curiosity, that it was her duty to curb. She knew not what golden sympathy she was sacrificing to this ruthless "dutiolatry." Yet, for an instant, Nature was stronger than the sense of duty, and she asked, with a tremor that Joanna was quick to note:

"What stranger do you mean, Joanna?"

And then, with the instinct of precaution, she added, "But you are talking wildly."

"But I am not talking wildly, 'Mela, you know, for you tremble. I mean this stranger who comes here and thrusts himself between you and me, with his story about your past, that these people have taken up—this Basil Redmond that I never heard of before."

Miss Basil gasped and paused. Then her sense of duty came to her rescue and gave her words. This untoward inquisitiveness must be checked peremptorily, she decided.

"Joanna, I will not have any more of this—I will not!" she said. "Have I not explained to you that Basil Redmond is no stranger; that he lived here under this very roof as a boy; that his grandfather was your grandfather's second cousin? Could any thing be plainer? Don't speak of him in that way; he's my best friend, and yours. And whatever you may happen to overhear, don't snatch at words here and there to build fanciful notions upon about a body's past life. It is unbecoming. But I'll fix you with a dose of valerian, and I hope you'll wake up in your senses! You should endeavor to curb curiosity; it leads to mischief, it is idle and sinful."

"O 'Mela, it is not idle curiosity—idle curiosity never yet gave any one the heart-ache. If you would only stay and hear me patiently!"

But Miss Basil was gone, glimmering like a ghost in search of the valerian; and presently she returned, bearing a bottle, a spoon, a glass, and a spluttering candle.

"He's not my best friend," said Joanna; "he comes between you and me as no one else ever did. You can put on your best dress to see him; yes, and you can find time to talk by the hour with him, to walk with him about the garden in the busiest time of day, and not call it idleness." Now that the floodgates of her distress were opened, every petty grievance clamored for redress.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Basil, pausing in counting the drops. "Don't interrupt me, Joanna."

"'Mela, I don't need that stuff!" Joanna remonstrated, piteously, as Miss Basil calmly put the glass to her lips, saying, inexorably:

"I am the best judge; you do need it; it will make you sleep, and you will forget your foolish vagaries."

"Shall I?" said Joanna, with an hysterical sob, as she swallowed the contents of the glass. "Shall I, indeed, awake to-morrow and find it all a dream? O 'Mela! I do feel so old since that day he came." She clasped Miss Basil in her arms as she spoke; but Miss Basil, with a movement of alarm, thrust her patient back upon the pillow, saying, excitedly:

"Joanna! Joanna! I knew that your fool-

ish head would be turned. You are talking nonsense. You need not pin your faith to Arthur Hendall because he carves your name on a tree."

"He is not the one that makes me feel old!" said Joanna, impatiently; "it's that Mr. Redmond, with his influence over you."

But Miss Basil's suspicions were not to be parried by this thrust.

"I tell you," said she, thumping the pillows excitedly, "I don't believe in him. When I was a girl—"

"Yes, 'Mela," said Joanna, starting up with eager interest, as Miss Basil paused, abruptly. "Tell me! It would comfort me so to know about when you were a girl!"

"Nonsense!" answered Miss Basil, turning away. "It is but idle curiosity, child. Go to sleep, or I shall have to be giving you another dose."

Poor Joanna sighed deeply, but said no more; and Miss Basil, picking up her candle, vial, glass, and spoon, hastened to her own room; but sleep did not soon visit her pillow. "What did all these rumors and whispers portend?" she questioned with herself, as she turned restlessly from side to side. Basil's hoped-for return had not brought her the peace she counted upon. "I see," sighed Miss Basil, wearily, "I must caution the boy; he is young, and youth is indiscreet. He must learn silence."

And Joanna, gathering up in her mind Miss Basil's disjointed utterances, was saying to herself, "If he is indeed my truest friend, I will make him speak; I have a right to know."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ASK ME NO MORE.

JOANNA awoke the next morning with a start. It was very late; the burning summer sun shone hot upon the garden, and at the gate, which could be plainly seen from her window, stood a little open buggy, with a valise strapped behind. At the first sight of the vehicle she rubbed her eyes, believing herself in a dream; but when she looked again, there it was still, with a hungry-looking horse in the shafts; and old Thurston seemed to be mending some part of the harness with a piece of twine. The temptation to inquire into this was too strong for Joanna; she dressed as quickly as she could and ran down into the garden.

"That's the Griswolds' buggy, Thurston, I know, and their horse, too. What is it doing here, with that valise strapped behind?"

"It's a-waitin'," answered old Thurston, with aggravating slowness of speech. "Hey! you, I say!"—this to the horse, an inoffensive brute, "of his port as meke as is a mayde"—"mind what you 'bout!" Old Thurston, conscious of possessing interesting information, was bent upon enhancing his importance by a dignified reserve in regard to the buggy.

"Never mind the poor old horse," said Joanna. "He is quiet enough. What is that buggy here for? Have they sent for my cousin? What is the matter this time?"

These last questions were in reference to the Griswolds, who were a sickly set, always making demands upon Miss Basil's skill in "doctoring."

"Not to my understanding; no, Miss Janna, they're not sent for Miss Pamela," answered old Thurston, with Afric dignity. "The Griswolds are 'bout as usual, nothing more than general want of thrift. But Black Hawk, he's dead lame with constant riding of the madam to visit her relations, and that's the way we are beholden to the Griswolds." The Griswolds evidently did not command old Thurston's deepest respect.

"Beholden to the Griswolds for what? I wish you would say, Thurston—if you know?"

Thurston looked at her, with mild reproach in his dim old eyes.

"In course I know, Miss Janna," said he, in a deeply-injured tone. "Wasn't the telegraph delivered into my hands primarily?"

The ominous word possessed no terror for Joanna, who had no one out in the world to be anxious about.

"Telegram, you mean," said she. "What telegram?"

"It was to call Mr. Hendall away," answered old Thurston, indifferently.

Joanna received the information dumbly. Over the sun there seemed to come a sudden cloud, a mist that overshadowed not the garden only, but the whole future. Was life, after all, to be nothing but the same dull old story it had always been? In the shadow of the cloud Joanna had caught a glimpse of her own foolish heart, and she shivered.

"For what is he going?" she asked, presently.

"He'll be going to seek his fortune, it's likely," said old Thurston, briskly. For him the sun was shining just as usual; rather more brightly, perhaps, in anticipation of the fee from Arthur's liberal hand.

And Arthur was coming down the sloping walk at this very moment. He had said good-by to his aunt on the porch, which was hidden from the gate, as though he was eager to be off; yet when he saw Joanna he began to find it hard to leave Basilwood, with the still midsummer shadows, the faint, midsummer murmurs from the parched grass, and that life of "dreamful ease."

"So you are here to see me off, Joanna—Miss Joanna, I should say, now that you have made your *début*?"

"No," answered Joanna, avoiding his eyes; "I did not know, until this moment, that you are going."

"At least you are not glad to have me go?" said Arthur, holding out his hand.

"You know I am not glad! How could I be glad?" answered the artless Joanna, turning away her telltale face.

"The sun is mounting, sir," said old Thurston, respectfully, "and your conveyance is all in order."

Influenced by the wish to stimulate Arthur's memory in regard to the reward he coveted for his services, the old negro had been bustling ostentatiously around the rickety buggy, like a wasp that cannot determine upon which side of a peach to settle, until finding that Arthur's attention was not to be attracted by such lively manifestations

of concern about the gear and the springs, he resorted to speech.

"All right, Thurston," said Arthur. "Are you to drive me?"

"No, sir; that honor's not for me, sir," said old Thurston, bowing low with exaggerated politeness. "This buggy doesn't b'long to our establishment, as you may see, sir; and they've sent a boy to drive you.—Hi, you! wake up, wake 'up there!" This, with an utter change of voice and gesture, was addressed to a small negro that, with the somnolent facility of his race, was fast asleep in the glare of the sun. "You black rascal! To forget your manners and go to sleep in the 'tendance of a gentleman!"

From which reproach it will be readily seen that Thurston belonged to the old school that believed in manners.

"What time does the train leave?" asked Arthur, looking at his watch—"the Westport train?"

"Now pretty soon, sir," said old Thurston, with eagerness.—"The sun is scorching your skin, Miss Janna."

As long as she stood there, old Thurston thought, Mr. Hendall never would remember his justly-earned recompense.

But Joanna did not care for the sun; she was as brown as a berry already.

"Why must you go?" she asked, timidly. "Is not Basilwood your own?"

"No," answered Arthur, hastily, and coloring. "Basilwood is my aunt's, you know, 'the grandmamma's,' as you call her" (putting the ownership in this way did not seem so much like robbing Joanna), "and a man must go out and battle with the world," he continued, grandiloquently. "It is business that takes me away."

"For how long?" asked the artless Joanna, with more interest than any woman of the world would have dared to show—unless she had been absolutely indifferent.

"That I cannot tell," answered Arthur, lowering his voice, so that old Thurston, who was vigorously berating the little drowsy driver, might not hear. "But don't forget me, Joanna," holding out his hand. "Don't let that Mr. Basil Redmond make you forget me."

"I—I don't understand you," she stammered, shyly, giving her hand, but quickly withdrawing it. The next moment she had turned away, leaving old Thurston making his abject reverence for "value received."

Arthur had spoken jestingly, Joanna knew, and his words had given pain. But, as she went to the house, she passed by the mimosa-tree, and her thoughts and feelings underwent an instantaneous change. She had been so busy with her frounce and her demi-train that she had seen nothing of young Hendall for nearly a week, and she now remembered with keen self-reproach that she had lost the opportunity of expressing to him her appreciation of his graceful compliment in carving her name. Joanna had many little notions of her own on the subject of propriety and good-breeding; and she had meant to say something very well-worded and proper on the first occasion that should offer; but it had all gone out of her head at the thought of his departure. How.

she asked herself, impatiently—how was she to prosper in life if she was always so unready? (For Joanna, you see, was practical as well as romantic.) And what must he think of her? It was not for him to mention the name he had carved, she knew very well.

And then this foolish little Joanna stood still in the shadow, and dreamed a foolish dream; from which, however, she was soon rudely awakened by Miss Basil's shrill voice, calling wildly:

"Joanna! O Jo—an—na!"

Alas! how many a lovely vision has been dispelled by that clarion-ory! Joanna, with a frown and a sigh, came back to earth, and, loath to be found in the immediate neighborhood of the tree that bore her name, advanced hurriedly up the broad walk that led to the house.

But Miss Basil, whom she met half-way, saw at once whence she came, and was seized with quick alarm. Joanna had had no breakfast, she knew; and she feared that the case must be nearly past hope when a girl gave herself up to romance before appeasing the demands of hunger.

"Joanna!" she exclaimed, vehemently, "you are the despair of my life! Have you forgotten that you have had no breakfast? Do you expect to live on air?"

"No, certainly, 'Mela,'" answered Joanna, briskly. She had a good, healthy appetite, and just now she was very hungry. "I could not eat my dinner yesterday, I was so—excited by company, I suppose; and I feel half starved."

"Yes," answered Miss Basil, in a much calmer tone; "I remember that you ate no dinner." Though no great eater herself, she was always sorry for hungry people, and anxious to feed them. Joanna's matter-of-fact admission of her famished condition quieted her apprehensions somewhat, and appealed to her sympathies strongly. "I've kept something hot for you, child; but you should have eaten it long ago. I don't approve of long fasts at this season."

Happily for her peace of mind, it did not occur to her that Joanna could have been bidding farewell to young Hendall at the gate; and her clouded visage cleared apace when she saw with what good appetite the breakfast was assailed. Surely, now that young Hendall was fairly out of the way—and Miss Basil devoutly prayed that he might remain away forever—she need not despair utterly of Joanna. Nevertheless, she felt that she must now make it her study to counteract the pernicious influence of the ill-judged honor Mrs. Basil had conferred upon the child, in having her at the dining.

"Joanna," said she, mildly, "I do not wish to hurry you; rapid eating is ruinous to the digestion: take time, and eat leisurely, but when you have finished, there are the apples to be peeled and cut for drying; and, really, I need help." No fruit was allowed to rot on the ground at Basilwood; day by day, every windfallen apple, or so much of it as was available, was dried for market.

"Very well, 'Mela,'" said Joanna, cheerfully; "I'll help you all that I can." Though often idle, she was not lazy; and the burden of life does not seem so weary, after one

has eaten a hearty breakfast with good appetite. "Just have every thing ready, 'Mela. I've finished my breakfast."

"Here is the basket of apples, child; and here is the basket for the cores and the peelings; and here are the knife and the tray," answered Miss Basil, categorically. "Tie on this apron, to save your dress; and be very careful to cut the peelings as thin as possible; let there be no waste, Joanna."

"Aren't you going to help—to assist, I mean?" asked Joanna, mindful still of expressing herself with elegant propriety. "Because I should like to talk to you." Joanna was hoping to hear the untold story of Miss Basil's girlhood: no wonder she was so willing to work at the apples.

"Why, no—not exactly; that is—I believe I must superintend Myra just now," stammered Miss Basil, uneasily.

"Pamela!" said Joanna, tragically, rising and stretching out her arms, "there is a great wall growing up between us—and you are building it."

Miss Basil turned white, and then red. At last, "You are talking nonsense!" said she, angrily; and walked out of the room.

But Joanna saw that Miss Basil understood her; she saw, too, that Miss Basil could not be at ease in her presence; why else should she make Myra an excuse, Myra who was so thoroughly trustworthy? And Joanna, embittered by suspicion and distrust, began to exercise a ruthless espionage over the uneasy woman, who, before that day was over, became keenly alive to the fact that she was watched. For Miss Basil was by no means in so great need of assistance as she would have had Joanna believe. The absence, so far, of visitors had rendered the summer a far easier one than had been known at Basilwood for several years past, and Miss Basil had, just now, rather more leisure than was good for her, under the circumstances. If she had been really so very busy, she might have escaped the uncomfortable consciousness of Joanna's great eyes that followed her everywhere. Even when she went up-stairs, late in the afternoon, to dress, Joanna was at her side, restless, miserable, indignant, and tyrannical.

"There!" she cried, reproachfully, when the black silk was taken down from its peg in the closet, "now I know that Mr. Redmond is coming again! A clean calico is good enough for most days."

"Joanna," said Miss Basil, irritably, "you are speaking disrespectfully. How often must I remind you that Basil Redmond is a friend, a good friend of yours, and a relation besides?"

"Then, if that is so," said Joanna, with prompt malice, and rising, "why may I not dress to receive him?"

"No, Joanna, no," said Miss Basil, hurriedly, "you are but a child, and he comes to see me on business. You should not be forward."

"He is no friend of mine! I'll not have him for a friend!" cried Joanna, bitterly. "He comes to talk secrets with you, secrets that shut me out from your heart."

"Nonsense!" was all that Miss Basil could say; but she said it with her flushed

face bent over the open bureau-drawer, in which her hands were wildly tossing about the orderly array of collars, and cuffs, and handkerchiefs, and Joanna knew that it was not "nonsense."

Poor woman! She thought this child, that she had so striven to train up in the way she should go, utterly unreasonable; but she had never attempted to reason with Joanna, she did not know how. When Joanna became "unreasonable," she could only use authority; so, when she had recovered somewhat from her confusion, she said, sharply:

"Joanna, this idle way of hanging about annoys me so that I cannot find what I want. Haven't you some knitting, or some crochet, that you can fill up the day with?"

"May I take it into the garden?" asked Joanna, resignedly.

"Yes, surely, child," Miss Basil replied; for now, that Arthur Hendall was gone, why should she not have the freedom of the garden? Any thing to keep her out of the way just now.

But Joanna was going into the garden with the express purpose of waylaying Basil Redmond, whom she felt sure of meeting alone, as, by the time he took his departure, Pamela, she knew, would be under the necessity of skimming the cream.

She hid herself, therefore, within the friendly shadow of a ragged, overgrown *euonymus*, and waited; but she waited long. Basil Redmond was much later than she had thought he would be, and when at last he came he was not alone. Joanna, within the shadow, distinctly heard Mrs. Basil's subdued but clear tones in earnest discussion.

"... But I found her here, as you know, when I married, and I asked the judge no questions," Mrs. Basil was saying.

They had evidently arrested their steps at this point, and were standing now quite near Joanna's retreat.

"I am utterly free from idle curiosity," continued Mrs. Basil. "I have not the faintest desire to pry into her affairs; but you must agree with me that it is extremely embarrassing to find that she has become a subject of gossip. One really does not know what to say when one is assailed with the statement that a quiet, inoffensive, retired woman like Miss Basil is the centre of some great mystery. Pamela is so—so reticent that I hesitate to say any thing to her."

"Thank you; you are very considerate," said Redmond, quickly.

"But, indeed, this sort of gossip should be stopped; and I appeal to you, Mr. Redmond, to say how it can best be done."

"The best way to stop it, I should think," replied he, after a pause, "would be simply not to heed it."

"But consider: this story, or rather this hint of a story, for there is nothing tangible about it, so far as I can learn, comes through Lydia Crane, a sister of Lebrun the milliner, who has a cousin living out West, in the very neighborhood from which Miss Basil came—"

"It is many years ago," interrupted Redmond, briefly.

"And this cousin of Lebrun's," continued Mrs. Basil, "writes to her relatives here, declaring that there is some mighty mystery

about Miss Basil; and that only very recently some one has been out there instituting very strict inquiries about her. One can hardly refuse to listen to statements like this, though I blush to relate such tattle; yet it strikes me that you are the proper person to refute it."

A pause followed, during which Joanna, whose conscience did not reproach her in the least for listening, feared that the loud beating of her heart must betray her.

At last Redmond spoke:

"All this seems to me too vague to be worth refuting; but it is due to you, perhaps, to say that—Miss Basil *has* a story—"

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Basil, sharply.

"A sad and painful story. It was known to the judge, who counseled silence; and silence certainly seemed best under then-existing circumstances. The time, however, is coming, I think, when silence shall no longer be advisable; but, until this time does come, I cannot feel at liberty to reveal what I know of her story; and, meanwhile, I rely upon your known discretion and—sympathy."

In grappling with the world at so early an age, Basil Redmond had certainly learned some adroitness.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Basil. "But, I must express a hope, Mr. Redmond, that this—mystery of Miss Basil's, into which, it is needless to say, I will no further inquire, will reflect no discredit upon the Basil family. I bear the name myself."

"It will reflect no discredit upon the Basil family," Redmond replied, rather coldly.

"It is getting late," said Mrs. Basil. Then, with a long, shivering sigh: "I will no longer detain you. Good-night."

"Good-night," responded Redmond, standing for a moment wrapped in thought where Mrs. Basil had left him. Only for a moment, however; hardly had she disappeared when Joanna sprang out of her retreat and startled his thoughts away.

"I've heard what you said," panted she. "I listened on purpose; right or wrong, I must know. I waited here to ask you. Pamela is all I have in the world; why must you come between us with your secrets and your mysteries?"

Poor little Joanna! she had been all day conning a well-worded, deliberate, effective speech; and this was all that she could say, half choking with the utterance, as it was.

"Joanna!" exclaimed Redmond. "Poor child!" And Joanna, who had persuaded herself that she hated him, burst into tears at his sympathizing tones. "Joanna! Joanna!" he said, distressed, "be quiet, try to be quiet, and I will make you understand it." Joanna, then, by a great effort, having subdued her sobs, he continued, gravely: "If you have heard what I said to Mrs. Basil, there is no need for me to repeat it; for I can tell you no more than I told her. But hear me one moment, little Joanna—can you not see that your 'Mela, as you call her, has a right to withhold her confidence from you? If you love her, you will trust her without exacting confidence; you will bear in mind what you have heard me say, that her story is a sad and painful one, and you will shrink from all allusion to it for very pity."

Joanna, as she heard him, began to feel miserably guilty.

"I see I have been wrong," she said, meekly. "I would like to be a comfort and consolation to 'Mela, for often enough I've been a pure aggravation."

"You can be a comfort and consolation to her without a doubt," said Redmond, smiling to himself at her artlessness. "Joanna, you and I should never forget that she has been to each of us a mother indeed. What should we be without her? For myself, I tremble to think."

He paused, and was silent a long time.

"I don't understand you," said Joanna, timidly. She was awed by his manner.

"You cannot get over the impression that I am a stranger," said he, with a kindly smile. "Sit here on this bench, and let me tell you about the time when you were my playmate in this very garden; let me, if possible, recall myself to your remembrance."

"And yet," said Joanna, yielding a reluctant consent, "you don't live here; you've been away for years, and when you come back you stay over in the town as if you were a stranger, really."

His face darkened.

"I can never make Basilwood my home," said he; "but I do not wish to talk about that, Joanna; I would rather make you remember me, if I can;" and then he began to tell her about his boyhood at his Basilwood.

Miss Basil, in her dry, brief fashion, had recounted it all before; but there was so wide a difference between her manner and his, that the story had all the charm of novelty, and, though it was not possible to recall more than a very faint image of that time to her remembrance, her prejudice against him, as a stranger, began slowly to fade away.

Her interest deepened when he came to speak of his life "out in the world." It had been a struggle full of adventure.

"I must have succumbed to temptation and been lost forever," said he, with feeling, as if to sum up all that remained to be said about his debt to Miss Basil, "but for that constant soul. She never lost sight of me, she never lost faith in me. I was the hope of her life, she said, and she made it impossible that I should disappoint her."

"H'm!" said Joanna; "and I am the despair of her life; she tells me so from day to day."

"Oh, no," Basil Redmond answered; "you must not be that. Did you not say just now that you would be her comfort and consolation?"

Then he bade her "Good-night," and was gone.

JOHN BLANDFORD'S WIDOW.

"COME and make me a visit," wrote Mrs. John Blandford to Philip Amyott, "and I will give you two delicacies—the largest strawberries of the season, and the society of the prettiest woman in America."

Philip Amyott was a great deal surprised at receiving the above invitation. He had

never known Mrs. Blandford at all well, though he and she had once or twice found themselves fellow-guests at some of his cousin's fashionable dinner-parties, this cousin being a certain Mrs. Churchill Abernethy, a lady of great wealth, and a prominent social leader.

Philip, whom Fortune had favored with a neat inherited income, was frequently the recipient of summer invitations to country-houses; but he remembered Mrs. Blandford much too accurately for the commission of any such blunder as to infer that she was playing the manœuvring woman; yet the manœuvring sister or bosom-friend was a wholly different matter. Who was the prettiest woman in America? Philip examined the dainty, violet-scented note again, and made himself quite sure that his would-be hostess had not answered this vital question. Then he assumed a plaintively bored look, and told himself that there was little doubt of the prettiest woman in America being unwedded and perhaps poor. Spare him the charge of egotism because of these reflections. He had been made so often to feel like a peripatetic money-bag in the presence of diligent feminine self-interest, that a certain sort of skepticism (which, as we know, comes from the Greek of "to observe") had necessarily singed, if not blighted, the freshness more natural to his twenty-eight years of manhood.

On the whole, Philip had no reason for refusing Mrs. Blandford's invitation. None, that is, except one. Her husband, John Blandford, whom he saw now and then at the club, and was occasionally thrown with, he disliked to a considerable degree. Blandford, Philip had some time ago made up his mind, was a purse-proud, social bully.

As it turned out, however, he went up to Blandford's place on a Hudson River steamboat, not many days later, in the society of that gentleman himself. Philip scarcely knew why he subjected his nervous system to this last trial, except that perhaps there lurked within him a deep curiosity to see the prettiest woman in America; and, besides, it was insupportably hot, and a steamboat, even with Blandford, preferable in this weather to a railway-car without him.

During the voyage he learned the name of the Badoura, to whom he had perhaps been asked to play Camaralzaman. It was Mrs. Eustace Averill, the widow of a well-known Philadelphia lawyer. Blandford, who was a large man, with a beardless face and a great, arching nose, was enthusiastic about her. Being by nature a bully, as before has been said, he strove, with hand-wavings, and with grimaces, and with occasional pattings of his companion's shoulder, to bully Philip into believing that there had never existed so great a beauty as this same Mrs. Averill.

Not long afterward Philip had an opportunity of assuring himself that Mrs. Averill was a sort of animated wax-figure, after the pattern which we see in barbers' windows. It was a face of the utmost pink-and-white regularity; but it was worn as the mask of a complete mental vacuity, and somehow suggestions of this stole out—principally through its mouth, no doubt, though Philip

fancied he saw them even in the soft eyes, and in the classic forehead line of Mrs. Averill's irreproachable profile.

All that evening he talked to Mrs. Blandford, and let his host bully this nonpareil of beauties on whatever subjects might conversationally present themselves. He had sat next to Mrs. Averill at dinner, a certain Italian gentleman named Bernotti, and a certain elderly lady, with gray temple-curls and a sweet smile, whom Mr. Blandford addressed as "mother," occupying the other side of the small dinner-table.

The conversation had not been so general but that Philip could make up his mind pretty clearly as regarded Mrs. Averill's capacities for boring him. There was something exquisitely and surprisingly refreshing in the interview that followed between his hostess and himself. The Blandfords' house had a great, commodious piazza, nearly surrounding it. They found themselves walking this, while a large, vivid-yellow moon, ascendant in the limpid east, came to them by many sweet golden glimpses through crevices in the dusky tapestries of woodbine and clematis.

Meeting Mrs. Blandford at a fashionable New York dinner-party, and meeting her here in the country, were two very different matters, as Philip soon discovered. She was not at all a beautiful woman; indeed, she paled to nothing before the unblemished correctness of Mrs. Averill. She was slim of figure, very graceful in every movement, and possessed a pair of darkly-humid hazel eyes; this was all that her most vehement admirer would have dared to say about her physical charms.

"You don't seem to have conceived any great fondness for Mrs. Averill," she told Philip, a day or two later.

"Oh, your husband monopolizes her," he answered, "and your Italian friend Signor Bernotti. By-the-way," he added, "I was asked up, was I not, because of this lovely lady?"

Mrs. Blandford looked candid.

"You read my note. She and the strawberries were put forward as inducements."

"Both powerful ones, of course," answered Philip, with a little laugh; "but pardon my telling you that I have found the strawberries—" And then he broke off abruptly with: "Since I was only asked up because of her, I suppose I shall be expected to vanish when she does."

But he did nothing of the sort. He staid two weeks after Mrs. Averill took her departure, under the protection of Mr. Blandford, the latter having conceived a sudden fancy for town again.

Up to the time of Mr. Blandford's going, Philip had grown pretty clearly to understand the terms on which husband and wife stood. Ambition, or some such motive, had made this woman marry John Blandford, and the presence of the man was now in itself a weariness to her. As for Blandford, he omitted no opportunity of bullying his wife on the most trifling subjects, and before their two guests as well; it was only the lady's practised tact that often saved her from the most irritating and unsolicited

assaults while Philip and the Italian were present. Old Mrs. Blandford, however (the lady with the gray curls and the sweet smile), more than once exerted over her social scape-goat of a son the gentlest and yet the most accentuated influence.

There is no doubt that Philip Amyott had begun to feel, at the commencement of his subsequent two-weeks' stay, that some emotional disquiet, wholly foreign to his previous experience, had somehow entered his life; and the following fortnight developed this disquiet, so to speak, into a full-grown, undeniable passion.

Philip had what, in its broadest and best sense, deserves to be called a moral temperament. The thought of his feelings toward Mrs. Blandford was not alone a sorrow to him, it was a source of chilling self-disgust as well. "I feel like a man in a French novel," he told himself, on a certain evening, just before the quiet-spoken, commonplace little interview which informed his hostess that he was going back to town on the morrow.

No personal ambition had brought about Mrs. Blandford's marriage. She was "literally puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue." Her parents were poor, and it was out of the question that a great match like John Blandford should fall in love with Sybil Emlyn's hazel eyes and not make conquest of their owner. She remembered well enough how she inwardly shuddered when she got her betrothal kiss.

Perhaps her husband discovered soon enough her utter indifference, and so grew vehemently to reciprocate it after his own characteristic fashion. However this may have been, their married life had turned out a sad farce. From the first moment that she had met Philip Amyott, Sybil Blandford had liked him; but she foresaw no vaguest prophetic sign of what was to come when she asked that he would eat her strawberries and admire her handsome guest.

Slight marvel, indeed, that the interview in which Philip told of his purposed departure should have been both placid and prosaic. Mrs. Blandford was an inflexible casuist on certain points, and, if Philip felt at all like the hero of a French novel, be sure that she did not contribute by least word or look to the effectiveness of his situation.

"You can go down with Mr. Bernotti," she told him, "if you choose to take the eleven-ten train. He always takes that."

It must not be supposed that the Italian gentleman, Signor Bernotti, had been staying all this time at Mrs. Blandford's country-house. Indeed, he had made two short visits there since Philip's arrival, not remaining more than a day each time, and the present visit was now his third. Mrs. Blandford seemed fond of his society, as indeed she cordially was. He received from her a certain humorously-patronizing treatment, sometimes, that appeared both given and accepted in complete good-nature. Bernotti was a handsome fellow, with his vivid dusk eyes and his clear-cut, colorless face, and lithe, erect figure. The Blandfords had picked him up somewhere abroad, people said, and he was of quite distinguished birth and consid-

erable means. He usually passed in society for being rather more John Blandford's friend than his wife's. Anyhow, he had gained and certainly deserved the name of a household intimate.

After his return to New York, Philip Amyott went through a great deal of severe mental pain. He had never loved any woman before, and this woman had now seemed to him the sweet epitome of all lovable graces. He was miserable, as a man hopelessly in love must of necessity find himself. But he struggled hard with his own passion all that summer, and toward autumn he had reached a state of either real or fancied peace.

During October chance directed that he should fall in with Blandford, one afternoon, at the club. Blandford, it happened, was in one of his most bullying moods. He was to start for his country-place on the following day, and, having always liked Philip, it struck him that he would bully that gentleman into making himself and wife another visit. Philip received the proposal, felt a quiver of temptation pass through him, and politely refused it. Blandford insisted. Though himself perfectly indifferent to Nature in all her moods, he spoke with enthusiasm regarding the beautiful autumnal tints this year, and promised Philip (a subject on which he was much more at home) some capital woodcock-shooting.

How little he knew, this persistent dealer in hospitalities, that an infinitely stronger inducement than any thus far mentioned was pulling at poor Philip's heart-strings! It is no wonder that passion, to this slight extent at least, slowly gained the upper hand of principle. Philip began to waver. "I had a half engagement to go and visit my cousin, Mrs. Churchill Abernethey, to-morrow," he audibly meditated, "but—" And he went up with Blandford on the following day.

Bernotti accompanied them. He was a sort of social salvation to Philip on board the steamboat, for his suave, high-bred manner made Blandford's flimsy, self-assertive commonplaces much less to be minded. Philip inquired of Bernotti whether this was the first visit he had paid to their prospective host and hostess since they themselves had both come down together in early July.

"Oh, no," Bernotti answered, with what struck his listener as a kind of frank sadness. "I have been many times since then—at least three times each month, I should say. But short visits, you know—short visits."

"I believe the man has some hopeless love-affair," thought Philip, stealing a glance through their mutual cigarette-smoke, while they sat side by side on deck, at the dusky-pale face of the Italian and his dark, drooped, meditative eyes. "And I believe, too, that he goes to Mrs. Blandford for friendly consolation."

Philip was doubtless a bombshell to his hostess. But she met him magnificently. Her "How have you passed the summer, Mr. Amyott?" was the supreme of nice acting. As for Philip, he found that he had much over-measured his powers. The hand which gave her greeting was cold, almost clammy. His face had paled as they met, but while she spoke it began to flush feverishly.

Sybil Blandford knew the world she lived in. "This man must put me on my guard," she told herself. "He has gained nothing in self-control since we met, and" (while a great pang shot through her heart) "I can see well enough by his face how he has suffered."

Dinner was soon served after the gentlemen's arrival, and its first courses passed off with all desirable harmony. But at length the old atrocious taste began to show itself in Blandford's manner toward his wife. Several slurring impertinences, just jocose enough to be less easily borne on that account, left his lips. Philip discovered himself taking two or three large swallows of sherry in quick succession. Somehow he found this sort of thing much harder to endure after his weeks of suffering—of regret for the irremediable. Once he let his eyes wander toward Bernotti, willing enough to exchange with the Italian a glance that might express their common disgust. But Bernotti had raised a glass of water to his lips, and so partly concealed his face, while his eyes wore their rather habitual drooped expression, failing to meet Philip's.

The dowager Mrs. Blandford repeatedly, on these occasions, came to the rescue of her daughter-in-law, and the redemption, as regards some lingering residual courtesy, of her offensive son. But her powers were tonight of little avail.

"And so you have remained here all through the summer?" Philip made words during a pause, addressing Mrs. Blandford.

Mr. Blandford tossed off his third or fourth glass of claret. "Yes, all summer," he took upon himself to blurt forth boorishly in answer. "She wouldn't even go to Newport in August. There's some concealed attraction round here. I don't know what it can be except a flirtation with one of my farm-hands."

The vulgarity of this speech was nothing to the leer of somewhat vinous semi-jollity that accompanied it. Mrs. Blandford fixed both eyes on her plate and shuddered in a slightly visible manner. And then it seemed to her that something forced them toward the face of Philip Amyott.

He was gazing at her with a kind of recklessly-abandoned fixity. His look said—"Shall I leave your table? Shall I knock this man down? Shall I make by words your cause my cause? For Heaven's sake, tell me, *what* shall I do to prove my intense sympathy and pity?"

She looked back—"Do nothing." It was not hard thus mutely to speak these words, for it only needed a little imperious raising of the brows on Mrs. Blandford's part, and a little curve of the lip, half astonished, half scornful. Philip dropped his eyes. He understood her perfectly, and admired from his soul what seemed to him the noble, self-reliant pride of her resentment. The dinner dragged itself through, after this, with no further pleasant manifestations from its presiding Chesterfield. The gentlemen were left alone after dessert. Blandford brought out some really superb madeira, but Philip felt that he was incapable of uttering a word in its praise. Indeed, it was with difficulty that he could address Blandford, or even pay decent heed to that person's remarks. But,

while looking at Bernotti, whom he several times addressed, Philip thought he saw on the Italian's delicate face a pallor that much surpassed its usual suggestion of colorlessness. Was it possible that Bernotti, too, felt for his friend in the wretched mockery of her position? Possible? Ah, why not more than probable? Philip would have liked, just then, to rise from the table and cordially grasp the Italian's hand within his own.

The next day was full of mellowest golden haziness, and every gaudy-tinted sweep of woodland showed with splendor of contrast against the blandly-blue autumn heaven. There was no legitimate excuse for woodcock-shooting, though Philip would fain have made one, for the reason that he loathed the thought of Blandford's unshared society, if because of no other. But to his great relief he discovered that Bernotti would accompany them, and that he was a well-practised and even enthusiastic sportsman.

Blandford possessed an excellent dog, but he failed to discover any birds during nearly an hour after the little party of three arrived at the proper swampy locality. At last Blandford (really an excellent shot) was fortunate enough to secure a bird, and filled with consequent immense good-humor. Another shortly afterward fell to his pouch, and he immediately began to narrate a sporting anecdote in which he himself cut the noblest of figures as its hero.

They were at this time on the outskirts of a small, half-marshy wood. Philip strolled away in disgust, so ill-concealed that he had the prudence at least to invest it with distance. Something had been said about eating, presently, the luncheon which they had brought with them. He presumed they would eat it somewhere in this neighborhood. Altogether, he concluded, while seating himself on a fallen tree-trunk, it would perhaps be a benefit to his nervous state if he ate it not at all, but quietly allowed his companions to lose him. Already they were out of sight—he dejectedly told himself that he neither knew nor cared how far. A brisk south wind, so common to these hazy days of our autumn, had recently arisen, and was making a wide, murmurous sound among the innumerable brittle leaves that it rustled.

Philip's eyes were fixed on some point directly in front of him, though from their meditative look, while he leaned on his gun, you would have said that they observed but little. Suddenly the sharp, whirring noise of a woodcock, when it rises, sounded behind him. He quickly turned, perceived the risen bird, raised his gun to his shoulder, and fired before it had cleared a distance of more than four feet from the ground. Easy as was the shot, he missed the bird. He then fired again, and again missed.

An expression of annoyance left his lips. In his then dejected and irritated state this trifle assumed far greater importance than it would otherwise have done. It gave him, however, a certain relish for the sport of which he had come in pursuit. "I wonder where those men are?" he muttered, ill-humoredly enough to have suggested that the separation had been wholly their fault.

Just then a cry of distress, seemingly from a very slight distance off, struck his ear. Almost immediately afterward Bernotti came hurrying from a little tract of wood, which had been close behind the spot whence the missed woodcock had risen.

Bernotti was lividly pale. He caught Philip's arm with a hand whose clutch was like iron.

"You fired a minute ago, did you not?" he questioned, gaspingly.

"Yes."

"You have shot Mr. Blandford. We were coming to look for you. I suppose you did not hear us because of the wind. It is very terrible!"

Philip lifted a hand bewilderingly to his forehead. While he stared with blank looks at Bernotti, the Italian pulled him slightly by the sleeve and pointed toward the wood.

Then they both went together (Philip a little unsteadily), and looked upon what had been done. Blandford lay very near the edge of the wood—so near, in truth, that the impossibility of not having seen his form through the branches flashed across Philip with the momentary force of strongest conviction, as he now knelt down beside the fallen man.

His head was bleeding profusely, as though from some wound in the temple; his eyes were closed; his face ghastly. Philip laid a hand upon his heart; there was scarcely a perceptible flutter here. He sprang to his feet.

"One of us must get help," he exclaimed. "Shall I go?"

"No," answered Bernotti, with speed. "I am a very fast runner. Let me go." And a moment later he had dashed away through the trees.

Philip again knelt down at the side of Blandford. He suddenly remembered that he carried a flask of brandy, and at once produced it. To pour it through those blue-tinged lips was, however, a work of much difficulty; but he succeeded in making the wounded man swallow nearly a mouthful of the liquor, after a little persistent effort.

The effect was very rapid. A slight color touched Blandford's cheeks, though he did not, for some little space, open his eyes. Presently, however, his eyes were unclosed, and fixed steadfastly on Philip's face. They had, as their observer noticed, a glassy and blinded look.

"Murderer!" the unfortunate man groaned at this point, in a voice husky beyond recognition, while the word was evidently a result of severe physical labor. And immediately afterward his eyelids drooped themselves, and there came across his face the swift yet certain signs of death.

Philip shuddered from head to foot. The certitude of his own innocence seemed, naturally enough, to thrill through all his being, but a sensation of utter horror thrilled with it. Had Blandford seen him raise his gun and fire, and had Blandford believed—? oh, no! the thought was too horrible! And yet why should that awfully-accusing word have left the dying man's lips?

A good half-hour elapsed before Bernotti's return. He brought several men and a sort

of litter as well. When he arrived there was no longer the slightest doubt of Blandford's death. The body was placed upon the litter, amid the men's ejaculations of astonishment and sympathy, not unmixed with occasional side-glances in Philip's direction. He and Bernotti made the last two of the sad homeward procession that now followed.

The next few days were to Philip inexpressibly wretched. There was, of course, an inquest, at which the gloomy simplicity of his testimony, and the overwhelming directness of Bernotti's, made slight difficulty about a verdict. The Italian had seen Philip, between the branches of the near trees, raise his gun and fire, while he advanced in that direction with Mr. Blandford. The action was so rapid that he had not even time to warn Mr. Amyott, and the next instant Mr. Blandford fell at his feet. "But Mr. Amyott," Bernotti went on to say, "now fired a second time, and in a wholly different direction. My first thought was of the wounded man. I stooped down beside him for a moment, ascertained that he was even then senseless, and at once hurried out to inform Mr. Amyott of this terrible accident."

Nothing that might be called a private interview took place between Philip and Mrs. Blandford. When they met, either Bernotti or her mother-in-law was present. Her manner was full of a sort of stunned, decorous composure. She seemed to recognize Philip's miserable situation, and to pity it keenly, but she seemed to recognize, as well, how ill-advised would be any excess of sympathy on her own part. The dowager Mrs. Blandford was almost prostrated by grief; she had, doubtless, tenderly loved her son. No words of useless reproach passed her lips, however, while she was in Philip's presence; and very probably, if such had been the case, these words would have added nothing to the utter mental desolation and protracted suffering of the poor fellow's condition.

The funeral took place at the late Mr. Blandford's country-residence, and was, consequently, in a comparative degree, small; but many acquaintances came up from town, and Bernotti, the one visible witness of the sad accident, was assailed with numberless inevitable questions, Philip remaining (at the Italian's earnest advice) concealed from all curious eyes during the mournful ceremony. "I confess that I can scarcely make up my mind how to act," Philip had dejectedly said, on the previous day, and Bernotti, a most ready and valuable counselor, had at once answered: "Remain away from everybody; it will be in far better taste. You must not even go to the grave. People cannot doubt the intensity of your feelings in this matter, and everybody will, of course, understand your horror of being stared at, and of having your demeanor, under such peculiar and distressing circumstances, publicly discussed." And Philip, yielding to the feverish, insistent pertinacity with which Bernotti enforced his views, accepted them. He grasped, indeed, with a kind of doleful gladness, at the more comfortable course which they presented to his shocked, weakened, and almost nerveless energies.

His departure from the house which he

had entered under auspices so widely opposite, had in it a kind of woful commonplace. His partings with Mrs. Blandford and her mother-in-law were made at the same period. He addressed himself, half unconsciously, to the latter lady in especial. "It seems like audacity," he said, "for me to speak of myself just now. Yet I must put forward my utterly bewildered feelings of gloom and wretchedness as an excuse for finding no words that can at all match the subject with which I am called upon to deal." And now his voice faltered, while his eyes covertly wandered toward where the younger Mrs. Blandford stood, silent, pale, clad in her deep-black widow's dress. "If it is ever in my power to do either of you the least or the greatest service—" he recommenced; and then, while he paused for a second, holding out his hand toward John Blandford's mother, that lady spoke a few brief sentences, so full of sweet, compassionate, and appreciative heartiness that they dwelt with him assuagingly for hours afterward. "Believe that I echo what my mother-in-law has just said," the younger lady murmured, when it came her turn to accept Philip's offered hand. A little later he left the house.

Bernotti accompanied him. Toward the Italian Philip felt a sense of strong gratitude. The part which he had played all through this miserable affair had been marked by the most delicately administrative tact, materially lessening the poignant discomfort of his position. Even now, as he could not but recollect, it was through Bernotti's kind agency alone that he had been enabled to see these two ladies thus privately; for the house was populous, just then, with relatives on either side of the family, who, in their consolatory capacity, had remained over from the funeral. Bernotti went with him to New York. After reaching the city, they separated. Philip had been so morbidly self-absorbed as not to notice how haggard, worn, and ill, his companion looked, until just as their parting occurred.

"These few days have told upon you, Bernotti," he declared, while holding the Italian's hand, and scanning, with attention, his changed face. "Accept my thanks for all that you have done in my behalf—and I feel that it is much. I have already given you my address. Don't fail to come and see me. I shall, doubtless, be permanently at home for a long time. I shall go nowhere, you know, and be visible to very few except yourself."

But Bernotti did not visit him. A month of the most dismal depression followed for poor Philip. He had scarcely a near relation living; the society of his few more intimate friends had grown an inexpressible pain to him. There were some nights during which he wholly failed to sleep—others when hideous dreams made wakefulness far preferable to slumber. Now and then the thought of suicide temptingly haunted him. Hearing that the two Mrs. Blandfords had both come back to town, he wrote the younger lady a note, stating that if it was her pleasure to see him he would be most willing to call. The answer was courteous and friendly, but it contained these words: "I

hate to write such a sentence, and yet I must tell you that I think it best you should pay me no visit just now. By-and-by, when more time has passed, I may perhaps send you a request to come."

Another month lapsed along, and yet another, and Philip's state was but slightly improved. Indeed, his health began to give way, and the physician whom he consulted strongly advised travel.

In December he resolved to go abroad. Before going, he hunted up Bernotti's residence, and called upon him. It was a boarding-house; and, instead of seeing Bernotti, he learned from the presiding landlady that this gentleman was lying dangerously ill. His illness had been of about two weeks' duration; the doctors feared no immediate peril, but the results were uncertain, a regular nurse had been engaged, and the invalid had been forbidden all society. The lady could not be at all positive regarding the nature of the illness; it was a sort of general decline, she imagined, with some obstinate complication in the way of brain-trouble. Philip's passage was engaged for the next day, and on the next day he sailed.

He remained in Europe nearly two years. The change at first promised him no benefit, but at length a slow yet steady return to former wholesome conditions manifested itself not less morally than physically. His exhausting wound began to heal. He was in many respects any thing but the old Philip, although grown so closely to resemble him that ordinary eyes might ill have perceived any difference. Perhaps, indeed, his society possessed added attractions. He had traveled a great deal during these two years, and was just the man to reap thereby much pronounced beneficial result. At the end of the two years he returned to America.

It was a matter of *noblesse oblige* (or so he assured himself) promptly to call upon Mrs. Blandford after arriving in New York. He selected a certain clear afternoon when her being out was among the strongest probabilities, ascertained that she was out from the servant at the door, and left his card. It was now for her, he reflected, to take the next step. If she cared to see him, she would send for him.

She did send on the following day. Her note was briefly satisfactory, expressing a desire to meet him that hovered midway between courtesy and cordiality. The same evening Philip called again.

The moment that he looked upon her a surge as of revived passion made headlong tumult within him. But he knew well enough while he took her hand that it was *not* revived passion. He knew well enough that it was the half-intoxicating delight of again meeting one for whom his love, through months of absence, illness, and suffering, had remained unalterably persistent.

The conversation began by her quietly asking him about his travels. Philip talked on and on for perhaps a half-hour, with occasional answers from his companion, though close attentiveness. He suddenly broke off with a laugh, exclaiming:

"But you are making me behave like a guide-book. Had we not better leave Eu-

rope, cross the ocean, and say something of your own affairs?"

Mrs. Blandford dropped the hazel eyes, then lifted them with suddenness.

"I am very well," she murmured, rather musingly, "and very humdrum, as you may suppose, in my mode of living."

"Your gay times are coming in a little while longer," Philip responded, with his gaze fixed on the floor. His tone, though he may not have known it, was supremely sad.

Mrs. Blandford started.

"And yours?" she questioned, almost with sharpness. "Do you mean that they are forever gone? I—I had hoped," she went hesitatingly on—"I had hoped, Mr. Amyott—"

"Well?" questioned Philip.

"That time would bring you ample consolation for whatever intensity of regret you had suffered because of that wretched episode. It is sad to think otherwise."

Philip rose to his feet. He was trembling in every limb, and noticeably pale.

"It is not that," he stammered. "And yet the past, succeed as I may in forgetting it, will not be wholly forgotten." His voice grew hollow and hoarse through great feeling as he drew several steps nearer the woman he loved. "It is almost as if I had wantonly murdered your husband, and his blood now cried out for vengeance upon me."

He suddenly sank on the little sofa at her side, and fixed his burning look upon her startled face.

"Do you understand me?" he whispered, in a voice where she heard a man fight, and only half controllingly, with a man's anguish. "If not, I mean this: I have loved you all along—almost from the first hour we talked together. What might have been a blessed freedom for both of us (I know very well that you could not endure your dead husband) has become, to me at least, a worse captivity. You are to be won, but I can never win you—the world would cry out against it as a sacrilege, an infamy! It is this thought that has kept me ill so long. God knows how I ever got well again—yes, it was this maddening thought, far more than—"

His voice died into a sort of amazed murmur. He had seen that her eyes were swimming in tears, and that her whitened lips were quivering, while both hands had knotted themselves convulsively in her lap.

"Sybil!" he burst forth.

She uttered a short, sobbing cry. A moment afterward they were looked in each other's arms.

But a very little later she had broken away from him.

"I love you," she faltered, a strange firmness amid the tremor of her tones—"I love you well enough not to care for the world, in so far as its sneers and scandals assail myself; but—no, no! I will not have people say of you the terrible things that I am sure they would say."

Philip laughed aloud as he seized one of her hands and rapturously kissed it.

"That is quite enough, Sybil Blandford. What do I care for the world when you are my wife? Let them say that I killed your—"

"Oh, hush!" she cried.

But she did not draw her hand away from his. Through her tears she saw his bright smile, self-confident and blissful.

Two days later society was scandalized by the news of their formal engagement. The dowager Mrs. Blandford was in Philadelphia, living with a married daughter in that city; yet her son's widow had to pass through a staring ordeal enough, not alone because of certain relatives on her own and her husband's side, but because also of Philip's grand-cousin, that efficient social pillar, Mrs. Churchill Abernethy. The horror manifested by this estimable leader of fashion was something well fitted to appall. Clad in heavy-corded black silk, she called on Sybil Blandford, and poured forth indignation upon her and upon the absent Philip with truly superb effect. She said some foolish things, and not a few sensible ones. She appealed to Sybil's knowledge of the world, her natural modesty, her regard for decent conventional laws, and Heaven knows to what else, using every arrow which outraged propriety possesses within its ably-stocked quiver.

But the object of this fine outburst stood her ground, even against Mrs. Churchill Abernethy. Two weeks later her marriage to Philip was privately performed. A day or so after the ceremony they sailed for Europe.

They made Paris their residence for six months, living in retired quarters of the city, and rarely seeing many of their own country-people whom they knew—rarely seeing, for that matter, any people in whom they took interest, excepting each other. It is only the truth to say that they were both serenely and exquisitely happy. But after the six months they went to Venice, and the following winter began for them a residence in Florence, which lasted four years. During this time a boy and a girl were born to them. Philip made as devoted a father as husband. His wife, never pretty in the accepted meaning of the word, had acquired a touch of stoutness that her Italian friends (and these were not a few) pronounced infinitely becoming. But it was perhaps another cause that combined with this to make her more physically attractive. A sweet, spiritual peace was in her soul, and doubtless left its impress, ethereal yet positive, upon every feature.

If Philip Amyott's life had any trouble it was the cloud overshadowing his good name after this marriage with the widow of John Blandford. Especially since the birth of his children had he grown to feel the weight of what he well knew to be his social stigma. Now and then he met those of his own country-people in Florence who made it evident in their manner that they had formed marked views and drawn certain pointed conclusions. He was naturally a man very sensitive to any thing resembling cool treatment. Never going often into any sort of Florentine society, he finally gave it up altogether. He read considerably, spent much time with his wife and children, and now and then lounged about the *cafés*. Mrs. Amyott sustained the burden of both visiting and entertaining, and very gracefully she did it.

One day, after having been out an hour

or two, Philip remarked to his wife on entering the room where she sat:

"Sybil, whom do you think I saw to-day?"

Mrs. Amyott smilingly admitted herself incapable of guessing. "Bernotti," Philip then informed her. "He was in the — Café for some time while I was there, I suppose, but I did not see him until just as I was passing out. It was then that I caught a brief glimpse of his face. I never saw any thing more horribly worn and haggard. It now seems strange to me that I should even have recognized him at all."

At this point Philip perceived an odd change in his wife's look. Her eyes had grown troubled, and she wore a sudden and undoubted paleness. The next moment she abruptly rose from her chair and walked toward a window.

"You don't appear greatly interested in this subject of Bernotti," he at length resumed. "Poor fellow, he was very sick the last time I heard from him. That was nearly six years ago, and—"

His wife turned from the window with quite a bright smile. "Philip," she exclaimed, "here come the children with Pepita. Little Clarence looks so rosy from his walk! Go down and meet them. You know how it pleases them both to have you do this."

Five days later, as Philip was leaving his house one afternoon, a man of somewhat shabby appearance touched his hat and handed him a note, at once moving away. Philip broke the seal and read these words, written in Italian:

"My doctors tell me that there remain only a few hours for me to live. I have something to tell you—and to give you as well. Will you not come at once to my bedside? It is a matter of supreme import. Have you forgotten

"LUIGI BERNOTTI?"

The address followed these few lines. Philip lost no time in starting for the place indicated. It was not a great distance off, and he found, on reaching the desired residence, that Bernotti occupied a modest suite of rooms on the second-floor of very prosperous-looking lodgings.

A grave, lean-faced Italian ushered him into Bernotti's room. The man was evidently a hired nurse, for, as he passed with Philip toward the invalid's quarters, he murmured, in solemn tones:

"The signor is very bad to-day, very bad. I've nursed a great many in my time; still, I never saw one who was so sick and yet not only lived but kept his wits about him as well."

Philip presently stood at Bernotti's bedside. The sufferer's face was ghastly, and emaciated in a fearful way. His coal-black eyes looked enormous as he rolled them toward Philip, but he offered his visitor no greeting. One of his bony hands clutched tightly a sealed envelope, on which Philip could trace some sort of superscription. The other held an ivory crucifix, now and then raised to his lips.

"I am so sorry to find you in this ill

state," Bernotti's guest began. "I only knew of your being in Florence the other day, and that knowledge came from seeing you leave the — Café, though I had not seen you previously."

"I have been in Florence for six months," the sick man now murmured, and his voice was so huskily altered that Philip had a new shock. "I ought to have seen you six months sooner—when I first came. It was because of your being here that I did come. —Paolo" (suddenly addressing the nurse), "you are listening attentively?"

"Yes, signor."

"That is right—as I told you to do, you know." He leveled the intense blackness of his eyes once more upon Philip. "I wish him to hear every thing. I have deposited three separate statements with three of your former friends, to be opened after my death. And here, in my hands, I hold the written confession which you are to read, and show all the world, if you please. It is the best I can do in the way of reparation—God help me!"

Philip's face looked the widest-eyed astonishment.

"Reparation?" he iterated, questioningly.

Bernotti raised the crucifix to his colorless lips. Then he smiled with a sardonic sort of dreariness. It was like the smile of a lost soul. Philip never forgot that smile.

"You think you shot John Blandford. You did nothing of the sort. I shot him. When he said 'Murderer,' as you told me that he did say after I had started off for help, *he meant me*. I loathed him. I had loathed him ever since—ever since I began to adore his wife. No one knows what I suffered on seeing him treat her so churlishly. At meals I used sometimes to clench my hands under the table till I buried the nails into my flesh. She was the soul of purity, sweetness, and nobility, and it maddened me to see her maltreated by that brute. I don't think the idea of killing him ever definitely formed itself in my mind until ~~that~~ morning. I was standing two or three yards from him, there in the wood, and the thought suddenly flashed upon me—'Shoot, now, and swear afterward that it was an accident.' I turned cold, and a sweat broke out over my body. It seemed horrible at first, but a few seconds later I was resolved. *She* was doomed to a lifetime of slow torment with this man, whom she justly despised and hated, yet who possessed over her the most sacred authoritative rights. He was standing so that I had only to lift my gun, aim cleverly, and she was free. I did lift my gun—and fired! He fell, and I thought at first that I had killed him instantly. At the same moment I caught sight of you between the screening branches. Your gun was smoking; you too had evidently just fired; and as the gun was still on your shoulder, I at once perceived what general direction your shot must have taken. A moment later you fired again. By this time I had made another resolve—devilish, if you will; but it seemed to me as if my mind leaped forward into the future and saw there (since I guessed your love for Sybil Blandford) a most aggravating possibility. Your shot had been simultaneous with my

own, or I would have heard it. Consequently, mine had been equally unheard by you. What if I took advantage of this wonderful chance for not alone clearing my own name of suspicion, but of placing a barrier between yourself and Sybil Blandford through all time to come?—Well, you know what followed. When you saw John Blandford's prostrate figure I had dragged it several feet nearer the edge of the wood."

White as Bernotti himself, Philip stood gazing into the Italian's cadaverous face. "You speak of making reparation for all this," he at length murmured, with something that deserves to be called a *tour de force* of calmness. "I do not see how it is possible. I am now the husband of that murdered man's widow."

"You forget those three confessional letters of which I told you. And here is one more—take it. Your wife has doubtless made known to you how I persecuted her with my passionate addresses scarcely three months after Blandford's death. No? She has said nothing? Well, such is the fact. I *could* not keep silent, though it would have made no difference had I waited two years, like yourself. She was utterly indifferent to me, apart from the disgust which my early avowal roused. Our last interview showed me how more than hopeless were my chances. I was fearfully ill afterward; I have been slowly dying ever since. Her marriage with you dealt me my final blow, I think, though this cursed trouble (which the doctors call a consumption) has been lingering enough. Ah! what a superb creature she is! Think of her marrying you, after all! What other woman would have been so gloriously self-abnegating, so beautifully true to the instincts of her heart?" A quick convulsive twitching now seized Bernotti's features. Presently his face grew placid again, and he smiled his former ghost-like smile. "The tension is snapped, now," he muttered. "Death gave me a reprieve until I had told you every thing; now he takes it away."

Philip turned aside, shuddering. The lean-faced nurse went forward, and, taking the crucifix from Bernotti's incapable hand, pressed it against his lips.

Philip suddenly turned again toward the bed, and drew quite near the pillow from which that spectral face was gleaming. If he had never before, in all his life, shown how large his soul was, he showed it then.

Bernotti's eyelids had fallen over his feverish-lit eyes, but Philip gently touched the dying man's hand, and they at once uplifted themselves.

"You have not asked me for my forgiveness," Philip said, in a strange voice. "Do you wish it?"

The Italian's eyes flashed; a shiver passed through his frame. It was almost as if those words called his fading consciousness from the brink of annihilation.

"Do I *want* it!" he gasped. "Oh, my God! Will you give it?"

"Yes," answered Philip. "I pardon you."

"*Eccellenza*," murmured the lean-faced nurse, in fervent tones, "you have a noble heart!"

Philip may be said not fully to have realized the awful significance of that day's events until he had been home about an hour, and had told Sybil every thing. And then, when he sat with one arm about her neck, and with her hand pressed firmly in his own, he spoke these words, in very slow and deliberative tones:

"After all, why should we act upon this good fortune? Why should we go back to America and face all the publicity of that fine social recantation which Bernotti has prepared for us? We have been happy enough already to believe greater happiness impossible. Perhaps the change may only bring with it unpleasant experience, and be the date of our first real troubles. Why not let well enough alone? Why go home, Sybil, just to make our peace with her majesty, Mrs. Churchill Abernethy, and people of that sort?"

As he finished speaking, a shrill yet sweetly musical peal of childish laughter sounded from the adjoining room. His wife's hazel eyes dwelt fixedly, for a moment, on Philip's. Were they both visited by the same thoughts, just then? Was that ripple of childish laughter echoing itself through their innermost souls?

"I think it would be well for us to go home, Philip," his wife murmured, a faint smile on her lips, "and make our peace with Mrs. Churchill Abernethy."

"Perhaps you are right, Sybil."

EDGAR FAWCETT.

FISH-CULTURE.

CONCLUSION.

PARTICULAR attention has been called to the opportunities afforded by the discovery of the blue-backed trout for the cultivation and improvement of our brook-trout; for there is no doubt that, with an abundant supply of this species of the *Salmo* in the same waters with our speckled beauties, or at least in such waters or under such conditions as would be favorable to the abundant production of the *ogwassas*, we would have the same results as are presented at Rangely Lake. We are informed by Mr. Green, in his last report, which gives a most encouraging *résumé* of the operations of the New York Fisheries Commission, that he had procured last January a few thousand, which were then in process of incubation, and that it was probable a sufficient number of mature fish would be secured, to allow of their introduction into one or more of our New York lakes. He says: "Selection will be made of an appropriate locality, as these may become a valuable addition to the food resources both directly, for they are excellent on the tables, and indirectly, as food for larger fish. If," he adds, "their presence causes the ordinary brook-trout to grow to the size of the famous fish of the Umbagog, the Rangely, and Richardson Lakes, they will be exceedingly valuable in some of the larger waters of New York. Their fecundity is remarkable, and much benefit may be expected from their introduction as human food if they

increase with us as rapidly as they do in Maine." It is to be hoped that the experiment will realize the expectations formed of it, as there is no doubt it will, wherever the conditions under which it is tried are favorable.

According to the last or seventh annual report, covering the operations of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New York for the year 1874, the number of shad-eggs artificially impregnated, hatched, and turned loose in the Hudson River, was five million and twenty thousand. This was in the proportion of one to every fifty taken during the fishing-season, so that at this rate of production we may reasonably look forward to an abundant supply. Indeed, we already begin to enjoy the fruits of the efforts being made to increase our fish-supply, in the great number and low price of the shad in the markets of the metropolis. We are not surprised, therefore, when it is stated that there was a marked reduction in the price, and that "shad were sold at wholesale on the bank of the stream for as low as one-third of the rates which had ruled previously." The commissioners complain, and justly, we believe, that in their efforts to furnish a more abundant supply of this favorite fish to our markets they are seriously interfered with by the thousands of nets which beset the fish on their ascent to the spawning-beds, and from which hardly sufficient escape to enable the commissioners to procure the necessary quantity of spawn to prosecute their labors successfully.

It is urged that a law should be passed for the prevention of fishing from Saturday night till Monday morning, a "period during which," it is rightly maintained, "even fish should have rest." Urging the great advantage which must result from this legislation, Mr. Green says: "The percentage of loss in the market-supply will hardly be apparent; a better moral feeling will be encouraged among the fishermen, and a sufficient number of ripe shad will reach the head-waters to enable the commissioners to restock the river thoroughly, effectually, and at once. Until this is done no more can be expected than is being effected at present, that is to say, a gradual improvement of the fisheries." In Connecticut they have set us an example which we would do well to follow. There they have prohibited excessive fishing, and "the consequence has been that thirty-five hundred and sixty fish have been taken in one haul at the fisheries at the mouth of the Connecticut River, which is the largest haul made in the present century, while the entire yield was as high as any year since 1811."

Should the cessation of shad-fishing on Sundays be enforced by efficient legislation, a decided improvement would soon be apparent in the marked increase of the supply of shad in our markets, and a corresponding reduction in price. Standing at the head of the herring family, and constituting an important item in the food account, this fish is deserving of all the care and attention which have been bestowed upon it by our commissioners. It is gratifying to learn that the attempt to introduce the shad in other waters has proved eminently successful, and that, although but

four years have elapsed since some twenty thousand of the fry were sent to California, full-grown specimens have been taken in the waters of that State. Not only a new habitat has thus been found for shad, but a new ocean; for, before their introduction to the Pacific, the fish was a total stranger among its finny tribes. In the same year two hundred shad-fry were put in Lake Erie, two hundred in Lake Michigan, two hundred in Laramie River, and a like number in a few other rivers on the route to California. A mere record or diary of the operations of the principal shad-hatching establishment on the Hudson, ten miles below Albany, speaks volumes on behalf of this great work, and specially commends it to the approval and encouragement of the public. A strict account, so to speak, is opened with the Hudson River, and the number of eggs yielded by each fish captured is kept from day to day. Thus, on May 23, 1872, we find the following entry: "Caught 80 shad, 8 ripe; 160,000 eggs. Water 68° and 71°." On June 3d a large amount of work was done: "Caught 180 shad, 21 ripe; 400,000 eggs. Turned loose 860,000 young shad. Water 80° and 82°." Took 60,000 young shad to Troy Dam, and turned them loose in the river there." The greatest number procured in one day was on June 24th, when 700,000 were obtained from 33 ripe fish, while the total number taken during the season, which extended from May 18th to July 6th, was 8,915,000. Of these, 8,295,000 were successfully hatched.

The great benefits which have been conferred upon our fishing interests by the artificial propagation of shad, trout, salmon, bass, and other varieties, have led to the establishment of commissions in no fewer than eighteen States, while in addition to these commissions we have a very important body entitled the American Fish-Culturists' Association, which held its meeting last year in this city. The gentlemen composing this society are devoted to the work in which they are engaged, and afford valuable coöperation to the various officials employed in the promotion of the same interests throughout the different States. Indeed, to the combined efforts of volunteer and official pisciculturists, and the improvements which they have made in the artificial propagation of the different varieties of fish, we are indebted for the present advanced state of the art. By ingenious contrivances for the transportation of ova, hundreds of thousands—yes, millions—of eggs have been carried thousands of miles, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Mr. Livingston Stone, one of the most distinguished of our fish-culturists, has taken an active part in the introduction of California salmon to the rivers of our Northern, Middle, and Western States, and has added largely to the practical knowledge of the science. In the summer of 1873 he established his salmon-breeding camp on the McCloud River, in California, in the midst of the Indians, who had shown their dislike of intruders by summarily disposing of several white men and Chinese who had ventured into their territory prospecting for gold. They tried by threats and hostile demonstra-

tions to intimidate Mr. Stone, but he was not to be intimidated; and, finding that they had more to gain in various ways than they had to lose by his presence among them, they at last permitted him to prosecute his efforts without interference. Here he erected his hatching-apparatus—here on the banks of one of the most picturesque rivers in California, the waters of which so swarmed with salmon that from his tent-door he could see them jumping "at the rate of a thousand an hour." In his enthusiasm over the success of his labors he signalized the turning on of the water into his hatching-house by "collecting," as he tells us, his "whole force of whites and Indians at sunset, and, raising a large American flag over the camp." On the 26th of August, 1873, he took, from fish captured at his encampment, twenty-three thousand ripe salmon-eggs; and by the 22d of September he had secured more than two million. Of this number over a million and a quarter reached New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, New Hampshire, Maine, Connecticut, and Utah, alive, and consigned to the commissioners of those States, to the waters of which they were in due time transferred. Packed in moss, and placed in boxes two feet square by a foot in depth, the covers of which were closely screwed down, they were sent off on their perilous journey of three thousand miles.

The progress which has been made in aquaculture within the last ten years in the United States has been satisfactorily demonstrated in the percentage of fish which have been hatched by the artificial process from the impregnated egg. Early experiments resulted in the incubation of about twenty-five per cent., but experience and improvements in the apparatus employed, aided by a close study of, and an intimate acquaintance with, the habits of the fish, led to a great increase, until the art has now reached such a state of perfection that not more than five, or at the utmost ten, per cent. of the ova are lost. In some instances even better results than this have been obtained; for Mr. Green states, in his "Experiences of a Practical Fish-Culturist," that of ten thousand shad-eggs he hatched all but ten. In fifteen days fully fifteen millions of the young fry had burst their imprisoning shells, and entered on their battle of life.

While such success has rewarded the efforts of our Fish Commissioners in the propagation of shad and salmon, it must not be supposed that other varieties of fish have been neglected. On the contrary, none that were worthy of their attention have been ignored. The black bass, which holds a high place in their estimation, has received, as it deserves, full consideration; but the nature of the fish necessitates a different treatment in the process of cultivation. Every attempt to procure spawn, as in the case of salmon, trout, whitefish, etc., having failed, another plan was adopted, and this has so far been found to work admirably. Bass, varying in age from one to three years, are conveyed in vessels which are kept well supplied with the necessary quantity of water, and placed in their new home, where, the conditions being favorable to their growth and development, they increase very rapidly. The essential

requisite in the propagation of the black bass is the selection of the water best adapted to its nature and wants. It is with lakes and rivers as it is with different kinds of land—each produces in the greatest abundance the crops for which it is best adapted. It would be folly to place trout in still and sluggish waters with muddy bottoms—as foolish, indeed, as it would be to transfer from its turbid element to a clear, cold, and swift-running mountain-stream, coursing over its sandy or rocky bed, the uncomely and repelling catfish. It is to the nice discrimination exercised by the fish-culturist in such important points that the present encouraging state of the art is due.

Although our State Legislatures have been somewhat slow in aiding and encouraging the Fish Commissioners, yet much has been done by judicious and well-directed legislation for the promotion of the work in which they are engaged. Laws have been passed for the punishment by fine or imprisonment of persons convicted of selling fish out of the season within which they are allowed to be captured. But our law-makers should go still further: they should not only prohibit the catching of fish by illegitimate methods—by the liming or poisoning of water, by the use of giant-powder, and other equally atrocious and criminal appliances—but they should impose heavy penalties for the capture of the young of trout, salmon, salmon-trout, and other fish, under a certain weight. As it is, the indiscriminate warfare waged by thoughtless or unscrupulous anglers upon troutlets so small that it would take twenty or thirty to weigh a pound, should no longer be tolerated. To such an extent has this style of fishing been carried that hundreds of our streams and brooks have been literally depopulated, while others have been so overfished that the capture of a trout weighing a pound, or even half a pound, is an event of rare occurrence. Another serious obstacle to the increase in the size and number of trout in our waters is to be found in the damming up of our streams for the running of mills and factories. All access to the spawning-beds in the upper waters is thus completely cut off, and in course of time the inevitable consequence follows—the trout die out! A simple remedy for this is the construction of a fish-way which, while it would not materially reduce the quantity of water in the dam, would yet afford an unobstructed and sufficiently wide passage to permit of the ascent of the fish during the spawning season.

With such protection from our law-makers, and liberal appropriations to meet the reasonable demands of the commissioners and superintendents for the means essential to the successful prosecution of their labors, the most sanguine expectations of our fish-culturists will be realized; our exhausted waters will be replenished, a valuable addition will be made to our food-supply, a great branch of our productive industry will not only be restored, but rendered more productive and profitable than ever, and a substantial and lasting benefit will be conferred on the whole population.

J. M.

A DAY AT SALEM.

IT is not always to be accounted as a misfortune to miss your train, and be left over for a few hours at some place on your way, instead of being sped on, as you had expected, to that other place where you meant to be. Certainly not a misfortune, if you should chance to be stranded, as we were, in the ancient town of Salem.

Once there, there were but two things to be thought of—the haunts of Hawthorne and the Salem witches. It would be hard to say with which the place seemed most associated. But Hawthorne, the house in which he was born, the one which was afterward from time to time his home, the Custom-House, "The Scarlet Letter," "The Old Town-Pump," "The House of the Seven Gables"—all these came thronging into one's mind, and took precedence of the *diablerie*, and clearly the first-named was the legitimate starting-point. Accordingly we took our way, as so many have done, to that house in Union Street where the great romancer first saw the light.

The Hawthorne house, where the worthy Captain Nathaniel left his little family when he went to sea, is on a narrow street leading down toward the water—a prosaic kind of street, cheerless by reason of its commonplaceness, and one that would have a depressing influence on such a temperament as Hawthorne's. It was probably inhabited in his childhood by the class of people who make the average in a community; it is very quiet, too quiet, and must have always been very much as now, except that it has settled more and more into a state of grayness and passivity. One standing on that door-stone, and looking across and up and down, sees nothing in any way attractive, unless it be the large gabled house which faces the head of the street, and the masts of vessels above the roofs at the lower end; and it is easy enough to understand why the precocious, large-brained, melancholy-eyed child, with the quaint name, who used to come out and sit on the threshold, should have grown up a student of men and women rather than of Nature, analyzing human moods and motives rather than taking delight in outward aspects of wood, and sea, and sky. There was nothing fair and gracious in his immediate surroundings, and of necessity he became introspective. The houses open directly on the street, having no yard in front, no space for vines or flower-borders, no trees worth naming, and no room for gardens unless within a scant place hidden by the high fences. His own is no exception; there is just a bit of ground at one side, and a tiny court at the back, the only greenery of which is a solitary peach-tree.

The house itself is superior to most of those on the street. It is two stories high, with a high roof, and great, square chimney in the centre. The present occupants are three or four families of decent Irish, who take pleasure in showing the rooms, which are low-posted, with beams crossing the ceiling overhead, after the old style. Two small parlors at the front are separated by a little entry-way, which leads to similar rooms above

a narrow staircase, so narrow and with steps of such a shape, diminishing fan-like at one side, that in descending one is liable to slip off and come thumping down from one landing to another.

There is a singular cupboard or closet in one apartment, having steps in it, the floor of which is breast-high, so that one could sit there as in a capacious seat; and there is a remarkable arrangement of fireplaces all across the corners of their respective rooms, so that if the partition-walls were to be taken down they would be found to fit round the chimney as triangular pieces do round the central square in a patchwork-quilt. In the back-chamber at the left, the two windows of which look down into the cheerless backyard, Hawthorne first opened his eyes to the light on the 4th of July, seventy-one years ago.

That he had no joyous remembrances of this house his own records in his "Note-Book" abundantly show. One brief item in 1836 reads thus: "In this dismal chamber Fame was won (Salem, Union Street);" and in 1840, still brooding over the long delays that had attended his recognition as an author, he writes: "Here I sit in my old accustomed chamber, where I used to sit in days gone by. . . . If ever I should have a biographer, he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here, and here my mind and character were formed, and here I have been glad and hopeful, and here I have been despondent. And here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all, or at least till I were in my grave."

The house of his mother's family, to which they removed after his father was lost at sea, known as the Manning Place, is on the next street, running parallel with it, and the gardens join. He lived there many years, there spent his college vacations, and to it returned, even after his marriage, making it his frequent abode for longer or shorter intervals, and there a good deal of his earlier writing was done. His special study was up in the third story, in the most secluded part, as suited his habits, in a back-chamber, the window of which on the one side looked down into the little room where he was born and the dismal court below, on the other off over the distant tree-tops to the promontory of Marblehead.

The street is broader than the other, and the mansion was once a fine one, with two fronts, so to speak; one opening into a garden roomy enough for flower-borders and shrubbery, and where one family of the many that now tenant it have scarlet-runners and morning-glories, adding an element of glowing color to a place which, but for that, would be altogether dreary with the ashen grayness of age and neglect. The gabled end is on the street, and this house, like the other, is close upon the sidewalk. The lower front-rooms have the appearance of having been at some time used for a store, and the wide, formidable double doors show immense staples for bar and padlock and strong iron cleats. There are the remains of a ponderous knock-

er, such a one as Hawthorne speaks of as "the iron hammer," summoning those within; he further describes such a building as this, "the timber frame of solid oak and chimney, with flues large enough for the witches to fly out, round which the community of gables centred." It has been intimated that this was the very "House of the Seven Gables," counting in the gabled doors to make up the magic number, but there is no certainty that the author had any one special house in view, so many quaint and ancient ones being familiar to him that he needed only to draw slightly on his imagination for the materials of his famous Pyncheon Mansion. He evidently clung to this quarter of his native town, with which he must always be more especially associated. His name, cut with a diamond on the glass, is to be seen in one of the windows; and the name could be read, with the date of the building of the house, on a stone at the door, until the accumulation of dust or wear of time made it illegible.

The building, however, with which he is most intimately identified, far more even than with the houses which he lived in, is the Custom-House, which is close by, not far from the foot of these streets. On the way thither one comes upon an old pump, which looks aged enough to be the veritable original of his charming essay. As it is one—of the only two remaining—of the pumps anciently established in every ward, the presumption is that a description of this particular one answers for Hawthorne's pump, seeing that they were all alike. It is large enough for a mausoleum, and looks not unlike one, made of slabs of dingy stone, like stained, gray gravestones, set up on one end, in a square at the foundation, but all inclining inward at the top, where they are kept in position by a band of iron. A decaying segment of log appears, in which the pump-handle works—in vain now, however, since, being long out of use, it has no connection with the water below; on the front side are two circular holes, like a pair of great eyes, made in the stone for the insertion of the spouts; and, finally, a long-handled iron dish, like a saucepan or warming-pan on a smaller scale, is attached by an iron chain to the stone by way of drinking-vessel. Altogether, though it may not strike an old Salem resident in that way, it seems to the stranger a very unique, antiquated, and remarkable structure.

Hawthorne minutely depicts the Custom-House—a brick edifice, fronted by a portico, beneath which twelve steps of granite lead to the street; it faces the dilapidated wharf, where, in the days of Salem's commercial glory, the East-India merchants used to congregate, watching the incoming and unloading of argosies freighted with treasures from the other hemisphere. Above the entrance is the "enormous specimen of the American eagle, with outspread wings," which bird has been dazzlingly regilded, so that its burnishing makes what he calls its "truculent" attitude more apparent.

Changes have come to the interior since Hawthorne described it. For the shabby, old-fashioned chairs in the front-entry, in which,

"tipped on their hind-legs against the wall," the venerable officials used to sit and doze in the summer-time, have been substituted elegant, modern arm-chairs. The room at the left, where he, the "Locofoco surveyor," as he calls himself, sat, an unwilling habitant of the fifteen square feet of space which he used to pace back and forth with something of the restlessness of a caged animal, is no longer "cobwebbed and dingy with old paint," but refurnished and refitted; instead of the gray sand over the floor, a carpet; the rickety chairs and three-legged stool have been banished to the limbo of dilapidated wares; but the pine desk, over which the romancer spent so many unwilling hours, has been given by the Custom-House authorities to the Institute of his town, and it may be seen in the edifice where are preserved the very treasures that Hawthorne described forty years ago, such as the portraits and some of the garments of such worthies as Governor Leverett and Sir William Pepperell, Bradstreet, the Oliver, Endicott, and Pynchons; and in the rear of which building, those conservatives of old-time things, the honored members of the society, have caused to be set up an exact model, as to size, architecture, and all, even to the little diamond-paned windows, of the church in which Roger Williams preached.

The prospect from the windows of Hawthorne's office-room is not so very dreary as he would have us think—the discontent of his own feelings must have given sombreness to what, seen on a bright, sunshiny, August day, was pleasing enough to our eyes. One looked up one of the most aristocratic streets of Salem, as aristocracy had its quarters some two hundred years ago, and the "scent of the roses" still hangs round the grand old gardens and terraced walks of some of those whilom princely residences; the other fronts on Derby Wharf—built long ago, and named for the Derby family—with its row of sail-lofts extending its whole length. Besides this, he had the open harbor, with the shifting beauty of the water, and beyond, the high land of Marblehead.

It was in the front-room on the right, on the floor above, where, "poking" among the documents which filled some barrels and were piled up on the floor, Hawthorne found, on one rainy day, the scarlet letter cut from the red cloth, all embroidered with gold needle-work, and the package which contained the records about Hester Prynne. It was then a lumber-room, unpainted and unplastered, dim, dusty, cobwebbed, and littered, but is now handsomely finished and fitted up for special meetings, and adorned with two pictures—one a portrait of Joseph Miller, first Collector of Salem under the new constitution, the other that of General Miller, of Lundy's Lane fame—the man who said "I'll try, sir"—who was given the collectorship in 1825, and was in position there when Hawthorne had his surveyorship. The great writer pays a tribute to the great hero, too feeble then to come up the steps without assistance, but as faithful in this peaceful service as he had been in the warlike—a sincere, upright, simple-souled, straightforward man.

Hawthorne in the Custom-House grew morbid. "My imagination," he says, "was a tarnished mirror—it would not reflect, or only with miserable dimness, the figures with which I did my best to people it. . . . An entire class of susceptibilities and a gift connected with them—of no great richness or value, but the best I had—was gone from me."

Not so, however, as "The Scarlet Letter" and other works, and more genial moods, proved. Wherever he went he came back to Salem, "like the bad half-penny," he said—Fate took him back. But we cannot help believing that he had a fondness for the old town, though, in perverse humor, he does, with a kind of grim exaggeration, speak of its "flat, unvaried surface" and wooden houses, saying that its "irregularity was neither picturesque nor quaint, but only tame"—a "long and lazy street, with Gallows Hill at one end, and the almshouse at the other."

Salem keeps his memory green, and is proud of the immortality he has given her; and visitors from our own and other lands make pilgrimages to his homes and haunts, and leave their little tributes to his genius, a laurel-leaf, perhaps, or a more sombre, a quainter, odder token, for him most apt—"rosemary"—

"That's for remembrance."

A. B. HARRIS

TIGER-HUNTING IN CENTRAL INDIA.

II.

THE sportsman will not be long under the guidance of the village shikari before he comes on tracks of tigers. Where one or more have been living some time in the neighborhood, footprints of many dates will be found in the sandy bed of almost every *nalla*. The history and habits of the tigers will generally ooze out of the local hunter at the sight of these marks. When the fresh tracks of the previous night are found, his impassive features will be lighted into interest, and, as he follows the trail with the end of his gun, his speech will be low and hurried from suppressed excitement. There is little chance, however, of coming on the brute himself at that early hour. He is probably lying somewhere on an elevated place commanding the approaches to his favorite lair, sunning himself in the soft morning light, and watching against the approach of danger, until the growing heat about ten o'clock shall have extinguished all signs of movement in the neighborhood, when he will creep down into some shady nook by the water, and, after a roll in the wet sand, proceed to sleep off the effects of his midnight gorge. Sometimes, however, if the sportsman be out early enough, he will find, from the cries of animals, that the tiger is moving not far ahead of him, and he may then, by cutting him off, even obtain a shot.

On one occasion, I followed a tiger in the early morning for several miles up the bed of a stream, entirely by the demonstrations

of the large Hanúmán monkey, of which there were numbers on the banks feeding on wild fruits. As the tiger passed below them the monkeys fled to the nearest trees, and, climbing to the highest branches, shook them violently and poured forth a torrent of abuse,* that could be heard a mile away. Each group of them continued to swear at him till he passed out of sight, and they saw their friends farther on take up the chorus in the tops of their trees, when they calmly came down again and began to stuff their cheeks full of berries, as if nothing had happened.

I think it is the pranks of juvenile tigers, rather than the serious enmity of old ones, that cause such a terror of them to exist among the monkey community. The natives say that the tigress teaches her cubs to stalk and hunt by practising on monkeys and peafowl. The gorgeous plumage of the latter, scattered about in a thousand radiant fragments, often marks the spot where a peacock has thus fallen victim to these ready learners, but the remains of a monkey are seldom or never seen. Indeed, these sagacious Simians rarely venture to come down to the ground when young tigers are about, though this sign is not always to be relied on as denoting the absence of tigers. I thought so for a long time, till one day in the Bétúl country, in 1865, after hunting long in the heat of a May day for a couple of tigers whose marks were plentiful all about, we came up to a small pool of water at the head of a ravine, and saw the last chance of finding them vanish, as I thought, when a troop of monkeys were found quietly sitting on the rocks and drinking at the water. I was carelessly descending to look for prints, with my rifle reversed over my shoulder, and another step or two would have brought me to the bottom of the ravine, when the monkeys scurried with a shriek up the bank, and the head and shoulders of a large tiger appeared from behind a bowlder, and stared at me across the short interval. I was meditating whether to fire or retreat, when, almost from below my feet, the other tiger bounded out with a terrific roar, and they both made off down the ravine. I was too much astonished to obtain a steady shot, and I was by that time too well acquainted with tiger-shooting to risk an uncertain one, so they escaped for the time. I quickly regained my elephant, which was standing above, and followed them up. It was exceedingly hot, and we had not gone more than a couple of hundred yards when I saw one of the tigers crouched under a bush on the bank of the ravine. I got a steady shot from the *howdah*, and fired a three-ounce shell at his broad forehead at about thirty yards. No result. It was most curious, and I paused to look; but never a motion of the tiger acknowledged the shot. I then went round a quarter of a circle, but still the tiger remained motionless, looking intently in the same direction. I marched up, rifle on full cock, growing more and more amazed—but the tiger never moved. Could he be dead? I went round to his rear and

approached close up from that direction. He never stirred. Then I made the elephant kick him, and he fell over. He was stone dead—converted, without the movement of a hair, into a statue of himself by the bursting of the large shell in his brain. It had struck him full in the centre of the forehead. We then went on with the track of the other. It led down into the Mórán River, on the steep bank of which there was a thick cover of jaman-bushes, in which the tiger was sure to stop. I had just before come through it, and found the place as full of tracks as a rabbit-warren. Having a spare pad-elephant out that day, I sent her round to keep down the bottom of the bank and mark, while I pushed my own elephant—Futteh Rání (Queen of Victory)—through the cover. About the centre I came on the tiger, crouched like the other, with his massive head rested on his forepaws, the drawn-up hind-quarters and slightly-switching tail showing that he meant mischief. At the first shot, which struck him on the point of the shoulder, he bounded out at me; but the left harrel caught him in the back before he had come many yards and broke it, when he rolled down right to the bottom of the bank, and fell, roaring horribly, right between the forelegs of the elephant.

On another occasion I was much struck with the caution of the monkeys under very trying circumstances. In May, 1864, I had tracked a man-eating tigress into a deep ravine near the village of Pált in the Seoní district. She was not quite a confirmed man-eater, but had killed nine or ten persons in the preceding few months. She had a cub of about six months old with her, and it was when this cub was very young and unable to move about that want of other game had driven her to kill her first human prey. I knew when I entered the ravine that this was her regular haunt; for, though every bush outside had been stripped of its berries by a colony of monkeys, I saw them perched on the rocks above the ravine wistfully looking down on the bushes at the bottom, which had strewed the ground with their ripened fruit. They accompanied me along the ravine on the top of the rocks, as if perfectly knowing the value of their assistance in getting the tigress—and better markers I never had. I should probably have passed out at the top without seeing her, as she was lying close under a shelving bank, but for the profane language of an ancient, gray-bearded Hanúmán, who posted himself right above her, and swore away until he fairly turned her out of her comfortable berth. The excitement of the monkeys soon told me she was on the move; and presently I saw her round face looking at me from behind a tree with a forked trunk, through the cleft of which I caught sight of about a square foot of her striped hide. It seemed about the right place, so covering it carefully I put in a shell at about forty yards, and she collapsed there and then, forming a beautiful spread-eagle in the bottom of the nála. The youngster now started out, roaring as if he were the biggest tiger in the country; and, though I fired a couple of snap-shots at him as he galloped through some thick bushes, I could not stop

him. It is important to extinguish a brute, however young, who has once tasted human flesh; and I followed him till it grew nearly dark, when I returned to the ravine to take home the tigress, and there I found my monkey friends tucking into the berries in all directions, and hopping about close to the body of the dead tigress. The cub was met, much exhausted with its run, by a gang of wood-cutters, and killed with their axes.

The barking of deer, and the alarm-cry of peafowl, frequently indicate the movements of a tiger. The sámbár, the spotted deer, the barking deer, and the little four-horned antelope, all "bark" violently at a tiger suddenly appearing in the daytime. In April, 1865, having marched nearly a thousand miles exploring in the forests, almost without firing a shot, I halted to hunt a very large cattle-eating tiger near Chándvél in the Nimár district. This animal was believed by the cowherds to have killed more than a thousand head of cattle; and one of the best grazing-grounds in all that country had been quite abandoned by them in consequence. His haunts lay in a net-work of ravines that lead down to the Narbadá River—now included in the Ponásá Reserved Forest, which I was then exploring. The herds of cattle having been withdrawn from the grassy glades on the banks of the Narbadá, where he usually preyed on them, he had lately been coming out into the open country, and had been heard for several nights roaming round about the village of Chándvél on the edge of the forest. I found his tracks within a hundred yards of the buffalo-pens of the village the morning I arrived; and a few nights before he had broken into a Banjárá encampment a little way off, and killed and dragged away a heifer, which he ate within hearing-distance of the encampment, charging through the darkness, and driving back the Banjárás and their dogs when they tried to interrupt him. I picketed a juicy young buffalo for him the night I arrived, about half a mile from the village where his tracks showed he regularly passed at night. Next morning it was found to have been killed and dragged away about a hundred yards to a small, dry water-course; and, after having been cleaned as scientifically as any butcher could have done it, all eaten up but the head, skin, feet, and one fore-quarter. If his footprints had not already shown him to be an unusually large tiger, this feat of gormandizing would have sufficiently done so. We started about ten o'clock on his trail. It was the 12th of April, and a hotter day I never remember. Long before mid-day the little band of cowherds and shikáris who accompanied me had most of their wardrobes bound round their heads to keep off the sun; and I looked for a tussle with such a heavy old tiger, long accustomed to drive off the people he met, if we found him well gorged on such a grilling day as this. We took the track down fully five miles till it entered a long, narrow ravine with pools of water at the bottom, and shaded over with a thick cover of trees and bushes. We could not go into so narrow a place to beat him out with an elephant; and after much deliberation we decided to have a pad elephant at the head of

* The voice of the monkeys on such occasions is quite different from their ordinary cry. It is a hoarse, barking roar, something like that of the tiger. Is it the first beginning of imitative language?

the ravine, and post the people we had with us on the trees round about to mark, while I went down to the other end and quietly stalked along the top of the bank on the chance of finding him asleep below. There never was such a beautiful retreat for a tiger, I think. In many places I could not see through the dense shade at the bottom, and several times had to fling down stones to assure myself whether some indistinct flickering object were the tiger or not. I was proceeding quietly along, probing the ravine in this fashion, when the pad elephant we had left at the farther end gave one of those tremendous screams that an untrained elephant sometimes emits when suddenly put in pain. She had stumbled over a stone when swinging about in their impatient fashion. There was little chance of finding the tiger undisturbed after this, and I had only to stand and watch for a chance of his coming down the ravine on being seen by the scouts on the trees. The first intimation I had of his presence was from a couple of peafowl that scuttled out of a little ravine on the opposite side; and then I saw the tiger picking his way stealthily up the face of a precipitous bank, where I could hardly think a goat would have found footing. He was about a hundred and fifty yards from my rifle; and the first bullet only knocked some earth from the bank below him. When I fired the other he was just topping the bank, and clung for a second as if he would have come over backward, but by an effort recovered himself and disappeared over the top. Running to a higher piece of ground, I saw him trotting sullenly across the burnt plain, and looming as large to the eye as a bull-buffalo. He certainly looked a very mighty beast; but he was a craven at heart, or he would never have left such a stronghold to face the fearful, waterless, burnt-up country he did. I lost no time in getting round the head of the ravine and giving chase on the elephant. His tracks in the ashes of the burnt grass were clear enough, and we followed him for about two miles, sighting him on ahead every now and then, till he disappeared in a little ravine, and we lost the track in its bare rocky bottom. I was going along the bank, with the other elephant in the bottom of the ravine, when I heard the bark of a sambar to my left on some high ground, and, urging Futteh Rání at her best pace in that direction, shortly came on the tiger slouching across the open plain—evidently suffering from a wound, with his tongue hanging out, and wearing altogether a most woe-begone look. He made an effort when he saw me, and galloped a hundred yards or so into a patch of bamboo-jungle. I knew from the local shikári that he was making for a water-hole about half a mile ahead, and cut across with the elephant to intercept him. I had the pace of him now, and got clean between him and his water. I never saw such an air of disgust worn by any animal as that tiger had when he came down the hill and saw the elephant standing right in front of him. He said, as plainly as possible, "Come what will, I don't mean to run another yard; and it won't be the better for anybody that tries to make me." So he lay down behind a large anjan-

tree, showing nothing but one eye and an ear round the side of it. I marched up within fifty yards, and now saw the switching end of a tail added to the eye and ear. I could not fire at him thus, and therefore sidled round till I saw his shoulder. He saw the opening thus left, and eyed it wistfully, as if he would rather escape that way, if he could, than fight it out. But I planted a ball in his shoulder before he had time to make up his mind; on which he rose with a languid roar, and lumbered slowly down the hill at the elephant. So slowly! He actually hadn't steam left in him to get up a proper charge when he tried. A right-and-left stopped him at once, and another ball in the ear settled him; and then Futteh went up and kicked him, and it was all over. He was a very large tiger, measuring ten feet one inch in length as he lay, and was a perfect mountain of fat—the fat of a thousand kine, as the cowherds lugubriously remarked when they came up. He had a perfect skin, clear red and white, with the fine double stripes and W-mark on the head, and long whiskers, which add so greatly to the beauty of a tiger-trophy. The whole of the pads of his feet were blistered off on the hot rocks he had been traversing, and his tongue was swollen and blue. We were nearly dead ourselves, and went down to the water he had been making for, while a messenger went to the village for more men—the dozen lusty cattle-herds and my own men together being totally unable to put him on the pad-elephant to carry home. An ordinary tiger will weigh about four hundred and fifty or five hundred pounds, but this beef-fed monster must have touched seven hundred pounds at least; and a tiger, from his length and suppleness, is a very awkward object to lift off the ground.

I have said that ten feet one inch is the length of an unusually large tiger. The average length from nose to tip of tail is only nine feet six inches for a full-grown male, and for a tigress about eight feet four inches. The experience of all sportsmen I have met with, whose accuracy I can rely on, is the same; and it will certainly be found, when much greater measurements than this are recorded, that they have either been taken from stretched skins or else in a very careless fashion. The skin of a ten-foot tiger will easily stretch to thirteen or fourteen feet, if required; and if natives are allowed to use the tape, they are certain to throw in a foot or two "to please master." Master also, no doubt, pleases himself in a similar manner. A well-known sportsman and writer, whose recorded measurements have done more to extend the size of the tiger than any thing else, informed me himself that all his measurements were taken from flat skins. But the British public demands twelve-foot tigers, just as it refuses to accept an Indian landscape without palm-trees. So a *suppression* *veri* went forth; and not only that, but his picture of a dead tiger being carried into camp was improved by a few feet being added to the length of the beast, while, to make room for it, the most of the bearers were wiped out, leaving about four men only to carry a tiger at least fifteen feet long! *Populus vult decipi*, etc.

Sporting-stories are apt to breed each other, incident leading on to incident, so that I find I have already killed some five or six tigers, while yet only on the threshold of my subject—discoursing of the preliminary exploration of the tiger's haunts. I have little more to say on that matter, however, the sum of it all being that every information regarding the tiger's country, the route he usually takes from one haunt to another, the points where he may be most easily intercepted or come upon unawares, good points for scouts, etc., must be obtained. Places must also be fixed on for tying out baits for him at night. He must be induced, if possible, to kill a buffalo or an ox so tied out; and it must be in such a position that he can be easily tracked from there to one of his usual haunts.

It may seem cruel thus to bait for a tiger with a live animal, but there is no doubt that the death of a tiger saves much more suffering than is caused to the single animal sacrificed to effect it. A natural kill will not do well for many reasons. It will probably not be discovered in time to hunt the next day, and the day after it would be useless. Further, it would seldom be conveniently situated with respect to some haunt of the tiger favorable for finding him in, and the whole day might be lost in trying to find him in wrong places. In fine, experience shows that no bag can ever be made worth speaking of without tying out baits. I usually purchased at the commencement of the season a dozen or fifteen half-grown buffaloes, these being the cheapest as well as the most readily killed by tigers. A thin old brute of an ox, or a tough, full-grown buffalo, a well-fed tiger will scorn to touch, and often in the morning his footprints will be found all round such a bait, which he has come and smelt, and (metaphorically) poked in the ribs, and left untouched. But a tender, juicy young buff, of about three and a half feet high, would tempt the most *blasé* of tigers to a meal. The cowherds, being good Hindoos, will not sell cattle avowedly to be tied up for tigers; nor will your Hindoo shikáris tie them up with their own hands, though few will object to superintend the operation. The flimsiest disguise is, however, sufficient to quiet the consciences of the cattle-men, who will sell a herd of young buffaloes in open market to your Mohammedan shikári dressed up as a trader in kine, though they may have known him for a bloody-minded baiter for tigers all their lives. I remember being very hard up for a bait once in the Nimár district, having come to a place where tigers were very destructive when I had none of my own. All I could say would not induce the gollis (cow-keepers) of the place to sell me a single head during the daytime, the owner of the village being a Baghél Rájput, a clan which claims descent from a royal tiger, and protects the species whenever it can. I was standing outside my tent in the evening when the village cattle were being driven in, having given up all idea of halting for the tigers another day, when a fine, tall young goli stepped up with a salaam and said: "Sahib, I have lost a very fine young buffalo in the jungle, and it will very probably be snapped up by the

tigers; but, if you would send some one along that road, perhaps he might find it, and we will be pleased if your highness will keep it, as you are going away from this to-morrow." He grinned a broad grin as he finished, and I spotted his game; so, sending along the lálá about a quarter of a mile, we found a very sufficient young wall-eyed buffalo tied by a piece of straw-rope to a little tree! We had barely time to get the little brute put out in a proper place before night-fall; but he was duly taken, and we shot a fine tigress, and wounded and lost a tiger, the next day.

The morning after the baits have been tied out a shikári should go to see the result, untying and bringing in those that have not been taken, and following up the tracks from any that have, so far as to ascertain fully whereabouts the tiger is likely to be found later in the day. I have mentioned above the lálá, and that brings me to the subject of shikáris. A really first-class tiger-shikári is extremely rare. The combination of qualities required to make him is seldom found in a native. I shall best explain what he should be by describing the lálá. And first as to his name. Lálá means in Upper India a clerk of the Káyat caste, to which our friend belonged; so that, though utterly ignorant of all letters save those imprinted on a sandy ravine-bed by a tiger's paw, he was nicknamed the lálá by the people, and thereupon his real name disappeared forever; and, when he was afterward killed by a tiger, no one had any idea what it was. He was a little, wee man, so insignificant and so dried and shriveled up that, as he used to say, "No tiger would ever think of eating me!" His early days had been passed in catching and training falcons for the nobles of Upper India, and in shooting birds for sale in the market. He had come down to Central India to make a bag of blue rollers and kingfishers, whose feathers are so much valued in the countries to the east for fancy-work, when he was caught, nobody knows how, by a gentleman with a taste for bird-stuffing, from whom he passed into the possession of a sportsman who put him on tigers, and eventually he came to me with a little experience of the business. His early training had made him exceedingly keen of eyesight and in reading the signs of the forest; while in his many wanderings he had accumulated a store of legends of demons and devils, and a wild jumble of Hindoo mythology that never failed, when retailed over a fire at night to a circle of gaping cowherds and village shikáris, to unlock every secret of the neighborhood in the matter of tigers. Such an oily cozenor of reticent gónds never existed. Then, miserable as he looked, he could walk about all day and every day for a week in a broiling sun, hunting up tracks, with nothing but the thinnest of muslin skull-caps on his hard nut of a head, and would fearlessly penetrate into the very lair of a tiger perfectly unarmed. He had a particular beaming look which he always wore on his ugly face when he had actually seen or, as he said, "salamed to" a tiger comfortably disposed of for the day; and in late years, when I had to leave all the arrangements to him, I hardly

recollect ever going out when he reported the "find" a likely one without at least seeing the game. He could shoot a little—say a pot-shot at a bird on a branch at twenty paces—and kept guns, etc., in beautiful order. But he soon came to utterly despise and condemn every thing except tiger-hunting, for which he had, I believe, really an absorbing passion. Even bison-hunting he looked down on as sport not fit for a gentleman to pursue. For ten months in the year he moped about, looking utterly wretched, and taking no interest in any thing but the elephant and rifles; and woke up again only on the 1st of April, opposite which date "Tiger-shooting commences" will be entered in the Indian almanac of the future, when the royal animal shall be preserved in the reserved forests of Central India to furnish sport for the nobility of the land!

Poor old lálá! He fell a victim in the end to contempt of tigers, bred of undue familiarity. I was very ill with fever in the June of 1866, and meditating a trip home, and had sent out the lálá with a double gun to shoot some birds for their feathers with a view to salmon-flies. He came upon the tracks of a tiger, and, contrary to all orders, tied out a calf at night as a bait, and sat over it in a tree with the gun. The tigress came and received his bullet in the thigh, going off wounded into a very thick cover in the bed of a river. The plucky but foolish lálá followed her in there the next morning by the blood; but soon found that tracking up a wounded tiger with a gun is a very different thing from following about uninjured tigers without intent to disturb them. Before he had gone a dozen paces the tigress was upon him, his unfired gun dashed from his hands and buried for half its length in the sand, his turban cuffed from his head to the top of a high tree by a stroke of her paw that narrowly missed his head, and himself down below the furious beast, and being slowly chewed from shoulder to ankle. He was brought in a dozen miles to Khandwá, where I was, by some men who had gone in for him when the tigress left him. The fire of delirium was then in his eye, and he raved of the tiger's form passing before him, red and bloody. But he recognized me when I came to him, and conjured me to go out forthwith and bring in her body next day if I wished to see him alive. I knew that the natives have a superstition to this effect; and, though I was then in a high fever, I sent off my elephant at midnight to a village near the spot, following myself on horseback at day-break. Much rain had fallen, and all old tracks were obliterated. The jungle was also very green and thick, and I spent the whole day till the afternoon, hunting, as I afterward found, in a wrong direction. At last I came on a fresh trail, with one hind-foot dragging in the sand, and then I knew I was near the savage brute. We ran it up to a dense jáman-cover in the river-bed, and I had barely time to get the people on foot safely up trees when the tigress came at me in the most determined manner. She looked just like a huge cat that had been hunted by dogs—her fur all bedraggled and standing on end, eyes glaring with fury, and emitting the

hoarse coughing roar of a charging tiger that no one, to the very close of his tiger-shooting, hears without a certain quickening of the blood. The first two shots hit fair, but did not stop her; and she was not more than a few yards from the elephant's trunk when the third ball caught her clean in the mouth, knocking out one of her canine teeth and passing down the throat into the chest. She could do no more, but lay roaring and worrying her own paws till I put an end to her with another shot in the head. She was a lean greyhound-made brute, scarcely bigger than a panther. The lálá was avenged—but the poor fellow was beyond any help that the sight of his enemy might have afforded him: and notwithstanding every care—for he was the favorite of everybody who knew him—he sank under the exhausting drain of so many fearful wounds.

LOVE AND AMBITION.

"I LOVE you, I love you," the fond wave sang,

As she crept to the garment's hem
Of the lordly hill, where her wistful tears
Were gemming it gem on gem.

"I love you, I love you, oh, lift me up
To your place in the sunlit air;
Or bend, if you will, your face to mine,
Till I touch your golden hair.

"Nay, nay, fair wave, yet ever be sure
Your song is as sweet as can be;
It toucheth me even as toucheth the wind,
Whose harp maketh music for me."

"The wind, the wind," said the murmuring wave,

"The wind is not constant a day;
It blows where it listeth, while I, O Hill,
Am faithful for aye and aye."

"The wind and the sun and the rain," quoth he,

"Are friends, who my verdure renew;
But you, little wave, with your softest caress,
What is there you can help me to do?

"Ah, nothing," she sighed, "but to love and to lave

Your feet with my kisses and tears;
Only this have I done through the centuries past,
Only this can I do through the years."

"O wave, keep your tenderness all for the sea—

I have work which you know not to do:
You cannot mount up to the stars with me,
And I may not come down to you."

But Love has no choice; and the constant wave,

A worshiper early and late,
Still kisses the hem of his ever-green robe,
And whispers in patience, "I wait."

MARY B. DODGE.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE London *Times*, in an article upon

Cardinal McCloskey's visit to Rome, the general tenor of which cannot be complained of, takes occasion to repeat an opinion about American culture which is very generally entertained abroad. "In a democratic community," it remarks, "the baldness of life becomes very apparent to the rich and idle, and, as social distinctions are few and uncertain, the attractions of a creed which carefully cultivates the æsthetic side of religion, and which claims the inheritance of a grand historical tradition, are almost irresistible to a large class of minds. In every society there are those 'faint hearts and feeble wings that every sophister can lime,' and in America, where, in spite of the diffusion of elementary education, a *high and thoughtful culture is rare*, the same influences which here tempt many to the distractions of ritualistic vanities, or even across the borderland, are very potent with a certain superfine class who would gladly ape the externals of an aristocracy." The italics in this extract are our own. We may as well mention here that the *Times* article concludes by asserting that the Roman Church can never become a dominant influence in America, inasmuch as the forces that she wields are confronted by something greater, healthier, and more enduring—the strength of manly and intelligent individuality, nowhere wanting among men of English blood.

Assenting fully to this utterance, we yet wish to say a word or two as to the nature of American culture, which the *Times* thinks is so rarely "high and thoughtful," and its power as a check to the spread of Romanism. In a certain sense it is no doubt true that "high and thoughtful culture" is rare in America, over-refined and æsthetic dilettantism not being so common with us as in England. In the entire domain of æsthetics, we must yield the palm to England; and those "silent Greeks," too fastidious to enjoy or to perform any thing in literature below classic perfection, are indisputably more abundant there than here. But in speculative reasoning, in inquisitive thought, in taste for science and philosophy, in a culture that takes cognizance of all that is purely intellectual, we do not think our people inferior to any other in the world. All the great writers have constituencies in America equal to those elsewhere; it was here, indeed, that Herbert Spencer found a hearing before he did in his native land; and here the foremost thinkers are never without eager and respectful listeners. If æsthetic culture is rare with us, robust intellectual culture is very far from being so. And the kind of

culture prevalent in America is fully calculated to defeat the hopes of the Roman Church. While ignorance may be held and æsthetic refinement seduced by the splendor and pretensions of this Church, we may be sure that a people trained in philosophical thinking will be the last to give their assent to the domination of an arrogant and proscriptive priesthood. The culture that we possess is, as a whole, peculiarly serviceable to our present needs, and well calculated to guard us against seductive arts and dangerous dominations of all kinds.

SOME of our readers may recall one of *Punch's* society pictures which depicted an English and an American young woman playing billiards, with a legend below which ran, as nearly as we can recollect, as follows: "*American girl*.—Oh, what a horrid scratch! "*English girl* (much shocked).—You should not talk like that; that's slang; say what a beastly fluke." *Punch*, always so keen, watchful, and truthful, never sent an arrow more directly to the mark than in this instance. The sensitiveness of our English friends in regard to American slang and American manners would entitle them to admiration were they not all the time the most obtuse people in the world to their own errors and shortcomings of the same nature. Wholly satisfied with their own mode of saying and doing things, they seem to have set their hearts upon exposing our social deficiencies and upon trying—we suppose this must be their object—to reform them. The latest showing up we have is in the current number of *Temple Bar*, where we learn in a story how one Smith fell in love with "a beautiful Yankee," and how this fascinating young person talked and conducted herself. The hero first sees our countrywoman at the *table d'hôte* at Trouville, and is immediately struck with her exquisite beauty and faultless dressing, and watches eagerly for her to speak, to hear the words "ripple out of those coral lips," and is astonished, when she does speak, that, instead of the words "rippling through the little coral lips, they descend unmistakably through her chiseled nostrils." After the accomplishment of this wonderful feat, the "beautiful Yankee" astonishes our hero by sundry strange utterances—talking about her mother being "real sick," asserting that Trouville is a "right elegant place, and the company most refined," declaring she is "passionately fond" of dancing, notwithstanding all of which Mr. Smith, still fascinated, seeks an acquaintance with the queer-speaking lady. Then follows a flirtation, of course. It is true the charming Yankee pronounces Europe "Yrrup," America "Amurrica," and Paris "Parris;" is invited to dance, and talks about the "Boston slow," the "New York slide," the "Saratoga

swoop," and says to her partner, "I reckon if you don't squeeze me tighter, Mr. Smith, I shall slide;" talks about "a piggy young lady"—but here we have made a blunder; a second look shows us that it is not the Yankee that talks about "a piggy young lady," but one of the immaculate Englishmen of the story, who, in referring to the fact that our Yankee Venus is the daughter of a pork-merchant, thus characterizes her; and of course English slang, "you know," is quite right and proper, "you know"—orders her partner "to keep his pecker up"—but this again is distinctly English slang, although put in the mouth of a Yankee—and so on. Our smitten Mr. Smith is dazzled by the beauty and strange sayings of his divinity, but doesn't win her. Queer and vulgar as the daughter of the pork-merchant is, Mr. Smith is not alone in his admiration, his making the seventeenth proposal she had received that year alone, the sixty-ninth being the grand total! It is refreshing to know that a pretty American woman can make so many conquests, notwithstanding the drawback of vulgarity and slang. It would not be a bad idea for some of our story-writers to amplify the idea in the *Punch* anecdote with which we begun this paragraph, and write a story in which the slang and manners of an English young woman shall be set "cheek by jowl" with the slang and manners of an American. It is only in this way that people on both sides of the Atlantic can be brought to see themselves as others see them.

THE social reformer must have more courage than the political, since society is, after all, a tyrant more severe than what we are pleased to call "political principles." The bravery of Mrs. Crawshay, an English lady with a very revolutionary idea, is, for instance, worthy of our admiration. She is bold enough to make a proposition which runs counter to the tenor of all the traditions and customs of English society. Looking abroad over the country, her philanthropic heart is distressed to see so many "gentlewomen born" in an impecunious and needy condition. The inexorable code of society compels them to sit idle with folded hands, to become objects of polite charity on the part of family friends and distant relations, and thus to pass useless lives, a burden both to themselves and to others. Why not, asks truly chivalrous Mrs. Crawshay, defy social considerations, and become "domestic helps?" Why not "go into service," make up beds and dust drawing-rooms, wash dishes and sweep carpets—nay, why not preside over the concoction and serving up of well-cooked dishes in rich and aristocratic mansions? We can fancy the shock which this

proposition must give the sedate but penniless English maiden of good birth, and fear that Mrs. Crawshaw will not be very abundantly thanked for her suggestion by the class for whose benefit she has imagined it. Like many enthusiasts with the best intentions, it is to be feared that Mrs. Crawshaw very much under-estimates the difficulties in the way of thus creating a new avocation for female gentility out at elbows. When the ideas of birth and rank which prevail in England, and particularly among Englishwomen, are considered, the plan must be dismissed as hopeless. It must occur to the practical mind that to call a "lady born" to account for a badly-swept room or an over-cooked steak were a task full of stormy probabilities; nor can we imagine any one more to be pitied than that "master of the house" who should be called upon to "give notice" to a pretty, well-bred creature, the daughter of a country rector, who bent her neck too stiffly to the yoke of his spouse. It is ungracious, perhaps, to deprive Mrs. Crawshaw of what little encouragement she may have derived from the assurance of a London paper that it is the customary thing for "a Washington or Saratoga belle," on returning to the "old folks at home," to quietly put off her pride with her silks, and don calico, descend to the murky regions of the kitchen, and, in short, to do the "old folks'" cooking; but, unhappily, we are far from so blissful a Utopian state. According to Mrs. Crawshaw's cheerful informant, it has been the habit, "from time immemorial," for American young ladies in good society to do the cooking and housework for their families. There are, no doubt, evils in the present condition of domestic service in both countries; but we cannot think that Mrs. Crawshaw has found a feasible cure for its imperfections. After all, many employments have become open to "gentlewomen born" within recent years, and proper spheres for their labor and usefulness are coming into view every day. It is still "respectable" to be a governess or a companion; nor does a lady forfeit respectability by keeping books or copying legal documents; whereas, to become a "menial," to find herself on a par with the butler and the footman, would be a degradation such as most English gentlewomen would rather starve than accept.

It was Juvenal, or some other philosophical ancient, who distinguished man from the brute creation by describing him as a "laughing animal;" and a great deal of speculation has been spent, both in remote and in modern times, on the causes of laughter, from Aristotle to Kant. A living student of races, however, tells us that he has found a human community which does not laugh—a most

melancholy, jokeless, funless people. A recent account of the Veddas, a tribe inhabiting a region in Central Ceylon, is indeed full of interest. That they never laugh or smile, and cannot be made to laugh or smile, is not the least of their peculiarities. The discovery and detailed description of the appearance and habits of the Veddas must be a godsend to Mr. Darwin. Perhaps they are the "missing link" which he has so laboriously sought in vain. They are so very low in the scale of humanity that they nearly resemble the monkeys which share with them their native forests. They mostly roam wild in the woods and jungles. They are dwarfish, with "ape-like thumbs" and long hair. They sleep in caves or roost on the branches of trees; their sustenance consists of honey, lizards, monkeys, and such game as, with exceeding skill, they kill or capture. They neither wash themselves nor can count, and appear to have no memory. Their language is a strange jumble of confused, chattering sounds. They have a religion, but it is of the vaguest and most reasonless kind. It is singular enough that a race so near akin to the brutes should universally practise virtues in which the civilized races are, to speak mildly, somewhat defective; for we are assured that the Veddas "never steal, never lie, and never quarrel!" Though wives are the subjects of barter and sale, constancy to the marriage relation and mutual affection between the parents and the children are observed as existing among them to an extraordinary degree. These, then, must be primitive and instinctive virtues. Though the Veddas laugh not, they cry, and that on easy provocation. Were they supposably capable of philosophizing on the conditions of human existence, they would be regarded as cynical and misanthropic; such views as they take of life appear to be sad and dismal. Thus they are really a most interesting study, and well worthy of Mr. Darwin's serious attention.

In Mrs. Stowe's "We and our Neighbors" occurs the following passage:

"The wail and woe and struggle to undo marriage-bonds in our day come from this dissonance of more developed and more widely-varying natures, and it shows that a large proportion of marriages have been contracted without any advised and rational effort to ascertain whether there was a reasonable foundation for a close and life-long intimacy. It would seem as if the arrangements and customs of modern society did every thing that could be done to render such a previous knowledge impossible. Good sense would say that if men and women are to single each other out, and bind themselves by a solemn oath, forsaking all others, to cleave to each other as long as life should last, there ought to be, before taking vows of such gravity, the very best opportunity to become minutely acquainted with each other's dispositions and habits and modes of thought and action."

In those countries where marriages are made with little or no regard to the tastes of the persons most concerned, and where the opportunity to "become acquainted with each other's dispositions, habits, and modes of thought" is never afforded at all, it so happens that "the wail and woe and struggle to undo marriage-bonds" are least known. It is perhaps true that divorce often "comes in our day from the dissonance of more developed and widely-varying natures," but this development is just the thing that it is most difficult to foresee in youth; and we may be sure that young people fascinated with each other are certain to be blind to those seeds of defects and differences that are to ripen into evil and discord. So long as human nature is what it is, men and women really in love, and not making cool calculations as to marriage, will be incapable of studying each other's moods and tempers, at least in their minor manifestations. We doubt, therefore, whether there is much virtue in Mrs. Stowe's panacea. Divorces are sure to be tolerably numerous wherever the means for divorce are easy, inasmuch as a certain proportion of marriages are inevitably unhappy; but the number of divorces is no criterion of the extent of matrimonial infelicity. In one country the dissonance between the parties to the marriage-bond is borne with what patience it can be, inasmuch as there is no relief; in another country the existence of a legal remedy brings the "wail and woe" into public observation. We doubt if any just person, with opportunities for wide and close observation, would say that marriages are really more infelicitous in America than elsewhere.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR having assaulted that pestilence of our railway-cars, the newspaper and lozenge peddler, some one has hastened to the defense of the nuisance by declaring that "Bayard Taylor himself would frown and perhaps rave if he could not buy a paper or a book, if he happened to be without reading-matter in a railway-train." This champion mistakes the matter wholly. It is not a question as to whether provision for the supply of newspapers, books, or refreshments, is to exist for railway travelers, but whether vendors are to be permitted to persecute every person in the car by his rude, unmannerly method of offering his wares. Every station may be furnished with stands for the sale of such articles as may be in demand; or a vender might be permitted to expose his wares in some part of each train; but the present method of a number of noisy boys ceaselessly prom-enading the cars, shouting out their wares, thrusting their papers and candy-parcels, without so much as "by your leave," into

everybody's lap, is an unmitigated nuisance, which no traveling public but an American one would tolerate. And pray why should Mr. Taylor or any one else "rave" if he could not obtain reading-matter in a car? Why should he want paper or magazine if every two minutes he must be interrupted in its perusal by troublesome peddlers, and live through his journey ever on the alert to keep his lap clear of articles rudely thrust into it? If every traveler who finds articles of merchandise thrust into his lap without his consent would instantly fling the articles out of the window (very few would object if he threw the vender after them), this nuisance would soon cease.

Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., }
September 30, 1875. }

To the Editor of *Appleton's Journal*.

DEAR SIR: I have just read, in your issue of the 18th instant, the letter of Professor John Wise, which recalls some incidents of a year ago that might as well be "journalized." It is known to many readers of the *JOURNAL* that the Franklin Institute, of this city, held one year ago its first exhibition for sixteen years! On this occasion, the Institute had a huge array of managers, embracing many intelligent and thoroughly scientific minds, but, unfortunately, also embracing a few antiquated specimens of the genus "old fossil," who, as is too often the case, held their positions by money-power rather than scientific attainments, and these few constantly nullified the well-studied arrangements of the majority, who were compelled to abandon many projects of interest rather than have a quarrel in the board. Among the most interesting of these projects was an arrangement made with Professor Wise for a series of balloon-ascensions in the interest of science—which ascensions were to be from the roof of the large exhibition building. At an early day, arrangements for the first ascension were completed. An elegant, large balloon, constructed expressly for the occasion, was inflated. About twenty persons, invited guests, reporters, etc., were upon the roof, all of whom were required to man the guys preparatory to "letting go." Two gentlemen, who were to make the ascension with Professor Wise, were seated in the basket, and the professor was adjusting the valve-cord, etc., when suddenly a tumult was heard at the window through which access was had with the roof. A glance in that direction revealed the presence of one of the before-described "managers"—who had arrogated to himself the direction of the exhibition—in the act of throwing a man through the window. He now violently approached the balloon, ordering people off the roof, and abruptly informing "Mister" Wise that "this thing" must stop, that there could be no more balloon-ascensions from this building, etc., etc. The professor gave a contemptuous yet pitying glance at this redoubtable manager of a scientific institution, and quietly gave the word to his friends to "let go," and in a moment was floating gracefully to the skies; and this was the *last* of the series of ascensions in the cause of science.

I will mention one more incident in which this time-honored institution allowed itself

to be compromised by this individual. The State Fish Commissioners proposed to exhibit the process of artificial hatching of fish, together with a fine display of fish so hatched, and of nearly a dozen varieties of various ages up to three years. A fish-culturist, residing several miles from the city, had volunteered to take charge of the matter during the exhibition (six weeks), and without remuneration—wholly in the interest of science, a sacrifice which he could ill afford, being a poor man—and arrangements had been nearly perfected with the institute to furnish the necessary aquaria, when the matter came to the knowledge of the aforesaid manager, who declared that the matter was illegitimate in such an exhibition, being neither scientific nor mechanical; and he actually bullied the managers into a dismissal of this feature. Numerous operations of this kind caused great discontent, particularly among exhibitors, many of whom have objected to the forthcoming "Centennial" being located here, inasmuch as its principal features are to be scientific and industrial. And this, by-the-way, reminds me that only last week I saw a communication in a prominent New York paper from a well-known writer, saying that the forthcoming exposition was in no wise a national affair. It is to be sincerely hoped that the *JOURNAL* will assure its readers that, whatever local features may find a lodgment there, the *management* will be purely national, and that all matters, scientific or useful, will have a fair show, whether aquatic, terrestrial, or aerial.

WAGAUTAH.

Literary.

ONLY a teacher, of course, can pass an authoritative verdict upon a text-book designed primarily for use in schools, such a question being practical rather than literary; so we shall make no attempt here to do more than describe the plan and contents of Dr. Edward S. Morse's "First Book of Zoölogy" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.). The feature in which it differs most from ordinary text-books for beginners is that, instead of aiming to give a more or less complete view of systematic zoölogy, thus too often wearying and confusing the minds of those who take up the study for the first time, it endeavors in method to follow the course one naturally pursues when he is led to the study by predisposition, and in scope to cover only a few of the leading groups in the animal kingdom. "The main thing at the outset," says Dr. Morse, "is to teach the pupil how to collect the objects of study; this leads him to observe them in Nature, and here the best part of the lesson is learned: methods of protection for the young, curious habits, modes of fabricating nests, and many little features are here observed which can never be studied from an ordinary collection. Hence, collecting in the field is of paramount importance. Next, the forming of a little collection at home prompts the pupil to seek out certain resemblances among his objects, in order to bring those of a kind together. In this way he is prepared to understand and appreciate methods of classification. Finally, having grasped the leading features of a few groups, he is enabled to comprehend the character of the cognate groups with less dif-

ficulty. Thus, an inland student, having got the typical idea of an insect from the study of a common grasshopper, for example, is much better prepared to understand the general structure of the crustacea, though he may never have seen the few forms peculiar to fresh water. In the same way, after having studied the common earthworm, he can form a better idea of the complicated structure of many marine worms, though these he may never see."

From the abundance of material, and the comparative ease with which the specimens may be preserved for cabinet use, shells and insects have always formed the favorite collections of children; and with these, accordingly, Dr. Morse commences the study of zoölogy. Beginning with such familiar types as the snails, he proceeds upward to clams, mussels, and oysters; then to insects; then to the crustaceans; then to worms; and finally to the family of vertebrates. A couple of chapters on "Natural Groups" and "Classes and Sub-kingdoms" furnish as much in the way of generalization as the pupil can comprehend at the start. The illustrations in this volume call for special notice. The drawings were in every case made from the animal, expressly for the present work; they are all American, and, with few exceptions, they are entirely new. Each of them, moreover, is made in outline, in order to facilitate their being copied by the pupil—a practice warmly insisted upon by Dr. Morse.

THOUGH Professor Youmans's "Class-Book of Chemistry" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) is nominally a new edition of a book published as long ago as 1852, it is in reality a new work—new not merely in the sense of being "revised and enlarged," but as an exposition of the science of chemistry on a basis entirely different from that on which the original work was founded, involving a restatement and readjustment of nearly every proposition. Explaining this point in his preface, Professor Youmans says: "The first edition represented the state of chemistry as it prevailed at the time of publication, and had been long established; but the revised edition (published in 1863), though adhering to the old theories, recognized that they were undergoing important modifications. These modifications have been long in progress, and having at length issued in a new system of chemical doctrine, which has generally been accepted by chemists, it has been adopted in the present volume, and explained and applied as fully as the plan of the work will allow. The present position of the science is, therefore, of special importance in relation to its exposition." At the same time, this position is not the final one of a science which has attained its full development. The new theories mark an important step in the progress of chemistry; they harmonize a wider range of facts, and give us a more consistent philosophy of the subject than the theories they supersede; yet they are far from being complete. And this fact has been kept constantly in mind in the preparation of the "Class-Book." "In this volume," says Professor Youmans, "I have aimed to preserve somewhat the transitional

aspect of the subject, so that 'The New Chemistry' may neither be regarded as an ingenious device of yesterday, nor as a finality to be acquired with no expectation of further improvement."

As regards the plan and special objects of the work, we cannot do better than again to quote the author. "It is not designed," he says, "as a manual for special chemical students. It aims to meet the wants of that considerable class, both in and out of school, who like to know something of the science, but who are without the opportunity or the desire to pursue it in a thorough experimental way. Some acquaintance with the subject is now required as a part of every good education; but books designed for laboratory use, and abounding in technical details, are ill-suited to those who do not give special and thorough attention to the subject. I have here attempted to furnish such an outline of the leading principles and more important facts of the science as shall meet the needs of the mass of students in our high-schools, seminaries, and academies, who go no further with the subject than to study a brief text-book, with the assistance perhaps of a few lectures, and the observation of some accompanying experiments."

Aside from the revision and restatement of principles, much new matter has been added under various heads, among them "Spectrum Analysis." The chapter on this is one of the most valuable in the volume, and is a very complete and lucid exposition of the "most brilliant and startling of all modern discoveries." Notwithstanding the additions, however, the present edition is smaller in compass than the original one, being thus brought into more manageable limits for school use.

SECULAR criticism must necessarily feel self-distrustful when it comes to deal with the literature of angels, and we hardly know how to record our opinion of "Angels' Messages, through Mrs. Ellen E. Ward, as a Medium" (Nashville, Tennessee: Henry Sheffield, M. D.). Were the messages from men, we should say that they are as stupid, vulgar, and commonplace in thought, and as crude in expression, as any we had ever received, and that they could not deceive any one in whom credulity had not attained the proportions of an intellectual frenzy. We should say, further, that they add a new terror to futurity, and recall irresistibly to the thoughtful mind Hawthorne's wish that he might be permitted to rest two or three thousand years before being thrust into the next stage of existence. One of the most consoling items in our conception of the happiness of angels has been the belief that they are released from the petty cares, thoughts, and occupations of our earthly life; and certainly it is a little intimidating to find them, as we do in this book, discussing such topics as the "Cause of Crime," "Dress," "Morphine," "Philosophy of Government," "Political Economy," "Popular Scandal" (being a broad discussion of the Beecher trial and a revelation of Mr. Beecher's guilt), "Drunkenness," "Yellow Fever," the late Democratic victory in Tennessee, paper-money, and the impor-

tance in 1876 of substituting a "civilian" for a "military President." The peculiarly fatuous and jejune way in which these subjects are discussed by the angels is of less consequence, perhaps, than the fact that they are discussed at all. If these were the only subjects, however, we might in time reconcile ourselves to them; but certain others are traversed in a manner which, we grieve to say, if we applied the popular proverb about angels fearing to tread where fools rush in, would render us liable to mistake Mrs. Ward's angels for fools.

Here is a specimen of the style of these messages:

"I have traveled over earth's domain; I have traveled over the cliffs to find the eagle's nest; I have visited the lazar-houses of the earth; I have stood upon the lofty peaks of the snow-clad mountains; I have walked the beach of the rolling ocean; I have picked up pebbles from the shore of time; I have heard the wind as it lashed the angry waves, and saw the snow-cap as it burst; I have felt the keen lightning as it flashed around me; I have seen the mighty ship, that genius created by the brain of man to waft the merchandise of nations over the bosom of broad oceans; I have penetrated the deepest forest of the home of the savage; I have stood upon the banks and looked across the rivers of the Eastern World; I have visited the sepulchres of past ages; I have beheld the ruins of ancient temples built by man to offer up therein prayers to Deity; I said to myself, 'What is this? why were all those temples built?' and the answer was, 'They are the home of thought.' 'Tis the finger of God pointing to the dome of thought which develops to man a progressive eternity."

And here is a specimen of their philosophy:

"Spirits cannot get wet, nor cold, nor burned, nor even suffer pain. We go through cold air without feeling it, and so don't have to bundle up with shawls, cloaks, and over-shoes to protect us from the weather. I shall have a double opportunity now to come and see you. I don't want to be selfish, or I should have come oftener. (Do you go horseback-riding?) No, I have not been on horseback since I came here. Oh, would it not be nice for you to go and see so many people as you do without your horse and buggy! All we have to do here is to *have the desire, and we go with it.*"

The only statement in the book which affords any satisfaction is the following, from the preliminary explanation: "Spirits of the nineteenth century attack ignorance, superstition, and falsehood, in all their strongholds." Our faith in the reality of Mrs. Ward's intercourse with the spirits of the nineteenth century will depend largely upon our receiving early and authentic information that said spirits have "attacked" Mrs. Ward's angels for the ignorance and superstition which, through her mediumship, they have precipitated upon the world.

THE third volume of the "Ancient History from the Monuments" series (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) is "Persia, from the Earliest Times to the Arab Conquest," by W. S. W. Vaux, M. A., F. R. S. Its narrative is more animated than that of Mr. Smith's "Assyria," which we noticed a few

weeks ago, and it is in several respects a better piece of work; still, it is inferior to the initial volume of the series. Without occupying more space than either Mr. Smith or Mr. Vaux, Dr. Birch succeeded in giving not only a fairly complete history of ancient Egypt, but a very satisfactory account of its architecture, its arts, its industries, its political system, and its religion and worship. Mr. Vaux's "History of Persia" is, perhaps, equal to Dr. Birch's "History of Egypt" as a narrative, but in other respects it is very defective. We learn scarcely more of Zoroastrianism, the national religion, than that it involved belief in a good principle and in an evil principle; and, of the Persian architecture, all we are told is that certain buildings are supposed to have been built at such and such places by a certain king. A whole chapter is devoted to a description of the principal ruins which modern investigation has discovered to us, but we gather from it nothing as to the characteristic features of Persian architecture. The want of a map, too, is keenly felt, when we endeavor to follow the alternate expansion and contraction of the Persian Empire.

As is well known, Persian history touches at several points upon the Biblical narrative, and Mr. Vaux gives a special interest to his work by numerous cross-references to the latter.

THE incidents which give a local flavor to Mr. Thompson's "Hoosier Mosaics" (New York: E. J. Hall & Son) would seem to indicate a state of society ruder by several degrees than that depicted in Eggleston's admirable "Hoosier Schoolmaster;" and the dialect is proportionately broader and more copious. A good deal of this dialect, indeed, shows unmistakable signs of recent manufacture, but it cannot be denied that, on the whole, it is plausible enough and quaint enough to impart a certain raciness to stories which otherwise would have very little interest.

THE *Athenaeum* has no very high opinion of "American humor," so called. It says: "There seems some probability that the wave of comic literature, which a short time ago invaded our shores from America, has finally subsided. For more than half a century we had become accustomed to the funny sayings of Mrs. Partington. Mrs. Partington, however, reached us only in driblets, utilized, as they reached us, in the facetious columns of country papers, and such publications as the *London Journal* and *Family Herald*. Nobody supposed a whole volume of Mrs. Partington would find English readers. And yet, within the last decade, we have had a dozen or more volumes of what is called 'dry,' or American, humor, every one of which found admirers fitting and not few. If the man that says he likes dry champagne would pick a pocket, the man that confesses to a taste for 'dry' humor would surely be expected to rob a church. The first to court public favor was, we believe, Artemus Ward. His book is, for the most part, typographical buffoonery, but so funny was it considered to spell two with a numeral, that more than one publisher reproduced the work, and thus stimulated the sale, just as rival costermongers stimulate the sale of their wares in a quiet street by simultaneous howls.

Then there came a flood of 'dry' humor; Orpheus C. Kerr, Petroleum Nasby, Titus A. Brick, Josh Billings, and Shoddy Z. Jones, are some of the brands we recollect. For the most part these productions were dreary, but, since international copyright is not in the most satisfactory state, the publishers got their comic wares for nothing, and could sell them for next to nothing, and thus glutted the market. Like 'crinoline,' dry humor had its day, let us hope never to have another."

REVIEWING "The Early Kings of Norway," the *Spectator* says: "Mr. Carlyle's rule for writing history, therefore, would be this: 'Look to your facts; remember that nations consist of living men; leave abstractions of all kinds, including systems and constitutions, to pedants.' An excellent rule, so far as it goes, but not the whole truth. What if ideas, opinions, entities of the mind and heart, which Mr. Carlyle calls abstractions, are themselves facts and forces in history? What if the devotion of a people to its institutions is just as real a thing as the devotion of an army to its chief? It will inexorably follow that the historian who takes no account of these abstractions will not give the whole truth of history. And on this side Mr. Carlyle has always been defective. His contempt for those who manufacture history with the aid of theories drove him to an opposite extreme. He never fully sympathized with or understood the enthusiasm produced in England by Hampden's refusal to pay ship-money; he scorned and disparaged that ingrained and inextinguishable devotion to constitutional liberty which made the English grumble not only under an incapable and perfidious Stuart, but under a supremely gifted and magnanimous Cromwell. A perfect historian would combine the distinctive excellences of Hallam and of Carlyle, but for this miracle we shall probably have long to look."

THE Convention of German Journalists, to which we referred two weeks ago, passed the following resolution: "The Congress of Journalists declares the anonymity of the press to be a right which its highest duties render it imperative to maintain, and which should only be waived when a strict adherence to it would favor the impunity of crime." . . . It is stated that some valuable autographs of Galileo have been found at Milan among the state archives. These autographs are not included in the Palatine collection, but refer to his negotiations with the Spanish Government relative to ceding the application of his method for applying longitude to navigation. The letters also relate to Galileo's journey to Rome in 1624 to pay homage to Pope Urban VIII. . . . With a view to the better protection of copyright in dramatic works, a declaration has been signed by Lord Derby, on the part of England, and the Marquis d'Harcourt, on the part of France, canceling the paragraph in the convention of 1851 by which it was understood that the protection stipulated for by the convention was not intended to prohibit fair imitations or adaptations of dramatic works to the stage in England and France respectively, but were only meant to prevent piratical translation. . . . It is reported that the late General Dufour left an important manuscript which will shortly appear in print. It is the history of the Sonderbund War, and will be prefaced by a life of the general, compiled from his own memoirs. . . . Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton is preparing a new and thoroughly revised edition of his book on "Etching and Etchers." . . . The

"New Shakespeare Society" announces that the "society wants but an increased list of members, and more workers with good heads, to insure its lasting success." Most other societies would succeed, we imagine, were this want supplied.

The Arts.

THE "Museum of Fine Arts" in Boston is now nearly completed, and the building contains a number of good rooms, favorably situated for an art-school. Several wealthy and intelligent gentlemen of that city, who are widely known for their interest in developing the taste and culture of the people, have associated together to found, in connection with the museum, a school which shall give the highest art-education that experience and wealth can supply. For several years past Massachusetts has had very flourishing schools for teaching industrial drawing, but these do not satisfy the demand in the higher regions of art, and it is hoped that the new school will ultimately cultivate and educate its pupils as thoroughly as modern resources will permit.

The rooms of the Art Museum will accommodate a hundred and fifty pupils. It is intended to drill the pupils at first in drawing from the *round*, in light and shade as it is now understood and taught in the French schools, and of late years in the National Academy School of New York, and at the Cooper Institute. It is also intended to have the greatest attention paid to drawing outlines of objects. The pupils will have explained to them, as far as they can comprehend it, the meaning of outline, its general character and large direction, as well as its complex character. Study from life will also constitute a portion of the course of instruction. A prominent feature of all the great European schools of art consists of lectures on artistic subjects, and the enforced use of art libraries. It is shown by all experience that the hand and eye alone are not enough to make the perfect artist, but that enlarged artistic thought is the soul of all great execution. To fill this need, lectures on special subjects will instruct the pupils *en masse*, and a copious art-library will enable them to study for themselves on special subjects.

The main rooms of the Art Museum will be filled by the collection of pictures now in the Boston Athenæum, by the "Way Collection" of Antiquities, and above all by the "Loan Collection." The public spirit of the leaders will perhaps make this last the most valuable of all for the student, with its variety, constant change, and with its pictures by the best modern masters, and such works as the Veronese, of which we have spoken before in the *JOURNAL*, and its specimens of the bass-reliefs of Luca della Robbia, its cast from one of the faces of the pedestal of Benvenuto Cellini's "Perseus," its admirable tapestries, and its fine collection of the products of the looms of India, Persia, and China. These works will afford a constant opportunity for reference and study—an opportunity which time will continually enlarge.

The gentlemen who have undertaken the founding of this school in Boston are among its most wealthy, educated, experienced, and traveled citizens. They have studied every art-school, not only in external form, but the large motives that control them, and that have led to their failure or success in the past as well as the present time. They are also personally familiar with the best thinkers of Europe as well as America; and, with such men to undertake it, it seems as if no school could be established on broader or deeper foundations. The committee on the school have for some time been in consultation with the best artists and the most successful art-teachers in the country in regard to matters of detail, and within a short time it will, doubtless, be shown whether their plans will take positive form. Our chief cities in all parts of the country are at the present time busy about their art-schools, and it seems desirable that they should be. Each city has its different influences of climate and population, and the variety of these elements, English, German, French, Spanish, and Scandinavian, with their different national characteristics, affects art particularly, and for that reason this period seems the fit one when schools flavored by the English, the Celtic, the German, the Italian, should have their rise and their development side by side. As in Italy, the Roman, Venetian, Florentine, and many other schools, had each its distinctive character, we see no reason why in time Cincinnati, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, San Francisco, New Orleans, St. Louis, Charleston, and Boston, may not each work well and from different stand-points for the development of art.

THE last works of the deceased American sculptor Rinehart, brought directly to Baltimore from Italy some weeks since, are now being exhibited at the gallery of Messrs. Freyer & Bendann, in that city. They consist of thirteen busts, two bass-reliefs, representing "Spring" and "Aurora," and a marble reclining figure of "Endymion." The busts are not specially interesting, as they are, with one exception, merely copies of well-known classical pieces; and the bass-reliefs, though not without merit, suggest an instinctive comparison with Thorwaldsen's "Night" and "Morning," which, of course, must always be to their disadvantage. But "Endymion" is in the artist's best style, and will compare favorably with his group of "Latona and her Children," or any of his most celebrated works. The sleeping youth is stretched out upon a sheepskin, spread upon a flowery bank, and the perfect rest of the figure is its main characteristic. The shepherd's pipe dropping from the relaxed fingers, the lips slightly parted, the hair falling negligently downward, all add their part, without being overstrained or too strongly marked, to the idea of complete restfulness conveyed by the whole. And, as is nearly always the case with Rinehart's human forms, the figure is extremely graceful, and the general effect beautiful and attractive in a high degree. This last production of the dead American sculptor will probably be exhibited, during

the coming season, in several of the Northern cities.

Another of Rinehart's works on public exhibition in Baltimore—his native city—is his "Clytie," the principal attraction in the small art-gallery of the Peabody Institute. This beautiful marble statue well deserves, as far as the figure is concerned, the high praise which has been liberally bestowed upon it; but in the accessories the artist has been singularly unfortunate. Even if the introduction of the actual, embodied sun-flower may be considered appropriate or consistent—for it really divides the attention more than it helps the meaning—yet it seems unaccountable that the sort of "sun-flower" selected should be that unseemly vegetable (*Helianthus annuus*) which towers in huge ugliness over the dusty yards of suburban shanties, and which was entirely unknown to the white race until after the discovery of America. The heading of Ovid's fable—"Clytie Nympha Conjux in herbam *Heliotropium*"—shows very clearly what flower was meant; and the graceful European heliotrope, with its delicate white or pale-red flowers, would have formed not only a truer but far more beautiful accessory to the figure, had any been needed. The shade of Ovid might justly be scandalized at seeing our American weed, which sometimes rises, in warmer climates, to the height of twenty feet, made the type of the gentle nymph whose love for the sun-god the poet so beautifully describes. At the same time the artist certainly deserves credit for faithfulness to his model even in this part of his work; for the sun-flowers are presented, in the various stages of their growth, with the utmost exactness and truth to Nature, though the exigencies of art require the stalks to be flattened out against a stump in a somewhat stiff and unnatural manner. On the whole, there can be little doubt that the botanical portion of this work might have been left out with positive advantage to the general effect.

W. W. C.

A VERY beautiful portrait-bust of William M. Evarts, by Mr. St. Gaudens, has lately arrived at Boston from Rome. Mr. St. Gaudens has of late made a good deal of reputation by the life and beauty of his works, and this head of Mr. Evarts gained great commendation from the artists in Rome. Every one familiar with Mr. Evarts's refined and intellectual countenance will recognize this bust as a remarkably happy likeness of the original. It is spirited and entirely free from the vulgar clap-trap look of pomposity and self-consciousness by which inferior artists strive to lend dignity to their work, and to atone for the deficiency of their appreciation of fine and important characteristics. Mr. Evarts might be in the court-room pleading a case, so full is his eye of fire, so instinct with expression are the mouth and other features, and so entirely free is the face from any vestige of thought of self. Mr. St. Gaudens has displayed, in modeling Mr. Evarts's thin face, uncommon appreciation and artistic sensitiveness. Though the jaw-bone is indicated clearly through the somewhat worn lines of the cheeks, this part

of the face is neither coarsely caricatured nor at all unbeautiful, and all the power and massiveness of Mr. Evarts's finely-chiseled brow and forehead have been most truly and delicately defined by the nice instinct of the artist. Hair is very rarely adequately depicted in plaster or in stone, and here also this sculptor has been happier in his effort than most artists. Locks and fine masses of it spring from the forehead, and the beholder notes its turns and delicate curves as it rises from the skin. Hair, as we all know, is as varied in its quality as the individual head it covers, and ranges from stiff, wiry hair, live and full of vitality, where each thread separates and appears to lie apart, to dead locks that seem more like cotton or tow than to have any life of their own. The hair marks different temperaments, and among them the fine hair which tends to mass itself in soft curves, lying one above another, which form and unite its shapes as do the mass of feathers on a raven's wing, or the curls on the ear of a beautiful dog, is believed to belong to the temperament the most sensitive and intellectual. Mr. St. Gaudens appears to have taken this view of his model, and, while the hair on most busts we see lies in shapeless bunches, and follows meaningless lines, the hair in this one is singularly light, and its locks are massed and curved as if wind could lift them or a shake of the head entirely derange their position.

THE death of William Oliver Stone, N. A., which was announced in the daily journals last week, is notable from the fact that he was one of the very limited circle of artists in this country who have attained any great degree of renown as portrait-painters. Mr. Stone was a pupil of Nathaniel Jocelyn, of New Haven, but at an early age, comparatively, set up his easel for himself, and assumed a distinctive position as an artist. He was never strong as the painter of men, although he at times produced meritorious pictures of this class, but his special forte lay in the execution of the heads of women and children. In the treatment of such subjects he had no superior in this country. His works were graceful in drawing, and marked by unusual richness of color and delicacy of treatment. Mr. Stone, like many of his contemporaries, delighted to paint the portrait of a pretty woman, and, when treating such a subject, while he preserved the portrait, it was invested with a feeling of ideality which gave evidence of a high aim and an imaginative and inventive faculty of more than usual power. The ordinary portrait-picture, such as we see scores of in our public exhibitions every year, rarely attracts the attention of the multitude, but those of Stone's women and children always appeared to be possessed of some magnetic power, however plain the subject might be, which arrested attention at once. Baker's portraits of women and children also appear to possess this power. In 1865 Mr. Stone exhibited at the Academy a portrait entitled "Bessie," which was marked by many rare qualities. In 1867 he exhibited two portraits of ladies, which were remarkably brilliant in color and pure in tone. They are now in the collection

of Mr. J. Yeoman and Mr. J. C. Derby. His three-quarter length likeness of General Van Vliet, exhibited the same year, was one of his strongest pictures in male portraiture. In the following year he painted a portrait of Mrs. Hoey, which perhaps excited more general praise than any other picture exhibited in the Academy that season. Mr. Stone exhibited last year life-size portraits of the late James Gordon Bennett and Daniel Leroy. He was an industrious painter, and examples of his work exist in the collections of a large number of the old families of New York. During his leisure hours, Mr. Stone painted an occasional fancy head, but they were rarely exhibited out of his studio. Several of these ideal studies were left in his studio at the time of his death, and if offered for sale now they will doubtless find ready purchasers. Mr. Stone died in the prime of life; he was a genial companion; and, in personal appearance, a noble specimen of vigorous manhood.

A STATUE of Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, has recently arrived from Leghorn, and has been placed over his grave at Hingham, in which town he lived for many years. The statue of the great war governor is of slightly-gray Carrara marble, a color in the full light of day superior to white marble, which often appears sheeny and dazzling under such conditions. This statue is by Thomas R. Gould, the well known-artist, who is now living at Florence, and it is rather larger than life. It represents the governor standing, dressed in a double-breasted frock-coat, and with a long military-cloak hanging from his shoulders, and fastened across his chest by a cord and tassels. Upon the collar is carved the star of the Commonwealth's escutcheon. Governor Andrew, as all will recollect him, was a short and stout man, with a firm, broad-shouldered figure, well knitted and determined. But his beauty lay in his fine and well-poised head. No subject could be better adapted for the sculptor than his clean-cut Roman nose, with nostrils flexible and energetic, his well-marked, handsome mouth, with full lips and rounded chin, dimpled in the middle, and his large eyes, and forehead crowned by closely-curling hair. A face mobile and brilliant, it afforded every advantage to the artist. At first sight the statue looks a little under-sized, though it is really larger than life, but a further impression dispels this feeling, and, while many persons may regret that it has not a more public situation in Boston or perhaps Washington, it is, on the whole, well placed on its simple pedestal in the old graveyard at Hingham.

A COLOSSAL portrait-bust of Goethe, which, it is said, is intended to be placed in the Central Park at some future day, was placed on exhibition at Tiffany's jewelry establishment last week. The bust is about thirty inches in height, and is the work of Professor Fischer, of Berlin, or rather is the reproduction of the original by that eminent sculptor, which was executed in 1849. The head is not particularly striking, and as a work of art it utterly fails to convey to Goethe's ad-

mirers of to-day an idea of his genius or of the poetic inspiration with which his writings are endowed. Although the features are clearly defined, the modeling appears to have been carried to a degree of finish which has effaced every trace of individuality. This criticism may not apply to the original bronze, which exists in Berlin, we believe, but particularly belongs to the reproduction, which is cast in some base metal, shows no marks of the sculptor's chisel, and has been stained and varnished in imitation of the genuine material. It is not probable that this bust is to be offered to the Park authorities, but that a real bronze will be substituted. Such a work would be a worthy companion to the bust of Schiller, which was presented by the Germans, and now ornaments the Park ramble, near the lake.

A FINE bust, in white Carrara marble, of Charles Sumner, has recently been presented to George W. Curtis, by the city of Boston. The bust was executed by Milmore, in Italy, and is more than full-size. It is a strong likeness, and all the features are life-like and well marked. The attitude of the head is very erect, and the eyes and mouth are energetic and animated, as if Mr. Sumner were speaking. The best likenesses are those of course which are made either directly from life or by those who are familiar with the look and attitude of the original. The portraits, therefore, which are made now of Mr. Sumner, are the most valuable ones that will ever be produced, and for such reasons a bust like this by Milmore is of historical value, as it is one of the few which will be made now while Mr. Sumner's looks are vividly remembered, and before time has dulled the impression of his stately and intellectual head.

As costume is one of the arts, we quote here from a London journal the subjoined information in regard to the latest development of Paris fashion: "Designs, it is stated, are 'not only floral and geometric in their tendency, but zoological.' Exquisite brocades are sprinkled profusely with lions, tigers, and panthers, 'mediaeval-looking beasts' that are by no means life-like in their proportions or coloring, and far more nearly allied to the fabulous creatures in stone that decorate a Gothic cathedral than the savage denizens of a modern menagerie." Artists, it seems, have also gone to museums and borrowed old heraldic devices with which to ornament the robes of ladies who value their personal appearance. Unicorns, winged bulls, and birds, are used profusely. Oriental writing, the hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptians, Persian arabesques, and Chinese and Japanese signs, are artistically converted into patterns. One design is mentioned as being 'peculiarly pretty; it is a scrawl studded here and there with keys some three inches long. There are at least thirty sorts of keys of different epochs, capitably rendered. Of all the pleasing novelties, however, which are being introduced, there are none to equal a design in which 'various insects are introduced.'"

THE ART JOURNAL for October will contain the first of a series of papers, finely illustrated, on "Household Art," by C. W. Elliott. It will also give an illustration of the prizes won by the American rifle-team in its recent excursion to Great Britain; an engraving of

the German painter Beyschlag's exquisite "Psyche and her Urn;" two choicely executed engravings from De Haas's marine pictures, forming one of the series of papers on American painters; and several other illustrated papers; with three steel engravings consisting of "The Riven Shield," from a painting by Morris; "The Triumph of Galatea," from a painting by Domenichino; and "Puck," from Miss Hosmer's well-known sculpture.

Music and the Drama.

THE announcement that an arrangement had been made with the prima donna Mdle. Tietjens was a double pleasure, inasmuch as it removed the fear that we were to have no Italian opera this winter, and also promised a hearing of a singer who, in some respects, stands alone in her art. Mdle. Tietjens has for a number of years been known almost exclusively in England, having become such a favorite with that public as to make any other nearly unnecessary. England has been for many years the favorite home of oratorio. Her musicians, both singers and composers, have assiduously cultivated this style of music, and the numerous festivals held every year in the principal cities attest the popularity of it. It is in oratorio that Mdle. Tietjens has of late years achieved her principal triumphs, no other living singer being supposed to be her equal in this style of singing, which differs widely from that required in the opera.

Mdle. Tietjens has reached nearly if not quite the limit of years at which great singers are ordinarily supposed to cease their efforts, but, if we may judge from the English accounts, her voice remains unimpaired. Perfection of art rarely is attained till the freshness and beauty of the organ of singing have begun to decline. Indeed, it is not unfrequently the case that singers, as long as the voice retains its youthful bloom, neglect the more finished graces of the art, and think only of them when the necessity of replacing departed powers exercises a stern compulsion. It is said of Mario that, when that marvelous voice of his was in its golden prime of youth, he was so little dramatic or sympathetic in his style as to call forth the severest criticism. It was only when the organ lost its youth and bloom that the greatest of dramatic tenors attempted to develop the peculiar powers which afterward made him so famous.

Mdle. Tietjens has for years been recognized by the English critics and public as the leading dramatic prima donna, even in competition with all the great singers whose annual appearance in London make that city the first musical capital of Europe. The great rôle of *Medea*, for example, in Cherubini's great opera of that name, has no other adequate interpreter, and it is never attempted except with Tietjens. In the same way *Leonora*, in Beethoven's only opera, "Fidelio," is the monopoly of this lady on account of the breadth and beauty of her vocalization, and the intensity of her dramatic power. We are promised that a hearing will be had of Tietjens in her great rôles later in the season,

though at the beginning she will confine herself to concert and oratorio.

The latter department of music is peculiarly adapted to this artist's style and power on account of the broad phrasing and pure declamation required. The London papers are already lamenting the loss of Tietjens for the coming festivals as irreparable, although there are many clever and accomplished singers eager to fill the gap, and make the most of the opportunity. We may anticipate such an interpretation of oratorio music as has not been heard among us since the last appearance of the lamented Parepa-Rosa, who, in many respects, may be likened to Tietjens.

To support her in oratorio there will be the Centennial Choral Union, an organization which has been working under the auspices of Messrs. George F. Bristow and Charles E. Harslee, with special reference to the Philadelphia Centennial of next year. The chorus will consist of eight hundred voices, which have been carefully selected from the best available material, and certainly, with the time and care expended in their preliminary rehearsals, should do their work in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. The orchestra, we are told, will also be one of the largest with which oratorio has ever been given in this city. The three oratorio performances in New York will be on the evenings of Wednesday, October 20th; Friday, October 29th; and Wednesday, November 10th. The works to be produced in their entirety are Händel's "Messiah" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The last performance will consist of a miscellaneous programme from the great composers of oratorio. Tietjens first general concert will be on the evening of October 4th, and consist of a popular programme of operatic selections and ballads.

MR. BYRON'S "Our Boys," produced last week at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, is a very charming comedy. The reason of its two hundred nights in London is clear enough. It cannot be ranked with the great English plays—it is far too slight in story and in character-drawing for that; but it is a very delightful production of the lighter kind—pleasant in story, wholesome in tone, animated in action, and bright in dialogue. The story is of two boys, one the son of a baronet, the other the son of a retired tradesman. The two fathers are friends, and so are the two sons, notwithstanding the great difference in their social rank; and both fathers and sons are very happily contrasted for stage purposes. The baronet is dignified and high-bred; the tradesman is vulgar in speech, and undignified in manner; but both are men of principle, and animated by strong fatherly affection for their boys. The "boys" have been traveling in Europe; they return at the opening of the play. The son of the baronet has all the affectations of a *blanc* youth—the son of the tradesman is full of heartiness, naturalness, and ambition. Each father has selected a wife for his son, and by a rather stale device each of the boys manages to fall in love with the woman designed for the other. The baronet has brought up his

boy to implicitly respect his authority; the son of the tradesman has been governed only through his affections. Each parent is confident of the success of his plan of domestic government in this emergency, but both theories come to naught, for neither of the boys will consent to marry the woman of his father's choice. The result is a domestic revolution. The boys go off together to London, bent on making their own way in the world, become very poor, suffer not a little, but at last are sought out by the not very obdurate fathers; and, in the end, all is made well. This is the story, in the main; but the dry plot of a play thus narrated gives the reader but little idea of the touches of humor, the flashes of wit, the phases of character, the many minor incidents, that make up the pleasant whole.

Plays like "Our Boys" make the theatre a delight; their effect upon every listener cannot be otherwise than wholesome, even if they do not possess high imaginative power, and make no attempt to do more than to present a slight but charming picture for the recreation of an hour. "Our Boys" is very well acted by every person in the cast, and is well mounted.

New York is likely to be blessed with a large amount of oratorio music this season, and the true lovers of the art will be likely to say, "The more the better." The "Oratorio Society of New York," under the direction of Mr. Leopold Damrosch, and with the noble coöperation of Theodore Thomas's orchestra, and Mr. Dudley Buck on the organ, will give a series, Mendelssohn's "Paulus" for the first, and the "Messiah" for the second. Afterward a number of short choral works from the old Italian and German masters, and parts of Liszt's "Christus" (for the first time in America), will be offered. We have not yet learned what solo talent has been secured, but can hardly expect it to equal the orchestral and choral ability enlisted in the enterprise. It is a delightful and encouraging fact to see New York taking so deep an interest in oratorio, and we trust to record the deepening and strengthening of the taste in the future. No more auspicious omen of the organic growth of real musical culture can be found than this.

In the poorest of Mr. Boucicault's plays he never fails to develop at least one good dramatic character. This is notably true of "The Flying Scud," a drama which in motive and story has nothing to commend it, but escapes entire condemnation by the very fine delineation of *Nat Gosling*, the eccentric and superannuated old jockey. Just now this poor but turbulent play is temporarily revived at Booth's Theatre, in order to afford the New York public an opportunity of witnessing Mr. George Belmore's excellent personation of the part of the old jockey. Mr. Belmore is an English actor who has made a reputation in his own country as a finished actor of eccentric parts. His *Nat Gosling* is a remarkably close and truthful performance, subdued in tone, accurate to the minutest detail in every accent, gesture, and facial expression, and never sacrificing truth or the

general harmony of the sketch to effect. It lacks color and breadth, perhaps, somewhat. One would not dislike a little more heartiness and resonance; but every one must admire the severe fidelity with which the idea of the character is worked out.

A VOLUME entitled "Hamlet; or, Shakespeare's Philosophy of History: a Study of the Spiritual Soul and Unity of Hamlet," recently published in England, is commented upon in the *Athenæum* as follows: "The wildest extravagance of German speculation upon the remote significance of Shakespeare seems tame beside this attempt to solve the mystery of 'Hamlet.' At the outset, the author asserts that his book is 'not addressed to those who can see no mystery in the works of Shakespeare.' Without being sure whether we are of this bat-like few or many, we can at least see no such mystery as Mercade suggests. According to an ideal key to 'Hamlet' which he prefixes, and to the disquisition which follows, Shakespeare in 'Hamlet' had the intention of suggesting many very remote and remarkable things. 'He fathomed,' says Mercade, 'the great dynamical principle of modern history in Europe. 'Time is the stage upon which the play is built, Mankind the actors; Truth and Error the action of the drama.' Claudius thus presents 'Error, injustice, etc.' Gertrude 'Human belief and custom.' Their marriage 'indicates the corruption of Christianity,' while Hamlet's father presents 'Unadulterated Christianity prior to the second century—ideal truth and justice.' The bulwarks of Error are Polonius, presenting 'Bigotry, intolerance, absolutism;' Reynaldo, 'discouragement of learning, probably inquisition;' Voltimand, 'repression by force, persecution (!);' Cornelius, 'Hard-heartedness (!);' Rosenorantz, 'opposition of those who benefit by abuses;' Guildenstern, 'Sophistry, casuistry, hypocrisy, evasion;' Ophelia, 'Church;' Laertes, 'historical continuity of authority, orthodox literature, conservatism;' and Osric, 'Society and criticism.' On the other side is Hamlet, representing 'Progress.' With him are Francisco, Bernardo, Marcellus, 'typifying the end of dark ages, first movement of the growth of knowledge (revival of learning), probably reading, criticism, inquiry, and printing.' Horatio comes as the spirit of justice, independence, and scholarship, resulting from above. Fortinbras is 'Liberty;' the first Clown is 'an artistic double to Hamlet,' and the Ghost is 'the revival of Christianity.' The interlude, it may be added, is the Reformation. We have shortened some of the explanations of the Key of Mercade, which is advanced as ideal, but have endeavored to preserve the sense. Those who see any benefit to philosophy, science, or common-sense, in such speculations, will find abundance of similar matter in the book. To us the whole is 'Midsummer madness.'"

THE last number of the transactions of the German society for the study of the natural history and ethnology of Eastern Asia, in Yokohama, gives an interesting account of music in Japan. The Japanese musicians are usually divided into four classes: those who play religious music only, those who play secular music, blind musicians, and female musicians. The musicians who possess a theoretical knowledge of music, and even those who know their notes, are very few in number; they are scattered all over the country, and belong only to the class of those who occupy themselves with sacred music. Both the

secular and religious performers belong to certain societies or guilds; which meet at prescribed periods and for prescribed purposes, and there are large numbers of musicians who play in private houses for a stipulated fee. The members of these guilds have various privileges. At one of the sittings of the German society a musician presented himself who had the right of setting the first string of the "koto" (a seven-stringed instrument) an octave lower than any one else. The Japanese use string, wind, and percussion instruments. These are divided into pure instruments (for religious music only) and impure, which are used only for secular objects. There are no instruments of metal. Twelve keys are used, one for each month, and each key has twelve tones. Tuning-forks of various shapes, all different from those known in Europe, are in common use. The strings of the instrument are of silk, covered with wax; and the notes simply give the number of strings to be struck, or, in the flute, of the hole to be stopped. Semitones are distinguished by a sign placed against the number of the preceding tone. The notes are written downward, and the words to the left of them. Songs are always in unison with the principal instrument in the accompaniment. On the whole, Japanese music is very similar to that of China.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

September 7, 1875.

IN a work recently published by the Abbé Riche, there is to be found an account of the saving of Notre-Dame from the flames during the Commune. The abbé was charged by the court-martial with the painful task of preparing for death those of the insurgents who were condemned to be shot on the 25th of May, 1871. Among them was a young workman who, on learning the fatal news, fell as though thunder-stricken against the wall; then, striking his brow violently with his clinched fist, he cried, "I knew that such a deed would bring me ill luck!" Surprised at this exclamation, which was uttered with an expression of heart-rending sincerity, the abbé persuaded the condemned man to confide his secret to him.

"See here," he said, after hesitating for a few moments, "I will confess every thing, but hasten to make use of what I shall tell you, for in an hour it will be too late. Yesterday evening I carried to Notre-Dame myself two barrels of powder and two cans of petroleum. I placed the two barrels of powder in the pipes of the furnace, one on the upper part of the church and the other on the lower. As to the petroleum, I put one can, not in the big chair where folks preach, but under another chair near the benches where folks sit, and the other I placed among the wood-work under the organ. But I repeat, hasten to send to Notre-Dame to have all that taken away!" Then, interrupting himself, he asked, "What o'clock is it?"

"Half-past nine," answered the abbé, looking at his watch.

"The petroleum was to be set on fire between nine and ten o'clock."

Not an instant was to be lost. The confessor at once informed the provost of the revelation that had just been made to him. A battalion of policemen started immediately for Notre-Dame, taking with them the criminal, so that he might guide them in their researches. Every thing that he had said was

true, and several chairs were already on fire, but assistance had arrived in time. The flames were speedily extinguished, and the powder and petroleum were removed. The Abbé Riche, moved by a truly Christian inspiration, then took the provost aside.

"You cannot," he said, "shoot the man to whom we owe the revelations that have saved Notre-Dame. Remember that a few yards from the cathedral stands the hospital of the Hôtel-Dieu, crowded with invalids. Had Notre-Dame been blown up, what a horrible catastrophe would have ensued! This man must be pardoned."

A council was held, and the Abbé Riche gained his point. The man's life was spared.

Jules Lecomte published in 1840 a work on the then celebrated authors of France. Here is a sketch of Eugène Sue, then in the height of his renown:

"M. Sue is a tall young man, and rather stout as well. He wears boot-heels some two or three inches high, and my informant tells me that M. Sue is in despair because these heels are not red. He is a dandy in the full signification of the word. He is pale and very dark, with abundant hair and beard, his nose is twisted to one side, and he carries a little cane covered with precious stones. He is quite wealthy, the paternal fortune amounting to twenty-five or thirty thousand francs of revenue. In the winter he resides in Paris on the Rue Caumartin. His furniture is extremely splendid, of the styles of the Renaissance and Louis XV. It is said to have cost over twenty thousand dollars. His study is in antique carved oak, ornamented on all sides with ancient bronzes, old Flemish pictures, and all sorts of arms and curiosities in the severest taste. Antique colored glass of the fifteenth century only permits a sort of mysterious twilight to penetrate this apartment; it is hard to understand how M. Sue can see to write or even to read amid these shadows, which have something religious about them. His *salon* is all satin damask, gilded furniture, buhl furniture, marquetry in copper, enamels, old tapestry hangings, Japanese vases, and other ruinous fancies. The dining-room is in the transition style of Louis XIII., but, by a caprice which seems like an infirmity in the host of these brilliant apartments, the same obscurity reigns everywhere."

It was at this time that Eugène Sue purposed writing the "History of the French Navy." Long before the publication of the first number, several fragments of it had appeared in the Parisian reviews, and had been severely criticised. One day, when he had just given a foretaste of his "History of Jean Bart," by a chapter *à la* Walter Scott, which had been printed in some literary collection, M. Sue received a packet from Toulon, transmitted through the Ministry of the Navy. It was formally unsealed, and within M. Sue found a gilt medal, on which was inscribed, "To M. Eugène Sue, from the French Navy in Gratitude." Beneath this inscription was a tiny line, which looked like an ornamental flourish. M. Sue showed this medal with great pride to forty of his friends, the forty-first discovered that the little line was really composed of this conclusion, in almost imperceptible letters, to the inscription, "For his *not* having written its history!"

Here is a picture of George Sand of those days as she appeared at the opera:

"At that moment the Baroness Dudevant (George Sand) entered the *foyer*, leaning on the arm of M. Charles Didier. On seeing her, Alfred de Musset, whose journey to Italy with

that celebrated woman is an interpreted fact, slipped behind M. de Balzac and fled from the room.

"Madame George Sand is a small lady of a rather delicate aspect, about thirty years of age, having fine and abundant tresses and a very noble countenance. Her profile is of the style that the French call Bourbonian. Her foot is irreducible and her hand improbable. A court of young artists followed her, and celebrated men ranged themselves on either side to salute her. The warm pallor of her countenance brought out the lustre of her black and sparkling eyes."

Heavens and earth! how plain she is now, that celebrated and fascinating woman, whose heartless immorality has disgraced her sex even more than her genius adorned it! Old, fat, and commonplace-looking, with a stiff range of little false curls surmounting her prominent forehead, with deep indentations in her heavy cheeks, and with eyes sharp and keen as a gimlet-point, George Sand retains not a vestige of the Cleopatra-like fascination wherewith she won the hearts and blighted the lives of Chopin and of De Musset. Such women ought to die in their siren prime, not live to grow old and stout and ordinary-looking. She is very pious now, I hear, and very domestic in her tastes. "When the devil was sick"—we all know that adage, and, I suppose, it is pretty much the same with the devil grown old.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the 1st of September contains the opening chapters of a new novel by Octave Feuillet, entitled "A Society Marriage." It begins in graceful and interesting fashion with the love-affairs of two young people betrothed by the efforts of an inveterate and amiable match-maker, one Madame de la Veyle. The style is, as is usual with this exquisitely graceful and charming writer, at once sparkling and forcible. Here are one or two observations culled from the pages at random:

"Without being armed with very solid or very elevated principles, Madame Fitz-Gerald possessed in the highest degree the religion of ermines and of women of the world—a horror of stains! Evil was for her not only evil, it was an impropriety."

"Remember, dear child, that woman is made to endure, and man to be endured."

The second volume of the "Memoirs of Odilon Barrot" is to appear on the 1st of October. The first volume has already reached its third edition. It will take two more to complete the work. The Bibliothèque Charentier is shortly to issue a complete edition of the poetry of Théophile Gautier, which will include a number of unpublished poems. Among the late publications of the Librairie Illustrée is comprised a reprint in fac-simile of the number for September 4, 1870, of all the leading newspapers of France, and also a reprint of the "History of the Revolution of 1870-'71," by Jules Claretie. The almanacs for 1876 are already advertised; they comprise a vast variety of styles and subjects. There is the literary almanac and the culinary almanac, the musical, the matrimonial, the historic, the prophetic, the epistolary, the facetious, and the medical almanacs, and many others that I have neither the space nor the patience to enumerate. They are not very expensive, varying in price from six to thirty cents a piece.

It appears that the recent exhibition of the antique treasures of Alsace and of Lorraine has been the source of unheard-of fortunes to many of the exhibitors. Old hoards of *bric-à-brac*, porcelain, illuminated manuscripts,

etc., have been disposed of at immense prices. All the *bric-à-brac* merchants of Paris and of Germany are ransacking Nancy for similar treasures, and are inviting, by advertisements and placards, all the inhabitants to bring out their antique valuables. The St.-Charles Hospital possessed a series of vases in *faience*, the gift of King Stanislas to their pharmacy, and used by the good nuns to contain ointments; before the exhibition no one thought much of them, and after its close a *bric-à-brac* merchant offered two thousand dollars for the two principal vases. One of his *confrères* offers one hundred dollars a piece for the two hundred small vases belonging to the collection, and twenty thousand dollars for the set of large ones. The Evangeliare of St.-Gauglin, Bishop of Toul, which belongs to the Cathedral of Nancy, is estimated by these enthusiasts as being worth sixty thousand dollars. An enormous valuation has been set upon the Graduel which formerly belonged to the ancient Chapter of St.-Dié. These prices have thrown all possessors of antiquities in these regions into a fever. The heirs of M. Charles de Gouvain possess a *lièvre d'heures* in perfect preservation, and closed with clasps most exquisitely and delicately worked. This treasure has caused quite a commotion among the parties to which it belongs. One wishes to keep it, a second to sell it, and a third wished to have it exhibited among the precious objects collected at the Hôtel-de-Ville of Nancy. But so many precautions and so many formalities, so many keys and so much glass-case, were exacted from the director of that exhibition, that he refused to have anything to do with the priceless prayer-book. By a decision of the court it is to be sold for the benefit of the heirs. It is to be brought to Paris by M. Renard, the oldest lawyer of the tribunal, who engages to take personal charge of it, and to place it in the hands of M. Pillet, the celebrated *commissaire prieur*, or estimator of antiquities, of the Hôtel Drouot. It is to be exhibited under his charge for a month in a glass case under lock and key, and then to be sold at auction. If the object in question were a monster diamond instead of an ancient manuscript, the owners thereof could not make more fuss about it.

It is doubtful, after all, whether we shall have the pleasure of hearing Massé's much-talked-of opera of "Paul and Virginia" at the Opéra Comique this winter, some difficulty on the question of salary having arisen between Mademoiselle Heilbron and the management. It is the old story, so say the critics, an American tour having spoiled the lady for Parisian prices. The Théâtre Lyrique is very anxious to get possession of the work in question, on which great hopes are founded. But the Théâtre Lyrique is in the very odd position of an opera with a director and a subvention, but lacking a theatre. There is in this city of theatres not a single one available for the reconstructed organization. Two directors in face of this difficulty have already resigned without directing—monarchs, like Louis XVII., deposed before they had ever reigned. "Faust" is to be given at the Grand Opéra to-morrow night at last. The rehearsals take place every off-night, so the consumers of Pilsen beer at the *cafés* just behind the opera-house have been treated to about fifty repetitions of "The Soldiers' Chorus" on every alternate evening, as in this warm weather the windows are all left open during rehearsals. The cast of the opera is not at all strong. Faure will not be the *Mephistopheles*; the tenor, though young, is short, and fat, and vulgar-looking, and Madame Carvalho will be the

only real artist of the whole. And she, alas! is rather aged for the part of the girlish maiden heroine. But the scenery, and the chorus, and the ballet, will be superb, especially in the scene of the Walpurgis Night, which is seldom or never given on the American stage.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

WHAT is said to be a hitherto unpublished sermon by Father Prout has just been printed in a Cork paper. How characteristic it is! Having chosen for his text "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," he goes on to show that the real poor are "the clergy," * and this is how the great Irish humorist winds up:

"Last Thursday was a week since Bartlemy fair, and I wint down to buy a horse, for this is a large parish an' mortification an' frettin' have puffed me up, so that God help me it's little able I am to answer all the sick calls to say nothin' o' stations, weddin's, and christenin's. Well! I bought the horse an' it cost me more than I expected, so there I stood without a penny in my pocket after I paid the dealer. It rained cats an' dogs, an' as I am so poor I can't afford a great-coat, I got wet to the skin i' less than no time. There ye were, scores o' ye i' the public houses with the winders up that all the world might see ye a stein' an' dhrinkin' as if it was for a wager; an' there wasn't one o' ye had the grace to ask Father Prout ha' ye got a mouth i' yer face? An' there I might ha' stood i' the rain until this blissid hour (that is supposin' it had continued rainin' until now) if I hadn't been picked up by Mr. Mun Roche o' Kildinan—an honest gentleman an' an hospitable man I must say tho' he is a Protestant. He took me home with him an' there to yer eternal disgrace, ye villains, I got as full as a tick—an' Mun Roche had to send me home in his own carriage, which is an everlasting shame to all o' ye who belong to the true Church.

"Now, I ask, which has carried out this tixt? Ye, who did not give me even a poor tumbler o' punch at Bartlemy, or Mun Roche who took me home an' filled me with the best stein' an' dhrinkin', an' sint me to my own house after that in his own illigant carriage? Who best fulfilled the Scriptur? Who lint to the Lord by givin' to the poor clergy?"

"Remember a time will come when I must give an account o' ye! What can I say thin? Won't I have to hang down my head in shame on yer account? Pon my conscience, it wouldn't much surprise me, unless ye greatly mind yer ways, if Mun Roche an' you won't have to change places on that occasion—he to sit along side o' me, as a friend who had thrated the poor clergy well i' this world, an' ye in a sartin place, which I won't particularly mention now, except to hint that its precious little frost and snow ye'll have in it; but quite the reverse. However, it's never too late to mind; an' I hope by this day week it's quite another story I'll have to tell o' ye all."

Mr. Arthur Sullivan, from whom we look for a really fine opera one of these days, is at present basking under Italy's blue skies. But he is at work withal. He has an Italian piece in hand.

Our late M. P. for Falmouth, Mr. Eastwick, a great authority on Indian affairs, is just now busily engaged in our Eastern empire in gathering up materials for some hand-books on the three presidencies, which Mr. Murray has commissioned him to write. It is well that Mr. Eastwick has taken to the pen again, for, though an execrable speaker, he is an excellent writer.

Mr. Maddison Morton, the veteran author of "Box and Cox," has chosen a strange title for his forthcoming Haymarket comedy. It will be called "Chaff," but doubtless there

will be far more than one grain of wheat in it. I don't think I have mentioned, by-the-way, that Tom Taylor is also writing a play for the Haymarket. He is, however; and he is writing it especially for Miss Neilson.

Both the Strand and Gaiety are closed—for redecoration. But, in a very few days, they'll be opened again, when Mr. Charles Mathews—who, though seventy-two, is as lively as a youth of twenty—will put in an appearance at the latter, and a new *opéra-bouffe* by two rising young playwrights, Messrs. F. Hay and F. W. Green, will be produced at the former.

Mr. Henry Cromie, who must have Chaucer's works at his fingers' ends, as it were, has just undertaken another arduous task. Having completed, for the Chaucer Society, his "List of Chaucer's Rhymes in the Canterbury Tales," he has now set about compiling, for the same society, an index of all the names of the places and people mentioned and the subjects dwelt on and alluded to in the tales in question.

The queen of song, Madame Adelina Patti, is coming among us again. She is on the point of landing, as I write, from Dieppe. Hard work is before her. At Bristol she has to sing, at Brighton she has also to sing, and in London she has to lay the foundation-stone of a new throat and ear hospital.

Two of our best-known authors have been writing to the newspapers within the last few days—Charles Reade and R. H. Horne, of "farthing epic" fame. Mr. Horne rushes into print to express his opinion that Captain Webb, the swimmer, should be made a knight; Mr. Reade does ditto in order to defend Colonel Baker, of indecent-assault infamy. Incidentally we learn from the latter's letter that he is wont to keep a written record of criminal cases, a disclosure which will not surprise those of his readers who have perused his "Never too late to mend."

I met Mr. B. L. Farjeon the other morning as he was following Dr. Johnson's famous example—taking "a walk down Fleet Street." He had just, he told me in his ever-hearty way, returned from France, where an agreeable surprise had awaited him. Happening to go into a Paris bookseller's shop, he saw a French translation that he wotted not of, of his Christmas-story, "The King of No-Land." It was the last copy that dealer in books had, but he had sold many copies, he went on; and then he proceeded to expatiate on the merits of the tale. The author of "Grif," of course, listened smilingly, but went away without either making his identity known or buying the volume. "Twould have been a pity, you know, Williams," he remarked, slyly, "to have prevented somebody having the pleasure of reading it."

Mr. John Baldwin Buckstone, the veteran author-actor, is one of the most forgetful of men; indeed, he is almost as absent-minded as Sydney Smith himself. A very characteristic anecdote regarding him has just cropped up. It appears that some years ago, when Mr. B. was in that smokiest of Scotch cities, Glasgow, his son introduced him to a Mr. Albert Smith, a civil-engineer, as an old acquaintance. "Don't you remember my friend Mr. Smith, you know?" "Smith—Smith!" muttered the aged comedian; "I've heard that name before." "Why, father," said the son, "it's Mr. Albert Smith." "Albert Smith—Albert Smith! Bless my soul! do you say so? I thought I had—er—buried poor Albert—er—twelve years ago—er—in Kensal Green Cemetery!"

WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

NOTES.

THE introductory notice of Sir John Hawkshaw's inaugural address before the British Association, which appeared in the JOURNAL of last week, closed with a reference to the fact that the Egyptians probably had a knowledge of steel. We now return to the review of this paper, selecting from the many facts here collected such as will prove most interesting to the reader, and best serve to illustrate the character of the whole address. As in Egypt the art of building in stone had reached the greatest perfection five thousand years ago, so in Mesopotamia the art of building with brick, the only available material in that country, was in an equally advanced state some ten centuries later. The stability of this ancient brickwork may be best proved by the fact that the name of Nebuchadnezzar is as common on the bricks of many modern towns in Persia as it was in Babylon, the old brick walls having been demolished simply to furnish material for the modern structures. As illustrating the labor bestowed on these works, it is said that the mound of Koyunjik alone contained fourteen and one-half million tons of brick, representing the labor of ten thousand men for twelve years! The palace of Sennacherib, which stood on the mound, was probably the largest ever built by any one monarch. It contained more than two miles of walls, paneled with alabaster slabs. Herodotus states that in the construction of one of his palaces this monarch employed three hundred and sixty thousand men. Passing from these architectural wonders to those more intimately related to engineering science, reference is made to the extended system of irrigation-works constructed by the Egyptians, Mesopotamians, and other ancient people. Egypt was probably far better irrigated in the days of the Pharaohs than it is now, and as this could not have been accomplished without the aid of maps and surveys, it is evident that at that day surveying and its kindred branches were understood and practised. Lake Mœris, in Egypt, was an artificial reservoir made by one of the Pharaohs, and supplied by the floodwaters of the Nile. It was one hundred and fifty square miles in extent, and was retained by a bank or dam sixty yards wide and ten feet high, which bank, though now in ruins, can be traced for a distance of thirteen miles. While the greater number of the ancient canals were made for purposes of irrigation, others served also for navigation. One of these was traced by Sir Henry Rawlinson from Hit, on the Euphrates, to the Persian Gulf, a distance of between four and five hundred miles. A kindred subject of more direct interest at the present time is that of drainage. Twenty-three centuries ago the city of Agrigentum possessed a system of sewers, which, on account of their size, were deemed worthy of mention by Diodorus, and it was two centuries earlier than this that the well-known Cloaca Maxima was built as part of the drainage system of Rome. The palace-mounds of Nimroud and Babylon were built over great vaulted drains, as were also the brick mounds of Chaldaea. Following these statements are others of a like character, referring to the more familiar facts regarding the Roman roads, aqueducts, etc., after noticing which, the writer enters the departments of invention and applied science. Extended reference is made to the steam-engine, weaving-machines, steamships, and electric telegraph. The following state-

* Clergy.

ment regarding the illustrious Dr. Lardner's opinion of ocean steamships may be comforting to the disciples of Keely, who still have faith in the motor, "science to the contrary notwithstanding." Referring to Dr. Lardner, the writer continues: "It is not more than forty years since one of our scientific men, and an able one, too, declared, at a meeting of this Association, that no steamboat would ever cross the Atlantic, founding his statement on the impracticability, in his view, of a steamboat carrying enough coal profitably for the voyage. Yet, soon after this statement was made, the *Sirius* steamed from Bristol to New York in seventeen days."

It may safely be asserted that to no scientific expedition has there been accorded a greater measure of popular favor and good will than to that which has now entered the polar regions. From the outset we have endeavored to inform our readers fully as to the extent and character of the scientific preparations, the duties of the officers, and the efforts that had been made to secure efficient service. As yet, however, nothing has been said of the plans devised for making the many hours of idleness pass pleasantly and profitably away. And yet these preparations seem to have been as complete as those relating to the labors of the party. A correspondent to the *London Daily Telegraph* who accompanied the explorers as far as Disco, returning thence on the *Valorous*, notices these plans for polar amusements as follows: "There will be no want either of occupation or amusement in the long darkness of at least one hundred and twenty days that the explorers must encounter. The magnetic observatory has been taken out in pieces from England, with no iron in any part, and a copper stove has been supplied for it. This wooden edifice will be erected on shore, if the ship succeeds in finding winter quarters in a harbor, and there will be another observatory for the astronomical observations. Thus the scientific staff will be steadily at work through the winter, while the instruction and amusement of officers and men will be fully provided for. There will be schools for teaching navigation and other branches of knowledge. A large collection of excellent magic-lantern slides furnishes the means of illustrating lectures on astronomy, as well as popular tales and anecdotes. The expedition is rich in musical talent, and each ship has a piano and a harmonium. Lieutenant Aldrich is an accomplished pianist; Lieutenants May and Egerton play the banjo, Lieutenant Parr the flute, and there is a talented drum and fife band on the lower deck, besides any amount of vocal music fore and aft. Commander Markham, with Mr. Egerton as a confederate, will give entertainments of magic and legerdemain, and can perform all conjuring tricks, from the magic-bottle to dark *séances* and clairvoyance. The histrionic talent is also in strong force on board both ships; many presents of dresses and properties were received, including one from Mr. Irving, and a magnificent proscenium has been painted for the *Alert*. There will also be periodical literature and newspapers, besides printed playbills and notices, the printing department being ably conducted by Lieutenant Giffard and Robert Symons. Nor has due provision for such festive occasions as birthdays and Christmastide been forgotten. Fortunately, as many as seven birthdays occur during the long winter nights, five in the *Alert* and two in the *Discovery*. The importance of the duties of making the winter pass quickly and pleasantly away, by amusing as well as employing the minds of all

on board and preventing their caring for the inevitable hardships and sufferings, as well as by strictly enforcing the proper amount of daily exercise and the observance of sanitary regulations, cannot be over-estimated, and every member of the expedition, by cordially and heartily entering into the spirit of the work, will each in his place thus secure the maintenance of the general health both of mind and body. It is this alone that can insure that elasticity and vigor which, in the spring of 1876, is destined to carry the crosses of St. George far into the unknown north. As the sun begins to approach the horizon the grand work of the expedition will commence."

UNDER the title "Astronomical Predictions," Professor Daniel Kirkwood contributes to the *Tribune* a tabulated list of the several phenomena to be observed in the heavens during the next twenty-five years. From this list, which includes eclipses, with solar and lunar occultations, transits, comets, and star-showers, we select the following phenomena as likely to attract general attention in this country: On the 23d of August, 1877, a total eclipse of the moon will occur, partly visible in the United States. The great astronomical event of the transit of Venus will occur on the 6th of December, 1882, and will be visible in the United States. A maximum of sun-spots may be looked for in the year 1888, and also the return of the comet of 1812, whose period was estimated at seventy years and eight months. A considerable display of meteors may be expected on the 20th of April, 1884, and a total eclipse of the moon will occur on the 4th of October. In February, 1886, Winnecke's comet will return. The only opportunity of witnessing a total eclipse of the sun on this continent during the century will occur in Colorado, on the 28th of July, 1878. That part of the stream of November meteors which produced the showers of 1787 and 1820 may be expected to return between 1885 and 1888. A display of meteors derived from Biela's comet may be expected about November 24, 1892. On the night of December 27, 1898, the moon will be totally eclipsed. The maximum display of Leonids or November meteors may be expected on the morning of the 15th of that month, 1899; and on May 27, 1900, a total eclipse of the sun will be visible in Virginia. In addition to these phenomena of special interest are the numerous returns of the smaller comets, the transits of Mercury, and several stellar occultations. A review of the list will prove of special significance from the fact that the astronomer now classes the meteor among the "manageable" of the heavenly bodies, and boldly announces the periods at which the coming of these "celestial rovers" may be expected.

THE table-tumblers are at it again, and this time the contest has resulted in a challenge which can hardly be disregarded. It appears that Colonel Henry S. Olcott, in a recently-published communication, referred to a member of the Liberal Club as one who "hailed the idea of annihilation," wittily adding that said member was "seized with rapture at the sight of a tray of snuffers as the fitting emblem of his faith." This charge does not seem to have been well received at headquarters, and three members of the club—one physician, one physician, and one lawyer—unite in not only disclaiming, on behalf of the club, any special sympathy with the "snuffer-man," but, what is of more importance, in proving that the "unspiritual members" have endeavored in vain to get at the truths of

spiritualism by "attested facts." It appears that some years ago these gentlemen were constituted a special committee "to investigate spiritual facts and phenomena within the city and vicinity," and this is their conclusion, namely, that so far as they have been able to discover they find no "spirit hypothesis" needed to account for the phenomena observed, since they all fall quite readily under one or more of the following categories: 1. Fraud; 2. Illusion; 3. Delusion; 4. Disease. "If any man or woman," say the committee, "can produce or knows of phenomena that they will assert upon their honor that they believe cannot be so reduced, the undersigned will give such phenomena and their conditions a careful and, as far as possible, a scientific investigation." The gentlemen who thus offer their services are Drs. Van der Weyde and Marvin, and Mr. T. B. Wakeman, and the challenge is so decided, and yet its conditions so just, that to refuse to listen will place the unfortunate spirits in a very unenviable light indeed.

THE Scott-Moncrieff tramway-car, which is worked by compressed air, was recently tested on the Govan & Glasgow Railway. There appear to have been three trials; in the first two the car started with a pressure in its reservoir of three hundred pounds to the square inch, which pressure, in the third trial, was reduced to two hundred pounds. The car was said to be readily controlled, its speed increased or diminished at will, the operations of starting, stopping, reversing, etc., being performed with ease. Furthermore, the estimated cost per mile was one and one-half cents, or one-fifth that of horse-power. All this we give on the authority of the *English Mechanic*, and yet we hesitate to accept the facts without a more complete verification of them. The engineering and mechanical problems, which are here briefly announced as clearly solved, are those to which the attention of mechanics and inventors has been directed for years, and it is hardly creditable that an invention which may revolutionize our street-car system has been thus quietly perfected and applied. We shall await with interest any further information—the only description now at hand being that "the vehicle resembles an ordinary car, but is a little higher, the reservoir of air being carried on the roof."

WE learn from *Nature* that an interesting geological discovery has been recently made during excavations for a new tidal basin at the Surrey Commercial Docks. On penetrating some six feet below the surface, the workmen everywhere came across a subterranean forest-bed, consisting of peat with trunks of trees, for the most part still standing erect. All are of the species still inhabiting Britain: the oak, alder, and willow, are apparently most abundant. The trees are not mineralized, but retain their vegetable character, except that they are thoroughly saturated with water. In the peat are found large bones, which have been determined as those of the great fossil ox (*Bos primigenius*). Fresh-water shells are also found. No doubt is entertained that the bed thus exposed is a continuation of the old buried forest, of wide extent, which has on several recent occasions been brought to the daylight on both sides of the Thames, notably at Walthamstow, in the year 1869, in excavating for the East London Water-works; at Plumstead, in 1862-'63, in making the southern outfall sewer; and a few weeks since at Westminster, on the site of the new Aquarium and

Winter Garden. In each instance the forest-bed is found buried beneath the marsh-clay, showing that the land has sunk below the tidal level since the forest flourished.

M. CROIL, a French engineer, has invented a new process of making bread, which has been approved by the Minister of War, and will be adopted in the French army. The main purpose of this method is to retain an increased per cent. of the nutritive properties of the grain, and the general process may be thus described: The unground grain is first steeped in water, after which it is placed in revolving cylinders, by which it is deprived of its outer husk, which contains but four or five per cent. of nutriment. The grains are then softened by forming them into a thin sponge, and keeping them for a space of six to eight hours at a temperature of 77° Fahr. They are then crushed under rollers, and made into dough, with salt and water, as usual. By avoiding the grinding and wetting processes, it is believed that twenty per cent. of nutriment is saved, and thus the grain that would make one hundred and twelve pounds of bread in the ordinary way, will by this new process make what is equivalent to one hundred and forty pounds.

Owing to the misplacement of a decimal point, we were permitted, in our paper on "The Clinical Thermoscope," last week, to state that "mental exertion raises the temperature from 2.5° to 5°." The reader will please make the correction to ".25° to .5°."

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

FROM an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* on the Carmelites, the most ancient monastic order in Christendom, we copy a description of the habits of the brethren—which is rendered the more interesting from the fact that to this order the distinguished Père Hyacinthe belonged:

The dress of the Carmelites, though in a certain degree picturesque, is cumbersome in the extreme. It consists of a coarse brown habit reaching to the feet, and fastened by a leathern girdle round the waist, from which depends the usual string of beads, called a "rosary;" over this falls the scapular, nearly as long as the habit, before and behind, and above the scapular is worn the circular tippet and cowl, termed the "capuchin." When fully dressed the monk also wears a thick white cloak and hood, in which the brown cowl is inserted as a lining; and when walking beyond the precincts of the convent he wears a huge black *sombrero*, which gives a grotesque dignity to the whole. It is from the white cloak and hood just described that the Carmelite derives his name of "White-friar."

The rule of life of this ancient order presents to the casual inspection of a worldly eye an aspect of revolting severity; this is, however, more apparent than real. Eight months of the year are devoted to fasting, and on every Wednesday and Friday throughout the year *personal discipline* (self-inflicted), for the space of one "Miserere," is compulsory upon every member of the community. The instrument of correction—called in monk-

ish parlance a "discipline"—is a terrible weapon when used by a powerful hand upon the bare flesh. It is composed of fine whipcord beautifully twisted into a handle about a foot long, from which depend six or eight tails, finished at the ends in artistically-worked knots. Sometimes wire is interwoven with the cord, and, by special permission of superiors, little steel points are inserted into the ends of the tails. On the evenings appointed for the infliction of the discipline, the brethren assemble in the oratory of the convent, or in some place devoted to the purpose, and the windows and doors having been carefully fastened and covered, so that no vagrant ray of light may enter at an inopportune moment, all range themselves round the chamber, discipline in hand, and the prior, or other superior monk, commences the prefatory prayers. Presently, at a given signal, the lights are extinguished, and each religious prepares to use his whip. For this purpose the skirt of the habit is drawn over the head, and the loose flannel drawers beneath unfastened, and suffered to fall about the hips: all is then ready. Suddenly a whizzing sound disturbs the air of the room; a dull thud upon the naked flesh, followed by the broken voice of the prior commencing the penitential psalm, gives the signal to commence; and immediately there is a sound as of a score of flails thrashing upon a granary-floor, while a chorus of agonized voices roaring out the *Miserere* attest, by their peculiar emphasis, the vigor with which each monk is scourging his own unfortunate body. As the psalm is hurried over voice and hand fail, and there is a sigh of intense relief throughout the assembly as the prior, by an exhaustive effort, yells out the last words of the psalm. After a sufficient pause, to allow of the dress being adjusted, the light is readmitted, and after a short final prayer each monk departs in silence to his own cell.

In addition to this rough discipline, the Carmelite rule commands the total abstinence from flesh of every animal, and forbids the removal of the habit for any purpose except that of changing the under-clothing; thus, the monk is obliged to sleep in his clothes upon a bare board, with a pillow for his head, and a rug or blanket for his feet.

The daily routine of the Carmelite life is much as follows: The brethren rise at five A. M. all the year round, and immediately assemble in the choir, where they kneel in silence for an hour of mental prayer, at the conclusion of which the lay-brothers leave the choir to proceed to their several employments, while the clerics and choir-brothers commence to chant the first office of the day, which consists of the four canonical hours "Prime," "Tierce," "Sext," and "None." The chant used on such occasions is nothing but a high-pitched monotone, with a long drawl upon the last word of each phrase, without the slightest vestige of a cadence, which, though solemn and effective on being heard for the first time, becomes in a little while insufferably wearisome. At the conclusion of this office, the fathers prepare to celebrate their several masses, at one or other of which the rest of the community assists. Three times a week, or oftener at the discretion of the superior, the brethren who are not qualified to celebrate mass receive the sacrament either publicly in the church, or in the choir. After the daily masses, the fathers and choir-brothers retire to their studies or other imposed duties until eleven o'clock, when the first meal of the day is taken. Before proceeding to dinner the brethren assemble in the choir, and, after chanting

several prayers and psalms, march in procession, still chanting, to the refectory, where, after much more chanting, and many twistings and turnings, and divers low bows, they file off right and left to their places at the table. During the repast a monk reads aloud either from the Scriptures, or from the "Lives of the Saints."

Many tedious and minute ceremonies have to be observed by the scrupulous Carmelite in the conduct of his meal. He must hold his knife and fork, or spoon, in one particular fashion, his drinking-cup, which has two handles, must be clasped by both hands when it is raised to the mouth, and the napkin which lies by the side of his plate must be disposed about the body in a peculiar fashion, a failure in any of these particulars exposing the delinquent to a reprimand and a public penance.

It is also *de rigueur* that the monk who is the first to finish his meal should leave his seat at the table, and, having thrown himself upon his knees before the prior, solicit a public penance; the reason of which rule is not evident, unless it be designed to enhance the enjoyment of the others who have not been so hasty in their operations.

The penances given on these occasions are sufficiently humiliating and ludicrous. Upon a signal from the prior, the penitent will prostrate himself before each of his brethren in turn, and present his cheek to be soundly boxed; or he will throw himself upon his knees and kiss the feet of the rest of the community, and, as the Carmelite goes with naked feet, and washes them upon occasions of ceremony only, the latter penance is much more severe than the former. Another favorite punishment is to cause the penitent to make a spread-eagle of himself upon the threshold of the door, so that every member of the community may step upon him in coming in or in going out. Should a monk be so unhappy as to break any article of his dinner-service, he is condemned to leave his dinner, and stand in the centre of the refectory bearing the fragments of crockery in a little basket round his neck.

The first meal of the day consists of three dishes: a pottage of beans or lentils, fish, and eggs variously and deliciously cooked, with bread *ad libitum*. For drink, there is strong ale (in England and other beer-drinking countries) and red wine, generous in quality and quantity.

After dinner, as this meal may be called, the brethren retire for an hour's *siesta*, and then resume their several occupations till vespers. Shortly after vespers and compline are sung, the community kneel again for an hour's meditation or mental prayer, and then march in the same order and with the same ceremonies as before to supper. This meal is more important than the earlier one, inasmuch as it is now the superior passes his strictures upon the various members of the community who may have been remiss in their duties during the day. It is the duty (and, alas! very often the pleasure) of the superior to humiliate his monks in every possible way (especially the younger brethren and the novices) in order to destroy any notions of spiritual pride or self-esteem that might hinder their progress to perfection; hence he will affect to find fault with great sternness when, perhaps, there may be no room for any thing but approbation.

At this meal, also, the master of the novices makes public complaint of the weaknesses of his pupils, which he does upon his knees before the superior in the centre of the refectory. Immediately on hearing his name mentioned,

the culprit leaves his place at the table and remains kneeling by the side of his accuser until sentence is passed. He must never think of defending himself, for that would argue an amount of self-esteem sufficient to shock the whole community; and, though the charge arise out of a mistake on the part of the accuser, and the proof of its falsity be to hand, the victim must not adduce it, but receive cheerfully and silently the punishment awarded him by his superior. It is also competent at this time for any monk to make complaint of the shortcomings of a brother, who likewise is forbidden to defend himself, and thus an opportunity is given to petty spite and malice (which will find a home even in the most sanctified bosoms) to wreak itself upon its enemies.

In a series of papers entitled "Recollections of Writers," Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke gives an interesting description of an interview with Coleridge:

It was in the summer of this last-named (1821) year that I first beheld Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It was on the East Cliff at Ramsgate. He was contemplating the sea under its most attractive aspect: in a dazzling sun, with sailing clouds that drew their purple shadows over its bright-green floor, and a merry breeze of sufficient prevalence to emboss each wave with a silvery foam. He might possibly have composed upon the occasion one of the most philosophical, and at the same time most enchanting, of his fugitive reflections, which he has entitled "Youth and Age;" for in it he speaks of "airy cliffs and glittering sands," and—

"Of those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide."

As he had no companion, I desired to pay my respects to one of the most extraordinary—and, indeed, in his department of genius, the most extraordinary man of his age. And, being possessed of a talisman for securing his consideration, I introduced myself as a friend and admirer of Charles Lamb. This password was sufficient, and I found him immediately talking to me in the bland and frank tones of a standing acquaintance. A poor girl had that morning thrown herself from the pier-head in a pang of despair, from having been betrayed by a villain. He alluded to the event, and went on to denounce the morality of the age that will hound from the community the reputed weaker subject, and continue to receive him who has wronged her. He agreed with me that that question never will be adjusted but by the women themselves. Justice will continue in abeyance so long as they visit with severity the errors of their own sex and tolerate those of ours. He then diverged to the great mysteries of life and death, and branched away to the sublimer question—the immortality of the soul. Here he spread the sail-broad vans of his wonderful imagination, and soared away with an eagle flight, and with an eagle eye, too, compassing the effulgence of his great argument, ever and anon stooping within my own sparrow's range, and then glancing away again, and careering through the trackless fields of ethereal metaphysics. And thus he continued for an hour and a half, never pausing for an instant except to catch his breath (which, in the heat of his teeming mind, he did like a school-boy repeating by rote his task), and gave utterance to some of the grandest thoughts I ever heard from the mouth of man. His ideas, embodied in words of purest eloquence, flew about my ears like drifts of snow. He was like a cataract filling and rushing over my penny-vial capacity. I could only gasp and bow my head in acknowledgment. He required from me nothing more than the simple recognition of his discourse; and so he went on like a steam-engine—I keeping the machine oiled with my looks of pleasure, while he supplied the fuel: and that, upon the same theme too, would have lasted till now. What would I have given for a short-hand report of that speech! And such was the habit of this wonderful man. Like the old peripatetic philosophers, he walked about, prodigally scattering wisdom, and leaving it to the winds of chance to waft the seeds into a genial soil.

My first suspicion of his being at Ramsgate had arisen from my mother observing that she had heard an elderly gentleman in the public library, who looked like a Dissenting minister, talking as she never heard man talk. Like his own "Ancient Mariner," when he had once fixed your eye he held you spell-bound, and you were constrained to listen to his tale; you must have been more powerful than he to have broken the charm; and I know no man worthy to do that. He did, indeed, answer to my conception of a man of genius, for his mind flowed on "like to the Pontic Sea," that "ne'er feels retiring ebb." It was always ready for action; like the hare, it slept with its eyes open. He would at any given moment range from the subtlest and most abstruse question in metaphysics to the architectural beauty in contrivance of a flower of the field; and the gorgeousness of his imagery would increase and dilate and flash forth such coruscations of similes and startling theories that one was in a perpetual aurora borealis of fancy. As Hazlitt once said of him: "He would talk on forever, and you wished him to talk on forever. His thoughts never seemed to come with labor or effort, but as if borne on the gusts of genius, and as if the wings of his imagination lifted him off his feet." This is as truly as poetically described. He would not only illustrate a theory or an argument with a sustained and superb figure, but in pursuing the current of his thought he would bubble up with a sparkle of fancy so fleet and brilliant that the attention, though startled and arrested, was not broken. He

would throw these into the stream of his arguments, as waifs and strays. Notwithstanding his wealth of language and prodigious power in amplification, no one, I think (unless it were Shakespeare or Bacon), possessed with himself equal power of condensation. He would frequently comprise the elements of a noble theorem in two or three words; and, like the genuine offspring of a poet's brain, it always came forth in a golden halo. I remember once, in discoursing upon the architecture of the middle ages, he reduced the Gothic structure into a magnificent abstraction—and in two words. "A Gothic cathedral," he said, "is like a petrified religion." *

In his prose as well as in his poetry, Coleridge's comparisons are almost uniformly short and unostentatious; and not on that account the less forcible: they are scriptural in character; indeed, it would be difficult to find one more apt to the purpose than that which he has used; and yet it always appears to be unpremeditated. Here is a random example of what I mean: it is an unimportant one, but it serves for a casual illustration of his force in comparison. It is the last line in that strange and impressive fragment in prose, "The Wanderings of Cain"—"And they three passed over the white sands, and between the rocks, silent as their shadows." It will be difficult, I think, to find a stronger image than that, to convey the idea of the utter negation of sound, with motion.

Like all men of genius, and with the gift of eloquence, Coleridge had a power and subtlety in interpretation that would persuade an ordinary listener against the conviction of his senses. It has been said of him that he could persuade a Christian he was a Platonist, a Deist that he was a Christian, and an atheist that he believed in a God. The preface to his ode of "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," wherein he labors to show that Pitt the prime-minister was *not* the object of his invective at the time of his composing that famous war-eclogue, is at once a triumphant specimen of his talent for special pleading and ingenuity in sophistication.

* Are we to assume this to be the origin of Mr. Jameson's definition, "petrified music!"—*Ed. JOURNAL.*

Notices.

THE PAY-ROLL TO GO TO AMERICAN OPERATIVES.—Of the successful concerns in the State of New Jersey we may mention the pen-factory of R. Esterbrook & Co., with factory at Camden, and warehouse 26 John Street, New York.

Gillott for years had almost the monopoly of the steel-pen business, but the Esterbrooks have so persistently pushed the business, so successfully have they competed with Birmingham, that within a few months we understand that orders from the leading houses were on the books of the company, taking turn in the product of a factory of 250 hands. The Messrs. Esterbrook have brought a liberal and off-hand policy into their business, and the result is that when their monthly accounts are made out they include the leading stationers and dealers in pens in all the States of the Union, and of the Territories too. The Esterbrooks have as great a variety of pens as there are tints in an autumn foliage.

Thus year by year we become more independent of the foreign labor market. With the deepening of the English coal-beds the cost of coal will increase in England and the natural tariff presented by our vast coal area, and our improved and improving machinery, must develop more and more our ability to make our pencils, our pens, and it is to be hoped our silks and our broadcloth. American money to go into the hands of American operatives is our ambition, and daily we are, in one branch or another of industry, seeing our ambition gratified.—*New Jersey Journal (Elizabeth), August 18, 1875.*

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[VOL XIV.

BERKSHIRE.

A TRIBUTE.—1875.



A BERKSHIRE LANDSCAPE.

DEAR land of mountain, vale, and stream,
Of rocky glen and rushing torrent,
Thy charms surpass the poet's dream,
And painter's raptures warrant.

Since modern song the Nine forsakes,
And Helicon's old charm refuses,
I ask the Naiads of thy lakes
To be my gracious Muses!

If from their mirrors I may catch
Some photographs of thy rare beauty,
I'll challenge all the world to match,
Alike, my themes and duty.

Through the green length of thy domain
Has Heaven bestowed its lavish bounty;
And proud the king o'er thee to reign—
His kingdom but a county!

Less than a score of lovely leagues,
From north to south thy fair realm stretches,
And wiles the eye with rare intrigues
Of shades and sunlit reaches.

Here, dusky glens that hide the skies,
And steep the path in glooms uncertain;
There, knolls whence glowing prospects rise,
As through a lifted curtain.

One happy life of mine I spent,
In ten years sweetly, sadly rounded,
The while among thy vales I went,
By bosky mountains bounded.

I cannot boast thy vales are wide—
Though wide I'd gladly sing their praises—
For jealous Nature on each side
A serried bulwark raises

Of mighty sentinels on ward,
All up and down thy verdurous valleys,
Which send their belted scouts abroad,
In bold and frequent sallies.

Oh, thou art girt about with might
Like fair Jerusalem, the olden;
And from thy hills fall floods of light.
In roseate tints and golden.

Sunrise and sunset both have been
To me, in turn, heaven's dazzling portal;
Till with sweet sorrow I have seen
Their hues were only mortal!

Deep gorges scar thy crested hills
With many a foaming torrent ringing,
Whose white wrath spent, the valley fills
With the glad streamlet's singing.

Let him extol the Tweed whose love
For foreign scenes is shaped and chronic,
In native beauties far above—
I praise the Housatonic!

O'er half the Berkshire realm it flows,
Through glades that match the glens of
Isis;
And rippling now, or rushing goes,
In numberless surprises.

A hundred hill-crests in my song
(If detail were my song's intention),
Upon its flowing tide would throng,
With fitting meed of mention.

But Greylock, only, of the host,
My lays with their best sheen shall blazon,
Thy glory, Berkshire, and thy boast,
And fit to lavish praise on!

The gray old monarch to the skies
Lifts up the pilgrim's land the nearest,
Supremest in our loyal eyes,
And in our hearts the dearest!

In triple scores thy lakelets lie,
Fringed by the birch and maple's shadows,
Some nestling in the hill-clefts high,
And more that lave the meadows.

How oft at sunset's witching hour
I've scanned Pontoosuc's blue expanses,
Resigned my thoughts to Fancy's power,
And woven old romances—

Of painted braves and dusky maids,
The red Mohegan's sons and daughters,
Whose love-songs woke the drowsy glades,
And thrilled the limpid waters!—

Till on these dreams of by-gone times
Broke rippling peals of song and laughter,
And wooed me back with their sweet chimes
To like romances after.

For now, as then, from drifting boat,
Pontoosuc hears the old, old story,
As Berkshire's lovely maidens float
In love's young dream and glory.

A hundred years Pontoosuc's shore
Has missed the trail of swarthy savage;
His wild songs stir the air no more,
With din of rout or ravage.

His hunting-grounds beneath the plough,
Smile with the golden bloom of gardens,
Where, wolf and panther banished now,
The lowing herds roam wardens.

The song of labor greets the sun,
And higher swells to noontide's splendor;
Till twilight brings the shadows dun,
And home-joys sweet and tender.

In the dim days of long ago,
Before these scenes were known in story,
Fair were thy vales and streamlets' flow,
And Greylock grand and hoary.

But had I gone a pilgrim then—
Where at sweet will the Hoosac wanders,
And summer on each copse and glen
Her fascination squanders—

Not the old monarch's royal crest,
Or sweet Onota's smiles had charmed me,
While, with their solitudes oppressed,
No sacred hearth-fire warmed me!

Then, the grand forms that stood about
The deep, untrodden wildernesses,
Had been but walls that barred me out
From happy home-caresses.

Ah! Berkshire homes to Berkshire give
Its strongest charm and spells most ten-
der;
He who would gauge their depths must live
Amid their summer splendor.

To him, the drear, alternate waste
Of winter snows o'er vales and mountains,
Will touch to sharper edge his taste
For draughts from June's sweet fountains.

And should the wine of summer spare
His still unsated senses sober,
Thy hills will spread a feast more rare,
With vintage of October.

The purple vineyards of Tokay
Are pale to Berkshire's autumn passion;
When maples, flushed with swift decay,
In fervent hillside fashion

Glow like some grand cathedral-floor,
With bright mosaics tessellated,
Headless how soon they'll shine no more,
By winter desolated!

Sweet rural homes by vale and hill,
The arching elms and maples shadow,
Where sire and son to bounty till
The upland and the meadow.

Nor rustic manners only rule—
'Mid simple and sequestered beauties
Their hardy folk from fashion's school
Soon catch the social duties.

Of thrifty villages a score—
In honest emulation flourish;
Where culture broadens more and more,
With all the arts they nourish.

Home of my heart for happy years,
Of all the Berkshire land the centre—
How marred and vain my song appears,
'Till thus I bid thee enter!

'Twas well-done of thy sires of old
To link thy name with Pitt's in story;
How could their sons be less than bold,
To win their country's glory!

Our country's friend—the noble Pitt—
Who braved for her an angry nation,
Thy name enshrines with honor fit,
And long commemoration!

Too soon, alas! I said "Farewell,"
O lovely village, mine's the pity!
Since thou wilt break thy rustic shell
And soon come forth a city:

Among the hills to sit a queen,
Fair Berkshire's opulent metropolis;
Her citadel in strength serene,
Her mountain-girt Acropolis.

Like the famed Athens to her Greece,
Be thou to Berkshire, hill and valley;
Thy wisdom, and thine arts, increase—
With hers of old keep tally.

'Mid the green charms of Maplewood,
Well nourished at its founts Pierian—
Come thy sweet girls to womanhood,
And each to her Hyperion!

Speed well thy generous walls that rise
Cradle of Berkshire's Athenaeum;
And from its dome awake the skies
With jubilant Te Deum!

So prosper in thy growth, fair town,
Most fit to wear the civic honor,
'Till rivals say—who see thy crown—
"How well it sits upon her!"

I have gone sadly forth from thee,
To miss and mourn rare visions ever;
Thy hills, vales, lakes, and skies, will be
Lost to my memory never.

And if no more in thy green glades,
In spring's bright noons I'm fondly stray-
ing,
I'll keep in mind the blithesome maids
Who went with me a-Maying.

Our merry rides to Lulu Ope,
Our frolics by its dancing waters,
The pink arbutus on its slope,
And my own pink-cheeked daughters.

'Twas there my lissome lad was wont
The lusty chestnut-trees to plunder—
Up their great boles, from friendly shunt,
He clambered to my wonder.

The frost-nipped burrs upon the grass,
As from an autumn blast, came raining,
Till, from the the tempest, lad and lass
Fled with a mock complaining.

My lithesome boy! Upon his grave
Drop shatters from the sombre spruces;
His virtues now are all I have—
Death makes and keeps no truces!

I think, if under Berkshire sod
My darling boy, with Death, lay sleeping,
Though nearer, dearer naught to God,
'Twould sweeten my sore weeping.

I left no grave beneath its ground—
My little interests throng above it;
Less solemn thus, and less profound,
But Berkshire soil—I love it!

Thus mingled memories still will sweep
My heart to sweet and sad vibrations;
I'll banish these, while those I keep—
My exile's recreations.

Thy sons, O Berkshire! grown to fame—
In lore and art, in song and letters—
Carve, here and there, a lustrous name,
And make us all thy debtors.

How runs through all thy annals back
The name of Allen—son and father!—
Whose gleams of light, along their track,
With grateful zest we gather—



BERKSHIRE HILLS.

Till, in the focus of our eyes,
The name and virtues shine resplendent,
Of the old-parson brave as wise,
And his revered descendant.

Thy fields, in summer's glow that smile,
Reflect their beauty in my verses;
But fame of other Fields, the while,
'Tis fit my song rehearses.

The tongue and pen by turn they wield,
And stir the land to quiet wonder;
While one has made himself a Field—
Across the seas and under!

Once a weird spell on thy pure air
Wrought error's madness in thy prophet,
And drove the world to fright and prayer,
Till time made nothing of it!

One nameless here—that men may guess,
Not once to man or God a traitor,
In wisdom great, nor judgment less,
But in pure goodness greater.

Fair Stockbridge, for the Sedgwick race,
'Mid all her storied charms is prouder,
And, with their name and dwelling-place,
Her happy fame rings louder.

There the great Edwards leaves his name
Carve in Scotia's sunny granite;
His stronger books project his fame
For a world's gaze to scan it.

Forbear the serious task, my song,
The roll of Berkshire's worthies calling;
Thy silence cannot do them wrong
In reverence on them falling.

Fit service this for happier pen,
Dipped in the fount of praise perennial,
To fire the hearts of Berkshire men,
At Berkshire's bi-centennial!

I thank the Naiads of thy lakes,
Whose spells have wrought my verse so
pliant,
The sweet occasion here it takes
To breathe the name of Bryant.

Thy step-son—all the world will say—
Born but a step thy boundaries over;
Let Hampshire claim him as she may,
He's thine by writ of trover.

Great master of all Nature's songs,
Forgive my trespass at thy fountains;
Only to thee my theme belongs,
Laureate of vales and mountains.

So little of my rhymes I boast,
Thy heart of grace will grant them pardon;
For I have blindly culled, at most,
A few weeds from thy garden.

Here pause, my song, lest, by excess,
Thou and the bard are both defeated;
I pray thy end be welcomed less
Than Hoosac's bore, completed!

Dear land of mountains, vales, and streams,
Dear home for ten delicious summers,
Who leave thee, wake from happy dreams,
And dream of heaven—new-comers!

Where'er I roam from thee apart,
Be thou of my devotion fearless,
My cynosure of eye and heart,—
Preëminent and fearless.

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CONSEQUENCE OF CARVING A NAME.

"A COMFORT and a consolation to 'Mela:'" this Joanna had firmly resolved to be. But, unfortunately for the success of this praiseworthy intention, favorable conditions were wanting. Miss Basil had grown suspicious, and would not now be followed about as of old. When Joanna, bent upon being a comfort and a consolation, pleaded hard for the privilege of sitting with her at work, of fanning her, of threading her needles, the distrustful woman complained bitterly that the child grew more troublesome every day.

So Joanna fell back upon her own resources again. A week went by, and the long, uneventful summer days came and passed, one day like another, just as she had foreseen when she bade young Hendall good-by at the gate. She could not help sighing a little for his return, and she sighed more than a little, when, one morning she happened to overhear his aunt say, in reply to some question Miss Basil had asked about his room, that he would not return for a

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

month. Miss Basil, finding her a few moments afterward sitting listlessly by the hall-window up-stairs, told her, sharply, to go take some exercise. She always spoke sharply now to Joanna, by way of forestalling inopportune remarks.

"May I go with you, 'Mela'?" asked she, plaintively, seeing Miss Basil tie on her hat.

"No, child, no," answered Miss Basil, quickly. "I'm only going to the Griswolds. They're down, as usual, with chills, and you can do no good. Go run about the garden."

But, in the days of June, one begins to tire a little of a garden. Joanna walked languidly to her favorite alcove, and there sat down, opposite the mimosa-tree. It comforted her a little to sit and gaze at her name, carved in the bark. It was one of her silly fancies that the tree always had a message for her; and it said now:

"Be of good cheer, Joanna; Pamela is cross and secret; the days are dull and long; but time, that goes so slowly now, will go swiftly enough one day; everybody is not cross, everybody is not secret!"

Now Mrs. Basil, in compliance with Dr. Garnet's advice, had adopted the habit of walking in the garden for the good of her health; and passing by the alcove late this morning, she was moved by some gracious impulse to stop and speak to the forlorn little dreamer sitting there. Instead of passing Joanna by with a nod and a smile, as was her ordinary habit, she asked pleasantly, what charm so retired a spot could have for a young girl?

But Joanna, unaccustomed to such notice from the grandmamma, was not ready with a reply; and while she hesitated shyly, Mrs. Basil's wandering eyes were arrested by the name on the mimosa-tree.

"Ah! I comprehend perfectly," said she, nodding her head with an effort at playfulness. "At your age, Joanna, it is natural that such trifles should give pleasure; but, indeed, I should never have believed Mr. Basil Redmond capable of so much romance. It certainly is a very pretty piece of romance to carve your name on the tree his own hands planted when a boy. Trust me, I shall keep his secret." And Mrs. Basil, well pleased with a discovery that seemed to flatter her hopes, was about to pass on, when Joanna, whose sturdy truthfulness would not permit her to keep silence, exclaimed, with a sudden rush of telltale color:

"But it was Mr. Hendall!"

Mrs. Basil uttered an involuntary cry, as though she had received a blow; but she was both too well-bred and too politic to express her vexation in words. With one keen, quick glance at Joanna, hanging her head in confusion, she deliberately adjusted the glasses upon her near-sighted eyes, and calmly scrutinized the now obnoxious carving for a few seconds, during which she was deciding upon the course to be pursued. This done, she remarked, quietly, but not without a certain irrepressible scorn, as she removed her glasses:

"It is neatly done; my nephew has quite a pretty talent for such *fancy-work*," and walked away with her head exalted.

Joanna, utterly incapable though she was

of defining the confusion that overwhelmed, understood Mrs. Basil intuitively. Not all the wisdom that poor Miss Basil had been preaching for years could enable her to perceive her own folly in dreaming over the idle work of young Hendall's knife; but her feminine instinct revealed to her, on the instant, the grandmamma's antagonism.

"Everybody is against me!" she cried, passionately, when Mrs. Basil had passed out of sight; "and I am not—I am *not* to blame!"

But Mrs. Basil, who prided herself upon being a thoroughly reasonable woman, perceived clearly enough that Joanna was not to blame. It was no part of her policy to treat the child with harshness. She began now to manifest a great solicitude about the health and well-being of her husband's granddaughter; but none the less was she determined to put a peremptory end to her nephew's incipient folly; and to do it so that her motives should not be suspected.

Not that Mrs. Basil was ashamed of her motives, however. She persuaded herself, now as heretofore, that she was influenced at least as much by a consideration for Joanna's welfare as by solicitude for Arthur's future; and she began to reproach herself for having neglected to answer Miss Hawkesby's letter. She had found Basil Redmond so utterly impracticable that she saw plainly she must give up any hope of counteracting Arthur's folly through his agency; but something might be done by working upon old Miss Hawkesby: if by any means Joanna could be quietly and properly sent out of the way during Arthur's absence! Mrs. Basil resolved to try what could be done to bring this about. Accordingly, she called on Mrs. Stargold, a step that could not excite suspicion, for she went there every day or two; and she contrived very adroitly to turn the conversation upon Miss Hawkesby, without mentioning her name. She wished to arrive at the old lady's address without asking for it; and here Mrs. Ruffner came to her aid—Mrs. Ruffner that always told every thing she knew. From her Mrs. Basil learned that Miss Hawkesby had gone to pass the summer in a little place called Rockville, a very quiet little town, with no attraction but its climate. "Just the place for her to take Joanna to," thought Mrs. Basil, complacently; and when she went home she wrote old Miss Hawkesby a really touching letter about her little grandniece, giving the old lady to understand that the child's health would be benefited by a change.

When old Miss Hawkesby received this letter, she was suffering from a fit of indigestion, brought on by eating biscuits made of soda and lard, slightly flavored with flour. "Not that I like the things," she said, to a fellow-boarder, and fellow-sufferer, "but they give you no other bread. If I were a millionaire, which I am not, more's the pity for the country, I'd found an institution of cookery. Hear our landlady's daughter now tinkling breathless jigs on a tuneless piano! Mightn't she learn the fair proportions of a Southern biscuit at a far less cost and a far greater profit? How can we esteem ourselves a respectable people, a civilized peo-

ple, when we sit down to such a conglomeration of grease and alkali and call it—food? For my part, I think it impious to say grace over such a meal; it is tempting Providence, to eat it."

Miss Hawkesby, by way of economy, sometimes betook herself to little obscure places, that, boasting of good water and fine air, allured the unwary by cheap board, and betrayed them by bad fare. "I like to know what places to avoid in my course through life," Miss Hawkesby would say, and be at a retreat. Now, Rockville was one of those places she never wished to see again; and it was just in this mood that Mrs. Basil's letter found her. "The little Joanna again," she said, as she read. "She needs a change, does she? Ho! ho! Why, so do I! No, no; I'll not bring my little grandniece to *this* place. When I wish to poison my nearest relations, I'll choose a more refined instrument than a Rockville biscuit. If I stay here much longer, Anita will grow to look like a hag. One can't live on air alone, and as to climate, any place is endurable until September, provided one can get something to eat; so I'll pick Miss Anita up, and go to Middleborough for a little while. I don't wish to neglect my other niece utterly; and I'd like to see for myself whether it is she or Mrs. Basil that needs a change."

So Miss Hawkesby sent off a letter forthwith to Mrs. Basil, and the next day but one she packed her trunks, and Rockville knew her no more.

Mrs. Basil was more surprised than pleased at this proceeding. She had not desired a visit from Miss Hawkesby, who, of course, would be accompanied by Anita; and, if there was danger in Joanna, would there not be double danger in that prettier and more accomplished sister? But, fortunately, Arthur was absent; Miss Hawkesby might go, taking Joanna with her, before he returned, if only a little diplomacy could be brought to bear effectively upon her: and since, in any event, the visit was not to be avoided, Mrs. Basil wisely determined to make the best of it.

Of course the expected arrival must be announced without delay to Miss Basil, for it would be necessary to engage another servant; Miss Hawkesby would naturally expect to be waited upon like a lady. But Mrs. Basil did not think it necessary to impart to Miss Basil the particulars of her correspondence with Joanna's aunt; she wished the visit, since it was inevitable, should bear the appearance of a voluntary compliment to the child. Miss Basil, however, was more inclined to look upon it as foreboding an unjustifiable interference with her own rights over Joanna, and she took on a most doleful spirit.

Not so the little Joanna: she was full of a restless delight at the prospect. She could remember her sister but indistinctly, and her old aunt not at all. They seemed to her almost like myths, so little part had they taken in her life; and the prospect of meeting them, to which she had always unconsciously looked forward as one of the vague possibilities of the future, was now like the realization of one of her glorious dreams.

"You do well to make the best of it,

child," said Miss Basil, shaking her head dolefully; "but I should fail in my duty if I did not warn you that life is full of disappointments. What do you know of Anita and old Miss Hawkesby?"

"That's Pamela's doleful way," thought Joanna, impatiently. "She sees a canker in every bud. I shall just have to keep my joy to myself."

But this was more than Joanna could do when any chance of sympathy offered.

The day before her aunt and sister were expected, greatly to her surprise and gratification, Arthur Hendall unexpectedly returned. The great Westport and Brookville Road, undertaken with so large promise of success, was in trouble; lack of funds had brought the work to a sudden stand-still, and this young civil-engineer was under the necessity of taking his leisure at Basilwood. His aunt welcomed him with a sigh. Being a woman, she was privileged to indulge inconsistent regrets. "Ah! if he were planting, he would not thus be subject to the caprice of Fortune," she sadly thought, forgetful of the caterpillar and the boll-worm that had so often blighted her prospects. The truth was, however, that she felt she could have managed old Miss Hawkesby much better in his absence. But the little Joanna, burdened with no plots and counterplots, was unaffectedly glad to see him. He came by the early morning train, and, as she was going into town to make some necessary purchases, she met him walking along the shady road.

"O Mr. Hendall!" she cried, stretching out her hands. "I thought you were to be away a whole month longer, and here you are!"

"And are you glad to see me, Joanna?" said Arthur, taking her two hands in his. "You have not forgotten me?"

"I haven't so many to remember that I should forget you," said Joanna. "And, indeed, I am glad to see you, for something memorable is about to happen."

"Ah!" said Arthur, pretending to look fierce. "Has it any thing to do with my rival and enemy?"

Joanna started.

"I mean Mr. Redmond."

"Why should you talk in that way to me?" said Joanna, coloring. "I am not—concerned about him. I want to tell you that my sister is coming to see me, and my aunt, she is coming too."

"Your sister?" repeated Arthur, in surprise. "I—I did not know that you had a sister."

"My—half-sister," explained truthful Joanna, with some unwillingness. "Before our father died we were together; but since we were little children we have not met. She has lived with our great-aunt, and *has seen the world*."

"But," said Arthur, bluntly, "why has she never been to see you before?"

"Oh," replied Joanna, hastily, and coloring with vexation, "visits, you know, are not always—*convenient* between relations. Why, you yourself haven't visited the grandmamma until just now?"

"That is true," said Arthur, coloring in his turn, for he had not thought of making

his aunt a visit until it happened to be the most convenient thing he could do.

"Now," continued Joanna, "my aunt, Miss Hawkesby—"

"Hawkesby? Then your sister is Anita—Miss Anita Hawkesby?" exclaimed Arthur, with a start. "I never would have thought it. But then—how should I, when your name is Basil?"

"My name is Hawkesby," said Joanna. "Not know my name?"

"Joanna, forgive me!" cried Arthur, impulsively seizing her hands. "Was it not enough for me to know that you are Joanna, and that you let me call you so?"

The color rose swiftly in Joanna's face, called up less by the words, indeed, than by the tone in which they were uttered. She forgave him on the instant, in one eloquent glance, his ignorance of her name. Then, anxious to escape the half-painful, half-pleasing embarrassment she felt, she asked:

"And you know Anita, my sister, then?"

"Undoubtedly; and old Miss Hawkesby, too," replied Arthur, instantly assuming a calmer manner. He began to wish that he had not allowed himself so much *empressment* in his interviews with Joanna. It was a way he had of making himself agreeable, and girls in society understood it; but Joanna was not a girl in society.

"Tell me about her," entreated Joanna.

"About old Miss Hawkesby?" asked Arthur, with a forced laugh.

"Old Miss Hawkesby, my aunt," said Joanna, leniently, "is elderly, and, I suppose, has ways of her own—"

"Unquestionably," interpolated Arthur.

"But Anita—I wish you would tell me about Anita. Tell me the most interesting thing you know about her."

"The most interesting thing I know about her, I think, concerns a lover."

"How do you know she has a lover?" asked Joanna, with a quick look.

"Haven't all girls lovers?"

"I don't know; yes, I suppose so. Is he tender and true?"

"Good Heavens, Joanna!" cried Arthur, laughing. "What should you know about the characteristics of lovers?"

"Nothing," Joanna answered, coloring. "I—but I have *my ideas*, all the same. So, go on, please—that is, if you think Anita would not mind?" she added, hesitatingly, restrained by an innate sense of delicacy.

"I don't think she would mind," said Arthur, with a short laugh. "I never knew a girl yet that had the least objection to publishing her conquests—or, rather, to having them published by others."

"Well?" said Joanna, impatiently.

"As to her having one lover, it is no secret that she has two."

"Oh, I dare say, and more besides," answered Joanna. "It was to be expected, Anita is so very lovely. But I'll not stay to hear about any of them. You take up *all* my time."

Arthur, leaning against a tree in careless ease, and fanning himself with his hat, thought that he had never seen any girl look so pretty as Joanna did just then. Little did he care for wasting the morning; he was con-

tent to enjoy life while he could. He intended that Joanna should stay and amuse him while she looked so spirited and so pretty. He was not making love to her, and where was the harm?

"Stay, Joanna!" he cried, "and I'll tell you about both of them: there is the younger one to begin with, a boy, old Miss Hawkesby calls him; he is no favorite of hers; she declares that he is '*no match at all*;' that's Miss Hawkesby's formula for *anathema maran-atha*."

"I dare say Miss Hawkesby's judgment is—correct; she knows the world," remarked Joanna, briefly.

"Don't you grow worldly, Joanna, I beg!" said Arthur, with a short, uneasy laugh. "I don't wish you to uphold that other lover, who is no favorite of mine."

"What does my aunt, Miss Hawkesby, think of him?"

"Your aunt, Miss Hawkesby, thinks very well of him. He is past his youth, and his hair is scant; but he is said to have great expectations, and he suits old Miss Hawkesby."

"I dare say my aunt knows best," said Joanna, sedately; "I hope *my* sister will never throw herself away upon any trifling young man. What is his name? I mean that other one?"

"Ah, there you must excuse me," replied Arthur, with an amused smile. "To name names, in such a case, would be treason."

"It is getting late, and you have had no breakfast," said Joanna, abruptly. If she had been a little older, and a little more experienced, she would have known that no hungry man would voluntarily delay his breakfast to talk about any girl's lovers.

CHAPTER XX.

ANITA, BELLE D'INDOLENCE.

ALL that day Joanna labored under a sense of uneasiness that she knew well enough was to be referred to the revelations Arthur had made; yet, like any other weak mortal, she shrank from self-knowledge, and refused to understand why her prophetic soul was alarmed by the mention of the young man whom her aunt, Miss Hawkesby, did not like; but—was it not an idle young man that had cut her name on the mimosa-tree?

A good night's rest, however, restored the equilibrium of her spirits, and, with the buoyancy natural to her age, Joanna, the next morning, made herself ready to welcome Miss Hawkesby and Anita.

Mrs. Basil also had risen betimes, certainly a very great effort for her, and was attired with some care, in order to do honor to her expected guests; but Arthur and Miss Basil were invisible. Arthur was indulging in the latest possible nap; and Miss Basil, though rather defiant of Miss Hawkesby, was anxious the breakfast should be a success.

The little Joanna was anxious about nothing but her toilet. The grandmamma herself had hinted a wish that her husband's granddaughter should make a good impression, and Joanna certainly spared no pain—

to look well. The cars were late that morning, and there was ample time to study the effect of her various little adornments. Did her skirts puff out properly at the back? Was her hair arranged in good style? Should she wear a sash or an apron? Alas! there was no one to decide this last momentous question; and Joanna tried the effect of each repeatedly, dividing the time of waiting between the mirror and the piazza-steps, and was at last surprised in both sash and apron when the carriage appeared at the gate; for Joanna was not so absorbed in the question of dress but that she could forget it utterly in the joy of welcoming the nearest relation she had in the world. Oblivious, therefore, of the sash that was in the way of the apron, and of the apron that half obscured the glories of the sash, she rushed forward the moment the carriage stopped, to clasp in her eager embrace a figure so enveloped in duster and veils that it was difficult to divine what manner of creature she was.

"Oh, spare me!" exclaimed a soft voice. "My dearest, you are as bad as a railroad accident! Don't demolish me altogether, I beg!" And then the speaker kissed Joanna twice through her veil, and, turning to Mrs. Basil, said, as she shook hands: "I'll not venture to show my face yet; I'm not fit to be seen, I know!"

Mrs. Basil smiled, and said, rather absently, that she should do as she pleased. Miss Hawkesby was to her a much more important personage than Anita, and her whole attention was taken up in waiting upon that lady's deliberate descent from the carriage.

"Is the step safe? I say, Anita, is the step safe?" asked Miss Hawkesby, hoarsely. "I've no notion of breaking my bones, I do assure you."

Not a word, not a thought, not a glance, for any one had she, until she was safe upon the ground.

"My dear Miss Hawkesby," said Mrs. Basil, with unction, and extending both hands, "I am charmed to welcome you to Basilwood. I trust that you feel no ill effects from your journey?"

"Thank you," said Miss Hawkesby, with first a steady look at Mrs. Basil, and then a sweeping glance all around her, that failed, however, to take in the little Joanna. "So this is Basilwood? Bears evidence of *having been* a fine old place. However, that may be said of most places in the South now. We describe ourselves in the past tense, which is highly respectable at least. Oh! and this is Joanna, my niece?" she asked, with sudden recognition, as Joanna timidly advanced. "How do you do, child? You may give me a kiss. A regular Basil, you are; I always said so, though you were but a baby when your father brought you to see me. I hope to Heaven you are not sickly!"

"No, madam," Joanna answered, rather to Mrs. Basil's confusion; "I am always well."

"Oh! Pamela tells me," Mrs. Basil hastened to say, "that she has a very poor appetite."

"Well, well, we shall see about that," said Miss Hawkesby. "As for me, a long fast has given me an admirable appetite. I

shall do justice to your breakfast, Mrs. Basil."

"Will you go to your room first?" asked Mrs. Basil. "Joanna shall show you the way."

So Joanna went with Miss Hawkesby into the room prepared for her, saw that she had every thing she needed, and then ushered Anita into her own little sanctum, which they were to occupy together, and which she had adorned with flowers, in honor of the occasion.

"What a funny little den!" cried Anita, running up to the muslin-draped toilet-table. "And, oh, horror! what a distorting little glass! I'm a fright to behold!"

Joanna had not yet seen her sister's face, and, before Anita turned round from the contemplation of its distorted reflection, Miss Hawkesby called, hoarsely:

"Joanna! Joanna, child! I say, come here!" and Joanna hastened to obey.

"Are you good at waiting on people?" asked Miss Hawkesby, with a searching look that made Joanna shrink, and stammer that she did not know; she would do her best.

"We shall see," said Miss Hawkesby. "If you've any talent that way, it's more than your sister has. Help me off with my things. Thank you, you are quite handy. It's a pity you are such a regular Basil."

Poor Joanna did not know it, but to be "a regular Basil" was extremely reprehensible in Miss Hawkesby's estimation. She had never forgiven her nephew's second marriage.

"Just unpack my satchel, will you?" continued Miss Hawkesby. "That'll do; and now run down-stairs and bring me word how soon I may expect breakfast."

Away went Joanna, and presently returned with the welcome tidings that breakfast would be ready in about ten minutes.

"Oh, thank you," said Miss Hawkesby. "I'm glad to hear it, for I'm starving."

"May I go now?" asked Joanna, timidly.

She was very anxious to see Anita; but she stood in great awe of Miss Hawkesby.

"Oh, yes; you may go," answered Miss Hawkesby. "You'll find that Anita likes being waited on quite as much as I do."

Anita had bathed her face, and given a touch to her hair, and, divested now of her veils and wraps, she was a creature to challenge admiration. There was just sufficient likeness between the little Joanna and herself to make the difference between them the more marked. Each had the same dark, deep eyes, the same mobile mouth and dimpled chin, the same white, slightly-irregular teeth, the same willing grace; but there all likeness ended, for Anita was dazzlingly fair, with a delicate peach-blow color, and a profusion of pale, blond hair, "in most admired disorder."

Joanna, seeing her now for the first time unobscured by wraps and veils, stopped short in unaffected admiration.

"O Anita!" she exclaimed, "how lovely you are! You look just like a fashion-plate. I am so glad you are my sister."

Anita was accustomed to homage, and she never refused it, no matter how it was

offered. She laughed—and a rippling laugh, like music, had she—clapped her hands softly, and said:

"A genuine compliment! But compliments are always more acceptable put in a more graceful form, remember. There's a hint, my novice, that may serve as a lesson in *savoir faire* for you."

"Oh, yes; thank you, Anita," said Joanna, with a palpitating heart. "I will remember; and you'll find me attentive and willing to improve. I've had no one to teach me the—*the convenances*, you know" (Joanna could use French, too), "and all that. 'Mela is very, very good; but she is what is called a—*recluse*, you see!'"

"Who is 'Mela'?" asked Anita, with a lazy, rising inflection.

"She—why, you know, Miss Basil, Pamela, my cousin that takes care of me."

"Ah, I remember," replied Anita, with a show of interest. "A woman with a history, or a mystery."

Joanna turned pale, and shivered with a feeling that she was pursued by an apparition.

"Why, what is it, child?" asked Anita, half laughing.

"Indeed, I don't know; would you mind telling me, Anita?" said poor Joanna, drawing nearer. Though she had resolved not to annoy Miss Basil with further questions, she saw no reason why Anita should not tell her all she knew about this painful subject.

"I've a wretched memory for such things," said Anita, indifferently, and suppressing a yawn. "There was something about Miss Basil having a romantic history in a letter my aunt had from Mrs. Ruffer, and she had it, what there was of it, from Mrs. Carl Tomkins. Do you know Mrs. Carl Tomkins?" she asked, with reviving interest.

"Yes, oh yes," answered unsophisticated Joanna. "I dined with her the other day."

Her mind was sensibly relieved by her sister's placid indifference to Miss Basil's romantic history. It surely couldn't be so great a matter, after all, she hoped.

"Oh, indeed, you dined with Mrs. Carl Tomkins?" said Anita, rousing herself with increased interest.

"She dined here, that is," explained Joanna, with rising color; "and by the grand-mamma's desire I was present."

"Oh, that's different, you know," said Anita. "A pleasant woman, she is; so good at charade-parties, and that sort of thing."

"Is she? O Anita! do you suppose she will have a charade-party while you are here?" (eagerly).

"Possibly she may, if I ask her to. How *intense* you are, child! that's not good style. And what a regular little guy you have made of yourself with sash and apron both. What possessed you?"

"Indeed, I did not know that I had on both," answered Joanna, coloring furiously, and snatching at the apron so that the pins flew out hither and thither. "Of course, I knew better."

"Don't you be offended," said Anita, caressingly. "You know, Joanna, I take a

sisterly pride in you. You are a dear child"—giving her cheek a little pat—"and I sha'n't ever let you make a guy of yourself. And now, can't you contrive to have my breakfast sent up to me? I really am incapable of making a toilet."

"But—but—" stammered Joanna, who dreaded to have her sister do any thing that would impress Miss Basil unfavorably, "no toilet—no *special* toilet is necessary, surely. There is only the grandmamma and her nephew Mr. Hendall—Mr. Arthur Hendall, whom you know already."

"Do I?" said Anita, falling back sleepily upon the lounge. "What kind of person is he?"

"Why, Anita, you know," said Joanna the simple, with a quick throb.

"I know so many people, child," said Anita, with an appealing sigh.

"Yes, certainly," Joanna assented leniently; "but then I should think that you would remember Mr. Arthur Hendall," and she sighed, unconsciously.

"Don't be a goose, my dear little sister. I foresee that I must take you under my wing in a great many ways."

"O Anita!" said Joanna, with feeling; "I have missed you so many years!"

Thereupon a silence followed, which Anita was too much of an artist in her way to interrupt. She liked to enjoy the effect of all she said and did. She meant to be very fond of Joanna, and she meant that Joanna should adore her; of course it would be very pleasant to be adored by her "dear little sister," and it would look so well!

And Joanna? She was quite ready to adore Anita, no doubt; and also to profit largely by the example and instructions of one who could reveal the delicate arts and mysteries pertaining to young ladyhood. It would be unjust to say that more of selfishness mingled with Anita's sisterly sentiments than with Joanna's; for each was influenced by her own individuality.

But old Miss Hawkesby presently appeared at the door, and interrupted the silence that had been filled on Joanna's part at least, it is safe to say, with thoughts too big for utterance.

"Anita, what does this mean? Not going down to breakfast?" said the old lady, with a show of displeasure that took all the bravery out of Joanna at the first word.

But Anita was not so easily overawed.

"Dear aunt, I am so tired," said she, in a plaintive, coaxing way. She was as good at defying authority as Joanna; but her way of doing it was altogether different, and, as she herself would have said, "more becoming."

"Not more tired than I am, surely!" said old Miss Hawkesby, hoarsely. "However, have your own way, as you always do."

And with this she sailed magnificently down-stairs.

"Just like aunt!" cried Anita, with a laugh. "Don't look so scared, child; she's not half so formidable as she seems. Your rigid, strenuous-looking people never are. Nothing so easy as to demolish their out-works, if you only know how. Soft, yielding-looking little things like me are your true irresistibles. I'll engage, Joanna, that I'll

make you do my bidding in spite of your conscience."

Joanna listened with the air of one receiving valuable instruction from a celebrated professor in human nature. If it had been any other than Anita uttering this last dictum, she might have doubted; but she was ready to surrender a blind belief to all Anita did and said.

"Now, Joanna, you see how exhausted I am; could I not have my breakfast here?"

"Yes, surely," Joanna answered promptly; she herself had eaten nothing—excitement had destroyed her appetite; but Anita was by no means incapable of enjoying the meal she brought up to her, in defiance of Miss Basil's wrath.

But Anita had hardly appeased her hunger when Miss Hawkesby came back, to all appearances more formidable than ever. "Anita, I thought you told me young Hendall was at Brookville?"

"Isn't he at Brookville, ma'am?" said Anita, opening her eyes, with innocent wonderment.

"He is in this very house!" said Miss Hawkesby, severely.

"It must be so, if you've seen him," said Anita, with an air of conviction; "but, really, ma'am, I couldn't believe it when Joanna told it me."

Miss Hawkesby turned suddenly to Joanna. "And what do you know about him, you simpleton?" said she.

"N—nothing," stammered Joanna, quailing under her aunt's eyes. "He is the grandmamma's nephew."

"I'm not going to bite, child," laughed old Miss Hawkesby, who rather enjoyed the terror she inspired. "I'm not half so dangerous to a little fool like you as he is. I hope he doesn't amuse himself at your expense."

"I—I don't know," stammered Joanna.

"I had a mind," said Miss Hawkesby, slowly, with a look of disapproval at Anita—"I had a mind to pick you up and leave forthwith; but I sha'n't do it—I shall stay."

"They do make such excellent biscuits here," said Anita, with artful simplicity.

"It is impossible, Anita," said Miss Hawkesby, with an air of great profundity—"it is impossible for you, you butterfly, to divine the depths of my mind."

"Dear aunt, I was thinking of your digestion!" Anita said this, leaning back on the lounge with her hands clasped behind her head, and her eyes half closed. "I wish we might take Joanna with us!"

"I'm not going away, I told you," said Miss Hawkesby in her deepest tones.

"Is it the biscuits you are staying for?" asked Anita, drowsily.

"Anita, you are impertinent!" said her aunt, and walked away. She thought she had discovered the source of Mrs. Basil's solicitude about Joanna—as if Joanna, her niece, was not good enough for young Hendall! Miss Hawkesby thought she would stay and look into that little game, and pay Mrs. Basil in her own coin, and Anita should never suppose she, Olivia Hawkesby, couldn't cope with young Hendall. And so Miss Hawkesby composed herself for a nap.

"It is the biscuit, I tell you, Joanna," said Anita, when her aunt had gone. "Aunt is not a great eater—not a *gourmande*, you understand; but she has a tendency to dyspepsia. It is useful to know people's weaknesses, mental, moral, and physical. Now, Joanna, if you will take care that I am not disturbed, I will take a sleep, in order to be fresh for the evening."

"Dinner is at half-past five," said Joanna, with a feeling that, if Anita wished dinner brought up to her, it would be all right, except for 'Mela's wrath. On 'Mela's account she did hope Anita would go down to dinner. 'Mela had such a triumphant way of seeing a fault in Anita—hadn't she shown it about the breakfast?"

"Call me in time to dress, then," said Anita, drowsily. "Oh!" rousing herself suddenly, "and meantime, child, as I dare say you have little enough to do, you may amuse yourself by unpacking for me!" Anita made it a principle never to do any thing for herself that she could charm any one else into doing, and thus she contrived to live a remarkably easy life.

REUBEN LEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

I.

A ROAD winds beside green hills, and is carried terrace-like across a valley leading to the sea. A village is scattered along this road in unsociable fashion, two or three cottages at a time, with a space between the groups, as if the inhabitants of the little cob-walled, thatched dwellings were too quarrelsome for nearer neighborhood.

Not quite a mile below the road the sea shows in a large, opal triangle against the pale sky, and on each side high cliffs, wooded and grass-grown, guard the shingled entrance to Mercombe Mouth. Three valleys from among the green hills unite to form this one, which leads to the sea, and through this a river winds in and out, bordered by ash-trees, and gleams from among them like a silver thread.

The village smithy is on the side of the road next the hills. The cottage belonging to it is larger than most of the others, with a quaint, tall, stone chimney rising from the ground, on which, carved in the stone, is the date 1573. The cottage stands at right angles to the road, with a garden in front and an orchard with flower-laden apple-trees behind. For the last fortnight the whole village of Mercombe has been like an exquisite pink-and-white nosegay.

Mrs. Leir, standing at the back-door of the ancient cottage, looks complacently at the garlands of exquisite blossom, relieved by the yellow-green grass beneath, and predicts a good cider year for the county. For a few minutes the mental prediction has brought smiles to the firm, wrinkled mouth, but this fades, and heavy care contracts her clear, brown forehead, and makes her eyes look sad. She is always too anxious in expression, but to-day she looks miserable. Though

she is above middle height, she seems short as she stands bowed down beside the old stone trough, at one end of which two black pigs are feeding, while a jackdaw hops at the other end with so humorous a twinkle in his eye (he keeps one closed) that you almost fancy he is thinking of tickling the pigs with the straw he holds in his beak. The ground between the house and the trough is soft and swampy—stamped with the frequent tread of pigs and dog, and cat and fowls. Three black-and-white ducks have paddled up and down it this morning so often with their broad, yellow feet, that water oozes up in one corner and forms an inky pool, at which they drink with seeming delight. But when, after this feat, they come waddling to the broad, flat stone in front of the back-door, Mrs. Leir rouses from her dreamy mood, and, snatching up the corners of her apron, drives them away.

"I must speak to Reuben," she says, with a sigh, and then passes round the house, through the orchard, and out at the gate in the low, stone fence, to the smithy itself.

It is close by on the road, just divided from the garden by a high hawthorn-hedge, white now with blossoms, and filling the air with perfume.

There is no use in describing, for smithies have a family resemblance, but it is not always that the blacksmith's hammer is wielded by such a man as Reuben Leir.

Not handsome, but tall, and strong, and healthy-looking, with a rich, brown hair and beard suggestive of ripe hazel-nuts, a frank, amiable mouth, and rather a dreamy, far-off look in his pale-blue eyes—you would have said, looking at him, a man with energies that might be roused if some sleeping chord were touched, but one just as likely to plod through life without discovering that he had more wits than his fellows.

He was whistling "Coming through the Rye," and striking ponderous blows on a little bit of iron, that seemed as if it must surely be annihilated and dispersed into the showery sparks that flew up from the anvil.

He left off whistling when he saw his mother.

"Tea-time is it, mother? I'm coming," he said, in a strong, cheerful voice.

Mrs. Leir waited till he put aside his hammer and came out of the forge.

"Tea will be ready by time you're ready for it," she said; "but I want three words with you first, Reuben."

She went on into the garden again, and her son followed. His head dropped on his chest, and a sort of dogged irresolution showed at the corners of his mouth. When they reached the door he stopped.

"I wish you'd say them here, then," he said, coolly. "I've got one or two things to do this evening."

Mrs. Leir faced around at once. There was a bright, angry spot on each cheek, but there was more sorrow than anger in her eyes.

"Why do you not say out at once, Reuben, that you are going to meet Rose Morrison?"

Reuben looked pained. He leaned against the door-post without answering.

"There is no use in my saying it," she went on, in a hard, unconciliating voice, "but still I must warn you, Reuben. You began by admiring, you went on to talking, and you are getting to love that little conceited French girl in spite of yourself."

Reuben stood upright, and put up his hand to stop her.

"Don't say what you may be sorry for," he said. "I do love Rose, but she is not French; her mother is a Frenchwoman, but Bob Morrison was every bit as much an Englishman as my father was."

He nodded, and walked away quickly. He was very fond of his mother, and this was the first element of discord that had come between them.

"It is always so," he said, to himself; "if I loved an angel, my mother would cry her down. All mothers are so—they can't give up their sons and daughters."

Perhaps if his mother had heard him, the words would have given her pain. Martha Leir was not an ordinary woman. She was unpopular with her neighbors, because, being better educated, she held herself a little apart, but she had no small, petty jealousies, and, if she had thought Rose Morrison likely to make her son happy, she would have taken her to her heart at once.

"She will never be content with one man," Mrs. Leir sighed. "Just at first she may be taken up with Reuben, but, when the novelty wears off, she will flirt as her mother has flirted before her. Rose has more of her mother than of her father in her. My Reuben is too good for the likes of her—or of any Hookton girl."

II.

Hookton is a fishing-village just two miles from Mercombe, but much farther off than this distance because of the rugged, ill-made, steep road. There is another road by the cliffs through the land-slip, but that is a long way round. The shortest way lies between these two—a steep climb up the face of the cliff, then across fields of young wheat and mangolds, till the path falls into the road again, which hereabouts is more even and level than it is nearer Mercombe. Just a little way on a huge stone-quarry opens on each side of the road, and it is here that Reuben Leir stands waiting. The place is very silent—the quarries have gone home to the little wooden cottages that peep out like birds'-nests where gaps come in the masses of the cream-colored stone. Far off in front, beyond the ash-trees which border the road, the cliffs rise high, and, parting, give a sudden vision of sea so blue that it seems almost too vivid for reality. Reuben has stood for ten minutes, waiting near the quarry-opening, but no one comes down the road to meet him.

He went on along the high-road till he came to a small gate on the left. The high hedge was cut into an arch above the gate, and through this showed a garden glowing with ranunculus and anemones, and behind a wooden cottage clothed with creeping plants.

A girl in a blue gown, almost hidden by a long white pinafore, was coming up the path that led to the gate, with her hands behind

her. Her face was hidden by the straw-colored sun-bonnet pushed down over her eyes.

"At last!" Reuben said, reproachfully. The face was quickly raised at this—a pretty, bright, brown face, with laughing, shy, black eyes, a little nose and mouth; and, as she smiled, white, even teeth showed through the red lips.

"Am I late?" the girl said, carelessly. "Well, it is better that you should be first." Reuben opened the gate, and held it for her to pass out.

"Never mind, now you are come," he said, "but I want a talk with you, Rose. I am worried to death."

Rose gave him a sweet look out of her long, narrow, dark eyes.

"You poor old Reuben—who worries you?"

"Never mind; the very sight of you seems to make me all right, you dear little girl." Reuben looked up and down the road, and, no one being visible, he put his arm round Rose's waist, and drew her toward him.

Rose drew herself away.

"You go on so fast, Reuben! How many times, how many times I have told you that I can't take up with a man whose mother does not even speak to me!"

Reuben sighed.

"Don't you worry too, Rose darling, or it will seem as if all went cross with me. My mother does not know you. When she does, of course she must love you. Who could help it, my darling?"

He looked tenderly at the girl, but she tossed her head. "To hear you talk, Reuben"—a bright flush rose in her cheeks, and she played nervously with the long strings of her sun-bonnet—"one would think your mother was the queen. You do not seem to see any offense in her holding herself aloof from us. Why, every one comes to see mother, and I should have thought her being home would have served as a reason to Mrs. Leir long ago, if any reason were wanting." She spoke very angrily, and flung her bonnet-strings wide apart. She had turned away from Reuben while she spoke. He pulled at her pinafore.

"Don't be cross, Rose. I tell you my mother is so good and so loving that she will come round when she sees I can't be happy without you."

Rose turned round and looked at him. Her eyes shone brightly, and her red lip curled with scorn.

"Mr. Reuben Leir, you scarcely seem to know who I am, or who you are yourself. It appears to me that you take it for granted that I am thankful to be your wife—your mother is the only person whose consent has to be asked. Now I am not going to creep into any man's family! It is your mother's place to seek me—that is the way my mother says such things should be arranged. No; I say good-by to you, Reuben Leir, until your mother comes to her senses."

She walked slowly back to the gate; but Reuben was too much vexed to combat her resolution. He did not even follow her. Only, as the gate closed behind her, he gave a sigh that ended in a groan.

"Why is she so winning, or why is my

mother so prejudiced? She will not even trust her own eyes—it's past bearing!"

III.

NEXT morning found Reuben at work early. On the previous evening he had gone home and upbraided his mother with her pride and exclusiveness. "You make my life miserable," he had said; and then Mrs. Leir had looked at him out of her deep, steadfast eyes, and had told him that the girl he loved was a coquette.

"She is too studied in all her ways to live only for you or any man, my boy. She will always want admirers round her."

And upon this Reuben had gone to bed without his supper, and had gone off early in the morning to work at his plot on the land-slip. Looking at the wonderful harvest of all kinds reaped on that bit of land, it is surprising that all has not been blown into the sea or diminished by some fresh rent in the tall, circling cliffs that shelter it north and east, for, although some of the plots are level and screened from the precipitous descent of the beach by hedges wreathed with clematis and dog-roses almost in bloom, some of the potato and wheat plots are almost perpendicular, and cling on to those towering and green-hued cliffs, seemingly at great risk of falling into the sea.

Reuben's donkey-cart is sheltered in a rude shed just at the entrance to the land-slip, and his donkey is tethered near. Far away on the right, through jutting cliffs which spring up here and there among the less cultivated bits among the yellow furze and olustering beneath, a lovely glimpse may be got of the bay of Sidmouth and its far-reaching, crimson cliffs; while on the left a bold, chalky headland stands forward, barring the passage. But for the sea-birds, which disappear between it and the intensely blue sky, one might fancy there was no passage round its sharp outline.

Reuben has been hard at work weeding his crops. He stands upright, takes off his hat and wipes his forehead with a blue handkerchief; then he goes back to his cart and gets a lump of bread and cheese and a draught of cider.

It is his determination to work off his annoyance; he has gone on over-long. He looks out over the shimmering, golden waves, and is surprised to see how nearly the sun has reached them. As he stands gazing at the strange color of the waves, where broad lines of purple and crimson show as if the fishes had been having fierce battles thereon, he fancies he hears voices below; but the sea gets rougher every instant, and the waves come dashing up against the loose rocks scattered along the beach with so much screaming fury, that it is difficult to distinguish sound. But Reuben has caught a laugh he knows by heart, and now, in a pause caused by the retreat of the waves, he hears the laugh answered in a deep man's voice. The rush of the waves is over, they have just gone back to kiss their advancing mates, and then bring them on in triumph to thunder at the foot of the precipice on which Reuben stands—as yet they do not quite reach it, though they send up a shining cloud of

empty menace—and, as Reuben leans over the flowery hedge which grows on the dizzy edge, he sees that a space of some feet is still dry. He looks onward along this path. At some distance half-way between him and the headland are two figures—the girl is Rose, and her companion is a tall French fisherman, named Jacques Gaspard. He is a stranger, who has been staying at the inn at Hookton for a fortnight past; he spends his money freely, and is popular among the rougher fishermen, but the quieter ones avoid him, and tell one another that he is either a smuggler or a spy. "No good either way"—"Confound him!" Reuben frowns heavily, and leans still farther over the hedge, watching the pair. "She knows no better, poor little thing; but Gaspard's not a fit man for a girl to trust herself alone with." He leaned over, watching eagerly. Just at this moment Gaspard stopped, looked back, and Reuben imagined that he saw triumph in his face. A path led up the sheer face of the cliff at this point, and the Frenchman, seeing the water already dashing against the face of the headland, seemed to be persuading his companion to try and mount it. Reuben saw his intention. "Come back, Rose, come back!" he cried, but his words were thrown back to him by the furious wind. Rose seemed to be tying her bonnet more firmly on her head, and then she turned to mount the cliff; but she was evidently fearful; she clung to Gaspard's arm, and presently he unclasped her fingers and put the arm firmly round her waist.

At this sight Reuben lost his wits. He leaned over the hedge and stretched out both arms, as if he thought to reach Rose.

"Rose—Rose—come back!—ah—" There came a crash, a frantic, scrambling sound, and Reuben disappeared from the land-slip.

IV.

MARTHA LEIR has had an unhappy day—it is so rarely now that the peace of her life is disturbed by strife. Five years ago, before John Leir went to his rest, there used to be frequent discussions—they were hardly quarrels—between the blacksmith and his son—the father so greatly deprecated the son's want of energy, and his general easiness of disposition; but when Martha was left alone, Reuben's tenderness and loving care blinded her to all shortcomings, and the mother and son had led a peaceful, happy life, unclouded by any quarrel, till some one told Mrs. Leir that her son was courting Rose Morrison.

She had grown so accustomed to his tender care of her, that at first the news came as a painful shock; then, when her common-sense told her that this was an event which must be looked for sooner or later, she began to study Rose Morrison, and found no comfort in the study either for herself or Reuben. "What can be hoped for," she said, bitterly, "from the daughter of a French ladies'-maid?" and then she spoke to Reuben; but her speaking only produced estrangement and coldness, and she avoided the subject, until her son's frequent absence and silent moods when at home created an irritation in her mind which had at last found voice on the previous evening.

Dinner-time came, and no Reuben; and Mrs. Leir grew troubled. Her son had said he must weed his vegetables, so she had guessed he was on the land-slip, but, as the day went on, she decided that he had driven over to Colyton and would be home for supper.

Evening grew into night. The wind had risen, and howled furiously round the cottage, and the rain beat against the windows. Martha Leir kept a clear fire in the open grate till past ten o'clock. Reuben had never been so late. She could not go to bed. She went to the door and looked out, but a fierce current of air rushed in, blew out her candle, and made it hard work for her to shut the door again.

"He'll never come home through this," she said; "the wind is enough to blow the cart over." At last she went to bed, but it was not easy to sleep through the wind and rain; and the feeling that she and her son had parted without any reconciliation, after the hard words that had been said on both sides, helped to drive sleep away, and even when it came she often roused with a terrified start at the dreams that came along with it.

She fully waked up about four o'clock. Her room was filled with sunshine, and all traces of the storm had disappeared. When she last fell asleep, she had resolved to seek for her son on the land-slip; but now the bright morning light made her ashamed of the terror that she had suffered through the night.

All at once she started, listened eagerly, and then, dressing herself as quickly as possible, she hurried down-stairs. Roger, the donkey, had been reared by her husband, and it was his bray that she had heard. She was sure she should know it among a hundred, and she ran down-stairs in the glad hope that Reuben would meet her at the gate.

"How frightened I must have been about him!" she said, with a smile of pity at her own weakness. Her heart beat so fast that she could not move as quickly as she wished; but when she reached the gate her face changed to a pale-gray hue, and her limbs shook. She stretched out one hand mechanically, and clung for support to the gate. There was Roger, trying to raise the latch with his broad, soft nose; but Reuben was not to be seen.

Mrs. Leir looked at the donkey as if she expected it to speak, and then she saw that the cord by which it had been tied was hanging from its neck. It had broken loose from its fastenings, and had come home without its master.

But Martha Leir's spirit soon revived. It was possible that, if Reuben had been at work some distance off, he might not at first have seen Roger's escape, and the search for his donkey might have kept him out too late to come home. And yet there were no signs of fatigue about the donkey; he was plainly hungry, and Mrs. Leir opened the gate and let him in to find his way to the shed he occupied at the back of the house. Then she hurried back to her room, put on her bonnet and cloak, and set off toward the sea.

The village round the vicarage and the inn was still asleep when she reached it; but

in the green lane leading up from the beach she saw coming toward her a well-known figure in the blue garb of a fisherman. This was old Peter, and the basket he carried showed his calling. It was filled with dabs and gurnet, while over all was stretched a huge and hideous skate, more like a sea-monster than a fish fit for human food.

Peter was a short, square man, with little, twinkling eyes that were never still.

"You be out early, missus. Now, I had a call to be stirring betimes, seeing as the storm perwented I overnight from so doing, and twad a bin mortal foolish to leave good victual to go stinkin' afore it was cooked; so I just brings it across, and betime I be in Mercombe, and has had a bit to eat and drink, they'll be up and stirring. But why 'ee so early, Missus Leir, if I may be so bold?"—and he peered at her curiously with his small eyes.

Martha Leir asked herself the same question. She had not courage to tell the universal gossip Peter that she was out thus early because Reuben had not come home all night; but the twinkling eyes were fixed upon her—she was obliged to answer.

"I'm going to the land-slip," she said, trying to appear unconcerned; "Reuben has a bit of land there."

"Aha! that minds me there were summat I had to say to 'ee, Missus Leir. Tell Reuben he'd best not lose his time with Miss Rosie at the quarry-side. Old Peter keeps his eyes open. Her likes summat a trifle faster than Reuben. I sighted her and that French Gaspard a-walking like sweethearts yesterday. A fine lad like Reuben shouldn't be content with other men's leavings."

Peter chuckled. He never took his eyes from Mrs. Leir's face, and he saw that she winced at his words.

"Good-morning, Peter," she said, stiffly. "I wish you luck with your fish;" and she climbed the stile and proceeded to mount the grass-cliff which leads to the land-slip. But before she had taken many steps she wished she had asked for Peter's company; he knew the country thoroughly, and, besides, he would have been a help—help in what she dared not think. She turned to look, but he was already out of sight. She must go on bravely and face whatever misfortune she had to encounter alone.

She reached the little shed and looked under its low, thatched eaves. Yes, there was the donkey-cart, and hanging to a post the broken bit of cord by which Roger had been fastened. A cormorant soared over the cliffs, flapping his huge, black wings. On the path beside the hedge lay Reuben's weeding-spud; and then all at once Martha Leir saw that the hedge itself was broken away.

She stood still an instant, unable to move, and then she leaned forward and looked over the cliff. It was again high tide, and the waves had nearly reached the wall of cliff; but it was a quiet, lapping sea; there was no blinding haze of spray to bewilder eyesight, nothing to hide from the mother's eyes the sight that was then waiting for her.

Many feet down the cliff, between the rock itself and one of the fantastic crags that here and there project from it, lay Reu-

ben. He lay on his back, and the white, upturned face looked ghastly in the early light.

"May the Lord have mercy on me!" broke involuntarily from Mrs. Leir's blanched lips; but she did not even sob or wring her hands, as a less self-contained woman would have done. She forced herself to act. She saw she could not reach her son; it was impossible to get down the face of the rock, and certainly she could not climb over the rough masses of granite from below. She must seek help. She looked up, and the huge bird again swooped across just over the spot where Reuben lay. She shuddered; if she went away, the foul bird might attack the senseless body.

But help must be got.

"God will care for him better than I can," she said; and she ran rapidly along the way to Mercombe Mouth. "They will be stirring at Williams's by now," she thought; and the hope seemed to give her wings.

Williams's farm was a few hundred yards from the beach, abutting on the green lawn which led from Mercombe. A noisy chorus of pigs clamoring for their breakfast greeted her as she opened the five-barred gate; but she scarcely heard them. She felt she must almost fall down on her knees in thankfulness in the midst of the pig-trodden straw that littered the yard; for there stood, in front of the farm-house, not only Joe Tilly, Mr. Williams's factotum and the most experienced fisherman in Mercombe, but Mr. Williams himself. He was dressed ready for a journey, and was busy stowing away various things in the cart that stood before the garden-gate; for the house lay some way back from the pig-yard, and he did not see Mrs. Leir; but Joe Tilly saw her, and noted the anguish in her face.

"What ails ye, Missus Leir?" he said, kindly; "it's early for ye to be out-doors."

The kindly voice and the look of sympathy took away her courage. She quite broke down.

"O Joe! O Mr. Williams!" she sobbed, "for God's sake come!—my boy's fallen over the cliff, and he lies there, half-way down."

Mr. Williams's head had been buried in the cart, but he drew it out in a hurry, his red forehead grown purple, and his stiff, iron-gray hair bristling up with the shock of the widow's words.

"Bless my soul! d'ye mean it?" he said. "Good Heavens! how did it happen?" Then he turned to his man—"We must leave this job. Mother'll see to the horse. You, Joe, run for a couple of men and a long ladder and ropes, and a blanket, and follow over the beach. I'll go round to the foot of the cliff.—Come, Mrs. Leir, and show me where the poor fellow is;" and then led the way down to the beach.

He did not tell Reuben's mother that he had thus quietly set aside an important journey for her sake. Something in her white, agonized face compelled him to help her and to be silent.

By the time they reached the bay below the land-slip the tide had turned, but they could get no glimpse of Reuben—the pro-

jecting crag, which looked so small from above, quite obscured the spot on which his mother had seen him.

"Are you sure, missus?" said Williams, speaking for the first time since they had left the farm.

"I'm as sure as I can be," she said, sadly. As she spoke, a great, black bird swooped slowly down and lighted on the point of the projecting crag.

Williams gave a loud cry, and the startled cormorant flew away seaward, uttering a harsh croak as he sailed overhead.

How long the waiting seemed! Mrs. Leir paced up and down, examining the cliff with eager eyes to see if the least chance of a footing thereon was practicable; but there was not a crevice to be found in the hard, close-grained rocks. Then she went as far as she could seaward among the slippery rocks that bordered the beach, to see if she could get a glimpse of the precious burden hanging so high in mid-air. She was recalled by a joyful shout from Mr. Williams.

"Here's Joe!" he cried, "and the ladder."

And Joe Tilly and his two companions came quickly round the angle of the cliff that formed the near corner of the bay.

It was a terrible suspense. Martha Leir could do nothing. She offered to help in holding the ladder, but the men put her gently on one side; they could manage, they said. She could only stand gazing with hard, dry eyes. While two of them mounted, cord in hand, Mr. Williams stood by the ladder. When they reached the spur of rock, she saw one of them get off the ladder; he stooped down. She could gaze no more. She covered her eyes, and prayed for her boy's life.

"That's right; don't look," said kind Mr. Williams; "we shall have him down directly; keep a good heart."

It seemed so long standing there with her eyes hidden by her trembling hands! She started when Williams took her arm and led her forward.

"Good news," he whispered; "his heart beats still!"

V.

REUBEN LEIR recovers slowly. He was terribly bruised and injured in that awful fall. His leg was broken, and he will never walk again without a stick or a crutch. Martha sits and gazes at her son, scarcely daring to believe he is restored to her, and yet she is so little softened by the trial she has undergone that in her heart she curses Rose Morrison as the cause of Reuben's calamity.

In one way she has learned and profited. In all these anxious weeks of nursing she has found out how kind her neighbors are, and also how helpful outward sympathy is to a heart that has to bear its burden alone. From the vicar to the poorest cottager came some tokens of good-will or offers of help.

Some time went by before Reuben showed consciousness of what had befallen him. When he learned how grave his injuries were, he relapsed into almost constant silence.

About two months have gone by, and Mrs. Leir sits knitting beside her son's sofa.

"There is a tap at the door, mother; are you not going to answer it?" he says, such a strange, shy tone in his voice that his mother looks up. A faint-pink streak on each of her son's pale cheeks makes her feel uneasy and perplexed. She hardly knows why, but she goes to the door and opens it.

Rose Morrison is standing in the little garden. Her eyes are full of tears, and she blushes when she sees Martha Leir.

"Wait!" the elder woman says, holding up her hand; and she goes back and shuts the door of Reuben's room. Then she returns, and says sternly to the frightened girl, "What do you want, Miss Morrison?"

"O Mrs. Leir!"—Rose is angry as well as frightened—"don't look at me like that—don't, now! You only make me feel wicked."

"I should like to make you feel unhappy, for you deserve it; that it was you that sent my son nearly to his death, I've learned from his talk in his illness; he never speaks of you now."

"Ah!"—Rose wiped her eyes—"please do let me see him, poor dear fellow! I know the sight of me will do him good, and I am so sorry, and he will believe I am sorry; he is not so cruel as you are. Do let me in; I long so to see him again."

Rose's voice is sweet and persuasive, but Martha Leir is flint.

"You long to see my Reuben!—you, who could fancy he was content to share you with that French fellow Gaspard! Go along with you! You are worse than I thought you, Rose Morrison. You are not fit even to look on Reuben's face again!"

She puts her strong, bony hand on Rose's shoulder, and pushes her from the door and closes it.

When she goes back to Reuben she is amazed to find that he has dragged himself to the window, and stands there looking out.

"Was that Rose?" Then, without waiting for his mother to answer: "How kind of her to come and inquire for me!"

Mrs. Leir turns full of wrath and with a bitter sentence ready, but Reuben is clinging to the casement, trembling and overpowered by the unusual exertion he has made. She puts her arm round him very tenderly, and guides him back to the sofa.

"My poor, dear lad," she whispers, "forgive me; I must only think of you."

VII.

ANOTHER month has gone by, and Reuben can now get about alone, leaning on a stout stick, a present which Farmer Williams brought him from Exeter. His mother still likes to think her arm as necessary as the stick, but Reuben is anxious for independence, and to-day he has persuaded her to drive over to Colyton with a neighbor, for the sake of the change.

As he paces slowly up and down in front of the cottage, he is thinking of his mother.

"How loving and unselfish her care of me has been, and not one word of reproach! How could I have vexed her for such a girl as Rose Morrison?"

He turns to pace down the road again, and there is Rose! She has come up behind him unobserved. Reuben grows pale and then red; then he tries to pass her so fast that he stumbles, and would fall but for the stick.

"Reuben," the girl cries out, "won't you even speak to me? You would, if you knew how unhappy I am, and if you could see how I grieve for you."

"I—I am obliged to you, Rose," he says, in a strange, choked voice, "but there can be no friendship between you and me now."

She fixes her dark, glowing eyes on his changing, irresolute face, and then she bursts into passionate weeping.

Reuben is troubled—the old love tugs at his heart, but he forces himself to remember Jacques Gaspard and that walk along the beach. It is very hard to stand unmoved by Rose's tears.

"Don't cry, Rose," the poor fellow says; "I forgive you—and I hope you will be happy!"

"I shall never be happy again, Reuben. Your mother says I was the cause of your accident, and you think I deceived you."

Reuben is tired, and this agitation robs him of his little strength. The girl's quick eyes see his weakness.

"Dear Reuben," she says, tenderly, "you are not well enough to stand talking; let me help you in. There—put your hand on my shoulder, and let us come in-doors."

Her eyes are so sweet and loving—her whole manner so softened from the petulant Rose he had loved so dearly—that Reuben gives up his resistance. He puts his hand on the little, soft shoulder so lovingly offered—which does not give much support, after all—and yet, somehow, by the time he reaches his sofa, he looks brighter and more like his old self than he has looked since the accident.

Five minutes after, Rose is seated on the sofa beside him, her head resting on his shoulder.

"And you are not going to marry that French fellow?" says Reuben.

Rose raises her head, and looks at him in her old saucy fashion.

"Marry him! I am ashamed of you, Reuben! Why, I never cared a bit for Jacques, and he went away to France ever so long ago, and some people say he has a wife there."

When Mrs. Leir comes home in the evening she is surprised at the change for the better in her son.

"I must go away again," she smiles, lovingly. "You seem to get on best alone, my boy."

Reuben feels the blood rush to his face. Why should he hide this happiness from his mother—why should she not share his joy?

"Mother"—she was leaning over him—he took both her hands in his—"I must tell you what has happened. I have seen Rose, and we are friends again."

Mrs. Leir drew her hands away. "That girl! O Reuben!" in a broken voice that was full of unutterable pain.

"Don't say any thing against her, dear

mother; she is to be my wife." He raised himself and kissed her face, now turned away from him in bitterness of heart. "She is so sorry, and she has always loved me. She never cared for Jacques. You will take her for a daughter, won't you, mother dear?"

Mrs. Leir's mouth trembled, but the earnestness in her son's face conquered.

"I can't stand in the way of your happiness, dear," she said, sadly, "and if this is your happiness, I will take Rose Morrison—but, O my boy—my boy—don't risk yourself a second time—don't give yourself, in a hurry, to a light woman who has cared for other men before she cared for you, and will care for them again. Ah, my Reuben, you are worth the first place in a girl's heart, instead of coming in at the end."

Reuben had grown very red indeed. "Thank you for your consent," he said; "but, mother, please don't speak badly of Rose. It's unjust, and I can't bear it."

VII.

REUBEN resented his mother's words, and yet, as soon as he was free from the witchery of Rose's presence, his heart was heavy with doubt—not because he had seen her with Gaspard; she had explained that to him, and he knew the man so well that he could believe he had forced his company on the girl. The doubt that troubled Reuben was about himself—could he make Rose happy?

"I am such a slow, quiet fellow," he thought, "and, since my fall, I often fret—and she is such a lively darling." But the strong love he felt—the greater now that it had been repressed—drew him next day to the quarry. He lifted the latch of the garden-gate, and went into the cool, tree-shaded garden. The place was so green that the tulips and anemones seemed to gain in brilliancy of color.

Reuben had hurried fast along the road, spite of his weakness; but, by the time he reached the cottage-door, he had lost strength and courage, and his knock had a timid sound.

Mrs. Morrison's lame tread was heard on the lime-ash floor, and she opened the door—a small, dark woman, with narrow, sharp eyes that seemed to be always prying into those of the people to whom she spoke. She was very trimly dressed, and she looked more like Rose's elder sister than her mother.

"Ah," she smiled up in Reuben's face, "is it, then, Monsieur Leir? I am glad to see you, monsieur, and I am sorry; for you do not come, I know, to see me. I am glad to see you walk again—but Rose is not at home."

"Where is she?" Reuben said, abruptly.

"Ah, mon Dieu!"—she held up her hands with a gesture of deprecation—"what can I tell you, monsieur? Rose goes here and she goes there, and I do not ask her where she goes. Believe me, it is a great mistake to interfere with young people; and, when you marry Rose, you must treat her as I do. I am very glad to see you friends again."

There was such a cunning look in her eyes that Reuben started.

"I will wait, if you please, Mrs. Morrison," he said; "I want to see Rose."

"Certainly! Come in, Monsieur Leir."

Mrs. Morrison pointed to a chair, and Reuben seated himself, and looked round the square, low-roofed room. How much prettier and more trim it was than his own home—what tasteful muslin curtains those were in the windows, and how charming the little nose-gays looked, placed so exactly where the room was dark and bare.

Mrs. Morrison watched him as he sat there, and this made him fidgety. "Rose dresses up the room, Monsieur Reuben; she likes pretty, tasteful ways. That is why I am glad she is to marry you—you are able to give her a good home, and money to spend on clothes; and Rose likes pretty dresses, Monsieur Reuben."

"I suppose most girls do," he said; but the woman's prying eyes and coaxing manner fidgeted him. He wished he had walked on to meet Rose, instead of waiting. He sat silent, and presently Mrs. Morrison began on new ground.

"Do you not find Hookton very sad, Monsieur Leir?" she said. "Ah, mon Dieu!"—she clasped her hands, and threw up her eyes—"there is not a man in Hookton fit to look at, unless, indeed, when Monsieur Gaspard arrives—ah! that is different!"

Reuben stared. He was not accustomed to this sort of talk from his mother, and he shrank from the mention of the Frenchman.

"He is not here often, I think," he said, sullenly.

Mrs. Morrison laughed.

"He comes and he goes more often than people think, Monsieur Leir. He will be here soon again—yes, very soon. Ah! he is indeed full of life and spirits."

Reuben rose up hastily, and nearly stumbled.

"I will go and meet Rose. Good-afternoon, Mrs. Morrison."

She begged him to stay, but he refused. He seemed to breathe more freely when he gained the road. There was something oppressive and artificial in Mrs. Morrison's atmosphere.

"Rose is so simple—so unlike her mother. I know she will never go to Gaspard again. Why should I feel this jealous torture?"

But he did feel it sharply, and when at last he saw Rose coming along the road he resolved to open his mind to her.

"Rose, darling"—they had walked some way lovingly together under the shade of the trees that bordered the road—"I must speak about something that troubles me. Suppose, after all, you do not love me as you think you do?—listen, child." He spoke with unusual firmness, for she had begun to remonstrate. "Suppose when Jacques Gaspard comes back you find you have made a mistake?"

"Nonsense, Reuben!"

Rose tossed her head and pouted, but Reuben's earnest gaze showed her that this was not the assurance he expected.

"I have said that I love you, Reuben," she said; "surely, what more can a girl say?"

But Reuben was strangely moved this afternoon. There was an unusual flush on his cheeks, and a glowing light in his eyes.

"I believe you, my darling," he said, fondly; "but give me a proof that you're in earnest. Marry me this day fortnight."

Rose began to exclaim:

"But my clothes, Reuben—I must have proper clothes."

He stopped her.

"I asked a proof, Rose. You will not refuse me, my darling girl!"

She looked confused—ready to cry.

"Very well," she said, slowly. "I will tell mother, and you can settle it with her."

They had reached the garden-gate, and she ran in, leaving Reuben gazing after the charming picture she made in the shaded garden.

VIII.

It is the day before the wedding. Both Hookton and Mercombe had been full of eager anticipation and gossip. Rose has not been so triumphant as some of her neighbors expected. Mrs. Leir has been pale and sorrowful, but Reuben looked full of happiness. His recovery has progressed with astonishing rapidity. When he woke this morning, he said to himself, "To-morrow—only till to-morrow," and then went off early to put the last finishing touches to his new house. He will not turn his mother out of the cottage where she has lived so long; his hope is, that eventually she will grow to like Rose, and they shall all live then together. For the present he has rented a small cottage down in the valley, beside the river. Rose has been very restless this morning. She has promised to wait in for Reuben, and yet she has a longing to go down to Hookton. She tells her mother this.

"Best keep at home, my girl," the mother says. And then, to herself, she adds: "Jacques Gaspard came in last night. She is best out of his way at present."

Rose wanders listlessly about the garden.

"I wish Reuben was not so slow. I do like a little more fun in a man. He's a kind, good soul, but he wants life. And I hate that mother of his, I do."

She has just turned her back again to the garden-gate, and she hears three distinct taps and a low whistle. Rose stands still. A rush of warm color spreads over her face to her forehead. She knows Jacques Gaspard's signal.

"I told him I never wanted to speak to him again," she says, fretfully. "Well, when he hears I am going to be married, he will go away in a rage."

She ran back to the cottage.

"Mother, don't let Reuben go after me if he comes. I shall be back directly."

She quickly left the garden, and went into the quarry. There were caves here running deep into the stone, and yet scarcely showing an opening. Rose paused before one of these and whistled softly. In a moment the whistle came back like a powerful echo, and the girl went forward into the cave. Light came from above some way down through fissures in the stone, and Rose saw at once that Jacques Gaspard was very angry. She felt frightened, and drew away from him, but he grasped her arm firmly.

"What is the meaning of all this I hear, you little flirt?" he said, savagely. "Did you not tell me I was the only man you had ever loved?"

"Oh, don't grip so hard, Jacques—you hurt me! I won't speak while you hold my arm," she said, defiantly.

The Frenchman let go her arm, but he stepped forward so as to stand between her and the entrance to the cave.

"Speak away," he said, "but mind you speak the truth this time. Remember I'm not a soft fool like your new lover Mr. Leir."

There was a mocking sound in his voice, and Rose trembled.

"You are cruel," she sobbed. "You say you love me, and you do not marry me. Why do you come back and spoil my future? I do not love Reuben Leir as I have loved you, but he loves me, and I mean to be a good wife to him. He offers me a good, comfortable home, and he does not play fast and loose, as you do."

Jacques swore fiercely.

"That's a lie!—I am ready—say you will come to me at once, and I will marry you, and give you all that a woman can wish for."

Rose gave him a loving, wistful look.

"Will you marry me before you take me away?" she said, timidly.

"Ah, bah!" the sailor said. "Women are all alike. They expect unlimited trust to be placed in them, and they give none." He changed his tone. "Why doubt me, Rose, my angel?"

"I was wrong to say so much. It does not matter. I have promised Reuben, and I will keep my word. Now I must go. Good-by."

The sailor stood thinking. At last he shrugged his shoulders, and stood aside to let her pass.

"As you will. My plan would have made you a happy woman. Well, I bear you no malice; I will bring you a wedding-present if you care to have it."

"A present! What?" said Rose, eagerly.

A smile crossed Jacques's face. "A brooch and a pair of ear-rings fit for a princess. Listen. I will come to the point below the land-slip this evening—if you like to meet me and take them."

"There?" Rose shuddered.

"Yes! there and nowhere else, at nine o'clock to-night," he said, roughly.

Rose hesitated, and then she said: "All right, I will be there!" and ran back to the cottage.

She was not a moment too soon. Before she had recovered from the fright and flutter of Jacques's visit, Reuben came limping up the garden-path.

"Ah!—how I wish he was more like Jacques!" she said to herself.

Reuben sat talking; he was in gay spirits, but Rose could not rally. She was by turns cross and tearful, and at last she asked her lover to leave her to herself.

"Very well; I will go now, darling, but I've not said all I've got to say, my girl. I'll come down and have a talk in the evening."

Rose turned so white that Reuben noticed her paleness.

"Not to-night, Reuben, please," she said, more gently. "My mother wants me all to herself."

"You're rather a tyrant, my pet," he said, "but I will do as you like—till to-morrow morning. God bless you, my darling!" And he kissed her fondly.

As Reuben went away he saw Mrs. Morrison coming back from the draw-well at the other side of the garden. He went across to her while Rose walked to the gate.

"Mrs. Morrison," he said, eagerly, "do spare Rose to me this evening for a little. Tell her I will meet her soon after nine beside the quarry."

Mrs. Morrison nodded. As she and her daughter stood at the gate looking after Reuben, the mother noticed Rose's pale face.

"Go and lie down, child," she said; "you look like a ghost, and I have promised you will meet Reuben this evening beside the quarry."

It was a warm evening. Mrs. Leir had been busy at the newly-furnished cottage till late, so that she did not see how disappointed and tired Reuben looked when he came in after a fruitless walk to the quarry.

She sat down to supper with her son; it was no longer so hard to give him up, for she felt that his heart was with Rose Morrison. All she could now hope for was to gain the love of Reuben's wife.

They had finished supper. Mrs. Leir stood folding her table-cloth, when a knock came at the door, and then, with scarcely any pause, a voice—

"Mrs. Leir! Mrs. Leir! I want my daughter! I want Rose!"

Reuben got to the door without his stick, and opened it to Mrs. Morrison.

She tried to smile when she saw him, but she looked frightened.

"Ah, Reuben," she said, "you have given me a fright. Where have you hidden Rose?"

Reuben turned a ghastly white.

"Rose! what do you mean?" he said, hoarsely. "I have not seen her since I left her with you at the gate!"

"Ah! mon Dieu!" In her terror the woman shrieked out her words. "And she went out this evening to meet you," she said—she checked herself suddenly, and dropped trembling into a chair.

But Reuben saw her hesitation:

"Say all you know!" He stood over her sternly. "Is Jacques Gaspard in Hookton?"

Mrs. Leir stood wonder-struck at her son's strange vehemence.

"I heard he was there," said Rose's mother, feebly, "and he is a bad man, Reuben. I know he will not marry my child."

But Reuben did not stay to listen. He felt no fatigue or lameness as he started for the third time that day on the road to Hookton. Fortunately, a chance traveler overtook him, and gave him a seat in his chaise, or his strength could not have held out. The busy fishing-village had gone to sleep when he reached it, but some of the men were soon roused and helped Reuben in his search.

Yes, Jacques Gaspard had appeared that morning, and a strange-looking cutter had been hovering round the bay, but the Frenchman had gone away early, and no one had seen Rose Morrison; and no one ever saw saucy, pretty Rose again—no one now expects to see her but Reuben Leir, and he, poor fellow, spends many a weary day searching among the rocks and caves for some trace of the girl he still loves.

And his mother never says a word against Rose—Reuben's dutiful tenderness is her own again—but she would give it all up if she could only see him happy, without that seeking, unsatisfied look, which will never leave his pale-blue eyes again.

MOUNTAINEERING IN MINIATURE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

L

I PACKED my portmanteau full of silent hurrahs, and set off with a lightsome step for the Boemischer Bahnhof. It was a divine June day, and Dresden looked so bright that I could almost have disbelieved its evil odor. The club balcony, on Victoria Strasse, had got its afternoon shadow, and never looked more inviting; but there was a train to catch, and I might not pause even there. Prager Strasse, gay and crowded, wooed me to loiter; but I had cast off for good and all the lazy leisure which a Dresden residence begets, and felt that time was precious once more. In a few minutes I reached the broad, open space in front of the Bahnhof, passed through the serried droskies on stand there side by side, bought a ticket to Krippen, and took my seat in a third-class carriage.

I had often done the journey on foot; the highway from Dresden to Saxon Switzerland—about five-and-twenty miles—being itself excellent, while its situation is more or less picturesque throughout. The main objection to it is its openness, and the circumstance that Koenigstein and Lillienstein, the twin rocky giants that sentinel the entrance to the mountainous region, are visible from the outset of the walk, and are a long while in getting to look nearer. For the rest, the road traverses seven or eight tiny villages, and two towns—Pirna and Koenigstein—as quaint, crooked, and narrow-streeted, as heart could desire. For many miles it skirts the river-bank; after Pirna, climbs a steep hill, has an up and down time of it as far as Koenigstein fortress, and then plunges headlong down a straight incline—stone paved and ridged, for the behoof of clambering wagons—into Koenigstein town. Steep and long as is the ascent, it is pleasanter than the going down; the grade being such that running is dangerous, and walking almost impossible. Koenigstein passed, highway and railroad run cheek by jowl along the precipitous river-bank, onward through the heart of the country. The road is level, and parasoled with trees; but the squat, ninepin shaped steeple of Schandau church, on the

opposite side of the river, now takes its turn in making the walk wearisome by its intermittent visibility. The scene, however, is really very pretty; and, were it not that his five-and-twenty miles beneath a summer sun may have rendered the pedestrian a trifle captious, doubtless he might swallow the incessant steeple with more than toleration.

But it was not my cue to foot it on the present occasion. Frequent pilgrimages to and fro had taken all novelty out of the enterprise; not to mention that my portmanteau did, strictly speaking, have some heavier things than hurrahs in it. So, for the nonce, I chose the railway-carriage; the noisiest, ugliest, tiresomest, most unprivacied mode of conveyance extant; but not wholly deficient, even in Saxony, in the exhilaration of speed; and never lacking in broad variety of human interest. And, to the end of insuring, while I was about it, the full flavor of the experience, I took a third-class ticket—an unailing passport to whatever human interest might happen to be in the way. First-class carriages are empty, in every sense of the word; the seats may be softly cushioned, the guard may salute whenever he catches my eye, and request the favor of my ticket with such sweet cajolery that I feel, in giving it up, as if I were making him happier than it is right or lawful for man to be; nevertheless, the noise and weariness remain, and there is nothing better than my own dignity to distract my attention therefrom. As for the second class, it can be endurable only to penitents and to second-class people; the guard (whose behavior admirably gauges the traveler's social estimation throughout) now chats with me on terms of friendly equality; while my neighbors are hopelessly unpicturesque and ordinary, yet of such pretensions that I am dejected by a doubt whether they are not as good as I am, after all. No; the moral and mental depression brought on by second class outweighs the pecuniary outlay of first and third combined.

But the third—the third is romantic! It piques the imagination, and gives the observation scope. I fancy myself a peasant; I think of my farm-yard, my oxen, my Frau, my geese, my children; of that bargain got out of Mueller; of that paltry advantage gained by Schultze over me; my breath savors of Sauerkraut, in my pocket is a half-eaten sausage, at supper I will devour Limburger Kaese and quaff einfaches Bier. At the same time I am an observer, a notary public of humorous traits, a diviner of relations, destinies, and antecedents. My fellow-pilgrims are unfragrant, familiar, talkative, and over-numerous; the bench we sit on is hard, and the ticket-collector is brusque and overbearing; nevertheless, if there must be a human element at all, let it be as thick and as strong as possible, and let me get as near it as I decently may. In the long-run, I prefer my men and women with the crust off.

II.

Saxon third-class vans, like some English ones, are transversely divided into five open compartments, each holding ten or twelve persons. In my box, on this trip, was a young married couple of the lower middle

class, who had not yet stopped being lovers. They were in the full tide of that amorous joyance which only lower middle class, newly-married young couples, can know. The girl was not uncomely—clear-eyed and complexioned, and smoothly curved; the young husband was stout and earthy, with broad face, little twinkling eyes, and defective chin. The two sat opposite one another, her knees clasped between his, and hand-in-hand. They showed a paradisaical indifference to stranger eyes, which was either coarse or touching, as the observer pleased. When one looked out of the window, so would the other; and each rejoiced in the new sensation of seeing the world double, and finding it vastly bettered thereby. Such was their mutual preoccupation that the guard had to demand their tickets twice before they could bring themselves to comprehend him. Truly, what should two young lovers, lately wed, have to do with such utilitarian absurdities as railway-tickets? Ostensibly, indeed, they might be booked for Bodenbach or Prag; but their real destination had no station on this or any other railway. Meanwhile, the husband was puffing an unutterably villainous cigar, and blowing the smoke of it right down his wife's pretty throat. She—dear little soul!—flinched not a jot, but swallowed it all with a perfect love and admiration, such as only women are (or ever can or ought to be) capable of.

My *vis-à-vis* at the other end of the compartment was an under-sized Russian—a black-haired, bristle-bearded, brown-eyed, round-nosed, swarthy, dirty-shirted, little monster, who turned out to be a traveling agent for some cigarette manufacturing company. The attrition of the world had rubbed off whatever reserve he may originally have possessed; and he was inclined to be sociable. He began with requesting a light from my cigar; and proceeded to have the honor to inquire whether I were of Russian extraction, observing that my features were of the Russian type. He meant it as a compliment, of course; but it is odd that a German, a Frenchman, and an Englishman, should severally, and in like manner, have claimed countrymanship with me on the testimony of my visage. The explanation is to be found, I take it, in nothing more nor less than my affability, which I can neither disguise nor palliate. Why else, from a street full of people, should I invariably be the one picked out by the stranger to tell him his way? It is not because I look as if I knew; and in fact I never do know; but he feels convinced, as soon as he claps eyes on me, that, whether I know or not, at all events he will get an affable answer from me. Or why else, in third-class carriages, and elsewhere, am I the one to whom every smoker applies for a light? It is not because my light is better than other people's, but because they perceive in me a lack of gall to make their oppression bitter. Yet, but for this experience, I should have supposed the cast and predominant expression of my countenance to be especially grave and forbidding; which goes to prove that the world knows its individuals better than they know themselves.

Intellect plays but a subordinate part in

the divination of character. It's your emotional, impressible person who finds you out most surely and soon: hence women are so apt to pass their verdict at sight, and (prejudice apart) are so seldom entirely mistaken. They cannot say categorically what you are—the faculty of formulating impressions being no necessary part of their gift—but they can tell what you are not, and description by negatives is often very good description. Of course, they are easily led to alter or at least ignore their first judgment; but their second thought is never worth much. It is here that the intellect steps in, confirming and marshaling the emotional insight; and, with both at their best, out comes Shakespeare.

If in these days of committees we could have a committee on geniuses—those whose works captivate all ages—I think the most of them would turn out soft-fibred persons, of no assertative individuality. Egotists, no doubt, but with a foolish, personal—not lofty, moral, and intellectual—egotism: yielding, sensitive natures, albeit finely-balanced, and with an innate perception of truth and proportion, sufficient to prevent their being forced permanently out of shape. Were they other than thus, they would be always tripping up their own inspiration (meaning thereby the power of so foregoing one's self as to reflect directly the inner truth and beauty of moral and physical creation). Obstinate, prognathous geniuses must have a hard time of it: inspiration is not easily come at upon any terms; how, then, when breathless and sweating from a tussle with one's own personality?

III.

"But you have lived in Russia at the least? You speak the language?" No: I was obliged to confess that I had not. The little agent looked hard at me, debating within himself whether he should ask me outright where I did come from; he decided against it; and applied himself to staring out of the window, and ever and anon spitting toward any part of the prospect that attracted his interest. As there was a strong draught setting inward, I moved farther up the seat. Presently, a thought of his personal appearance visited him, and he pulled from an inner pocket a little greasy box, having a tiny mirror set within the lid, and containing four inches of comb. With these appliances the Russian went through the forms of the toilet; replacing his box, when he had finished, with a pathetic air of self-complacency, such as I have observed in a frouzy dog who has just scratched his ear and shaken a little dirt from his coat. This human being had an untrained, unintellectual, repulsive aspect enough; but he looked good-natured, and I have no doubt his odor was the worst part of him.

Sitting beside me was a lean, elderly man, of pleasant and respectable appearance, and seemingly well-educated and gentlemanlike. He had a guide-book, which he consulted very diligently, and was continually peering out of the windows on either side in hasty search for the objects of interest which the book told about. He referred to me repeatedly, with a blandly courteous air, for informa-

tion regarding the towns and scenes through which we passed; and by-and-by he produced the stump of a cigar, and asked me for a light, which I gave him. At Pirna he was painfully divided between the new bridge then in course of building, the rock-mounted castle now used as an insane asylum, and the perpendicular brown cliffs on the other side of the river—the beginning of the peculiar formation which makes the Saxon Switzerland. While poking his head out of the Russian's window, he fell into talk with him; and whether they turned out to be compatriots or not I cannot tell; but at all events my lean friend spoke my frouzy friend's language; they sat down opposite one another—a pendant to the two lovers at the other side—and emptied themselves into one another's mouths, so to speak, during the rest of the journey. The guide-book and the scenery were alike forgotten—such is the superior fascination of a human over a natural interest. They more cared to peep into the dark interiors of each other's minds than gaze at the sunlit trees, and river, and rocks, and sky outside. What is this mysterious, irresistible magnet in all men, compelling them to attend first of all to one another? Is it smitten into them from the infinite creative Magnet? I find it most generally sensitive in men of small cultivation, and in women, who, on the other hand, seldom take much genuine interest in grand natural scenery. The conversation of my two friends, so far as I could make it out, related mainly to cigarettes and matters thereto related. They fraternized completely: the Russian worked himself into paroxysms of genial excitement, and gesticulated with much freedom. Shortly before our arrival at Krippen he took out a pocket-case of cigarettes, and shared its contents with his new acquaintance; and the two likewise exchanged names and addresses. Every man searches for something of himself in those he meets, and is hugely tickled if he discovers it.

The remaining occupant of our compartment was a poor, meagre little fellow, pale and peaked, with dirty-white hands and imperfect nails, and dingy-genteel attire. He was chilly, though the day was warm and generous, and kept rubbing his pitiless hands together in the vain attempt to get up circulation. He was altogether squalid and dyspeptic, and smoked a squalid cigar; and said nothing, save in answer to some question put to him by his Russian neighbor. Even the endearments of the lovers availed not to bring lustre to his pallid eyes; and, when his cigar went out, he put it in his pocket without asking for a light. Some unwholesome city clerkship was his, I suppose, in a street where the sun never shone, and the drainage was bad.

The fortress of Koenigstein reeled dizzily above us, perched indefinite hundreds of feet in air on its breakneck precipice, shelving toward the base and shawled in verdure. But the first sight of Lillienstein, as we sweep around the curve, is perhaps more impressive. The rock, like most in this region, is of an irregular oval shape, its wooded base sloping conically upward to within two hundred feet or so of the top; at which

point the rock itself appears, hurtling straight aloft with black-naked crags. Seen from the river-level, its altitude is increased by the height of the bank—at least one hundred feet more; and, presenting itself end-on, it bears a striking resemblance to the dismantled hull of some Titanic frigate, wrecked on the tall summit of a hill. The gloomy weather-beaten bows rise in slow grandeur against the sky: there are the shattered bulwarks; bowsprit and masts are gone. Ages have passed since the giant vessel was stranded there; and the prehistoric ocean which hurled it to its place has rolled into oblivion. But still looms the barren hulk over that old ocean-bed, now green with trees and crops, dotted with tiny villages and alive with pigmy men. What mighty captain commanded her on her last voyage? whose hand swayed her tiller and hauled her ropes? what enormous exploits are recorded in her log-book? But for some foolish historic scruples, I should christen her the Ark, manned by Noah and his sons, and freighted, long ago, with the hopes of humanity. On second thoughts, however, that could not be; for if there is any truth in measurements, Lillienstein might have swung the Ark from her stern-davits, and never felt the difference.

IV.

SOME of these canal-boats, however, would have made her stagger; it seems impossible that any thing so ponderous should float; looking down at them from above, they appear to be of about the tonnage of an ordinary New York street. Their masts are in proportion; but their sails (which they ostentatiously spread to the lightest breath of air) are exasperatingly insufficient, and help them along about as much as its wings do a penguin. Nevertheless, fleets of them are continually passing up and down, and seem to get to their destination ultimately. Horses are harnessed to the mast, and tug away along the rounded stone levees, the long rope brushing the willows and bushes which grow beside the banks. One mariner dreams over the tiller; another occasionally slumbers in the bows, upward of a hundred yards away. Such leisurely voyaging can hardly be supposed to keep pace with the fleet foot of Time; and traditions linger hereabouts of boats that have left Dresden early in the spring, and, losing four months on the passage, have only arrived at Bodenbach by the end of the previous autumn! Can this be true?

We arrived at Krippen just as a soft gray cloud was poising itself above the valley, and sending down a misty message of rain-drops. The sun, however, peeped beneath, and translated it into a rainbow. I hastened down the steps to the ferry-boat—a flat-bottomed skiff about twenty feet long—and sat down there along with a dozen other passengers. Charon took his pole (oars are unknown in this kind of craft) and poked us across; the boat, which was loaded down to the gunwale, rocking alarmingly, and the people ejaculating and protesting. At landing, we were beset by porters, but I knew the coast, and, escaping from them, took my way along the pretty, winding path toward the old Bade-

haus, which reposes at the upper end of the desultory village of Schandau. Schandau proper, indeed, is comprised in the little garden-patch of red-roofed houses huddled in the mouth of the valley where it opens on the river; but its "Bad" reputation has generated a long progeny of stuccoed villas, standing in a row beneath the opposite sides of the gradually-narrowing cañon. The pine-clad hill-sides rear up within arm's reach of their back windows, and as steep as their roofs. For about half a mile up, the valley averages scarcely a hundred yards in breadth, while its sides are at least as high as that, and look much higher. Down the centre flows a brook, dammed once or twice to turn saw-mills, and bordered with strips of grassy meadow. The main road, unnecessarily tortured with round cobble-stones, and miserable in a width of some ten feet, crawls along beneath the house-row on the northern side; but the southern is the aristocratic quarter; the houses are villas, and have balconies and awnings, overlooking a smooth gravel-path densely shaded with trees—the fashionable morning and evening promenade, untrodden by hoof of horse, and familiar to the wheels of children's perambulators only. Very charming is all this; and, after the clatter, glare, and poison of the city, unspeakably soothing and grateful.

As I walked along, fragments of the rain-bow shower occasionally found their way to me through the leafy roof overhead, while children toddled across my path, escaping from white-aproned nurses; and villa-people—girls in coquettish white hats, and gentlemen indolent with cigars—stared at me from the vantage-ground of their shaded windows. At the garden-restaurant were beer-drinkers, merry in the summer-houses, and great running to and fro of Kellner and Kellnerinnen. The dust was laid, the trees were painted a livelier green, the grass and flowers held themselves straighter and taller. The air lay cool and still on the sweet earth, or moved faintly under the influence of a doubtful breeze. The brook gurgled unseen, and the noise of the saw-mill, a moderate distance off, sounded like the busy hum of some gigantic grasshopper.

Where the Badehaus stands, the hill-ridges verge toward each other, till a stone could be thrown from one summit to the other. In the square court on which the hotel faces, the aristocratic pathway finds its end, and thenceforward the road, relieved of its cobbles and otherwise improved, takes up the tale alone. The brook washes the Badehaus wall, and in the earlier part of its course cleaves to the southern side of the narrow gorge. The Badehaus places itself transversely across the valley, looking down villageward, and giving the brook and the road scarcely room to turn its northern wing. Its opposite end, meanwhile, thrusts right into the hill-side, and even digs a cellar out of it to cool its provisions in. The front court, when I entered it, was noisy with multitudinous children, and the daily brass-band was on the point of striking up in the open pagoda. The audience were preparing their minds for the entertainment with plentiful meat and drink, and the three Kellner employed

by Herr Boettcher had, as usual, three times too much to do. Herr Boettcher (who looks like a mild Yankee until he opens his mouth) and his pale-haired helpmate received me with many smiles, and ushered me into a small, scantily-furnished chamber overlooking the brook and the road, and likewise commanding a view of a small villa crowded close against the hill-side beyond.

V.

I ORDERED supper, and then sat down at my window. The brook, which flowed directly beneath it, was somewhat cloudy of current, and disfigured as to its bed by indistinct glimpses of broken crockery and bottles scattered there. A short distance down it was crossed by a bridge communicating with the Badehaus court. Some slender-stemmed young trees were trying to make themselves useful along the road-side; and there, likewise, were ranged three rectangular piles of stone, awaiting the hammer of the stone-breaker; and a wedge-shaped mud-heap, hard and solid now, but telling of wet days and dirty walking in times gone by. A weather-beaten picket-fence, interlarded at intervals with whitewashed stone posts, inclosed a garden, devoted partly to cabbages and potatoes, and partly to apple-trees. At one end of this inclosure, stood the villa, at the other a large tree with a swing attached to it; several small people were making free with this plaything, subject to an occasional reproving female voice from the direction of the house, and the fitful barking of a self-important little cur. I could also see the lower half of a white skirt, accompanied by a pair of black broadcloth legs, moving up and down beneath the low-extending branches of the apple-trees.

The villa, whose red-tiled roof was pleasantly relieved against a dark-green background of pines, was provided with an astonishing number of windows; I counted no fewer than fifteen, besides a door, in the hither end of it alone. Over the front-door was a balcony, thickly draped with woodbine; and here sat two ladies in blue dresses, dividing their time between the feminine diversions of sewing, reading, gossiping, and watching the passers-by. Small or large parties were continually strolling up the road toward the Schuetzenhaus; the women mostly attired in white, with white hats, and white or buff parasols; and all chatting and laughing with great volubility and good-humor. One pretty girl, walking a little in the rear of her companions, happened to glance up at my window and catch my eye, and all at once it became necessary for her to cross the road, which being rather dirty, she was compelled to lift her crisp skirts an inch or two above a shapely pair of little boots. What happy land first received the imprint of those small feet? Could it have been Saxony? They soon walked beyond my field of vision, which was limited by the sash. Here, however, came into play a species of ocular illusion, made possible in Germany by the habit windows have of opening inward on hinges. The upper stretch of road to its curve round the bold spur of the hill, a bit of dilapidated bridge, and one or two new villas half clad

in trees—all this pretty picture was mirrored and framed in the pane of glass at my left hand. A few moments, therefore, after the owner of the boots had vanished from actual sight, she stepped daintily into this phantom world, and proceeded on her way as demurely as though no such astonishing phenomenon had occurred. She was, to be sure, unaware of it; and we all live in blind serenity amid marvels as strange. Perhaps, when our time comes, we shall take our first walk beyond the grave with no less unconscious self-possession than attended the march of those little boots across my window-pane.

As the afternoon wore on, wagons and droskies full of returning excursionists began to lumber by, with much cracking of whips, singing, and jollity. Many of the men wore monstrous hats roughly plaited of white reeds, numbers of which were on sale in the village for a groschen or so each, being meant to last only a day. They were bound with bands of scarlet ribbon, and lent their wearers a sort of tropical aspect. Every vehicle was overcrowded, and everybody was in high spirits except the horses, who, however, were well whipped to make up for it. Meanwhile, the band in the pagoda round the corner had long been in full blast, and odds and ends of melody came floating past my window; in the pauses of the music I could hear two babies bemoaning themselves in an adjoining room. A small child, with red face and white hair, made itself disagreeable by walking nonchalantly backward and forward over an *impromptu* plank bridge without railings, escaping accident so tantalizingly that I would almost rather have seen it tumble in once for all and done with it. At last, when the miracle had become threadbare, the bath-girl appeared and took the infant Blondin away; and at the same moment a waiter knocked at my door and told me supper was ready.

VI.

SUPPER was set out on a little table under the trees in the front-court. The musicians had departed, leaving a skeleton growth of chairs and music-rests in the pagoda; and most of the late audience had assembled at the long dining-tables in the Speisesaal, where I could see them through the open windows paying vigorous attention to the meal.

Several young ladies, however, under the leadership of a plump, brisk little personage, whom I cannot better describe than by calling her a snub-nosed Jewess, had got up a game of croquet, which they played with much coquettish ostentation, but in other respects ill. They were in pronounced evening-costume, and my waiter—a small, fat boy smuggled into a man's swallow-tail—said there was going to be a ball. The Tanzsaal faced me on the other side of the court, being connected at right angles with the hotel, corner to corner. It was a white, stuccoed building, about on an architectural par with a deal candle-box. A double flight of steps mounted to the door, over which was inscribed, in shaky lettering, some lines of doggerel, composed by Herr Boettcher himself, in praise of his medicinal spring. The hall inside may have been sixty feet in length, with a raised

platform at one end for the accommodation of the musicians.

It was lighted by two candelabra; but these eventually proving inadequate, a secret raid was made upon the kerosene-lamps in the guests' rooms, and every one of them was carried off. I retired early that night, and, having discovered my loss and rung the bell, an attendant did finally appear in the shape of the bath-girl. To make a short story of it, no light except starlight was to be had. It is a hardship to have to go to bed in Saxony at all: you know not, from hour to hour, whether you are too hot or too cold, but are convinced before morning that you are three or four feet too long. But the Badehaus beds are a caricature rather than a fair example of Saxon beds; and to go to bed not only in Saxony but in the Badehaus, and not only in the Badehaus but in the dark, was for me a memorable exploit. I have reason to believe, however, that three-fourths of the hotel-guests had to do the same thing; for my wakefulness, up to three o'clock in the morning, was partly due to the noisy demands and expostulations wherewith they made known and emphasized their dissatisfaction.

But I am anticipating. By the time I had finished supper it was growing dusk, and the dancers were arriving in numbers. The dresses were mostly white and gauzy, though here and there were glimpses of pink and blue satins, and one young woman divided herself equally between red and green. My pretty vision with the shapely feet was not among them. As evening came on the hall filled, and I could see the heads of the company moving to and fro within, and some were already stationary at the windows. Meanwhile the whole domestic brigade appertaining to the hotel, including Herr Boettcher himself, were busied in carrying chairs from the court-yard to the hall, to be used in the cotillon. The least active agents in this job were the two head-waiters; the most strenuous and hard-working were the bath-girl and the chamber-maid. Finally, the only chairs left were my own and one occupied by a huge, fat Russian at a table not far from mine; and from these the united blandishments of the entire Boettcher establishment availed not to stir either of us.

Darkness fell upon the valley; the stars came out above the lofty brow of the impending hill-side; the trees stood black and motionless in the still air; all light, life, and sound, were concentrated behind the glowing windows of the Tanzsaal. The musicians had struck up again, and the heads were now moving in couples, bobbing, swooping, and whirling, in harmony with the rhythm of the tune. Now and then an exhausted pair would reel to a window, where the lady would fan herself and pant, and the gentleman (in three cases out of five an officer) would wipe his forehead with his handkerchief and pass his forefinger round inside the upright collar of his military jacket. Then both would gaze out on the darkness, and, seeing nothing, would turn to each other and launch themselves into the dance once more. Between the pauses I could distinguish Herr Boettcher's brown, curly pate hastening busily backward and forward, and began to re-

mark an increase of illumination in the hall, but was, of course, without suspicion of the cost to myself at which it was being obtained.

The huge Russian and I were the only voluntary non-combatants, for the half-score of forlorn creatures (among them the chamber-maid and the bath-girl) who had climbed on the railing of the steps, and were stretching their necks to see what they could see, would gladly have taken part if it had been permitted them. It was now too dark for me to do more than roughly guess at the outline of my stout neighbor, but I could hear him occasionally take a gulp from his beer-glass, sigh heavily, and anon inhale a whiff of cigarette-smoke. I also had drunk a glass of beer; but it now occurred to me to try the possibility of getting something else. I called the waiter and bade him bring me a lemon, some sugar, some hot water, and one or two other things, from which I presently concocted a mixture unknown to Saxon palates, but which proved none the less grateful, on that account, to my own. The cordial aroma must, I think, have been wafted by some friendly breeze to the Russian's nostrils, for after an interval he, too, summoned the waiter, and categorically repeated my own order.

Meanwhile the music surged and beat, and the ball went seething on. "It is much pleasanter, as well as wiser," thought I, "to sit here quiet and cool, beneath the stars, with a good cigar and a fragrant glass of punch for company, than to dance myself hot and tired in yonder close, glaring room." Then, somehow or other, the recollection of that pretty figure with the white parasol and the small, arched feet, which had marched so daintily across my window-pane that afternoon, came into my mind; and I was glad to think that she was not one of the red-faced, promiscuous throng. She belonged to a higher caste than any there; or, at all events, there was in her an innate nicety and refinement which would suffice to keep her from mixing in such an assemblage. The more I reflected upon the matter, the less could I believe that she was a Saxon. I had contracted, it may be, a prejudice against the Saxons, and was slow to give them credit for exceptional elegance of form or bearing. That graceful *fourmure*—that high-bred manner—no, no! Why might she not be a Spaniard—nay, why not even an American? And here I entered upon the latter half of my glass of punch.

The waiter returned, bearing the Russian's hot water and so forth on a tray, and, having set them before him, hastened off to his post at the ballroom-door. The soft glock-glock of liquids, and the subdued tinkle of tumbler and spoon, now became audible from the womb of night, accompanied by occasional laboring sighs and tentative smackings of the lips—tokens that my heavy neighbor was making what, for him, was probably a novel experiment. I became gradually convinced, moreover, that it was not altogether a successful one, and I was more pleased than surprised when I heard him, after a little hesitation, push back his chair and advance upon me out of the darkness, entreating me, in the gentlest tone imaginable, to favor him with a light for his cigarette.

This having been done, he stood silent a moment, and then observed, engagingly, that he had been informed the gentleman was an American; that the relations of Russia and America had always been cordial; that the fame of the American punch was known to him, but not, alas! the exact method of preparing it; that—

I here ventured to interrupt him, begging that he would bring his glass and his chair to my table, and suffer me to improve the opportunity, so kindly afforded, of introducing him to a national institution, peculiarly adapted to increase the *entente cordiale* to which he had so pleasantly alluded. He accepted my invitation as frankly as it was given, and in five minutes we were hobnobbing in the friendliest manner in the world. Like all educated Russians, he had a fair understanding of English, and I was anticipating an evening of social enjoyment, when the following incident occurred:

The first part of the ball was over, and an intermission of ten minutes was announced before the beginning of the cotillon. The hall-doors were thrown open, and among the couples that came out upon the steps was one which attracted my attention. The lady, who was dressed in white, after a moment sent back her partner for a shawl, and, during his absence, she stood in such a position that the light from within fell directly upon her face. The man—he was not an officer—returned with the shawl, and folded it around her pretty shoulders with an air that was not to be mistaken. They descended the steps arm-in-arm, and came forward, groping their way and laughing, in our direction. They stumbled upon a table only three or four yards from ours, and sat down to it. After a short confabulation, the man called out “Karl!” and the waiter came.

“Karl, two glasses of beer; but quick!”

“And a portion of raw ham thereto, Karl,” said the lady, in the unmistakable Saxon accent; “I am so frightfully hungry!”

“Two glass beer, one portion ham,” recited Karl, and hurried off.

The man pulled a cigar from his pocket and lit it with a match. I had recognized him before—he kept a small cigar-shop on See-Strasse, in Dresden. He threw the lighted match on the ground, and it burnt there until the lady put out a small, arched foot, neatly booted, and daintily extinguished it. She was a pretty girl for a Saxon, especially a Saxon in her humble rank of life.

“Herr Kombustikoff,” said I to my Russian friend, “I must leave you. I am very sorry—but I have received a great shock. Good-night!” and I was gone before Karl returned with the raw ham and the beer, and thus it happened that I went to bed so early that night. I rested ill; but it would have fared yet worse with me had I known then, what I discovered next morning, that my too-courteous Russian had gone off after having paid for my punch as well as for his own! Did he imagine that I meant to barter my instruction for the price of the beverage to which it related? May this page meet his eye, and discover to him, at last, the true cause of my unceremonious behavior.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

THE STORY OF THE SHIRT:

HISTORIC STEPS IN FRENCH COSTUME.

“Le roi François ne fallit point
Quand il prît que ceux de Guise
Mettroient ses enfants en pourpoint
Et tous ses sujets en chemise.”
Sat. Ménipp.—Harangue de M. d'Aubrey.

M. QUICHERAT, in his wonderful work upon the history of costume in France, upon which he has been engaged for more than forty years, ascribes the reputation which the Gauls obtained from the earliest times for their skill in woven fabrics to the results of their commerce with the Phœnicians, and the settlements of Greek colonists upon their Mediterranean coast.

The authors of antiquity never spoke but with wonder of the stuffs which they wove, in various colors, in stripes, squares, and flowers.

From the time of their first contact with the Romans, the Gauls were represented as having a costume which distinguished them from every other nation of Europe. The style of it certainly was due to the Asiatics. They wore close-fitting trousers; leather shoes with thick soles; a small, square mantle, under which the body and arms were entirely bare. The Latin has preserved the names they gave to these garments: *sagum*, for the mantle; *bracæ*, for the trousers, from which the French *braies*, the Scotch *breeks*, and the English *breeches*. The shoes were styled *gallicæ*, which became the French *galoches* and the English *galoshes*.

History and archæology are barren of records as to the dress of women among the Gauls. Classic art is very little to be depended on whenever it represents barbarians, as correctness was usually sacrificed to artistic effect. The most important monument in this respect is that in the Villa Ludovisi, of which there is a copy in the park at Versailles. It represents a vanquished Gaul plunging into his breast the dagger with which he has just slain his wife. The latter is dressed in a *sagum*, the dimensions of which do not exceed those of a neckerchief, and a short, sleeveless tunic which covers a skirt falling down to the feet. The Roman arch at Orange, commemorating the triumph of Marius over the Cimbri, shows us two other women with a single mantle above a skirt, the body being bare as far as the waist. The same mantle with a flap drawn over the head is found in the bass-reliefs on the frieze of the tomb called *Amendola*, in the Museum of the Capitol at Rome; a beautiful work in which the little Gauls are represented playing in childish light-heartedness around their captive and desolate mothers.

After the Roman conquest the usages of the Gauls by degrees assimilated with those of the conquerors, who were the best administrators the world has ever seen. The quality of Roman citizen, which from step to step might lead to the highest offices of the state, was a reward to the provincials for public services, which Cæsar lavishly bestowed. Those obtaining it adopted the Ro-

man dress, which in some degree affected those of the other classes. The influence of the provinces, on the other hand, in the matter of colors, was such that in the second century Aurelian permitted all except the imperial purple to be used by women. Hitherto the *stola* and the tunic of Roman women of the better classes had always been white, colors being regarded as a sign of poverty, loose character, or of barbarism.

The distinction between the Romans and the inhabitants of the provinces ceased during the third century by the extension of citizenship to all the free subjects of the empire. Thereafter the old Roman costume, except as a mark of high office, was no longer in vogue in Gaul.

For women, the fundamental garment was a large and flowing one of linen, with a tunic reaching to the heels. In the fourth century the arms were bare or covered only by the folds flowing from the arm-holes, but in the fifth century they were always covered with close sleeves attached either to the outer or to the under tunic. In 1851 there was discovered, at Martres-de-Veyres, the tomb of a woman of the fourth century, of high rank. The corpse was in perfect preservation, and was lying face downward. The hair was of a dark chestnut, six feet in length, and separated at the end into four locks. The body was covered with four tissues of wool, which unfortunately were removed in layers without taking note of the form of the garments which they made. All that is known is, that a single piece enveloped the middle, and that the others covered the body from the neck to the feet. The outermost was fringed and of coarse appearance; the next was finer; the last, of altogether delicate workmanship, contained threads of gold and of silk. The museum at Clermont retains the slippers on the feet of the skeleton. These are of leather, pointed and raised in front, with no quarters, and with a thick sole made of cork.

In the Merovingian era, from the fifth to the sixth century, accounts of the costume are highly contradictory. The Roman monuments, which prove little in themselves, represent the women with bare arms. But what makes it more likely that this is in accordance with the fact, is the extreme severity with which the Salic law punished the laying of hands upon the arms of a free-woman. This offense brought upon the culprit a fine equal to that imposed for stealing an ox.

In the time of Charlemagne the illuminations of the manuscripts represent the women invariably as wearing two robes with a *man-teau* thrown over the head in the manner of a veil. The outer robe, provided with large, short sleeves, is flowing, often open half-way up, leaving uncovered the under robe, which sweeps the ground and has close sleeves.

In the early feudal times their costume had little changed from that of Charlemagne. A caprice of the tenth century consisted in tucking the flaps of the tunic in the girdle in such a way that the skirt fell in front and behind in folds like those of a bed-curtain.

Of the two tunics with which the body was clothed, the under was called *chainse*, the outer *blaud*. *Chainse* is, in very old French,

a masculine form of chemise; *bliaud*, becoming *bliaude* in the feminine, gave origin to the modern *blouse*.

The *chainse* was most often of white linen: "Blanc comme chainse" was a proverbial saying. The *bliaud* was made of woolen or silken stuff, and came down as far as the feet. During the tenth and eleventh centuries it was cut so as to form several great folds at the sides, but was tight in front and over the loins. It had large, open sleeves, which showed the arm covered with the artistically-folded sleeves of the *chainse*.

The part played by this latter garment in the history of French costume is an interesting one to follow. The Imperial Treasury at Vienna possesses a *bliaud* and a *chainse* whose date is fixed, by an inscription in the embroidery, as of the end of the twelfth century. The *chainse* is of fine linen. A square neck-piece of silk, richly embroidered, adorns the upper part, with a button for the flap of the opening. A wide border of violet silk, embroidered, at the bottom and at the wrists, further ornaments it, while two bands of blue silk, also embroidered, cross the sleeves in the middle.

The men continued to wear the *braies*, and on horseback they wore a *chainse* open at the sides half-way up, and, the *bliaud* being drawn up, it looked like two streamers of white linen flapping about the legs of the horseman. The effect was not bad, but it was dangerous in case of losing the stirrups. For war the inconvenience of these flying skirts was manifest, and many cavaliers refused to follow the style. The costume for the two sexes remained long, but in the middle of the fourteenth century there was a change in the number and in the cut of the garments. Moreover, it departed from the essential principle, which, up to that time, was that it should be of two pieces only. People had become more delicate, and experienced the need of covering the body more. The *chainse* was transformed into the *chemise*, in the sense we understand it, a fundamental garment of linen, which every person of condition wore next the skin.

The under-robe was ordinarily of wool and called the *cotte* (coat). Different names designated the outer robe, the most usual term being *surcot*. The latter had short sleeves for the women, showing those of the *cotte*, which was otherwise covered. As for the chemise, it was entirely covered, as at present. The later artifices to display this garment will be shown in their place, but one remark in this connection may be made, which applies to all the linen of the toilet. In modern times we esteem it white only when it is heightened by a bluish tinge. When it is in the least yellow it is insufferable, and is at once sent to the wash-tub. In the thirteenth century, on the contrary, it was the yellow tinge that was sought after, and the use of saffron for all linen was in vogue. It was even esteemed a mark of beauty in the complexion, and a poet complains of the

"Saffrens et estranges colours
Qu'elles metent en lor visages."

Very soon the *surcots* were worn without a girdle, and means were taken to show the body of the *cotte* by openings in the sides,

through which was seen not only the *cotte*, but the richness of the girdle, which now was worn upon the under-garment.

The *élégantes* of the time profited by these openings to show the chemise by means of other cuts in the *cotte*. And (who would believe it?) there were those who continued the slashes even upon the chemise, so that the whiteness of the skin beneath might be perceived—

"Une autre laisse, tout de gré,
Sa char apparoir au costé."

This sufficiently explains why the preachers called the slashes of the dress "windows of hell."

There was, afterward, a sort of *cotte* without girdle and open at the top (*sorguanié*), to show the bust. This was what the women of Languedoc wore laced in front, through the lacings of which were shown the folds of a chemise, gathered, frilled, and embroidered in silk and gold. In the last years of the thirteenth century a law was passed forbidding laced *cottes*, as well as embroidered chemises. Brides only, by tolerance, were allowed the latter on the wedding-day and for a year after, not a day longer.

Jacques de Vitry, the greatest preacher of his day, who afterward became cardinal, had previously set down in the list of diabolic trades the manufacture of chemises too finely ornamented. The moralists had always waged the war against scandalous fashions upon the wearers. This one attacked the makers. He menaced with eternal damnation those who ministered to the frivolity.

It was not until the middle of the fourteenth century that the influence of Spanish modes brought about a change in French costume. Except with the clerks and the clergy, who retained the "long robe," short garments replaced the long tunics. The outer garment, reaching to the knees, was called the *jacquet*, the under-garment the *pourpoint* or *gipon*, the one opening at the front, the other at the side. The chemise, shortened like the rest, became universal. The opposition to such a radical change was violent, as may be imagined. The chronicler of St.-Denis looks upon the defeat at Crécy as a punishment for the wicked pride displayed by his countrymen: "And for this, no wonder that God wished to chastise the excess of the French by his scourge, the King of England." Another chronicler is of a different opinion. Instead of seeing in the disaster of Crécy the consequence of the change of style, he pretends that this change was only a preparation for the disaster. "The nobles," he says, "put themselves in light trim in order the better to run from the enemy."

At the close of the next century the wretched state of the country, and the example of Louis XI., put a great check upon the extravagance in dress. In prosperous Burgundy, however, the opposite state of things prevailed.

Speaking of the shortness of the dress of the men, which exposed the lower limbs, the chronicler of Arras, Jacques Duclercq, continues: "And with this they have the sleeves of their robes and of their *pourpoints* cut open in such a manner that their arms show through a thin chemise, which chemise

has a large sleeve." These openings in the sleeves to allow the chemise to protrude were something new. But the style had come by degrees. The object of the slashes was at first to show that the sleeves of the robe or jacquet, were actually of the same material as the body. It was but another step to follow the same course and by other openings to show the sleeves of the chemise. This honor paid to the chemise came from the perfection to which linen fabrics had arrived in the fifteenth century. Holland produced linens of wonderful fineness and whiteness. The additional merit of costliness assured their success as an article of luxury. The linen, at first exhibited upon the arms, was shown afterward upon the body, the shoulders, and even the thighs, by the always increasing number of slashes.

In the France of Louis XI., novelties were very slowly introduced in the dress of the women, which continued to fit closely to the body and arms. Only to the low cut which had been introduced in front was added another at the back. The neck or shoulder piece of gauze, which went all around the part thus opened, took the name of *gorgias*, which name soon became used in other meanings very common up to the seventeenth century. A *gorgias*, or a *gorgiasse*, was a man or woman who dressed in a provoking and pompous manner. The English "gorgeous" and "gorgeousness" came from this word.

At the death of Louis XI. we may regard the middle ages as ended, and its costumes as well. The freedom of the body from the restrictions of the garments became the rule. Another modern symptom was the effort to unite economy with splendor. Hitherto the very linings of the garments were, apparently as a matter of conscience, of the most costly material. Queen Anne, of Brittany, had her *cottes* lined with linen, with a border of silk, more or less wide at the bottom of the skirt and wrists. From the economies to the tricks of the toilet is but a step, and these last have been faithfully recorded by the satirists of the fifteenth century. The

"... paltry cis-Atlantic lies,
That round his breast the shabby rustic ties,"
which Dr. Holmes so vigorously stigmatizes, excited poetic wrath four hundred years before his day. The gallants with slender purses of the time of Charles VIII. showed through the opening of the *pourpoint* a fine handkerchief instead of the costly shirt. But, on the other hand, as Coquillart says, the latter was often "as large as a meal-bag"—

"Mais la chemise elle est souvent
Grossee comme un sac de moulin."

The language became rich in terms applied to those who sought notoriety by exaggerations in dress. The *bragards*, from which we get our "braggart," though the etymologists don't mention it, were those who turned their attention to the garment called *braies*, and displayed a fold of the chemise between it and the *pourpoint*.

In the sixteenth century, in spite of the edict against the use of gold and silver in the apparel, we find Blaise de Montluc's description of a chemise ornamented with crimson silk and embroidered with gold

This ornamentation could be seen only at the collar and wrists, as the chemise was entirely covered by the pourpoint. The collar was turned down, and was adorned not only with embroidery of gold, but also with pearls. This lasted till the end of the reign of Henry II., when a return was made to the frilled collar, which had already been tried in 1540.

A hundred years later the dimensions of the pourpoint were greatly diminished, and the slashes fewer in number. There were so many fashions in regard to it that the tailors could scarcely respond to the demands upon their ingenuity.

Under Louis XIII there were either two or four cuts up and down the pourpoint, through which the snowy folds of the chemise escaped :

" Rendolt en beaux boufflons neigeux,
Comme petits flots escumeux."

Richelieu, on account of their foreign manufacture, had introduced an edict forbidding the use of laces which ornamented the collar and sleeves of the chemise. But the passion for them was so strong that Tallemant des Réaux relates the story of a certain Pardailhan who, when about to reach the house in which he meant to pay a visit, closed the curtains of his coach in order to put on his laces. His visit finished, he removed them in the same manner. In the early years of Louis XIV. and after the death of Richelieu, the rage for laces took on a new fervor. The very minuteness of the prohibitions of the new edicts was taken advantage of in evading them. Thus, laces being specifically forbidden at the neck and wrists of the chemise, the ingenuity of fashion succeeded in applying them at another portion in a manner which is thus set forth in the "Lois de la Galanterie Française" of 1644: "You must know that what they call a *jabot* is the fall of the chemise over the stomach, which must always be shown with its ornaments of lace, for it is only your old dotard that goes buttoned all the way down."

Now, the "*jabot*" is properly the crop of a bird, and whoever has noticed the appearance it presents in a young bird before it is covered by the feathers, will see how the word came to be applied to the fold of the chemise which escaped from the pourpoint.

Later on, the pourpoint was shortened, and the waist lowered to allow a great puff of the chemise to encircle the body. The effect at first was ridiculous, because it seemed at every step as if the essential garment below was about to drop off, and when worn in the street it was greeted with childish shouts of warning. But, as there is nothing to which fashion does not reconcile us, the style was soon carried to the extremest lengths. Later on in the same reign, the pourpoints, which had already lost one-half of their bodies, had two-thirds of their sleeves cut away. Nothing was more appropriate than the name of *brassière*, which Molière applied to them. From the shortening thus effected, the chemise gained on the arms as well as upon the body what the outer garment had lost. But it may easily be supposed that, with so much exposure as this, the chemise alone could not protect the body against the cold. Un-

derneath it a *camisole* and an under-chemise were worn.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century rich laces, *tours de manches*, ordinarily in three rows, bordered the short sleeves of the dress of the *grandes-dames*, and lace *poignets* the sleeves of the chemise, although they stopped very much above the wrists.

In the first quarter of the last century the *veste*, which had earlier replaced the pourpoint, was opened above and half-way down, displaying the chemise and the *cravate*. This last, which owed its origin to the Croats who served in the armies of the king, was of linen or muslin, with very long and voluminous ends hanging down in front. It is the prolongation of the *cravate* which gave the idea of the *jabot*, as the term is now used. A black ribbon knotted over the throat, or a collar of muslin fastened behind, having replaced the pendent *cravate*, a frill of lace was placed upon the chemise, which kept up the appearance of the folds of the *cravate* that had hitherto protruded from the opening of the *veste*.

With both sexes the exposure of the chemise upon the body and on the arms reached its greatest height at the latter part of the preceding century. The closing years of the eighteenth century witnessed, in the costume of the *incroyables* of the Directory, a reduction of this exposure to an extent just sufficient to show the place where a golden breast-pin, with a jeweled head, was fastened.

The ruffles and frills of the earlier years of the Empire and the Restoration have ceased to be worn by the Frenchmen of the present day, while with the women the garment is no longer a visible part of the costume, although it is not regarded, as by some of their English and American sisters, as one not to be mentioned in polite society.

A PARTING.

"GOOD-BY, then!" And he turned away,
No other word between them spoken;
You hardly could have guessed that day
How close a bond was broken.

The faint, slight tremor of the hand
That clasped her own in that brief parting,
Only her heart could understand,
Who saw the tear-drops starting—

Who felt a sudden surge of doubt,
Come rushing back unbidden o'er her,
As with the words her life without
His presence loomed before her.

The others saw, the others heard
A calm, cool man, a gracious woman;
A quiet, brief farewell, unstirred
By aught at all uncommon.

She knew a solemn die was cast,
She knew that two paths now must sever;
That one familiar step had passed
Out of her life forever.

To all the rest it merely meant
A trivial parting, lightly spoken;
She read the bitter mute intent,
She knew—a heart was broken!

BARTON GREY.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT is quite possible that the old saying, "Beware of the man of one book," has very generally been misunderstood all these years. It is at least by no means certain that the usual interpretation is the idea intended to be conveyed. Perhaps, instead of an admonition to fear the thoroughness of the man of one study or one specialty, the saying meant to imply that the man of one book is to be avoided as a tremendous bore, as a fellow wholly one-sided, with narrow and disproportionate ideas of things. But, whatever may have been the original purport of the maxim, it is entirely certain that the saying will bear the definition we have suggested. From some points of view it looks as if it were altogether the wisest construction to be put upon it. If catholicity of taste and largeness of judgment are important intellectual conditions, then we must look upon the man of a single study as one incompetent to fulfill his duties toward society in an adequate and satisfactory manner. And yet, as we all know, there are very decided reasons why there should be men closely devoted to special studies. The arts and sciences are too difficult for a man to do more than completely master one or two of them in the short period of life that is given him; and hence it is obvious that there must be men of "one book," if the race is to achieve perfect knowledge and mastery of its surroundings. This necessity has impressed many persons so deeply that we hear on all sides utterances as to the urgency of thoroughness in a few things rather than a superficial knowledge of many things. It is declared that the vice of the age is the habit of half learning things, and that in America, especially, the thing most incumbent upon educators at the present moment is, to insist upon a few things well learned.

If there is any mistake in this attitude it is in assuming that a principle which is forcibly applicable to all professional persons is also applicable to all laymen. It is indeed true that every lawyer, every physician, every engineer, every chemist, every naturalist, every artisan, should each bend his energies to the mastering of his chosen pursuit. Half knowledge in one's profession is wholly inexcusable. Half knowledge in any thing in which full knowledge is requisite, by one's position or one's profession, is not to be tolerated. But outside of one's special pursuit, why should one not seek to obtain a sort of general conception of other arts, sciences, and professions? As it is simply impossible ordinarily for one to have more than a slight knowledge of a majority of the sciences, there is assuredly no reason why he

may not get at least this surface knowledge. Our happiness, our ability to enjoy the society of our fellow-men, largely depends upon our capacity to know something of many things. A man should know enough of drawing and the laws of color to enjoy works of art; enough of the principles of music to appreciate the compositions of the great masters; enough of astronomy to comprehend the general laws of the solar system; enough of ethnology to be entertained by the history of races; enough of natural history to awaken a zest in the habits and strange facts of animal life; enough, in brief, of all of the arts and sciences to enable him to feel an intelligent interest in all that they have accomplished. What service, we may ask, would specialists render the world if every man were solely absorbed in one study, so wrapped up in his own purposes as to be cold and indifferent to every thing done by others? There must be a class on the alert to know something of many things, in order that the labors of specialists may be of any avail. Imagine a party of a dozen one-ideaed men at dinner—without a single ground of common sympathy upon which all could meet! Great as might be the achievements of each in such a group of *savants*, one would prefer the society of the most confirmed smatterers in the world. Smattering is innocent enough just so long as it does not pretend to be any thing more—just so long as it is the result of a mental activity which is not content in being wholly in the dark as to matters going on in the world. Let us say here that our knowledge of a thing should be sound as far as it goes. A man may acquire very little, yet that little ought to be and may be accurate, it may be discriminating and just, and it should be in its degree the truth.

Of course we do not object to, indeed, would urge, the utmost thoroughness practicable. The question we raise is, whether men and women are to be exhaustively cultivated in a few things, or partially cultivated in the whole range of studies. Should we know every minute fact in a few sciences to the exclusion of the large, general facts of all the sciences? Is it not well to know the outlines of some arts rather than not to know any thing about them at all? Every well-developed character should be many-sided, hospitable to all forms of thought, and alert to all aspects of taste and study, even if it necessarily must touch some of the things it comes in contact with only superficially. It is only, as we have already said, your fool that, in imagining his half glimpse whole knowledge, renders catholicity of study in the eyes of certain people something to be deplored. We cannot get rid of the fools; it is necessary, indeed, that we ourselves

should be on guard so as not to mistake superficial for exhaustive knowledge; but he whose mental survey commands an extended and varied prospect, even if he does not know accurately all the minute phases of the blended view, is better fitted for intellectual and æsthetic enjoyment than he who has shut up all his faculties and all his sympathies in one narrow road.

In Mr. Charles Reade's concluding letter to the *Tribune* on international copyright there is the following in regard to the abundance of material for the purposes of American authors:

"What is the position in the world of the American writer? Does he keep pace with the American patentee? Why, it is a complete contrast: one is up, the other is down; one leads old nations, the other follows them; one is a sun diffusing his own light over his own hemisphere and ours, the other a pale moon lighted by Europe. Yet the American mechanical inventor has only the forces and materials our mechanical inventor can command; whereas the American writer has larger, more varied, and richer materials than ours. Even in fiction, what new materials has the English artist compared with that goldmine of nature, incident, passion, and character—life in the vast American Republic? Here you may run on one rail from the highest civilization to the lowest, and inspect the intervening phases, and write the scale of man. You may gather in a month, amid the noblest scenes of Nature, the history of the human mind, and note its progress. Here are red man, black man, and white man. With us man is all of a color, and nearly all of a piece; there contrasts more piquant than we ever see, spring thick as weeds; larger and more natural topics ring through the land, discussed with broader and freer eloquence; in the very Senate the passions of well-dressed men break the bounds of convention, and nature and genuine character speak out in places where with us etiquette has subdued them to a whisper. Land of fiery passions and humors infinite, you offer such a garden of fruits as Molière never sinned himself in, nor Shakespeare either! And what food for poetry and romance were the feats of antiquity compared with the exploits of this people? Fifty thousand Greeks besieged a Phrygian city fighting for a rotten leaf—the person of an adulteress, without her mind. This ten years' waste of time is a fit subject for satire; only genius has perverted it into an epic—what cannot genius do? But what was this, in *itself*, and what were the puny wars of Pompey and Cæsar compared with a civil war, where not a few thousand soldiers met on either side to set one Pompey up, one Cæsar down; but armies like those of Xerxes encountered again and again, fighting, not for the possession of a wanton, nor the pride of a general, but for the integrity of a nation and the rights of man? Yet the little old things seem great, and the great new things sound small. *Carent quia vate sacro.*

"The other day man's greatest feat of labor was the Chinese Wall. It is distanced. An iron road binds hemispheres together. See it carried over hill and dale, through civilized and uncivilized countries; see the buffaloes glare and snort, and the wild tribes gallop to and fro in rage and terror as civilization

marches, with sounding tread, from sea to sea. See iron labor pierce the bowels of the mountain, and span the lake's broad bosom. It creeps, it marches, it climbs, it soars, it never halts; the savages arm, and saddle their wild steeds; they charge, they fire, they assassinate, they wheel about, with flaming eyes and flying arrows; then civilization takes its rifle in one hand, and its pick in the other, and the labors of war and peace go on together, and still the mighty iron road creeps, climbs, and marches, from hemisphere to hemisphere and sea to sea.

"These are the world-wide feats that touch mankind, and ought to thrill mankind. Yet they go for less than small old things done in holes and corners. *Carent quia vate sacro.* For there where the soil is so fertile, art is sterile. Few are the pens that glow with sacred fire; few great narrators, and not one great dramatist. Read the American papers—you reel in a world of new truths, new fancies, and glorious crude romance, awaiting but the hand of art; you roll in gold-dust. Read their dramas or narratives. How French! How British! How faint beside the swelling themes life teems with in this nation that is thinking, working, speaking, and living, and doing every thing—except writing—at a rate of march without a present rival or a past parallel beneath the sun!"

This is all very eloquent, and will strike, no doubt, many minds as conclusive. But the fact is, that rich and varied as the material of American life may seem, there is something about it that does not readily translate into art. In all its manifestations that are distinctively its own, it is raw and crude, without atmosphere, so to speak, and without tone; and this is the main reason why American literature has been so lagging. We doubt if the absence of international copyright has had much to do with it; this may possibly have repressed it a little, inasmuch as English books in cheap reprints have in a measure taken possession of the reading public. But we know of no distinctly forcible American book that has failed to get a bearing, and no really strong writer that is without recognition. But that successful authors are few, is because it requires more skill and genius here to model national material into art-forms than it does in old countries. This makes the chances of success in literature here less, while on the other hand the professions offer to ambitious minds with us many more brilliant opportunities than they do in other countries. In brief, the social elements here are not very amenable to art while the intellectual forces nearly all tend to law, banking, medicine, and trade.

We have, moreover, one serious national defect. The genius of America is not dramatic. It is very active, as Mr. Reade eloquently describes, in a hundred things; it is inventive, it is inquisitive, it is scientific; it is even within certain bounds artistic; but its lack of dramatic passion and perceptual chills all high production in the domain of the imagination. It can write no drama.

it is only partially successful in the novel; and while our artistic genius is very charming in landscape, it is utterly weak in historic or dramatic composition. We have had grand orators, excellent historians, charming essayists, noble idyllic poets, but our novelists as a class have been inferior, and our dramatists utterly puerile. We may yet, however, hope for strong things. It does not follow, because the difficulties are great, that we shall not be able in time to overcome them. There are, indeed, indications that our writers are rising to the level of their tasks. Bret Harte has shown how art may manage the wild incidents of frontier life; and hence it may be believed that the turbulent conditions of other forms of our sharply-contrasted civilization may yet come under the control of dexterous hands; and in the land where the soil is so fertile, art, in the form to which Mr. Reade refers, may yet cease to be sterile.

THE English are a music-loving people, though England has never yet produced a composer of the first rank. Michael William Balfe has, among British subjects, attained the highest eminence; and he was an Irishman, nor was his greatest work—"Il Talismano"—fully recognized as a work of genius till after his death. England lost a good composer, though not a great one, in William Vincent Wallace; and gives promise of developing another of a higher order of talent, in Arthur Sullivan. But England has given to the world no Beethoven, like Germany; no Gounod or Auber, like France; no Rossini, like Italy. Yet, of all cities, London is the most hospitable to the lyric art. The most distinguished artists there receive the highest remuneration, and are rewarded by the most generous and substantial constancy. Hitherto, the London opera-goer, however, has been forced to put up with many discomforts. There may be some compensation to the English mind for the dinginess, the bad acoustics, the uncomfortable seats, the difficulty of access of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, in their venerable associations. Even the prosaic American finds gratification in the thought that he is sitting in the house where Kean stormed and Kemble strutted, which echoed the peerless voice of Malibran, and on whose boards tripped the lightsome Ellsler. Yet the Londoners have gradually awoke to the fact that their two great historic theatres are woefully dismal and barn-like; that their seats are cramped and angular; that they too often fail to render up to the listener's ear the sound sent forth from the actor's throat; that the modes of ingress and egress are curiously inconvenient; and that the neighborhood in which they stand is one of the murkiest and dreariest slums in

the town. So there is to be a new opera-house, "national" in design, in a cheerful quarter, built for comfort, convenience, and hearing, with ample provisions for emptying the house in the quickest possible time in the event of fire, and supplied with all the latest devices of luxury and elegant adornment. The first brick has just been laid on the Thames Embankment by Mademoiselle Tietjens, and ere long the "Franco-Italian" edifice will rise, with tower, colonnade, and balcony, adding one more to the group of noble piles which decorate either side of the Thames at Westminster. The plan is less ostentatious and more commodious than that of the Grand Opéra at Paris; for the English, while ambitious to emulate other nations in artistic elegance, are determined as well to be comfortable and safe. The new opera-house will be finished, it is said, in time for the operatic season of 1876; if so, it will be a feat of architecture, indeed. When it is done and in full use, it will be a satisfaction to the visitor to London to go to the opera, through wide and well-lighted streets, and not, as at present, by crooked ways and lanes, which are nests of thieves and haunts of wretched poverty.

MANY wise have been the "counter-blasts against tobacco" since the day of royal and pedantic James; and just now there seems to be a sort of anti-tobacco revival in England. A correspondent lately tried to wean smokers from their "blessed weed" by describing, with harrowing minuteness, the unpleasant method of manufacturing cigars in France; and now comes one erudite Dr. Drysdale, with an array of figures and a whole arsenal of dreadful medical terms, to prove that, unless tobacco is abandoned, the people will become dwarfs and idiots, commerce will dwindle and the coal-fields be exhausted, armies will cease to march and the factories subside into a dreary and hopeless silence. The doctor almost sympathizes with that African tribe in whose criminal code the use of tobacco is only a degree less heinous than murder. He complains that tobacco is a relic of barbarism, the gift of savages to civilization; he forgets that coffee, and spices, and green corn, and a hundred other things, are presents to us from the same humble source. What he does not prove is that the use of tobacco palpably and seriously diminishes length of life, stature, physical or mental vigor. It may be that an analysis of tobacco-smoke betrays the presence of a number of acids with long Latin names, "ethylamine," "pyridine," "viridine," and other elements no less terrible than mysterious to the ordinary smoker; but nearly three centuries of smoking in England has not perceptibly deteriorated the race which,

the *Spectator* assures us, is as large, as strong, as energetic, mentally and bodily, as ever it was. It may be added that cases of ruined health from the use of tobacco are more rare than deaths by many articles of food which Dr. Drysdale would never think of tabooing, and are mainly confined to cases of its use in excess. But the doctor's fulmination is against tobacco smoked; tobacco chewed is an unknown abomination in his country, and hence the direful effect of this use of the weed is not expounded by the worthy *savant*. Nor are the social nuisances connected with the use of tobacco—which we have so often touched upon—taken into consideration; and after all it may be questioned whether the infliction of tobacco-smoke and tobacco-saliva upon innocent persons is not as great an evil as the sanitary effects upon those who indulge; for in the one case a man is a voluntary sufferer by his own excesses, in the other he is the helpless victim of other people's intolerable selfishness.

OUR London letter of last week came to hand so late that it was hurried into print after a hasty reading, and hence one statement therein escaped our notice until it was too late to amend it. This was, that Mr. Charles Reade had "rushed into print in order to defend Colonel Baker, of indecent-assault infamy." Our correspondent was in error. Mr. Reade wrote a letter to the *London Telegraph*, not to defend Colonel Baker's conduct, but to prove by numerous citations from police records that the sentence of Colonel Baker—in regard to the supposed leniency of which there is a wide-spread feeling in England—instead of being lenient, as compared with other sentences of a similar nature, was really unusually severe; and Mr. Reade, instead of defending the culprit, thinks "it most proper a gentleman should be more severely punished for so heinous an offense." In justice to Mr. Reade, we think it incumbent upon us to make this explanation.

Literary.

THE task to which Professor Cocker has addressed himself in his "Theistic Conception of the World" * is no less than to vindicate Christianity and the Christian conception of the origin, method, and government of the universe against all assailants, whether the attack be based on metaphysical or *a priori* grounds, or on the "previsions" of physical science. To the performance of this task he brings carefully-trained logical powers, wide general culture, thorough familiarity with Biblical exegesis and the copious literature of metaphysics,

* The Theistic Conception of the World. An Essay in Opposition to Certain Tendencies of Modern Thought. By B. F. Cocker, D. D., LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

considerable acquaintance with the methods and data of the leading sciences, a vigorous and lucid style, and great fervor of conviction. He evidently believes that the issue between himself and the "advanced thinkers" of the period involves the very foundation of all religion; and he addresses himself to its discussion with every species of argument, and all the force of eloquence that he can command.

As a specimen of skillful dialectics Professor Cocker's book is admirable, but it is open to criticism in several minor points. It was incumbent upon him to deal with science as it really is, and not merely with his particular version of science; yet we doubt very much whether scientific men would, with any degree of unanimity, accept his *dicta* concerning the "tendencies" and "conclusions" of science, for it would be easy to establish almost any conclusions if we followed Professor Cocker's plan of stating a proposition, citing in support of it those who it is well known advocate such opinions, and ignoring the fact that others equally eminent hold radically opposite opinions. Another similar feature of the professor's argument is the facility with which he will quote an author in support of some proposition which he wishes to strengthen, and ignore him when he comes to a cognate proposition which he wishes to refute. For example, Mr. J. S. Mill is quoted with great satisfaction in support of the argument that the uniformity of Nature is an induction from experience and not a primary intuition, but it is nowhere intimated that Mr. Mill held that the other so-called "primary intuitions," for which Professor Cocker is more zealous, are "inductions from experience" also.

"The Theistic Conception of the World" is an able book, well worth the attention of thoughtful readers; but its chief value lies, perhaps, in the indication which it affords of the extent to which Christian metaphysics are being influenced by the progress of scientific discovery.

"THE CALDERWOOD SECRET," by Miss Virginia W. Johnson (New York: Harper & Brothers), is another illustration of the incongruity which results from the attempt to construct a romance out of the crude materials of our every-day American life. Somehow an old family, with a long pedigree beginning with a mysterious *émigré*, a venerable family mansion slowly crumbling into ruin, an ancestral curse operating through two or three generations, and a century-old will disemboweled from the interior of a Chinese idol, refuse to harmonize with the clatter of machinery, the broad daylight of common schools, and the fever of speculation on Wall Street. Had the scene of Miss Johnson's story been laid in Virginia, it might perhaps have been acquiesced in; but, when the *locale* alternates between a thriving manufacturing village on the banks of the Delaware and St. George's Square, New York, the obstacles encountered are too much for the imagination. The sense of incongruity is deepened, moreover, by the characters to whom is intrusted the working out of the plot. These are, or are intended to be, typi-

cal Americans of the period, to bind whom in the fetters of romance would require rather more ingenuity on the part of the author than was displayed by Theodore Hook in his derivation of pickled cucumbers from the prophet Jeremiah.

Aside from this fundamental error, the story is well constructed and fairly readable throughout. Miss Johnson conceives her characters clearly, and possesses considerable power of delineation. Anstice is, perhaps, too pale-bued a heroine to catch the reader's fancy, but Andrew Keith and his daughter Maggie are thoroughly good portraiture, as are also the three Buckley Calderwoods, and the star-gazing clergyman and his wife. We never expect the hero of a woman's novel to be more than a highly-respectable aggregation of epithets, and Eugene Dillon acts his part in the present story about as well as most other characters of his type. The servant, Ann, would be a very good portrait but for a touch of *grotesquerie* at the close. Irishwomen don't go mad nowadays over the death of a mistress, and, if they did, their madness would hardly take the form of decorating a grave with flowers.

Miss Johnson's style is so good that it would really be worth all the trouble it would cost her to eliminate a few pet mannerisms into which she has fallen—for instance, the perpetual linking of her "scenery" to the particular mood of some one of her characters, or to some critical circumstance of her story. We might, indeed, renew our quarrel with the word "knightly;" but Miss Johnson, like other Southern writers, evidently uses it as a local euphemism for a man who keeps his face and hands clean, who lifts his hat to a lady, who resists all temptation to lie, cheat, or steal, and who indulges in fine sentiments toward the gentler sex.

THE papers which for some months past have been appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine* under the title of "The Abode of Snow" have been gathered into a volume, and reprinted in this country by G. P. Putnam's Sons. During the course of the publication of the series in *Blackwood* we several times gave our readers a proof of their quality by extracts published in our department of "Miscellany." "The Abode of Snow"—a title derived from the literal meaning of Himalaya (*hima*, snow, and *alaya*, abode)—is the result of "observations on a tour from Chinese Thibet to the Indian Caucasus, through the upper valleys of the Himalaya," a ground of which the world has hitherto known very little, and which Mr. Andrew Wilson, the present traveler, describes with a good deal of spirit and graphic power. Mr. Wilson is the son of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, one of the oldest and most respected missionaries of India, and had made literary reputation previous to this work by a history of the suppression of the Chinese Tai-ping rebellion. His trip through the upper valleys of the Himalaya was undertaken partly for his health's sake, partly for pleasure, and partly, no doubt, in order to make a contribution to the world's knowledge of an unfamiliar region. Mr. Wilson is an admirable traveler. He is a good

observer and a good relator; he carries his reader into the spirit of his experiences, and paints the scenes that he witnesses in colors that transfer them effectively to the imagination of his listeners. The general outline of his travels is as follows: Starting from the Himalayan Sanitarium Mussoorie (Mussoori), he proceeded *via* Umballa to Simla, and thence struck off northeast, across the Himalayas, toward Chinese Thibet, which it was his first intention to explore. After passing through many hardships, he reached the town of Shipki, a Thibetan frontier-city of considerable importance. Here he was met by determined opposition from the natives, whom nothing could induce to allow him to proceed into Thibet, or even to remain in Shipki itself. He was obliged to turn abruptly westward toward Cashmere, and set forth on a novel route for that famous valley. He skirted the northern slopes of the Himalayas, at an elevation of nearly ten thousand feet, often traversing remote valleys and giddy passes never before trod by the foot of a European. All around him was an ever-changing scene, which for grandeur could be excelled by no other on the face of the globe. Now the reader descends with the adventurous traveler into a dark gorge overhung by precipices, with a foaming torrent for its bed, dimly seen through shadows and a film of rising spray. We are then taken along the crisp snow more than sixteen thousand feet above sea-level, and given a glimpse of a distant giant of the Himalayas towering some ten thousand feet higher still above us. We pass through Lahaul and solitary Zanatar, till the broad waters of the Jhelam appear before us, and we enter the charming vale of Cashmere. Thence Mr. Wilson continues his journey into British territory, and, passing through Abottabad and Peshawur, visits the Khyber Pass and a small part of Afghan territory.

The American publishers have evidently rechaptered the book, and in doing so overlooked some of the references in the preface, where we are referred to chapter twenty-nine for an explanation of how the phrase "abode of snow" is a literal translation of the Sanskrit compound "Himalaya;" and to chapter thirty-five for another matter, whereas the American edition contains but ten chapters, all told!

THE concluding paragraph of the *Academy's* excellent notice of General Sherman's "Memoirs" (written by Colonel Chesney) is as follows: "There were those among us, at the time of the great Civil War, who hoped that it would end in the independence of the South, not so much from sympathy for that side, as from the belief that, in the spectacle of two rival nations in the West facing each other across several thousand miles of border, there would be found a guarantee for the continued independence, if not the political supremacy, of England. Those who are still in that way of thinking must surely, we may hope, be few. Whatever may have been the merits of the quarrel, in the first place, the final issue of the war has been a blessing to the world. When we look at the state of Europe, and see how one great war becomes merely the forerunner of another, to be still more momentous and destructive; how we seem to be getting further

and farther from the chance of peace, as whole nations are taken away from the work of life to be used in the work of death, and the nearest way of killing our fellow-creatures occupies every day more and more attention—one might despair for the future of humanity if we could not turn to the opposite picture presented by the Western world. There, at any rate, we have an instance where a cruel war has yet led to a lasting peace; and in the spectacle of a great continent peopled by an undivided nation, which has had the firmness and fortitude to put down internal dissensions at any cost, we have surely a political condition which is immeasurably superior to that presented by Europe, where the different nations, all armed to the teeth, are only waiting for the chances of fortune to be on their side to fly at each others' throats. The condition of the United States shows, happily, that this degraded condition is not an essential condition of humanity. And men like Sherman, who gave up their peaceful occupations in soberness and sorrow, and took to war in order to make war impossible in their country for the future, are patriots in the truest and most noble sense."

MR. CHARLES READE makes the extraordinary statement, in his last letter to the *Tribune* on the copyright question, that one hundred and twenty thousand copies are not a very large sale for a book in this country, and that he has known books that have quadrupled that figure in a year's sale. We should be glad to know the titles of the books that have met with this remarkable success. We should like to hear, indeed, the titles of those that have reached the sale of one hundred and twenty thousand. With the exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," we can recall no book that has met with a sale in excess of the last-named figure. Of course, we are not referring to school-books. Instead of one hundred and twenty thousand not being a very large sale for this country, one-half the number is a very great success, and books of some of the most popular authors do not attain a sale of over thirty thousand copies. Mr. Reade is wild in his figures.

THE *Spectator* has a very poor opinion of the much-trumpeted "Speaker's Commentary" which was to rout secular exegetists, and place the theology of the English Church on the sure basis of demonstrated truth. It says, referring to the most recently-published volume: "Nelson, in reporting the rout of a Neapolitan army, said, 'They lost little honor in the battle, for, though they lost all they had, that was very little.' And the story recurs to us on reading the commentary on Isaiah in this volume; for we might say that small as have been the merits of the previous volumes, the demerit of the first half of this one is greater than could have been expected even in the 'Speaker's Commentary.' Whatever the promises in the original prospectus, every real student of the Bible knows that he need not look to that 'Commentary' for any thoroughly honest criticism, such as is available in all good commentaries on the classical literatures. Orthodoxy, not truth, is, we might say avowedly, the first object of the editors and contributors. In as far as orthodoxy coincides with truth, as it does in the main, these commentators uphold the truth with more or less, but generally considerable, learning and ability, though, being clergymen, it is mostly the homiletic side of the truth, with but indifferent appreciation of the great historical characteristics of Jehovah's chosen nation; but, wherever modern science has

shown that the old orthodox notions and phrases are not true in their literal, and still popular, acceptation—as in reference to the Creation, the Deluge, the longevity of the antediluvians, and many other unverified traditions—these orthodox errors are dressed up in language made to look as like as possible to that of honest criticism within the lines of modern thought and knowledge, but really meaning nothing, after all."

THERE is one species of American literature for which the *Saturday Review* can always find a word of praise, and that is the official publications of the State and Federal Governments. Of Dr. Elliot Cones's "Birds of the Northwest," published under the auspices of the United States Geological Survey, it says: "The book is one of reference rather than of use—for public libraries rather than for the private studies even of ornithologists; but it is a necessary link in that chain of information concerning the natural history and physical geography of their vast empire which the Federal and State authorities of the American Union have spared no labor or expense to amass, preserve in print, and render accessible to students who may digest it for the general reader, or to inquirers who may desire an answer to a particular question. As we have often said before, it is only by means of such liberal official patronage that this kind of knowledge could be collected and published; and it is chiefly, if not only, in these official reports that it is to be found." . . . The Rev. W. W. Gill has nearly ready for publication in London a work entitled "Myths and Songs of the South Pacific," which will contain a preface by Professor Max Müller. Mr. Gill, resident as a missionary for many years among the islands of the South Pacific, has taken down these myths and legends from the lips of the natives, and has, with great care, collated the several versions. . . . Among the autumn announcements of books of travel in London is "The Great Divide: A Narrative of Travels in the Upper Yellowstone," by the Earl of Dunraven.

The Arts.

VEDDER'S pictures are so rarely seen that when any one of them is exhibited in a public place it is the subject of much interest and comment. Vedder's position as an artist is a difficult one to define. Careful thought leaves it hard to discriminate whether it is his fancy which dominates his brush, or his knowledge of the expressiveness of paint that is superior to his poetical conception. He does not seem to possess great power in drawing or modeling the human figure; but, notwithstanding this lack, his people live in the memory longer than men and women whose hands are moulded to look like flesh and blood, or whose forms appear like veritable bone and muscle. Whether he is spiritual, sensual, or intellectual, we cannot define, nor whether his pictures are elevating or demoralizing. We incline to think the latter. At any rate, they are interesting, and they are always exciting. In two we have lately seen at Doll & Richards's, in Boston, one of them, a woman's head, makes us ask ourselves all these questions. Her flesh is pale and white, but it looks as if, should you touch the cheeks, they would be warm and soft.

Vedder understands, as we before remarked, the expressiveness of paint, for this flesh, not very well executed, derives its character and expression from the warm, red under-tint to it, which strikes the rough and permeates the heavy opaque white which forms the skin. We have often thought, when watching the eyes of a snake, a dog, a cat, or an ox, that it was only the tradition that they had no souls which made us deny to their pleading, shrinking, or magnetic personality, that attribute of man. The converse is not infrequently the case, and we have sought in vain to discern beneath the animal gleam, which lights the eyes of human beings in some cases, any indications of a higher personality. The eyes of Vedder's people make them appear to occupy this nondescript neutral ground, till we cannot say whether he intends them or not for the types of that strange phase of humanity deficient at the same time in human passion and in any immortal spark. In the same manner that Mr. Vedder compels this common red paint to express subtle heat and fire in his face, in this picture, he uses glazes and slight scumblings of purple and pale gray to describe and vivify a purple and white drapery about the shoulders of his subject, and make the modest and sober coloring gleam, and quiver, and sparkle, like lambent tongues of fire in the subtle recesses of the sea-waves.

This picture of a fair, young Greek woman, with laurel-leaves growing on a tree behind her, and draped in the pearly mantle, is called "A Sibyl;" but, from the perplexity it induces in the beholder, it might perhaps better be named "A Sphinx." The key to Vedder's pictures no one knows, so far as we can learn, and over and over again we ask ourselves whether tricks of paint he has discovered cause their production, or if, under an imaginative form, he intends to depict subtle and strange conditions of human consciousness.

The other picture is more comprehensible in its way, and is besides a very clever piece of composition of light and shade, texture and still-life. It is called "The Jewel-Box," and is a scene at a lady's toilet. Before a glass a sort of pre-Raphaelite woman, in girdle, brocade, and long drapery, which last hangs in heavy folds till it sweeps the floor, holds in her hands an open box, and around her are ranged all the fancy articles of a toilet. Beyond her stands a cabinet, curiously carved, and above it, half concealed and partially disclosed, is a tapestry of pale-green satin, embroidered with animals and flowers. The half light and dim shade in this portion of the picture form an admirable little "bit," especially combined as it is with various ornaments on the top of the cabinet, that give it crispness and sparkle. Behind the woman, and shutting off an inner room, hangs a red-pink curtain, and this is of the magical peculiar quality we notice in the mantle on "The Sibyl." Half like the sheen on clouds at sunset, the rich fabric glows as if in broad sunshine, or more particularly still as if it gleamed with its own inherent light. A brown-porcelain vase contrasts strongly with this background, and harmonizes this composition together into a very

agreeable whole. Treated in a commonplace way, this picture would have been most ordinary, but in Mr. Vedder's hand all the little details have variety and expression.

THE development of taste in household-art furniture is very interesting to notice. When Mr. Elliott's establishment was started in Boston, four or five years ago, the range of articles that he had studied out and manufactured was quite limited. From that time till this he has given the subject his special attention, and has examined all the old rooms and old furniture that he could get hold of abroad, with reference to its fitness and beauty. By this study and by continual thought, he has adapted more and more old articles to daily use in our American homes, till now his furniture exceeds in variety as well as suitableness that which is met with in the common styles of ordinary furniture.

In a visit to his rooms, a short time since, we saw a most charming exhibition of new American furniture made of the common woods of the country, chestnut, black-walnut, butternut, and oak, besides cherry, and even pine. They were decorated with slight carving, or with paintings and tiles made largely in this country, with designs of American vegetation or of animals. Here were tiles of pale-green ground-tint, with the common wild-rose and cat-o'-nine-tails painted charmingly upon them; and there were the decorations for lovely cabinets on which were ranged choice bits of china or charming glass. One of the pleasantest of these cabinets is of black-walnut, about eight feet high. It consists underneath of a cupboard closed with long brass hinges, in the panels of whose doors are set dazed robin's-egg-blue tiles. The shelves above the cupboard are some half-dozen in number, about eight inches deep and ten inches high. Slender square pillars at either end support the front of these shelves, while the back of the cabinet is formed of very smooth panels of the black-walnut. The top of this piece of furniture is formed of small, arched niches, the whole article being simply but sharply cut with incised ornament. To relieve any appearance of heaviness, the shelves of the cabinet are made of plates of thick glass, and the designer proposes to have small silk curtains, to match the color of the room, suspended on brass wires, to hang or to draw aside from the shelves of the cabinet. As Mr. Elliott had it in his rooms, this ornamental piece of furniture, so shallow as to be light in each part of it, was filled with *faïence* and other jugs, and with bits of Wedgwood-ware. In our parlors at present such articles as this are nearly essential, and Mr. Elliott's design makes them very convenient for showing the curiosities they contain; and they are unostentatious as compared with the ponderous bemirrored and be-marbled *étagères*, with shelves so deep that curiosities must be loaded on them two or three deep, to be lost in their recesses. The cabinet we have described is so small as scarcely to fill up or diminish the space even in a moderate-sized apartment, but withal it is so pretty in its honest ornament and its pleasant color, that it might be copied literally, for a bit

of "still-life," into the most charming picture.

Other very handsome pieces of furniture consist of a mahogany chamber-set—of a bedstead, bureau, and other articles—also of Mr. Elliott's adaptation. Mahogany is now quite a rare wood in our market, but these articles are made of solid boards, strips, rundles, and knots of the wood. The bedstead, which is low and very broad, has a foot-board consisting of a row of small pilasters, about ten inches high, prettily grooved, while the side-posts are decorated with bunches of Spanish acorns, in bass-relief, cut in little niches in the wood. The top, which is not very high, is beautifully ornamented with carvings of oak-leaves, pleasantly formal, and not so widely separated from the natural leaf as is apt to be the case with formalized ornament. Japanese tiles of storks and sprays of peach-blossoms complete this portion of the bedstead, which time will continually make handsomer as it deepens the color of the wood.

The bureau and large dressing-glass above it are as good as the bedstead, low and broad. Side-drawers, beside the looking-glass, have square tops above them, and solid, tasteful railings of incised mahogany promise protection to any scent-bottles or fragile things that may be left upon them. The pleasantest portion of this chamber-set consists of the slender and beautiful frame of the looking-glass, with the polished oak-leaved ornament of the slender pillars that support it; and the frame of the mirror is the most close reproduction of old styles—fashions in which former generations particularly excelled. Here, again, as in the cabinet we spoke of, Mr. Elliott designs to add the accessory of color and a different material, by hanging to a brass rod, across the top of the mirror, blue or green silk curtains which can be readily drawn aside to hang behind the handsome pillars that support the glass.

In all this household furniture there is scarcely one feature more excellent than the careful finish of the ornaments. To persons accustomed to, and disgusted with, rough flowers, fruit, or other objects "turned" by machinery, and always full of dust and ready to drop off whenever a dry or hot room warps the wood ever so slightly, the smooth, delicate surface of the little incised lines, curves, and, in the more elaborate articles, the fruit and flowers, give a refined pleasure. Apart from the fact that they can be kept delicately clean, the sense that the most simple decoration even has been cared for is a source of proper and honest satisfaction.

ALTHOUGH there has as yet been no formal opening of any of our picture-galleries, there are indications that the coming season is to be one of unusual interest. To give connoisseurs an idea of the high character of the importations, two or three new pictures have been added to the collection at Goupil's. The most important of the number is a painting by Hugues Merle, entitled "The Old Woman's Story." It is a large work, and forms a pendant to the "Fairy Tales," by this artist, which was exhibited at this gallery last season. The subject represents an old

lady seated at her cottage-door, surrounded by her grandchildren and their fair-faced mother, her daughter. There are six figures in the group, of which the young mother, with a naked baby in her lap, sits in the foreground, and a little girl standing at her side rests her head confidently on her shoulder. The action of the old woman is animated, and her hands are raised in an argumentative manner, as if to give expression to her story. The group is attentive to her words, and even the baby shows interest in the recital. There is a girl standing in the background, with her head showing above the old lady's shoulder; and a boy, a bright young fellow, wearing a white shirt and corduroy trousers, is seated at her side. The group is very cleverly composed, and, as a study of pretty children, aside from the interest which centres in the adults, there is much in it to admire. The face of the young mother is also charming, and this shows, as well as the other heads in the composition, the delicacy of touch, transparency of tone, and perfection of finish, for which the pencil of Merle is so justly famous. The painting of the baby, and the rich, warm tones of color given in the flesh-tints, are also fascinating features in the work. The subject is well kept together, and its story aptly expressed in the title.

Another clever work in the collection is a landscape-view representing the broad and expressive French school, by a young artist named Kogan. It is a forest-view, with a roadway leading off into the perspective, and a woodman's cottage in the distance. The forest is chiefly remarkable as a study of birches, but it assumes interest from the crisp style in which it is treated, and the dark shadows which are cast over the roadway by the afternoon sun. The picture is painted with great force, and is in every sense an artistic work. A. A. Anderson, a young American artist, who went to Europe last season, has a street-scene in Cairo, which is a fine example of architectural drawing and expressively painted. The regular opening at Goupil's will take place about October 15th.

At the Schaus Gallery, the most noticeable among the new pictures is an ideal head, "The Angel of Sorrow with the Crown of Thorns," by Alexandre Cabanel. The features are delicate, and are overcast with an expression of deep sadness, which is heightened in effect by a profusion of dark-brown hair falling over the brow. The crown of thorns is held to her breast in the upturned hands, and the broad-spreading pinions fill the background. The head is slightly inclined forward, as if mourning over the emblem of sorrow, but there is nothing painful in the carriage of the figure or its accessories. The face is painted with rare taste, the modeling is exquisite, and every line is drawn with the firmness and precision of a master-hand. Great attention has been paid to the foreshortening of the arms and the drawing and finish of the hands. They are painted in relief, and are as tender in texture and as transparent in tone as those of a child. One can almost see the blood as it

courses through the purple veins in those slender and perfectly-moulded fingers. The treatment of the hands is unquestionably the crowning achievement in the picture, as the face is in partial shadow, which precluded the introduction there of flesh-tints in high and diffused lights, for which Cabanel's pencil is so famous. The bust is draped with an under-garment of spotless white, which expresses purity, and perhaps sorrow, and an outer robe of a silken, pale-green texture, lined with pink. It must be admitted that "The Angel of Sorrow" showed faultless taste in her apparel, and a worldly longing after harmonious colors. The costume, notwithstanding the connection of the subject with ethereal things, does not disturb the harmony of the composition nor its exquisite expression of sentiment.

One of the largest pictures at present on view at Schaus's is by Du Paty, and illustrates an incident of the war between France and England during the "Campaign of the Island of Ré," in 1627. The subject represents the Marshal de Schomberg encamped with his troops around La Rochelle, when he receives orders to march to the relief of the Count of Toiras, whom the English had surrounded in the fortress of St.-Martin. The marshal has just received his orders, and appears seated in camp, in the midst of his officers, considering their import. Soldiers are grouped around in various attitudes, some in the act of examining their arms, and others marching in squads toward the beach. The quaint ships of the period, with sails bent, are riding at anchor in the offing, as if in readiness for the embarkation of the troops, and to sail. The picture is admirably composed, the drawing of the figures clear and forcible, and the perspective effect is excellent. There are no positive colors used in the work, but its brilliancy is nevertheless very remarkable. The sky is cloudy, and a gray tone, in consequence, pervades the landscape, which gives it an attractive as well as harmonious character. The work is treated in the broad and decisive method of the Spanish-Roman school.

THE artists are now returning to their studios for the season in considerable numbers, and several of them have already begun their winter's work. Constant Mayer, since his return to town, has finished a large picture in illustration of Hood's "Song of the Shirt." The scene portrayed is in an attic chamber, with a window looking out upon the house-tops of a great city, in the gray light of early morning. The sewer sits in a quaint old arm-chair with her work held in her left hand, and partly resting on her lap, while her right hand is raised in the act of tightening the stitch. Her eyes at the moment are raised as if the thought—

"Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,"
or of the wish for—

"A respite however brief!"

were uppermost in her mind. The woman has a sad but expressive face, and we can imagine that she may have been beautiful—as the poet says—before she had a heart to feel and break. The candle, which has

burned to the socket of the candlestick, tells the story of her weary work during the night, and the tired languor of her pose, together with the wan expression of her features, suggest the idea of exhausted nature. Her attire is well worn, but she is not in "unwomanly rags." Mr. Mayer in his portrayal has maintained the connection of the subject with the text very closely, but the painful features have been so toned down that one is not shocked as might have been expected from its literal rendering. The figure is well drawn, and the surrounding accessories are in perfect accord with it. The coloring is rich, and the cool gray light of early morning, which is diffused in the room, is introduced and handled with great judgment and feeling.

Music and the Drama.

AMERICANS have become so familiarized with the great powers of Ristori and Salvini in the histrionic art that they are prepared to accord a rare fruitfulness to Italy as the mother of noble actors as well as of singers. The coming of Rossi, whose reputation abroad is nearly if not quite as great as those of the former two, will complete for us our knowledge of a gifted triad, who have raised Italian dramatic art to a high place. While we would not forestall judgment derived from personal knowledge, the dignity of Rossi's place as a tragedian entitles us to give our readers some account of his life and career.

ENRICO ROSSI was born at Leghorn, in 1829, and, like all great artists, has had a stern struggle with his conditions before finally achieving his ultimate success. He was sent to the University of Pisa to pursue the study of the law, but the bias of his tastes showed itself unmistakably almost from the outset. Jurisprudence was neglected by the young enthusiast, and he constantly haunted the benches of the play-houses in obedience to an irrepressible instinct. The bent of his feelings finally culminated by his desertion of university-life, and uniting himself with a wretched band of vagabond players, who were then giving entertainments throughout the country towns of Tuscany. For some years he suffered and struggled in vain with his inauspicious surroundings, learning little more than the mere trivial details of his profession aside from that internal development which comes of all severe struggle.

The first vital impulse to his future greatness, as also to that of Salvini, his rival, came from Joseph Modena, an actor of striking creative genius, though but little known out of the limits of Italy. Shakespeare had not yet become known to the histrionic art of Southern Europe, and Modena was deprived of this key of international reputation, though in both Germany and France the Shakespearean tragedies had become recognized in spite of the war waged against them by the old school of classics. The example and teaching of Modena, who became deeply interested in his young compatriot, constituted the turning-point of Rossi's life. Genius, however individual and creative, nowhere displays itself more than in

the power it has of assimilating the work of other great minds, and perhaps no higher tribute could be paid to the obscure Modena than that so freely accorded to him by both Rossi and Salvini in the acknowledgment that to him they owed the model and suggestion of what they have since accomplished.

For a long time Rossi struggled unacknowledged, though conscious to himself of great advances in his art-growth, and getting constantly the same discipline which precedes effective power. At last he became attached to the Royal Company of Comedians playing at the court of Turin, and his ability attracted notice. Madame Ristori was a member of the same troupe, and it was owing to her mediation that he was selected as one of the representative company who proceeded to the first International Fair at Paris in 1855. It need not be said that the young and unknown artist acquired little beyond drill and experience by this tour. The attention of critics and public was so absorbed in the great duel between Ristori and Rachel that the subordinate actors remained unrecognized, and Rossi's genius, had it been tenfold greater, would have remained in the dark.

Our young actor, chafed and impatient, soon returned to Italy, with the determination of forming a company of his own, by which he could appeal to the world in a more successful fashion. Three years were devoted to the task, pursued under great difficulty of collecting and moulding a troupe to his purpose. The unequalled fitness of Shakespeare as a vehicle of displaying histrionic power had already attracted his notice, for Ristori had made one of her greatest successes in *Lady Macbeth*. Rossi devoted himself to the study of the English dramatist with great ardor, and finally became confirmed in his resolution to introduce the plays to the Italian stage, and make them his specialty. He had not only to overcome the difficulty of securing adequate translations, but of infusing into his company the new spirit and school of acting demanded by the Shakespearean drama. It was long before Italian audiences could be made to accept the romantic and daring conceptions of the English poet, set as they are in such an extravagant wealth of incident, with any thing like enthusiasm. Tastes modeled on the severe and narrow standard of Alfieri and his predecessors could hardly be made to appreciate the boundless imagination which laid heaven and earth under contribution for its material.

Playing month after month to empty benches did not discourage his purpose, though it reduced him and his actors, whom he had succeeded in inspiring with much of his own enthusiasm, to severe straits. Perseverance at last, however, reaped its reward, and it commenced to be whispered in cultivated and critical circles that there was a new revelation of dramatic possibilities in the Shakespearean performances of the Rossi company. The tide once turned, it set with an ever-increasing flood of interest and popularity, and "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Lear," "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Coriolanus," were stamped with the seal of general admiration and approval throughout the Italian Peninsula.

Determined to extend his triumphs abroad, Rossi, in 1866, took his Italian company to Paris, and he was at once acknowledged by the leading critics, among the chief of whom were Jules Janin, the art-father of Rachel, Sainte-Beuve, and Théophile Gautier, as a tragedian of marked genius and scholarship. He became a favorite with the French court and aristocracy, and the fashionable star of Parisian amusements. From Paris, then the European arbiter of art-matters, the tragedian proceeded to Spain, Portugal, and South America, where his acting produced great enthusiasm among the impressionable playgoers of those countries.

In 1873 Rossi played an extensive *répertoire* of Shakespearean pieces at Vienna, and thence proceeded to Berlin and the other principal cities of Germany. Nowhere has Shakespearean art and criticism absorbed more attention than in the literary centres of Germany. The profound, almost fantastic scrutiny given to the great conceptions of the English dramatist among the countrymen of Goethe, Lessing, Tieck, and Schlegel, makes the interpretation of them a more than ordinarily trying task before critical and cultivated German audiences. Rossi was successful in passing the ordeal, and was warmly welcomed as not merely a gifted actor, but as a subtle and searching Shakespearean student. The Italian tragedian has thus appeared before the principal publics of Continental Europe, and it only remains for him to obtain the verdicts of England and the United States. He will ere long make his *début* in New York, when theatre-goers will be enabled to judge for themselves on what foundation his great European reputation rests.

To Rossi, even more than Salvini, must be given the glory of having naturalized the greatest of dramatic poets in Southern Europe, where his name had hitherto been little more than a shining myth, or at best a closet poet, locked up except for the perusal of the scholar. This, if nothing else, will secure him a hearty reception among English-speaking audiences. Rossi's greatest performance is said to be that of *Hamlet*, a rôle unique in this, that, while any well-trained and thoughtful actor can produce it respectably, none but one of remarkable genius can interpret its deeper significance in a way satisfactory to cultivated audiences. While we forbear any thing like a prospective judgment or a guess at Rossi's effect on American audiences, we cannot refrain from copying an extract from a letter of Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, published in the *Athenæum*, and written from Italy in 1873:

"Last night, at the Teatro Paganini here, one of Italy's best living tragic actors, Ernesto Rossi, gave a performance of 'Amleto,' the Italian version of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet.' It is a finished piece of impersonation, careful, and very refined. The mingled awe and tenderness that prevailed, his manner toward the spirit of his father, the abstraction and melancholy of his demeanor throughout, the aroused look of wandering wits when answering those who address him during his assumed madness, evinced scrupulous study of the author's text, and great power of acting. The famous dialogue beginning 'To be or not to be,' was delivered with a concen-

trated earnestness of thought and impressed imagination that well merited the enthusiastic appreciation it received from the audience. Although extreme quietude marked the general tones and bearing of Rossi's declamation, yet he rose into noble energy when the passion of the diction demanded it, and his inflections of voice were varied and expressive. The fencing-match in the last scene was an exquisite piece of grace and manliness, while the closing touch of making the Danish prince stagger on to the throned seat, when effecting the death of his usurping uncle, and there towering above the mass of human ruin brought about by his kinsman foe, formed a picturesque and appropriate final effect to the drama. Ernesto Rossi's *Amleto* is a beautiful piece of acting, and forms an extremely interesting companion-picture of Italian Shakespearean representations to Adelaide Ristori's *Lady Macbeth* and Tomaso Salvini's *Othello*, of which latter I sent your readers a detailed description so long ago as January, 1864."

THE subject of music in the public schools is one on which the JOURNAL has had a word to say before, and assuredly it is a topic of no little public interest. The time has come when its treatment by the Board of Education furnishes matter of pleasure and congratulation. The slovenly and inefficient method, worse than its total neglect, in which it has been taught, has long called forth the reproaches of the friends of musical education. The Board of Education has become aroused to the facts of the case, and a radical reform is promised. A committee was recently sent to examine the system as carried out in the Boston schools, and, consequent on their report, a plan has been devised which promises to meet the wants of the public with an elaborate and well-devised machinery. Before this reaches the public, a chief superintendent of music, with eight assistants, will have been appointed, one for each district, to systematize the teaching of music. Each assistant superintendent will instruct the teachers in his or her district in the method to be pursued, and give such practical drill as may be necessary. The chief will exercise a general supervision over the whole, and see that there is a general unity of purpose and plan. This is the system carried out by the Boston Board of Education, and with such success, too, that celebrated musical visitors in Boston have declared that to hear the school-children sing in concert is not the least of the many pleasures to be enjoyed in the American "Athens."

Now that public action has been taken in New York, we may look for thorough and effective work in this important quarter. It will take some time, of course, to get the new system in good working order, but its fruits may easily be forecast. Lovers of music and musical education can appreciate the influence which will be exerted on popular taste, and, with the preparation of such a vast amount of material in the rudiments of singing and music, we may look forward to the time when Boston will no longer be able to say, with justice, that it has the only really great choral society in the United States. When the new system is thoroughly organized, we hope to say something of it at more length and in greater detail.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, September 14, 1873.

THE chief art-event of the past week has been the production of "Faust" at the Grand Opéra. This revival, which the wide-spread popularity of the work has rendered peculiarly interesting, has attracted more attention than that of any opera as yet performed at the new opera-house. Every thing that could be done in the way of *mise-en-scène* and costumes has been lavished upon it, and only three first-class singers were wanting to make the representation perfect. These, however, were unfortunately lacking. The scenery was really exquisite, and but for a certain lack of appreciation of the source of the libretto, the grand poem of Goethe, it would have been faultless. The first scene, the desolate chamber of the sage, presented, of course, no opportunity for splendor or display. In the vision of *Marguerite* at her spinning-wheel, Madame Carvalho decidedly spoiled the effect by keeping her wheel in motion. The weird effect of the tableau is only to be gained by total stillness. However, we owe a vote of thanks to Madame Carvalho for posing herself, and for not having a vulgar-looking chorus-singer dressed up to represent her, as is usual on the European boards. Miss Kellogg was, I believe, the first *Marguerite* who ever took her place in this opening scene in *propria persona*. The second act showed us a German village-street, with the quaint-pointed gabled-houses all decked for a festival, but there were no signs of the *Kirmesse* anywhere, neither booths nor shows. The beautiful chorus of the old men and the soldiers was sung by twenty performers in each division. The stage was thronged in every part with peasants, soldiers, burghers, etc., and the ballet, which was danced to the celebrated waltz-music, was charming and thoroughly characteristic and appropriate. Next came the garden-scene with walks and flower-beds and vast shady trees, but the atmospheric accessories were very poor, the moonlight coming all of a sudden just when it was wanted in very primitive fashion. I once saw "Faust" performed in Berlin when this act opened under the golden and rosy tints of a summer sunset; these faded away to give place to a cold gray twilight; the sky deepened and darkened by degrees, and the stars came forth one by one, and finally the moon rose, and the act closed under a flood of silver radiance. In the fourth act we had a scene in *Marguerite's* chamber which I have never seen represented on the American boards, and which is apparently introduced only to give *Sidiel* an opportunity to sing a second *aria*. Then came the cathedral-scene, very grand and imposing, a vast Gothic interior, seen in profile with the side of the altar, a dark, massive structure towering high in the air, and blazing with candles turned toward the audience. A low railing of white marble with an open portal surmounted with two statues stretched along one side; it was through this portal that *Marguerite* came to kneel beside the altar, while the other worshippers passed on into the body of the church. The street-scene, where the "Soldiers' Chorus" is sung and *Valentin* is slain, followed, and was the most beautiful of all. It showed the ramparts of an ancient German town, with a steep, ascending road in the background leading through a curved archway; the battlements, crowned with statues of warriors, crossed the stage at the back, while on the right-hand side towered a mas-

sive carved gate-way surmounted by a clock. The whole scene was as perfectly the Germany of the middle ages as can possibly be imagined. Down the steep road poured the returning soldiers, while the populace rushed forth on every side to greet them, and the little children followed behind them to see the show. The costumes of the soldiery were perfect reproductions of those in the prints of Albrecht Dürer. The fifth act opens with a scene, or rather a series of scenes, which are seldom or never given in America, the different phases of the Walpurgis night. The first, which probably was meant to represent the Witches' Kitchen, was very poor, the witches being represented by ballet-girls muffled up in long robes after the fashion of the spectral nuns in "Robert le Diable." The orgy amid the enchanted ruins that succeeded was a very splendid but perfectly commonplace ballet. No trace of the ghastly and supernatural element that hangs around this portion of Goethe's poem was to be found amid the glitter and gorgeousness of the dance. It was a superb spectacle—nothing more. The only novel feature introduced was a ballet of Egyptian dancing-girls with golden goblets, who represented the different phases of intoxication, some of them falling prostrate at the *finale*—an idea as unpleasant as it was new. The sudden change from the enchanted palace to the gloomy and spectral heights of the Brocken was well managed, but the apparition of *Marguerite* was brought in in very clumsy fashion. A rocky point, with *Marguerite* standing on it, was pushed in at one side, and then pulled off in very primitive style. I remembered how, in this scene in Berlin, the apparition had glided across the dark front of the mountain, a pallid form, with unmoving feet, and fixed, stony eyes, and a scarlet ring around the slender throat. *Marguerite's* ascent to heaven was very beautifully managed. Tier upon tier of white-robed, silver-winged angels were grouped amid the clouds and masses of rose-tinted vapor, and seemed to speed the ascending spirit on its way.

So much for the spectacular part of this interesting revival. As to the artistic portion thereof there is unfortunately but little to be said. To those who have heard the *Marguerite* of Nilsson, Lucca, and Kellogg, the *Faust* of Capoul, and the *Mephistopheles* of Faure, there was but little to attract in the cast at the Grand Opéra. Gailhard is nothing more than a tolerable representative of *Mephistopheles*, and poor, short, fat, vulgar little Vergnet was, notwithstanding his fine and powerful voice, an almost ludicrous representative of the fiend-tempted sage. In fact, when he threw off his robe and gray beard in the first scene, the natural impression was that, if Satan could not get up a better-looking young man than that, he might as well let it alone. As to Milolan-Carvalho, the first and original representative of the operatic *Marguerite*, she is no longer any thing more than a tradition of the past. She looks, it is true, surprisingly youthful and very charming, and she personated the character with great intelligence and delicacy. But her voice is nearly totally departed, her intonation is painfully uncertain, and her upper notes are weak and worn to a pitiable degree.

The revival of "*Faust*" well exemplifies the weakness of the Grand Opéra of Paris. We ask for art, and we are given a spectacle. Gounod at the Opera-House rivals Offenbach at the Gaîté. There are fine clothes and splendid scenery, innumerable supernumeraries, a monster chorus, and a gigantic *corps de ballet*. But better fifty nights of Nilsson than a

cycle of choruses and ballets. Better the one great genius, "Catalani and four or five puppets," than this dull level of magnificence and mediocrity. M. Halanzier boasts that he need not engage first-class artists. "Every son that I pay to Faure is so much out of my pocket," he remarked lately. "The public would crowd the Opera-House if I put a set of dancing-dogs upon the stage." Very good—then let us have the dancing-dogs by all means. Only we outside barbarians thought, when we heard of the great Opera-House, on which twelve million dollars had been already lavished, that it was intended to be a nation's art-temple, and not a mere money-factory for an enterprising manager.

Meantime, the musicians are hard at work. Ambroise Thomas has shut himself up in his country-seat to work unmolested at his opera of "*Francesco da Rimini*." The partition of his "*Psyche*" is said to be finished. Gounod is engaged in giving the last touches to a new oratorio entitled "*Geneviève*." The rehearsals of "*Aida*" at the Italian Opera-House are already commenced, though the opera is not to be performed till some time in April.

The new books of the week are neither particularly important nor peculiarly interesting. The Librairie Ghio announces a new edition (the ninth), with additions, of the secret papers and correspondence of the Second Empire, with fac-similes of the autographs of the Empress Eugénie, the emperor, and Marguerite Bellanger. These compromising documents were found, it may be remembered, in the Tuileries after the flight of the empress. André Sagnier has just issued a volume of military tales, by Emile Richebourg, entitled "*Honor and Fatherland*." Hachette has published "*Popular Tales of Great Britain*," collected and translated by M. Loys Brueyre. "*Le Bleu*," by Gustave Haller, which, illustrated by Carpeaux and preceded by a preface from the pen of George Sand, has been issued by Michel Lévy, is a philosophical romance, written to prove the possibility of platonic friendship between young persons of different sexes. Laeuchard has just published "*Les Mariages de Londres*," a new novel, by Pierre Sandrié. The *Figaro* is shortly to commence the publication in its columns of a new novel, by Xavier de Montepin, entitled "*The Secret of the Countess*."

Art-discoveries have been rife in Paris of late, the most important (if authentic) one being that of a contemporaneous portrait of Jeanne d'Aro, painted by a Scotchman named Power. This invaluable picture was recently discovered in a garret among a number of old and worthless paintings, belonging to an ancient but impoverished family. A committee of experts has been appointed to examine the portrait, and, should they decide favorably as to its authenticity, it will be purchased by the government and will be placed in the Louvre. Another discovery was made by the workmen who were engaged in digging the foundations for the new Church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre. It consisted of an oak coffer, bound and clasped with iron, which contained an illuminated *livre d'heures* in manuscript and in a perfect state of preservation. This precious relic is to be placed in the Musée de Cluny.

General Frossard, the former tutor of the prince imperial, who died a short time ago, has left recorded in his diary an estimate, by no means flattering, of the talents of his royal pupil. He declares that his abilities do not appear to him to surpass "a good medium," and that, in a *bourgeois* class of twenty or thirty boys, he would rank tenth or twelfth. His

only decided talent, in those earlier years of which the general writes, appeared to be for drawing. Perhaps this last of the Napoleons may settle down into a peaceful artist after all. His projected alliance with a Swedish princess appears to be somewhat apocryphal, as the "*Almanach de Gotha*" bears no traces of the existence of any such person as the reported bride-elect. The present King of Sweden has no daughters; he has, however, a sister, but she is about forty-five years of age, and, consequently, nearly as old as the young gentleman's mamma.

The gossip of the theatres informs us that Théodore Barrière's comedy, now in rehearsal at the Vaudeville, is called "*The Scandals of Yesterday*," and is said to be a very powerful work. Alexandre Dumas is said to have nearly finished his great piece for the Comédie Française. He has changed its title from "*Monsieur Candoulet*" to "*L'Etrangère*," or, rather, its title remains still undecided. Emile Augier contributes this season, not only a new comedy to the Vaudeville, but one to the Palais Royal. It is hard to imagine how this graceful, scholarly writer could ever adapt his style to the coarse tastes of the frequenters of this latter theatre. Théodore Barrière, besides the comedy for the Vaudeville before mentioned, will be represented at the Théâtre Historique by a drama called "*Simone*," and at the Palais Royal by a short piece, as yet unnamed. Poupart Davyl, whose "*Maitresse Légitime*" was so great a success at the Odéon last year, contributes a drama to the Porte St. Martin, and a piece, entitled "*De Shava à Shava*," to the Odéon. Lecocq is to be represented at the Folies Dramatiques by "*Le Pompon*," a three-act *opéra-bouffe*, and at the Renaissance by "*Les Porcherons*." At this latter theatre, a new operetta, by Strauss, entitled "*Cagliostro*," is also to be represented. Offenbach promises us no less than four new works for the coming season. Mademoiselle Schneider has had her coat-of-arms painted on the walls of her new and gorgeous hotel on the Avenue de l'Impératrice. It consists of a golden lyre on an azure field, with the motto "*Je chante*" (I sing).

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

SOME one who has chosen the strange *nom de plume*—for *nom de plume* it must surely be—of Theodore A. Thorp, has just now a new play running at the Globe. It is called "*Talbot's Trust*," the trust in question being a young widow and her little girl. These have been left by a dying husband to one *Harold Garnet*, his bosom friend. And a pretty bosom friend he turns out! He makes love to the widow, though he cares not a jot for her; he robs her, forges her signature, and then attempts to run away with another woman. However, Mr. Villain doesn't succeed in doing this, and with his discomfiture the drama ends—in fact, death steps in between justice and him; he dies on a sofa in the house of her he has so basely wronged. Whoever Mr. Thorp may be, he's not a dramatist. From beginning to end the piece is weak; often it sinks into bathos. An adaptation of Offenbach's "*The Brigands*" follows. The libretto of this is by Mr. Henry S. Leigh, perhaps our very best writer of humorous light verses. Mr. Leigh writes a great deal for *Fun*, and for the famous Christy Minstrels, and I don't think there's a better hand at repartee in London. If his "*Carols of Cockayne*" haven't been published on your side the water, they certainly ought to be.

Mr. Henry J. Byron is as hard at work as ever. At present, he tells me, he is writing a four-act comedy, in which he himself will take a principal part. It will be produced at the Haymarket at the conclusion of Mr. *Major de Boots* Clarke's engagement there. Mr. Byron has also in hand an original farcical comedy for Mr. Sothorn, who will appear in it first in the provinces. Mr. Clarke, by-the-by, is drawing wonderfully well at the Haymarket; the house is crowded every night—and not with "paper;" and the audiences go—*mira-bile dictu!*—into convulsions over his stale grimaces and staler jokes.

I see that Madame Pauline Rita is thinking of paying you a visit. There's a treat in store for you! Without exception, Madame Rita is the most unaffected and charming *opéra-bouffe* actress on the English stage. It's not so very long since that she made her first appearance on the theatrical stage (previously she'd been performing only at music-halls), but at the present moment she is one of our greatest favorites.

Mr. Charles Mathews, who seems to be getting younger every day, appeared the other night in a new piece. Its title—it is running at the Gaiety—is a strange one; its plot is no less singular. The one is "My Awful Dad;" the other has been condensed as follows:

"Adonis Evergreen, usually known as 'the major,' is a youth of fifty, while his son Dick, a barrister, is an elderly gentleman of twenty-seven. The father's theory is that it takes a long time for a grub to become a butterfly. He is the butterfly and his son the grub. He feels five-and-twenty, and 'behaves as such;' and the son, who is rising in his profession, has not only to supply money to the parent, whom he terms 'a domestic ananconda,' but has also to bear the brunt of some of the troubles and *imbroglios* which are brought about by the high spirits of his youthful progenitor. On one occasion, indeed, the major runs a considerable risk of damaging the professional reputation of the staid Dick. There is to be a *bal masqué*, and the major is going in the character of Punch. The dress has been sent to Fig-tree Court, where Dick pursues his vocation, and it no sooner arrives than, Dick being at Westminster, its owner proceeds to try it on. While arraying himself in the familiar garb, a knock is heard at the door, and Evergreen senior has just time to slip on his son's wig and gown when a client enters in the person of Mrs. Weddagain, who has a sad tale to tell. Her late husband has left her a large fortune on condition that she does not marry a man under fifty, and she wants to know whether such a will can be contested. The major assumes a legal aspect, and, urged on by his client's pretty face (for he has not hesitated to assert that he is a barrister prepared to plead for her to his last gasp), he gives an *impromptu* address to an imaginary jury; in the vehemence of the moment he forgets the Punch dress which at first he had carefully concealed, and reveals himself in all the glory of red and yellow. This little difficulty he clears up by explaining that, though himself a man of the strictest sobriety and most solemn demeanor, a certain learned judge gives way to frivolity in vacation term, and it is necessary for young barristers to humor his whims. Ultimately, the knotty point in the will is satisfactorily settled by the major, who marries Mrs. Weddagain himself, and also, by a lucky accident, finds a beautiful and well-dowered bride for his son."

This absurdity is founded on the younger Dumas's "Le Père Prodiges," and, of course, is mainly intended to show how sprightly Mr. Mathews, though more than the allotted three-score and ten, can be. His vivacity is really remarkable. We shall all be surprised if he does not live to be a centenarian.

The *Athenaeum* has been giving Miss Braddon some hard knocks over the knuckles for her new novel, "Hostages to Fortune." Not

only does the reviewer strongly object to its "sensationalism," but he takes exception to its title. This is inappropriate, he remarks, and he adds: "The fact is, we take it, that, with a writer of Miss Braddon's school, the title of the book is no more governed by the nature of the contents than is the color of the cover: so long as the one catches the ear and the other the eye, nothing more is required. When the book is once bought and read, it matters little enough how the buyer's or the reader's notice has been secured. 'Hostages to Fortune' is a nice, proverbial-sounding title, so on to the back of the book it goes, though it is equally appropriate to three-quarters of the novels that are written." By-the-way, a statement made by one of your contemporaries has annoyed Miss Braddon greatly. The journal in question declared that her new story, "Dead Men's Shoes," at present running simultaneously in a dozen or so of our provincial journals, had already run through an American magazine. The soft impeachment is flatly denied by the popular authorities. This system of simultaneous publication, I should add, pays Miss Braddon remarkably well. By it she gets some hundreds of pounds for the right to the serial publication of any new story she may write; when it is issued in three-volume form by her husband, Mr. John Maxwell, she must make at least another five hundred pounds out of it. No wonder he and she can afford to live in such grand style at Richmond!

Mr. Dion Boucicault is triumphant. "The Shaughraun" (how do you pronounce the word?) is a big success. Every paper in London praises the piece as a piece; every paper in London highly lauds the acting of Mrs. and Mr. B. True, the *Athenaeum*, like other critical publications, says that "'The Shaughraun' is simply 'Arrah-na-Pogue' turned inside out;" still, the fact remains that the play is "drawing" wonderfully. Old Drury has not had such a crowded time of it before for years and years. He or she who does not see "The Shaughraun" within the next week or so will argue his or herself unknown.

Some anonymous critic, with an obvious contempt for the *de mortuis*, etc., maxim, has been giving it to Shakespeare hot and strong. Isn't it high-treason to do that? Not only does this gentleman—a woman could never be so severe—express his firm conviction that the "sweet swan of Avon" did not write half the plays with which he is credited, but he attacks the immortal bard's personal character unsparingly. List to this:

"Poor Shakespeare, then, was begot in poverty, was brought up in poverty, had not sufficient means whereby to live honestly in his native place. After he went to London he wandered in wretchedness about the streets, his only employment for years being the holding of visitors' horses who came to see the plays at the theatres. Hear himself:

'In disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state.'

After his connection with the theatrical profession, in which he never was much of an actor, his poverty continued until he by chance got under the notice of Lord Southampton, and succeeded in cajoling that simple youth out of a thousand pounds, by which his circumstances were so improved that his indigence may be said to have then ceased. It was not his blame, neither, that his education was deficient. His parents could not afford to pay for it. The little schooling he got was at a charity school in Stratford. A smattering of Latin was taught in this establishment, but our hero attained no proficiency in that classic tongue. His old friend Jonson said he had acquired 'a little Latin and less Greek.' It is settled beyond all dispute that he never read the ancients in classic lore. For his poverty

in moral and manly principle he was himself entirely to blame. There is scarcely a phase in his checkered life that would attach to his character the slightest impress of honor. In youth he was a dissipated scamp, and flourished in the lowest company to be found. He soon became an almost incorrigible thief; was several times publicly whipped, in his native town, for robbery. He at length fled to London to escape being detected for stealing Sir Thomas Lucy's venison. He led the life of a respectable 'loafer' for years before he got connected with the Blackfriars company. He saw poor Green, his friend and compeer, whose works he had adapted to his own use and benefit, die of want before his eyes, and would not relieve him. His sycoophancy to that half-crazed young nobleman, Southampton, was most despicable. Here is some of the exquisite flummery with which he dozed the simple youth, and through which he wheedled him out of a thousand pounds:

'Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit.'

Observe the crawling meanness of the following:

'Oh, for my sake do thou with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means, which public manners
breeds.'

He was through life a griping, greedy worldling. After he became comparatively wealthy he practised a sort of usury at Stratford, and did not scruple appearing in court to exact payment of the smallest sums from his poorest and most distressed neighbors. He became a tithe-farmer, and endeavored to get the Stratford Common inclosed in spite of the corporation authorities, who claimed it for the use of the poor, in order that his tithes might be augmented. Notwithstanding his humble origin, he aspired to found an aristocratic family at his death, and for that purpose entailed his real estates in the ordinary primogenitive form, willing his unfortunate wife, to whom he always behaved unnaturally, a rickety old bedstead."

Surely the above is enough to make the divine Will rise out of his very grave!

A very meritorious exhibition of pictures is now on view at Liverpool. It includes a great many of the principal Royal Academy paintings. Mr. Holman Hunt has sent a fine portrait of himself to it. Another note artistic is that Mr. Millais, R. A., has taken to scene-painting. The new act-drop at the Manchester Theatre Royal is by him. As promising a young artist as ever Mr. Millais was has just died—Mr. G. J. Pinwell. Though only a few years over thirty, he had done a great deal of exquisite work both in penoil and water-color. The water-color societies both of here and Belgium were proud to number him as one of their members. Then, he was one of the most pleasant of men. WILL WILLIAMS.

RECENT POMPEIAN EXCAVATIONS.

NAPLES, September 3, 1873.

THE excavations at Pompeii are going on diligently, and with considerable result, although the summer working-force numbers only about a hundred and thirty men.

Among the most interesting of the objects found recently, are two skeletons, one of a somewhat elderly man, the other of a woman. They were found in the Via Stabia, among the ashes of the last eruption, evidently overtaken in their flight, and buried among the cinders. According to the usual method employed to preserve the external appearance of objects, liquid plaster was poured into the cavity, which serving as a mould, a fac-simile of the forms was obtained; and, thus perfectly preserved, the statue-like bodies were placed in glass cases in the Pompeii Museum.

While appreciating all the horror of such a death, and the suffering endured, as shown by the position of the limbs, one cannot but imagine what would have been the astonishment of that man and woman had some prophet informed them that eighteen hundred years after their death their forms and even as much of their garments as were not consumed in the eruption would be placed in a museum for inspection by a multitude of sight-seers, some from lands the existence of which they had never dreamed of.

The poor woman is lying on her face, and even the form of her hair, put up behind, is seen. One arm shields her forehead, and she is supported by the other. Her stony limbs are well formed, and traces of a garment are seen passing in folds around her. The man, although placed on his back in the exhibition, when found was turned on his side. One arm rests on his hip, the other is uplifted. The face is somewhat distorted, but massive and smoothly shaven. Even the form of the fastenings of the sandals around the ankle, and of the long button higher up on the leg to hold them, is clearly seen. The limbs are partly drawn up.

The skeleton of a tolerably large dog, also recently found, is in the Museum of Pompeii, his whole form preserved in plaster, in the same manner as those just mentioned. He is lying on his back, writhing in suffering, biting his hind-leg. The rings in his collar are plainly seen.

If we walk directly to the street where the excavators are at work (Region VI., Island 14), we find a number of buildings on each side of the road (Decumanus major, or Via Stabia) excavated, and ready for inspection, while some of them are left purposely unfinished, in order to make the final excavations on the occasion of the visit of distinguished persons to Pompeii.

The limit of the finished excavations is near where the skeletons of the man and woman were found. In this bank the difference of the eruptions is clearly seen. There are four layers; the first, or lowest, and the third, consist mostly of *lapilla* (light, porous stones), and are so hard and compact that the cavities around the objects cannot be filled with plaster, and the impression taken in the manner already described. This can only be done in the second or next to the lowest stratum, and also in the fourth or upper, since these consist, the former of scoræ or cinders alone, and the latter of scoræ mixed with *lapilla*.

The last excavations on this *via* are mostly of shops, opening directly upon the street, and of private dwellings, the entrances to which are generally between the shops.

Two of these residences are very interesting, one especially, from the case containing written tablets found in what was evidently an upper chamber, over the northern portico of the peristyle.

The wooden box (square, 0.70 metre on each side) was quite charred, and soon fell to dust, but the tablets inside, although also carbonized, were well preserved, and arranged in an orderly manner, one over the other. They are all of wood (about one hundred and twenty by ninety millimetres), and arranged in threes.* The first and sixth pages served as covers, and are without writing. Around these a cord evidently passed. The second page is waxed and protected in its four margins by a raised cornice. The third is divided into two columns, but not waxed, and therefore without the raised cornice, as unneces-

sary. Each of these six-paged tablets has perforations in the margin, through which passed two cords, which were tied on the back of the libretto, in two knots. Another, around the cover, held the three tablets tightly together. The waxed pages are almost illegible, as the wax was absorbed by the wood, and thus the writing has disappeared; but, the third page being written with ink, the characters are perfectly recognizable. The contents are all contracts of loans and quittances of payment. The contract is written on the fourth and fifth pages, while on the third are the names of the witnesses, to the number of from five to nine. The tablets have been carefully carried to the National Museum at Naples, and are being studied and arranged in the papyrus section. A few of them have been already placed in the papyrus cases for public view.

The house in which the tablets were found is supposed by Professor de Petra to have been the residence of a banker, and one of means, since the fourth part of his credit, as recorded in the tablets, was already a million of sesterces (about forty thousand dollars). The marbles, frescoes, and adornments of the dwelling evince wealth and taste. Here was found a remarkably life-like portrait-bust in bronze, which now, with its pedestal, stands in the bronze-room of the Naples Museum. One of the large frescoes represents Ariadne abandoned by Theseus; another is a hunting-scene, in which are lions, deer, goats, and a cat! There are also "The Judgment of Paris" and several beautiful heads in oval form, apparently portraits, perhaps of members of the family, done by some Pompeian Copley!

Opposite is the house, in front of which its faithful guardian the dog was found, now in the museum. Had he escaped the stream of Vesuvius ashes he would have suffered less, but would have lost this plaster immortality! In the peristylum of this fine dwelling a half-bust of a man, about sixty years of age, was found, injured in the nose, chin, and ear. The chief ornament of this dwelling is a grandiose fresco, representing Orpheus, colossal in size, playing on a harp, and descending a flight of stone steps, followed by a lion on one side and a tiger on the other, while below are a boar and fawn, all evidently entranced by the music. The face of Orpheus is very fine. In the dining-room is represented a temple containing a burning sacrificial altar, directly over which a full-length figure of Diana is seen, while higher above Minerva is hovering. The decorations in another room are in the Egyptian style; there are figures of warriors, an ibis, and a landscape, in which is a Hermes of Priapus.

The last house excavated contains a small bakery. In the corner of one room is a cistern, and opposite a small marble temple, which contained a little statuette of Venus decorated with tiny armlets and anklets of pure gold. The goddess seems to be trying to remove one of the anklets. The statuette has been placed in the bronze collection of the Naples Museum. In this same Pompeian house there is a beautiful fresco representing tall plants growing from behind a balustrade; birds nestle among the verdure, and above are two side-terraces adorned with vases and animals. In another room is a fine Hercules landing in ancient Sicily. A half-injured fresco represents men struggling with serpents, a bull careering, while one man lies dead in the arena, and the spectators of the conflict look on tranquilly from their seats. The other rooms are mostly adorned with paintings of birds.

A neighboring shop is frescoed with charming little vignettes, one of Mercury and Bacchus, another of Venus and Cupid angling, with good luck, evidently, as the large fish are seen in the clear water dangling from their lines. There is Cupid in a variety of graceful actions, now playing on a lute, now eating grapes with a comrade, on whom a little dog has put his forelegs, begging to share in the repast. In another vignette Cupid is seen playing the tibia, now the horn, and again he is astride of a dolphin on the sea, carrying a letter to some love-lorn, green-crowned deity.

On the sides of many of the shops on the street are inscriptions written in irregular red characters on the stucco.

In another of the recently-excavated buildings is an admirably-arranged kitchen, in which a deep, bronze, and perfectly clean boiler (as it might well be after its long cleansing with ashes), still remains. Below it is a large opening for the fire. The whole arrangement of the kitchen suggests that an apartment in one of these Pompeian houses would furnish more comfortable culinary conveniences than are often to be found in the modern Italian "palaces." The court is adorned with a marble fountain (there was a faun, through whose mouth the water fell, but it has been removed to the Naples Museum), and a white-marble table. The inner room contains three large marble tanks, and the opening for the water-pipes which filled them is seen. On the side of the wall are caricature frescoes. Among these is a wounded man demanding justice, and the *féte* of the dyers is represented. For the establishment is supposed to have been a dyeing and cleansing house, and a quantity of a substance which, when analyzed, proved to be soap, was found in an adjoining small room.

Returning from the Via Stabia, we pass along the silent, disclosed streets, sometimes crossing them on the wide stepping-stones made for the convenience of Pompeian pedestrians, and between which the deep ruts made by the chariot-wheels show the width of the vehicles, that must have been numerous and heavy to have hollowed such deep grooves. We cannot resist, from time to time, entering the tessellated and fountain-adorned courts of some of the largest dwellings, to feast our eyes upon the graceful, natural frescoes still remaining, often in vivid colors, to show us the superiority of artists who, untrammelled, gave free play to their fancy, in representations of the then existing human life, of the scenes they often witnessed, or of the deities and the legends connected with them, that their religion taught them to believe.

Unconscious that they were painting as much for those living in the nineteenth century as for the Pompeians of their times, their wise choice of the subjects most familiar to them has resulted in their works being almost like photographic representations of the customs and religion of the epoch. Suppose, however, that the Naples of the present day should be buried under showers of cinders from Vesuvius (as the last eruption slightly threatened), and after two thousand years should be excavated, how few of the paintings and works of art that would be found would give any idea of the present Neapolitan mode of life! For the interests of the future antiquarians and historians, though only of the next century, it would be well if artists would more frequently use their talents in representing the scenes of every-day life about them, in which there is often a picturesque and poetic side, even in the simplest groups. In Naples, especially, most interesting and char-

* "Buletino dell' Istituto di Corrispondenza Archeologica," Luglio, 1875.

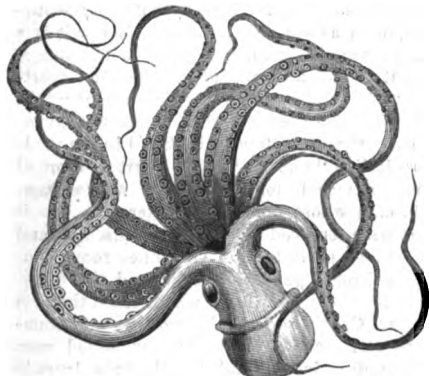
acteristic incidents are constantly taking place in the streets, along the shore, in the markets and *cafés*, of which a skillful artist could easily avail himself, not only to show Neapolitan life, but to express many a humane thought, grotesque fancy, or beautiful conception!

C. L. WILLS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

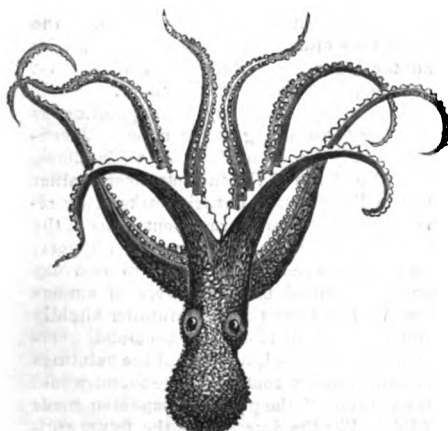
THE OCTOPUS.

UP to date of the publication of Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," the popular belief in the existence of the so-called devil-fish was founded chiefly on the old and



Common Poulpe (*Octopus vulgaris*).

extravagant legends of the *kraken*. This monster was represented in early geographies as of a size so immense as to grasp and pull beneath the waves a large-sized sailing-vessel. Although it was deemed hardly probable that so distinguished an author as Hugo would venture to introduce, even in a work of fiction, a purely imaginary sea-monster, yet so graphic and startling was the description given of the devil-fish that, but for subsequent and authoritative verification of its dimensions, the reader might still feel prone to regard it as simply a novel conception of a marine hero. It is to several of the most



Octopus tuberculata.

recent of these trustworthy descriptions of the *octopus* that attention is now directed, and since the subject is one the consideration of which has found a large space in the latest

natural-history journals, we feel that no apology is needed for referring to it in a department devoted to scientific information. A recent authority describes the *octopus* as a cephalopod mollusk, having a round, purse-like body, without fins, and eight arms, united at the base by a web, by opening and shutting which it swims backward, after the manner of jelly-fishes; each arm has a double alternate series of suckers, by which the prey is secured or the body moored to the submarine rocks. The accompanying illustrations will serve to convey a clear idea as to the general form and structure of these creatures, of which there are more than forty species. Though, as will be seen by subsequent references, these creatures grow to an astounding size, yet their average dimensions are not such as to excite special remark. The common *poulpe* (*Octopus vulgaris*) is found principally in the temperate seas, and has a body about the size of a clinched fist, the arms extending to three or four feet. The species known as the *Octopus tuberculata* makes its home in the Mediterranean, and its dimensions are about the same as those above given. Its flesh is at times used for food, and may be purchased in the markets of Naples and Smyrna. The *Octopus Bairdii*, named by Professor Verrill after our distinguished naturalist, Professor Baird, was discovered in the deep waters of the Bay of Fundy. None of these are described as being of great size, though they prove none the less interesting to the naturalist, who finds form and structure rather than bulk the chief features of interest and study.

Turning now from this necessarily brief notice of these three species, we will direct attention to certain recent statements regarding the gigantic cuttle-fish which have from time to time been found in the waters about Newfoundland. For the most full and satisfactory accounts of these sea-monsters, we are indebted to Rev. Mr. Harvey, of St. John, and all recent writers on the subject stand ready to accord to this gentleman every honor for the zeal and labor he has bestowed in obtaining trustworthy information on the subject.

In a paper on the "Devil-Fish," which appeared in the *JOURNAL*, January 31, 1874, extended space was given to Mr. Harvey's observations, and especially to his graphic description of one of these sea-monsters, which was captured in Conception Bay, near Portugal Cove. Special interest and importance are attached to this specimen, since there was actually secured and is now preserved in the local museum a portion of one of the arms of the monster. As it is possible that our readers may fail to recall the many facts regarding the devil-fish as presented in the paper mentioned, and also for the reason that in the treatment of all natural-history subjects the presence of graphic illustrations are a great aid to the written word, we are prompted to again notice Mr. Harvey's description of his prize. It appears that two fishermen, while out in a small boat, were attracted by some object moving in the water near them. Their first impression seems to have been that it was a large sail or the *débris* of a wreck. The men rowed toward it,

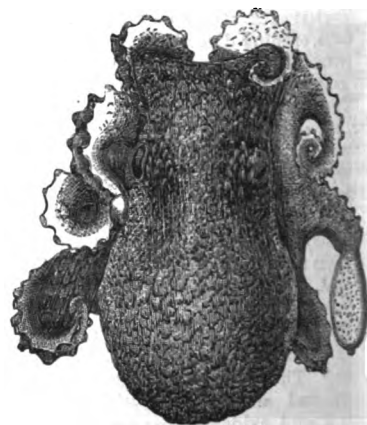
and, when near enough, one of them struck it with his gaff. Immediately it showed signs of life and reared a parrot-like beak, with which it struck the bottom of the boat vio-



An Octopus crawling.

lently. It then shot out from about its head two huge, livid arms, and began to twine them about the boat. One of the men then seized an axe, and, striking the arms as they lay across the gunwale of the boat, severed them from the body. The creature then moved off, surrounded by an inky cloud, which was caused by the ejection of a black fluid. It is one of these arms that now is preserved in alcohol, and which has been described by Mr. Harvey as follows:

"It measured nineteen feet, is of a pale-pink color, and entirely cartilaginous, tough and pliant as leather, and very strong. It is but three inches and a half in circumference, except toward the extremity, where it broadens like an oar to six inches in circumference, and then tapers to a pretty fine point. The under surface of the extremity is covered with suckers to the very point. First there is a cluster of small suckers, with fine, sharp teeth round their edges, and with a membrane stretched across each. Of these there are about seventy. Then come two rows of very large suckers, the movable disk of each an inch and a quarter in diameter, the cartilaginous ring not being denticulated. These are twenty-four in number. After these there is another group of suckers with denticulated edges, similar to the first, about fifty in number. Along the under surface about



Octopus Bairdii (life-size).

fifty more small suckers are distinguished at intervals, making in all about one hundred and eighty suckers. The men estimate that they left at least ten feet of the arm attached

to the body of the fish, so that its original length must have been thirty-five feet."

In describing the breathing-organs, as well as those designed for ejecting the inky fluid, the writer states that connected with the body is a funnel, through which the water is ejected after the extraction of its oxygen by the breathing-organs. This funnel runs the entire length of the body. It serves another purpose: when the water is forcibly ejected by the reaction of the surrounding medium, the fish moves backward with great swiftness, while the forward motion is accomplished by the movements of its tail. There is a second funnel, through which the inky fluid which it secretes is ejected when the creature wishes to escape from its pursuers.

We might add to this description those of many other observers, but in so doing we should be compelled to merely retrace the ground so thoroughly gone over by the writer of our former communication. Should our readers, however, find the subject of sufficient scientific interest to command more careful consideration, we would refer them to the above-mentioned paper; also to the *American Naturalist* for January and February, 1875, and to *Silliman's Journal* for February and March of the same year, the latter being extended and exhaustive accounts of these creatures from the pen of Professor Verrill.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Tribune*, writing from Virginia City, Nevada, gives the following account of the great flume through which timber is floated from the slopes of the Sierra Nevada down to the mills at their base. This flume is the property of several of the great mining companies of that region. It is fifteen miles in length, and shaped like a letter V, being made of two-inch plank nailed together. Its width across the top is two and one-half feet. "It is built wholly upon trestle-work and stringers; there is not a cut in the whole distance, and the grade is so heavy that there is little danger of a jam. The trestle-work is very substantial, and is undoubtedly strong enough to support a narrow-gauge railway. It runs over foot-hills, through valleys, around mountains, and across cañons. In one place it is seventy feet high. The highest point of the flume from the plain is three thousand seven hundred feet, and on an air-line from beginning to end the distance is eight miles, the course thus taking up seven miles in twists and turns. The trestle-work is thoroughly braced longitudinally and across, so that no break can extend farther than a single box, which is sixteen feet. All the main supports, which are five feet apart, are firmly set in mud-sills, and the boxes or troughs rest in brackets four feet apart. These again rest upon substantial stringers. The grade of the flume is between sixteen hundred and two thousand feet from top to bottom—a distance, as previously stated, of fifteen miles. The sharpest fall is three feet in six. There are two reservoirs from which the flume is fed: one is eleven hundred feet long, and the other six hundred feet. A ditch nearly two miles long takes the water to the first reservoir, whence it is conveyed three and one-quarter miles to the flume through a feeder capable of carrying four hundred and fifty inches of water. The whole flume was built in ten weeks. In that time all the trestle-work, stringers, and boxes, were put in place. About two hundred men were employed on it at one

time, being divided into four gangs. It required two million feet of lumber, but the item which astonished me most was that there were twenty-eight tons, or fifty-six thousand pounds, of nails used in the construction of this flume."

Our readers will recall the illustrated description recently given in these columns of Mr. Griffith's plan for protecting the screws of propellers by means of an iron casing. Certain favorable results, obtained by the trial of her majesty's steamer Bruiser, were then noticed and commented upon. We have now at hand still more favorable accounts from the same quarter, which justify our action in choosing this invention as the subject of a special illustrated description. In noticing the result of these further trials, the *English Mechanic* states that not only is an increased speed obtained, but in addition the vessel is more easily steered, and there is little or no vibration felt, while it is next to impossible to foul the screw. Another and, in one sense, most important fact was also discovered while the Bruiser was at sea—viz., that, when pitching in heavy seas, the engines worked as smoothly as in fine weather, the cause being attributable to the fact that when the stern is lifted the casing holds a quantity of water which offers sufficient resistance to the motion of the propeller to prevent the engines racing.

We have the last news from the Alert and Discovery which we shall receive for many a month. This word comes by her majesty's steamship Valorous, which acted as consort to the arctic ships, and parted with them at Disco July 17th. From English sources we learn that the Discovery will probably winter in latitude 82° north, while the Alert will push on to 84° north, if possible. Should no land be in sight to the northward of Grinnell Land, Captain Nares will winter close in-shore and endeavor to push northward the following summer. But, should land be sighted to the north, the Alert will be taken this fall to as high a latitude as possible. Should the expedition not return before 1877, a relief-ship will then be dispatched from England.

DR. PAUL JOLLY, in a recent work on tobacco and absinthe, gives the following table as showing the percentage of nicotine to be found in tobacco obtained from the several sources indicated: The percentage of nicotine from tobaccos of the Levant, Greece, and Hungary, is 0.00; in those of Arabia, Havana, and Paraguay, 2.00; Maryland, 2.29; Alsace, 3.81; Pas-de-Calais, 4.96; Kentucky, 6.09; L'Ille-et-Vilaine, 6.20; Nord, 6.58; Virginia, 6.87; Lot-et-Garonne, 7.34; Lot, 7.36.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

WE find in Countess von Bothmer's pictures of "German Home-Life" an additional interesting fact or two in regard to the social customs of the people:

Cosmetics, paints, and washes, auriculous fluids and Tyrian dyes, have not as yet entered into German home-life. But among the "upper ten" they are as popular in Germany as elsewhere. Personal remarks are not, as with us, considered ill-bred. On the contrary, they are almost *de rigueur*. If you do not

admire loudly and openly, you will disappoint your friends; and they will think their effect is not good, and that all their efforts have been in vain. "Nein! aber wie schön!" says a friend to you; and, while you modestly reply, "No, really; but you are yourself charming," the same reciprocities will be passing all around you. No lady hesitates to ask where you got your gown, and how much it cost the ell. A friend of mine once traveled from the Dan of the north to the Beersheba of the south in a gray-tweed water-proof costume; and in every railway-carriage she entered during the journey she was asked the price of the dress, the name of the material, and whence it came. With the reply, "From England," the unflinching remark, "Das hab' ich mir schon gleich gedacht," showed the appreciative faculty of the gentle questioners; but the price outraged them. To spend such a sum on a mere traveling-dress—on a dress that was to keep you warm, and dry, and comfortable; that was light, and water-tight, and almost untearable—seemed to them an altogether unpardonable extravagance.

German women are almost entirely without personal vanity. Their solicitude about their clothes, the time spent in talking toilet, has its pathetic as well as its twaddling side. One may read beneath the talk of tags and rags, of chignons and chiffons, a very real and a very painful humility. What in our haste we may take for vanity, is just the reverse of it. This very anxiety as to appearance, this wearisome discussion of sumptuary details, betrays a want of self-confidence, of self-reliance, almost of self-respect, that at once grieves and depresses the outsider. They have no confidence in themselves, no belief in being able to please but by virtue of their coverings; their dress must do it, not they; a German girl would expect a man to fall in love with her, if at all, when she has her best gown on; the gown counts for so much more, to her humble mind, than the body and the soul inside it. The very words *Puts, geputs*, have an eminently displeasing ring of tawdriness about them, suggestive of incongruous frippery and finery.

Dress ceases to be a pleasure when it becomes a source of strifes and envyings. The life of the ordinary German woman is, perhaps, above all others, calculated to develop that faculty for "the infinitely little" which reduces existence to the dead-level of Philistinism, and to encourage that mean, personal estimate of things which Goethe inveighs against as the *Gemeinheit des Lebens*. In this spirit women, otherwise really amiable and estimable, will tear a toilet to tatters, pry, inspect, cavil, and condemn, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause throughout a whole afternoon.

Men in Germany are rarely seen out of uniform; when they are, it is greatly to their disadvantage. Yet such is the inconsistency of human nature that nothing affords a young officer so much delight as to elude the vigilance of his *Vorgesetzten*, and appear at a picnic or on an excursion *en civil*. In Germany, where every one is a soldier first and a man afterward (very much afterward), the freedom granted to our plungers and friskers to promenade along Piccadilly or down the shady side of Pall Mall in garments eloquent of Poole is unknown. The most audacious of Moltke's heroes would scarcely dare to pass under the nose of his superior officer in non-military garments. Sooth to say, the travesty is not telling. The young man's legs, which looked straight in uniform, appear stiff now; his waist, which is accustomed to the belted

sword, seems wanting in balance and compression; his well-squared shoulders appear clamoring for the epaulets; his hand gropes for the sword-hilt; he can scarcely be expected to carry an umbrella (that weapon so dear to the heart of the Briton), and his swagger seems inappropriate shorn of sabre and stock. On the whole, he has very much the appearance of a *petit épicier endimanché*. The clothes, being only taken out at rare and distant intervals, usually belong to a past fashion, and, being worn surreptitiously, with frequent glances round corners lest generals should be lying in ambush, with three days' *Zimmerarrest* for the youthful irregularity of costume, there is a want of ease and dignity disastrous to the effect of the young man's conquering charms. He was very handsome in his uniform. Why didn't he stay in it?

THE last *Temple Bar* has an article with the somewhat vulgar title of "Shylock the Jew-ed," in which the writer attempts to show that Shylock was a persecuted man, and the law of the famous trial bad law:

It has been contended that Shakespeare was a lawyer's clerk. If so—Heaven defend me from such a lawyer as taught him! The doge, having all Venice to choose from for an assessor (if he wanted one), affronts his own city and its bar by sending to Padua for the "learned Bellario," who, being sick, sends in his stead a young doctor from Rome—in fact, Portia, disguised. Now, I do hope there was no consultation between these two. I would rather suppose, for Bellario's credit as a lawyer, that Portia forged that letter, and evolved those miserable quibbles, which she pleaded afterward, out of her inward consciousness. She is accepted as assessor, and immediately "sits upon" the court—not in the technical sense as becoming a member herself, but in the slang meaning of those two words. She snubs and suppresses it, instant! The doge is extinguished. She states the law, and how? There is no contest as to the making of the bond, or its forfeiture; but this extraordinary principle is stated: A man who is entitled to cut a pound of living flesh may not shed a drop of blood, because there is no mention of blood in the bond. *Omne majorem in se minorem continet*—the greater includes the less—says a maxim of law older than Venice. Permission to take a thing involves a grant of the necessary ways and means to take it. Both parties had agreed that the flesh was to be cut. It could not be cut without shedding blood. Therefore, they had agreed (by presumption) to shed blood, if the cutting took place. But you may say there is to be no presumption: Shylock stuck to the letter of his bond. Good! Then Shylock might have turned the tables and said, "The bond does not contain any thing about *bleeding*. You (Antonio) have got to yield me a pound of flesh without any blood. If you choose to bleed, so much the worse for you." What would Madame Assessor have had in reply to this? But she does not stop here. She says, "If thou takest more or less than a just pound . . . thou diest." Why? Surely a debtor may take less than his due. If you owe me five shillings, can any power on earth prevent me from accepting four and sixpence? Why, before Portia comes in they beg and pray Shylock to forego the whole of his penalty! thus admitting that he was not without discretion as to the extent to which he would press his remedy. "Take the sum twice told," urges Portia, "and bid me tear the bond." If he

could give up the whole of the penalty, he could certainly give up a part. He could have taken half an ounce of flesh if he pleased, but would have had no right to cut and come again. His remedy would have been exhausted. He was entitled to cut as much as he pleased less than a pound. He was entitled to all the blood, bone, sinew, fibre, and what not, which that flesh contained as component and necessary parts thereof—and they jewed him out of it.

Nor is this all the bad law and worse logic in the case. After having intimidated Shylock out of his penalty, they not only refuse him his principal, but decide that he has incurred the penalty of death and loss of all his goods, because, being an alien, he has sought the life of a citizen of Venice. Sought the life? There was nothing about *life* in the bond. Be consistent, most learned judge. If you presume that cutting a pound of flesh nearest a man's heart *involves*, by necessity, his life—what about the blood quibble, thou Daniel, come to judgment? The shedding of blood is *involved*, by necessity, too. You would not let the Jew have, by implication, the blood; why, then, charge him by implication with the life? Why spring this idea at the end, instead of the beginning of the trial, if there were any thing in it? There was nothing in it. Shylock had not, "by direct or indirect attempt," sought the life of any citizen. An "attempt" is an act—not a wish or a thought—a something *done*, the natural consequence of which will be the thing prohibited. Shylock never made any such "attempt." *They would not let him*. They beat him out of it. And, when he gave in, and threw down his knife in obedience to their bad law, they turned round on him and said, "Oh, you've attempted the life of a citizen!" The poor doge cuts in like one of the great unpaid of modern days, whose clerk has been deciding something for him, and is immediately snubbed by Portia. Half the Jew's wealth is forfeited to the state, and half to Antonio, who never paid his bond, but who graciously (!)

makes his share over to the man who ought to be in jail for abduction and larceny, upon condition of Shylock becoming a Christian. What a curious estimate he must have formed of Christians' ways! If he were the man we usually take him to be, he would have got frightened straightway, in order to take advantage of such admirable dodges for doing people out of their rights. I do not think he did so. I fancy he had put something away where they could not get at it. Assigned it to Tubal, or some one upon trust. I fancy that he and Antonio went into business together when the fuss had blown over, and that the latter got rich out of the sharp usury of his sleeping partner. How Jessica spent all her ill-got wealth on monkeys and what not, and ran away with Gratiano, is not recorded in the play; but be sure that was the sequel. I dare say she went back to her old father in the end, and was forgiven. So good a hater must have loved well. He loved his daughter—and his ducats too! Well, what else had he to love? The squalid Ghetto wherein he was forced to live? the yellow badge of scorn he was compelled to wear? the fine gentlemen who cursed him in their prosperity and cringed to him in their need? or the fine ladies who made justice into a masquerade, blew hot and cold as it suited them, and ruined him? Horrible! for a Jew to love money; but quite right for his daughter to steal it, and give it to her gentleman (!) lover. Horrible! for a Jew to contemplate the cutting of a pound of human flesh in revenge for filthy outrage; but quite correct for two gallants to carve each other all over in a dispute about the color of a lady's eyes! Had Shylock lived in these days, the strength of his disposition would have gained him distinction. Nothing short of being Archbishop of Canterbury or lord-chancellor would have been out of his reach. He would have earned the eternal gratitude of mankind by carrying a bill for the total suppression of street-music, have subscribed largely to all sorts of charities, been made a baronet, and have died full of years and honor.

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No. 343.]

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 16, 1875.

[VOL. XIV.]

"THE LAND OF THE SKY;"

OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER V.

"Cliffs that rear their haughty head
Hard o'er the river's darksome bed,
Where now all naked, wild, and gray,
Now waving all with greenwood spray;
The trees to every crevice clung
And o'er the dell their branches hung,
And there, all splintered and uneven,
The shivered rocks ascend to heaven."



AT LUNCHEON.

SYLVIA carries her point without much difficulty. None of us are averse to turning our faces down the French Broad, and Aunt Markham is specially pleased by the idea.

"It is a good plan," she says, "because we shall escape joining the Dupont party. That Madame—what is her name?—fatigues me to death with her raptures and compliments."

"I think the Dupont party is, in a certain sense, at the bottom of the suggestion," says Eric. "It changes our plan of travel altogether, but I am not inconsolable. I can endure any thing better than traveling in a gang, like convicts."

"You are very felicitous in your com-

parisons," says Charley. "I doubt whether we shall get rid of Dupont, however. He is so desperate that I think he will leave his own party to join ours."

"Perhaps you will exchange with him," says Sylvia. "I can't imagine how you will support life without Adèle."

"It will be difficult, no doubt," says Charley, serenely, "but in traveling, as in politics, it is best to stand by one's party. If Dupont joins us, I shall not greatly object. He is a degree or two better than that fellow Lanier."

The gentleman designated in this complimentary manner, meanwhile makes his arrangements to join us. But, when we are in readiness to start, one of those unavoidable misfortunes that sometimes befall summer travelers occurs—the rainy season in August begins. For three days it rains steadily—Asheville appearing the while depressingly dirty and dull—and it is only on the fourth day that the clouds disperse a little, the carriages are ordered, and we prepare to set forth.

The order of our going is soon arranged. Sylvia, Charley, and Mr. Lanier, are on horseback; Aunt Markham, Rupert, and I, together with John, fill the phaeton; Eric—who cannot endure that any one else should hold the reins while he sits by—drives the "jersey," which serves as a baggage-wagon, with Harrison (its nominal driver) by his side.

"So you have lent Charley your horse?" I say to him just before we start. "It is more than he deserves after having refused to bring his own."

"I thought it would be too cruel to sentence the poor fellow to the carriage, with Lanier by Sylvia's side," he answers, "but, of course, we will vary our modes

of travel. If it does not rain, I shall invite you to share my seat in the baggage-wagon, by way of relief from the carriage."

The clouds, however, are determined that this pleasure shall be indefinitely deferred. As we drive down the long, muddy hill that leads out of Asheville, we observe that they hang low on the mountains—always a threatening sign—and, before we have traveled three miles, a white rain is upon us. Much to her disgust, Sylvia is forced to enter the carriage, while Rupert mounts her horse; there is a general enveloping in water-proof cloaks and coats, a consultation as to whether we shall turn back, a unanimous vote to go on, and a resolute setting forward in the teeth of the storm. It does not last very long; then there is a slight interlude: the clouds cease to rain, though they still curtain the sky in watery grayness. We are by this time immediately on the banks of the



THE SHOWER.

* Continued from JOURNAL of October 2, 1875.

river, following that famous "Buncombe turnpike" which for fifty years was the great highway of travel between North Carolina and the Southwestern States. Originally an Indian trail, it has been and still remains the most picturesque road in the mountains. The fall of the river from Asheville to the Warm Springs—a distance of thirty-six miles—is seven hundred feet, from which the rapidity of its current may be conceived, and the height of the hills that overshadow it. As the gorge deepens they tower higher and yet higher, these beautiful mountains, sometimes round and swelling, at other times broken into cliff-like escarpments, with great masses of rock overhanging the narrow pass, and tropical verdure feathering every ledge and point. What studies of form and color are here for a future generation of artists, no words can fitly say. The road, as it stretches before us, is a picture never to be forgotten. On one side the whirling, tumultuous river leaps and races over the rocks that strew its channel; on the other steep hill-sides hang, dark with shade, green with ferns, damp with trickling streams. The road turns, and lo! there is a fairy glen, down which a white cascade comes leaping over its rocks "to join the brimming river," or a narrow stretch of valley, planted generally in tall, rustling corn.

We are not allowed to enjoy this charming beauty with any satisfaction to ourselves very long. The clouds gather again, the rain begins once more—this time with a steady, settled persistence, that gives no hope of abatement; and presently Rupert rides up to the side of the carriage.

"Brother Eric says we shall have to stop at Alexander's. He declares it is impossible to go on to the Springs in such weather as this. It is disagreeable to us, and hard on the horses."

"What a bore!" says Sylvia. "Alexander's is no doubt a very pleasant place, but when one starts with an object in view, one likes to attain it. What must be, must be, however. We should certainly see little of the gorge in this deluge."

Consequently we make our first halt at Alexander's, ten miles below Asheville. No house of its kind is more widely known, or more deservedly popular, than this delightful hostelry. One secret of its charm is in the fact that there is no aping of the modern hotel about it. Nothing can be more quaint, more old-fashioned, more comfortable, and thoroughly unpretentious, than all its arrangements. A pleasant farm-house on a large scale, with a post-office and bowling-alley in front, a bridge crossing the river, and high, green hills rising abruptly around—this is Alexander's. Of the comfort of its lodging, the excellence of its table, thousands of travelers can speak. Withal it is a dreamy, restful place, where even the racing river grows tranquil, and, shut in by the great hills, one feels as if one might enjoy that repose of mind and body which is rare in this feverish age.

We find the house, as usual, full of guests—so full that Mr. Alexander demurs about receiving us; but, moved to compassion by the lowering skies and our drenched condition, finally agrees to stretch a point and take

us in. This is something for which to be grateful, since there is no cessation in the steady down-pour for the rest of the day. The river—usually green as Niagara—sweeps by, a turbid flood, and sight-seeing is utterly out of the question. We play whist on the vine-draped piazza, go over to the bowling-alley under umbrellas, grow friendly with all the inmates of the house, study maps, and learn all about the great floods of the past spring.

"Almost all the bridges in this part of the country were swept away," says Mr. Alexander. "The bridge over Laurel went—you ford the river now—and the bridge at the Warm Springs over the French Broad."

"Do we ford there?" asks Aunt Markham, terrified at such a prospect.

"No, there is a ferry."

"One of the most inconvenient modes that ever was devised for crossing a stream," says Eric.

"I don't think we are likely to cross any streams in any manner very soon," says Charley. "The clouds look as if they had settled steadily to business, and meant to rain for a week."

This is depressingly true, yet, as we sit on the piazza late in the afternoon, there is a slight indication of breaking away. The rain "holds up," as country people say; a glow of some faint, indescribable kind begins to light up the vapory heavens and turbid river-stretch. When we come out from tea the scene has become beautiful. Far down the river a primrose tint in the west shines through the green foliage, and the clouds are rolling away from the eastern heavens. Every thing is dripping with moisture; but, equipping ourselves with water-proofs and overshoes, we go out on the bridge. It is impossible to describe the fresh loveliness of the scene as we stand with the turbulent, swollen river flowing underneath in long, swirling ripples, and watch the light die out of that portion of the west which we see through the river-gap. The clouds change their shapes and aspects momentarily—now watery gray, as they have been all day, now white as snow-drifts against a dark-blue sky. Solemn and stately the great hills inclose us, with their aspect of eternal, melancholy calm, and from all the defiles white mists are rising.

Something in the picture touches Sylvia. She turns from Ralph Lanier to where Charley stands leaning over the wet railing and whistling softly; laying her hand on his arm:

"You told me first about the French Broad," she says, "but I did not fancy it was half so beautiful as this."

"As this!" repeats Charley. "Why, this is nothing. The grandeur of the gorge does not begin until four or five miles below here."

"Well," she says, with a laugh, "it is pleasant to think that something better is coming—but this is good enough. Charley, that looks like a very pleasant road along the river-bank yonder. Can we not walk a little?"

"Certainly," answers Charley, with an alacrity he would not be likely to display if

any one else made the same suggestion. "You'll find it rather damp, but if you have on overshoes—"

"Oh, yes, overshoes and a water-proof. Come! I don't want to go back to the house to play whist and be bullied by everybody round the table for not leading trumps."

She takes his arm, and they start, but Mr. Lanier in his anxiety cannot forbear entering a protest.

"You are surely not going to walk on the side of the river, Miss Norwood," he says. "You've no idea how wet it is—you will certainly take cold.—Kenyon, this is very imprudent—"

"Very good of you to consider my health," says Charley. "I am afraid I may take a sore-throat, or something of the kind; but when a lady gives an invitation, you know it is impossible to refuse."

"Aunt Markham will take my hand at whist, Mr. Lanier," says Sylvia's gay, mischievous voice. Then they walk away, and we soon see their figures strolling along the winding road by the river-bank.

Eric laughs at the vexed expression which, even in the dim light, we see on Mr. Lanier's face as he watches them.

"Give her line, Ralph," he says, good-naturedly. "A fish like that is not landed at once—if, indeed, you are lucky enough to land her at all."

"I sometimes think, by Jove, that I never shall," says Mr. Lanier, with emphasis. "One minute she is as kind and gracious as could possibly be desired; the next she thrusts a fellow off at arm's length. I don't pretend to understand such women."

"They don't generally intend that you should understand them," says Eric, quietly.

After this we return to the house and play another game of whist—Aunt Markham taking Sylvia's hand, and calling Mr. Lanier sharply to account for all the blunders which he makes, and which owe their origin to a distracted mind. Whist-players know what concentration of thought this game demands, and poor Mr. Lanier's thoughts are following Sylvia up and down the wet river-side.

She comes in late, with wet boots and dragged skirts, but a pretty flush on her cheeks and light in her eyes. "We have been watching the moon rise," she hastens to assure Aunt Markham. "There is a bluff about a quarter of a mile down the river, which is perfectly lovely.—Are my feet wet? Well, yes—slightly so, but I am going to bed, so it does not matter. Good-night."

"One moment, Miss Sylvia!" cries Mr. Lanier, springing after her; but she flits away with a laugh and is gone.

The first sound I hear next morning is that of rain heavily falling, but by breakfast-time a few faint gleams of sunshine have appeared, and after breakfast we decide to order the carriages and make another effort to reach the Warm Springs. Half a dozen amateur weather-prophets assure us that it will be a clear day. "The mists are rising, the clouds are breaking," they say. "By twelve o'clock you will have as much sun as you want, and perhaps a little more."

Cheered by these assurances we start. Eric and I in the wagon lead the way, the

carriage and horsemen follow. But for the heaviness of the road the day would be delightful—a perfect day for traveling. Light veils of cloud obscure the sun, though now and then a burst of sunlight breaks forth and lights up the world with splendor. Three or four miles below Alexander's we enter on that part of the road which leads below the cliffs. They rise over our heads hundreds of feet, these beautiful, majestic heights, broken ledges and masses of rock, in every interstice of which great pines grow, and thickets of rhododendron flourish. In the dark shade, ferns, flowers, and mosses abound, together with trees of every variety, while down the hill-sides and over the rocks countless streams come leaping in foam and spray.

We make slow progress here. It is impossible not to pause and linger at every step. The road, flecked with shadows, stretches before us, bounded on one side by the tumultuous river, overshadowed on the other by these inexpressibly picturesque escarpments. Sylvia descends from her horse, and, looping up her habit, climbs the rocks with almost childlike delight—followed by her two attendants, who do not probably enjoy the scrambling so much. Yet a change has evidently come over Charley. Despite his indolence he has a genuine love of Nature, and it begins to assert itself. Lanier, on the contrary, would be plainly content to sit on his horse and say, "Really, very beautiful!"

"How little idea most people have of the grandeur of this country!" says Eric. "The pass of the Trosachs is nothing to this gorge of the French Broad—yet compare the renown of the one with the obscurity of the other."

"Yet the scenery of the French Broad is tame compared to some that is to be found in these mountains—and which is absolutely unknown," says Charley.

"Tame!" repeats Sylvia. "Are we always to remain below in the scale of comparison? Shall we never see any thing which has the distinction of being superlative?"

"Yes, you will stand on the Black Mountain and you will see Hickory-Nut Gap," Eric answers. "Those two things are superlative."

Since the day is wearing on, we cannot linger so long as we should like. Though our road is bounded by the narrow walls of the gorge through which the river forces its way, there is no monotony in the scenery. Every curve of the winding stream gives us a picture of new beauty—a picture essentially unlike any that we have seen before. As we advance, the mountains on each side rise higher, the stream grows wilder, the masses of rock which strew its channel are larger, sometimes piled in fantastic shapes with the water surging around and boiling under them, or forming islands covered with greenness.

Toward the middle of the day the sun shines out hotly—making our noonday rest, while we eat our luncheon, very pleasant. It is while we are engaged in this manner, scattered over the rocks by the river-bank, under the shade of the trees, that to our surprise the stage, which we expected to meet much later in the day, comes driving past. Two or three voices hail the driver:

"Halloa!—from the Warm Springs already?"

Driver: "Haven't been to the Springs today—couldn't cross Laurel yesterday evening."

"Is it too high for fording?"

"Much too high."

"Do you think it is down by this time?"

"Can't tell—maybe."

Then the lumbering vehicle rattles on, and we look at each other.

"By George! here's a promising state of affairs!" says Mr. Lanier, twisting the ends of his black mustache.

"I've had my doubts about Laurel from the first," says Charley, taking another sandwich. "It's a dangerous-looking stream even at low water."

"O Eric," cries Aunt Markham, with perturbation on her countenance, "let us go back to Alexander's."

"I'm opposed to turning back," says Rupert, who is balancing himself in a precarious manner on a tree which hangs over the water. "If we can't cross Laurel, we can camp out."

"Well said, Rupert!" cries Sylvia. "I have always desired two things ardently—to camp out all night, and to be lost in the mountains. If we can compass the first, I shall have hopes of the last."

"Sylvia, how can you talk so foolishly!" says Aunt Markham.—"Eric, what do you mean to do?"

"To go on, mother," answers Eric. "These mountain-streams run down as fast as they rise. We can't reach Laurel before late afternoon, and it will be low enough to cross by that time."

Two things which are very essential in a leader Eric possesses—coolness and resolution. Many men under such circumstances would say to the party, "What shall we do?" and endless discussion would be the result. Eric simply announces what he means to do, and even Aunt Markham submits. "You'll promise that if there is any danger you won't take us in!" she says; and, when he says, "I promise that most positively," she is content.

Our luncheon over, we start again. A few miles brings us to Marshall, the seat of Madison County. A more singularly-located village cannot well be imagined. It is situated immediately on the river, in a valley not more than a quarter of a mile wide, with sheer, steep hills rising abruptly behind, and the river in front.

"The streams in this part of the country cannot rise like ours," I say to Eric, "or else Marshall would be submerged twice a year at least. Think of the Yadkin, that rose last spring forty feet!"

"The French Broad never rises like that," he answers; "it runs off too rapidly. A bridge has been swept away here, but I doubt if the river came up to the town. We'll ask."

We do ask, and are told that it came up to the first row of houses—about ten feet above its usual level—but rose no farther. The bridge went like a thread, and a pretty, cultivated island lying in the middle of the stream was entirely overflowed. We try to obtain some information about Laurel here, but nobody knows any thing. As we drive

out of the town, a darkly-threatening cloud is hanging over the mountains, and we hear "sounds of thunder afar." We pause at the toll-gate, where a woman comes out to receive the toll, superintended by a cadaverous-looking man, evidently ill with fever, who is lying on a mattress in an upper piazza. Of him, also, we solicit information of Laurel.

"I haven't seen nobody from there today," he responds, "but the stage came back last night without crossing. If it hasn't rained any more on the head-waters, the river may be down by this time. There's an old man living there that'll show you the ford. Travelin' fur?"

"Down to the Springs," answers Eric, touching the horses; and on we go.

Just below Marshall the river makes a magnificent curve, sweeping with a bold and beautiful stretch around the base of the wooded cliffs that rise abruptly from its verge, and from this point the grandeur of the gorge is unmatched, and absolutely beyond description. The scenes grow wilder with every mile. Our ears are filled with the roar of the tumultuous river that lashes itself to fury among the rocks of every conceivable form that seem trying to bar its way. Much of the road is made in the bed of the stream, and, as we wind around the cliffs that jut out here and there, it is always with the devout hope that we may not come face to face with some other vehicle. In such a case it is impossible to see what either party would or could do. We are spared any thing of the kind, however, and so we go on, feeling as if we were leaving civilization altogether behind, and plunging deeper and deeper into the heart of primeval Nature. The fact that we meet no travelers strikes us.

"I am afraid Laurel is up," Eric says, doubtfully, "else we should have met somebody from beyond there."

One feature of the day's travel also im-



FISHERMEN.

presses us—the number of people who are engaged in fishing. At least once in the course of every half mile we pass a group of men and boys employed in this manner. Our

curiosity is roused at last. Why should the whole population of the French Broad be devoting themselves to fishing on this special day? We ask two or three, but receive little satisfaction. Unless approached with some tact, your mountaineer is apt to prove sulky and non-committal.

The road is so rough and so muddy that it is impossible to travel fast, and the afternoon is more than half gone before we hear that we are nine miles from Laurel, of the state of which we have not yet received any definite information.

"Eric," says Charley, riding up to the side of the phaeton which Eric is driving, "I have grave doubts about that river ahead of us. If we can't cross it, where do you propose to spend the night? There is not a tolerable place between the Springs and Alexander's."

"We can camp out," says Sylvia, riding up on the other side.—"Eric, pray let us do that.—Aunt Markham, wouldn't you rather sleep in the carriage than in such houses as we have passed?"

"I think I should," says Aunt Markham, "but I would rather cross Laurel than do either."

Charley shakes his head as he falls back. He is plainly not sanguine about Laurel. The case is desperate now, however; it is too far to go back—we must go on. Two or three showers have passed over us, but we are injured to wettings by this time, and do not mind them; massed clouds are before and behind, but we scarcely glance at them. On we drive for three miles farther, rugged cliffs hanging over us, a rocky road below, the rushing river by our side. Every thing around is so wild that unconsciously our spirits begin to fail a little. What if Laurel should be up! where and how shall we spend the night?

"I think there is a storm coming over, Eric," says Aunt Markham, presently, from the back of the phaeton. "Had we not better put up the top?"

Eric turns, partly to look at the clouds, partly to assist in pulling up the top. In doing so, he fails to avoid one of the rocks of which the road is full. Crash against it goes the phaeton-wheel, there is a loud snap under our feet, and, as Eric pulls up the horses, he says:

"By George, there goes a spring!"

The equestrians are lingering in the rear, but, seeing our abrupt halt, Charley comes up at a canter.

"Ride on and stop those fellows in front," says Eric, as he comes abreast of us, "and tell John to bring a rope here.—I am sorry to say you must all get out of the carriage.—Rupert, come and unharness the horses."

We alight, and Aunt Markham seats herself on a rock with an expression of countenance that might move a statue to amusement. Disgust, despair, consternation, unutterable resignation to anything that may occur—all this is so plainly visible on her face that I go to the river-bank—about two feet distant—to enjoy a private laugh.

Meanwhile, Sylvia and her escort appear on the scene.

"Spring broken?" says Mr. Lanier, look-

ing almost as much concerned as Aunt Markham. "What luck!"

"I've been 'feard of that spring all along, Mass Eric," says John, coming up with a coil of rope over his shoulder.

"Well, the worst has come," says Eric, "so now let us go to work and remedy it.—Charley, lend a hand here."

While Rupert holds the horses—which have been taken out of the carriage—and Eric, Charley, and John, bandage the broken spring, Mr. Lanier sits on his horse and contemptively pulls his mustache. He is evidently of the opinion that misfortune has marked us for its own, and that traveling on the French Broad has its disadvantages.

Suddenly Aunt Markham extends her hand like a tragedy-queen, and points up the river.

"The rain is coming," she says. "Will somebody bring me a water-proof?"

Mr. Lanier springs from his horse, and goes in search of this garment—not an instant too soon. We have scarcely time to envelop ourselves before the rain is upon us. There comes a blaze of lightning, a volleying peal of thunder, then the clouds empty themselves in a white, blinding sheet that almost takes away our breath, and promises to soak us to the skin.

"O Alice, isn't this dreadful?" says Sylvia, whose taste for adventure begins to be a little damped. As for Aunt Markham, she thinks that forbearance has ceased to be a virtue, and she cries that she must and will get into the carriage.

"I cannot sit here in a pool of water!" she says. "Eric, I shall take my death of cold—I am sure of it."

"We'll be ready for you in a minute, mother," says Eric, working like a Trojan.

In the midst of all this, a horseman unexpectedly appears, riding around a cliff just ahead of us, where the river makes a bend. He pauses—naturally surprised at the scene before him. It is by no means common to find parties of our description on the French Broad in a pouring rain. We hail him with our usual question:

"Can you tell us how far we are from Laurel?"

"Four miles," he answers, staring harder. "Broken a spring?"

"Yes. Is Laurel up?"

"Pretty high. You are not thinking about crossing it?"

"We are thinking exactly that," says Eric, turning round, "if the stream isn't too high. Have you crossed it?"

"No—it's beyond crossing, except in a canoe. I'm just from there, though. I live on Laurel, five miles from the mouth. The river has been past fording for five days. It is running eight or ten feet deep now, and will swim a horse."

"By Jove!" says Mr. Lanier. Nobody else utters a word. We are all stunned, and we gaze at the messenger of evil tidings with a mixture of indignation and appeal.

"It can't be!" cries Sylvia, entreatingly. "They say mountain-streams run down very fast—oh, don't you think we *might* cross it if we went on?"

The new-comer—who in face and manner

is more decided and intelligent than any other native of the region we have met—glances at her, and then points to the tossing, turbulent current of the French Broad.

"You could just as soon drive to that rock yonder," he says, indicating a black, jagged point two-thirds of the distance across the river. "Laurel is fully that wide, and fully that swift."

We look at each other in dismay. What is to be said, what is to be done? Torrents of rain are pouring on us, lightning is flashing around, and thunder bellowing above. We are in the wildest part of the wild river-gorge, with Laurel "deep enough to swim a horse" in front, and Alexander's eighteen miles behind!

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER XXI.

MISS HAWKESBY'S CREED.

ANITA could not have given her sister a more congenial task than the unpacking of her trunks. The little Joanna, who never before had had the privilege of handling so much finery, laid the various dainty articles in their proper places with many an admiring, but never one envious sigh. If not the rose herself, was it not at least an honor to live near the rose? No thought of arraying herself in Anita's adornments crossed her innocent, unselfish mind; but Joanna was human and feminine, and, the more she looked at all this brave attire, the stronger grew the hope that in Anita she might find a guide and assistant to all those little arts and mysteries of dress that so baffled her efforts. But this hope Miss Basil, without knowing anything about it, contrived to chill.

Miss Hawkesby, after the unpacking was over, had, with much good advice and wise admonition, excited Joanna's liveliest gratitude by the gift of a white French organdie and a leghorn hat. The organdie was yet in the piece; but the hat, the exquisite hat that made Joanna's very lungs expand, was trimmed with a Spanish lace scarf, fastened with an arrow of mother-of-pearl, and tucked up at the side with a pink rose; and Joanna, when she realized that it was her very own, felt that she had come into a noble inheritance.

When she had arranged her sister's possessions in order due, she went down to Miss Basil, to whom she declared enthusiastically that Anita was as lovely as an angel, and had dresses like the fashion-plates, and that her aunt had given her (Joanna) a beautiful dress and a perfect hat.

"I dare say they were things of Anita's," said Miss Basil, with a sniff.

"Indeed, no!" answered Joanna, indignantly; "they are *quite new*. I did not bring them down, 'Mels, because you never take an interest"—with a great sigh—"but this dress

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

is French organdie, that has never even been unfolded, and all pure white."

"Do you mean to say that she didn't have it made up for you?" interrupted Miss Basil, resentfully.

"Now, 'Mela,' remonstrated Joanna, ready to cry, "would you teach me ingratitude?"

"To be sure," said Miss Basil, dexterously evading this charge, "if you hadn't spent that five-dollar piece so recklessly and uselessly, Anne Amelia Griswold might make it—"

"Indeed she shouldn't touch it!" said Joanna, wincing a little at the unwelcome reference to her extravagance about the picture. "*Anne Amelia?* No style whatever!"

"She makes my dresses," said Miss Basil, in an injured tone. "However, you are never likely to need a white organdie, that I can see."

"We don't know what occasion may arise," said Joanna, with a grand air, thinking of Mrs. Carl Tompkins's aptitude for charade-parties. "And really, 'Mela, why should you wish to—to—disparage my nearest relations?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Basil, with covert jealousy, "Miss Hawkesby has done so much more for you than any one else ever has done!"

"'Mela, if you mean that I care for her more than for you, you do not know my heart!" cried Joanna, passionately. "Else you would surely trust me, 'Mela.'" Joanna had resolved that she would never again reproach Miss Basil with her carefully-guarded secret; and she did not know that she was breaking this resolve now; but, of all that Anita had said that morning, nothing made so deep an impression as that passing allusion to Miss Basil's being a woman with a history. "It haunts me everywhere," thought poor Joanna. "It is not I that seek it, but it seeks me."

Miss Basil understood her readily enough. "Oh," said she, confused, "don't—don't get excited, Joanna; it is very bad for the digestion; and all our regular habits are to be broken into, now that your relations have come. We are all to breakfast and dine together at Mrs. Basil's own house, and Heaven alone knows what is to become of the time by such an arrangement. But it is all for your advantage, Mrs. Basil is pleased to say. I only hope it may not be for your disadvantage."

"O Pamela!" cried Joanna, joyfully, "how glad I am! Disadvantage? What disadvantage can there be in such an opportunity to—to—acquire the—*usages*, and all that? And you've always said the grand-mamma took no interest in me?" (reproachfully).

"There!" exclaimed Miss Basil, flushing. "Just as I expected, poor, blind little mortal that you are! carried away by worldly vanities. It's little use, my striving to imbue you with a proper sense of your responsibility in that station of life to which it has pleased God to call you. Mrs. Basil upsets all my hopes of you, Joanna."

"Yes, 'Mela—I'm very sorry," said Joanna, meekly; "but, you see, I can't help being glad."

And, as often happens, the attractions of the pomps and vanities lost nothing by this chilling opposition. Joanna did but turn a more ready ear to Anita's doctrines.

"Time to dress, is it, Joanna?" said Anita, with a yawn of pretended indifference, when Joanna called her. "Well, I suppose I must make the effort to get myself up in style, since I am to meet Mr. Arthur Hendall. All men are my lawful game, and I must have my ammunition and artillery in proper trim. And this wisdom I can teach you, Joanna"—rising, with animation—"I am older than you, so take heed to this axiom: beauty is nothing, absolutely *nothing*, without dress. Men talk trash about beauty when unadorned, and all that; you need never believe their words. It is the language of the eye alone that can be relied on, and men's eyes always rest approvingly on the pretty woman that is well dressed. Be fashionable, be stylish, or die! There's wisdom for you." And she sank down in a graceful attitude upon the lounge, glancing furtively at her young sister to note the effect of her acting, for Anita must always have some one to practise upon.

Joanna, who could not suspect that this was mere acting for her astonishment, and who did not wish to be thought altogether ignorant of the world, assented with a gravity that made Anita laugh.

"You delicious little bit of simplicity!" cried she. "But, mind you, don't take all I say too literally, my Joanna. If I unbend in your presence, you are not to fancy that I am speaking my precise sentiments."

"No, surely, Anita," answered Joanna, rather bewildered, but also rather relieved. Worldly wisdom was very useful, no doubt; but she didn't wish to see Anita hardened by it.

"The truth is," cried Anita, springing up, and making ready for her toilet with an alacrity one seeing her but now stretched on the lounge—would hardly have thought her capable of—"the truth is—get me my blue grenade, Joanna, please; and the mother-of-pearl pin for my hair—dress is a necessity of the age—my slippers, please—dress is power—my fan, and my white fichu—that's a dear child. Dress is individuality. Buffon, when he said, '*Le style, c'est l'homme*,' surely intended to say, '*Le style, c'est la femme*!' Dear me! what nonsense am I talking!" she exclaimed, checking herself, suddenly, at sight of Joanna, standing in rapt attention.

"Oh, pray go on, Anita; I mean—continue," said Joanna, earnestly; "it does not sound like nonsense to me, for I understand French, and all this is so very improving!"

"That may be, child, but I've no time for philosophy now; I'm in a crisis," said Anita, as she began to fasten up her redundant looks in a way that baffled Joanna's comprehension.

"I don't see how in the world you manage that," said she, after a silent study of the complicated operation.

"Hand your head over here," said Anita, good-naturedly, "and, though I can't promise to do as much for it as I've done for mine, I'll give it a touch-and-go style you'll be sure to like. Another time, my little one, you shall have regular instructions, and then you can do my hair for me. I dearly love to have my hair dressed."

"O Anita," said Joanna, joyfully submitting her head to her sister's manipulations, "only teach me how, and I'll gladly dress your beautiful hair every day."

"There, you goose!" said Anita, "admire yourself, and then move out of my way. I must study effects a little. I'm never selfish when I'm thoroughly satisfied with myself. When I'm perfected in loveliness I'll give you a few transforming touches."

"O Anita, how have I done without you so long?" Joanna said, with an ardent sigh. "How can I do enough for you?"

"You've done very well without me," said Anita; "you're a nice little thing, you know how to admire, but you don't know what to do with yourself, that's evident. Away with this pink bow, it's atrocious! And this ruff—it's out of style—you shall wear one of mine. Now remember: you are under my tutelage. You must respect my opinions and obey my directions."

"Yes—oh, yes!" sighed Joanna.

"Listen now, and answer truly. Has Mr. Hendall pretended to admire you?"

"How could that be, Anita," said Joanna, with a quick flush, "when he had already seen you?"

"Well, you *are* a clever child," said Anita; "I have great hopes of you. And now we'll go down; but go quietly, my child—never allow yourself to be hurried. Walk behind me, Joanna, and then you will learn to walk well."

There was so exquisite a *naïveté* in Anita's belief in her own perfections that it could hardly be called vanity, and Joanna was too thoroughly imbued with the same belief to see any thing amusing in it, not being gifted by Nature with any sense of the ludicrous. As she walked behind that slight, graceful figure, utterly unconscious that she herself walked with the very same movements, she felt ready to immolate herself, in any way, for Anita's sake.

When they came into the sitting-room, where Mrs. Basil, Miss Hawkesby, and Miss Basil, were assembled, Anita immediately ran up and threw her arms around Miss Basil, saying, in her soft, insinuating voice:

"I am so glad to see you again, after all these years of separation. But I have never forgotten you. I was a wretch of a child, and called you Miss Pam—what am I to call you now?" And then Anita, not at all abashed by Miss Basil's stiffness, kissed her on both cheeks.

"I am called Miss Basil," was all the recognition she received; and Joanna was provoked to see that the kisses were submitted to with almost an air of offense.

Anita, however, not at all affected by this chilling reception, sank smilingly, in a graceful pose, upon a sofa commanding the door; whereupon Mrs. Basil, as if with an instinctive perception of her purpose in sitting there, turned to Miss Hawkesby, saying:

"My nephew desires me to make his excuses to yourself and Miss Anita. Mr. Ruffner came an hour ago with a message from Mrs. Stargold, insisting upon his dining with her. You know Mrs. Stargold, and how difficult it is to refuse her."

Anita bowed as composedly as though she

had not donned the blue grenadine all in vain. Miss Hawkesby also bowed, smelling at her vinaigrette with a preoccupied air.

"I was quite taken by surprise," then said Mrs. Basil, turning to Anita, "hearing that you and my nephew are acquainted."

"Oh, yes," Anita answered with a winning smile, "I count him as one of my friends, you know."

"Um!" said old Miss Hawkesby, "I think if Mrs. Basil knew the string of gentlemen you honor with that title, she would hardly enjoy the compliment."

"It is better to have friends than enemies," said Anita, sweetly. "And I'm sure Mr. Arthur Hendall is nice, aunt," she added, shyly, "for Mrs. Stargold says so."

"Yes," said old Miss Hawkesby, "your nephew is a great favorite with Mrs. Stargold, eh?"

"Oh, I don't know," Mrs. Basil answered, with prudent reserve, but with deep, secret satisfaction—a satisfaction, however, not altogether unalloyed; for, between Miss Hawkesby's inscrutable face, and Anita's bewitching ways, she was more uneasy about Arthur than she had ever been on Joanna's account. But people in society don't show this kind of uneasiness if they can help it, and so she smiled most graciously on Anita and Miss Hawkesby all through dinner.

As for Miss Hawkesby, she was in her element; she had discovered the secret of Mrs. Basil's solicitude about Joanna, and she had an opportunity to play Anita off against her. This she could do without risk, for young Hendall was an altogether different man in her estimation, now that Mrs. Stargold had taken him up. Those who did not know Miss Hawkesby well, invariably fell into the mistake of judging her to be an extremely transparent person; she *seemed* to speak of herself and her affairs with a perfect unreserve; but the old lady prided herself upon masking her secret views under the most daring frankness.

"Well, now," said she, "it is an easy matter for Mrs. Stargold to do something handsome for her young relations; look at her wealth! With me it is different. Anita knows how I must contrive and manage in order to keep up a proper appearance of style."

"Oh, dear, yes," murmured Anita; "if it wasn't for my knack at millinery and such work, aunt, what *should* we do?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Hawkesby. "That girl has a talent that is a fortune to her. A little bit of blond, a trifle of ribbon, a twist and a turn, and there, ma'am, you have the fichu she wears at this moment. I've known her to manufacture a love of a necktie with a piece of black lace and a strip of pink tissue-paper. Think of that!"

"O aunt!" said Anita, "I protest; you ought not to expose the secrets of my toilet."

"There are no gentlemen present, my dear," said Miss Hawkesby. "I never confess petty economies to gentlemen; they can't *respect* them. But with women it is different. I tell Anita"—turning to Mrs. Basil—"that she ought to marry a poor man—but mind you, Miss Anita, if you do, I'll never speak to you again."

Anita laughed.

"We hear of few *judicious* marriages now," said Mrs. Basil, feeling that she ought to say something.

"Few indeed!" assented Miss Hawkesby, with energy. "A sad state of things in our South at the present day! Our girls rush into matrimony without considering for a moment the all-important question whether a man is *substantial*, and they call it love! One hears of nothing in these degenerate days but petty economies that narrow the soul."

"Why, aunt, you preach economy incessantly," said Anita.

"Because I must, child," retorted Miss Hawkesby. "You know very well that I am not rich. If it wasn't for your talent I spoke of just now, I don't know where your fichus, and ruffs, and things, would come from.—I hope Joanna has such a talent?" she asked, abruptly, turning to Miss Basil.

"No, I think not," said Miss Basil, gravely. "I've never encouraged any thing of the kind; Joanna must conform to her condition in life."

"Then permit me to tell you that you have neglected your duty," said Miss Hawkesby. "Joanna is only seventeen: how do you know what her condition in life is to be?"

Miss Basil colored; it wasn't pleasant to be told that she had neglected her duty; if she were given time to deliver a homily, she could prove the contrary to her own satisfaction, at least; but her voluminous ideas on the subject of duty could not shape themselves in terse and ready repartee; and, before she found words to reply, Miss Hawkesby resumed:

"I've no doubt, my dear madam, that you acted with the best intentions; but you've made a mistake. Of course, I, with my limited means, can't take two girls on my hands at once; but, when Anita marries, as I mean she shall, Joanna shall have just as good a chance. There's no use making a secret about the main business of life; I never do." (Mrs. Basil and Miss Basil were both opening their eyes.) "Now, my good ladies," continued Miss Hawkesby, beginning to feel inspired by this homage to her originality, "what is there shocking in the statement that I wish to see my nieces marry well? I've no money to leave them; and what is to become of them without a husband apiece? They might teach, it is true; I see girls more ignorant than Anita go out to teach, poor things, but I never saw one make a fortune at it. It is much happier for a woman to marry a fortune, you may say what you please. I am not talking sentiment, but sense."

"Ah, my dear aunt, you were never married," sighed Anita, with an innocent air.

"Nor you, miss!" retorted Miss Hawkesby, sharply. "But my observation teaches me that the happiness of married life depends a great deal more upon sense than upon sentiment. Ho! ho! Well, I see by your looks that I am a shocking old woman. I've ruffled Miss Basil's delicate sense of propriety by talking so boldly on the main business of life in the presence of the innocent, unsophisticated Joanna. But, for my part, I be-

lieve in imbuing a girl early with proper views on this subject; it's of vital importance. Joanna will do well to cultivate any talent she may possess in the art of beautifying; she'll find it useful in these hard times and dreary days. That's always been my plan, and behold—Anita!"

And Anita was certainly charming to behold, Mrs. Basil thought, as she looked at the beautiful girl, pinning a rose in Joanna's hair; but Miss Basil sighed profoundly.

CHAPTER XXII.

STAT NOMINIS UMBRA.

"JOANNA!" said Anita, abruptly, "if Mrs. Basil will excuse us, take me out into the garden for a walk; I wish to see how much of it I remember.—I never drink coffee," she added, turning graciously to Mrs. Basil; it is so bad for me."

"Certainly," Mrs. Basil answered, beginning to think that Anita would be as pleasant a niece, all things considered, as she could find. "I'll send some iced tea out to you after a while, if you will have it." One could have thought, from the air with which she spoke, that she had a numerous retinue of servants at command.

"Thank you," said Anita; "I like iced tea."

The two girls walked through the garden in silence. If Anita remembered any thing there, she did not say so. At last, when they came to the scuppernong-arbor, she stopped. "Let us sit down," she said, with a frown; "I'm tired."

Joanna took out her handkerchief and carefully dusted the rustic seat. Then she put out her hands and shook the bench, to test its strength. "I must see that it is safe," said she, gravely; "things are very dilapidated about here."

"Thank you," said Anita, "how considerate for me, you dear Joanna! You have dispelled my frown, which is a valuable service. Never frown, Joanna, even when no one is by to see, for frowns leave their trace. Always cultivate a serene expression, it is a great beautifier. You see, my child, I know the effect of every thing. Beauty is a great art."

"Yes, Anita," said Joanna, with the manner of an obedient pupil.

Her sister burst into a laugh. "I've studied under Miss Hawkesby!" said she, with a touch of bitterness. "What did you think of her discourse at dinner to-day?"

Joanna paused; then she said, sedately, "I am too young to understand my aunt, I think."

"O happy Joanna! O discreet Joanna!" cried Anita, mockingly. "I saw it in your face; you were shocked, you knew not wherefore. I will tell you, it was the general tone. Yet, my aunt—I beg your pardon, *our* aunt—is not a bad woman. In her way she is a good woman. If she had a little more money, she would take you about with her as she does me; she would dress you, she would introduce you to society—the best society—she knows everybody worth know-

ing—she would instill into your mind the most valuable worldly wisdom—and then, the chances are ten to one you would disappoint her.”

“I think it very likely,” said Joanna, with a dejected sigh.

“Don’t take an imaginary trouble so much to heart, my honest little soul; I’ve not answered her hopes, myself.”

“You? O Anita!” cried Joanna, incredulously.

“You think it not possible?” said Anita. “Joanna! does the world possess any attractions for you?”

“Yes, certainly,” answered Joanna, heartily.

“Would it make you happy, do you think, to go about with our aunt as I do?—to be always dressed, to be always in company, to be always admired?”

“Of course it would!” replied Joanna. “You might know that without asking. Doesn’t it make you happy?”

“Do you know,” said Anita, without giving any heed to this last question, “that if it were not for me, you might have all these things they call *advantages*, at my aunt’s hands?”

“How?” faltered Joanna.

“If I were to marry,” said Anita, “and relieve her of myself, you might step into my shoes.”

“I do not understand these matters, Anita,” said Joanna, primly, and turning her head away; “but”—with decision—“I would not have you take such a step for my advantage.”

“Do you not hate me?” said Anita, with some asperity; “do not turn your head away—whatever your answer—out with it honestly—let us have no shams in this unworldly spot—I say, do you not hate me for standing in your way?”

“O Anita! Anita!” said Joanna, looking at her sister with tears in her eyes. “You are my sister, and I love you! I would rather you should have all these pleasures than I.”

“Pleasures?” repeated Anita, with slight scorn. “I tell you it is the same old tune, eternally, and one grows so deadly weary of dancing to it. It would be no great kindness to abdicate in your favor, Joanna, my happy child. You don’t know how hollow the world is; how we smile and smile, and sting each other, and distrust everybody.”

“O Anita! when everybody must love you so!”

Anita laughed shrilly. “You think,” she said, “that because I am pretty, and gay, and stylish, and all that, that men fall down and worship me? Don’t you, you little goose? I’ve had my adorers, I own—but I never had one yet that was blind to my faults.”

“Have you faults, Anita?” asked Joanna, simply.

“Haven’t you found them out?” asked Anita. “But no; remain blind to them, yet a little while. I have seen you but a few hours—we have been strangers for years—and yet, Joanna, I really believe there is not one, among all the people I know, who would so readily sacrifice self for me as you would.”

“Believe it, Anita! Believe it!” cried Joanna, ardently.

“And I admire unselfishness, heartily; but I am not sure that I would sacrifice myself for you,” said Anita, slowly.

“I hope you never will,” answered the generous Joanna, heartily.

“You are a droll child,” said Anita, laughing. “If I were not so sure that you are happier now and here, under the care of that deliciously prim dragon, Miss Basil, than you could possibly be in the world you are so eager for, I’d marry a bald old gentleman I know of, and leave you the stage.”

“Anita, don’t do it, unless you like to. I do not wish to leave Pamela just now”—(Joanna had not yet given up the hope of being a comfort and a consolation)—“and I think a bald old gentleman is horrid.”

“Of course I sha’n’t,” answered Anita. “I know a young man that is a great deal nicer, and he is not bald. But he is poor; think how horrid that is!”

“But he isn’t so *very* poor, is he?” asked Joanna, anxiously.

Anita laughed. “He is too poor for me, Aunt Hawkesby would say,” she answered, shaking her head.

“Anita, Anita,” said Joanna, piteously, “don’t talk as if life were a delusion and a snare, and utterly devoid of joy; don’t! don’t! Pamela preaches that enough; but she is old, and has had the rheumatism; and I am so young, I must believe in life. And you are only five years older than I, and so beautiful; say that you are happy, that you enjoy the world, and the people in it—oh, say it, Anita?”

“Look at me!” cried Anita, tragically, “Do I look unhappy? No, no, my child,” she added, with smiles breaking over her face. “I see the servant bringing the promised tea. But one cup? Don’t you drink it, Joanna? You should learn; it’s a worldly accomplishment.”

“Pamela thinks it bad for the nerves,” said Joanna, primly. “She would never let me drink it.”

“Oh, indeed? Then have the lemon, do!” said Anita, holding the slice toward her on the tip of the spoon. “Do take it; I sha’n’t enjoy my tea unless you go halves.”

So Joanna took the slice of lemon. She could have eaten a whole one at any time, as is the taste of Southern girls.

“Of course I enjoy the world and the people in it, Joanna,” said Anita, as she gave the empty cup to the servant, a smart mulatto girl, who had been diligently studying the blue grenadine; “and, more than all, I do enjoy a cup of iced tea. Did I make you believe me a misanthrope? My dear, I’ve a talent for exciting a sensation. I’ve told you once before that you need not take *au pied de la lettre* every thing I say. I love gayety, I love life. Does any thing ever happen here, Joanna?”

“Oh, yes, indeed, a great many things,” answered Joanna, thinking chiefly of her name on the mimosa-tree.

“For instance, what?” asked Anita, incredulously.

“Why,” said Joanna, a little confused,

“you see the grandmamma gives dinings sometimes; and Mr. Hendall, he is here.”

“Ah!” said Anita, with interest; “and you see a good deal of him, I suppose?”

“Not much,” answered Joanna; “he has been away.”

“But before he went?”

“I met him here in the garden sometimes,” said Joanna, rather unwillingly.

“I suppose you found his conversation improving?” asked Anita, with infantile innocence that completely threw Joanna off her guard.

“Oh, yes,” was the reply.

“What did he talk about—Darwinism? Everybody talks about Darwinism now, you know; and it isn’t necessary to understand it at all. The moment you understand more about any thing than your neighbor does, you become a bore.”

“I don’t think he said any thing about *that*,” said Joanna.

Anita smiled.

“Are there any other gentlemen to be seen here? Joanna, I am older than you—you should tell me *every thing*” (peremptorily).

“Yes, Anita,” Joanna answered, hurriedly, with a guilty recollection of the name on the mimosa-tree; “there is that friend of Mela’s who comes so often—”

“Ah! a beau of Miss Basil’s?”

“No, Anita,” replied Joanna, very gravely; “that is not applicable to Pamela. He is a kinsman and young, and his name is Basil Redmond.”

“Hark!” cried Anita, suddenly catching her sister’s arm. “What is that?”

“It is nothing but a whip-poor-will over there in the ravine,” said Joanna, laughing. “How white you are, Anita! were you frightened?”

“So it is a whip-poor-will,” said Anita, relaxing her grasp of Joanna’s arm. “What a charming note! Don’t you love to hear them?”

“I would much rather hear the mocking-birds,” Joanna answered. “I know where there are two nests; one in the pomegranate-bush, at the end of the raspberry-border, and one in the Banksia rose down there at the other corner; you shall have your choice, Anita.”

“Thank you; but I interrupted you. What were you going to say?”

“I forget.”

“About Mr. Romney, was it?”

“Mr. Redmond. Oh, I wasn’t going to say any thing.”

Anita made an impatient movement.

“Redmond? Oh, Redmond, I remember. He used to be here when I was a child. A horrid tease he was. I hear a step. I suppose that is he, coming to see Miss Basil? Let me pick my handkerchief up myself, child; you said I was pale just now; stooping will give me a color. I understand effects, you see.”

Her face was rosy enough when she looked up.

“No; that cannot be Mr. Redmond,” Joanna answered. “He is gone to Westport on business. It must be Mr. Hendall; it is!” And, with a quick impulse, she half rose to

meet him. But Anita sat still and arranged the folds of her dress.

Young Hendall, hastening forward in the twilight, had eyes for Anita only. He did not speak to Joanna; he did not see her; he even turned his back upon her.

"This is the young lover that my aunt, Miss Hawkesby, disapproves of," thought she, with a feeling that it was no new discovery; and, after a moment of painful hesitation, she walked away.

It was no aimless wandering that led her now toward the retired little alcove where she had always carried her childish griefs and perplexities.

"Am I envious of Anita?" she asked herself, bitterly. "Of my sister, so sweet and good, reproaching herself for standing in my way? O wicked heart of mine! Did she not say that I would sacrifice myself for her? Am I to shrink at sacrificing my folly? No, no; I will not! I will not! I must be worthy of her."

And with these words, drawing her pen-knife from her pocket, she, by the glimmer of the stars, effaced her name from the bark, leaving, when all was done, only a blank.

How long she sat there afterward she did not know; but Miss Basil, ever watchful against malaria, found her there with her eyes fixed upon her ruthless work.

"Now, Joanna, you'll get your death! How can you?" she began, querulously; and then she stopped abruptly, for there was yet light enough to reveal to her one furtive, jealous glance at the mimosa-tree, the erasure of Joanna's name; and, forgetting all about malaria, she was utterly at a loss what to say. Who had cut the name away, she could not imagine—indeed, that was a question she was not concerned about—but, if Joanna was going to take the cutting out of that foolish bit of work in that stony way, what *could* she say? But Joanna saved her the trouble of speaking.

"I did it myself, 'Mela,'" said she, quietly, in response to Miss Basil's mute appeal.

"But—but," stammered Miss Basil, "what for?" That Joanna herself should have done so sensible a thing was alarming.

"Did you not tell me that it is your tree—your tree that you cherished," said Joanna, her voice rising sharply. "Besides, I will not permit liberties to be taken with my name."

"But, child," faltered Miss Basil, sitting down beside her, and not knowing even yet what she would say.

"Mela!" cried Joanna, passionately, throwing herself on her knees, and burying her face in Miss Basil's lap, "O 'Mela, I am a child no longer!"

Some instinct of comprehension made Miss Basil put her hand on the girl's bowed head; but instinct carried her no further than this. Joanna had so often disclaimed the estate of childhood that the passionate protest she now made was nothing new to Miss Basil, and, her morality being so much stronger than her sympathy, she began forthwith to preach.

"You must guard your temper, my dear. I hope Anita's finery does not make you envious. You must remember that your posi-

tions are different, and you must not expect to receive such attentions as she receives. Your aunt and sister, between them, will bring about a state of things here, in the way of worldly distraction, in which you, Joanna, cannot expect to share; and you must make it your study to strive for contentment and a quiet mind. And, Mercy guide us, Joanna! you make me forget what I came for. The Griswolds are all down with chills, and here you are, on this damp gravel, as if you never heard of such a thing! Come right away to the house and swallow a dose of ginger. Taken in time, I've known it to forestall and save a dose of quinine."

BASIL'S FAITH:

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BITTER FRUIT."

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER I.

THAT excellent life, which many persons live who belong to the higher section of English middle-class life, had been lived by Mr. and Mrs. Bradley—an eminently respectable life, based upon successful commercial operations supported by adequate capital—no trials, either by tension of the money-market, or through unruliness of spirit or flesh, had disturbed the even tenor of their career. Men rose and fell in the chances of city-life; but Mr. Bradley, eschewing the temptations of speculation, persistently trod the safe path of legitimate business. Men and women rose to a high eminence of saintliness—men and women descended to the nether depths—but Mr. and Mrs. Bradley persistently trod the safe and estimable path leading heavenward, of churchwarden mediocrity. They had their reward—they were growing old, and the sere and yellow leaf brought them honor, love, obedience, and troops of friends, modeled in their own moral semblance—each and all persistently treading that same safe and estimable path—a daily recurrence of breakfast, luncheon, and dinner—thoroughly adequate and nourishing—sherry of golden suavity, port of fading ruby—a daily recurrence of the same ideas, social and religious—a strange intertwining of these ideas—every thing is sacred to a churchwarden! Life without a battle, but life without a victory.

At last the trumpet sounded and the battle began. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley lived in a very comfortable villa at Twickenham, the garden of which sloped down to the river. Our story commences on the morning of September 1, 1873. As a rule, Mr. Bradley was always the first of the family to enter the breakfast-room. Breakfast was laid in a cozy, pleasant room, half library, half ordinary sitting-room, which opened into the garden. Mr. Bradley's mind was ill at ease as

* This story is founded on a drama of the same title. The author gives notice that "in the present inequitable condition of the law of copyright, it is necessary to state that the dramatic rights are secured by two performances of the play at Hull."

he stood before a small table examining, with useful countenance, a very perfect breech loader, by Westley Richards, wiping the barrel with the most loving care. "Confound my old legs," he murmured, "they won't stand the work! Confound that infernal '34—I laid it down in my youth to floor me in my old age—improvidence of youth! Oh, for one sniff of the turnips—one long, delicious sniff! That crispy green, crunching under the boots—sparkling with dew—quivering with excitement. Oh, hang these breech-loaders! they are very pretty, but they've no mercy on a man's legs or a man's breath; down charge! Well, it was breathing-time—perhaps it was sport."

Mr. Bradley's recollections of old-fashioned sport were interrupted by the entrance of Martha, the confidential maid, and indeed, by virtue of long and faithful service, well-nigh the mistress of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley and of the entire household. Martha placed a traveling-bag on the table close to the glass-case.

"Well, Martha, is the boy ready? Portmanteau packed? Every thing all right, hey?"

"The portmanteau's right enough, sir—I packed it myself. I wouldn't trust any one else to touch it."

"Then, of course, it's all right?"

"No, sir, it isn't; it's very far from being all right. The fact is, Master Basil—"

"Martha, do try to say *Master* Basil. Remember, he's of age these last three years."

"I do try to say *Master* Basil, sir, but I can't quite manage it. I'm sorry to say that Master Basil says he won't go."

"Not go!—the 1st of September!" exclaimed Mr. Bradley, with amazement.

"When I went to call him this morning, there he was, dear young gentleman, sitting up in his dressing-gown, all of a daze like. I know what's what," Martha added, with significant gesture. "I've told missus all about it. I know he ought to go—he's no business to stop another day in this house."

"His father's house, Martha?"

"Not another day, sir, begging your pardon—while *she* remains here, and that's the plain truth."

"Martha," said Mr. Bradley, with severe tone, "never let me hear you utter another wicked word of that sort. Have you women no charity one for another? Understand, once for all, as long as Mrs. Milburn remains in this house no one shall question her conduct."

"It's no business of mine, sir; she won't hurt my character. It's only on Master Basil's account that I care—he's a young man, and she—"

"Martha!"

Martha prudently retired.

"Head of one's own house," thought Mr. Bradley, with a feeling of self-abasement, "freeholder, but not head—wage-payer, but not master—husband, but not lord. For the first time in my life I've tried to perform a generous action at a certain cost—tried to stand up against the world on behalf of a defenseless woman, hounded down by lies and calumny, but the world beats me—the world, leagued with wife and servants, and

neighbors, and that grim prude, respectability. Ah, there's nothing left to a man of sixty-five but cowardice. Port wine's about the limit of his free-will, and even there his will mustn't be too free."

Basil Bradley entered the room in shooting-garb—as pleasant a looking young Englishman as might be seen in a day's journey, but serious withal beyond his years, and bearing a stamp of methodical business habit; in point of appearance and bearing, the very sort of son for Mr. and Mrs. Bradley to idolize and worship—the very sort of young man to tread that same safe and estimable path which they had trodden.

"Basil, my boy, how late you are!"

"Time enough, sir. Where's the money-article?" he replied, snatching up the *Times* and scanning it eagerly.

"The money-article! Confound it, Basil—the birds—the birds!"

"Yes, yes, the birds; but business is business, father."

"Not on the 1st of September! I thought you had arranged every thing for a holiday."

"So I had; but it's no use taking a holiday if your mind won't give you one."

"Bless me, Basil! Why, at one time you were never happy without a gun in your hands."

"I was mad for sport then; I'm mad for money now."

"Haven't you enough, my boy?"

"The zest of making it—not the money; the emulation—my head pitted against a thousand clever heads."

"Gambling, Basil."

"Well, it's not the turf, father. You were afraid of that at one time. I do love horses, though. I wish men had as little vice."

"Come, put down the paper, and get ahead with breakfast; they'll begin the day without you."

"I must wait for a telegram from the office. Any more about that wretched business?"

"Tom Milburn sticks to his text. I declare I'm half puzzled."

"I'm not! It's as clear as day," replied Basil, with vehemence. "Tom Milburn is an infernal blackguard!"

"Gently, my boy, gently—the proofs he holds against her conduct."

"Proofs! I don't believe in proofs," answered Basil. "I believe in people. Isn't Tom Milburn a blackguard, and a liar to boot?"

"Granted."

"Isn't Clara Milburn a noble, pure-hearted woman?"

"I think she is, but I can't prove it."

"Prove it? no; but I believe it, faith!"

"A man of business," said Mr. Bradley, with a smile, "and he talks of faith."

"Why, father, men walk by faith in the city—golden promises, golden plausibilities—proofs! no proof but faith; the error consists in being gulled by liars. Proof is no proof without an honest man to vouch it. Tom Milburn is a scoundrel, I'll vouch for that."

"Well, I can't tell what a jury will say to your theory," replied Mr. Bradley, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Good Heavens, father! it won't come to that?"

"It will come to that, my boy."

"What! all those vile liars arrayed against her in that horrible Divorce Court?"

"She shall have the best legal advice money can procure."

"We can give that to criminals, father; but the shame will kill her."

"Hush, Basil! here's your mother." And Mrs. Bradley hurried into the room, full of maternal solicitude for her son.

"Making a good breakfast, Basil, I do hope; it will be such a hot, fatiguing day." And Mrs. Bradley seated herself at the breakfast-table. "Papa, dear, is he making a good breakfast?"

"Nonsense, Maria! the boy's old enough to know what to eat."

"I don't care about his age—it's his breakfast.—Basil, dear, you must support yourself."

"All right, mother, I am supporting myself."

"You'll give our kindest remembrances to Mr. and Mrs. Woodford?" said Mrs. Bradley, with marked emphasis; "and mind, Basil, you are to give my best love to Margaret Woodford—she's a great favorite of mine."

"You've often said so, mother."

"A charming, sensible girl, thoroughly well brought up; no fiddle-de-dee sentiment and pack o' nonsense about her. Good, religious parents—excellent examples for a young girl."

"Oh, yes, Margaret Woodford's well enough," replied Basil, calmly.

"She's a great deal better than that," pursued Mrs. Bradley. "I only wish I could induce you to think so. Mind, you're to tell her from me that I've been wanting her to stay with us these last three months, and now I declare the summer's gone."

"Why didn't you ask her before?" inquired Basil.

"How could I ask a young girl to this house?"

"Why not, mother?"

"I can only tell you, Basil—and your own common-sense will tell you the reason—if I had a daughter of my own, nothing should induce me to let her remain in this house."

"My love! my love!" exclaimed Mr. Bradley, in deprecatory tone.

"It's the fact, Mr. Bradley. It's very hard for me; I've never been ashamed before now to ask people to my house."

"O mother, mother!"

"No, Basil; I was brought up as a girl ought to be brought up. I trust I have never forgotten my early training. I trust I have always taught you a proper sense of right and wrong."

"Yes, mother, of right and wrong; and I tell you from the bottom of my heart that you did what was quite right when you afforded an honorable asylum under your own roof to a lady who has been shamefully treated."

"I've no word to say in favor of Tom Milburn," persisted Mrs. Bradley, "but, at the same time, there are people who take his part; and you know perfectly well, Basil,

there is not a single house at the present moment where Clara Milburn would be received."

"The greater honor to us, mother, that we receive her here."

"She's infatuated you in her favor," retorted Mrs. Bradley, in acrimonious tone, "I can see that plainly enough."

"Mother, dear," answered Basil, with serious and earnest expression, "you can't suppose for a moment that I care for Clara Milburn—Tom Milburn's wife—absurd notion; but I tell you plainly, I do care for the shameful way she has been treated; I do care that she should be the victim of lies and calumny; I do care that her only child, almost a baby, should be wrested from her; I do care, because I believe she is good, and true, and noble, and I mean to stick up for her through thick and thin."

Basil was interrupted for the moment by the entrance from the garden of Captain Seton—a young man, senior to Basil by three or four years—the nephew of a neighbor and intimate friend of the Bradleys. Basil laid eager hands on Seton, and drew him forward into the controversy.

"We are talking about Mrs. Milburn, Seton. I want to assure mother of your faith in her honorable conduct. They know you were engaged to Mrs. Milburn long before this miserable marriage with my cousin. Tell them your confidence in Mrs. Milburn's conduct."

"Mrs. Milburn has been shamefully wronged by her husband," replied Seton. "I'm fully convinced of her entire innocence."

"Bravo! Tell them that Clara Milburn is not the woman to whom a man would dare to utter a dishonorable word."

Seton replied, with some slight hesitation, "Certainly, certainly;" and, turning to Mrs. Bradley, remarked, with a smile, that Basil was a doughty champion.

"So are you, Seton," retorted Basil, half in jest and half in earnest. "By Heaven! if ordeal by battle wasn't over, there would be two lances in the field; and I know a third, if it were needful. You'd couch a lance, father, wouldn't you, even if you had to do battle in your slippers and dressing-gown? By Heaven! a fellow could fight for his faith in those days, and lay about him, and leave the verdict to Heaven!"

"Dark ages of superstition!" exclaimed Mr. Bradley; "we leave it now to twelve jurymen selected by blind chance. Well, suiting my chivalry to the practice of the age, I've placed the whole matter in the hands of our neighbor, the eminent ecclesiastical lawyer, Dr. Manley; he's an old school-fellow of mine, and will advise me as a friend. I shall be greatly governed by his opinion."

"I sha'n't!" exclaimed Basil.

"Why?" inquired Mr. Bradley.

"Because his opinion, I'll bet fifty to one, will be adverse. I know the proofs are against her."

"Basil, I declare it's perfectly distressing to hear you talk in this absurd strain," said Mrs. Bradley, with evident vexation.

"He must think as he likes," replied Mr. Bradley; "it's no use arguing with him on

these terms. And now, once for all, let this conversation cease."

"The secret of my popping in upon you at this early hour," said Seton, in a tone of apology, "is that my uncle wants to bother Basil with another question about those dreadful mining shares."

"What, is he still hankering after those wretched things?" exclaimed Basil. "I've proved to him half a dozen times—"

"Proved?" exclaimed Mr. Bradley.

"Yes, father; proved the directors a pack of scoundrels. I can't analyze copper-ore, but I can tell what men are made of."

"He's bent upon taking the shares," said Seton.

"He sha'n't do it," replied Basil, with energy.

"I wish you could give him a couple of minutes as you drive past," said Seton; "he always listens to you."

"The mare's so fresh she won't stand a moment. Here, I'll run across the gardens—it won't take ten minutes."

"Shall I order the dog-cart to be ready for you when you return?" inquired Mrs. Bradley, as Basil rose to leave.

"When I come back, mother, will be time enough. I can't be sure of going till I get the telegram." And Basil hurried off to save Mr. Seton from entering upon his rash speculation.

"I can assure you," said Seton, "that my uncle is always praising Basil; he says he's the best man of business in the world—hard-headed, practical."

"So he is," replied Mrs. Bradley; "all but that crotchet about this unfortunate affair." At this moment the servant entered with a card on a salver for Mr. Bradley.

"Well, my love," said Mr. Bradley, glancing at the card, "we shall soon know the best or the worst of it. Dr. Manley is good enough to call upon me—not seeing me at church yesterday, I suppose."

"I only beg one thing," said Mrs. Bradley. "Promise me that Dr. Manley's advice shall govern our course for the future."

"Certainly, my dear," replied Mr. Bradley, with an assumption of firmness; and he left the room.

"I wish you clearly to understand, Captain Seton," observed Mrs. Bradley, "that I thoroughly sympathize with Mrs. Milburn in her very unfortunate position; and, of course, if I were not thoroughly convinced in my own mind of the perfect rectitude of her conduct, I should not allow her to remain in this house another moment."

"Quite so, Mrs. Bradley," replied Seton.

"It's in vain to deny the prejudice of the world in such cases," continued Mrs. Bradley, "and I'm old-fashioned enough to say that it is a very wholesome prejudice. Mothers will not bring their daughters to this house, and I don't blame them."

"I know the strong social feeling on the point," observed Seton, "for I'm always fighting it."

"It really is very unpleasant," continued Mrs. Bradley, "to see one's neighbors looking askance at one. I declare, sometimes I can't bear to go to church, and I was always brought up from a child to a strict perform-

ance of my religious duties; and then there are the servants—really *they* ought to have a proper example shown them by their superiors." At this moment Martha entered the room.—"Well, Martha, what's the matter?"

Martha approached her mistress, and said a few words, which were inaudible to Captain Seton.

"Oh, yes, Martha, she can come now," replied Mrs. Bradley, in a tone of irritation.

Martha left the room; and Captain Seton readily surmised that mistress and maid were in league to prevent, as far as possible, Basil Bradley from being in the company of Clara Milburn.

"Of course, Captain Seton," continued Mrs. Bradley, "I say all this in confidence; but it's no use blinding one's eyes to the fact that this is a most unfortunate affair both for Mrs. Milburn and ourselves, and all the more so on Basil's account."

Clara Milburn entered the room—quietly, very quietly, as if with the purpose to shroud herself away. She was about three-and-twenty; elegant, lithe figure; sweet, interesting face, but darkened with sad expression. Mrs. Bradley received her with marked ceremony and distance of manner.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Milburn. Captain Seton, an old friend of yours, I know."

Clara's face flushed when she perceived the presence of Captain Seton; and, bowing coldly, she bent her eyes to the ground.

"May I offer some tea? I'm afraid it's rather cold."

"It will be very nice, thank you, Mrs. Bradley;" and Clara took her seat at the table. "A lovely day for the 1st of September," she remarked, forcing herself to talk; "I hope Basil will have good sport."

"My son isn't certain even now whether he can get away from business."

"What a pity!"

"Basil is devoted to his duty, Mrs. Milburn; no shooting or any thing else can divert him from that."

Martha entered the room, and spoke to Mrs. Bradley.

"Oh, your master wishes to see me in the study, does he?—I must ask you to excuse my leaving the breakfast-table, Mrs. Milburn; Mr. Bradley desires to see me on business."

And, with a stately inclination of the head, Mrs. Bradley left the room, followed by Martha. Clara Milburn and Captain Seton were alone.

The flush again mantled her face; she started up, and glanced at him for a moment with scornful expression.

"So, Captain Seton—"

"Clara!"

"Not Clara!—Mrs. Milburn. You have dared to come here for my answer to the letter you gave me last night. It's burned! I have suffered very much," she continued, in agitated voice, "suffered the horrible anguish of unjust accusation—accusation supported by diabolical ingenuity—but that letter of yours has dealt me the hardest blow. We were younger than we are now when you asked me to be your wife—younger, but I think you knew the meaning of your offer."

"You knew I did!" he exclaimed, passionately.

"You meant it as the highest honor you could pay to the girl you loved—you felt she was worthy of the highest honor."

"I did!"

"And now—oh, she has sunk so low in your estimation that you dare write to her that shameful letter—fly with you to India!"

"Listen to me!"

"To me first," she answered, with vehemence. "Oh, you must have greatly changed, or your hand would have paused ere it penned those words!—oh, worse than insult, a drying up of all source of faith and hope! What faith or hope is left, if those who should believe in me have turned faithless? if one who has known me from girlhood—one who has loved me—believes me worthy of this shameful offer? Is this that *beau idéal* I worshiped at seventeen?" she added, in a tone of bitter contempt.

"By Heaven, I love you now as then!"

"Not now as then!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "Oh! think what you could have done for me had that love been a true, noble, enduring love! you, coming back from India, fresh to our circle, you could have said to me, 'Clara Milburn, I know these vile stories are base lies; have confidence, I believe in your innocence. I knew you as a girl, as a playmate; the whole thing is monstrous, impossible.' Oh, think what strength those words would have given me to face the world—to defy those accursed lies!"

"I have said all this to the world," he answered.

"But not to me," she rejoined, scornfully. "No, Mark Seton. In your own heart you have condemned me, joined my enemies in secret, using empty mouthings of confidence before the world."

"These are bitter words, Mrs. Milburn; nevertheless I shall be true when all the world has turned aside."

"Oh, let it turn, I care not; I have a safe refuge here. My own husband's relations have declared their perfect faith in my innocence, and they have proved their faith by giving me an honorable asylum in their house."

"They have, certainly," answered Seton, in a doubtful tone.

"Would Mrs. Bradley have any thing to do with a person in whose character she had not entire confidence?"

"No, but—"

"But what?"

"There is such a thing as wearing out a welcome," said Seton, significantly.

"Not in a case like mine," rejoined Clara, vehemently. "Their house *must* be my home while this charge hangs over my head; they feel that—they feel that to send me away would be an act of utter condemnation."

"Can you honestly tell me that Mrs. Bradley does not begin to tire of your presence?"

"Oh, well; she may at times be rather impatient—rather cold, even; but that's only on the surface. We are none of us quite perfect. Of course I try to give as little trouble as possible—keep myself to myself;

but she could never send me away while she has confidence in my character. No, no! impossible! Heaven would never permit that. Then you know Mr. Bradley—"

"Mr. Bradley does not govern here," Seton exclaimed, with marked emphasis.

"Perhaps in little things," replied Clara; "but in great matters a man is master of his own house; and I am sure his sense of justice—"

"And Basil Bradley—that eminently good young man?"

"Basil Bradley! I scarcely ever see him," answered Clara. "Besides, he's immersed in business, morning to night."

"Do you think they contrive to keep him away from you?"

"No, no, no! absurd!"

"That Martha; that confidential cat, Martha?"

"Quite a mistake—quite a mistake, I assure you."

"Then I am mistaken," said Seton, with significant gesture.

"You are indeed mistaken," replied Clara. "It's very cruel of you to talk in this strain." And tears rose in her eyes, for, deny it as she might, she felt he was telling the bitter truth.

"Cruel! Heaven forefend!" exclaimed Seton. "All I desire is to open your eyes to the true state of things in this house. Prepare yourself; the end will come far quicker than you deem. Dr. Manley is now here, in conference with Mr. and Mrs. Bradley."

"Dr. Manley here! they've not sent for me!" she exclaimed, with surprise.

"Dr. Manley is not here on *your* account, but on *theirs*—not for your justification, but for theirs in retaining you here."

"No, no! I tell you a thousand times, no! You talk in vain when you try to shake my faith in these good, true friends. They must be true. My child has been taken from me. There must be *some* mercy left on earth. No woman could ever be permitted to stand alone against such fearful odds."

"Blind yourself with that faith, if you will," replied Seton, in an ironical tone. "Dr. Manley must needs declare in no undecided tone his confidence in your cause, or you leave this house. Mrs. Bradley will send you away—and then?"

"And then I shall be without one friend in the world."

"One friend," urged Seton.

"Not one! Leave me, Captain Seton."

She turned from him with contempt and scorn, but he felt he was only baffled for the time. He knew that Mrs. Bradley was doing her best to favor his cause—to drive Clara Milburn through sheer desperation into his arms. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley entered the room. The interview with Dr. Manley was over; he was assured it could only have one ending, and he retired into the garden in full confidence of future victory.

Clara flew to Mr. Bradley as soon as he entered the room.

"You've seen Dr. Manley. Oh! will they let me have my child—will they—will they?" she exclaimed, with piteous vehemence.

"You mustn't excite yourself, my dear," said Mr. Bradley, kindly.

"I won't; but Mabel—Mabel," she gasped, eagerly.

"We must talk over matters quietly," observed Mr. Bradley, evasively. "My dear Mrs. Milburn, Dr. Manley—"

"Oh, but tell me about Mabel first—"

"My dear, I regret to say that Dr. Manley has not pronounced any opinion upon that point."

"But that was the point," she cried, in agonized voice; "my very life—blood, my child!"

"You see," said Mr. Bradley, "that Dr. Manley only called upon us as an old friend. Mr. Jackson, our family lawyer, will see him professionally in a few days—"

"But Mabel—Mabel!" she exclaimed, in accents of despair, and burst into tears.

"Do oblige me by putting a little restraint upon your feelings," said Mrs. Bradley. "We can't do impossibilities; we are trying to do the best we can."

Clara Milburn felt, from the hard, unsympathetic tone of the voice, that Mrs. Bradley had pronounced her condemnation. Captain Seton's words were fast coming true.

"I have got to tell you," said Mr. Bradley, speaking with great hesitation, "that Dr. Manley considers—or rather that he thinks on the whole—or perhaps all things considered—that it would, or rather might, be better if you were somewhat nearer Mr. Jackson's office."

"Nearer Mr. Jackson's office!" exclaimed Clara, almost dumfounded.

"Yes, my dear—rather nearer," repeated Mr. Bradley; "lodgings, you understand."

"Yes, I understand," replied Clara, in a faint voice.

She sank back in her chair—she felt that her condemnation was finally pronounced.

"We shall take every care of her, sha'n't we, Mrs. Bradley?"

Mr. Bradley endeavored to assume a cheerful voice.

"Certainly, Mr. Bradley; certainly!"

"We thought of Martha's sister," pursued Mr. Bradley, "near Bloomsbury Square.—Oh, come in, Martha, if that's you."

It was Martha, and she did come in; it had been arranged that she should do so.

"You say your sister's drawing-room floor is disengaged?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must know, my dear," continued Mr. Bradley, addressing Mrs. Milburn, "that Martha's sister was formerly in service here."

"Yes, sir—please—ten years," exclaimed Martha, in dignified tone. "Then married from this house; and now she's a respectable widow; pays rents and rates regular."

"It won't seem like being away from us altogether," observed Mr. Bradley, in a kindly tone; "will it, my dear?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Bradley; certainly not!" replied Clara, shuddering at his words.

"Martha will go up to town this morning," said Mrs. Bradley, "and make all the arrangements with her sister; and Mrs. Milburn will be able to go up in the evening in our brougham, after it has taken us to the Sharps."

"A very good arrangement!" exclaimed

Mr. Bradley. "You know, Mrs. Milburn, we shall pay for every thing."

"Thank you, Mr. Bradley; thank you!"

And, sick at heart, scarcely realizing the terrible position in which she was placed, she turned from him and sank into a chair.

"Well, come," muttered Mr. Bradley, "it's a mercy it's over. Poor thing! she takes it in very good part. Mauley's wrong; I'm sure he is. I'm a coward—coward! Port wine, port wine!" and Mr. Bradley wiped his eyes and his glasses. He would have liked to say some more kind words to Mrs. Milburn. He lingered near her, but the words stuck in his throat. Basil's entrance was a great relief.

"You never will be in time, my boy!"

"I certainly sha'n't," replied Basil; "I must go up to town after all."

"No, Basil!" exclaimed Mr. Bradley, in a tone of regret.

"The telegram says 'Yes.' I shall do what I can to catch the 'one o'clock' from Waterloo, and then take a fly over from Chertsey.—Good-morning, Mrs. Milburn. I didn't see you for the moment."

She rose from her chair.

"Good-morning, Mr. Basil; you must allow me also to say good-by!"

"Good-by?" he exclaimed, with astonishment.

"Yes, I am going to leave you this evening."

"Going to leave us?"

"I'm sure it's time for my long visit to come to an end," she said, striving to hide her anguish with a smile.

"Nonsense, Mrs. Milburn!"

"It's necessary for me to be in town, near the lawyer."

"Who says that?" asked Basil.

"Dr. Manley advises it."

"Dr. Manley!" exclaimed Basil, with warmth.

"The fact is," said Mr. Bradley, intervening, "you see, Basil—"

"Yes, father," he replied, with emphasis, "I see; I see!" but he said no more, and his manner lapsed into its usual phlegmatic condition.

"Allow me to thank you, Mr. Basil," said Clara, in trembling voice, "for all your attention to me."

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Milburn," he replied, bluntly; "don't mention it. Well, then, if it must be so, good-by!"

He shook the hand she offered him, but he threw no warmth into his grasp. His manner appeared even more than usually cold and indifferent; in fact, just the sort of manner Mrs. Milburn was prepared to expect—the manner of a hard-headed, practical man of business, full of business thoughts, starting, as of daily custom, for his London work.

"You'll lose your train, Basil!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, catching at any cause to prevent her son from conversing with Mrs. Milburn.

"Time enough, mother!"

And Basil, after a few business remarks to his father, went toward the garden. Seton met him on the threshold.

"Settled matters with my uncle?" inquired Seton.

"I've knocked that share mania out of his head!" replied Basil, with a good deal of emphasis.

"A thousand thanks, old boy; and now you're off to the birds?"

"No; to London first; perhaps the birds in the afternoon."

"One moment, Basil!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, following her son to the window. "Don't forget my best love to Margaret Woodford. I shall write to her to-day, to ask her to stay with us next week."

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley stood together watching their son as he hurried down the garden; they loved him so much! they were so proud of him! he was such a good young man! he had never given them a single moment's anxiety! But when Mrs. Bradley looked at her son, and thought of what women are capable of becoming—thought of the many cunning pitfalls which fair little hands can dig, of the nets woven in finest mesh by deft white fingers, then her heart misgave her; and in her maternal love and fear she hated her own sex most thoroughly, and she wished, as fervently as wished the old ascetics of desert, cave, and pillar, that women were utterly uprooted from the economy of life.

Seton passed into the room, and quietly approached the chair where Clara Milburn was sitting, with head bent over the table, and her hands clasped over her face.

"The end has come," she murmured; "not one friend—not one!"

MOUNTAINEERING IN MINIATURE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

(Conclusion.)

VII.

BY daylight I was dimly awake, and dreamily aware of the singing of a bird outside my window. Of all the bird-songs that ever I heard, this was the briskest, most high-strung, most dandified; giving my drowsy-head the fancy that some elfin exquisite was busy arranging his cravat, parting his hair, and pointing the ends of his mustache before a dew-drop mirror; uttering the while a brilliant series of fairy witticisms upon the follies of society. I fell asleep again, and dreamed incoherently, but not unpleasantly, despite my cramped position; but awoke soon after to see the pure sunshine lighting up the fir-trees on the opposite hill-side, and to hear the inner voice of the brook babbling to itself beneath the window. Even then I should not have got up had not a steady tide of weeping set in from the babies in the adjoining room.

No matter how early I rise in Saxony, I never fail to find people up before me. It was now but little after five o'clock, and two elderly hypochondriacs were dipping up the iron-water from the spring in the front court, while a pallid young lady, blanched, I suppose, from indulgence in city dissipations, was pacing slowly up and down the walk, sipping fresh milk out of a tall tumbler. For my own part, being in search of an appetite,

I started up the steep, zigzag hill-path, and steered a breathless course heavenward, through dewy heather and blueberry-bushes, and over difficult rocks and grassy knolls. The world enlarged around me as I climbed, though the feathery arc of white cloud which spanned the blue overhead grew no nearer for all my pains. At length I attained a small, semicircular stone erection, which, from below, had seemed to crown the hill, but which now turned out to be somewhat below the highest point. It commanded, nevertheless, a comprehensive view of the Schandau Valley, still hazy with the remnants of last night's mist. The pine-trees on the ridge of the hill opposite seemed almost within reach of my outstretched arm. Below, some four or five hundred feet, appeared the flattened roof of the Badehaus; and there were the hypochondriacs, pigmies now, still lingering over the iron-spring; and a young lady a couple of inches high pacing slowly to and fro, and occasionally sipping milk from an infinitesimal tumbler. There, too, comes a microscopic Karl, and begins to set a breakfast-table, with tiny white cloth, and glistening plates no bigger than heads of pins. This pebble which I hold in my hand, were I to cast it down, would utterly overwhelm and crush out the entire establishment—Badehaus, hypochondriacs, Karl, iron-spring, young lady, breakfast-table, and all. Heavens! what power for wholesale destruction is in this arm of mine! Yet, tremble not, poor mites, I will not annihilate ye; moreover, were one of you but to turn his eyes hitherward, it is I who would appear insignificant, and you the giants.

Fresh and invigorating was the atmosphere at this height, polluted by no human exhalations, but seeming to be the essence of last night's stars, dissolved for my use by this morning's sunshine. After swallowing my fill of it, I left the little stone semicircle, and took my way along the ridge of the hill, toward the river. Looking downward, there were the red-tiled roofs of the villas almost below my feet; farther out, the brook, flowing on hastily between its green banks, and at one point rushing out in white foam beneath a dark archway; beyond, still the road, with its line of houses of older and quaint growth, seeming to rest their aged shoulders against the perpendicular hill-wall behind them. Long, narrow flights of stone steps mounted straight upward from the kitchen-doors of the villas, leading to heights of backyard on a level with the tops of their chimneys. There was one villa, high up on the opposite hill-side, where it made a white break in the dense growth of firs, which was romantic with battlemented turrets and mulioned windows, and dignified with an elaborate staircase of dressed stone, winding through several landings to the porticoed doorway. Farther on, surmounting the extreme spur of the ridge, and abreast of the village, was the little Schloss-Bastei Restauration, with its flag flying, its *camera-obscura* like a black pill-box, and its vine-covered beer-garden, where I had quaffed many a refreshing stoup after a dusty tramp from Dresden, chatting the while with bright-eyed, good-humored little Marie.

Before long, I found myself at the end of my own ridge, apparently overhanging the red-roofed, irregular town, and sat down on one of the hospitable benches established there. A wooden railing afforded a not unnecessary precaution against tumbling over into the front yard of the little white villa on the road-side below. The villa, plain enough in itself, was surrounded by a small garden full of roses; and its porch was heavily overgrown with woodbine. Out of this porch presently issued a woman and a little girl, and walked about the garden, picking the beautiful flowers. The woman was simply clad in white, and had a green bow on the bosom of her dress—as if she were a humanization of the villa. Her hair, however, was not red, but black.

Beyond the town flowed the river Elbe, and, winding westward, gleaming white, swept round the broad base of Lillienstein, five miles away. The great rock, from this point of view, resembled an old woman sitting closely huddled up beside the river in a green cloak, her gray head bowed forward on her knees. On the railroad just across the stream, an engine was steaming itself out of breath in the effort to set in motion an innumerable train of freight-wagons. Above the railroad was a showy, glistening, bannered edifice, perched, brand-new, on its raw, green terraces; above this, again, a yellow-stone quarry, and, higher still, the pine-fringed summit against the sky. Ferry-skiffs, gay with awnings, and full of passengers by the early train from Dresden, were being poled across; the landing-place, however, was shut out from my view by the intervention of the line of hotels which is drawn up so officiously along the river-margin. The most prominent feature in my immediate neighborhood was the church-steeple, which bulged out irregularly like an insufficiently-swaddled infant. None of the streets in the town were visible; but the green tops of the trees planted along them rose up above the ruddy roofs, seaming them into uneven quadrilaterals. Meanwhile, from the chimneys the smoke of a hundred breakfasts began to rise, reminding me that my own was still uneaten. I returned along the ridge of the hill to my semicircular bastion, whence descending, as it were, through the very tops of the gloomy fir-trees, I sat down to table, warm and glowing, with an appetite for the largest of beefsteaks. The hypochondriacs and the milk-drinking lady had wandered away; several people, singly or in parties, were breaking their fast beneath the trees; excursionists were strolling past, and Sunday was getting fairly under way. By the time I had lit my morning cigarette, the yard was quite alive, and those who had parted latest the night before were now hypocritically complimenting one another upon the freshness of their appearance. After a cool half-hour I resumed my hat and staff, and leisurely began the ascent of the Schiller-Höhe, on the other side of the road.

VIII.

It was a ten minutes' easy climb. The well-built, easily-graded path went zigzagging upward beneath the tall, dark pines, bordered with dewy green ferns, purple-tipped heath-

er, huckleberry-bushes, and tufts of narrow-leaved grass. At the turns of the ascent were benches, either constructed from a slab of stone laid across two uprights, or hewn in the solid rock whenever it jutted out conveniently. Enterprising climbers had worn short-cuts straight upward from corner to corner of the path, tempting to look at, but, as short-cuts, fallacious, unless men were made on the principle of a balloon; and, on reflection, I have come to the conclusion that they must have been created by people on the downward trip. Saxons will climb, and climb to good heights; but it is indispensable that the incline should not be arduous. In the present case, the gradual slope was further modified by putting in three or four stone steps at the end of each short stretch; and if all should prove insufficient, there were always the benches to fall back upon.

The profound stillness which prevailed here at this hour had an exquisite charm. Through openings between the trees I caught lovely green glimpses of the valley below. I met no one until, when nearly at the top, I came upon two peasant-girls, each with her basket, sitting down to rest. I gave them "Good-morning," and one of them responded with sober courtesy. A few steps farther on I was startled, emerging from such a depth of seclusion, at coming abruptly in sight of an open, commonplace road, with a cart rumbling along it; and beyond, broad fields sown with potatoes and cabbages, and scattered over with half a dozen women-cultivators. Still keeping to the path, I soon came to the Schiller-Höhe itself.

In itself, it certainly did not amount to much—a square shaft of gray stone, on a pedestal, the whole less than ten feet high. On the side toward the valley was a medallion of Schiller's head, and a date—1869; and all four sides, both of shaft and pedestal, were crowded with the names of visitors, and the dates of their visits. Round about, at a respectful distance, were placed wooden benches, apparently for the purpose of facilitating the study of so remarkable a work of art. Accordingly, I sat down and fixed my eyes upon it. Three small, ragged boys, dismayed at my solemnity, gave up their irreverent gambols and retreated into the woods. Finding myself once more solitary, I filled a pipe with sweet "Lone Jack," and smoked, and dutifully meditated upon the poet, who, I suppose, composed some one of his poems or tragedies on this spot.

After a while, I heard an approaching step, weighty and sedate; and soon appeared a stout, elderly gentleman, in wide, black clothes, who, upon seeing me, paused to deliver a gravely ceremonious bow, being under the impression, probably, that I was a sort of deputy-tutelar genius of the grove, employed during the poet's absence. I returned his salute with all the dignity I could command. He advanced toward the monument, and inspected, though with a rather embarrassed and mechanical air, the medallion and the date. It was easy to perceive that he was a morbidly considerate man, and shrank from subjecting the affair to a rigid criticism while even the deputy-tutelar genius was looking on. Moreover, finding nothing to

admire, and being altogether too honorable a person to counterfeit admiration, he was not long in making up his mind that his only proper course was to retire. This he accordingly did, as sedately as he had come, by no means forgetting to deliver me a second ceremonious bow (which I returned) before passing out of sight.

Hereupon ensued another interval of silence and solitude. I finished my pipe; and so soothing was the murmuring of the pines and the wild, domestic twittering of the birds, that I think I should have yielded to the temptation of compensating my bad night with a nap, had not my drowsiness been scared away by the sudden advent of a bevy of laughing, prattling, sky-larking young women, upon whom the solemnity of my demeanor produced not the slightest effect. So, finding that they were determined to take possession of the place, I resigned my deputy-tutelarship perforce, and retired in my turn. Following a downward-bending track I stumbled upon a small cave, partly hollowed out of the natural rock, but owing most of its attractions, such as they were, to masonry. "Schiller's Grotte," it was called, in black letters upon a white ground. Of course, Schiller may have sat in it; there is a pretty outlook over the valley from a point near at hand, and the Grotte is ostentatiously fitted up with a semicircular stone seat, which, however, can hardly date back to Schiller's time. Be that as it may, the place, when I visited it, was peculiarly unsavory, and nothing less than a Noachian deluge would have kept me in it a moment. I rambled on, and soon came to another coign of vantage, a little lower down than the first, but overlooking a wider prospect. Wooden benches were provided here also, and a sign-board, mounted on a pole, informed the visitor that this was Friedens-Platz.

The Saxon custom of sentimentalizing over all their pretty places, and branding them with lackadaisical titles, is not altogether agreeable to a foreigner. It destroys the finest aroma of natural beauty to have it coarsely insisted upon and crammed down your throat by some vulgar fellow who happens to have been beforehand with you in discovering it. Every one, it seems to me, ought to be allowed to believe, if it suits his fancy to do so, that whatever charm he finds in Nature is virginal for him; that it has not been previously breathed upon, handled, catalogued and labeled, by an impure rabble of spectacled and professional enthusiasm-mongers, who never can rid themselves of their itch for besmearing every thing they come in contact with with the slime of their own offensive personality. The Saxons, though they carry the matter to the greatest extreme, are not the only ones blameworthy in it. Let a man name his house, if he likes; it is his own, and should suggest him, and the name helps it to do so. But what is the use of giving to eternal mountains and everlasting rivers the puny patronymics of our so-called great men, whose pigmy reputations are astonishingly long-lived if they endure five hundred years? I suppose the mound-builders of America had their own way of distinguishing Mount Washington from other mountains; and I

dare believe that the people who live in America ten thousand years hence will devise another way still. If such things must be directly named at all, let the name be simply descriptive, like those the Indians give. There is much talk nowadays about the wholesome effects of a sense of humor and a perception of the ludicrous; and Englishmen, Americans, and others, pride themselves upon the possession of these qualities. But Nature, I imagine, must often find us humorous in another sense than we intend, and bears our tiny impertinences with a smile too broad for us to see. But how shall we make our maps if the places are not to have names to them—names, too, which are names, and not descriptive sentences? This is certainly a formidable argument. All that can be said against it is, that a rage for what is called conciseness is the vice of the time, and that what is called circumlocution has been made a bugbear. The truth is, that our conciseness, which is a literal and not a real conciseness, leads to the worst kind of circumlocution, which is not real circumlocution at all. To be truly concise is, once to express clearly one idea; and what idea, except a ludicrous one, would an undoctored intelligence receive from the expression Mount Washington? So far from being concise, it involves a potential volume of explanation before our undoctored intelligence could be brought to see the point of it. But the Indian name, which we call circumlocutory, is truly concise, as all true circumlocution must be. Circumlocution is primitive and majestic, and must lie at the bottom of all right perception of truth. Were it not, unfortunately, so awkward a word to pronounce and write, I might sing its praises indefinitely, making my very eulogy an example in point. But, after all, such polemical eulogies are not particularly suited to a Friedens-Platz.

IX.

WHATEVER other people's feeling may be, there is no doubt that Saxons like a pretty place all the better for having a lackadaisical name. It gives them their cue, and they dispose themselves accordingly. I had not more than got through the above diatribe when a Saxon family appeared—a man and wife, child of four years, and nurse. They looked at the prospect with complacency, it is true; but the sign-board was their primary admiration. "Friedens-Platz!" they repeated to one another, in a congratulatory tone, and then took another look with new eyes. Friedens-Platz—yes, yes! Observe, once more, the peculiar peacefulness of the valley; and methinks the sky is calmer and the breeze gentler here than elsewhere. Blessed sign-board!—to think that we might have come and gone, and never known wherein the charm of this spot consisted, or whether it had any charm at all! It is all in the sign-board—peace be to it, and to the poetic insight that placed it there!

These people did not stay very long, and I sat them out. My next visitors were a woman and two men—pleasant, respectable people, and, I think, Swedes. The woman was not only very good-natured, but incredibly loquacious and voluble: and so agreeable

were the tones and inflections of her voice that, although not understanding a syllable she uttered, I found an indescribable charm in listening to her. The effect was magnetic and soothing. Here was a good opportunity for studying the influence of mere speech—divorced from all knowledge of its meaning—upon the ear and sentiments of the hearer. Undoubtedly it has great significance—is at least as important to language as the material of a building is to its architectural design. It was only my guess that this language was Swedish; it may just as well have been Hawaiian or Persian. Whatever it was, it tripped along at a great pace, in a kind of short, four-footed canter: no drawing or dwelling upon syllables; little sibilant, but plenty of sh'ing, t'ing, and pp'ing. While the woman thus held forth, one of her companions sat quietly listening, giving occasional vent to an assenting or annotatory grunt; the other kept walking restlessly to and fro, interpolating a sentence here and there. I sat for half an hour, my back turned upon the party, apparently absorbed in the view—really so, in fact; for the flow of babble did not interfere with my appreciation of what I saw, but chimed in with it. Very likely, on the other hand, it was I who interfered with the Swedes.

Small sounds below in the valley were distinctly audible at this height. The first-fiddle of the Badehaus band was tuning his instrument in the front court; there came the slow jar of a cart, and now the driver cleared his throat. The road was visible for a considerable distance, winding up the valley like a smooth buff ribbon; the brook flowing light and dark beside it, in pleasing contrast with the bright, moist green of the grass and the swarthy tint of the pine-clad hill. The whole valley was a westward-curving furrow, ploughed by some immeasurable giant. The summit of the opposite hill was bald above its side-growth of trees, just like the head of an elderly man in a counting-house. White villas dotted the slope, even to the top; riverward lay Schandau, wedged between its valley-walls, and massed around its steeple. Against the horizon, on all sides, uprose abrupt pinnacles of rock and jagged, detached boulders, the like of which abound throughout this region. Lillienstein was hidden by the woods behind me; but the crest of Wessenstein, across the river, reached into sight. A faint odor of pine-leaves hung in the air, though the breeze was scarcely strong enough to blow it about.

X.

I LEFT Friedens-Platz to the babbling Swedes, and walked along the ridge of the hill, as on the back of some enormous animal. The stillness of the woods was such as to make the heart beat; each lusty blade of grass, and leaf of tree, and vegetable, stood so motionless, yet so deeply alive. At length the path brought me to the verge of the narrow, precipitous cañon through which the road runs after passing the bend above the Badehaus. I managed to clamber out upon an almost inaccessible boulder, which had been partly detached from the face of the cliff, and dizzily overhung the road.

Here a deep ledge, cushioned with heather, served me admirably for a seat, and a projection lower down gave a rest for my feet. I was indistinguishable from the road, and invisible from behind; yet myself commanded every thing. It was a fall of about three hundred feet to the road below.

Facing me was a magnificent bastion of rock, rising to a higher level than mine, and split and cleft in every conceivable direction. Wherever root could cling, the stern surface was softened and enriched with small trees, bushes, or heather; which last, being very plentiful and in full purple bloom, gave a delicious tone to the slopes. The rock itself was various in tint: reddish where little exposed to rain and sunshine; in other places gray; and mottled elsewhere by lichens like a Persian rug. One kind of lichen, not uncommon, showed in broad splashes of sulphur-yellow. All these colors, harmonizing among one another, were turned to wholly different keys by sunshine or shadow. In many parts the sunlight caught the bastion obliquely, illuminating the projecting points in sharp contrast with the rest. The silent immobility of rocks is profoundly impressive; and this surface-play of light and color but emphasizes their real unchangeableness.

The broader clefts or gorges, extending from top to bottom of the bluffs, were verdant and rich with crowded foliage, and seemed to invite ascent; for, wherever a tree can grow, there man fancies he too has a right to be. Great boulders had in many places fallen from above, and lay buried in green beside the brook. For centuries had they lain there; and slowly, silently, and beautifully, had Nature healed their scars and clothed their nakedness with moss, heather, and leaves of all kinds. Trees pressed in lovely jealousy to the brook-side, eager to see their tender images mirrored there. How sweetly and closely they mingled together, branch within branch and leaf to leaf, each with its own beauty beautifying its neighbor! How rich were their contrasting shades of green! How melodiously did they whisper to one another, when the breeze gave them tongue! How well each leaf and bough turned sun and shade to advantage, and how inspiring was the upward impulse that filled each one! If trees, as some maintain, are emblems of men, it must be the men of the golden age!

Those which grew beside the brook had, in some cases, attained a large size; but only the smaller ones had been venturesome enough to scale the cliffs and peer fearfully over the hollow verges. Trees have a fine and novel effect when seen from above with the sun shining on them. The edges of the successive layers of branches catch the yellow light, and the structure and character of the tree, as it tapers upward to a point, is thus more clearly defined than when viewed from below, or on a level. But their fascination is, in all respects, inexhaustible. Where they overhung the brook, its warm brown tint was deepened to black; but, through the midst of the gloom, its wrinkled surface snatched at the light in magic sparkles: Nature never omits what is needful to complete her harmony. I could hear the gurgle of the stream,

however, more distinctly than I could discover the stream itself. All sounds were so echoed up between the rocky walls, that they reached my ears as plainly as if originating but a few yards off.

A hill-top is a real and not an apparent—a moral as well as a physical—height. I doubt whether a murder, seen from a great elevation, would move the beholder to any deeper feeling than pity—men's deeds appear of the same size as they. I should like to be informed, however, which requires the finer structure of mind—the power to appreciate Nature in great, or in little? To be able to see the beauty of a grand prospect, or of a mossy stone shadowed with fern? Certainly, a common man, who would gaze with admiration at the former, would see nothing worthy attention in the latter. It is true, on the other hand, that refinement loves not the little to the exclusion of the great, but great and little both. Neither does vulgar admiration necessarily vulgarize its object. Nevertheless, who can discern minute beauties, may recognize, in great, qualities invisible to the untrained eye; and the common man, perhaps, loves not solely or chiefly the grandeur of the prospect, but, rather, that sensation of moral in material elevation—the feeling that he is grander than the grandeur—the crown and culmination of it.

XI.

A PRECIPICE possesses a strange charm; it is, in a manner, divine, being inaccessible to man, with his belittling civilization. But, if steep places lead our upward-gazing thoughts heavenward, they also remind us of the devil when we shudder on their brink. What is the spiritual significance of the phenomena of gravitation? Something profound and universal, I fancy. I have never experienced the common desire to spring from great heights; but had I, as a malefactor, to choose my form of death, I would cling to some such great boulder as that on which I was then sitting, and bid the executioner use his lever. Then headlong downward would we thunder to the valley's far bottom, and, falling underneath, I should be provided with both a grave and a gravestone ere I were well dead. But that the general adoption of this expedient for settling with condemned criminals would soon deprive us of all our overhanging cliffs, to say nothing of scaring away superstitious tourists and picnickers from our valleys, I would respectfully recommend it to the consideration of the board!

What I most liked about my boulder (apart from such reflections) was its isolation—the thought that nobody could find me out, or get to me if they did. I was separated from my kind; and, though greatly in the minority, I felt that the advantage was on my side—I had banished them, not they me. Moreover, I indulged myself with the persuasion that I was the first who had ever set foot on that spot, and that a long time would elapse before any one came after me; and then I amused myself with speculating on what manner of man he, my successor, would be: whether he were yet born; whether he would be a Frenchman out of the next war, or whether sons would go by, and Europe

be known by another title before he came. Pending these questions I took out my pipe and smoked, where no man ever smoked before. My isolation, it must be confessed, had not separated me from the faculty of enjoying good tobacco as other men enjoyed it; or, for that matter, from being shone on by their sun and breathing their air. After all, therefore, it amounted to very little. Every human soul stands on a pinnacle of its own, eternally individualized from all its fellows; but our very individuality is our plainest badge of brotherhood; and the love and life which the good God gives us show it to be but a means to his end, and otherwise insignificant.

An excursion-carriage rattled by, seeming to make slower progress than it did; I watched it from its first appearance round the southern bend till it disappeared just beneath my feet; and, on its reappearance, till it went out of sight behind a road-side cottage about a quarter of a mile northward. The driver blabbed his guide-book formulas as they passed, pointing here and there with his whip; and the people stared dutifully at the rocks, and straight at my bowlder, but without noticing the strange fungus upon it. At one moment I might have dropped the ashes of my pipe right into the open mouth of the senior member of the party. Sometime after this, three pedestrians came in sight—two at the southern bend of the road, and one at the northern. The curve of the valley was such that, at the rate they were going, they would not come in view of each other until within a few yards of their meeting-point, this point being a little to the right of my position, and about opposite a decayed bridge, which, by-the-way, must have been built for no other purpose than to fish from it, for its farther end almost impinged upon the vertical face of the opposite cliff, up which not even a Bertram Risingham could have conveyed himself.

As the three pedestrians drew near, I perceived the two southerners to be tramps; but the northerner was an ambitious young man in a black frock-coat, ruffled shirt-front, and straw hat on the back of his head. He strode along with a magniloquent step, declaiming, with passionate emphasis, and at the top of his compass, some passage of blank-verse. His gestures were very striking; he held his head well up, flung his arms about, slapped his breast, and made his voice resound through the cañon. Meanwhile the two tramps shuffled along, as unconscious as was he of their mutual proximity.

"This young fellow," said I to myself, "evidently has a mind to be an orator and a statesman. He feels the seeds of greatness within him. Now he imagines himself in the senate, confronting the opposition. That point was well given! Bismarck is getting old; who knows whether I do not here behold his successor?" The young orator was now within a couple of rods of the bridge, and suddenly he and the tramps came face to face. I watched with painful interest. His voice quavered and sank; he cleared his throat, put his hands in his pockets, and whistled. Bismarck, or any truly great man, would have kept on, louder than ever—nay,

would have compelled the tramps to stop and hear him out! But this young man feared to appear ridiculous; and the savage sincerity which Mr. Carlyle ascribes to all great men is not reconcilable with any such timidity. A great man must spend his life in what, for a small man, would be a position intolerably ridiculous, even for a minute.

XII.

I CLIMBED gingerly back to the main-land, and, leaving my bowlder forever, made my way by degrees to the road, and followed it for about a mile. At one point the brook made a little *détour*, inclosing a lawn of the softest and most brilliant green I ever beheld. Straight upward from it sprang a smooth, gray bluff, near two hundred feet in height, throwing a deep, cool shadow, sharply defined, over half the plot. Two peasant-women were mowing the grass with sickles, and the wind, which had begun to rise, was taking great liberties with the skirts which at best scarcely covered the knees of their stout, bare legs. Along the summit of the cliff overhead a procession of long-shanked trees was straggling against the sky. Farther on I came to the entrance of a wood-path, whose shady invitation I could not resist; and in a few minutes more I found myself in the heart of a pine-forest.

I sat down upon a mossy stump, such as poets write of—indeed, mossy stumps and stones have become so hackneyed in literature that I am shy of further enlarging upon them. The pines were from sixty to one hundred feet high, growing palm-like, with all their foliage at the top. Their music, therefore, sounded far away, like the murmur of an ocean in the clouds. Their thick, dark foliage strove to veil from the sun the slender nakedness of their long, graceful limbs; but he peeped through, nevertheless, and made beautiful sport of their shyest secrets. Around their roots was a sweet, omnipresent dampness, encouraging moss to flourish, and display its most delicate tints. There was no grass or flowers to speak of, but plenty of low bushes and green, creeping vines and elegant ferns. The forest was full of clear twilight, in which the occasional shafts of sunlight burned like celestial torches.

Still bearing eastward, the forest gave way to high, rocky fields, crossing which I presently sighted a stupendous, four-sided mountain of stone, standing solitary and apart, its bare walls ascending far above the tops of the tallest trees, and scarcely suffering even lichens to gain foothold on them. Deep fissures, crossing one another almost rectangularly, gave the great mass the appearance of having been piled together of blocks of stone, in comparison with which the huge shafts of Stonehenge would be mere dominoes. On the summit was a sparse growth of scrawny pines, looking as though they had lost flesh from exposure and from the peril of their position. In short, this might have been the donjon-tower of some Atlantean castle, the remainder of which had either been overthrown and annihilated, or was buried beneath the sand out of which the lovely tower arose.

But whether or not the antediluvian theo-

ry be tenable, at all events this rock had been used as a stronghold in modern times—that is, within the last three centuries. A band of robbers lived here, and the rock is full of traces of their occupation. A place more impregnable could scarcely be imagined. After toiling up an arduous sandy path, as steep as the roof of a house, until pretty well out of breath, I came to the base of the Stein itself. The way now lay up perpendicular fissures, through narrow crevices, underneath superincumbent masses, and along dangerous precipices where precarious footholds had been cut in the solid stone. Still farther up, hands rather than feet came into play, and three or four extra pairs of arms and legs might have been employed to great advantage. How the robbers ever got their booty up this ascent, or had strength left for any thing except to lie down and faint after they had done so, it is hard to understand. At length, however, I reached the great cave, formed by the leaning together of the two principal bowlders of the pile. It was about twelve feet wide at the base, and four times as high to the crotch of the roof. The end opposite the entrance was blocked up with fragments of rock and rubbish. A large oblong pit was dug in the solid stone floor, and was used, I presume, either to keep provisions and booty in, or as a dungeon for captives. It had been covered over with a wooden flooring, the square holes in the rock which held the ends of the beams being still visible.

From this, which may be called the ground-floor of the robbers' dwelling, to the upper stories, there was originally no means of access. The old fellows, therefore, by wedging short sticks of wood one above another into an irregular fissure extending nearly from the top to the bottom of the Stein, constructed a primitive sort of staircase, traces of which yet remain. Some enterprising modern, however, has introduced a couple of ladders, whereby the ascent is greatly facilitated. Above I found, at various well-chosen points, the marks of old barricades, showing that these brigands had some sound notions on fortification, and had resolved, moreover, to sell their lives dearly, and to fight to the last man. It is inconceivable, though, that any force unprovided with the heaviest artillery could have made the slightest impression on such a stronghold as this. In those days of bucklers and blunderbusses, a new-born babe might have held it single-handed against an army.

It was very windy on the summit, and an excess of wind ruffles up the nerves, blows away common-sense, baffles thought, and tempts to rashness and vain resentment. The place, too, was a maze of sudden crevasses, just wide enough to fall into, and utterly impossible to get out of. What a ghastly fate to be lodged in one of them, remembering that the Stein is visited hardly once a month in the height of the season! I was already so hungry that the mere thought of such a catastrophe put me out of all conceit with the robber-fortress. Accordingly, I made the best of my way earthward; and, having previously taken my bearings, I steered for a neighboring farm-house, where a smiling old lady, white-capped, yellow-petticoated, and

barelegged, fetched me a tumbler of cool, creamy milk nearly twelve inches high.

XIII.

On my homeward journey I happened upon a long, winding, shadow-haunted pass, such as abounds in this region, and which reminded me (as, indeed, did the whole Saxon Switzerland) of our own Yellowstone Valley, modeled on the scale of one inch to the foot, or thereabouts. The white-sanded bottom was so narrow that space was scarcely left for the slender path to follow the meanderings of the rivulet, which tinkled concealed beneath luxuriant overgrowths of forget-me-not and fern. Up to the sky, on either side, climbed the rugged walls, shaggy with fir and hemlock, and thatched below with grass-tufts and shrubs. The fallen fragments which ever and anon blocked the way with their surly shoulders were iridescent with green moss, and dampness seemed to exude from the rocky clefts. The footpath was criss-crossed with pine-roots, till it resembled an irregular parquet-floor. Sometimes the boulders had so fallen together as to inclose spacious hollows, the crevices of which had been stopped up with sand and pebbles and vegetable decay. One might have lived very comfortably in many of these caves; they were overrun with raspberry and blackberry vines, and within were cool and dry, with clean, sanded floors. But I saw no troglodytes.

At one point a broad nose of rock jutted over the pathway full fifteen feet, like a ceiling; and so low-studded was it that I could easily touch its flat surface with my upraised hand. There was something fascinating about this freak, and at the same time provocative of a smile—Old Nature making a humorous pretense of imitating the works of man! But the grotesque pranks she plays with this soft-hearted white sandstone of hers are indescribable and endless. In many places the surface of the rock is honey-combed and otherwise marked as if by the action of water. I am not acquainted with the geological history of this strange tract, but I should fancy it might have been the compact, sandy bed of some great lake, which having broken its boundaries, and gone seaward by way of the Elbe, the sand-bed caked and cracked and hardened, and became traversed with ravines and gulches, worn by downward-percolating streams. The lake must have subsided gradually to produce the horizontal markings which are everywhere apparent. I have often seen precisely similar formations to this of the Saxon Switzerland at the bottom of dried-off mud-ponds. Beyond the mouth of the Elbe are great shoals and bars, composed of the same kind of sand as that which I trod under foot in this shadowy ravine.

It should not be called a pass, for it was a place to linger and pause in, to enter at sunrise and scarcely depart from by moonlight. It seemed wholly secluded; I met neither foot nor footprint throughout its whole long length. Even the sky might not be too familiar; looking upward, but a narrow strip of blue was visible, and the overbending trees fretted even that with emerald lattice-work. However, I could not support life on raspberries and water; the afternoon

was more than half gone, and I had no idea how far off the Badehaus might be. Hastening onward, the narrow walls of the ravine suddenly opened out right and left in a vast circular sweep, and I stood within a grand natural amphitheatre, rising high and descending low above and beneath. My station was about a third of the way up, in what might be called the dress-circle. The arena below was crowded thick with summer foliage—oaks, elms, beeches, and underbrush in profusion. There were the players—gay fellows, in nodding caps and green, fluttering cloaks. The audience was composed of a stiff and sedate assemblage of dark-browed hemlocks, standing rigid and erect each in his rock-bound seat. Not one of them all was sitting down; but, whether this were owing to some masterly exploit on the part of one of the actors, bringing every spectator in irrepressible enthusiasm to his feet, or whether (as, judging from their gloomy and unyielding aspect, seemed more likely) they had started up to demand the condign punishment of some unlucky wretch who had outraged their sense of decorum, I had no means of determining. In fact, my arrival seemed to have put an abrupt stop to the proceedings, whatever they may have been; there was no voice or movement anywhere, save as created involuntarily by the mysterious wind. On my shouting across, however, to a sombre giant on the opposite side of the amphitheatre, to know the title of the drama which was under representation, he answered me, indeed, but with an unreal tone of hollow mockery, and in such a manner as to leave me no wiser than I was before. Manifestly, I was looked upon as an interloper, who had slipped in without paying for a ticket; and self-respect demanded that I should retire at once.

But the theatre, vast as it was, had only two doors—that by which I had entered, and another just opposite. To reach this I must make half the circuit of the inclosure, the direct route across the arena being impracticable, owing to the savagely precipitous nature of the descent. The path which had hitherto guided me now bearing to the right, I followed it in that direction, passing almost within reach of the outstretched arms of hundreds of inhospitable hemlocks. Presently the sun, which, hidden behind a cloud, had sunk almost to the upper verge of the rocky rampart, shone out with mellow lustre, flinging my shadow far away into the centre of the arena, where the green-coated actors treated it with great indignity, bandying it from one to another, tossing it up and down, and more than once letting it tumble heedlessly into some treacherous pitfall. Meanwhile the wind, which had caused me no small annoyance already that afternoon, was maliciously making the rounds of the house, and stirring up every individual in it to a sibilant utterance, whose import there was no mistaking. It was my first—and will, I fancy, be my last—experience of being hissed out of a theatre; and since I was neither a condemned playwright nor an unsuccessful actor, I could not help resenting the injustice of the proceeding. Yet, after all, why should I consent to be ruffled by their senseless clamor?

I can assure myself of no worse fault than the venial one of having "interviewed" them and their like pretty often, and occasionally published some part of my observations in the public prints; but if I have erred, it has been on the side of eulogy; and should I ever have occasion to mention trees in future, it will be with the proviso that all of them—the oldest, biggest, and respectabest, more particularly—are no better than incorrigible blockheads at bottom.

XIV.

To the banks of the Elbe I came at last, with a dusty distance of three or four miles still lying between me and Schandau. But the scenery hereabouts is novel and striking: the stone-quarries extending up and down the river for many leagues, and the heaps of sand and *débris*, rising to an average height of perhaps a hundred feet, and sloping sharply downward to the water's edge, are a remarkable if not a strictly picturesque feature. The path—if the informal track which leads a risky life along the base of these lofty dumping-grounds can be called such—yields wearisomely to the feet, and a wary lookout must be kept to dodge the heavy stones which are continually bowling downward from the summit. At intervals there are slides, compactly constructed of masonry and worn very smooth, by which the square blocks quarried from the cliffs are shot to the water's edge, and are there taken on board by canal-boats and floated to Dresden, all the modern part of which is built of this material. The supply is practically inexhaustible, but that does not prevent the cliffs from suffering in appearance; and before many years a voyage up the Elbe will be no longer attractive. It is a nice question in economy, whether it be worth while to rob Saxon Switzerland to pay Dresden. Perhaps only the stone-contractors would answer it unhesitatingly in the affirmative. It reminds me of the little boy who was courted by his friends as being the possessor of a fine cake. With the praiseworthy purpose of at once concentrating and augmenting their regard, he made the cake a part of himself by eating it. But, strange to say, his friends ceased to visit him from that day forward, and the cake gave him a stomach-ache.

I took my dinner that evening at the Forsthaus, one of that row of hotels which rampart Schandau. Hot and noisy as they are to live in, their bill-of-fare is to Herr Boettcher's as a novel by Thackeray to a school-boy's composition. I dined on a terrace beneath the trees, with the river just beyond. At dark, every table had its great astral-lamp, and the gentlemanly proprietor amused himself and his guests by making blue, red, and green fires on the stone-steps.

Next morning, as I stood with my valise on the platform of the railway-station at Krippen, a fellow—he keeps a small tobacco-store on See-Strasse, in Dresden—stepped up to me, and, after requesting the favor of a light from my cigar, supposed, in a cheerful tone, that I was returning to town by the approaching train.

"No," said I, smiling in spite of myself. "I left Dresden finally yesterday morning. I

am now bound for Prague; and never expect, sir, to see you, or buy your cigars, again!"

The train came in; the cigar-vender assisted a pretty young woman, with small, shapely feet, into a second-class carriage; then the whistle blew, the train started, and—

WOMEN'S MEN.

IN turning over the ever-fresh pages of "Jane Eyre," Orestes said to me:

"Rochester is a woman's man—brutal, mysterious, grand, tender, hateful, and impossible."

"What makes you so severe about woman's estimate of mankind?" said I, rather tartly. "Has any woman fallen in love with you?" (Orestes and I always quarrel.)

"Ah! Now you are very satirical, are you not?" said Orestes, calmly, looking in the fire; "but oblige me by looking over the heroes of women's novels, and also remember the men whom you and I know, who are worshipped by women—are they not a poor set?"

"Well," said I, "as all men are more or less supposed to belong to women, and generally marry them, or try to, we may call all men women's men. Do you submit to that classification?"

"No; I am referring to the ideal man whom the female novelist evokes, as the German did the camel, from the depths of her inner consciousness, such a man as Rochester, and, worse still, the faultless prig."

"I agree with you," said I, reluctantly, for I hate to agree with Orestes, he is so masterful—"I agree with you that 'the faultless prig' is rather hard to take. I remember one instance in the drama—*John Mildmay*, whom I always wish to murder, with his self-sufficient virtue; he is not a woman's man, by any means."

"No," said Orestes; "he is simply a quiet, good fellow, whom you could trust and respect, and therefore you would not love and adore!"

"Well, the point of all argument is, that it develops ideas which otherwise would not come to the mind. I have an idea! Isn't a quiet, good fellow apt to be *conceited*, and is not that the reason why we do not love or adore him? while the man of lesser virtue has humility, and is aware of his own worthlessness, and is *absorbed in us*, and grateful."

"There I have you!" said Orestes, triumphantly. "*Absorbed in us* is good! That is all you care for." (Orestes is a brute.)

"No, not *all* we care for; but still a great deal," said I. "Do not the French call love '*L'égoïsme à deux*'? We are egotistic, for both of us, when we are in love; and, of course, absorption in us is indispensable. I have known one agreeable and altogether blameless person who had singularly bad fortune with women, because he always allowed them to see (he could not help it) that he was thinking more of himself than of them. If he shut a door, it was because the draught blew on *him*, not on *her*. If he removed a vase of flowers, it was because *he* did not like the perfume; if the dust blew in at the car-window and annoyed *him*, he shut it with-

out asking her leave, although a shut window gave her a sick-headache. When his dear self was attended to, then he had *petits soins* for the lady—not before. He was a good fellow, and utterly unconscious of his egotism, and quite astonished and dismayed when girl after girl rejected him and his fortunes."

"A very nice person, no doubt," said Orestes.

"Yes, one of your heroes," replied I. "Now, a woman's hero would at least have the tact to *affect* to forget himself, if he did not."

"But how do you account for the fascination of Rochester—he had no *petits soins*?"

"Oh, yes, he had! His very severity was complimentary, and his tenderness was superb. Rochester was a little absurd as a sketch, as it was the first work of the trembling hand of genius overweighed by its own power. Charlotte Brontë wanted to paint strength and power. She made the lines a little blurred, and Rochester became brutal in manner, but never in deed. She had not seen society, so she made some mistakes; but they were very external and unimportant. She knew how to draw a real character who has lived, and who has made little Jane Eyre stand forth as one of the best heroines of modern times. Think what an insignificant person she would have been if Rochester had not loved her! We feel all through the book that she must have been somebody, else *he* would not have loved her—that is the great artistic merit of the book. She lives, she exists, merely in the light thrown on her by Rochester. It is as if one part of a painting lighted up another. It always reminds me of another great artistic feat. In Browning's '*My Last Duchess*' the old fellow describes his own character so unconsciously. Jane Eyre does this."

"Yes," said Orestes, "I see you are in love with Rochester, like all women. I should have given him a wide berth myself."

"I dare say he would have returned the compliment. But you abuse lady-novelists. What do you think of Ernest Maltravers as a hero, or Kenelm Chillingly—Bulwer's heroes?"

"I confess to liking Bulwer," said Orestes (as if it was a great concession). "I think Ernest a very handsome, lovable, faulty young gentleman. If I had been a young lady, I should undoubtedly have worshiped him. He was the conception of a young, romantic novel-writer, as Kenelm Chillingly was the more ripe and noble fruit of his maturity. I consider Kenelm Chillingly the best and most natural sketch in modern fiction. Godolphin is also a charming hero—manly, and attractive, and not impossible."

"And yet I know no lady-novelist who would have dared to make her men so cruel and hard as these men were occasionally," said I, although I secretly agreed with him.

Orestes laughed. "But they were cruel in a *man's* way, not in a *woman's* way! Look at Ouida's men; they slash around, and are impolite, and break things, and are very strong, and terrible, and brutal, as I call it; and yet women find them so unutterably delightful. I insist that, if a man should behave at a

club as lady-novelists are fond of describing their heroes as behaving in drawing-rooms, they would be kicked out. But I am talking for information. Now, tell me, do women love brutal men?"

"Some women do, I think; they love strength always, and manhood, and a character totally unlike themselves. Perhaps they excuse brutality as an evidence of strength. I have known one very refined and superior woman who loved and married a brutal, cruel fellow, and really liked to have him push her down-stairs. She thought it was the defect of early education, and used to say, 'Poor Charles! he is so sensitive!' Other people who saw her young brow grow wrinkled before she was thirty, and her early bloom vanish, would have liked to confine poor Charles's sensitiveness behind the four walls of some public institution; but she continued to work for him, shield him, and pity him, to the last; but this instance was very rare. I think women love and appreciate kindness, and are offended by brutality, as a general axiom."

"Well, then, I have another serious count to make against women-novelists; their heroes are so mysterious. What do they want to wrap the very common fellows up in such an enchanted carpet of mystery for?"

"Because women know very little of the lives of men. What can a woman, from her secluded 'coign of vantage,' know of the life of a gay man about town? Heaven forefend that she should know! And when she begins to love a man, a woman naturally explains all that is not explainable in the character or conduct of the man she loves by throwing over it a veil of mystery. She undoubtedly thinks a great deal better of him than he deserves, but that is one of the flowers of paradise, which I trust will always linger on the earth. Imagine how it would take down all the business of love if we thought as ill of you as you deserve!"

"Thank you," said Orestes; "you are quite complimentary. Now, would you be so good as to describe to me the sort of man whom a woman might, could, or would, or should love?"

"I don't like the subjunctive mood," said I. "I like the indicative mood present tense. She loves the earnest, the unaffected man, the sincere and real man, the man who does the work of the world, and who has no selfish conceit, or if he has any has the sense to conceal it. She loves the modest man, who pays her a shy compliment with his eyes, and not with his lips. She sees with a pair of eyes which Nature has given her extra, knowing her defenseless condition. She calls these eyes her *instincts*. She sees if he truly loves *her* and not himself."

"I do not find any such men in ladies' novels," said Orestes.

"You find plenty of them in the marketplace, with contented faces, don't you? as if some good woman loved them?"

"No. I never met an American with a contented face," said Orestes. "I have met some very good fellows, such as you describe, but I have not classed them as among women's favorites."

"Perhaps you are thinking of lady-killers; they are a class by themselves. You remem-

ber Bunyan's description of *Vanity Fair*, and remember that there is a world where the vain, the foolish, the credulous, and the absurd, live and have their being. There the lady-killer exists, and ravages the countryside. Any woman who can be flattered, any woman who prefers to have a little incense burned under her nose, instead of having an honest fire on her hearth, is the victim to this interesting creature, and perhaps Ouida, who does not belong to the higher order of lady-novelists (except when she writes a short story like 'A Dog of Flanders'), pictures him occasionally, but the lady-killer is not a woman's man. There is a hero in 'Middlemarch' who is intensely interesting, poor Lydgate, whom Rosamund murders."

"Oh, there you have me. I am forced to agree that one woman can draw a man's picture. George Eliot can paint with brains. Lydgate's story is, without exception, the most terrible and the most common tragedy of the nineteenth century. Rosamund is a very familiar murderess. I know half a dozen of her, and yet no novel-writer has found her but this greatest of women geniuses."

"Yes, the author of 'Middlemarch' and 'Romola' certainly dives deeper than any English writer, except Shakespeare, into the intricate foldings of human nature. She is a writer of infinite ethical purity, but she makes one profoundly sad, I think, with her hopeless views of the fortunes of our kind. All the best-meaning people come to grief in her novels, only the poor, the bad, the commonplace, swim on the topmost wave."

"That is the mistake of great geniuses frequently," said Orestes. "They are profoundly saddened by their superior insight. They are like the two travelers, one of whom stopped half-way, and saw a peaceful valley; the other went higher up, and saw, with his greater opportunity, a burning city. When they came home, the man who had seen the most was the saddest man."

"George Sand has drawn some powerful pictures of men," I replied; "but they are French men, who I think are entirely different from Anglo-Saxon men. She has one supreme conviction, that all the relation of man to woman is a selfish one. She of course makes love supremely selfish, but even in the relation which a son bears to his mother she makes selfishness predominant, and in the relation of husband and wife it is the ruling motive. I believe she thinks a father can love his daughter so much that he will desire her happiness rather than his own, but she has a poor opinion of the sex generally."

"No woman had a better opportunity of reading the character of distinguished men than she had," said Orestes; "but she was too near them in intellectual strength to try them by the best of all possible meters—that of a truly womanly nature. No man loves unreservedly and naturally a woman who is his intellectual equal."

"Now, that is one of your masterful speeches," said I. "I have known men worship wives who were their intellectual superiors."

"So have I, that is not the question: I said equals. No man wants to hold the same

intellectual plane as his wife; she then becomes a comrade, a fellow-student, not a wife. If he vacates the throne, and puts her on it, it is all very good, but then he assumes the position which she should hold—that of worshiper. Some men like it, I should not."

"No, I quite believe you; the rôle of worshiper would not suit you; but cannot you imagine taking a great deal of comfort with a wife who should be your equal in most things?"

"No, I should hate a woman who knew statistics, which I know better than any thing. I should wish her to appeal to me for the number of inhabitants in Peking."

"Oh! oh! oh! what was it we were saying about devotion to us, absorption in us, a little while ago?" said I, rather triumphantly.

When Orestes is beaten in argument, or thinks he is going to be, he never hears what you say; he always goes off on some other topic. On this occasion he pursued his original train of thought, as if I had not spoken. I must say I have seen other members of the superior sex who condescended to this artifice.

"I remember," said Orestes, rather grandly, as if no one had spoken lately—"I remember asking a lady, who was very deficient in locality, if she remembered any thing about the topography of the *Quadrilateral*, and what course Louis Napoleon's forces took there. She said no—that she should never know any thing about the topography of the course of an army, unless she were in love with the chief-engineer. I thought it a delightful and womanly speech."

"Undoubtedly you did. You would have us possess no talents, no tastes, except such as we derive from you. You would have us chameleons, would you?"

"Yes—well-bred, well-dressed, sympathetic, and very pretty chameleons," replied Orestes; "but we are wandering from the subject, and have gone from women's men to men's women. Whose heroes and heroines do you like and approve of—Thackeray's?"

"No! I have never fallen in love with Arthur Pendennis, Harry Esmond, or Barnes Newcome. Thackeray's old men and old women, his snobs and his villains, are delightful; his young men and women of good society are failures. He was simply the giant Great Heart writing philosophical treatises. I find his love-making a failure. Now I should be in love with any of Miss Brontë's heroes much sooner than with any of Thackeray's. Look at Robert Gerard Moore in 'Shirley,' that most delicious, little-read novel! What a mixture of strength and tenderness! you feel that every look of his was a caress, the very selfish weakness that made him offer himself to Shirley for her money, while he loved Caroline, was so human, and as long as he did not love her—forgivable!"

"I like that," said Orestes; "that is a very strong piece of feminine logic! You can forgive a man any thing as long as he does not love anybody but yourself! What if Shirley had accepted him?"

"That would have made it a little awkward, but that never happens in novels. Charlotte Brontë has drawn very real and

lovable men in the brothers Moore, and in the young doctor in 'Villette,' another enchanting novel."

"Yes; I see you adore the rather brutal and mysterious hero, as I said before. Now, who of modern novelists has drawn a good heroine?" said Orestes.

"I think Edmund Yates has drawn one of the most interesting women in all modern fiction, in Harriet Routh, the heroine of 'Black Sheep'; a good woman, so faithful to a bad man that she steals for him, forges for him, and is his subservient tool. The author keeps up your respect for her through the whole novel in the most masterly manner. Some one beautifully said of her, 'She is true to a higher law than the law she breaks.' She was fidelity incarnate, although it made her go against all the laws of her being."

"Rather doubtful morality that," said Orestes; "if woman were not better than men, and did not make them more decent, more honorable, more religious, than they can be without her, where would the world be? Make a good woman a partner in crime, and you pull down the very foundations of society."

"I know that; I am not approving of Harriet Routh as a pattern for schools and families; I am only admiring the author's cleverness in making fidelity so beautiful that it glosses even wickedness. Now, which is the most to be admired, a good woman faithful to a bad man, or—"

"You might as well quote Dr. Johnson's—"

"If the man who turnsips cries,
Cries not when his father dies,"

interrupted Orestes. "A good woman faithful to a bad man? Why, a good woman is faithful to everybody, and the badness or goodness of the recipient makes no alteration in her faithfulness."

"Then you approve of Harriet Routh. She was faithful in obeying a bad husband, whom she madly loved; she hated dishonesty, yet she became dishonest at his bidding. She laid on the altar of her affections, her principles, her talents, her belief, her hope of heaven; and she did it deliberately and understandingly. Is she not to be admired?"

"What reward did she get?" asked Orestes.

"Oh, the usual one of devoted wives: he struck her and deserted her. The Nancy Sykes order of things pervades all grades of society. I think men love women who ill-treat them. The most devoted lovers I have ever seen have been those men whose wives have treated them the worst. I do not think there has ever been so high an instance of conjugal devotedness shown by any man as by one of my friends, whose wife has always consistently flouted him."

"Then you think men are spaniels, and like being whipped, do you?"

"No, not exactly—but I think it is one of the curious phases of love, and perhaps not inexplicable—when you remember what imperfect beings we all are—that affection is somewhat stimulated by fear. A husband who is not entirely sure of his wife's love is

perhaps more anxious to gain it—and the agitation in which certain wives keep their husbands, on this point, produces a wholesome freshening of the affections. Are we not always disposed to undervalue that which we are quite sure is inviolably our own?"

"I do not think I should mind being very sure and quite tranquil about Mrs. Orestes," said my opponent. "I think I should prefer to be agitated about something else."

"Of course you would; and you would be glad to have Mrs. Orestes go on setting easy-chairs for you before the fire, and having footstools placed in convenient attitudes; and good dinners forever coming on, in solemn procession, which Mrs. Orestes should order; and you would like to have the grocer's book properly balanced, and Mrs. O., in a very becoming toilet which should cost you nothing, always in a very good-humor to receive you, and to put up with you when you were stupid, be quiet when you were sleepy, not wish to go out when you did not—in all respects, that well-bred chameleon whom you described, and you would take all this, as you do the sunshine, without any particular gratitude, or inquiring if Mrs. Orestes had not some tastes and acquirements which you did not meet, and, although you might like her very much, and abstractly consider her as a very comfortable and rather agreeable adjunct to your high- and mightiness, I think she would ultimately bore you; and you would sigh for the genius, sparkle, and eccentricity, of Mrs. Ignatius—you would wish that Mrs. Orestes were not so humdrum; in fact, your affections would need an impetus, a little agitation," said I, rather out of breath.

"Yes," said Orestes, musingly (he is an old bachelor), "I wish she would come along! That picture of yours about the easy-chair and the footstool is rather pleasing. I think I like it better than your literary opinions. Couldn't you go on and describe Mrs. Orestes more? Would she have a pleasant voice, and read aloud to me, and would she always agree with me in my opinions, and never have any flights about Charlotte Brontë's heroes (whom I fear I do not resemble)? and could she not combine with all this 'the genius, sparkle, and eccentricity, of Mrs. Ignatius?'"

"I sincerely hope she will not—or, as you like the subjunctive mood, I hope she either might, could, would, or should not do any of these things."

"Now, do you not see," said Orestes, who is maddening, sometimes, "that you have agreed with me throughout—that you have admired all the brutal heroes, and that you have made these muscular gentry triumphant in bringing out women's virtues? The husband of Harriet Routh made her what she was. I, whom you evidently consider a hero, make Mrs. Orestes! What sort of a husband is Ignatius, who bears with the 'genius, sparkle, and eccentricity of madame his wife?'"

"Ah! he is a model husband," said I, "a pattern hero. In the first place, he is a gentleman, after Thackeray's noble description: 'What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these

qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful manner? Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, and honest father? Ought his life to be decent, his bills to be paid, his tastes to be high and elegant?' Yes, we should all say; yes, I add, that, to be loved by woman, he should be liberal, candid, and attentive to his wife in the small courtesies, as well as in the recognized duties of protecting her, and providing for her support 'the honorable maintenance of a gentleman,' as the fine old English phrase has it. Then he should allow her her own opinions, let her lead her own life, as much as he leads his, remembering that she is to be accountable on the last great day for her talents, and the use she has made of them, as he is; and that, if she does not have the liberty to lead her own life her own way, she must become a gnarled, distorted, and ugly tree, like that famous one which Bulwer described, which grew out of a tombstone in England."

"Well, you have ended with a lively image," said Orestes. "I do not think I have ever met Mr. Ignatius, if he is the gentleman you have been describing. I fear he is a 'woman's man,' and therefore impossible!"

"I have been more fortunate, then, than you, for I have met him."

M. E. W. S.

ENGLISH POETRY VERSUS ENGLISH PROSE.

HAS there ever been a line of demarcation, sufficiently sharp and intelligible, drawn between poetry and prose? Is it difficult to discriminate between the flowering shrubs that we sometimes meet on the uplands of prose, and the clustering sprays that, heavy with buds and blossoms, flush the fragrant slopes of Helicon?

Notwithstanding that Coleridge's definition of prose and poetry is suggestive, it does not seem to me to be either satisfactorily explicit or thoroughly correct. Prose, he says, "is words in their best order," and poetry "the best words in the best order." The relationship between these expositions is so close that one fails to apprehend readily the distinction intended; and especially as it is difficult to accept the inference that prose, in its most educated aspect, can be other than "the best words in the best order," or that poetry is nothing more than is embodied in this mere rhetorical idea. In truth, this definition of poetry applies properly to prose only, for the obvious reason that prose is less restricted in the choice of words and terms than poetry, as the latter, because of the inexorable exactions of rhythm, measure, or rhyme, is not only constantly obliged to forego the best word, but to even jeopardize the sense of a sentence by doing violence to its proper construction, as illustrated by that signal failure—the last verse of Gray's "Elegy, written in a Country Church-yard."

The line must be drawn somewhere; and, were I a ruler in the world of letters, I should be inclined to decide that, no matter what the thesis, no literary composition should be regarded as poetry that was not characterized throughout, and strictly, by metrical num-

bers, perfect rhythm, and the purest rhyme, as well, perhaps, as by a brief pause, at least, at the end of each line. This, in my humble judgment, combined with the best words possible in the best order possible, embraces the constructive elements of all true poetry; while I am almost convinced, besides, that the absence of any one of these characteristics is fatal to it in its highest and most artistic acceptance.

This view of the subject will, of course, be considered heterodox, if not barbarous, by certain classics. It is, however, of English poetry I am speaking; and here I may observe that its earliest two great masters—Chaucer and Spenser—seem to have entertained this idea rigidly. We have but to turn to the "Canterbury Tales" and the "Faerie Queene" to satisfy ourselves on this point; for, considering the period at which these poems were written, they are wondrous examples of correct metre, smooth rhythm, and tuneful rhyme. Nay, more—if we had, at the present day, a true knowledge of the pronunciation of the language at the time they were composed, we should, doubtless, be able to discover in them quite sufficient, in the way of rhyme and the harmony of numbers, to throw many a modern epic into the shade. Be this as it may, what is now of great importance to my argument is, that neither the father of English poetry nor his illustrious successor has, so far as I am aware, established any precedent for the admission into poetry of imperfect rhythm or faulty rhymes, or for the introduction of even a single line the final syllable or word of which does not rhyme most harmoniously with that of some other line. In fact, both these authors seem to have accepted Cicero's idea of poetry rather than that rehearsed subsequently by Dryden or Coleridge, and to have been impressed with the conviction that poetry is not as to essence but as to structure only.

As all ideas possible to the understanding can be presented with greater ease and amplitude in prose than in numbers characterized by perfect rhyme and rhythm, it is quite apparent to me that poetry is depending upon the latter for its very existence. And here, precisely, is where a grave difficulty obtains. The imagination may be flushed with all the colors of the rainbow, and the tongue may break forth in raptures the most sublime, but, in the absence of metrical numbers and perfect rhymes, it is all to no purpose, so far as true poetry is concerned. Here, as in music, a defective ear is fatal; for, notwithstanding that the argument and sense may be comprehended thoroughly, there is lost to the appreciation that delightful harmony—that mysterious and exquisite something which is "the blossom and fragrance of all human language."

Poets are as thick as blackberries because some of the great masters of the art, in an evil hour—when the tide was out, perhaps—have left us such faulty examples, and have taken such liberties with the laws which, in my opinion, should govern it strictly, that its gates seem to have been thrown wide open to all comers. Not that I presume divine inspiration, that exceptional characteristic of the race, to be indispensable to the claims of

a poet simply as such; but what I venture to believe is, that no one should be permitted to enter these gates, or to commingle with the true brotherhood within, who is not possessed of the signs, tokens, and passwords, of the art. These should be exacted by the tylers of æsthetics in the very first instance, whatever the candidate's status in other relations may turn out to be subsequently. I am, however, quite well aware that the mere constructor of verses, who is a stranger to divine inspiration, can never attain to any exalted position in the art. The edifice he builds, if even symmetrical in the highest degree, will be wanting in beauty and excellence of material—will be deficient in grandeur and originality of design, as well as in all those magnificent effects that so charm and captivate the sense. No one would think of instituting a comparison between the Capitol at Washington and one of the small, substantial structures on Blackwell's Island. And yet both are built upon the same fundamental principles, and in accordance with some of the strictest rules of mechanical art. In the unpretending "little church round the corner," and the haughty St. Peter's at Rome, we find alike the rhyme and the rhythm, so to speak, that constitute architecture *per se*—that is, in its aspect of design or form. So that any one who constructs a single stanza upon the basis already laid down, is, it would seem, entitled as fully to the name poet as Byron or Tennyson, although the composition, intrinsically, may not be worth a single straw, or of no more value than the following four lines from Wordsworth's "She was a Phantom of Delight":

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

Although the idea here is impoverished and rendered commonplace through the wretchedly circumstantial manner in which it is treated, the lines are properly constructed; for, with the exception of the word "temperate," which must be squeezed into two syllables to satisfy the rhythm, they are, in a mechanical sense, perfect throughout—that is, as a body without a soul. Here, however, I shall fall back a few paces, and present what I regard as an example of the first approach toward the realization of this ideal English poetry of mine. The illustration is from Milton's "Paradise Lost," and the very opening lines of that magnificent production:

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse," etc.

Who could, for a moment, suppose that so great a mass of splendor burned behind this blind wall? for here there is nothing to be dignified with the name of poetry. True, the lines are metrical, but they are not so in a highly-artistic sense, inasmuch as the first of them virtually ends in the middle of the second with the word "tree," while the fourth should obviously stretch into the fifth as far as the word "us." And so it is all the way through with this ornate and fascinating cre-

ation. But, then, the language and the ideas subsequently are of themselves so sublime and picturesque that, dazzled with the splendor and purity of the ore, and the massiveness of the ingots, we forget to subject them to any formula, and accept them as presenting all the requisites of true poetry.

Another step in the right direction, and one in advance of what is termed "blank-verse," is to be found in those compositions where we meet, in a stanza of four metrical lines, two that rhyme perfectly with each other—the second and last—and two that do not rhyme in even the slightest degree—the first and second—as in the following example, from Tennyson:

"The rain had fallen, the poet arose,
And passed by the town and out of the street;
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat."

This quatrain, if such it may be termed, is embarrassed with two wooden legs. Here we have prose and poetry intermingled, and the beauty and homogeneity of the verse marred consequently. How much more harmonious and finished would it have been, had the author thought proper to have so shaped the sense that the third line of the stanza read thus:

"From the gates of the sun" a light wind blows!

But Tennyson has never been able to shake out all his canvas in rhyme. Whenever we encounter him in this latitude we find him almost invariably under close-reefed topsails or struggling on a lee-shore. He is at home only in blank-verse, with its immeasurable stretch of sea-room. Here there is neither the Scylla of rhyme, nor the Charybdis that restricts the choice of words, to beset his course; and here, consequently, he is at ease, with his hand laid carelessly on the helm, and the wind always blowing a pleasant gale aft.

There are, however, persons of the most exquisite taste and judgment, whose ear wearies of a constant succession of rhymes, and who enjoy those delicious sandwiches which are supplied so bountifully by the poets of the present day, as well as by those who have gone to their reward, whatever that may be. Let it be so. But shall we not call things by the names proper to them? Is the following verse of a song written, on a most suggestive subject, "Spring," by the distinguished author just mentioned, even tolerable poetry?

"Birds' love and birds' song
Flying here and there;
Birds' song and birds' love,
And you with golden hair!
Birds' song and birds' love,
Passing with the weather;
Men's song and men's love,
To love once and forever."

It seems to me that, musically speaking, Tennyson has a defective ear—that, like those who are at home in blank-verse only, he sees and feels all, but hears nothing. Hence the failure of his lyrical efforts, and the certainty of his living in his florid, metrical prose alone.

The next and a still nearer approach to the perfectly-conceived structure than any of the illustrations just given, is to be found in the following extract from Addison's "Campaign":

"Unbounded courage and compassion joined,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete."

Although the rhythm here is sufficiently smooth, provided we keep our eye on "tempering," all the rhymes are faulty—unless, indeed, it was intended by the author that the first two lines should be read by a rural Yankee, and the other two by an Irishman, thus:

"Unbounded courage and compassion joined,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete."

As, however, "great" was formerly pronounced "greet" by no inconsiderable number of educated persons, we can perhaps dispense with the Irishman here. But this the ingenious reader must decide for himself.

Without pausing to examine examples marred by false numbers or rhythm only, I shall cite one more illustration, as a very near approach to true poetry, without having attained the climax. The lines are from Byron, and will, of course, be recognized everywhere:

"The sky is changed! and such a change! O night,
And storm and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,
And lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder," etc.

Here we find the quantities, the rhythm, and the rhyme, almost perfect; but the lines are so incomplete and disjointed in themselves individually, that we at once reject them as tricky, or utterly unworthy the sublime language and ideas they embody. Again, "among" does not rhyme perfectly with "along;" while, in verification of what I have already observed, it is, through the exactions of the rhyme, forced out of its natural position in the line—although the example it affords is perhaps the least striking of its class. Read the whole passage as florid and picturesque prose, as it ought to be read, and as its construction demands pre-emptorily, and we shall be able to apprehend fully the strength and beauty of which it has been shorn by an attempt to warp the lines into a shape utterly foreign to them. Let us see:

"The sky is changed! and such a change! O night and storms and darkness! ye are wondrous strong, yet lovely in your strength as the light of a dark eye in woman! Far along, from peak to peak, among the rattling crags leaps the live thunder," etc.

We can now perceive how detrimental to the true structure of poetry is the absence of even one of the characteristics I have mentioned—although that one might be considered the most unimportant. The truth is, after the manner of the three primary colors in a pencil of white light, rhyme, rhythm, and numbers combined, are the architecture of poetry; and hence the absence of any one of these elements is, I am of the belief, fatal to the whole fabric.

And here I shall venture to state that, possibly from the year 1180, when the gray dawn of the English language first became perceptible, to the time of Milton, no writer in that tongue ever thought of presenting to

the world, as poetry, any composition that was not in rhyme. Certainly all our earliest poems are written in rhyme, and, although we may, at rare intervals, meet some effusion in metrical prose, such as the "Faustus" of Marlowe, it does not appear to have ever been accepted in the light of poetry. Nor do I believe that Shakespeare ever regarded any of his plays in this light. He was not a severe enough classic for that. Milton, I venture to think, was the first English writer that claimed all the honors of poetry for his blank verse or metrical prose. Ignoring the solid Saxon spirit of Chaucer and Spenser, and avoiding the difficult structural paths that they had followed in relation to pure English poetry, he found it convenient to adopt for his larger works Greek or Latin models in which there were no restrictions in the way of rhyme—that five-barred gate that has brought many an ambitious Pegasus to a dead halt. But, after all, Chaucer is the father of English poetry, and any composition that does not display the structural characteristics which he has left us as abiding examples in his works, cannot, from an English point of view, be properly designated a poem. And, most assuredly, his authority ought to have infinitely more weight with us than that of Milton. For the subject of the greatest work of the latter was a poem already made, or was so suggestive and beyond the reach of logical criticism as to secure from so profound a scholar its own effective treatment, perforce, as it were; while "The Canterbury Tales," very unlike "Paradise Lost," were mainly created out of such materials of every-day life as could be subjected to the test of human reason. This fact is worthy of consideration, for it is in its light alone that we can truly measure the merits of both works, or the genius of their respective authors.

I shall now complete these brief observations by quoting a stanza from Longfellow, which, in my opinion, contains all the elements essential to the perfection of poetry in every possible relation. I do not cite the extract in any invidious spirit, for I have met, from other pens, quite as perfect specimens of rhythm, rhyme, and numbers. But so superb is the idea that animates it, and so original, harmonious, and impressive its treatment, that I select it without hesitation. It is from the "Psalms of Life:"

"Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral-marches to the grave."

This is poetry in all its structural perfection—in all its intrinsic worth—in all its unsurpassed loveliness. Here we find no prosaic justification of paltry "allowable rhymes" or stupid "poetic licenses." Here, though sombre the subject, the gems of thought burn through the pall with a brilliant lustre. How unapproachable the simile "like muffled drums!" It is only from some eminence such as this that we can catch a glimpse of the true point where the line should be drawn between English poetry and English prose. And as, in relation to the former, there is not one other height to climb, we, of necessity, must turn our eyes downward, and, how-

ever dazed and dazzled by the florid encroachments of metrical prose, and its allies in borrowed plumage, endeavor to strike the line at our very feet.

JAMES MCCARROLL.

AT CHESS.

ABOVE a checkered table they bent—
A man in his prime and a maiden fair,
Over whose polished and blue-veined brow
Rested no shadowy tinge of care.
Her eyes were fountains of sapphire light;
Her lips wore the curves of cheerful thought;
And into her gestures, and into her smile,
Grace and beauty their spell had fraught.

Above the checkered table they bent,
Watching the pieces, red and white,
As each moved, on in appointed course,
Through the mimic battle's steady fight—
The queen, in her stately, regal power;
The king, to her person friendly shield;
The mitred bishop, with his support,
And the massive castle across the field;

The pawn, in his slow and cautious pace,
A step at a time; and the mounted knight,
Vaulting, as gallant horseman of old,
To the right and left, and left and right.
But a single word the silence broke,
As they cleared aside the ruin and wreck
Of the battle's havoc; and that word
Was the little monosyllable "check!"

Pawns, and bishops, and castles, and knights,
Trembled together in sad dismay,
While a pair of hearts were pulsing beside
To a deeper, wilder, sweeter play.
Yet the gaze of each—the man and the maid—
On the board was fastened for turn of fate,
When she archly whispered, with radiant glance,
And a sparkling smile, "If you please, sir,
mate!"

And gently her fluttering triumph-hand,
As white as a flake of purest pearl,
She laid on the crown of her victor-king,
While the other toyed with a wanton curl.
He lifted the first to his smiling lips,
And on it imprinted a trembling kiss;
And he murmured softly, "I should not care
For losing the game, could I win but this!"

What the maiden answered 'twere treason to
tell,
As her blushes deepened to crimson glow,
Mounting, like lightning-flashes quick,
Till they burned on cheeks, and ears, and
brow.
And in three months' time the church-bells
rang,
And the parson finished the game begun,
When both wore the conqueror's triumph-
smile,
And both were happy, for both had won.

SALLIE A. BROOK.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE find in a recent number of the *Golden Age* the following paragraph:

"One of the leading editors of this city objected to Mrs. Howland's article, suggesting a plan for teaching the rudiments of science to the people by courses of systematic instruction under the auspices of the government, that 'it contains a sentiment which is very mischievous and likely to bring the country to ruin.' The particular sentiment in question is that the government should use its resources to promote public instruction. Mrs. Howland responds as follows: 'What better possible use can there be for the people's wealth—the wealth which their labor has created, for there is no magic under heaven whereby to create wealth except the magic of human labor—what better possible use for this wealth than that of increasing the education of the people? Considering the fierce conflict of political parties now raging, the repeated exposures of governmental short-sightedness, folly, and general incompetence, the present terrible financial and industrial collapse of the country, one may well ask, And what if the government should be ruined? Does it follow that a better and more nobly democratic government might not succeed? I, for one, have sufficient faith in the virtue of this people to rest assured that they will yet work out their salvation, and all the better if less "encumbered with help" such as the government affords. That a government can be ruined by any policy tending to increase the scientific culture of the people, is the best possible proof that it ought to be ruined, and the sooner the better. A true government of the people must be strengthened by every sentiment and every policy that increases the general intelligence; just as certainly as that an oligarchy must be weakened by every ray of knowledge that permeates the masses.'"

We may as well acknowledge that the editor here referred to is the editor of this JOURNAL, who does not, however, object to this publication of a portion of a private letter, inasmuch as he is thereby afforded an opportunity of being a little more explicit in his views upon the subject referred to. In doing so it will be necessary to repeat arguments that have already been frequently uttered in these columns, but important principles have to be restated many times before they obtain an intelligent hearing.

We believe that the progress of civilization has been very nearly commensurate with the subordination of government, and that even now, although great results in this direction have been achieved, the most important task before the world is the rigid limitation of the powers and the duties of the state. The legitimate function of government is the preservation of order and the maintenance of justice—that is, to secure the safety and protect the rights and liberties of each individual. Just to the extent in the past that it has gone beyond these duties it has wrought mischief, and to the extent that it now persists in going beyond them it threatens still

further mischief. The history of religion is a signal exemplification of this fact. The history of trade and commerce is another. In truth, trade and the arts have flourished pretty nearly in direct ratio to the extent that government has let them alone. If the state now and then has interfered to advantage, these cases have been exceptional; as a rule, its interposition in affairs beyond the maintenance of order, and the protection of the weak against the strong, has been disastrous. Moreover, it has ceaselessly interfered where it should not, and left undone those things for which alone its existence is desirable or even endurable. There have been periods in history when roads swarmed with robbers, and neither life nor property was safe, and yet the whole energies of king, ministers, Parliament, and all the political forces, have been given up to a struggle for the domination of a priesthood.

But, notwithstanding the plain lessons of history, people seem beset with the idea that it is the province of government to attempt every thing and to regulate every thing. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that everybody is beset with the idea that it is the province and duty of government to carry out his own special notion, whatever it may be. No one seems to see that if the state attempts any one thing beyond its legitimate duties it must and will attempt other things, until at last its busy intermeddling makes a host of mischiefs. If government, in obedience to a clamor from one quarter, is to establish scientific schools, then it will be urged by another class to found art-schools, and by still another class to organize music-schools. In undertaking the education of the people at all, there is sure to be a continual pressure upon it to carry out this or the other favorite project by people who think that government ought to be not only paternal, but paternal in the particular direction which they advocate. Some people want colleges and schools supplied by government; others want art-galleries and museums fostered by the state; others think that the theatre and the opera should have the aid of the state; still others ask why literature is not patronized by Congress; more practical people insist that canals must be dug, and railways and ships built, by government; there are still others who think that the telegraph and the express business should fall under state control; and so on, until, if all suggestions were carried out, pretty nearly the whole functions of society would be in the hands of our rulers.

Very few, indeed, seem to see the dangers that arise, and the greater ones that threaten, from this ill-instructed public sentiment. Out of it has come an aggregate of public debt that threatens half the States

and municipalities of the country with bankruptcy. The disposition to rush into things at the prompting of ignorant clamor *must* be arrested, or the whole country will soon be in financial ruin. Even now the present aggregate of the public debt is startling; it is daily increasing; and yet from every quarter comes a public cry for undertakings that will still further greatly increase it. And then, as we multiply the functions of government, we increase the opportunities for fraud and corruption. Our Legislatures are even now mainly organized to further this or that mendacious project, and out of this readiness to attempt things beyond their province has arisen the most corrupting force in our midst—we mean the lobby. By limiting government to its legitimate boundaries we shall reduce corrupt legislation to its minimum. And we shall find ere long that we *must* so reduce it or bring upon us the flood.

As to Mrs. Howland's special inquiry, "What better possible use can there be for the people's wealth than that of increasing the education of the people?" we reply, None! But why put their wealth into the hands of the politicians for the use suggested? Is it not certain that the work under state control will be badly done, and the wealth greatly wasted? This disposition to call upon government to undertake all sorts of enterprises evidently arises from a vague idea that the money spent by government is in some occult way created, and is not derived from the people, or is derived in such a way as to lay no pressure upon them. By all means let it be remembered that it is the wealth of the people which the government is distributing, and that there are wiser and more economical means of distribution than any which the politicians can give us.

How is it, of all peoples, that Americans so disregard their own traditions and their own example in this matter? Have we not triumphantly shown what voluntary energies can do? Nowhere in the world is the Church so well supported, so active in its mission, so energetic and prosperous, as it is by the voluntary system in America; and yet the time was when every statesman thought it indispensable to give the Church the alliance and support of the state. We may be certain that the success of the voluntary method in the Church gives assurance that it would also be successful for education, æsthetic culture, and all practical enterprises. The wonderful growth of America has been largely due to the fact that here more than elsewhere government gives every man free play and elbow-room; let it hereafter do so in all things, and our future progress shall transcend the dreams of the most hopeful.

We hear a great deal of complacent talk about the superiority of American oratory. Those who utter this sentiment are not usually thinking of the extravagances of provincial politicians; they are mentally comparing our best speakers in the pulpit, on the platform, in the legislature, at the lecture-desk, with English speakers in similar places; and they congratulate themselves that our public men are not such hesitating, awkward, stumbling, and lethargic speakers as their cousins of England are. Is this congratulation justified? If we avoid some of the defects of English orators, is it quite certain that our own methods have any thing in them more truly worthy of applause? If it may be assumed that there is such a thing as the art of the platform, is this art understood any better here than abroad? Without attempting to answer these questions directly, we will endeavor to throw a little side-light upon them by describing a special display of a certain kind of popular American oratory that we recently witnessed and listened to.

It was a lecture, so called, but in reality it was an oration. The lecturer—this is the term he applies to himself, and hence we must use it, whether correct or not—is one of the best-known men in the country. He is known as a reformer; he is supposed to be an "advanced thinker;" his name has been unpleasantly conspicuous in a great and widely-discussed scandal. He is a tall, well-made, handsome man. His face is intellectual in expression; his brow is wide and handsome; Hyperion locks cover his head, and fall upon his neck. He is a very comely picture to look upon in these particulars, but he does not dress well. In England lecturers, just as musicians and readers do here, usually appear in evening-dress. This might seem with some people an affectation in a popular lecturer—nor is it, in fact, necessary—but a tasteful and appropriate attire would be objected to by nobody. The lecturer we are describing was very clumsily and awkwardly dressed, thereby partially negating the advantages of his personal appearance. This may be a small matter, but the art of the platform, like other arts, must condescend to take note of little things.

But our main concern is with the lecturer's manner. The address glittered with telling periods and brilliant fallacies uttered with clamorous voice, turbulent gestures, histrionic attitudes, and manufactured passion. The speaker flung his arms about; shook his fists at the ceiling, at the air, at his auditors; threw himself into violent theatrical positions; and fairly stunned his listeners with explosive vehemence. The virtues of simplicity, repose, and moderation, were unknown to him. Commonplaces shared with "glittering generalities" in the wild turbulence of

utterance; and, although the speaker got much applause—for noise and declamation are always sure of the crowd—the address was unworthy an intelligent audience. It was of that style of oratory that has its root in the clamorous methods of the camp-meeting and the political stump; it was wholly barbaric; it was of a character that people of genuine culture and æsthetic taste could never tolerate. If we boast of our oratory simply because it is pungent and sensational, we argue for ourselves a very low place in the intellectual scale. It is customary to talk of theatre-goers as largely composed of people of inferior social place; but our theatre-goers, as a rule, are accustomed to exact of performers at least a measure of artistic propriety, whereas our lecture-goers seem to permit platform-men to indulge in a hundred violations of taste. There is a great deal of exaggerated passion on the stage, but the noisiest actor is never violent in entire disregard of the requirements of the language. The stump-speech style of oratory, on the contrary, is violent in and out of place, and the pupil of that vicious school here considered had not bettered his instructions. If the dramatic manner is permissible at all at the lecture-desk, it should at least be artistic; there should be repose, light and shade, and passion only at culminating periods. As to the false and bad method we have described, we should by all means prefer the hesitancy and stammering of English speakers, if these conditions are necessary in order to secure good sense and good taste.

VICTOR HUGO has been lecturing his countrymen again—this time about the prospects and blessings of peace. He is nothing if not millennial in his ideas and aspirations; and he will find few to disagree with him that when man has become so perfect that conquests and royalty have vanished, when the poor man “understands the necessity of work and the rich its majesty,” when “the gross side of man is ruled by the spiritual,” and when a great many other things glowingly enunciated by Victor Hugo take place, there will indeed be that peace on earth which his spirit craves. What is likely to sadden those who venerate the great author for his past works, is the appearance, in an aggravated, indeed almost maniacal form, of his old vain and preposterous idea of the indispensable importance of France as the only possible leader of modern civilization. “There are two efforts,” he says, “working in civilization, the one for, the other against: the effort of France and the effort of Germany. The choice of the future is made between these two worlds, the one gloomy, the other radiant—the one false, the other true.” This is rather a cool way of waving aside

any feeble claims the Anglo-Saxon race may have to aid in moulding the form of modern civilization. Victor Hugo will have it that there are but two controlling spirits in the world, struggling and to struggle with each other—Germany, the spirit of darkness; France, the spirit of light. Then he goes on with a good deal of vamping about France belonging not to herself, but to the world, and that “a province lacking to France is not a force that fails to progress, but an organ missing to the human species,” and that “her mutilation mutilates civilization.” We are left to infer, on the other hand, and no doubt Victor Hugo would admit, that a province filched from Germany by France would be a province saved from political perdition. There is more about “the city of Frederick II. insulting the city of Voltaire,” as if the city of Voltaire would not have gone wild with exultation had its soldiers applied the torch to that of Frederick II. If we mistake not, Victor Hugo has more than once berated the Emperor Napoleon for precipitating war in 1870; but would he not do well to consider whether the disastrous result of that war was not in large part due to the inordinate national self-conceit which Victor Hugo has done perhaps more than any other writer, living or dead, to puff to the absurd proportions it has assumed? It was the exaggerated idea of the prowess and greatness of France which has been dinged into the ears of Frenchmen for fifty years, by the so-called “romantic” school, of which Victor Hugo himself is the Nestor, and was almost the founder, carried into the operations of the state, and flattering the self-esteem of the army, that indirectly led to Sedan and the capture of Paris; and Frenchmen will do well to beware of accepting Victor Hugo’s estimate of the part taken by France, or any other one country, in forming modern civilization—a work in which, it is to be hoped, all nations have a more or less conspicuous share.

It looks very much as if England were going to have another war with China on her hands. Some months ago an English trade-agent was murdered at Yunnan, a remote inland province of the Celestial Empire. Reparation was promised, but has not been given. Moreover, the Chinese viceroy has kept the English minister waiting in an ante-room. Twice within fifty years England has given China a piece of her mind out of the throats of her cannon. The last time she had France to help her. Times and things have changed much in the last fifteen years. The Chinese soldiers are much better armed and disciplined than they were then; and England, if she fights, will have to fight alone. Her real object, concealed beneath indigna-

tion at the outrage on the agent Margary, is probably to secure greater commercial advantages in the Orient than she now possesses. The present Chinese Government is unfriendly to the English, and, worse still, is friendly to the Russians. The Russians are England’s commercial rivals in the East, and hence jealousy may naturally be another motive for giving the Chinese a drubbing.

Literary.

MR. ALVAN S. SOUTHWORTH’S “Four Thousand Miles of African Travel” * is not such a book as one would expect the secretary of a geographical society to write. In the first place, its title, if not actually misleading, certainly at first glance seems to promise more than is performed in the subsequent pages. One would hardly conjecture, for instance, that four thousand miles of African travel and nine lines of title cover no more than a journey up the Nile to Khartoum, a short excursion up the White Nile, and a camel-ride from Berber to Suakin, on the Red Sea. Of course such a route is not a “beaten highway” in the same sense as the Rhine is, but it has been traveled far too often and described much too fully for it to afford any thing especially novel or exciting to the observation of a casual tourist.

When we discovered the true dimensions of the journey, indeed, recalling the fact that the author is secretary of a geographical society, we naturally supposed that he would use his own experiences as a sort of thread on which to hang a summary or redaction of our knowledge of Central Africa; but Mr. Southworth was determined to make a book of adventure or nothing, and, without Mr. Stanley’s excuse, shares the latter gentleman’s contempt for “arm-chair geographers.” Perhaps, however, it is as well that Mr. Southworth did not make it his chief function to impart useful knowledge, as the little with which he does present us is likely to cost the reader a good deal of bewilderment and careful balancing of one portion of the book against another. It is quite evident that Mr. Southworth was completely “taken in,” as the phrase goes, on his first arrival in Egypt, by the *clat* with which he was received by government functionaries, and the attentions which were bestowed upon him as *Herald* correspondent; and he begins by lauding the khédive to the skies, representing him as the savior of Africa, and as the greatest genius among modern rulers. Further on in the book we find this ardor considerably cooled, and, incidentally, encounter some facts which reveal the khédive in his true character—as an energetic, rich, and liberal-handed despot. Toward the close Mr. Southworth recovers himself completely, and the air of condescension and consciousness

* Four Thousand Miles of African Travel: A Personal Record of a Journey up the Nile and through the Soudan to the Confines of Central Africa; embracing a Discussion on the Sources of the Nile, and an Examination of the Slave-Trade. By Alvan S. Southworth. New York: Baker, Pratt & Co.

of superior wisdom with which he interviews the khédive, and "measures the powers" of Nubar Pasha and other high officials, is the amusing feature of a book which is deficient in humor.

But the author's habit of self-contradiction is displayed most strikingly in his record of what he supposes to be facts. On page 168, *et seq.*, in treating of "the popular fallacies concerning the Soudan," he denies that it is unhealthy, declares that he saw as many old men there, in proportion to the population, as he had seen in New York, Paris, or London; traces most of the suffering from the climate, on the part of Europeans, to intemperance in eating and drinking; says that Khartoum is "unhealthy only during two months;" and sums up with the affirmation that the Soudan "is as healthy a country as there is in the tropics." After this, it is certainly surprising to encounter on page 226 the following entry in the author's journal:

"July 15th.—Adieu Soudan! Adieu to your flames that men call winds, to your burning coals that men call sands! Adieu to your malarial zephyrs, your poisoned streamlets, your corrupted pools, your polluted flowers! Adieu to all your complex infamies; to your extortion, your extravagance, your commerce in slaves, your poisoned cup, your strangler's wrist, and your cruel *bastinado*! Adieu to the sudden chill, the wasting fever, the enfeebled stomach, and adieu to vaporizing vitality! Adieu to all those unbridled forces which prostrate, diminish, and kill! How few, like myself, have been able to make this last adieu; have been able to stand by the shores of a wholesome sea and thank God 'that I, too, am not a victim!' No one pillowed upon silk and down can appreciate my joy in thus escaping with life. . . . Ninety per cent. of all Europeans perish from the climate—the majority from sudden deaths during the first month in the country! This is worse than war, plague, or famine."

A precisely similar difficulty is encountered when we find it estimated on page 179 that "there remain in Central Africa one hundred thousand elephants, more or less," and on page 191 that there are thirty million in the region around Fachoda alone! And the guesses about population are equally wild—Mr. Southworth assigning thirty million inhabitants to a region for which Dr. Schweinfurth, an exceptionally cautious and trustworthy observer, estimates but seven million.

It is difficult to define M. Viollet-le-Duc's "Annals of a Fortress."* Ostensibly a chronicle of the successive transformations and sieges which a supposititious fortress has undergone from the earliest historic times to the Franco-German War, it is at once a history of military architecture, a history of the art of war, a history, in outline, of the French people, and a political pamphlet. To his unrivaled talent as an architect, M. Viollet-le-Duc adds the highest qualifications of the military engineer; and, judging from its closing chapters, we should say that the present work was intended to arouse the atten-

tion of his countrymen to the changed conditions of the warlike art, to urge upon them the necessity of preparing in time for the national defense, and, at the same time, to indicate the means by which this defense may best be secured. If this be his object, however, why, when he is already recognized as an authority in this branch of applied science, go back almost to prehistoric times for a subject? and why deal with a hypothetical fortress when an actual one would apparently have subserved the purpose so much better? Under ordinary circumstances, we should conclude that we had to deal with a familiar type of literary manufacture; but M. Viollet-le-Duc is quite above the vulgar arts of the mere book-maker, and such a suggestion, therefore, affords us no help.

Ceasing, then, to guess at his motives, we have to thank the author for a very instructive and very interesting, if somewhat puzzling and heterogeneous book. Beginning with the primeval inhabitants of a valley, whose supposed situation is on the Cousin, an affluent of the Saône, he describes their patriarchal life and their first encounter with invading strangers (Gauls), who dispossessed them and occupied their land; coming then to a period two centuries later, he shows how the growing insecurity of the people gave birth to a soldier-class, who built and garrisoned an *oppidum* (most primitive style of fortress) on a commanding promontory, which forms the *locale* of the entire narrative. Thirty years afterward occurs the *first* siege, in which men with bows and arrows, swords, and clubs, confront stockades and earthworks, defended by men similarly armed. Two centuries and a half intervene between the first siege and the *second*, which latter is conducted by one of Cæsar's lieutenants, and is typical of the Roman conquest of the Gauls. Converted into a fortified city on the Roman plan, the fortress passed in the course of time into the hands of the Burgundians, who, about the year 500 A. D., sustained the *third* siege against Clovis, king of the Franks. The twelfth century finds the fortress transformed into a feudal castle, the lord of which revolts against the Duke of Burgundy, and is subjected to the *fourth* siege; in this siege Greek fire was first used in Western war. The *fifth* siege occurs in the fifteenth century, and is notable as marking the advent of fire (gunpowder) artillery. A century later, the fortress, again become a fortified city, belonging to France, undergoes the *sixth* siege at the hands of the imperialists (Germans). The *seventh* and last siege occurs in 1813, as part of the operations of the allies under Prince Schwartzberg against Napoleon; and the book closes with a final chapter discussing the style of fortification best adapted to prevent such an invasion as that of the Germans in 1870.

The different styles of fortification are described minutely and with the precision of a military treatise, and the description of the battles and sieges are as vivid as any thing of the kind in Alison. Numerous charts, plans, and pictures—some of them colored and exquisitely engraved—illustrate the text; and the book, as a whole, is a sort of panorama of the successive phases of the art of

war—doubtless the best thing of the kind ever written, and scarcely less interesting to Americans than to Frenchmen.

A closing word should be said in praise of Mr. Bucknall's translation, which is excellent.

AFTER searching his vocabulary for an adequately descriptive term to apply to Mr. E. S. Nadal's "Impressions of London Social Life" (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.), the critic will probably find himself compelled to resort to the one which first occurred to him, namely, "amusing." The book is emphatically, and in the best sense, amusing. It makes small demand upon the thinking faculty; it scarcely even pretends to instruct, and, singular to say, it propounds no physico-psychological theory concerning the influence of "race," climate, roast-beef, and an aristocracy, upon the character of the modern Englishman. The function which Mr. Nadal sets himself to fulfill is simply to describe things as they actually appear; and the several essays composing his volume are just the sort of rambling monologue with which a cultivated gentleman and traveled man of the world regales a congenial circle of listeners—personal gossip and personal experiences, running off occasionally into a generalization, and mildly flavored with epigram.

Description, then, being the *forte* of the book, substantially the only test that can be applied to it is its fidelity, and this test it seems to bear remarkably well. As secretary of legation Mr. Nadal had the most favorable opportunities of becoming acquainted with London society (than which, he says, "the descendants of Adam, the world over, could show nothing better") and other phases of English social life; and the entire frankness and impartiality of his observations are evident upon the very face of his writing. Besides this, the London critical journals, which seem to have gotten hold of the book before our own, concede that, while the author has made minor mistakes both in fact and inference, the work, as a whole, is temperate, accurate, and fair. In fact, Mr. Nadal seems to have accomplished the unprecedented feat of writing a book comparing the social customs and personal traits of Englishmen and Americans, which satisfies the latter and at the same time avoids giving offense to the rampant *amour propre* of John Bull. Whether this is attributable to Mr. Nadal's superior tact and discrimination, or to a decrease of that truculent self-consciousness which has hitherto characterized the two nations, we shall not attempt to decide; but the fact is both significant and encouraging, for it indicates a dawning perception of the truth that differences are not necessarily inferiorities.

Most of the papers in the volume have already appeared in one or other of the magazines, and it is only fair to say that readers who are familiar with these will hardly find the book otherwise desirable. A suspicion of padding attaches to the shorter papers, which appear to have been put in to fill space, and which seem to be preliminary studies of articles rather than articles in a finished state. To such readers, however, as are still unac-

* Annals of a Fortress. By E. Viollet-le-Duc. Translated by Benjamin Bucknall. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

quainted with the dozen or so of essays which give character to the volume, we can promise as many agreeable half-hours.

It is rarely that we find a manual of the kind which so completely fulfills the promise of its plan as Mr. John Phin's "Practical Hints on the Selection and Use of the Microscope" (New York: Industrial Publication Company). It is scarcely larger than an ordinary tract, but the author manages to condense into that brief space a very lucid analysis of the structure of the microscope, a full and fair description of the different kinds of instruments, with special reference to their qualities, detailed directions for their use and protection, and valuable hints on the collection, preparation, preservation, and mounting of objects intended for examination. All this information is presented in such simple and practical shape that the merest tyro in the use of scientific instruments can apply it; and at the same time there are many suggestions which experienced microscopists would doubtless find useful. The author is evidently an expert in both the theory and practice of microscopy, and he has taken the trouble to gather just such facts concerning the character of the various styles of instruments as will save the beginner in the science from making a fatal mistake at the start.

THE same publishers issue another and similar tract on "The Pistol, and how to use it." Its author follows Mr. Beecher's example in preaching the gospel of self-defense, and his directions for the selection of a weapon and for acquiring skill in its use seem to be all that the average citizen will require in order to protect his person and property from the spoiler.

A GENTLEMAN of Troy has written a new drama, based upon the story of General Arnold's treason. The *Tribune*, mentioning this fact, makes the following suggestive comment upon it: "Mr. Sala recently suggested this topic as a good one for an American drama. It seems to be forgotten that several dramas, all uncommonly commonplace, have been produced, with General Washington for the good hero and Benedict Arnold for the bad one. Every attempt to put Washington upon the stage has resulted in ridiculous failure; partly because he is too near our times, but mainly because he had nothing dramatic in his character. He was too cold and stately for the stage—too virtuous to inspire terror, and too grand for pity. All attempts to convert him into an Achilles, a Hector, or even a Coriolanus, must result in dramatic disaster. As for Arnold, he was a mere Connecticut shop-keeper turned soldier—a sensual, selfish, and showy person, on neither side great. The tragedy must of necessity culminate in the hanging of André; but there is nothing heroic either in the deeds of a spy or in his hempen expiation. In spite of Mr. Sala's opinion, we defy anybody to write much more than a noisy melodrama upon the West Point events. The capture of André and the distress of Mr. Arnold are not enough to carry a great play."

THE *Athenæum* observes that "if novelists are guided by popular taste in the selection of a career for their heroes, it would seem as if a

good time was coming for literary men. The earnest and athletic clergyman, the stalwart though dissolute Guardsman, the rollicking naval officer, seem to be yielding their place in public estimation to the brilliant essayist, the smart play-writer, or the slashing reviewer. Miss Braddon has succumbed to his fascinations, and now Mrs. Ross-Church is attempting, not without success, to interest us in his fortunes." . . . There exists, in St. Mark's Library at Venice, a manuscript in the handwriting of John Locke, consisting of notes on medical subjects, which is the more curious if, as has been said, Locke was averse from allowing it to be known that he once intended to practise medicine. . . . The *Saturday Review* gets into a comical state of bewilderment over the word "waffles" in Mr. Nadal's "Impressions of London Social Life." "We pause," it says, "to ask what are waffles? Are they akin to terrapins, or eaten with cream, or fried in bread-crumbs?" . . . It is said that the forthcoming posthumous writings of Hans Christian Andersen will contain several unpublished verses sent to him by Mrs. Browning, Leigh Hunt, Wordsworth, and others. The number of private letters from the leading literary men of England which Hans Andersen received during the last fifteen years of his life is said to be extraordinary, and the most interesting of these will also be published. . . . Reviewing "The Life and Growth of Language," the *Academy* says: "Professor Whitney is the leading representative of what may be termed the common-sense school of philology, which has fitly found its advocate among our Anglo-Saxon brethren of America. The same objections of superficiality and narrowness which the followers of Kant and Hegel have raised against Reid or Stewart, or the later representatives of utilitarianism in this country, will doubtless be brought forward against Professor Whitney's philological system; but none at least will be able to deny its simplicity, its clearness, and its commendability to common-sense." . . . A set of the Chinese version of the Buddhist Scriptures has just been presented to the English India-Office. The work weighs three tons and a quarter.

The Arts.

HAZLITT, in one of his essays on Titian, says that, "while we question the portraits of other artists, Titian's portraits question us." This remark, the result of keen observation, is a very just one, for there are no pictures in the world in which the force and personal character of the originals are felt so positively as in the quiet, self-contained faces of Titian's men and women. With their eyes of paint they seem to fathom and penetrate deeper into us than they allow their own consciousness to reveal itself to our curious gaze.

A short time since, in a visit to the studio of William Page, we saw, on his easel, a drawing in black-and-white, the preparation for a copy of the head from Titian's famous portrait of himself, which Mr. Page is repeating from one of his own copies made from the original at Florence. Two of these copies are owned in America, one by Mr. Huntington, the artist, and the other by Mr. Shaw, of Staten Island. Mr. Page has one of these for reference as to color, though the original

is at his fingers' ends, we judged, when, in pointing out to us the peculiarities of the picture, he showed us certain spots in the face where the herring-bone thread of the canvas was concealed by heavy coatings of paint—coatings which were usually so thin and delicate as to allow the shape of the threads of canvas beneath them to be perfectly observable. This portrait is the exact size of the original, and, in addition to his own memory, Mr. Page relies upon a photograph for its form and drawing. A brother-artist procured for him, at Florence, canvas of the same texture as that which Titian used, that no means might be wanting to complete the likeness, for everybody will remember the different look which pictures acquire if they be painted on coarse or fine canvas, on wooden panels or on copper—a look which no tricks of paint can perfectly imitate.

If Titian's portraits usually question us, his picture of himself has this power in a most eminent degree. A great many people will remember it, with its intellectual head and eyes, its fur mantle about the shoulders, which increase the size and presence of the artist beyond his usual dimensions, the gold chains worn across his breast, and in the bottom of the portrait the likeness of one hand, with which he pushes aside his palette, while his head, turned slightly in the other direction, says to the spectator, "My work is finished"—a statement with which we fully agree as we examine the marvelous drawing, the splendid color, and the perfect balance of the form and composition of the painting. Mr. Page has made a very impressive thing of his beginning of this copy, and, standing in his studio, as it does, surrounded by likenesses of other people of other times, this picture, though it be but a copy, looks so grand, so dignified, and so intellectual, that we are convinced that even a copy from such a hand as Mr. Page's is a great work of art, and may be of real and vital value. Copies are, in our opinion, usually worse than nothing. They are generally manufactured by men of little artistic perceptions, and, as Hawthorne says in his note-book, speaking of the crowds of copyists who obstruct the galleries of Europe, they always leave out the peculiar grace or power that gives reputation to the originals. But copies have a very different value when they are renderings by fine artists of the thought, the intention, and the mechanical appliances of other men, with whose works they have saturated their minds and feelings. Since it is so very difficult to get originals by the great masters, it would be the next best thing to it, after museums and galleries have been supplied with photographs and carbons, to commission a few of the best artists, either American or foreign, each to produce for us the favorite works of his favorite old master. Then at least the copies would be works of art, and Titian interpreted by Page, Francia by La Farge, or Da Vinci by Allston, had it been possible, would have formed a most delightful collection of pictures around which our imaginations could rally.

WHETHER it be through the influence of the art-schools and museums at South Ken-

sington, or from some interior cause, certain it is that the English are making rapid and splendid progress in the arts which apply to decoration. From season to season, the stained glass and silk and worsted fabrics from the establishments of Morris and Cottier, in London, show improvement in design, and more and more subtle and beautiful color. At Cottier's, in Fifth Avenue, are charming curtain-materials, that have been composed and made up ready for use. In one of these articles, which is russet-brown and gold of closely-woven silk, with worsted figures, the "botanical analysis," as it is termed, has been brought into play, in the most successful manner, to construct the trunk, branches, and leaves of a large tree. This tree is not imitated closely from Nature, but follows her large and significant shapes. The manner in which the leaves are arranged in Nature on the branches is here reproduced; the general direction and growth of the branches are shown, and the nature of the bark is handled with a bold, free, and knowing touch, worthy of Japanese decoration. This piece of heavy material forms the central portion of the curtain, soft and rich in hue. At either end of this portion, which much resembles old tapestry, and at the same time savors strongly of Japan, deep stripes of stamped velvet repeat the colors of scrub-oak leaves in autumn, with their sunny shades of red-brown. Other stripes of yet other glowing and subdued colors lap upon these; the whole curtain, hung on a polished brass rod by brass rings, forming a background that would be fit for the old stained-glass figures of the magi in the cathedral-windows at Strasburg, or beautiful enough to make a portion of one of Alma-Tadema's or Armstrong's paintings.

There are other materials here of big, stately figures of flower or beast, and colored damasks and plush, whose secret of color is known to nobody but the artists who manufacture them, and which, after being used ten or a dozen times, are laid aside, while the designs which they embellish are destroyed, that their rarity, as well as their beauty, may give them value.

The progress of art in stained glass is satisfactorily shown by numbers of water-color paintings that can now be seen at Cottier's, and by photographs of some of the new stained-glass windows that have been made abroad. The beauty of form and the splendor of color in these new windows can be compared by every one with some of the stained glass in Cottier's establishment, which has been pronounced by able judges the best that has been seen in America. But this glass is of last year's manufacture, and beside the paintings of the newest windows it looks awkward and poor; while this again, seen side by side with an earlier article, reduces former work to comparative insignificance. As yet, American architects, from what cause we know not, have used but little of this beautiful glass in the windows of the churches and public buildings they are now erecting, and they seem to prefer a diaper pattern of flaming and positive blues, reds, and yellows, that are coarse and harsh in the glare of our strong sunlight, rather than these

tints that can now be readily obtained, and which have the softness and glory of an American autumn forest.

The style of fabric, too, which the glass imitates so well, of figured brocade or damask, and white satin woven with gold, which is so splendid in the old cathedral-windows of Germany, is very successful in this English glass. When we recall the contrast between the mellow-hued old windows in Cologne Cathedral, charming in their imitations of these materials we have described, and then recollect the ugliness of the new windows from Munich, which have been placed opposite them in the church, we are filled with regret that such a costly and spacious window as fills an end of Memorial Hall in Cambridge does not afford the visitor the opportunity to compare its tawdry ugliness by beautiful neighbors about it. Memorial windows are to be put all about this great Cambridge dining-hall, and we trust that some of them may be of this new English glass. Windows of this character would be a treasure to look at, and we hope the time is not distant when every parish will prefer one figure of a saint by Morris or Cottier to a dozen stories from Scripture done in a style which must soon come to an end.

JAMES M. HART, who passed the summer in the Adirondack region, in the valley of the Boquet, near Elizabethtown, has already begun his season's work in earnest, and its first fruit is a large painting of cattle in a pasture-field. The scene was drawn upon a hill-side overlooking the Boquet River Valley. There is a group of cows reposing by the side of a great gray boulder, which crops out of the rugged hill-side in the foreground, and two or three sheep are nipping the scanty herbage near them. In front of this group of cows there is a shallow pool of water, which has assumed a deep-blue tone under the effect of the humid atmosphere. Leading off into the perspective are other groups of cattle, placed here and there in the landscape, to the distant point of sight where the receding hill-side merges into the obscurity of the valley. On the right hand, the forest crowns the hills, and, looking across the Boquet Valley, there are scattered clearings to the Adirondack Mountain ranges, which fill the background.

The chief force of this work rests in the group of cows in the near foreground, and in drawing and finish the work is praiseworthy. During the past five years Mr. Hart has made cattle-painting a favorite study, and that he has made it a successful study is evident from the spirited manner in which this subject is treated. There are three cows in the principal group, party-colored, but the tones of red, black, and white, predominate respectively in the animals. The cow in which the red color prevails would be called a red cow the world over, and just so with the others. In the composition of these diverse-colored cows in the group, Mr. Hart has secured a harmony of feeling which is very attractive. The coloring is excellent, and this applies also to the foreshortening, the subtle handling of which we have rarely seen equaled. The suggestions of animal anatomy in the

group are also a striking feature. The sheep are introduced simply as accessories, but the same care in their treatment is as apparent as in the cows. The river is portrayed under the effect of a clouded sky, and the landscape is in partial shadow, with the strongest light concentrated on the great gray rock and foreground cattle. The effect of this subdued light, which is diffused in subtle gradations over the surrounding herbage, forms a delightful study in contrast to the semi-transparent shadows which pervade the distant valley and hills.

ALFRED T. BRICHER has recently finished an upright picture, of medium size, giving a view of the famous "Bishops' Rock, Island of Grand Manan." It is an early moonrise, with the form of the great cliff strongly drawn against the evening sky, and the bright rays of the great harvest-moon sending a flood of golden light on the rolling surf which breaks at the so-called "Bishops' base. The cliffs at their summit are yet lighted up by the after-glow of the setting sun, and fairly sparkle in the dual effect as rendered. The sky is tenderly clouded, and each scattered form under the effect of the moon's rays catches the light and adds a new element to the general glow. There is a fleet of fishing-schooners at the horizon-line, but they are kept subservient and do not disturb the impressive character of the scene. The picture is rich in color and painted with remarkable breadth and strength. In its general treatment it is unlike any thing that we have heretofore seen from Mr. Bricher's easel, and, as a study of the rugged scenery of Grand Manan Island, we believe that it will be accepted as his master-work. Mr. Bricher spent part of the past summer at Mount Desert, and has a large collection of water-color sketches of the bold and romantic scenery of that rugged island. He paid particular attention to the study of the rock-formation of the island, all of which will be of value to him in the composition of pictures.

ONE of the most charming pictures of a midsummer landscape sent from an artist's easel this season was exhibited by Mr. R. W. Hubbard at the last meeting of the Century Club. It was studied on the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound from a somewhat elevated point of view overlooking the water. The foreground is treated in a delightful manner, and has some picturesque groups of trees which hold their places in the landscape with a force and effect which are marvelous. The picture is as light and bright in its tone as the sun is at noonday, with the most delicate suggestions of transparent shadows upon the surface of the meadows and pasture-fields, caused by the delicate cloud-forms which show upon the heavens. There are a rare delicacy of touch and harmony of color shown in the positive forms of the foreground trees and objects, and this poetic quality is repeated with exquisite artistic skill as the more distant features of the landscape are massed in the perspective. The sky is remarkably brilliant in its tender qualities of color, and it possesses a transparency and depth which are delightful to study. The pic-

ure is solidly painted, and might be studied to advantage by some of our artists who secure their effects by repeated glazing at the expense of permanence. As the first picture of any importance sent out for public exhibition since the opening of the present season, Mr. Hubbard is entitled to more than ordinary credit for the success of his early autumn work.

An exhibition of Kaulbach's works has been added to the art-attractions of Nuremberg. . . . The restoration of the Tuileries has been, it is said, determined upon. The plan is to unite it to the Louvre by two large galleries, and to remove to it the collection of modern pictures now in the Luxembourg. . . . M. Baudry, painter of the foyer-pictures at the Paris Opera-House, is about to represent the history of Joan of Arc in twelve pictures. . . . The mural paintings which decorate the vestibule of the museum at Antwerp, painted by M. N. de Keyser, are said to be remarkable works, and to notably increase the art-reputation of that city.

MUSIC.

ON the evening of October 4th, Mademoiselle Titiens made her first appearance in America. Aside from the curiosity of the public to know for themselves the basis of this singer's great fame, her appearance in this country was an event to the musical art-world of more than ordinary interest, as an illustration of how the loss of youthful bloom may be forgotten in finish of style, breadth and beauty of phrasing, and the mingled dignity and fire of dramatic sentiment which shine through every note of the singer. Mademoiselle Titiens's voice is one of great range and power, which, with distinct resonance, possesses the flute-like quality so delightful to the ear. If at times a note shows a little wear of the organ, it is so instantly covered up by the graces of the general execution as to be hardly observable except by the ear alive to the slightest defects. But it is not in the voice, fine as it is, that the admirer of the vocal art finds principal cause for delight. It is the intelligence behind the voice and the superb method of vocalization. It has been the current complaint that the grand old school of singing, which graduated so many of the world's greatest singers, has gone out. Whether this be a just accusation or not, it cannot be said that it is literally true as long as Mademoiselle Titiens remains on the stage, which is likely to be for many years to come, if we may judge from the wealth of resource this lady evidently possesses. Too many singers believe that the only requisites for a successful art-career are flexibility and sweetness of voice and musico-gymnastic execution. The breadth, dignity, and largeness of Mademoiselle Titiens's style, the fire and feeling with which she imbues every thing she does, the purpose which informs her singing, tell a different story, and it is this lesson which gives special value to her visit to America.

Mademoiselle Titiens sang three times (exclusive of her recalls) at her first concert,

giving the grand *scena* and prayer from "Der Freischütz;" "With Verdure clad," from the "Creation;" and a "Grande Valse," by Ardit. These selections were admirably adapted to set forth her excellences.

The noble *aria* from Weber's opera was a favorite concert-piece with Parepa-Rosa, and most of us recollect the tenderness and beauty with which she rendered it. Mademoiselle Titiens does not fall short of the lamented singer we have mentioned in the charm with which she gives Weber's glorious music. If we miss the flowing and perfect sweetness of Parepa, the bird-like ease with which she seemed to breathe and not sing the music, the passion and sentiment that throbbed in Titiens's singing made a large compensation. Perhaps her dramatic rendering of the recitative of the *scena*, though less interesting to the general audience, gave a higher pleasure to the connoisseur than the *aria* itself, for it seemed almost a revelation of the possibilities of recitative singing. Of this, however, it is not for us to speak now, as we shall by-and-by hear the prima donna in opera, where she can show her remarkable powers in this direction more fully.

The beautiful air of Haydn was deliciously given, every shade of meaning and every phrase of the music having been treated with a perfection of detail to which we are not accustomed. The number of the programme which took the audience by storm, however, was the Ardit "Grande Valse."

This is a favorite show-piece of great singers, and there are few concert-goers who do not know it thoroughly well. Nilsson, Carlotta Patti, Kellogg, and others, have given it frequently. Mademoiselle Titiens supplied to it just the lacking elements which we have missed before. Without breathing one word of reproach against the execution of other artists, we cannot refrain from saying that Titiens sang it with a fire, dash, and magnetism, which fairly transfigured its meaning. The mere execution we have heard equaled; the thrill and life with which she seemed to make every note take what was almost palpable form, was something new to most of her hearers. The declamation was so distinct that every word could be heard, and the phrasing so perfect that the music assumed a new aspect. This was the *cheval de bataille* of the evening, and the enthusiasm of the audience rose to fever-heat.

Mademoiselle Titiens has fully sustained the great reputation she brings over, and we no longer wonder that our English cousins are not willing to let her go away from London except for a short time. We anticipate, however, a better exhibition of her power when we hear her in oratorio and opera.

The other principal feature of the concert in the way of novelty was the piano-forte playing of Miss Arabella Goddard. We cannot say for her what we have so gladly said for Mademoiselle Titiens. So far as a single hearing can justify judgment, her playing hardly warrants any great enthusiasm. Smooth, graceful, and a very good mistress of *technique*, we utterly failed to detect in her any of the higher powers of the *virtuoso*, such alone as can justify a piano-forte player in entering the concert-field. Miss Goddard has

made an extensive reputation—on what adequate foundation, we fail so far to discover. Before pronouncing a more detailed judgment, we shall wait further hearing.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

September 21, 1875.

THE dramatic season has now fairly opened, and first representations are the order of the day. Now, it must be known that a first representation is the "fashionable thing in all Paris." People put down their names months beforehand for tickets, and it is almost impossible for the outside public to gain admission. The proscenium-boxes are generally occupied by the most elegant members of the *monde* and *demi-monde*, while the parquet and balcony present an equal proportion of critics and *coquettes*. The crowd is tremendous, the heat intense, and the excitement prodigious. The most celebrated authors of the day sit enthroned in the boxes of the first circle. The actors, stimulated by the pervading excitement, and by the presence of those whose verdict gives fame or relegates to obscurity, surpass their best efforts of other days.

The first representation of the new melodrama of "Les Muscadins" at the Théâtre Historique was an event of peculiar importance in the theatrical world, its author being the well-known novelist and critic, Jules Claretie. The subject of the piece was taken from the author's novel of the same name. A few years ago two gentlemen used to haunt the National Library with great persistency, consulting the same books, turning over the same files of newspapers and portfolios of engravings, busied in fact in reconstructing the same period, that of the Directory. One of these was Victorien Sardou, who was preparing his "Merveilleuses," and the other was the author of "Les Muscadins," which he was then writing. The same idea, namely, that of reconstructing the strange, picturesque, amusing epoch of the Directory, with its delicate yet elegant costumes, and its absurd manners, had struck both authors at the same time, and they had both gone to work, each striving to come first before the public. "Here comes the Directory," the officials at the library used to say when they saw them enter. In the midst of their painstaking search after authorities in dress, manners, amusements, etc., they were both forestalled by an unexpected competitor. Without flourish of trumpet or beat of drum, there was produced at the Folies Dramatiques a little *opéra bouffe*, on which neither actors nor managers founded much hope, which was destined to carry the dress and manners of the Directory to the four quarters of the globe. This was the "Fille de Madame Angot," and, when "Les Merveilleuses" was produced at Les Variétés, the public had already grown weary of Incredibles and Merveilleuses, short-waisted and scanty draperies, striped satin coats and tight pantaloons, club-sticks and speckled stockings, and were tired of hearing about Banas and the plots and counterplots of the times. Sardou's uncommonly nasty play, therefore, met with a most richly-deserved failure. The drama of M. Jules Claretie is a fresh attempt to place the epoch of the Directory upon the stage. It is well written, the style being clear and vigorous, but the plot is involved, and in some parts but ill worked out. It is too complicated for detailed description:

suffice it to say that the action turns on a royalist plot in which *M. Lafrenais*, the secretary of the chief of police under *Banas*, takes part, while his son *André*, an ardent young republican, bends all his energies to the task of frustrating the conspiracy without betraying his father. This *M. Lafrenais* has wedded *en secondes nocces* a young and beautiful woman, *Jeanne Lafrenais*. The chief of the conspirators, one *Count de Faviolles*, a disguised royalist, has become the lover of *Jeanne*, but seeks to marry *Mademoiselle de Kermadio*, a young Breton heiress, for the sake of her lover. On discovering the perfidy of her lover, *Jeanne* vows to be revenged upon him, and to save her husband. She therefore grants *Faviolles* a last interview, in which she succeeds in forcing from him the paper that forms the only evidence of her husband's connection with the conspiracy, but in the struggle he stabs her, and she dies the moment that the police rush in to arrest the conspirator. *Mademoiselle Rousseil* was magnificent as *Jeanne*. Her gesture when, after denouncing the cowering wretch before her, she cries, with uplifted arms, "Thou shalt die, not by the bullet, but by the red machine (*la machine rouge*)!" was intensely thrilling. *Montal*, late of the *Ambigu*, played *André Lafrenais* admirably, and the rest of the cast was good. The scenery was very fine, particularly that of the Garden of the Tuileries, and of the lonely, dim-lighted Rue de Nevers, which changes to the moonlit Gardens of the Luxembourg. As for the *Muscadins*, who give their name to the play, they only appear twice, once when they assail a street-singer for ridiculing them in a ballad, and in the scene in the Tuileries Garden, where, after a very charming and characteristic dance, the "Folies du Jour," the scented dandies are seized upon by the recruiting sergeant to be sent off to join the armies on the frontier. The dresses are very pretty and very extravagant. The text bristles with patriotic allusions, which draw down thunders of applause. Taken altogether, "*Les Muscadins*" achieved a deserved success, and, with a little pruning, will probably run throughout the winter.

The revival of Sedaine's "*Philosophe sans le savoir*," at the Comédie Française, was peculiarly interesting for two reasons, one of which was that the charming *Blanche Baretta* was to personate *Victorine*, and the other that the piece was to be produced for the first time exactly as Sedaine originally wrote it. When it was first brought out in 1765, the edict against dueling was in full force, and the censure would not permit the author to bring upon the stage a father consenting that his son should fight a duel. The whole of one scene, therefore, had to be rewritten, and the general tone of the entire piece had to be changed, much against the will of the unhappy dramatist. The reluctance with which he executed these changes was well known; so, when *M. Perrin* proposed to revise the piece, he caused search to be made among the archives of the theatre, and finally succeeded in unearthing the original manuscript, scored with faint lines by the author's unwilling hand. From this it was easy to establish the original text, and the play, exactly as Sedaine wrote it, was produced last week at the Théâtre Français. Notwithstanding the heat, the house was crowded. Pretty, naïve, and winning *Blanche Baretta*, the sweetest *ingénue* now on the Parisian boards, carried off the honors of the evening. When *Victorine* silences her father by throwing herself into his arms and stopping his mouth with kisses, her grace and childlike sweetness were inimitable.

She also produced a great effect in the fifth act by the cry wherewith she greeted the news of the death of the younger *Vanderk*. But, taken altogether, the "*Philosophe sans le savoir*" is but a mediocre production, which fails to interest, and which never would have been revived on the boards of La Comédie had it not been one of those tiresome things that have "become classic." These classic works, whether play, poem, or novel, often remind me of an incident that occurred at a dinner-party whereat I was present a few years ago. Several of the guests were talking about wines, and the comparative ages of their various possessions in that line, as well as the effect of time upon them. One gentleman had some port that was thirty years old, another some Madeira that was even older, and so on. At last one of the gentlemen remarked: "Well, I have some hock my cellar which I bought twenty years ago. It was a very bad wine when I first got it, and I do not think it is any better now." And there are various classic productions that strongly remind me of my friend's wine.

Baudry, the painter of the pictures adorning the foyer of the Grand Opéra, is said to be very anxious about the preservation of those works, which cost him so much time and trouble. He was lately in conversation with the chief of the firemen attached to the establishment, and called his attention to these pictures, recommending him to take them under his special charge.

"Oh, certainly, sir," made answer the *chef des pompiers*, briskly, "those oil-painted things are uncommon nasty when they are burning—the smoke is enough to choke one. I'll see after them, never fear!"

Such was the light in which this prominent official regarded the art-treasures that he was to guard!

Another of the decorators of the opera-house, *M. Pils*, is dead. He it was that executed the fine and varied frescoes that adorn the staircase. That was his last work, and, during the last days that he was occupied on it, he was already suffering from the malady to which he soon afterward succumbed. He was obliged, in fact, to be lifted on the scaffolding in order to complete his task. He was a battle-painter of considerable eminence, his efforts in that line having won commendation from that greatest of war-artists, *Horace Vernet*. His best-known work was his picture of "*Rouget de l'Isle* singing the '*Marseillaise*' for the First Time."

The production of "*Les Muscadins*" has called forth a list of the names given to young men of fashion at different epochs in France. It appears that under *Henri III.* they were called *Mignons* (evidently the origin of the term "curled darlings"), and *Mugnets* under *Henri IV.* and *Louis XIII.* They became *Roués* under the Regency, from the companions of the Regent *Philippe* and his well-known speech that they all deserved to be *roué*, or broken on the wheel. Under *Louis XVI.* they became *Freluquets*, *Muscadins* (or musk-perfumed ones) under the Terror, and *Incroyables* under the Directory. They were turned into *Petits Maîtres* under the Restoration, and afterward to *Merveilleux*, changing into *Elégants* under *Charles X.* During the reign of *Louis Philippe* they were dandies, fashionables, and lions. They became *Gandins* (from the Boulevard de Gand, their favorite lounge) in the first years of the Second Empire, being afterward christened *Cocodés* and *Petits Crevés*. Now, under the Third Republic, they are called *Gommeux*, a more absurd name than any. Fancy calling the elegant young Parisian gen-

tleman *gummiés*! Nor has any reason for this ridiculous cognomen ever been assigned.

There is absolutely no literary news this week whatever. All the publishers are out of town, and the authors are resting on their oars. The "*Mariages de Londres*," by *Sandrié*, which I mentioned in my last, has called forth much favorable notice from the critics. It is a series of tales, written evidently by a Frenchman who has long resided in London, and remarkable for accuracy of description and delicacy of detail. The titles of one hundred and twenty-seven almanacs for the ensuing year have already been registered. Last year they numbered two hundred and five.

Mademoiselle Schneider's lawsuit with *M. Bertrand*, the manager of the Variétés, has been decided in the lady's favor. She gets only five thousand francs damages, however, instead of the fifty thousand which she claimed; so that unfurnished third floor in her new hotel will have to remain unfurnished for some time longer.

A singular relic has just been presented to the museum of the city of Périgueux in the shape of a piece of one of the gowns of *Madame de Sévigné*. The material is a rich cloth of gold brocaded with a pattern of silk and velvet in red and blue. The design is elegant and graceful, and the stuff must have been superb. It proves that the great letter-writer knew how to adorn her charming person as well as to display the gifts and graces of her mind in those inimitable and unrivaled epistles that have given her immortality.

It is reported in political circles that the first name placed on the Republican list for election to the Senate is that of *Victor Hugo*, and that there is no doubt whatever of his election. And, *à propos* of political discussions, violent but unavailing efforts have recently been made to force the Orleans prince to publicly declare their political convictions. Success failing, *La France* publishes a letter from the Count de Paris, written four years ago, wherein he says:

"These pompous declarations of opinion, which are or which seem to be always dictated by personal interest, may be good methods for the Bonapartes, but not for persons who wish to be respected.

"Our offers of service addressed to the Government of the National Defense have been, it seems to me, our best recognition of the republic, for, once in her service, it may well be believed that we should have served her loyally.

"What more could we do? Recognize the republic? But foreign powers alone have a right to recognize a government. We, humble citizens, have only to submit and to serve."

Very good, prince. But what about the affiliation with the Count de Chambord? And what if he were to die? The heir to the throne of France in the legitimate line would, in that case, methinks, be hardly a better republican than were the Bonapartes.

LUCK H. HOORNA.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE ALLAN FLOATING CABIN.

WHEN it was stated that *Mr. Bessemer* had designed, and was about to construct, a steamer having a cabin of so novel a form that its occupants would be insured against sea-sickness, the announcement was most gratefully received by the traveling public, in whose interest the device was planned.

With the manner in which the inventor proposed to accomplish this desired result our readers are already familiar, illustrated descriptions of the Bessemer cabin having appeared in the *JOURNAL* for May 23, 1874, and March 13, 1875.

At a more recent date it was our unwelcome duty to announce that the Bessemer cabin had proved a failure, and that the disheartened shareholders had advertised this marine elephant for sale to the highest bidder. If, in the unfortunate termination of his first venture, Mr. Bessemer deserves our commiseration, he should also be commended for offering the first practical suggestions as to the proper principle on which the cabin should be constructed—that is, it should be free to oscillate independently of the vessel, so that, whatever be the position of the deck of the latter, the floor of the former shall always remain stationary or level. Mr. Bessemer, it will be remembered, proposed to secure this result by the aid of hydraulic plungers, which, rising from be-

tumbler with water, and then tip it quickly from side to side. It will then be observed that, whatever be the inclination of the glass, the fluid contained in it will present a level surface. Now, if a thin section of cork or other light wood be placed in the water, and the rocking action be repeated, it will be observed that the float, being sustained by the water, will preserve the same level surface as that of the fluid upon which it rests. We will now advance a step farther. In place of the deep tumbler substitute a hemispherical finger-glass, and for the cork another glass, metallic or wooden hemisphere, having a diameter only slightly less than that of the other. Let the former glass be now only partially filled with water, into which the second vessel may be immersed till the water surrounds it, rising nearly to the top. By this means the interior vessel rests on a thin cushion of water. Now we will begin the rocking movement again, and the result is as might be anticipated. The water having a tendency to retain its horizontal position,

and the floating cabin therefore also remains level, being kept by an arrangement of a pillar and universal joint from being projected against the sides of the dock. The entrance to the cabin is by means of a circular staircase leading from the upper deck to the centre of the floor of the cabin, to which it is fixed. It is evident that there is practically no limit to the number of things which may be kept steady by this system in a passenger-ship, so long as there is room for fitting the hemispherical dock. Thus a single sleeping-berth or a platform, with a table and seats, may be supported in this way.

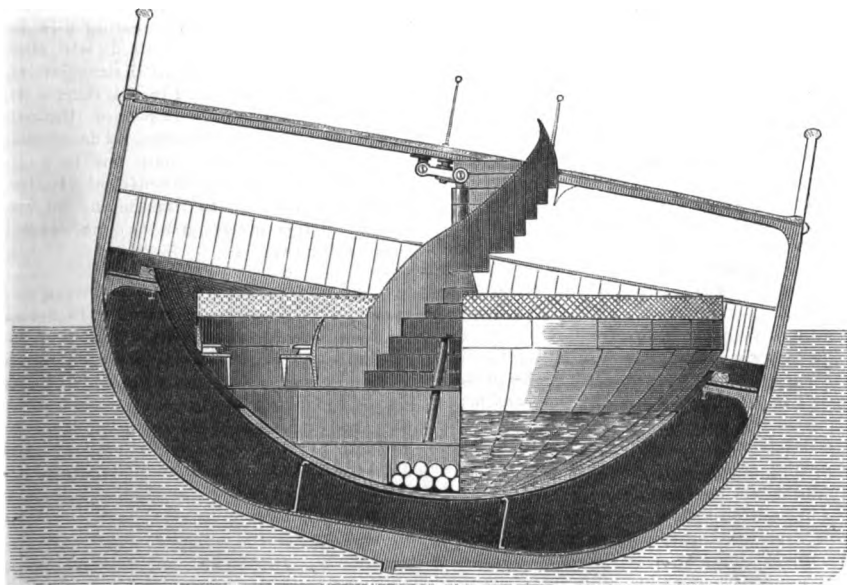
An additional advantage in favor of this plan is that its practicability may be tested without the construction of a full-sized working model. Indeed, it is claimed that, if it works well in a small model, its success is the more assured, since the larger it is the more natural inertia it will possess, and hence the less tendency will it have to partake of the rolling motion of the vessel.

Arguing thus, the inventor constructed a model, the outer hemisphere of which was but ten inches in diameter, the interior sides being separated from the floating bowl by a film of water but one-eighth of an inch in thickness. An index-arm and a spirit-level were fitted to the hull and cabin, so that the movements of both could be watched and recorded. Awaiting a time when the sea was high and rough, the inventor, model in hand, took passage on a coast-steamer. Once fairly outside, and in the midst of the rough water, the miniature ship was fastened to the deck of the steamer in such a manner that any motion of the one would be communicated to the other. As the steamer was pitched about by the waves the spirit-level attached to the little floating cabin was carefully watched, but no change took place, showing that the floor of the cabin remained stationary. The model was then transferred to a small boat, with like favorable results, for, though the boat was tossed about by the waves, the level of the cabin was maintained so perfectly that a cupful of water placed on it did not lose a drop.

In view of these tests it is not surprising that the inventor should be encouraged, and it is to be hoped that, in spite of recent failures, sufficient capital may be advanced to secure the construction of a full-sized Channel-steamer, the main feature of which shall be its Allan floating cabin.

neath against the floor of the swinging cabin, should cause it to rise or fall sufficiently to overcome the wave-action from without. It was in the use of these plungers that the inventor failed, since it was soon discovered that the engineer having them in charge could not, however good a seaman he might be, anticipate the action of the waves in time to forestall it. Even before the trial-trip of the Bessemer had demonstrated this weak point in the construction of its swinging cabin, the probability of failure had already suggested to other inventors the need of some automatic device by which the cabin should be kept, or rather keep itself, level. It is to one of these new plans—the Allan floating cabin—that attention is now directed; and, since the report now before us is from a trustworthy source, we are the more willing to commend this device as being not only sound in principle, but successful in practice. In order the better to comprehend the principle which is at the foundation of this new cabin, the reader need only to partially fill a

transfers this tendency to the upper vessel supported by it. Calling our finger-glass the hull of the steamer, and the interior vessel the cabin, we have in a crude form the Allan floating cabin. How the inventor has made a practical application of this idea may be the better understood by reference to the accompanying illustration, in which a longitudinal section of the hull is given, with a partially sectional view of the proposed cabin. This plan, as described, consists of a hemispherical dock fitted in the ship, and containing water, in which floats another hemispherical vessel of such a diameter as only to leave a space of some three or four inches between it and the outer vessel or dock. This inner vessel is weighted down to its required water-line by means of ballast, sufficient allowance being made for the extra weight of the passengers whom it is to carry. As the ship pitches and rolls, the water between the floating cabin and the dock always maintains its horizontal level, for there is not surface enough for it to set up an independent roll,



At a recent meeting of the New York Society of Practical Engineers, President James A. Whitney delivered an address on "The Relation of the Patent Laws to American Agriculture, Arts, and Industries." Passing over those portions of this address which present in a concise and forcible manner the several arguments and authorities in favor of these laws, we would direct especial attention to the following interesting historical and statistical information regarding several important American inventions. Beginning with the printing-press, we learn that the one used by Franklin over one hundred years ago gave but one hundred and thirty impressions an hour: as the result of successive patented improvements, this capacity was so advanced that in the year 1847 a machine had been per-

fected—the Napier double-cylinder press—by which from twenty-five hundred to five thousand impressions an hour could be made—the former of large, the latter of small newspaper size. It was then believed that with this machine the limit of speed had been reached, and yet the public demand for more newspapers and periodicals was advancing rapidly. It was at this juncture that the American inventor Richard M. Hoe brought forward his improved printing-machinery, and, as the result of his genius and mechanical skill, it was soon brought to so great perfection that, in the year 1861, one of the New York papers printed a daily edition varying from one hundred and fifteen to one hundred and thirty thousand copies, all printed in four hours and a half. Though it is not claimed that this was the work of a single press, yet to have accomplished the same work on Napier presses would have required five additional forms of type, each at the cost of one thousand dollars a week, or two hundred and sixty thousand dollars a year. Another kindred invention, and one effecting even a greater relative improvement, was the Chambers folding-machine. This was the invention of Cyrus Chambers, to whom the first patent was issued about the year 1859. In the year 1874, seventy-two of these patent news-folders, for folding newspapers alone, were in use. Regarding the work accomplished by these machines in the several departments of paper, magazine, and book making, we read: "The cost of running these machines was \$3 a day each, and each accomplished the work of five men. The same work by hand cost \$8.75 per day, being a saving of \$6.75 a day for each machine, and these newspaper-folders alone, during the original term of the patent, effected an economy of labor amounting to upward of \$1,165,000. During the same period the paper-folders for duodecimo publications saved in labor more than \$353,000; for octavos, more than \$139,000; for quartos, more than \$64,000; and for 8mos, more than \$522,000—making from this one patent alone, in less than fourteen years, a saving of human toil and exertion amounting to more than \$2,243,000." Thomas Silverthorn, the poor mechanic, who invented the copper-toed shoe, little knew the significance and value of this simple idea. Through its adoption, it is estimated that from \$6,000,000 to \$12,000,000 are annually saved to the country, and yet the humble inventor had to wait for his good fortune until his patent was extended, when it was bought by a company for \$67,000. Henry Burden, the inventor of the first successful machine for the manufacture of horseshoes, was able to sell a finished shoe, including the iron, for four and one-half cents; whereas, to make the same by hand would have cost sixteen cents, not including the iron. While the absolute benefit to the public by this invention cannot be calculated, it is known that the gain to the Government alone during the late war amounted to \$4,000,000. Under the head of "Profits of Patentees compared with Profits of the Public," the following interesting facts are presented: There is now in common use a little staple for fastening the rods to the slats of Venetian blinds. It has corrugated shanks to hold in the wood without clinching, and for this reason requires so much less iron in its manufacture that in five years' trade, in this country alone, it is estimated that five hundred tons of wire have been saved. Seventy-five tons of these little staples are used in the United States every year, at a yearly saving to the public of \$100,000, while \$20,000 was all that the inventor, Byron Boardman, received

as his share. We are forced to pass over without mention many equally interesting and significant facts, of all of which Mr. Whitney makes use in confirming his views regarding the value of "patents" in fostering industry by rewarding the inventor, showing at the same time that the gain to the latter is by no means excessive as compared with the saving to the public. A closing illustration enforcing this claim, and one which will be readily recognized by the house-keeper, may here be cited: Formerly, when a tin can was soldered up, it was a difficult matter to open it, but in 1859 John W. Maury hit upon the idea of making a portion of the cover of very thin metal, which could be readily cut through with a knife. Ten million of these cans are made yearly. The Borden Condensed Milk Company use ten thousand each and every working-day in the year. The invention is largely used in the paint-trade, as it enables paint to be put up in liquid form, ready for use, thereby saving the painter's time and trouble in mixing paint. The United States Circuit Court decided the value of this improvement to be not less than three cents for each pound-can; but the inventor granted licenses under the patent for a royalty of one-quarter of a cent per pound-can—that is to say, for every twelve cents the public gained from the invention, the inventor was content to gain one cent.

ADVISES to August 12th announce that Lieutenant Conder, of the British Palestine Exploration Expedition, is still at the convent on Mount Carmel awaiting the official investigation into the outrage at Safed. Owing to the excitement among the natives, the prevalence of cholera, and the illness of the survey-party, field-work has for the present been discontinued. Lieutenant Conder has sent home a report of progress, from a condensed review of which we obtain the following information regarding the work done during the present year: In February a triangulation was made of three hundred and thirty square miles of the desert west of the Dead Sea. During the following three months nearly the whole of Philistia was surveyed, and in June and July the expedition was at work in Galilee. It was this work which was interrupted by the attack on the party at Safed. However, at that time one hundred and eighty miles had been surveyed, and twenty out of thirty miles completed for a line of levels from the Mediterranean to the Sea of Galilee. In addition to this solid work, the expedition made many discoveries, confirmations, and detailed sketches, of great interest and value to Bible students. Among these are noticed the discovery of the supposed sites of Adullam, Gerar, Makkedah, Cana of Galilee, etc. The report to which we allude gives the following condensed account of certain of the more interesting identifications: "In Jerusalem, Lieutenant Conder was so fortunate as to find the *Anenior*, the crusading inn for pilgrims. It lies close to the grotto of Jeremiah, and is now partly excavated, showing long lines of mangers. At Nablus he discovered that nearly the whole of the floor and foundations of the early church built over Jacob's Well exist still, hidden by modern vaults. At Shefa Amr a magnificent sepulchre has been found, with elaborate ornamental work. The present church there proves to be built on foundations older than the Latin occupation. At Khorbet Ruma, a site of great mediæval interest, a rude Jewish tomb was found near the mouth of a large cave. This corresponds with the story of an early Jewish traveler, that at Ruma were to be

seen the sepulchre of Benjamin, and a cave near it whence the Messiah was expected to appear." In certain instances, the dates and builders of some of the synagogues have been discovered, and there is evidence of their being built to the sixteen-inch cubit. It is believed that six months more of work will complete the survey of Western Palestine.

THE *Geographical Magazine* for May last contained a paper, by Mr. Skertchly, advocating the scheme for an inland sea in Africa, the details of which have been fully recounted in these columns. In support of his views, the writer referred to the enormous mineral and vegetable wealth of Tafflet and Twat, which would thus be made available. In reply to this statement, Dr. Rohlf, than who there is no more eminent authority on this subject, states that Mr. Skertchly is more sanguine than the present facts seem to justify, since he (Dr. Rohlf) has never heard of any geological researches having been made in this region, but that, so far as it is known, the chief formations are chalk and sandstone, and the only product suitable for export is dates.

It is announced that Professor Palmieri has invented an instrument for testing oils and textures by electricity—that is, it will show the quality of olive-oil, and distinguish the presence of seed-oil; and in silk fabrics will indicate the presence of cotton-fibre. Unfortunately, we have as yet received no description of this wonderful instrument, but it would seem probable that so distinguished a student would have hastened to disclaim any interest or part in this invention unless he was well assured of its value.

THE De la Bastie process of tempering glass has received from other investigators certain modifications, which would appear to be improvements. Of these new methods, that of M. Bauer is worthy of notice. This process consists in plunging the heated object into a bath, not of oil, but paraffine, which is kept at a regular temperature of 200° Fahr. Thus the first cooling is rapid until this point is reached, when it becomes more gradual. The glass thus tempered resembles that made by De la Bastie.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

THE *London Daily News*, in an article on "French Holiday Sports," describes the "savate." What sort of sport the "savate" is, the reader will discover as he proceeds:

The French do not box. When two fall out they rush upon each other *unguibus et retro et pedibus*. If one drop down, so much the worse for him; he gets his head pummeled on the ground, nor will his vanquisher ever think of inviting him to rise, so as to begin the fight fairly again. There is the "savate," however, which professes to regularize the method of combating with Nature's weapons. It is kicking reduced, or raised, to a science. A man assaults you, you execute a nimble *pirouette*, turn your back to him, lift your leg, and kick him deftly in the eye. The effect is all the greater, as your adversary has generally concluded, from your first move, that you intended to turn tail. If he follows you up, you regale him with a kick on the shin, which

causes him to lift his leg with a howl, and, while he stands in this semi-defenseless position, you propel your foot with vigor toward the second button of his waistcoat. Do this without blenching, for your object is to double up the enemy, and open the way to another neat kick on the mouth or the bridge of the nose. The "savate" comprises a series of twelve kicks, and, in the opinion of experts, half that number ought to do for a man. We never tried either actively or passively; nevertheless, we should be sorry to back even a first-rate boxer against a savatier in hobnails. Seeing a "Grand Contest of Champion Savatiers" advertised among the attractions of a village-fair in the environs of Paris, we repaired to that village, and had no occasion to repent having wasted our time or our money.

The fair of itself was worth seeing, as what French fair is not? There were gaudy booths and still gaudier shows; whirligigs spurred round to the music of loud barrel-organs; Russian tram-mountains, down which beves of screaming French girls were borne in company with their sweethearts or brothers; learned pigs, bicephalous calves, talking seals in wonted profusion, and, to animate all these goodly sights, a flow of that gayety which is not to be found outside France—a gayety which always hits the happy mean between dull decorum and boisterous horse-play. The village was called Fouilly-les-Oies, and the fair was held in honor of the crowning of a Rosière. Every year the municipal council of Fouilly met to lay hands, figuratively speaking, on the most immaculate damsel of the commune, to reward whose virtue some great lady of a by-gone age had bequeathed a legacy which annually yielded twenty pounds. As everybody is aware, the young lady designated by the councilors as being purer than all her fellows, is robed in white, led processionally to church with an escort of firemen, brass-bandsmen, parish beads, etc., and solemnly crowned with a chaplet of white roses. Afterward follows a banquet, then a ball; but every commune which celebrates a yearly Rosière festival has some particular way of its own of adding lustre to these proceedings, and it was surely a delicate inspiration which had moved the Mayor of Fouilly-les-Oies to authorize a "Grand Contest of Savatiers." What, indeed, could be more appropriate than the tussle of strength after the tournament of virtue? Taken together, the two contests might be held to signify that so long as there are virtuous maidens in France there will be stout-legged lads to protect them.

Imagine now a ring of twenty feet in diameter, formed on a plat of grass in a corner of the fair, and girt with ropes and stakes. Tiers of wooden seats rise on two sides of it, and there is a reserved box for the mayor, the municipal council, the Rosière, and her nearest relatives. The Rosière, a trifle flushed from the good dinner at the Mairie which she has graced, takes her seat as Queen of Beauty to deliver the prize in the jousts. The champion is a stalwart lad of nearly six feet high. He stands smoking a cigarette on the outskirts of the ring, and modestly communicating to bystanders that he does not think there is a man in France who could hold a shoe to him. Gradually other savatiers troop up, and of a sudden, without preliminaries of any sort, the champion finds himself inside the ring and facing an antagonist about half his size, and with a slanting head like a rat's. There is nothing peculiar about the costumes of the kickers, who wear the ordinary pantaloons and shirts of every-day life; but, once in the ring, they are bidden to put on leather fencing

jackets, and masks, and woolen shoes so thickly padded as to resemble those of a gouty man. One falls to doubting whether it be possible to deal a substantial kick with such shoes, but this question is settled in the very first bout when the champion sends his rat-headed adversary rolling right over the ropes. There is no saying whether the kick struck the brow, chest, or waist, or whether it was dealt backward or straight. The two enemies seemed to wriggle together like a pair of eels; their legs flashed; they uttered stifled groans; then there was a thud, and the man outside the ropes was heard yelling that the kick was not a fair one. No thrust, blow, or kick, which gets the better of a Frenchman, is ever a fair one! This is a rule invariable, but happily the protests of the worsted person are always received in silence or with philosophical shrugs. The champion's enemy is requested to retire, and another man steps into the ring. This time the champion has to do with a wiry antagonist, who puts on the preternaturally wise expression of the Frenchman who has a private plan of his own for doing what no other man ever did. He begins by executing a sort of jig, and is evidently bent on getting behind his adversary. The champion, slightly puzzled, breaks into a counter-jig, but never loses sight of his adversary's eye. Suddenly the wiry man makes a run, passes the champion, and when to the left of him ducks down and whips up his leg skyward. But the champion is too quick for him. Grasping him firmly with the hand just above the ankle, he holds him up for a moment ignominiously like a turkey, and favors him with a series of kicks "all over." The wiry man wriggles, howls, and at last succeeds in disentangling himself; then there ensues a fight, which resembles the encounter of a pair of infuriated jackasses or zebras. The difference between boxing and the savate is that in the latter the spectator can discern nothing of what is taking place. Legs and arms, faces, hair, backs, and loins, seem inextricably intermingled. Roars, gasps, grinding of the teeth, form an accompaniment to the struggle, and in the end one of the parties sprawls on the back uttering disjointed exclamations of pain or fury. In this instance it is the wiry man who measures his length on the sward, and the Rosière raises little shrieks of distress, for the victim is swearing with all the remnants of breath in him that some day he will have the champion's blood. But be of good cheer, virtuous Rosière! Many similar oaths will be registered before the day is over, so that if the champion were to take account of all the anathemas hurled against him he would walk thenceforth through the land of his birth with a lowering brow. He stands in no peril, however. Before sunset he has won the prize for a second time, and he steps away with a nonchalant stride, well knowing that his enemies who now vow vengeance against him will in a day or two be the first to vaunt his superior skill. He uses his legs, indeed, with so much deftness,

"That 'tis a kind of heaven to be kicked by him."

A propos of the dedication of the statue to Chateaubriand at St.-Malo, the *Spectator* has a striking article on that famous *littérateur*, from which we quote the following paragraph:

In one respect, and whatever may happen, the influence of Chateaubriand in his native country will never diminish. He was in himself a literary era, and there is no French writ-

er of eminence since his time who does not bear the traces of the impulse which he communicated, and indeed originated. With much in him of Bernadin de St.-Pierre and Jean Jacques Rousseau, and in spite of rhetoric, sentimentality, and egotism, there was in his very exaggerations a strength and genius, an incarnation, as it were, of the highest spirit of his age, the power of which over his generation and his successors can only be measured when we have compared the finest descriptions of such a writer as George Sand with the scenes portrayed in "René," "Atala," the "Natchez," the "Martyrs," the "Itinéraire," and the "Mémoires d'Outre-tombe." . . . Chateaubriand is the author of the "Génie du Christianisme," the apologist, special pleader, bard, and prophet of the Catholic reaction at the commencement of the present century. This is the foundation of his reputation, and never did reputation have its rise under circumstances or amid surroundings more propitious. There was a great part to be taken in 1800, after all those convulsions and devastations of society, after all those *guillotines* and *noyades*, those excesses of the Terror and frivolities of the Directory, those vivacious assaults upon the old faith, and those endless failures to substitute a new one—and this part was that of "Poetical Advocate of Christianity," as Sainte-Beuve has so well expressed it. Chateaubriand felt himself strong enough to take it, and the "Génie du Christianisme," or, as he himself described it, "The moral and poetical beauties of the Christian religion, and its superiority over all the other worships of the earth," was the result of his conviction. At the same moment, Napoleon was planning the concordat with Rome, and on the very day which witnessed the solemn *Te Deum* in Notre-Dame for the restoration of religious worship in France, the official columns of the *Moniteur* announced, by the pen of Fontanes, the praises of the epoch-making work of "the young writer who dares to reestablish the authority of ancestors and the traditions of ages." Chateaubriand's ratiocination, his logic, his erudition, were the weakest part of the work, for in truth the world was weary of ratiocination, of logic, of erudition, of all that, under the name of "philosophy," stood in the place of a religion to the epoch of the encyclopedists and the Revolution. And, as a rule, Chateaubriand did not trouble himself or his readers with polemics. He was the greatest master of description, the first of landscape-painters in words whom the French language knew, and all that wealth of color, all that ravishing beauty of outline and form which dazzled and melted the public in his pastoral romances of innocence that was never insipid, and passions that were always pure—all this, and more, were now devoted to extolling the perfections of Christianity, or, as the theosophic Saint-Martin complained, of Catholicism, for, with Chateaubriand, Christianity and Catholicism were one. He tells us himself, in the opening chapter, the whole of his plan—not to prove that Christianity was excellent because it came from God, but that it came from God because it was excellent. There could be no more complete appreciation of what the social situation required. What though there were great faults, great gaps and hiatuses in the structure which Chateaubriand raised, much absurd rhetoric, much sickly sentimentality? The public of his time had got what it wanted, and the sons of the men who, from considering Christianity absurd, had come to proscribe it as noxious and frightful, were now prepared to accept it as sublimely wise, because they had been taught to see associated with it loveliness, and har-

mony, and majesty, and peace, and poetry; the solemn chant of processions, the glorious roofs of grand cathedrals, the plenteousness of monastic hospitality, the valor of crusading heroes, the virtues of devoted missionaries; and not only these things, but, relieving them and illustrating them, the numberless charms of the animate and inanimate creation, the foliage of the forest, the odor of the rose and violet, the thunder of the cataract, the song of the nightingale, the music of running streams.

From the third "Conversation in a Studio" (*Blackwood*), we quote the subjoined fragment:

Belton. Did it ever strike you how characteristic of each nation is its form of salutation? The Italians say, "Come sta?" and "Come va?"—"How do you stand?" and "How do you go?"—because, naturally, when an Italian is well he stands easily and he moves easily. The French say, "Comment vous portez-vous?"—"How do you carry yourself?"—for a Frenchman always wishes to make an appearance and an impression through his deportment. The English, who are essentially an active and doing people, engaged in business, and always at work, say, "How do you do?" While the German, who is generally wandering in a maze, and whose intellectual tendencies are vague and metaphysical, asks, "Wie befinden sie sich?"—"How do you find yourself?"

Mallett. Very characteristic, and particularly the last. The wonder is, how the speculative German ever does find himself.

Belton. There is another common form of speech which has struck me as characteristic and distinctive of the Latin and Catholic nations from the northern and Protestant nations. The Latins and Catholics always say "Credo"—"I believe"—while the northern nations say "I think;" for the simple reason that the former take every thing on trust and as a matter of belief, while the latter refer it to their reason, and accept it as a matter of opinion. No Italian or Spaniard ever says "Penso"—"I think;" he believes so—he does not think so. He has been accustomed so long to having his thinking done for him by others, that he only accepts and believes. No Englishman ever believes any thing until he has thought it over.

Mallett. It is a curious fact which never occurred to me, but it seems to indicate the distinction you have stated. It is also singular how little either the Greeks or Romans seem to have used the simple form of assent as we do our "Yes," even if they had it, which, I confess, seems to me doubtful. "Nae" in Latin, which most nearly approximates to it, is but an adoption of the Greek "Nai," and has rather the character of an oath or absolute affirmation than our simple assent, and, besides, was rarely used in their writings. Their usual form of assent seems to have been by reaffirming the same proposition or statement. They certainly, if we may judge from their writings, had no word in common use corresponding to our "Yes." Neither of them could have said of his nation, as the Italians do of theirs, "Il bel paese dove si suona il si;" nor could it ever have been a joke with foreigners to say to them, "Nae," or "Nai," as it is to many a one now who makes the crowd laugh when an Englishman passes, by "Yes, yes!" Their "Ita est" is almost as bad as the vulgar American, "That's so," which is a literal translation of it.

Belton. I do not believe they had any "Yes" corresponding to ours. They certainly had no

"No," and I cannot understand how they got on in conversation without it. Think of a people who couldn't say "No" and stumbled over "Yes!"

Mallett. Their conversation could never have been, "Yea, yea," and "Nay, nay!" But then they were pagans. You could not expect it.

Belton. I wish we had some real specimens of their conversation. I hope for all their sakes they were not always on stilts and talking as they do in their books. The jokes they have recorded, and particularly Cicero's, are very flat to us, but they seem to have been extremely amused with them, which gives me a notion that they had very little *esprit* or humor in their talk.

Mallett. I will never believe Antony did not know how to talk. Ah! he was a man after my heart; he is the one of the old Romans I should have liked to know. I don't at all wonder that Cleopatra fell madly in love with him, nor, for the matter of that, that he fell madly in love with her. What a pair! What nights of revel, what days of splendor, they must have known!

A WRITER in an English journal is not in the least more bitter upon whistling, in the subjoined, than the practice deserves:

Popular songs may be nice, so is champagne, so is flirting, but the consequences! Of the first we can speak feelingly and strangely, of the second we have heard a great deal, of the third we may read in the *Madras Times*. How I have wished my friends would go bounding through upland, and woodland, and vale, and pitied any one who accepted the invitation to live with me [not me] and be my love! A precious lot of pleasures they would have to prove. I could wish that some of Annie Laurie's admirers would lay down and dee. After all, there is an end to these echoes. The dabbles themselves get tired of being among the barley, or repeating confessions of inability to sing the old song. But some of them never can surmount the habit of whistling. It amounts to a disease, which has not obtained sufficient attention from the medical faculty. Whistlers differ as stars differ from one another, but we never heard one who

could whistle equal to three piceworths of bamboo or a pennyworth of perforated tin. It is said that people whose habitat has been elevated, often scratch their heads when the necessity for doing so no longer exists, and so we presume that men whistle inadvertently long after they know that whistling, except during the period of tubbing, is not in accordance with one's duty to one's neighbor. We have heard of men who considered whistling a fine art, and would accompany their labio-pneumatic efforts on a piano. Generally speaking, we should have preferred their being accompanied out of the room. During the once-popular mess chorus to "There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell" we have, in our haste, wished the whistlers where the farmer wished his wife. These bands playing in an evening are responsible for any amount of whistling which we should be afraid to estimate. They put snatches of melody into the hollows of the heads of well-meaning men, who not only persist in blowing them through their lips, but asking you what it was they blew. They blow and they blow until the phrase is distorted out of all pretension to melody or scale. Considering the vast annoyance caused to men and women by the prevalent vice of whistling, we may well ponder on the question, why do men whistle? Women do not, although we could well tolerate any thing from their lips but determined refusals. What impulse leads a man to inclose a circular space with his lips, then by sheer pneumatic force make the noise called whistling? If the lips looked more elegant in this form there would be a plea for whistling. But this is very rarely the case. Granted a moderate-sized mouth, with the upper-lip rather small, the personal appearance of the whistler may be tolerated. But granted a big mouth and a pent-roof upper lip, and the whistler presents to you a fac-simile of the extremity of an elephant's trunk. Strange to say, the latter class of whistlers are by far the more prevalent, and if whistling be a fine art, and not one of the ills that flesh is heir to, the big-mouthed are the most inefficient though the most persevering performers. We could read with greater comfort and interest between two large saws that were being sharpened than near an inveterate whistler.

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"THE LAND OF THE SKY;" OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.



"Up we spring, and rush to the edge of the piazza."

CHAPTER VI.

"A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry.'"

"ERIC," cries Aunt Markham, with strong symptoms of hysterics, "come here this instant and tell me if we are all to be drowned!"

Eric is undutiful enough to disregard this appeal. He walks instead up to the man who has warned us, and who, with supreme indifference to the rain, is sitting on his horse watching our proceedings with great interest.

"If you are sure there is no possibility of our crossing Laurel," he says, "can you tell me any house within a moderate distance where we can spend the night?"

"Eric!" cries Aunt Markham again.

The prospect of spending the night in any one of the houses which are found commonly through the country is nearly as appalling as the idea of being drowned.

But Eric knows what is best for us, and goes on inflexibly:

"I must find some shelter for these ladies," he says. "Where is the nearest house?"

"About a mile back," the other answers. "You can get accommodation there, I expect. It's the house of a friend of mine. There's no other that I know of nearer than five or six miles."

"John, turn the carriage as soon as you put in the horses," says our commanding officer.—"Charley, ride forward and see that Harrison does the same with the wagon."

So it is settled. John turns the carriage—a dangerous matter this on the narrow road—then we crowd in and shield ourselves as well as we can from the driving rain that comes in our faces in sheets of spray. So we start back. But our progress is slow. Streams that were rivulets an hour before are leaping torrents now, with currents so strong and swift that it is as much as our horses can do to pull us through. Once the danger seems so imminent that we may be swept into the river that Aunt Markham utters a scream.

Sylvia only clasps my hand tightly, and, when we reach the bank in safety, she says, "What must Laurel be!"

All our fancy for adventurous camping-out is dissipated by the blinding, soaking rain. We feel that any shelter will be welcome, no matter how rough it may be. And the shelter to which we presently come is very rough. Yet the house has plainly seen better days. It is a two-story frame-building—once, no doubt, a well-kept farm-house—situated a little back from the road. Two or three men



LAUREL RUN.

are seated in the piazza. One comes forward, and, when Eric says, "Can you take us in for the night?" answers, with a doubtful glance at our number, "Well, I reckon so."

We do not wait for the slow assent to spring out and take refuge in the piazza. Then we utter a long sigh of relief. After all, it is pleasant to have a roof over one's head! Our host leads us into a large, barn-like room, with several smaller ones opening from it. "I'll kindle some fire in a minute for you to dry yourselves," he says.

We certainly stand in need of drying. Mermaids could scarcely be more wet. Wherever we stand or sit, a pool of water soon settles. We take off our water-proofs and shawls, and stretch them on chairs, laughing the while at our plight. Aunt Markham plainly thinks this mirth very ill-timed. She looks round with a shudder as she sits, majestic and dripping, in the middle of the room—but she says nothing. Words are too weak to express her feelings.

Presently a fire is roaring up the great chimney, and, by the time the gentlemen come to inquire how we have fared, we are restored to our normal condition of dryness and warmth. Nevertheless, flasks are produced, and potations insisted upon. "It is the only way to keep from taking cold," says Eric, imperatively.

"Your wishes are gratified, Miss Sylvia," says Ralph Lanier, with rather an air of reproach. "You were desiring adventures—here they are."

"Do you consider me the Jonah who has brought all this ill-luck?" she asks, laughing. "In that case I ought to be thrown overboard—ought I not? The river is convenient for any thing of that kind."

The violence of the rain abates before very long, and we go out on the piazza to look around. The prospect is cheerless in the extreme. The house has a dispirited air of decay, and rose-trees have grown to a tangled thicket in front. At the end of the piazza two young men are talking to our host. Charley says that they are from South Carolina, and are on a walking-tour through the mountains.

"They came from the Springs to-day," he adds, "and crossed Laurel in a canoe. We met them, if you remember, just before our break-down."

As the rain abates, our spirits sink. Let it abate ever so much, we have still the certainty of an aimless afternoon and comfortless night before us. No hope of crossing Laurel before the next day, no possible chance of returning to Alexander's. Suddenly, however, a cry is raised that somewhat cheers us: "The stage is coming!"

"By Jove!" says Mr. Lanier, "I felt sure that fellow was deceiving us about Laurel."

"That fellow" has also arrived by this time, and, in a very damp condition, is seated near. It is a chance whether or not he hears this grateful speech. Fortunately, the attention of every one is fastened on the stage, which comes into sight—empty! We salute the driver with a cry.

"Are you going over Laurel?"

Driver. "Mean to try." Then he nods

to the man who warned us: "How are you, George?"

George shakes his head.

"You can't cross," he says.

"I'll take the mail to the banks any way," responds the other, driving on.

"If you find that you can cross, please come back for us," cries Sylvia, eagerly.

"He's not likely to cross," say the men at the other end of the piazza.

Lanier shrugs his shoulders impatiently.

"There's no relying on a word these people say," he remarks. "But the bridge should have been rebuilt long ago. It is infamous for travelers to be delayed in this manner. What a place this is for ladies to spend the night!"

"Don't trouble yourself about us," replies Sylvia, nonchalantly. "We do not mind a little hardship; but I am afraid you have made a grave mistake. Had you not better turn round even yet and go to the White Sulphur and Saratoga?"

The young man colors.

"I was not thinking of myself," he says.

"Of course it does not matter to me—at least not very much."

"Has anybody brought a pack of cards along?" asks Charley, sauntering up. "Let us have a game of euchre."

In the midst of this, and just as Sylvia is playing an exciting "lone hand," there is another cry: "Here comes a man who has crossed Laurel!"

Up we spring, and rush to the edge of the piazza. A man driving two horses in a jersey wagon is stopped by a storm of tumultuous questions.

"Yes, I'm from the other side of Laurel," he replies.

"Forded the river?" asks the incredulous chorus.

"No—ferried it in a canoe. I've been water-bound on the other side three days, and I couldn't stand it any longer, so I took my wagon-body off the wheels, slipped it on the canoe, and swam the horses over."

"Eureka!" cries Eric, striking one hand on the other; "that is an idea for us! What has been done can be done again. If Laurel is still up to-morrow, I'll take the carriages over in that way."

"You'll run a great risk if you do," says Mr. Lanier, who evidently does not know what reckless thing may be proposed or executed next.

"A fig for the risk!" says Charley. "I'd quite as soon cross that way as another."

"And I would rather cross that way!" cries Sylvia. "What fun it will be!"

Mr. Lanier looks grave. Crossing swollen streams in a canoe is not his idea of fun.

"Let us hope the stream may be down by to-morrow," he says.

We return to our game of euchre, but I cannot forget the width and general appearance of the wagon which was said to have been brought over on a canoe.

"Eric," I say, "these people must be talking about a boat—a constructed boat. They can't possibly mean a dug-out."

"Our friend here will tell us," says Eric.

Then he turns to our first acquaintance—

the man who lives five miles from the mouth of Laurel.

"Is that craft of which you are all talking a dug-out?" he asks.

"Yes, it's a dug-out—hollowed from the trunk of a tree," is the reply.

"The tree must surely have grown in California," says Sylvia.

"No, madam," is the answer. "I can find plenty of chestnuts ten feet in diameter on the Walnut Mountains just below here, and I'm almost sure I could find walnuts of the same size."

"There was a dug-out on the river here," says our host, chiming in, "that I saw one day hold five men and a mule—and could a' held more."

"There is no doubt of one thing," says Eric—"this is one of the most splendidly-timbered countries on the face of the globe."

"You don't know what it is until you go out on the mountains," says Mr. George. "There's hardly a known tree that doesn't grow here—and grow to the finest size. You'd not believe me if I were to tell you of what height and diameter I have seen the white pine."

"Yes, we would," says Charley. "We are prepared to be enlightened, and ready to believe any thing."

A few more tree-stories are told, and then we ask the cause of the fishing mania which has seized all the population of the French Broad.

"Those were not more than the pickets and outposts that you saw," says our informant. "The main body of the fishing army is below here. I passed at least twenty in four miles to-day. Some of the fellows sat up fishing all night, and I know three men who only caught two fish among 'em—and those were cats."

"What's the idea?"

"Oh, well, it's too wet to do anything else, and they think the fish will bite better because the river's muddy."

By the aid of conversation and cards the afternoon and evening drag through. One shower succeeds another in the most rapid and disheartening succession, so that it is impossible to leave the house even for a short walk, and no one is sanguine enough to speak of "clearing off."

"We might as well go back to Asheville," says Aunt Markham, who regards our prospects in the darkest manner.

"Not without an effort to do otherwise," says Eric. "I don't choose to be baffled by Fate and the Laurel."

The day has been fatiguing, and we all retire early. Of the lodging and fare which we find at this wayside house it is best to say no more than that the people gave us their best, and seemed honestly anxious to do all in their power to please us.

About nine o'clock the stage passes back and reports Laurel still rising. We are, therefore, cheered when, on waking the next morning, we hear the rain coming down "in bucketfuls," as Sylvia despondently remarks.

"We shall have to stay here all day," she says. "I feel sure of it. We cannot even go back to Alexander's, for the creeks are up between here and there. Oh, dear!

Were ever people out for a pleasure-trip more badly treated by the weather?"

When we leave our room, Charley is the first person to meet us, with the pleasant sunshine of his face undimmed by the gloomy outlook. Surely an equable temperament is one of the greatest blessings in the world—especially in a traveling-companion.

"Not for gold or precious stones would I leave my mountain home,"

he sings, gayly. "I hope you are in better spirits than Lanier is this morning, Sylvia. If matters go on at the present rate, I am afraid he will commit suicide or go melancholy mad. It is a pity to see a man have so little philosophy. Can't you cheer him a little?"

"I haven't the least disposition to try," says Sylvia. "Do any of us like the delay?—is it anybody's fault? I am disgusted with Mr. Lanier, and I wish he had gone to a watering-place where he might dance the German to his heart's content, instead of joining our party."

"Who is accountable for his joining it?" says Charley. But I do not think he is ill-pleased by the young lady's petulance.

We go out on the piazza. The sky is a leaden curtain, the rain is pouring in torrents, the road is black mud and water, the river is a turbid flood. There is a sheer wall of cliff and forest opposite, along the base of which the impetuous current sweeps.

"What are you going to do, Eric?" we ask, as that gentleman comes up.

"Nothing, at present," he answers. "What can a man do in the face of such a down-pour as this? By nine o'clock there will, probably, be some signs of clearing. Then I will go to Laurel and see what the chances are for our getting across."

By nine o'clock there are some signs of clearing. A few faint gleams of sunshine appear, and the mists begin to rise from the mountains. Horses are brought out, and the gentlemen, with the exception of Mr. Lanier, start for the banks of Laurel, which is said to be all the more dangerous—to have all the more force in its current—because it is higher than the French Broad, into which it empties.

The morning passes in very dull fashion. Aunt Markham settles herself to a novel. Sylvia and I go out and stroll—wade, perhaps, would give a more correct idea of the road—along the river-bank, attended by Mr. Lanier. I soon grow tired of playing the part of "third wheel to the cart," as the Germans say, and return to the house, leaving the others established in a cool, damp nook under some large trees that sweep the river with their bending boughs. An hour or two pass. No sign of the return of the horsemen; Aunt Markham grows uneasy, and suggests that they may have been drowned. Sylvia does not stir from her seat by the river; Mr. Lanier is talking earnestly—so earnestly that I feel a malicious inclination to go and break up the *little-a-little*. I have taken an unaccountable dislike to this young gentleman, despite his good looks and his well-filled purse. "Wae's me for Prince Charley," I think—and then I see Prince Charley coming at a canter along the road.

"Good news!" he says, as he draws up his horse. "Laurel is falling, and will be low enough by the afternoon for you to be ferried over in a canoe. Eric has made all the arrangements. I've seen the boat, and there is not the least danger."

"Are you sure of that?" asks Aunt Markham, tremulously. She is divided between her dislike to staying where she is and her terror of crossing in a canoe. "I never was in a dug-out," she says, "but I've seen them often. They rock horribly, and will upset at a touch."

"Not this one," says Charley. "Though a dug-out, it is two feet and a half wide."

The sun by this time is shining brilliantly, and with great heat. We take dinner; then the carriages are brought out, and the almost endless business of stowing away our luggage begins. Besides the trunks there are satchels and baskets, boxes of grasses, books of ferns, and an unlimited number of wraps. Aunt Markham declines to allow the last to be strapped together. "It is useless," she says. "We shall need them before we have gone a mile."

Despite this foreboding prophecy, the afternoon remains clear, and we see the wild beauty of the gorge for the first time to advantage. The air is like crystal, and a glory of sunlight streams on the river with its masses of rock, and the mountains that overshadow it. In the five miles that lie between our place of lodging and the banks of Laurel, the picturesque loveliness changes and deepens constantly. The river grows more and more tumultuous, and its waves wear caps of foam like the breakers of the ocean, as they plunge in stormy rapids over its hidden rocks. Rugged cliffs hang over us, fringed with ferns and mosses; verdure-clad mountains rise from the other bank; leaping cascades tumble down the rocky glens and dash across our way—there are pictures on every side that would repay the lover of Nature or the artist for any hardship or fatigue that could possibly be encountered in reaching this land of almost unknown beauty.

Presently we see a broad, green stream flowing in front of us, and the horses are drawn up on the banks of Laurel. Notwithstanding the late heavy rains, there is no tinge of mud in the clear water of this mountain-river, and we appreciate the strength of its current when we see that it sweeps directly across the French Broad before the latter river can change its course. Even then it takes half of the channel, and the clear and the turbid current flow onward side by side.

The bridge which was swept away crossed the stream near its mouth; but the ford is a little higher, and to this we drive. There is a cabin on the other side, from which, in answer to several halloas, the ferryman issues. The canoe in which we are to make the passage is moored on the other side, and at this Aunt Markham gazes doubtfully.

"John," she says to her coachman, whom she considers less likely to run dangerous risks than Eric, in whose vocabulary fear is a word unknown—"John, do you think that boat is safe? I suppose we can cross in it, but how about the carriages and the horses?"

Don't you think it might be better for you to remain on this side until the river goes down?"

This is a proposal which does not meet with John's approval. No one has a better appreciation of good lodging and good fare than the negro of the old régime. "There



"There ain't no danger at all."

ain't no danger at all ef we takes the carriages off the wheels," he replies. "We can hold 'em steady on the boat, and the horses can swim easy enough."

"Oh, it will all be easy," says Eric, coming to the carriage-door. "There is no reason to be nervous, mother. I am sorry that it is necessary you should alight.—Every thing must be taken out of here, John—luggage, cushions, every thing."

"This is—dreadful!" says Aunt Markham, with a gasp, after she has been deposited on the road-side in the blazing heat of the sun, with satchels, novels, and baskets, strewed around in wild confusion.

"I call it jolly," says Rupert, who is prancing about on Cecil, and getting as much as possible in everybody's way.

"Don't ride that horse over me, Rupert," cries Aunt Markham, retreating in terror, and making convulsive efforts to scramble up the steep hill behind her.

"I must say that I consider this a very great risk," observed Mr. Lanier, climbing to where I have perched on the hill-side, under the shade of a large walnut. "I shall not be surprised if Markham loses one or both of his carriages, and gets some of the horses drowned. In my opinion the river is still too high and too swift to be crossed with safety in any way."

"Suppose you stay on this side, then?" I cannot resist saying. "Yonder comes the ferryman. He seems to have no difficulty about bringing the boat over."

"What a pleasant way of crossing!" says Sylvia's voice below. She is standing with Charley on the bank of the stream, while Eric, who lends a hand to every thing, is assisting Harrison to take off the trunks, and

John and Rupert are taking out the horses. "What shall go over first?—a cargo of trunks, or a cargo of people?" says she, turning round as the boat touches the shore.

"You and I will go," says Charley. "Let us be the first to make the passage."

"The whole party may as well go," says Eric. "The boat is large enough."

"We don't want the whole party," says Sylvia. "We mean to cross by ourselves, with a trunk or two for ballast.—Harrison, bring mine here.—If I go to the bottom, let me at least have the satisfaction of knowing that I take my wardrobe along with me."

Two or three trunks are placed in the boat, Sylvia and Charley embark, Mr. Lanier the while looking on anxiously, and uttering one or two unheeded remonstrances; then the ferryman, who has been leaning on his pole, listening to every thing, with a broad grin on his dusky face, pushes off. The boat rocks on the swift current, but he manages it

which Charley is opening with his knife. "We drink to the passage of the Laurel!" he says; "may our future adventures be as pleasant!"

One or two of the party object to this sentiment—but they drink the claret. The children of the ferryman come in detachments to stare at us and the proceedings on the other bank. A hungry-looking, soft-eyed hound draws near and is fed generously by Sylvia. We talk and laugh and watch the carriages being brought over in pieces—first the bodies, then the wheels—and applaud the gallant horses that come out dripping and shining from their bath. Even Mr. Lanier begins to admit that there is some pleasure in all this. Walnut Mountain rises superbly behind us; the clear waters of Laurel sweep swiftly in front; the wild, deep gorge down which the latter flows is in shadow; while the afternoon sunlight falls broadly on the rushing French Broad.

"If life were all like this," says Sylvia, leaning back against a rock, her hat off, her pretty hair in a curly tangle, "what a charming thing it would be!"

"You seemed to think it particularly charming last night," says Rupert, with an explosion of boyish laughter. He has come to refresh himself after his arduous exertions—his hat is on the back of his head, his face aflame with color. "Did you see what trouble we had to get Brimmer into the water?"

he asks. "He knew as well as I did that he would have to swim, and he didn't fancy the idea."

The passage of the Laurel, with the attendant trouble of putting the carriages together again, and reharnessing the horses, occupies two hours. It was three o'clock when we paused on its farther bank; it is five when Eric at last says, "All ready," and we prepare to start for the Springs.

"Good-by, Wash," says Charley, addressing the ferryman, who, after eleven trips across the river, seems disposed to think that rest from labor is sweet. "May you live a thousand years, and may your shadow never grow less! You have our blessing, and, if you should ever be called upon to do a thing of this kind again, you'll understand the proper method."

"Yes, sah—thanky, sah," responds Wash, with a grin.

The drive to the Springs in the lovely afternoon is a marvel of delight. It is a peculiarity of this road that one is never able to determine with any degree of certainty what part of it is most beautiful. Yet, if it were necessary to decide, the palm might be awarded to that portion which lies beyond the waters of Laurel. There are, if possible, more variety, more wildness, more blended majesty and loveliness in these four miles than are to be found on any other part of the river. The Walnut Mountains—a range of

splendid heights, rising to a ridge that stands for miles, level as a prairie, against the sky—inclose the gorge, while the cliff-like rocks that line the road assume some of their most imposing and picturesque forms. It is here, also, that the famous islands of the French Broad—in which Cherokee traditions placed a siren who lured hunters to destruction by the sweetness of her voice—appear like spots of fairy verdure on the rushing current. Rocks, islets, drooping foliage, glancing water, golden sunshine streaming on all the grand vistas and curves of beauty—how can one write of these things in terms that shall not seem exaggerated to those who have never looked on them?

Presently we reach Deep Water—where the river, narrowed between two walls of shelving rock, is said to be ninety feet deep, and flows without a sound, almost without apparent motion. Released from this confinement, it whirls more madly than ever over a magnificent ledge of broken rock, and parts around Mountain Island. When it unites again, it is more quiet. We follow one more sweeping bend, and the lovely valley of the Warm Springs is before us.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANITA'S LESSONS.

As Miss Basil predicted, Miss Hawkesby and Anita did indeed work a change in Mrs. Basil's humdrum household, a greater change than Joanna, with her very limited experience of life, was capable of anticipating. The Ruffners became devoted in their attentions, and not only did Mrs. Carl Tomkins and old Mrs. Paul Caruthers, with her niece Amelia, call early to renew their acquaintance with the admirable Miss Hawkesby and the charming Anita, but they were followed by all Middleborough, for in that social place the warm weather seldom interferes with visiting; and old Thurston was soon in so constant requisition as driver of Mrs. Basil's sorry little carriage, that the grass ran away with the cabbage-beds.

Miss Basil, strange to say, did not seem to take this much to heart. A curious change was coming over this estimable woman; she was possessed at times by a sort of subdued elation, that, while it did not interfere with the mechanical performance of her ordinary duties, seemed to lift her above care, while again an irrepressible secret anxiety and unrest would render her indifferent to all her old interests.

But Joanna, absorbed by the new life passing around her, failed to note this change in Miss Basil; she forgot even to be pained and jealous when she surprised her once tearfully studying some old letters. The sight could inspire, now, but a momentary



CROSSING THE LAUREL.

with great skill, and, when they are half-way across, Sylvia's gay tones—she has taken off her gloves, and is dabbling with both hands in the clear-tinted water—float back to us.

"O' Charley, shall you ever forget the Laurel? Isn't this delicious!"

"What strange ideas of enjoyment some people have!" says Mr. Lanier, who is seated on the roots of a tree, fanning himself. "I don't think I shall ever forget the Laurel; but, as for seeing any thing delicious in such a business—"

The rest of the trunks, Aunt Markham and myself, accompanied by this gentleman, cross next. Eric and Rupert remain behind to superintend the sending over of the carriages. We are landed in safety, despite one or two alarms on Aunt Markham's part. "O—h!" she says, in prolonged gasp, every time that the boat gives a lurch—and dug-outs are by no means the steadiest crafts in the world. Mr. Lanier says nothing. He only sits on a trunk and looks grave. He is not afraid—as he has taken some trouble to explain—but he disapproves of running reckless risks, and he objects to getting his feet wet in a muddy canoe.

Sylvia and Charley welcome us gayly. There is a prettily-shaded spring, not more than five steps from the river, where they have seated themselves, and opened the lunch-basket—filled at Alexander's, and not emptied yet. There is a bottle of claret

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curiosity; for was not Anita dressing for company?

And not for any price would Joanna forego the pleasure of assisting at her toilet. Anita, on these occasions, taught her so many useful little arts, gave her so much good advice, and, when the delightful labors of the toilet were over, the blond and gracious beauty was so glorious to look upon! Nor was this all: Anita, the moment she was satisfied with herself, no matter how time pressed, no matter whom she kept waiting, immediately gave all her attention to improving Joanna's appearance. True, she didn't spare criticism; she mimicked Joanna's little prim ways; she gave derisive names to Joanna's little efforts at personal adornment; but she did it all with so airy a charm, and worked such improvement the while, that Joanna thought her fault-finding delightful.

"Come here, and be reconstructed," Anita would say. "I don't like your looks at all, miss; have I not forbidden you over and over again to wear blue? And I don't like this way of doing your hair; it is the result of a blind, inartistic admiration of my imperfections."

"You have no imperfections, Anita," says Joanna, gravely.

"There!" cries Anita, with mock exultation. "How admirably exact are my calculations! I knew I could compel the expression of your unbounded admiration. Joanna, my unsophisticated imitator, when will you be as wise as I am? When will you profit by my instructions? You improve, my dear; this head is well done"—she was pulling the structure of braids and puffs to pieces all the time—"but it is not at all appropriate. You youngling, you must not fancy that what suits me will do for you! What is the chief axiom in dress, Joanna? I've laid that law down to you a hundred times."

"To study the becoming," answers Joanna, with grave propriety.

"Right," says Anita. "Now, don't let your admiration for me run away with your sense. When you adopt my style, my dear, it is just as if a little wood-anemone should try to be a flaunting Japan lily."

"You are not flaunting at all!" cries Joanna, indignantly.

"Don't contradict, miss! Now behold, my anemone, is not that better?" Anita says, parading her grateful sister before the glass.

"O Anita, a thousand times!" Joanna exclaims, enthusiastically. "I'm a *great deal* better so."

"That's right, child! I'm glad to see you have the faculty of honestly and openly admiring yourself. Never pretend not to know your own perfections; it is an abominable hypocrisy that deceives no one."

"Yes, Anita—I'll remember," said Joanna, with devoted faith. "I'm sure that even Mela would approve the—the *moral tone* of your instructions. And you are so good to me! I never knew, before you came, what it was to be really and truly happy."

The mocking smile that began to play around Anita's lips faded away—she never hesitated to laugh at Joanna in her light way—and a strangely-tender expression took

its place. The tears stood in her eyes, and she stooped suddenly and kissed Joanna with fervor; but the next moment she turned away abruptly, exclaiming:

"I'm a doomed wretch! There are four forgotten people in the parlor, and a host of platitudes to be gone through with, woe's me! Joanna, happy Joanna, study the perfection of a wood-anemone at all points until I return."

Mrs. Carl Tomkins had called with Miss Caruthers and the Misses Jordane, two useful, nondescript indispensables of society, who, having a carriage and horses at command, were freely made use of by Mrs. Carl Tomkins, she not being endowed with these good gifts of Fortune.

Mrs. Carl Tomkins felt moved, this dull, warm season, to give a charade-party. "Why not?" she argued. "Charades, tableaux, etc., you know, ladies, are no uncommon amusement at watering-places and other summer resorts; why not make home happy, I say, by introducing kindred amusements at home?" Everybody agreed with her, and she continued: "Two charades, with five or six tableaux interspersed, would enable us to pass a dull evening very agreeably. People need enlivening; our town has never been so ineffably dull. What with the heat, and the dust, and the drought, all vegetation is burning up, and it would be a charity to do something to enliven people."

"It is to be hoped we may bring about a rain," said Anita, demurely. "I never knew a charade-party, or any thing of the kind, that did not give rise to storms."

But Mrs. Carl Tomkins either could not or would not understand Anita.

"Storms are not unusual," said she, "after a long, dry spell, such as we have at present; but Mr. Tomkins thinks we sha'n't have rain in less than ten days, and surely we can get up the charades in less than that time?"

"It will take two weeks," said Anita, "to arrive at perfection; and by waiting that time we shall have a moon."

Some time was consumed in an animated discussion of preliminaries; and then, Anita having promised to be any thing, to do any thing, to say any thing, that was asked of her, the ladies departed to enlist all the talent of Middleborough in the cause.

"Now, Anita," said old Miss Hawkesby, "if you think that I am going to burden myself with this affair, you are much mistaken. I'll advise and direct, but I won't take a needle in my fingers.—This is the way, ma'am"—turning to Mrs. Basil—"when you've a young girl on your hands, your work is never done; and very unsatisfactory work it is, after all; doesn't pay."

"Miss Anita is a proof to the contrary," said Mrs. Basil, in a way that showed how far Anita had advanced in her good graces.

"Thank you, Mrs. Basil," said Anita, with a graceful bow. "My aunt is speaking under a premonition that I shall not follow her advice.—But, indeed, aunt, I will not have you trouble yourself; the weather is too warm, and you are never so amiable in warm weather. Joanna will give me all the assistance I shall need."

"Anita, it's a shame!" exclaimed Miss

Hawkesby. "Are you going to make a slave of that child just as you do of everybody else?"

"Chains are never galling when worn unconsciously," said Anita, mockingly; and then she went up-stairs to prove the truth of her assertion.

Joanna was ready for the work.

"A charade-party!" she cried, eagerly. "O Anita, I cannot imagine it! It must be heavenly!"

"No, my dear innocent," answered Anita, coolly, "not at all. Heart-burnings, back-bittings, envyings, jealousies, strifes—are such things heavenly?"

"How, then, do you find any pleasure in such things?" asked Joanna, incredulously.

"You don't know how hard it is to break the chains that bind you," said Anita, somewhat sadly. "Besides, if not in society, where am I to look for distraction? Mind, I warn you, it won't do to look for happiness *there*—if, indeed, happiness is to be found anywhere."

"O Anita, you grieve me!"

"Don't tear my lace, child!" cried Anita, with a sudden change of tone and manner, "or you'll grieve *me*."

Joanna was already at work upon one of her sister's costumes.

"No, I will be very careful," she answered, with a slight start. "But, Anita, is there any chance for me?"

"Oh, wisdom of innocence!" cried Anita, mockingly. "Hear that, now! Has not the righteous Miss Basil preached to you by precept? Have not I, who am not righteous, preached to you by example? And yet you would see the world for yourself?"

"Yes, I would," Joanna answered, unhesitatingly. "There is, there must be some happiness in it."

"For you, perhaps, Joanna," answered Anita, rather sadly; "you have so good a heart; and"—with one of those sudden changes of tone and manner peculiar to herself—"you are so blind, so very, very blind! Excuse me, my dear, but you have not my valuable faculty of *seeing into people*."

"Yet, for all that, I should like to go to this charade-party," said Joanna.

"Be a good child, and you *shall* go," answered Anita, with an encouraging pat.

"Ah, my white organdie! If it were possible to have it done in time!" thought Joanna; but she would not permit herself to express one wish on the subject. Anita was so very busy, it would be as much as she could accomplish to prepare her own many changes of costume; and then really the gentlemen took up so much time. Riding, or walking, or receiving calls, Anita had not a moment to spare; so Joanna decided that she would *have* to discuss the important question of making the organdie with Miss Basil. Miss Basil's opposition would be very discouraging, she knew; but there was no help for it; she could not be so selfish as to trouble Anita about her dress, and, if the white organdie could not be finished in time, there was the polonaise the grandmamma had given her. And Anita, the dear sister, she knew, would stop at the very last moment, though all the world stood waiting, to give her toilet the

finishing touches. No wonder Joanna was blindly devoted to such a sister.

But Anita did not inspire every one with the same unquestioning faith. She kept Arthur Hendall in a state of doubt so humiliating that he was piqued at last into renewing his half-friendly, half-sentimental attentions to Joanna. So, when at dinner that day Miss Anita announced that she would ride with Mr. Ruffner, Arthur determined to seek distraction in Joanna's company. He had not cared of late to linger with her in the garden, whiling away the idle moments in idle chat; it had grown too intolerably warm, was the excuse he offered himself for the neglect with which he had treated her of late; but he thought now that he could be sure of finding her in some one of her favorite haunts, and, to avoid seeing Anita ride off with his rival, he went, when the sun was down, to seek Joanna in her favorite alcove.

But Joanna was not there, had not been there, it was plain, for days past. Withered leaves, blasted by the heat, lay scattered about; dust stood thick upon the broken flora that occupied the corner; spider-webs festooned the entrance; and, greatly to his discomfiture, he saw that Joanna's name was erased from the tree. He had forgotten all about carving it there; but none the less was he angry and mortified at seeing it erased.

"Was it his aunt's doing? Or was it possible that Joanna"—but this thought he would not permit to take definite shape; and, while he stood assuring himself that Joanna could never have misconstrued his friendly notice into a deeper sentiment, a voice behind him said:

"You were very good to carve my name there, Mr. Hendall; but I—erased it!"

"And why?" asked he, somewhat indignantly, as he turned and faced Joanna. "Were you displeased?"

"The tree is Pamela's favorite tree," said Joanna, calmly ignoring the question. "You should not have carved it there. Mr. Redmond planted it when a boy; I heard the grandmamma say so."

"Hang the tree!" exclaimed Arthur, impatiently. "What harm did I do it?"

"I cannot permit liberties to be taken with my name," said Joanna, with quite an air. She had been pleased with that expression when she had used it on a similar occasion in speaking to Miss Basil.

"You are grown suddenly particular," said Arthur, with something like a sneer. He felt that Joanna was setting herself in array against him, and he resented opposition from her; it was bad enough from Anita, whose beauty and social advantages entitled her to the right of self-assertion. He little suspected that Anita, who had followed Joanna into the garden in search of flowers for her hair, was close at hand to take Joanna's part.

"Indeed, my little sister shows remarkable discretion," said she, coming suddenly into view from behind the oleander-bushes. "Now, I—I wonder if I should have had the good sense to erase my name, had you carved it there!" She spoke with that mocking air so difficult for any less ready person than herself to parry.

"Oh!" stammered Arthur, coloring, "I did not know that she had you for an adviser."

"Ah, Mr. Hendall, my sister's discretion is greater than you suppose. She is too wise to have a confidante."

"Really—" Arthur began, embarrassed.

"But I had nothing to confide," said Joanna, rather too eagerly. "Mr. Hendall carved my name on Pamela's favorite tree, and—"

"My child, you will lose your character for discretion, if you indulge in explanations," said Anita, gravely, but still mockingly. "Never make explanations—they are either unnecessary or they are useless. Now, in this case, I have heard already—and," turning to Arthur, with a significant look, not free from sternness, she added, "I could tell you the whole story!"

But, before Arthur was ready with a reply, old Thurston came hobbling up with the exclamation:

"Wait a bit there, if you please, Miss J'anna! I'm all entire 'sausted with finding of you. Miss Pamela have *sont* me—"

"For what?" asked Joanna, with a frown. She thought it hard that Pamela should always interfere.

"A gentleman—" panted old Thurston, who, seeing Joanna become impatient, wished to be himself the more deliberate.

"A gentleman—well?" said Anita.

"—and his buggy for you to ride," concluded old Thurston, still speaking to Joanna.

"Mr?" cried Joanna, with eyes of astonishment. Then with a look and tone of utter blankness, she added, "You must mean my sister, Thurston?"

"It is probably Mr. Ruffner," said Anita, coolly, and without manifesting the slightest disposition to stir. "Let him wait."

"No, Miss J'anna," said old Thurston, solemnly. "It's Mr. Basil Redmond have returned this morning, and he is come with horse and buggy to take you out this evening."

"Mr. Ruffner is late," said Anita, stiffening.

But Joanna did not hear. "Then why," cried she, excitedly, to old Thurston, "why in the world did you not say so at once?" Then to her sister: "O Anita, the very first time in all my life! And my lovely new hat! Will these crape-myrtles do for your hair? They are the only pink flowers I have found; and I must not keep him waiting, should I?" She was trembling with impatience to be gone; and she failed to remark that Anita did not offer to go with her.

"Thank you," said Anita, softly, as she took the flowers; "yes; that will do. No; you should not keep him waiting." And, spurred by this admonition, Joanna ran.

"Ah, but her jints is limber yet," muttered old Thurston to himself, with a melancholy shake of the head, as he walked away.

Anita, leaning against the mimosa-tree, watched her sister out of sight. "She has a child's heart in a woman's body," said she, slowly. "Would you hear my story now, Mr. Hendall?" Her face was very pale, but the sternness had disappeared.

"I'd rather tell a story of my own," said Arthur, meaningly.

Anita made a gesture of refusal. "I don't want to hear it!" she said. "The old ladies—all the ladies of your acquaintance—would say, 'What a dreadful girl Anita Hawkesby is!' but I have gotten this one good out of the thing they call society, I don't care for what people say—"

"Nor feel," interpolated Arthur, with bitterness.

"Possibly! And yet—some sort of heart I must have."

"I wish I might hear you say that interesting discovery is due to me," said Arthur.

"No, it is not," answered Anita, quietly; "it is due entirely to my sister Joanna. Don't misinterpret me, Mr. Hendall; I am not going to make myself out better than I am, if, indeed, I can make myself out at all. But Joanna has taken possession of just the mite of unselfishness that lurks in my composition."

"You were not formerly so fond of her," said Arthur, resentfully. "I never heard you mention her those happy three months I was your slave at Brookville."

"Don't use stereotyped expressions, Mr. Hendall. If you *were* my slave, it was your own fault."

"Did you know," said Arthur, eagerly, "that I went back there to see you? Sam Ruffner led me to believe that you were there."

"You should have gone to Rockville, heavenly place! I was there!"

"Would it have done any good?" Arthur asked, almost in a whisper.

"Not the least," answered the cruel Anita. "Aunt had the dyspepsia fearfully. Such biscuits! You can't think."

"They are not bad here?" asked Arthur, suggestively. Whoever talked to Anita must humor her.

"No; and I have found a sister," said she, turning abruptly to young Hendall.

"The little Joanna! As if she were to be compared to you!" said Arthur, impatiently. "And it is of *you* I would speak—"

"She is not to be compared to me," answered Anita, quietly. "I know the difference between us. But it is of her—of *her*, that I would speak. I came here with my heart closed against her; I didn't wish to love her; I felt no need of her; but I did not know my need. Joanna is rustic—an ignoramus, if you will—but she has a heart. She knows, for she has heard it from my aunt and from myself, that, if I were not in her way, *she* could dress as I dress, and could go out into the wicked world to be contaminated—and, Heavens! what ardent aspirations after the pomps and vanities! And yet the child loves me—loves me for nothing—what have I done to win her, through all these years? Not one particle of envy disturbs her heart. Since I have known Joanna I have felt that I, even I, might be capable of some generous impulses—some unselfish actions."

"You invest her with your own attributes," said Arthur.

"Don't be adulatory, don't, I pray you," cried Anita, with a deprecating gesture, "when I am in earnest."

"I hear and obey," said Arthur. "It seems to me you are hard to please of late."

"Nobody pleases me, now, but Joanna. Tell me, Mr. Hendall, I'm curious to know, did you not carve her name on that tree before I came?"

"Yes," answered Arthur, with a sort of puzzled hope in his eyes; he was thinking of the oft-quoted effect of "trifles light as air."

"And the child cut it out *after* I came," said Anita, quietly.

"How should I know?" replied Arthur, impatiently. "What significance can you attach to all this?"

"I leave you to infer," answered Anita, coldly.

"I swear to you!" cried Arthur, "my heart—"

"I will have no swearing," said Anita; "it is useless. I have told you over and over again that I have no will of my own. My aunt will never see me marry a poor man."

"And if I were rich, then?" asked Arthur, bitterly.

"I could not marry you to please her," answered Anita, gently. "Else, indeed, your poverty would have made no difference to me." She put out her hand with a gracious tenderness as she spoke. "You have much to forgive, I know," she continued, sadly; "and I, much to repent of. Nor have I any thing to say in my defense, except, only, that until of late I have never truly known myself, I think. Selfish, mercenary, worldly, you may call me, if you like; but believe that I cannot be really false of heart. Oh, pray do not look so; Mr. Ruffner is coming—"

"O Mr. Ruffner!" cried Anita of the world. "Indeed, Mr. Hendall has been so entertaining I had forgotten my promise to ride with you."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A LEAF OUT OF THE PAST.

"O 'MELA!" cried Joanna, as she came panting into the house. "Can it be a dream, or is life really beginning for me? And, oh! isn't it fortunate that my aunt gave me that lovely new hat? What should I do without it?"

"Joanna, don't be a fool!" said Miss Basil, uneasily. "See how hot and red you've made yourself! Try to acquire repose of manner, or you will never be fit for society." (Could this be 'Mela? Joanna asked herself, incredulously.) "Basil has come to ask you to ride—"

"Yes—I know," interrupted Joanna, speaking rapidly. "He is very good, and I am ever so much—indebted; and I do really believe, 'Mela, that he is indeed a friend."

"I hope you will endeavor to conduct yourself with strict propriety," continued Miss Basil, who never could resist the temptation to preach. "Wear your hat, and brush your hair off your forehead, do."

But this last Joanna had no intention of doing. Brush it off, indeed! Did not Anita wear hers down to her eyebrows?

"And, Joanna—stay a moment, child, I

beg!" cried Miss Basil, as Joanna was rushing away. "Look in the second drawer of my bureau, under the yellow box, in the right-hand corner, and take that black-and-red scarf of mine. You may be out late, and at this season one needs a wrap in the evening; chills are very prevalent, and hard to eradicate from the system."

Astonishment deprived Joanna for a moment of the power of expressing her thanks. What change had come over 'Mela, that she should voluntarily countenance the pomps and vanities? Joanna knew that black-and-red tissue scarf well; it had been the admiration of her childish days; but never, within her recollection, had it been taken out of its place under the yellow box, in the right-hand corner of the second drawer of Miss Basil's bureau, except to be aired, twice in the year.

"O 'Mela!" she said, when she recovered her speech, "how good of you! And I will be so careful. Not a speck shall get on it; you will see." And away ran Joanna upstairs, two steps at a time, to adorn herself in the hat and scarf.

"Ah, me!" sighed Miss Basil, "I do wish to do my duty by that poor child, according to the station she must occupy; but it would be a dreadful thing if the love of finery should blind her to the great duties of life."

Joanna, when she had attired herself in the hat and scarf, looked a different creature; for between her gay adorning, and her supreme delight, she was radiant.

"Upon my word, girl," exclaimed old Miss Hawkesby, who met her in the hall upstairs, "I did not suppose you capable of looking so well. There is something of the Hawkesbys about you, after all. You may give me a kiss, child."

Thus encouraged, Joanna, though she held her aunt in great awe, impulsively threw her arms around the old lady, and said, in a palpitating whisper:

"It is the hat you gave me. What should I do without it?"

"H'm, h'm, h'm!" mumbled old Miss Hawkesby, looking grimly forbidding. "I begin to like you, Joanna, and I'll give you good advice. Enjoy yourself while you are young; for, as sure as you live, there'll come a time when you'll find pink roses no longer becoming. But you are only seventeen, a fool's age; now, don't you make the mistake of fancying that young Redmond is the only man in the world; for, I tell you, he isn't. You wait until I can show you; which I will do, as soon as I've settled Anita."

"Yes, ma'am," said Joanna, dutifully. She would have assented just then to any thing Miss Hawkesby might say. Then she went down stairs, greeted Basil Redmond with a flattering cordiality, and was whisked away in the buggy before Sam Ruffner drove up for Anita.

Joanna's delight in this, her first invitation to ride, was absolutely without alloy. Was not her hat perfection? Was not her scarf as bright and gay as any displayed up and down the River Road, where all the world of Middleborough were raising a dust that afternoon? And what did Joanna care for the dust when she was helping to raise it? Does not everybody know that it may be one

of the greatest pleasures in life to raise a dust? And, though Basil Redmond was not Arthur Hendall, he proved that in his own way he too could be charming.

"Joanna," said he, as they sped along, with the ends of Miss Basil's scarf fluttering gloriously behind, "when you were a little child, you had a strong belief in fairies; do you still hold to that happy faith?"

"Why, no, certainly," replied Joanna, with that excellent practical sense instilled by Miss Basil. "I am no longer a child, and 'Mela has taught me better. I know, now, that fairies are but a—but a *figment of the imagination*." The ride was inspiring, and Joanna excelled herself.

"I'm very sorry," said Redmond, with difficulty restraining a smile; "for I still believe in them."

"Oh!" said Joanna, in doubt. "But—*figuratively*—"

Redmond laughed good-humoredly. "For instance," said he, "the Fairy Good-Fortune—"

"Oh, now I know—I know you are speaking figuratively," said Joanna, in a tone of relief. Banter she could never understand.

"If she were to bring her rich gifts to 'Mela, as you call her?"

"I don't think," said Joanna, gravely, "that 'Mela would approve of such—*speculations*." (Had not 'Mela voluntarily lent her that inestimable scarf? Could she, then, ungratefully ignore her teachings?) "I said something of the kind once, and she, very properly—rebuked me," continued Joanna, with resolute virtue; "for she did not wish me to become visionary and discontented. Pamela is a—*strictly moral* person," she added, earnestly, "and, therefore, she would never encourage idle expectations. There is no one to leave us a fortune; she told me so."

"She is wise, doubtless," said he. "She has taught you, then, that money cannot make happiness?"

"I don't know about that," answered Joanna, judiciously. "Pamela is often worried about money, and very careful to make as much of it as she can. What is a life-insurance policy?" she asked, suddenly. Joanna remembered, for the first time, what Mrs. Carl Tomkins had said at the grandmamma's dinner-party, and she began, now, vaguely to connect her remarks with the "Fairy Good-Fortune."

Redmond explained. He knew why Joanna asked, for Miss Basil had consulted him on the subject.

"I don't know that I quite understand it," said Joanna, with a sigh; "but I think it is lovely in Pamela to try to lay up money for me, when she knows I would spend it in pomps and vanities—that is, you know, I mean dress; and Pamela despises the pomps and vanities."

"And do you care so much for them?" asked Redmond, laughing. He had, indeed, no need to ask, for he had noted the conspicuous air with which the hat was worn.

"Ah, yes," Joanna answered, with a sigh; "I would like to—to—accept 'Mela's views; but my sister, now, she teaches me that dress is a matter of importance."

"Oh, yes," answered Redmond, quickly; "I have been anxious to hear: your sister is visiting you, and you are not disappointed in her?"

"Disappointed in her? Oh, but you should see her; she is an angel!"

"And what does your cousin think of her?"

"Pamela? Well, you know, she is not enthusiastic about any thing. She thinks my sister encourages vanity. But you don't know how good she is—Anita, I mean—nor how much pains she takes with me. Don't you see that I am improved in all my ways?"

"I don't know, Joanna," said Redmond, with a kindly smile. "I liked you well enough as I found you."

Joanna looked a little crestfallen.

"Oh," said she, "Pamela took great pains with me—I don't mean to be ungrateful—but we have lived *immured* here, and Anita has seen the world, which makes a difference."

"It does, indeed," said Redmond, briefly.

"Ah, see! There she is now!" cried Joanna, suddenly. "There is Anita! Look—look! she passes us now, in that white dress!"

And Anita, as she passed, bowed and kissed her hand, while Joanna turned and gazed after her eagerly. When she looked at Redmond again, she was surprised and mortified to see that he was very grave.

"Have I—have I—done any thing improper?" she stammered. "But it is only that she is all the world to me."

"That is well," answered Redmond, and smiled.

"If you knew her, you would understand," said Joanna, much encouraged. "And you shall see her when she comes back from her drive."

But Anita did not return to Basilwood that night. Soon after Redmond and Joanna arrived, Aleck Griswold came in with a twisted strip of paper that he said a lady had thrown him from a buggy, and asked him to bring to Miss Hawkesby; and Miss Hawkesby, going in to the light, read that Anita had gone to spend the night with Miss Ruffner.

"I would give something to understand the working of that young woman's mind!" said Miss Hawkesby, as she threw down the scrap of paper. "Anita never knows, two hours at a time, what she is going to do. But this comfort is mine, she is just as great a puzzle to herself as she is to me. I know she can't enjoy herself with the Ruffners, where they are continually sh-sh-ing people for fear talking will disturb Mrs. Stargold. They are enough to kill her. I wish Anita may have a stupid time—don't you, Mr. Hendall?"

Arthur had a way of responding with alacrity to any notice from old Miss Hawkesby. He had been sitting in the shadow, maintaining a woe-begone silence, but he roused himself now, and made an effort to be entertaining; and the evening passed off much to Miss Hawkesby's satisfaction. She disagreed with Mrs. Basil, she contradicted Miss Basil, she snubbed young Redmond, and she encouraged Arthur in little impertinences

about Sam; and when she went to bed she was in high good-humor with all the world.

It would have greatly enhanced the old lady's enjoyment could she have known how bored Anita was; but if she herself had been present, she could not have discovered the true sentiments of that accomplished little actress. Anita laughed sweetly at the tedious jokes Miss Ruffner made Sam repeat; she listened with an air of interest to the endless details Mrs. Ruffner had gathered about the people of Middleborough; she heard with sympathizing concern all Mrs. Stargold had to say about her symptoms; while she fought mosquitoes and sipped iced tea on the veranda, and heartily wished herself away.

It was worse the next morning, when everybody stepped about on tiptoe, and spoke in whispers, for fear of disturbing the invalid, who was in one of her dejected moods, and disposed to take a gloomy view of all things mundane. The burden of her lament now was, that she must die before the aim of her life could be accomplished. Anita wondered what the aim of her life could be.

Although the old lady was served with officious alacrity, it could not escape Anita's penetration that the whole household were pining for release. Sam yawned, and complained that the silence made him sleepy; Miss Ruffner, in a subdued voice, described the kind of mourning she should wear if ever she were called upon to put it on; and Mrs. Ruffner, in a sibilant whisper, stated confidentially that the prolonged confinement tried her nerves.

"So, Miss Anita, if you won't mind my running away, I need a new belt-buckle, and I'll just walk in to Lebrun's. I must have out-door exercise." Lebrun's was always attractive to Mrs. Ruffner on account of the gossip to be gathered there.

Miss Anita did not "mind" at all; and Mrs. Ruffner, in defiance of her daughter's remonstrances that it was too warm for walking, started off armed against the heat with parasol and fan.

Sam then disappeared to indulge his propensity to sleep; and Miss Ruffner, like a devoted sister, availed herself of the opportunity to promote his interests with the fair Anita. If Anita was to be won, surely she could do it, and Miss Ruffner does not understand to this day how she failed; the girl listened with so charming an air of bashful interest while Sam's domestic virtues, his social tastes, his methodical habits, his lively humor, were under discussion.

But Anita, in calculating the good she had gotten out of society, might have included the enviable power she had acquired of enduring boredom with unruffled calm—a calm that was the result of extracting amusement secretly out of the unguarded revelations of human nature. She looked so innocent, and sweet, and *innocuous*, while she sat there, convinced in her own mind that it was her duty—and her pleasure no less—to give Sam Ruffner's vanity a lesson. Indeed, giving useful lessons of this kind was the only good Miss Anita could charge herself with in her course through life. And Miss Ruffner, with no suspicion of the leaven of malice that possessed this gracious blond

beauty, waxed so eloquent in whispers that at last old Mrs. Stargold called out querulously, from her room across the passage:

"Why can't you speak out? What are you plotting, Jane?"

But Jane had too much diplomacy to confess in open terms what it was she was plotting. She was sitting by the window, and she rejoiced greatly to see Basil Redmond coming in, for his visit would divert Mrs. Stargold's attention.

"Dear Cousin Elizabeth," she cried, "I see Mr. Redmond coming. You will be glad to see him, I know; I will admit him myself."

Anita started up; but, before she could effect her escape, Miss Ruffner had ushered Redmond into the room, with the brief introduction, "Mr. Redmond, Miss Hawkesby," and left them together, in order to attend upon Mrs. Stargold.

Each bowed low at the introduction; when they looked up, Miss Ruffner was gone. After one quick glance, Redmond stood still in his place, with his eyes cast down, in unmistakable embarrassment.

"Have we ever met before?" asked Anita, in her mocking tones. If she was embarrassed, she gave no sign.

"That is for you to decide," said Redmond, quickly, raising his eyes.

"I have some faint recollection of acquaintance in a previous state of existence," said Anita, folding her hands with a dreamy air.

Basil Redmond advanced a step, as if about to speak; but just then Miss Ruffner returned and said that Mrs. Stargold would see him immediately.

"And, Miss Anita," said she, as she led Redmond away, "I have a note to write for Cousin Elizabeth; will you amuse yourself with a book?"

Anita assented graciously; but was this the same girl, that sank trembling into a chair, covering her face with her hands, the moment she was left alone?

"Unhappy that I am!" she said, bitterly. "My fate pursues me! I was doomed to meet that man again. I came away from Basilwood last night; I endured a social martyrdom here in order to escape him; and lo! here he is! Did he expect to see me? Did he come to meet me? How bravely we met as strangers!" And Anita laughed softly to herself. "Well, it is three years since we parted; why not?"

And then Anita lapsed into a reverie; and "merely by a thought's expansion" found herself in a long, shaded walk she well remembered, fragrant with oleander-blossoms, and swept by the breeze from the sea. By sunlight, by moonlight, by starlight, she knew that walk in all its aspects; once she had taken shelter there from a shower.

"Ah, we staid too late in Galveston," she sighed. "We should have left, my aunt and I, before the oleanders began to bloom. But it was her fault that we staid. How angry she will be now!"

What was it Anita heard that recalled her suddenly? Did she dream? or did old Mrs. Stargold really say something about wishing her wealth to go to a Hendall?

"She means Arthur!" thought Anita; "and I refused him yesterday. If I had only waited I might have had the opportunity of refusing his wealth also."

Then she heard a door closed with decision, and immediately afterward a bell rang loudly. It was the hall-door bell that rang, and standing in the open hall was Mrs. Basil, with her chin in the air, and a look of triumph on her face.

"Oh, good-morning!" said Miss Ruffner to her as she came down-stairs. "I didn't imagine it was you. Mother is gone shopping, and Cousin Elizabeth is very particularly engaged; but come in."

Miss Ruffner had been Mrs. Basil's guest one whole summer, yet no warmer welcome than this did she ever give her.

"It is of no moment," said Mrs. Basil, cheerfully. "A call is out of place these warm mornings, I know; but I rode with Arthur to the station—he is called away suddenly on some business connected with that unfortunate road"—(Anita laughed to herself at the supreme good faith with which Mrs. Basil made this announcement—*she* knew better)—"and at Miss Hawkesby's request I came by to take Miss Anita home with me"—and here Mrs. Basil gave a hand in absent fashion to Anita—"in my poor carriage."

By this token Anita knew that Mrs. Basil too must have overheard Mrs. Stargold's words; when had she ever called her belongings "poor" before?

"Oh, I protest!" exclaimed Miss Ruffner; and, "Oh, thank you; but I must go, I think," said Anita, glad of an excuse to get away; whereupon an animated contest ensued, in the midst of which Mrs. Ruffner entered, breathless and fanning.

"Oh, my! so warm! so dusty! so tired!—Why, good-morning, Cousin Rowena. I've been to Lebrun's; shouldn't have been back this hour, but Mrs. Carl Tomkins was with the Jordanes in their carriage, and they brought me home.—I've bought my belt-buckle, Jane; how do you like it? A Cupid on a rose-bud; sweet, isn't it?"

"It's horrid, perfectly horrid!" said Miss Ruffner, remorselessly. "Why *will* you buy such odious things, mother?"

"Well, now, I don't know," said Mrs. Ruffner, good-naturedly, holding the purchase off at arm's length for unprejudiced inspection. "I call that *chaste*. There were other styles; but I couldn't give my mind to them clearly, for that queer Miss Crane was trying to explain a curious vision she had about us all."

("After my tragedy of 'The Secret of the Oleander-Walk,' comes the farce of 'The Milliner dreamed a Dream,'" thought Anita; but she looked as innocent as a fair, white lily.)

Mrs. Basil smiled with dignified superiority, as though *she* had never been imposed upon by Lydia Crane. Miss Ruffner saw the smile, and said, loftily:

"She wished to tell me something of the kind, but I checked her."

"Certainly, my dear Jane," said Mrs. Basil, approvingly. "The poor creature is insane on the subject of 'visions.'"

"But this really was so singular," continued Mrs. Ruffner, unabashed. "It actually amounted to a prediction of fortune; and, though I can't myself state it distinctly, it seemed to show that Ruffner is a very lucky name, because it takes seven letters to spell it."

"My dear Mrs. Ruffner," said Mrs. Basil, with an indulgent smile, "if there is any thing in the number of letters that compose a name, Hendall is as good as Ruffner.—Pray, Jane," she added, rising, "give my love to Cousin Elizabeth; I would not interrupt her on any account." It was seldom that she was permitted to see her cousin, but this was no longer a grievance.—"Miss Anita, I am at your service."

"I am ready," said Anita; and, after what seemed to her an endless five minutes of adieux, she was at last in the carriage with Mrs. Basil, and driving away.

BASIL'S FAITH.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BITTER FRUIT."

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER II.

THE battle that Mr. Bradley fought on the 1st day of September, 1878, was not fought in the open country in the sight of men—it was fought in the recesses, wheresoever they have local habitation, of his own conscience—so, as far as the outside world was concerned, there would be no shout of victory and no shame of defeat; but none the less in that same conscience of his would be felt the silent thrill of moral triumph, or the chill sense of shameful discomfiture. Mr. Bradley's battle, the one battle of his life, ended in defeat.

The more he reflected upon all he knew of Mrs. Milburn's character; the more he pondered on the modest, blameless tenor of her life since she had resided under his roof—the more improbable appeared the charges alleged against her by a wicked and vicious husband, and consequently the greater the justice and duty of affording her an asylum in his family. But against this sense of justice and duty was arrayed the strong feeling of expediency—it was decidedly *expedient* that she should go. Mrs. Bradley had so ruled it, and society supported Mrs. Bradley; could he be fairly called upon to draw the sword against his wife and society in combination? Then, again, on religious grounds, and Mr. Bradley was not a man to ignore religion in its relations to secular conduct, the course of action was very fairly clear. Mr. Bradley's theology was mainly of a prudential nature; the grand precedents of a defiance of the world for the sake of duty and justice did not appear in his mind pertinent to the subject in debate, but it did appear that the right of a wife to select the inmates of her house was very conclusively established by the precedent of Abraham and Hagar. Besides all this, he might chance to be wrong and Mrs. Bradley right in her estimate

of facts, in which case the expulsion of Mrs. Milburn would become a positive duty to themselves, their son, and society; and then, after all, putting it at the worst, he would remain passive, the error of action, if error it were, would rest on Mrs. Bradley's shoulders, not on his. So Mr. Bradley gave up the fight, struck his flag, and surrendered to expediency, and he laid the flattering unction of sophistical extenuation thick upon his soul, but none the less in his heart of hearts did he feel that Mrs. Milburn was innocent; and that he, John Bradley, Esquire, with moneys, divers and sundry, at due interest in safe and prudent investments, with all the esteem and respect of the world—nay, with the positive approval of the world in the act he was about to permit—was nothing better than a mere cowardly, contemptible being, scarcely worthy of the name of man.

Mrs. Bradley's battle, on the other hand, might be called a victory; it was splendid and soul-stirring in all the attributes of triumph—splendid in self-confidence, splendid in the conviction of a righteous cause. Alas! this conviction was only built upon prejudice, anxiety on behalf of Basil, fear of the world, and that womanly power which has not been entirely denied to men, of converting false inferences into absolute facts. Dr. Manley's friendly words of caution were clear proofs of this woman's guilt—clear proofs of the just condemnation of society—could any thing more be required? What! a woman of this character an inmate of her house? oh, dire infection, beyond all power of disinfectants! A woman of this character holding daily intercourse with her son, striving insidiously, no doubt, to ingratiate herself with a young man of total inexperience in the wiles of women—a young man endowed with a generous and even a Quixotic soul! So, the inference being accepted as an incontrovertible fact, the consequences of the fact accumulated with frightful rapidity. Mrs. Bradley was almost panic-stricken with visions of the terrible dangers, moral and otherwise, that beset her son. Thank Heaven, the woman was to leave that very evening! Mr. Bradley had faithfully promised her that much; and she, on her part, had promised a scant and grudging courtesy to Mrs. Milburn for the few hours she was to remain in the house.

Thus it was throughout that day with husband and wife; nevertheless, both in Mr. Bradley's shameful defeat and Mrs. Bradley's delusive victory, lay the seeds of a bitter repentance.

It had been arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Bradley were to spend a friendly evening with their neighbors the Sharps; they were about to start, when the maid, a young girl who had been accustomed to attend on Mrs. Milburn, entered the room with a request from that lady that she might be permitted to see Mr. and Mrs. Bradley before they left for the evening.

"I'll ring for you, Jane," said Mrs. Bradley; and Jane left the room. "I suppose we must see her?"

"You may, Maria; I won't!"

"You needn't speak with such emphasis, Mr. Bradley; I really think it would be kind.

I don't want to appear harsh while she remains here."

"No! Hang it, Maria," replied Mr. Bradley, with increased emphasis, "I *must* be spared this. I can't face her, and that's the truth of it."

"Nonsense!"

"If I believed in Dr. Manley's opinion, I'd see her at once; but I don't believe in it. The more I think the matter over, the more convinced am I of her innocence."

"Marvelous incredulity!"

"Be that as it may, with this faith strong in me, I have agreed to her being sent away, knowing full well that this act in the eyes of the world means our condemnation—that's why I can't see her. I shall be in my study, engaged there; mind, she's not to come to me. I shall be ready when you are ready."

Mr. Bradley left the room. There was a certain point in minor matters at which he was capable of becoming doggedly obstinate, and Mrs. Bradley felt that that point had been reached.

Clara Milburn had nerved herself to make one last appeal for mercy—nerved herself to encounter once more the cruel words of Mrs. Bradley; she had crushed down with violent effort the pride of her heart which was counseling her with fierce counsel to set Mrs. Bradley at defiance, and repay scorn with scorn. A dangerous guide, and she knew it; she saw clearly whither such counsel tended, and she shuddered at the terrible sight. Nay, nay: humility must be her friend—long-suffering endurance must be her counselor; surely her last earnest prayer for countenance and support would be crowned with success!

She entered the room with beating heart and trembling steps. Mrs. Bradley's manner was sadly cold and distant. Could there be any hope?

"Well, Mrs. Milburn, we are about to start, but at your request I have remained to see you."

"But—Mr. Bradley?" she asked, eagerly.

"He declines seeing you again."

"At last he has come to believe in those lies!"

"I don't say that," replied Mrs. Bradley, evasively; "you leave us simply because Dr. Manley advises it."

"I feel I must have been a great burden to you," urged Clara; "but if you could only know the value of your support to me—every word, every act, acquired a tenfold significance—mere trifles to an ordinary guest stood to me as vouchers of faith and confidence." And then, in tones of great vehemence: "I swear to you, I'm innocent! Oh, bear with me a little longer—don't send me away until after that trial!"

"Really, Mrs. Milburn, I am not accustomed to this excitement."

"O Mrs. Bradley, do give me one word of kindness! I'm too weak to battle it out and defy the world without some support. Oh, for one blessed word of confidence! If you could only realize the fearful position in which I stand—cast out of the pale of respectability; no protection, no safeguard; the last friends shunning me as a vile thing; nothing to hope from respectable persons but contempt and scorn!"

Mrs. Bradley endeavored to change the issue.

"You do me great injustice," she observed; "I have never despised or scorned you. I trust I never despise or scorn any one; really, if you keep talking in this exaggerated strain, my palpitations will come on, I know they will; try to be calmer, pray."

Calm in the midst of a terrible struggle—oh, bitter mockery!—with one last, despairing effort, Clara threw herself at Mrs. Bradley's feet.

"Say you believe me guilty; say you believe—knowing me as you do—that those monstrous stories are credible, and I will not utter another word of importunity. O Mrs. Bradley, you cannot say so—you cannot say so! have mercy and patience, then, for a little longer!" and she clung to Mrs. Bradley with fervent grasp.

Ere this, Mrs. Bradley had never beheld human nature in its phase of passion and despair; the dark storms of life had never clouded her sunny existence; she did really feel very uncomfortable, and rather alarmed. In a weak, sentimental manner, she was deeply moved by Clara's appeal; not by its justice, but by her own uneasiness of soul. At this critical moment, however, the balance was thrown into the adverse scale by the return of Martha.

Martha's presence completely restored Mrs. Bradley's moral force.

"Here's Martha, Mrs. Milburn; we must hear what she's done."

Clara started to her feet; she felt that the presence of that woman sealed her doom.

"Well, Martha, you've had a long day?" said Mrs. Bradley, briskly.

"Yes, ma'am."

"You've arranged with your sister about Mrs. Milburn?"

"Sister sends her respectful duty to you and master—there's few things she wouldn't do on her knees if you asked her—but—" and Martha hesitated significantly—"her apartments are engaged."

The color flew into Clara's face, but with resolute effort she held her peace.

"Then what have you done, Martha?"

"Me and sister tramped about all day; at last we found just the very place, six doors lower down—Mrs. Jenkins."

"Your sister knows Mrs. Jenkins?" inquired Mrs. Bradley.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; goes to the same chapel—if any thing she's more prayerful than sister—but is just now rather short in rent and rates."

"You've taken Mrs. Jenkins's drawing-room?"

"Yes, ma'am, by the week."

"Mrs. Milburn will go to town directly our brougham returns," said Mrs. Bradley, with decision. "You needn't wait, Martha; I'm sure you must be tired."

Martha left the room, rejoicing in her own mind that she had prevented Mrs. Milburn from disgracing her sister's house.

"O Mrs. Bradley! is there no hope? must I leave this house?"

But Clara felt there was no hope; her voice had lost its force, and Mrs. Bradley was no longer alarmed or disturbed.

"Every thing is arranged, Mrs. Milburn. I wish you could have gone to Mrs. Johnson's, but—"

"I am evidently not fit to go there," replied Clara, reproachfully; her manner was fast changing under the influence of despair.

"Don't blame me, Mrs. Milburn. You see your conduct has closed nearly every respectable house against you—"

"Those lies have. You don't believe them, but you fear them."

Mrs. Bradley felt the necessity of an uncompromising vindication of her own conduct.

"If you will force me to speak out, I do believe you are not a fit person to remain in this house."

"Enough, Mrs. Bradley," replied Clara, with bitter emphasis; "I am *not* a fit person to remain here. I will detain you no longer. Good-evening." And she turned from Mrs. Bradley with proud gesture.

"Well, Mrs. Milburn, really! Oh, well, good-evening! I wish you well." And Mrs. Bradley left the room.

Clara Milburn flung herself upon the sofa. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley's brougham drove away. It was all over; the lies had won the victory; the last stronghold was stormed. She was cast out to fight the hard fight to the end with her own weak hands.

"O merciful Heaven!" she cried, "can it be permitted? What! left to stand alone!—left to face the world's contempt without the faith of one single soul to cast a ray of help and confidence on my failing heart! Alone, circled with scorn! O dreary hours—dreary days! No love to cling to for support; not even that baby-face—that face pure as an angel's—that face holy with innocence—that guardian angel of a mother's heart! O devilish iniquity to drag her from my arms! Her weakness, my strength; her feebleness, my fortitude; her smile, my consolation! No: alone now—condemned!"

Captain Seton stole in cautiously by the window entrance.

"Clara," he whispered.

She started up.

"You here!" she exclaimed, with indignation. "I told you I would not see you again!"

"It shall be for the last time!"

"I say, no!"

"I will—I must speak!" he answered.

"I will not hear you!" She went toward the door, but he barred her progress. "Let me go, Captain Seton!" She drew back from him toward the fireplace. "This is shameful. If you compel me, I'll ring the bell for the servant to show you out."

"One moment, for Heaven's sake!" he exclaimed.

"Is your love for me," she asked, with indignation, "so merciless that you can compromise me in this reckless way?"

"No danger is incurred, Clara. I am free to come in and out of this house as I like. Oh, bear with me now! it shall be the last time."

"Speak, then, for the last time."

"You were forced into that wicked marriage?"

"I was."

"You were engaged to me?"

"I was."

"He has cast you off—driven you from society—traded your character!"

"Why these facts?" she asked, impatiently.

"Because they prove that the bond is broken between you; they prove the greatness of the wrong—the misery and the sorrow. You are alone, cast out. I pray you to let me share that misery and that sorrow."

"No—forever no!" she replied, with intense decision.

"Do I ask for smiles? I come now when the shadow is deepest. I prize tears more than smiles. My love is not for sunshine. Mark what I will do. I will give all I possess, and give it gladly. I will throw up my commission. I will break with society; that society which has treated you with such heartless cruelty. I will bear you away from all this misery: happiness in a new land!"

"Shame!" she exclaimed, scornfully.

"Shame here, which cannot be averted. Can I—can any one—save you from this misery here in England? But abroad, unknown, we are free; a new land, a new life: that life which should have begun for us four years ago—that hope to which I have been ever true."

"No," she answered; "shame in my own bosom, whether the world be ignorant or not."

"If I give up so much gladly, will you give up nothing?"

"Nothing, Captain Seton? Why, nothing is *all*!"

"I will live—*die* for you."

"Not die—only weary," she answered, with a bitter smile.

"Weary! O Clara, is this just to me? Is my love a thing of yesterday? This is my first love, true from its birth up to now—true, because it has been tested; true, because it courts all that the world can give as nothing in the balance. Sacrifice, no sacrifice—sacrifice the truest joy!"

"Cease. I will listen no more!" she exclaimed, with resolute determination.

"Think well how the matter stands," he urged, vehemently. "My love on the one side, the world's cruel scorn on the other. Why, if your story cannot convince your friends, how shall it convince a jury? Besides, can I wait for a verdict? I must go to India at once, or not go."

"Then go—go, and leave me, for Heaven's sake! Every word you utter is a disgrace. Hush!" she exclaimed, listening, "some one comes. Go, I beg and pray. If you have any consideration left for me, go—go!"

He withdrew into the garden. Martha entered with a lamp.

"Ah, Captain Seton," she murmured, "you *have* spoken for the last time! If none are true to me, I will still be true to myself. Has the brougham returned?" she inquired of Martha.

"No, ma'am."

"I am going to my room; please to send Jane up to me."

"I will attend to any thing you want, ma'am."

"I want Jane!"

"Please, ma'am, Jane can't come."

"Why not? Is she busy?"

"I can't give any reasons, ma'am: she can't come." Martha scorned to palter with the truth.

"Is this your mistress's order?" asked Clara, with a sickening feeling pervading her frame.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you mean to say that the girl is to be kept from me?"

"Those are my orders, ma'am. I am to wait upon you as long as you remain here, and not the other servants."

"O Martha, for Heaven's sake!" she exclaimed, piteously, "this can't be true. Am I so horribly wicked that they are afraid of my saying a few parting words to a girl who has been kind and attentive to me?"

"I can only repeat, ma'am, that I am to wait upon you, and no one else. Jane has been brought up under missus's own care; if she'd been her own daughter, missus couldn't have been more particular about her. I'll say that, if I never say another word."

"Enough; I won't detain you any longer." But Martha chose to stay, for a purpose of her own.

"If you please, ma'am, I'm only a servant, and you're a lady; but I must make bold to say one word. There's one thing that makes us poor wicked things all equal—that's sin, ma'am—sin. You and I are both dreadful sinners. O Mrs. Milburn, repent—repent!"

"Silence, Martha!" exclaimed Clara, in a voice of anger; "you forget yourself; leave the room!"

But Martha did not immediately leave the room. She was stubborn by nature; her theology was intense, though not comprehensive; its cardinal principle was hatred. She had been persistently taught to hate sin, and she had included the sinner in the lesson. It was a grand opportunity for the vindication of her theology, and she resolved to be true to the opportunity.

"I will do my duty, ma'am; you sha'n't be lost for want of a saving word; repent, while it is yet time—repent! repent!"

Clara turned away with disgust and indignation.

"A proud heart leadeth to destruction," Martha muttered in audible tones as she left the room.

And Martha spoke truly; the cruel work was done. Captain Seton little thought, as he skulked behind the bushes, that the woman who a few minutes before had rejected him with so much scorn and indignation, had fallen into his snare. He was resolved, indeed, once more to press his suit, although the effort seemed hopeless. Alas! the pride of Clara Milburn's heart had been evoked at last! a new and desperate spirit animated her soul, declaring its inward presence by an outward change which wellnigh transformed her whole being; the softer outlines faded from her face, and hard-cut lines of scorn took their place; the eyes lost their veiling of modest depression, and gazed with fixed,

unabashed glance; the lips were close set, each muscle was strung to hardest tension.

"Oh, last drop of degradation!" she cried; "nothing spared—forced to my lips to the bitter dregs—no more hope, no more faith! the battle's over! I'm beaten at last—let the defeat be on their heads."

Seton stole in from the window-entrance. She hurried up to him.

"Once more, Clara, I pray—"

"No need," she cried, taking his hand; "I accept your offer, I go with you."

He was startled by her words—startled by her strange aspect.

"O happiness!" he murmured; but the word mocked him as he spoke it.

"Not happiness," she answered, scornfully, as she snatched her hand away from him; "bitterness and shame!—take me for that, if you will."

"I will."

"Not love!—hate! hate for the social injustice, for the scorn and contempt passed on me; no more meekness and resignation—a new heart, a heart of brass. Shame, then be it shame! Guilt, then be it guilt! I'm yours now—yours! yours!" she exclaimed, with fierce emphasis. "What! do you shrink at my words?"

And, almost involuntarily, he did shrink away from the woman he had won.

"Shrink?" he answered, with a forced smile.

"You do shrink. Oh, I can pardon you! I'm not the Clara Milburn you thought to win—gentle, soft, loving. I tell you another nature has sprung up in me—hardness, defiance, scorn for scorn—the river is crossed at last; respectability may frown and shrink on the other side. Do you care for me now?"

"If you are changed, I am not," he answered, in feeble protest.

"Kiss me!" she cried, in the mad excitement of her brain—the words hissed from her lips; "give me the kiss of degradation and shame—"

Again he shrank from her, the woman he had won.

"Afraid of kissing a woman!" she exclaimed, with bitter derision and contempt.

Nettled by her taunt, he touched her lips with his.

"Enough!" she shrieked; and, with a shudder of loathing and disgust, thrust him from her. "That's indelible; right through to the soul—an eternal blot. Let's go!"

"My boat is at the bottom of the garden," he answered.

"No, Captain Seton," she replied, with withering scorn; "we two leave this house *openly*. Ring the bell."

"Ring the bell?" he exclaimed, with astonishment.

"Ring the bell," she answered, with resolute voice.

"But everybody—" he expostulated.

"Everybody *will* know," she replied, exulting in his hesitation and dismay. "I mean them to know; you said you would share my misery and sorrow, you must share my defiance and my scorn. Follow me, or leave me, as you will, there's yet time; go back to society, and join the rest in spurning me."

"I follow you," he replied; and he felt that she was in very truth leading him.

"Don't lightly choose," she rejoined, in scornful tone; "and yet it doesn't much matter: if you do fail me, I shall still have one true friend—death. One minute, though, before we go. Mrs. Bradley must know all about this affair. I'll write a few lines to her in requital for all the misery she made me suffer while I clung to her for protection; those smiles of mine which covered anguish; that submission which bent to the lash of her tongue. Oh, my long-enduring hypocrisy, flung away at last—plain-speaking now!" She went to the writing-table.

Was this the woman he had sought so earnestly to win? Was this the sweet, soft triumph of love? He took her hand in his.

"Your hand burns, Clara—"

"My brain as well—it's like a furnace." She wrenched her hand from him. "Quick! a pen—now paper—thanks! My hand's firm enough, and my words shall be firm, too. Read as I write—that's bitter!" she exclaimed. "Plain enough, isn't it? She'll understand that, won't she? Black and white—no equivocation. Ah, this will cut her Pharsaic righteousness to the quick! no doubt of shame and guilt now!" She held up the letter, thrusting it in his face, that he might again read it, and see the desperate words she had written.

"Pray make haste," he said, nervously, pushing away her hand.

"No hurry; I must sign my name," she replied, with irritating calmness and deliberation.

"Then sign at once. Good Heavens, that's Basil's voice!" he exclaimed.

"Is it?" she answered, with affected unconcern.

"I'm sure it is."

"What's that matter to us?"

"But he'll come here!"

"Let him come, by all means," she replied, with provoking calmness.

"We must leave before he comes."

"What! afraid of a good young man like Basil?" she answered, with taunting voice.

"This is folly, Clara; you really must consider a little what people will say."

"If I don't fear shame, why should you?" she asked, with strong emphasis. "Besides," she added, in sarcastic tone, "society will always forgive you when it is convenient for you to repent—it will never forgive me. An envelope, please."

He impatiently handed her an envelope.

"Now for the direction, and I shall be ready to go."

"Confound it, here he is!" exclaimed Seton, with evident dismay. "Quick! follow me." He snatched up the letter, and hurried into the garden.

"I will direct this envelope before I stir from this chair," she said, with determination; and, with careful, exact hand, she wrote: "Mrs. Bradley, Broadmere Villa, Twickenham." She had scarcely risen from her chair when Basil entered the room.

This Basil—this good, virtuous, money-making young man—she felt a thrill of vindictive pleasure at meeting him once more.

"O Mrs. Milburn!" he exclaimed, "I was half afraid I should find you'd gone!"

"I am going directly, Mr. Basil."

"I'm so glad I've found you!"

"I don't think your mother would be equally pleased," she replied, in ironical tone.

"Nonsense!" he answered, with a pleasant laugh.

"I beg you to tell her that you have sought me, not that I have sought you; she considers you so good, so excellent, so irreproachable—"

"Bless me, Mrs. Milburn!" He, too, was struck with the strangeness of her face, and the unwonted hardness of her voice.

"I am so wicked—branded with shame—an outcast. Don't come near me; my influence on a young man would be so very pernicious. I should destroy that fair reputation which hedges you round. Why, even to speak to me is to risk your credit with society."

"Who says this?" he asked, indignantly.

"Your mother!"

"I fear my mother has said some things I cannot defend," he answered, in a tone of regret.

"Oh, your mother was right enough. I am wicked—guilty—only worthy of your contempt. Look down upon me from your pedestal of respectability, and scorn me as you will."

"Really, Mrs. Milburn—" he expostulated.

"Be hard," she continued, in sarcastic voice. "You have never been tempted; then show no mercy on one who has fallen—turn away and walk on the other side—I am a thing to shun."

"Pray cease this random talk," he exclaimed, earnestly. "I know the past must have been very hard to bear."

"It was very hard," she replied; "no matter, *that* time is past and gone."

"It is, thank Heaven!" His words were spoken with marked significance.

"What do you mean?" she asked, struck by the tone of his voice.

"I repeat, that time *is* past and gone. I bring blessed news to you; those calumnies and those lies are at an end! Those vile reptiles which swarmed against you are crushed!"

"Crushed!" she cried, in bewilderment.

"No more reproach," he continued; "no more false accusation; no more fear of that wretched court. You are saved from all that misery."

"Saved! How saved?"

"Your husband bears testimony to your perfect innocence."

"Impossible!"

"With his own hand!"

"A miracle!" she exclaimed.

"Have faith," he answered. "It was not possible that Heaven could permit this horrible injustice. I have been with your husband all day—it was a hard fight. I won't speak of him to you; enough that I have shamed him into truth—plucked away the lies—broken up that vile conspiracy; with his own hand he vouches for your perfect innocence; here's the letter, read it." He gave

her the letter, and she read it, dazed and bewildered.

"All reproach is done away with by that letter," he continued. "You are restored with full right and all honor to your old position in society. No one can gainsay your husband's written words."

"It cannot be true," she answered; "it must be a dream."

"No dream, Mrs. Milburn—written words, written words!"

"What! innocent!" she cried. "No more reproach—no more coldness—no more scorn—no more bitter contempt! perhaps tenderness, perhaps affection, perhaps confidence and love once more."

And tears rose in her eyes, and the new hardness faded from her face, and the old softness returned, and she was her own true self once more; and through quick-falling tears she declared her gratitude:

"You have done all this—you, whom I despised—you, who seemed to be so cold, so distant—scarcely ever uttering a word to me. Oh, why did you let me feel all this hardness toward you—you, who have been striving for my cause as no one else has striven; you, who have saved me at the last?"

"I'm not a fellow to talk much," he answered, bluntly. "If I can do a thing, I do it, and talk afterward."

"Forgive me, Mr. Basil." She took his hand.

"Yes, yes! fiddlesticks about forgiveness and all that sort of thing;" and he turned from her in his plain, matter-of-fact manner.

"Innocent!" she murmured. "Innocent in the sight of the world!" She heard, or thought she heard, a foot-fall in the garden. "Merciful Heavens! he comes;" and she gazed, as one fascinated, into the outer darkness.

"What's the matter?" inquired Basil.

"Nothing—nothing."

"Do you hear any one in the garden?"

"Nothing—nothing, I assure you. Oh, not now, not now!" she murmured to herself. "Not dragged back to that perdition—to that shame! not an outcast now!" In an access of terror she flew to Basil, as if for protection. "I'm not guilty!" she cried, in agonized voice. "Not guilty! If I said I was guilty, it wasn't true—you'll believe that."

"I know it."

"But I did say I was guilty—I did say I was wicked; I did say I was branded with shame. If any one tells you that, it's false. Oh, you won't desert me, now, at this last moment—you won't desert me?"

"Why, you forget your husband's letter!" he answered, in assuring tone.

"Not that—not that. Oh, if any one says I'm guilty, you won't believe it?"

"Of course not!" he replied, indignantly. "I should like to see the man who'd dare to say it."

"You'll promise to uphold me still?"

"O Mrs. Milburn, try to calm yourself. After all you've suffered, I don't wonder at this revulsion of feeling. Sit down for a minute." He led her to a chair. "You must try to regard the past as an ugly dream—a frightful nightmare—nothing more than the

product of a dream. All misery and sorrow are at an end. I only know of one thing for you to do," he added, after a pause.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Well, if I may dare to say so—forgive."

"Forgive?"

"Forgive my mother—if I have done you any service. I ask this as my reward."

"I do forgive her, from the bottom of my heart."

"Thank you"—he grasped her hand—"thank you, Mrs. Milburn."

"I can forgive others," she thought to herself; "can I ever forgive myself?"

"Why, you never asked me whether I saw Mabel to-day?" he observed, in cheerful tone.

Her child! but his words fell dead upon her ears; for she was listening, in agonized tension, for the foot-fall of that man who held possession of her accursed letter.

"Mabel? yes, Mabel?" she answered, mechanically.

"I did see her; she's as bright as ever."

He was talking about her child; but she was trying to solve a terrible doubt: "Would that man have mercy on her?—would he bury the past in silence?—would he reveal her shame?"

"You'll see her very soon, Mrs. Milburn;" and Basil marveled much at the strangeness of her manner.

"Shall I? shall I?" Her ear caught sound of a rustle in the shrubbery; she started from her chair, and clung, terror-stricken, to Basil. "If any thing is said against me," she gasped, "you won't believe it—promise me that—"

"What, returning to that old story?" he said, in a good-natured, half-chiding tone. "Nonsense, nonsense! I want you only to think about Mabel;" and he made her resume her seat.

"I've got another surprise for you, only you must promise to be very calm."

"Calm! Indeed, I'm quite calm."

"I've done more than bring that letter—I've brought Mabel as well."

"Brought Mabel!" she exclaimed, incredulously.

"She's here, in this very house."

Her child was in the house—the child she had been dying to see; but what was that to her? That man was waiting for her outside. Shame, disgrace, degradation; she had chosen *them* in that past evil moment of dire temptation.

"Asleep in Martha's room," he continued. "You see, I didn't leave my work half done," he added, in a tone of pride. "Come, let's go and see the little lady."

He took Clara's arm in his, and gently led her toward the door. She went with him a few paces; then she suddenly broke away from him. Her business was in *that* room, not at the bedside of her child.

"No, I can't go—I can't—not just now—it's all so fearfully sudden. I'll breathe the fresh air for a few minutes." He offered her his arm to go to the garden. "No, leave me—leave me. I'd rather be alone; leave me for a short time; that's all I ask. I shall be myself directly."

He would have obeyed her, but at that

moment his father and mother entered the room.

"Clara, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, "we know all about it; Martha's told us every thing. We couldn't stop at the party. Mr. Bradley had a headache."

"Say we couldn't stop, Maria, because we felt somehow we hadn't done what was right."

Basil handed Tom Milburn's letter to his father, who read it with anxious attention.

Mrs. Bradley's repentance was full and heart-felt. She threw herself at Clara's feet, kneeling to her as she sat in the chair.

"O Clara! can you forgive me?"

"She has forgiven you, mother," exclaimed Basil.

"O my poor, wronged darling!" continued Mrs. Bradley, with tears in her eyes. "How can you forgive me all the hard things I have said and thought? I feel so ashamed. Oh, that I should ever have listened to those vile stories, and thought them true! Tell me, if you can, with your own lips, that you forgive me."

"I do, Mrs. Bradley, I do forgive you;" and Mrs. Bradley clasped Clara's hand in hers.

"Only one thing I ask: prove your forgiveness by more than words. Remain with us—make this house your home."

"What! remain with you—remain here?" exclaimed Clara, in tones of wonder.

"Our honored guest," said Mr. Bradley, putting down Milburn's letter.

"Don't refuse us, Clara, I beg and pray," said Mrs. Bradley, with the greatest warmth. "Enable me to repair the bitter past."

"This is very kind—too kind," she answered; and then, with sudden change of tone, she started up, agitated and trembling. "No, no—I'm not worthy of this; I'm not, indeed." And she involuntarily shrank away from Mrs. Bradley.

"Clara, dear, you say you have forgiven me; but these words sound like words of reproach."

"You can never return to your husband," observed Mr. Bradley, gravely; "you must be *our* daughter."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Basil. "Then *our* sister, by Jove!"

"Yes; our daughter, our sister," said Mrs. Bradley, in kindest tone; "always with us—always revered as one who has passed through the fire of trial and temptation scathless."

Sadder than the bitter words of scorn and insult fell the loving words of Mrs. Bradley on Clara's ear.

"No, no!" she murmured, sinking into a chair. "You do not know me. I am *not* worthy of your kindness."

And now, most undoubtedly, there was a sound of some one in the garden. Basil ran up to the window, and looked out.

"Why, it's Seton, I believe.—Hullo, Seton! What's the matter, old fellow?"

"Nothing," answered Seton, from the outside; "only my skiff's got aground."

The terrible moment had arrived. Clara started from her chair, and clung, in terror, to Mrs. Bradley.

"Oh, let me stay—let me stay! Don't

send me away! I'm not really guilty! I'm not, indeed I'm not! I swear I'm not!"

"We know it, my poor child," said Mrs. Bradley, soothingly; and she tenderly pressed Clara to her heart. "We know it, darling—be assured of that. Poor, burning forehead! Rest this throbbing head on my bosom. Be calm—be at peace. My daughter now."

Seton entered from the garden.

"Why, confound it, Seton," exclaimed Basil; "you're always making a muddle with that stupid boat."

Clara broke away from Mrs. Bradley's arms; she met Seton face to face on the threshold.

"O Captain Seton, she exclaimed, in a broken, agitated voice, "every thing is changed now—changed. My husband has declared my innocence—sent back Mabel. Every thing is altered now. You understand—*altered*. What's passed is passed. I'm to remain here—not go—not go! *Here*, in this house—with *them*!"

She staggered back exhausted. Basil caught her in his arms; Mr. and Mrs. Bradley hurried up to her assistance; Captain Seton remained standing by himself on the threshold.

THE JOHN HARRIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY," ETC.

"I'VE been thinkin', sir, you'd like to hear of how we gave chase to a slaver off the east coast of Africa in the year '69."

I nodded assent. I had made the acquaintance of my friend Jack Pembridge on the day I reached Broadstairs, and since then I had walked out several times to Kingsgate to have a chat with him about his life on board a man-o'-war. Jack was a splendid-looking, muscular fellow, about six feet high, with handsome blue eyes and a tawny mane and whiskers that matched his skin in color, and that looked a perfect embodiment of tropical sunshine. He had taken service in the Preventive force at Kingsgate for a time, he said, as his wife did not want him to go to sea again. The last time I had seen him I asked him to search his memory for a yarn against my next visit, as I meant to go up and see the life-boat; so when he saw me he had greeted me with this sentence.

Jack was standing by the life-boat house when I reached him, but he seemed to think this an unfit place for story-telling.

"Come round, sir," he said, "to the lee-side of Neptune's Tower. There's a seat there, snug in the sunshine."

So there was; and, as he had evidently preconcerted this arrangement, he began at once, without any preface, except to say, in answer to my question, that his ship's name at this time was her majesty's steamer Spitfire.

"We was cruising about in the Bight. We'd none on us been ashore for three years; for, you see, sir, there's a deal of fever on the coast, and it wouldn't do; general ways, ships takes it turn and turn about to go ashore at St. Helena, but somehow we hadn't done it, and our cap'n—he was a rare good

one, our cap'n was—I s'pose he guessed he felt it tightish work, tho' I don't think none on us did, for we were all comfortable among ourselves. He used to give us leave when the country people comed down to the shore, as they do at some o' the places, with eggs, and cheese, and such like. Well, he'd say, 'Go ashore, lads, and buy what you like;' and, if we brought a cask o' brandy back, he never said nothin' contrary. We always locked it up, you know," said Jaak, looking as serious as his usual expression of broad good-humor permitted, "and served it us out in rations, extra, after supper; and then we used to have singin', and dancin', and jokin'—bless your heart, sir, we were as jolly—it was partickler so for me; for, you see, there was only the cap'n, the master, and a midshipman—both these last was boys—so, tho' I was only a petty hoficer (cox'en of the long-boat), the cap'n he looked to me for every think, you know, sir; not but what he was rare and kind to all on us, but I had a'most all the same as a quarter-deck hoficer. Well, one day we was at Wydar, when a missionary comes aboard and tells the cap'n if he'll give him forty pounds he'll put him in the way of a slaver—the slavers is mostly taken thro' the reports of the missionaries, sir. Well, the cap'n he sent for the hoficers, and they talked it over, and it was settled that the missionary—he was a black 'un—should be paid the money if the slaver was taken, and the contrary if it wasn't. So then he told us that she was a brigantine sailin' under the Merrikin colors, and callin' herself the John Harris. She had only lately come in, and he knew she'd not loaded yet.

"Next morning we got orders from the admiral's ship to go up to Lagos; so off we goes, the risk being that the slaver might have taken in her cargo afore we comed back, you see, sir. Well, we wasn't long at Lagos. We'd left a boat to watch her, and, as soon as we comes back, there she was, sure enough, with the Merrikin flag flyin'.

"As soon as our cap'n sees this, he tells me to man a boat, and off he goes to have a parley with the Merrikin skipper. Only the cap'n and the midshipman goes on deck, and we stays below in the boat. Presently I looks up and I sees, peeping over at me, a face I knowed—a mate's I'd served with on board the Britannia.

"'Hullo, mate,' says I; 'I thinks I knows your face.'

"'I knows yours, if you don't know mine,' he says, grinnin'.

"'Your name's Freeman, ain't it?' says I.

"'Well, it is,' says he; 'what then?' and he grins at me again.

"'What are you a-doin' here?' says I.

"'Oh, we'd only got a small cargo,' says he, 'and we've nearly got rid of it.'

"'All ready to take in the live 'un, eh?' says I.

"'That's nothin' to you nor me,' says he, quite short.

"'I saw I should get nothin' more out of him. Presently the cap'n comes down and tells us to pull back to the ship.

"'I can't make any thing out of her, Pembridge,' he whispers; 'she's not loaded yet, at any rate.'

"Well, I felt terrible oneasy because I was sure she was after no good; but, as the cap'n said, we'd no proof to warrant us in takin' any proceedings ag'in her. For, you see, sir, that was before this Merrikin war, and the Merrikins didn't allow no right of search; so, if the cap'n had opened her hatches, and she'd turned out no slaver at all, why, their government 'ud ha' brought a haction again ours, and our cap'n 'ud ha' lost his commission.

"Well, sir, on and off we went on cruisin' thereabouts for three months, never once losin' sight of the John Harris.

"She dropped down to St. Thomas's after a bit, and filled all her water-casks; but she seemed so quiet and take-it-easy about it that some on us began to feel terrible puzzled. We'd noticed that she'd had a lot o' planks aboard to make a slave-flat; but she'd sent all ashore new. You know, sir, if they don't ship the darkies as soon as old King Dahomey's got 'em ready, why, he claims 'em, and makes the skipper buy 'em all over again.

"Well, all on a sudden one Saturday evening we missed her. She was gone right clear, like a flash of smoke, from under our bows. The cap'n was terrible vexed; for, you see, sir, we thought she'd perhaps taken her cargo in and was off safe enough to Cuba. So he sends two crew-boys ashore to inquire of the missionary what give us informations. Well, sir, the crew-boys didn't come back, nor the boat neither. It was plain enough they'd been put in prison to stop their laying informations.

"We was precious wild to think we'd lost her after all; for, you see, supposin' she hadn't loaded up, we didn't know where she was a-goin' to take 'em in, so we didn't know where to look for her.

"The next morning was Sunday—it was a misty, hazy sort of weather—I was keeping watch while they was at church below, and I just thought I'd get up in the cross-trees and have a lookout. I'm blowed if I didn't ketch sight on her somewhere down the coast, at a place called Ambrosette. Down I goes, and whispers to the cap'n:

"'Cap'n,' says I, 'there's the John Harris.'

"'Where?' says he.

"'Down at Ambrosette. She's a gettin' 'em in—she won't be there long, cap'n,' says I.

"Well, the cap'n he cuts church precious short, and up he comes to the cross-trees.

"'That's her, sure enough,' says he, after he'd taken a squint at her thro' the glass.

"But he wouldn't have steam got up at once because he wanted, you see, to let her ship her cargo. Agin' it was dusk we was all ready, and then down we steamed at a tremenjious rate.

"Well, we was looking forrard—it had come on a bit hazy all on us—bending our eyes in one direction, and 'specting to ketch sight on her ivery minute, for, you see, sir, we'd no suspicions as she was off, when, on a sudden, one of our crew who'd been ill, and was sitting for hair on a coil of ropes in the stern, he calls out: 'Hello, there she is—there's the John Harris!'

"There she was behind us. Why, sir, we'd passed her in the fog, which had just

lifted off now, and, if that invalid seaman hadn't happened to be hill and to be looking otherways to what the rest on us was, we'd lost her altogether.

"Well, the cap'n he calls out, 'Ease her—stop her;' and our ship was soon swung round, within hail of the slaver. The fog had cleared off now—you see, sir, in them there seas it's never what you may call dark—and we'd soon got near enough to be sure of her.

"But the cap'n wouldn't meddle with her till daylight.

"Then he hails her: 'What ship's that?'

"'What ship are you?' came the answer.

"'That's enough, sir,' says I—'that shows what she is; and, look ye here, sir, the John Harris is painted out now.'

"'How can you be sure of that?' says the doctor.

"'Sure, sir,' says I, 'I sees the fresh paint.' I was always A 1 for long sight, so nobody said me nay.

"Well, the cap'n sends the two officers and the gunner in one boat, and me and a file of marines in another; but I was not to go aboard unless Mr. Wilkinshaw—that was the master's name—signaled to me to do so. However, sir, as we lay alongside in the boat, I was sure we was all right, for I could smell 'em, sir—smell 'em through the timbers as plain— Well, after they'd had some palaver with the skipper, Mr. Wilkinshaw he comes and beckons me up.

"'It's all right, Pembridge,' he whispers.

"'Yes, sir,' says I, 'I knows it. She's right full on 'em.'

"'Oh, I think not,' he says, looking quite surprised, 'the skipper shows his papers all right and fair. I don't think there's any in.'

"'Well, sir,' says I, 'I've got just upon four pounds in my locker, and I don't mind betting you that she's right full on 'em. Why, sir, put your nose down here—can't you smell 'em?'

"'No, Pembridge, I can't,' says he—'no more can the others. What reason have you for suspicion?'

"I felt terrible wild, but you see, sir, they was hoficers and I was man, and, you see, they'd been having a cigar with the skipper, and he'd been making hisself pleasant—and those young gents are easy got over. 'Well, sir,' says I, 'when we went aboard at Wydar she'd got a lot o' crew-boys—where are they now? Then she's got all her water-casks on deck. Why's that for, but to find room below?—and, most of all, sir, I smell 'em.'

"Well, the man I named Freeman was one mate, and he looked black enough at me, for he saw I knowed what I was after; and there was another mate named Thomas—a most hawful character he was, to be sure—the hoaths he used, when he saw me and the hoficers talkin' together, was tremenjious—them Merrikins are terrible handy with hoaths, you know, sir.

"Well, Mr. Wilkinshaw he says something to the skipper about crew-boys—and says Freeman:

"'Here they lies safe enough'—and he lifts up a sail on deck and reg'lar showed 'em

to us—a heap of darkies all lying huddled together.

"There they are, sir," says I; "now you see 'em."

"Oh, no," says the gunner, "those are the crew-boys."

"Well, sir, it was no use; I felt we was done this time, so over we goes and rows back to our ship, and the officers goes up to the cap'n with their story. Well, the men was rare and wild—they as had been with me in the boat had told the rest what I thought, and they all begins a urging o' me to go up to the cap'n and tell him my suspicions."

"Quiet!" says I; "you let the cap'n alone—he'll send for me when he wants me."

"Sure enough, there was a hue and cry for me presently, and in I goes to the cap'n."

"Well, Pembridge," says he, "and what do you say now? It seems all right and straightforrard."

"Say, sir," says I. "Why, she's full on 'em."

"Well," says he, and he looks terrible perplexed, "you're only a seaman, and these are officers. What's the reasons o' your suspicions, Pembridge?"

"Well, sir," says I, "I'm that sure that, with the cap'n's leave, I'll lay four pounds—and that's all I've got left in the world—agin any o' these gen'l'm, that she's right full on 'em. I've three causes of suspicions. Why, sir, in the first place, didn't you notice, when you and me went aboard, or rather when you went aboard and I staid below, that she'd plenty of crew-boys?"

"Right well," says our skipper. "I've heard about that, and these gentlemen says the crew-boys was accounted for."

"Cap'n," says I, "in course I can't swear to knowin' them darkies one from another, but my belief is, them weren't crew-boys as we saw just now. Then, sir, she's got all her water-casks on deck full—not below, sir. Why's that for? Then, sir, you remember as well as I do that she had two anchors when you went aboard—now she's got but one. Why's that, sir? Because she saw us a-comin' in the dark, and she slipped her anchor to get off quicker. Why did she do that for?"

"The cap'n he was terrible perplexed; but, instead of going aboard hisself along o' me that same afternoon, he says, 'We'll go down to Ambrosette' (he knew there was a large Nova Scotia bark lying there, which must have seen all that had been going on, and he'd make inquiries). Now here, sir, was the folly. As it was, it was a dead calm. We could move along because of our steam, but she lay as dead as a log. But, thinks I to myself, as we steams off, 'If a breeze springs up in the night we sha'n't see no more of the John Harris.' By the time we gets down to Ambrosette it had got late, and the cap'n wouldn't let me go aboard the Nova Scotia bark. He said they would all be abed, and I must wait till daylight."

"It was an awful sort o' risk, as you know, sir, to lay alongside all night, and to feel if a breeze sprung up we hadn't the ghost of a chance left, for I knowed fast enough if once the John Harris got a fair start, the game was up."

"You may be sure I never slept a wink all night, and as soon as there was a glimmer of what might be called daylight down I goes to the cap'n, rouses him up, and gets his leave to go aboard. The cap'n said perhaps they might refuse to give informations, and in that case I was to overhaul their log-book, which, in course, as you knows, sir, they hadn't no right to refuse. Well, I goes aboard, sir, and there was no one up—only one seaman. I asked him if he'd seen the John Harris down at Ambrosette lately, and he said yes, till the evening afore yesterday; but when I comes to further questions he declines to hanswer, cos, you see, sir, the Dabomey people 'ud have nothink to do with them if so be as they gived informations. 'Well,' says I, 'can I see your log-book?' 'See it and welcome,' says he. And accordingly I looks, and I finds: 'Brigantine, name John Harris, had connection with twenty canoes.' 'All right,' thinks I; and perhaps I didn't get back quick to the Spitfire."

"All right, sir," I says to the cap'n; and back we steams tremenjious fast, and after some time we catches sight on her. She'd moved a little, but the calm lay deader than ever."

"The cap'n he hails her again, and the skipper, I s'pose, he thinks as how it's all up now."

"It's no good, cap'n," says he; "you can come and take 'em. I've got five hundred for you."

"Now, the bo'sun and I had had a talk as we was steaming up from Ambrosette, and he said we should miss her after all, he was positive."

"Not a bit of it," says I. "I'll lay you a pound that we board her and take her by twelve o'clock."

"Done," says the bo'sun.

"The cap'n he tells us to man the pin-nace and the long boat, and all the rest of 'em to come with him to the ship."

"Well, as soon as we goes aboard, the skipper he turns sulky, and he says:

"I don't know what you mean by all this work. You came aboard yesterday, and no fault found. What the doose do you mean by poking here again? You have been a-taking hinfornations."

"No," says our cap'n, "but our suspicions is strong agin you, and I must open your hatches."

"Oh, if you'd seen the way the skipper stormed! And, as to that second mate, Thomas, he threatened to take my life if I staid aboard."

"You stop that," says I, for he swore terrible hard; his hoaths was tremenjious—I never hear sich hoaths."

"Look ye here," says he, with a string of 'em, 'I've got somethink as will settle you easy."

"And he pulls out a six-barrel revolver."

"Now keep quiet," says I. "I'm not here to be threatened by you—two can play at that game" (I pulls out my revolver, for we're allowed to carry 'em, sir, on such-like duty), "and perhaps I shall get first chance."

"Just then the cap'n he beckons our carpenter up out of the boat. 'Bring up your axe,' he says; 'we'll soon have the hatches

open'—for they fastens 'em down as soon as they've the darkies safe aboard."

"I protest agin it," said the skipper."

"No need for that," whispers Freeman to me; "jest you draw them bolts."

"Lor' bless you, sir, the minute I drew the bolts and upped with the hatches there they was, poor creaturs, all with their mouths hopen, like so many young birds, a-cavin' for hair, you know, sir. It's a terrible bad sight, sir, that sort o' thing—it cuts yer heart, it does."

"So the skipper he gives up then, and he says:

"Well, cap'n, didn't I say I'd got five hundred for you?"

"Well, I was for hauling down the flag, but the cap'n he says to me: 'You leave it alone; let 'em do it theirselves—we'll have it, presently.'"

"Would you believe it, sir?—they hauls it down on a sudden and rolls it up with a couple o' bolts in it and chucks it overboard, just to prevent our getting it!"

"The skipper he says presently, 'What are you going to do with me, cap'n?' says he."

"So the cap'n asked where he'd like to go to, and he says Sierra Leone—and they all says Sierra Leone."

"Well, we left some men in charge, and, when we gets back to our ship (I ought to tell you, sir, that the flag was hauled down a quarter before twelve, so I won my wager fairly), I says to our skipper:

"Cap'n," says I, "you'll excuse me for speaking, but are you going to leave the skipper and them two big fellows o' mates along, and only three of us? Why, sir, they'd circumvent us somehow, for they've got the doose's own cunning."

"You wait a bit," said the cap'n. So he gives me and Corporal Belt our instructions, and the rest of the men who was to go with us."

"As soon as Thomas sees me a-coming up the ship's side, he begins foaming at the mouth with fury, swearing the biggest of hoaths, and a-goin' on terrible."

"We are a-goin' to Sierra Leone," says he; "your skipper promised. What on airth are you come after?" And he begins at me again."

"Marines," says I, "jest point your muskets this way.—Now, Mr. Thomas," I says, "my cap'n he knew the sort of fellow you was, and he told you that to keep you quiet; and, look, if you're not quiet now, at once, we'll tie you neck and heels and set you adrift in one of those surf-boats."

"He was pretty quiet, then, I can tell you, and we searched him and found a revolver and some doubloons; the orders was to strip 'em of every think but their clothing and one doubloon each; but Mr. Wilkinshaw he was with us, and he says, 'Oh, give him back his money,' he says. They're terrible soft, sir, those youngish gentlemen, when they are soft. But directly we'd done with him we didn't give Thomas time to think—over he goes into one of the surf-boats, and so with Freeman, and with all the rest except the skipper and the darkies. Ah, poor creaturs, when we went down among 'em it was hawful, they was penned as close as bees—

the men one side, the women t'other—and all of them as they was born, sir—women as well as men. There was a Spanish driver among 'em—a brute of a fellow—he'd got a great cowhide whip, and he'd been a-keepin' of 'em quiet with it while we was on deck the first time, for fear they should cry out. Well, sir, I looked about and I found there was some bales of calico below; you see, sir, they strips 'em when they send 'em aboard, 'case their clothes is all old King Dahomey's, and they takes these bales of calico to dress 'em up in before they lands 'em; so I whips out my knife, and I cuts off good-sized bits of the cloth, and I chucks 'em in among the women. Bless you! the poor souls, they wraps themselves up as quick as you could say 'knife,' and some of 'em dressed up their children in it, too. The men didn't seem to care much for it, but the women fell a-cryin'—I didn't know before there was so much human feelin' in them darkies.

"Well, sir, we got them all safe to Sierra Leone, except three, which died off. But bless you, sir, we took care of 'em; we had tubs of water on deck, and made all on 'em take a dip every morning, and we gave 'em plenty of food and fresh hair.

"Well, sir, the end of it was, the John Harris was given up to the proper authorities and sold, and my share out of that there job was forty-seven pounds and sixpence. But then, you see, sir, she'd led us a tremendous dance before we caught her."

"Thank you, Pembridge," I said; "that's a very interesting story."

"Well, sir, the best of it is, it happened so; there ain't a word of faction in it."

TIGER-HUNTING IN CENTRAL INDIA.*

III.

HOW the tiger marked down in the morning is to be hunted and killed at mid-day, when all life in the forest is still beneath the scorching heat of the sun, and the brute himself is least on his guard and most unwilling to move, will have been seen from previous descriptions. To read, the hunting of one tiger is like that of every other; but a different set of incidents marks each day's sport in the memory of the hunter, who pictures vividly the death of each long after the incidents of his sport with every other sort of game have faded away. The main features are the careful preliminary arrangements, the settling the direction of approach so as to cut off all roads of escape to inaccessible fastnesses, the posting of scouts to notify the possible retreat of the tiger, and the cautious, silent approach, the excitement gathering as the innermost recess of the cover, where the brute is expected to lie, is approached by the wonderfully-intelligent and half-human elephant.

A strange affection springs up between the hunter and his well-tried ally in the chase of the tiger; and a creature seeming to those who see him only in the menagerie, or labor-

ing under a load of baggage, but a lumbering mass of flesh, becomes to him almost a second self, yielding to his service the perfection of physical and mental qualities of which a brute is capable, and displaying an intelligent interest in his sport of which no brute could be thought to be possessed. No one who has not witnessed it would believe the astonishing caution with which a well-trained elephant approaches a tiger—removing, with noiseless adroitness, every obstacle of fallen timber, etc., and passing his huge bulk over rustling leaves, or rolling stones, or quaking bog, with an absolute and marvelous silence; handing up stones when ordered for his master to fling into the cover; smelling out a cold scent as a spaniel roams a pheasant; and at last, perhaps, pointing dead with sensitive trunk at the hidden monster, or showing, with short, nervous raps of that organ on the ground, that he is somewhere near, though not actually discovered to the senses of the elephant. Then the unswerving steadiness when he sees the enemy he naturally dreads, and would flee from panic-stricken in his native haunts, perhaps charging headlong at his head, trusting all to the skill of his rider, and thoughtless of using his own tremendous strength in the encounter—for a good elephant never attempts to combat the tiger himself. To do so would generally be fatal to the sport, and perhaps to the sportsman, too; for no one could stick to an elephant engaged in a personal struggle with a tiger, far less use his gun under such circumstances. The elephant's business is to stand like a rock in every event, even when the tiger is fastened on his head—as many a good one will do and has done.

All elephants intended to be used in hunting tigers must be very carefully trained and entered to their game. A good mahout, or driver, is very difficult to obtain. They differ as much in their command over elephants as do riders of horses; and a plucky driver will generally make a stanch elephant, and *vice versa*. The elephant should first be accustomed to the firing of guns from his back, and to seeing deer and other harmless animals shot before him in company with a stanch companion. He must not be forced in at a tiger, or at a hog or bear, which he detests even more, until he has acquired some confidence, though in some few cases he will stand to any animal from the very first. When they have seen a few tigers neatly disposed of, most elephants acquire confidence in their human allies, and become sufficiently steady in the field; but their ultimate qualities will depend much on natural temperament. The more naturally courageous an elephant is, the better chance there is of his remaining stanch after having been actually mauled by a tiger—an accident to be avoided, of course, as long as possible. It will occur sometimes, however, in the best hands; and then a naturally timid animal, who has only been made stanch by a long course of immunity from injury, will probably be spoiled for life, while a really plucky elephant is often rendered bolder than before by such an occurrence.

I spent nearly a week of this time in the destruction of a famous man-eater, which

had completely closed several roads, and was estimated to have devoured over a hundred human beings! One of these roads was the main outlet from the Bétul teak-forests toward the railway then under construction in the Narbadá Valley; and the work of the sleeper-contractors was completely at a standstill owing to the ravages of this brute. He occupied regularly a large triangle of country between the rivers Mórán and Ganjá; occasionally making a tour of destruction much farther to the east and west; and striking terror into a breadth of not less than thirty to forty miles. It was therefore supposed that the devastation was caused by more than one animal; and we thought we had disposed of one of these early in April, when we killed a very cunning old tiger of evil repute after several days' severe hunting. But I am now certain that the brute I destroyed subsequently was the real malefactor even there, as killing again commenced after we had left, and all loss to human life did not cease till the day I finally disposed of him.

He had not been heard of for a week or two when I came into his country, and pitched my camp in a splendid mango-grove near the large village of Lokartaláe, on the Mórán River. Here I was again laid up through over-using my sprained tendon; but a better place in which to pass the long, hot days of forced inactivity could not have been found. The bare, brown country outside was entirely shut out by the long, drooping branches of the huge mango-trees, interlaced overhead in a grateful canopy, and loaded with the half-ripe fruit pendent on their long, tendril-like stalks; while beneath them short glimpses were seen of the bright, clear waters of the Mórán stealing over their pebbly bed. The green mangoes, cooked in a variety of ways, furnished a grateful and cooling addition to the table; and the whole grove was alive with a vast variety of bird and insect life, in the observation of which many an hour, that would otherwise have flown slowly by, was passed.

A few days of a lazy existence in this microcosm of a grove passed not unpleasantly after a spell of hard work in the pitiless hot blasts outside; but, when the *lalla* brought in news of families of tigers waiting to be hunted in the surrounding river-beds, I began to chafe; and when I heard from a neighboring police-post that the man-eater had again appeared, and had killed a man and a boy on the high-road about ten miles from my camp, I could stand it no longer. I had been douching my leg with cold water, but now resorted to stronger measures, giving it a coating of James's horse-blister, which caused, of course, severe pain for a few days, but at the end of them resulted, to my great delight, in a complete and permanent cure. In the mean time, while I was still raw and sore, I was regaled with stories of the man-eater—of his fearful size and appearance, with belly pendent to the ground, and white moon on the top of his forehead; his pork-butcher-like method of detaining a party of travelers while he rolled himself in the sand, and at last came up and inspected them all round, selecting the fattest; his power of transforming himself into an inno-

* Continued from JOURNAL of October 2, 1875.

cent-looking wood-cutter, and calling or whistling through the woods till an unsuspecting victim approached; how the spirits of all his victims rode with him on his head, warning him of every danger, and guiding him to the fatal ambush where a traveler would shortly pass. All the best shikáris of the countryside were collected in my camp; and the landholders and many of the people besieged my tent morning and evening. The infant of a woman who had been carried away while drawing water at a well was brought and held up before me; and every offer of assistance in destroying the monster was made. No useful help was, however, to be expected from a terror-stricken population like this. They lived in barricaded houses; and only stirred out when necessity compelled in large bodies, covered by armed men, and beating drums and shouting as they passed along the roads. Many villages had been utterly deserted; and the country was evidently being slowly depopulated by this single animal. So far as I could learn, he had been killing alone for about a year—another tiger who had formerly assisted him in his fell occupation having been shot the previous hot weather.

As soon as I could ride in the howdah, and long before I could do more than hobble on foot, I marched to a place called Chárhérá, where the last kill had been reported. My usually straggling following was now compressed into a close body, preceded and followed by the baggage-elephants, and protected by a guard of police with muskets, peons with my spare guns, and a whole *posse* of matchlocked shikáris. Two deserted villages were passed on the road, and heaps of stones at intervals showed where a traveler had been struck down. A better hunting-ground for a man-eater certainly could not be. Thick, scrubby teak-jungle closed in the road on both sides; and alongside of it for a great part of the way wound a narrow, deep water-course, overshadowed by thick jáman-bushes, and with here and there a small pool of water still left. I hunted along this nála the whole way, and found many old tracks of a very large male tiger,* which the shikáris declared to be the man-eater. There were none more recent, however, than several days. Chárhérá was also deserted on account of the tiger, and there was no shade to speak of; but it was the most central place within reach of the usual haunts of the brute, so I encamped here, and sent the baggage-elephants back to fetch provisions. In the evening I was startled by a messenger from a place called Lé, on the Móran River, nearly in the direction I had come from, who said that one of a party of pilgrims who had been traveling unsuspectingly by a jungle-road had been carried off by the tiger close to that place. Early next morning I started off with two elephants, and arrived at the spot about eight o'clock. The man had been struck down where a small ravine leading down to the Móran crosses a lonely pathway a few miles east of Lé. The shoulder-stick, with

its pendent baskets, in which the holy-water from his place of pilgrimage had been carried by the hapless man, were lying on the ground in a dried-up pool of blood, and shreds of his clothes adhered to the bushes where he had been dragged down into the bed of the nála. We tracked the man-eater and his prey into a very thick grass-cover, alive with spotted deer, where he had broken up and devoured the greater part of the body. Some bones and shreds of flesh, and the skull, hands, and feet, were all that remained. This tiger never returned to his victim a second time, so it was useless to found any scheme for killing him on that expectation. We took up his tracks from the body, and carried them patiently down through very dense jungle to the banks of the Móran, the trackers working in fear and trembling under the trunk of my elephant, and covered by my rifle at full cock. At the river the tracks went out to a long spit of sand that projected into the water, where the tiger had drunk, and then returned to a great mass of piled-up rocks at the bottom of a precipitous bank, full of caverns and recesses. This we searched with stones and some fireworks I had in the howdah, but put out nothing but a scraggy hyena, which was, of course, allowed to escape. We searched about all day here in vain, and it was not till nearly sunset that I turned and made for camp.

It was almost dusk, when we were a few miles from home, passing along the road we had marched by the former day, and the same by which we had come out in the morning, when one of the men who was walking behind the elephant started and called a halt. He had seen the footprint of a tiger. The elephant's tread had partly obliterated it; but farther on, where we had not yet gone, it was found plain enough—the great, square pug of the man-eater we had been looking for all day! He was on before us, and must have passed since we came out in the morning, for his track had covered that of the elephants as they came. It was too late to hope to find him that evening; and we could only proceed slowly along on the track, which held to the pathway, keeping a bright lookout. The lálá indeed proposed that he should go a little ahead as a bait for the tiger, while I covered him from the elephant with a rifle! But he wound up by expressing a doubt whether his skinny corporation would be a sufficient attraction; and suggested that a plump young policeman, who had taken advantage of our protection to make his official visit to the scene of the last kill, should be substituted—whereat there was a general, but not very hearty grin. The subject was too sore a one in that neighborhood just then. About a mile from the camp the track turned off into the deep nála that bordered the road. It was now almost dark, so we went on to the camp, and fortified it by posting the three elephants on different sides, and lighting roaring fires between. Once in the night an elephant started out of its deep sleep and trumpeted shrilly; but in the morning we could find no tracks of the tiger having come near us. I went out early next morning to beat up the nála; for a man-eater is not like common tigers, and must be sought

for morning, noon, and night. But I found no tracks, save in the one place where he had crossed the nála the evening before, and gone off into thick jungle.

On my return to camp, just as I was sitting down to breakfast, some Banjarás from a place called Dékná—about a mile and a half from camp—came running in to say that one of their companions had been taken out of the middle of their drove of bullocks by the tiger, just as they were starting from their night's encampment. The elephant had not been unharnessed; and, securing some food and a bottle of claret, I was not two minutes in getting under way again. The edge of a low savanna, covered with long grass and intersected by a nála, was the scene of this last assassination; and a broad trail of crushed-down grass showed where the body had been dragged down toward the nála. No tracking was required. It was horribly plain. The trail did not lead quite into the nála, which had steep sides, but turned and went alongside of it into some very long grass reaching nearly up to the howdah. Here Sarjú Parshád (a large government mukna I was then riding) kicked violently at the ground and trumpeted, and immediately the long grass began to wave ahead. We pushed on at full speed, stepping, as we went, over the ghastly, half-eaten body of the Banjará. But the cover was dreadfully thick; and, though I caught a glimpse of a yellow object as it jumped down into the nála, it was not in time to fire. It was some little time before we could get the elephant down the bank and follow the broad, plain footprints of the monster, now evidently going at a swinging trot. He kept on in the nála for about a mile, and then took to the grass again; but it was not so long here, and we could still make out the trail from the howdah. Presently, however, it led into rough, stony ground, and the tracking became more difficult. He was evidently full of go, and would carry us far; so I sent back for some more trackers, and with orders to send a small tent across to a hamlet on the banks of the Ganjál, toward which he seemed to be making. All that day we followed the trail through an exceedingly difficult country, patiently working out print by print, but without being gratified by a sight of his brindled hide. Several of the local shikáris were admirable trackers; and we carried the line down within about a mile of the river, where a dense, thorny cover began, through which no one could follow a tiger.

We slept that night at the little village, and early next morning made a long cast ahead, proceeding at once to the river, where we soon hit upon the track leading straight down its sandy bed. There were some strong covers reported in the river-bed some miles ahead, near the large village of Bhádúgaon, so I sent back to order the tent over there. The track was crossed in this river by several others, but was easily distinguishable from all by its superior size. It had also a peculiar drag of the toe of one hind-foot, which the people knew, and attributed to a wound he had received some months before from a shikári's matchlock. There was thus no doubt we were behind the man-eater; and

* A little practice suffices to distinguish the tracks of tigers of different ages and sexes. The old male has a much squarer track, so to speak, than the female, which leaves a more oval footprint.

I determined to follow him while I could hold out and we could keep the track. It led right into a very dense cover of jaman and tamarisk, in the bed and on the banks of the river, a few miles above Bhaddugaon. Having been hard pushed the previous day, we hoped he might lie up here; and, indeed, there was no other place he could well go to for water and shade. So we circled round the outside of the cover, and, finding no track leading out, considered him fairly ringed. We then went over to the village for breakfast, intending to return in the heat of the day.

About eleven o'clock we again faced the scorching hot wind, and made silently for the cover where lay the man-eater. I surrounded it with scouts on trees, and posted a pad-elephant at the only point where he could easily get up the high bank and make off, and then pushed old Sarjú slowly and carefully through the cover. Peafowl rose in numbers from every bush as we advanced; and a few hares and other small animals bolted out at the edges—such thick, green covers being the mid-day resort of all the life of the neighborhood in the hot weather. About the centre the jungle was extremely thick, and the bottom was cut up into a number of parallel water-channels among the strong roots and overhanging branches of the tamarisk. Here the elephant paused and began to kick the earth, and utter the low, tremulous sound by which some elephants denote the close presence of a tiger. We peered all about with nervous beatings of the heart, and at last the mahout, who was lower down on the elephant's neck, said he saw him lying beneath a thick jaman-bush. We had some stones in the howdah, and I made the lallá, who was behind me in the back-seat, pitch one into the bush. Instantly the tiger started up with a short roar, and galloped off, through the bushes. I gave him right and left at once, which told loudly; but he went till he saw the pad-elephant blocking the road he meant to escape by, and then he turned and charged back at me with horrible roars. It was very difficult to see him among the crashing bushes, and he was within twenty yards when I fired again. This dropped him into one of the channels, but he picked himself up, and came on again as savagely as though more slowly than before. I was now in the act of covering him with a large-shell rifle, when suddenly the elephant spun round, and I found myself looking the opposite way, while a worrying sound behind me, and the frantic movements of the elephant, told me I had a fellow-passenger on board I might well have dispensed with. All I could do in the way of holding on barely sufficed to prevent myself and guns from being pitched out; and it was some time before Sarjú, finding he could not kick him off, paused to think what he would do next. I seized that placid interval to lean over behind and put the muzzle of the rifle to the head of the tiger—blowing it into fifty pieces with the large shell. He dropped like a sack of potatoes, and then I saw the dastardly mahout urging the elephant to run out of the cover. An application of my gun-stock to his head, however, reversed the engine; and

Sarjú, coming round with the utmost willingness, trumpeted a shrill note of defiance, and, rushing upon his prostrate foe, commenced a war-dance on his body that made it little less difficult to stick to him than when the tiger was being kicked off. It consisted, I believe, of kicking up the carcass with a hind-leg, catching it in the hollow of the fore, and so tossing it backward and forward among his feet—winding up by placing his huge fore-foot on the body and crossing the other over it, so as to press it into the sand with his whole weight. I found afterward that the elephant-boy, whose business it is to stand behind the howdah, and, if necessary, keep the elephant straight in a charge by applying a thick stick over his rump, had had a narrow escape in this adventure, having dropped off in his fright almost into the jaws of the tiger. The tiger made straight for the elephant, however, as is almost invariably the case, and the boy picked himself up and fled to the protection of the other elephant.

Sarjú was not a perfect shikári elephant; but his fault was rather too much courage than the reverse, and it was only his miserable opium-eating villain of a mahout that made him turn at the critical moment. He was much out about the quarters; but I took him out close to the tents two days after and killed two more tigers without his flinching in the least. The tiger we had thus killed was undoubtedly the man-eater. He was exactly ten feet long, in the prime of life, with the dull-yellow coat of the adult male—not in the least mangy or toothless like the man-eater of story. He had no moon on his head, nor did his belly nearly touch the ground. I afterward found that these characteristics are attributed to all man-eaters by the credulous people.

IS THE WORLD OVERCROWDED?

NEARLY eighty years ago the Rev. Thomas Robert Malthus, a quiet English clergyman, student, and traveler, put forth a little pamphlet which so startled the world that very many people have not even yet fully recovered from their fright. The reverend gentleman had, it seems, no thought of playing the rôle of sensation-monger; he had no wish to frighten people unnecessarily, or to attract attention to his book or to himself by factitious means. He thought he had discovered an impending danger, of which the public was wholly unsuspecting; and, with no other object than that of warning his countrymen while there was yet time, he stated his fears, and the facts and calculations upon which they rested. At a somewhat earlier date, Hume, the historian, had subjected a good many of the stories we receive as ancient history to a novel test, for the sake of ascertaining to what extent they were worthy of the credence commonly given them. His habit of mind was skeptical in the extreme, and, in view of the universal tendency of man to exaggerate numbers, in the absence of exact data, he was disposed to doubt

the stories of vast hordes of men who lived in particular places, moved from one given point to another, peopled certain districts, or assembled at the call of their chieftains in enormous armies. He suspected, as every school-boy does, that the numbers given were in part a growth of the imagination; that the traditions from which the first chroniclers got their figures had previously passed through a good many careless hands; and that, by a process of accretion similar to that which every dweller in a village has opportunity to see in operation to this day, they had greatly increased in their proportions. In the absence of any thing like an authoritative enumeration, Hume resorted to arithmetic for a means of testing the truth of all these stories. It was clear enough that the men constituting the hordes spoken of in ancient history must have got food from some source, and, as he could calculate with approximate accuracy the aggregate amount of food within their reach, it was an easy task to show that many of the stories which historians had accepted without question were greatly exaggerated or wholly false.

This application of arithmetic to the relations existing between population and food-supply seems to have suggested the investigations upon which Malthus founded his philosophy. Briefly stated, his idea was this, that population naturally increases in a geometrical ratio, while production can only increase in arithmetical progression. If there be ten persons living upon a certain tract of land which produces, say, one hundred bushels of grain annually, in thirty years the ten will have doubled, becoming twenty; thirty years later their numbers will have doubled again, and in ninety years the ten will have become eighty; one hundred and twenty years will see them increased to one hundred and sixty persons. Now, during the first thirty years it might be possible to double the productiveness of their land, but it would be quite impossible to double it again and again every thirty years, making their yearly hundred bushels of grain two hundred at the end of thirty years, four hundred at sixty, eight hundred at ninety, and sixteen hundred at the end of one hundred and twenty years. What is true, in this regard, of one acre or ten, must ultimately be true, he argued, of the whole earth; and his conclusion was that, unless restraint could be placed upon marriage, England was doomed speedily to become a nation of paupers, and that the whole world must in time share a like fate.

The evil times predicted by this theorist have not yet fallen upon England—a fact which his followers of to-day explain by saying that he failed to give full value to the factor *commerce* in working out his problem; but, while this has served and serves to postpone the worst, there are people in plenty who still think the world overcrowded, and who hold that this overcrowding is the sufficient cause of much of the crime and misery with which mankind is afflicted. That they honestly believe this is clear, and it is no less manifest that the social doctrines they build upon this belief seem to them logical results of the premises. Like Malthus, they advocate the checking of population merely be-

cause they think its unrestrained increase a source of dire evil in the present, and a frightful menace for the future. In drawing their conclusions, as it seems to me, these modern Malthusians lose sight of some factors quite as important as the one *commerce* which the founder of their philosophy forgot; and it is to suggest some of these that the present paper is written.

Unluckily the utterances upon this subject are usually incidental to other things, and consequently so indirect that it is somewhat difficult to cite them for purposes of discussion. In a recent magazine-article,* however, I find a tolerably direct statement of the modern Malthusian creed, from which I quote the following passage. The *italics* are my own, and are used merely to indicate the especial points to which the attention of the reader is invited:

"The panaceas that various enthusiasts offer us—liberty, universal suffrage, free schools, free churches, the rights of labor, the religion of humanity—these things cannot vanquish hunger and disease, nor the vice and ignorance that must always accompany them. How blankly the men of action overlook their main cause—namely, the *overcrowding of almost all communities, whether densely or thinly peopled, the presence of too many mouths for the food!* The pressure of population upon the means of subsistence is also its pressure upon the means of health, intelligence, and decency; and yet the last word of most of our social reformers is, 'Increase and multiply.' In the Apocrypha is a passage much more to the purpose—a passage which might have given us a better world than the present, had it held its place as scripture: 'Though they multiply, rejoice not in them; . . . trust not them in their life, neither respect their multitude, for one that is just is better than a thousand. . . . By one that hath understanding shall the city be replenished.' . . . Is not this the key of the whole question of reform—*how to improve the quality and how to limit the number of the human beings that are born into each civilized community?*"

Now, all this would seem to mean that, to improve the quality of the people born into the world, we must in some way limit their number; that the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence is in itself an evil to be avoided by wise statesmanship or wise philosophy in the interest of the human race; that, if we have not fallen upon the evil times foreseen of Malthus, we are approaching them, and meantime are suffering most of our ills in consequence of present over-population. The plausibility of the theory is apparent, but the view taken seems to me a very superficial one, in which some important matters are wholly overlooked.

That the world is crowded may be admitted, and it may not follow that it is overcrowded, or that the crowding is an evil. On the contrary, I think it may be shown that the pressure complained of is a source of good—not unmixed, of course, but good, nevertheless, and that the good greatly outweighs the evil.

* "Zealot and Student," by Titus Munson Coan, in the *Galaxy* for August, 1875.

To begin at the beginning, it is admitted that the theory of Malthus is abstractly correct; that population must ultimately press closely upon the means of subsistence, if there be nothing to prevent; but so, too, would a good many other dire evils befall us if there were nothing to prevent. The fact is, that the actual increase of population falls far short of the possible increase, and it is probable that this has nearly always been the case. It is true also, as every observer knows, that the natural growth of population in densely-peopled districts is always less rapid than in those in which the land is not fully occupied. In short, experience teaches unmistakably the existence of certain occult but active natural laws which operate to prevent the over-peopling of populous districts. Again, whatever speculations we may indulge in on the subject, it is an undeniable fact that thus far in the world's history production has actually gained upon population. A careful study of the history of famines shows that we have grown away from the danger of starvation rather than toward it; that the supply of available food at the world's command is relatively greater now than at any earlier period. (See Greg's "Enigmas of Life.")

All these things have been urged by political economists in answer to Malthus, and they should serve, certainly, to quiet all apprehensions of immediate danger from over-population; but the main point made by modern Malthusians is not so much that we are in danger of general pauperism as that the actual, present pressure of population upon the means of subsistence is a deplorable evil and the prime cause of nearly all our ills; and that to reform the world and improve the race we must impose some checks other than those provided by Nature and circumstances upon the multiplication of men. And, while at the first glance there appears to be some reason to think views of this kind sound, their correctness, I am persuaded, may be successfully questioned.

Mr. Walter Bagehot, in an invaluable work,* devotes an entire chapter to a discussion of "the uses of conflict" in the development of nations, and we may properly borrow his phrase here, urging the manifest uses of conflict in the development and improvement of mankind, as one reason, at least, for thinking the crowded state of the world not altogether an evil. It is said that the banana is the curse of the tropics, for the reason that it affords food almost without labor, and, whether or not the love of ease, the tendency to idleness, be an inborn and universal human trait, it is certainly a common one enough to justify the assertion that, without necessity, a large part of the human race would do no work at all. It is only the necessity of working in order to get food which makes men industrious, active, busy beings; and it is only the crowding complained of by our Malthusians which imposes this necessity upon mankind.

* "Physics and Politics; or, Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of 'Natural Selection' and 'Inheritance' to Political Society. By Walter Bagehot, Esq., Author of 'The English Constitution.'" New York: D. Appleton & Co., Publishers.

The lazy half-breed of the tropics, as he lies in the shade of his banana-plant, dreams doubtless of a better state, in which many of his cravings now unsatisfied might be filled, but he makes no effort for the attainment of such a state, so long as the plantain which shades him furnishes him also with food enough. Can there be doubt that he would lead a more active, a more useful, a better life if the food were less abundantly supplied or more difficult to get? The North American Indian had no tree or bush from which to pluck unearned food; he could not lie idle all day without lying empty as well. But he found in the spoil of forest, and lake, and river, a sufficient means of subsistence, and, availing himself of food so easily secured, he made no effort to improve his condition. There was for him no pressure of population upon the means of subsistence, and, while his life was, perforce, more active than it would have been if he might have found a food-supply on every bush and tree, his activity was strictly bounded by the necessity imposed upon him. He hunted because he must, but did no other work, because no other was necessary to the maintenance of life. And this would seem to be the case always. Throughout the history of the human race, if we make due allowance for inherited habit here and there, we shall find the rule a general one that men work only of necessity, and that their necessities constitute always a pretty accurate measure of their industry.

Now, work is the universal condition of improvement and progress. It is only in earnest work that men develop their best qualities of mind and body. Intelligence, quickness of perception, intellectual activity, shrewdness, determination, "grit"—all these greatly aid their possessor in an active and necessary struggle for the means of subsistence, and so the necessity of active struggling imposed upon men by the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence tends directly and inevitably to develop them. And of more strictly moral qualities the same thing is equally true. "Honesty is the best policy," and men learn to be honest, or, rather, they learn the moral quality of honesty from its usefulness in the struggle. Patience, temperance, cleanliness—all the virtues, in short—are found to aid very actively in the sharp conflict which the pressure of population imposes upon most men; and so we say the conflict is good for man, and the pressure bewailed by the Malthusians is the great motive power of all progress and all improvement. Not only is it not true that we must limit the increase of population by artificial means for the sake of improving the quality of the race, but, on the contrary, the highest improvement in quality can come only through the very crowding which, we are told, stands in its way. Work, attrition, conflict, these are brought about only by the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence, and these are the essential conditions of improvement. It is safe to say that no idle, indolent race—no race whose energies have not been sharply taxed in a struggle of one kind or other—ever yet made an advance worth recording, in *physique*, intellect, or morals. Indeed, we may go further

and say, without fear of contradiction, that no race has ever made satisfactory progress during a prolonged period of repose from its life-struggle. All history shows us decay under the gilding of luxurious idleness, whenever any nation, having won wealth or greatness of any sort, has rested for a time content. In a fierce struggle for existence, and in that only, men train their faculties to the highest activity of which they are capable, developing much strength that was latent, and creating much which, but for the necessity of its use, would have remained forever non-existent.

This is the lesson history everywhere teaches; but we need not go to history to learn it. Every-day life exemplifies the truth in question in a thousand ways. The ablest lawyers are not found in country villages; our most eminent physicians are bred in cities; great bankers and financiers do not grow in the rural districts, but in Wall or Lombard Street. In the great cities all these men must struggle hard to maintain themselves, and desperately to achieve eminence; and in the struggle they develop qualities which could never otherwise have been theirs. And what is true of them is true, in varying degree, of all of us. Each of us owes much to the sharp elbowing he has encountered on life's roadway. Our faculties are sharpened, and our whole being strengthened, by conflict and struggle. "Necessity is the mother of invention," says one proverb, and another adage teaches that competition is the soul of trade. What are these but homely phrasings of the teachings of daily experience in this matter?

Nothing could be easier than to illustrate this point in a hundred ways by facts cited from history and universal experience, if such illustration were in any way necessary. It seems enough, however, to state so patent a fact that, so far from interfering with the progress of human development, the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence not only actively aids, but is itself at once the prime cause and chief agent in all that we rightly call progress.

But this is by no means all, if, indeed, it be half. The positive and visible effects of the struggle imposed upon man by the tendency of his fellows to crowd him constitute, in truth, only the smaller part of the good derived from the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence. The world is pretty full, at least in its older parts, but it is filled chiefly with inferior people. That is to say, the race, as it exists to-day, is not the race it ought to be and might be. It has improved greatly in the past, and is improving still, but it is certainly not yet in a condition of ideal excellence, and it would seem to need for its satisfactory advancement some more potent agency even than the direct influences to which reference has been made. To my thought we have this needed agent of race-improvement in the operation of the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence in the way of development by natural selection. Whatever differences of opinion there may be regarding the origin of species and the descent of man, no thinking person now doubts that the Darwinian theory, as applied

to the improvement of species already existing, is true. We see around us every day the effects of the struggle for existence, and we know that in the end the fittest survive, while the unfit fall silently out of the ranks. In view of this fact, are not they who urge the limiting of population as the shortest cut to race-improvement shutting their eyes to the fundamental truth of modern science?

The crowding of which they complain would seem to be the essential condition of improvement by selection. But for the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence, there would be no struggle for existence, and hence no measuring of strength between the fit and the unfit, and no process of selection and elimination. A rude husbandry answers the ends of the frontiersman, and so, as a rule, the frontiersman contents himself with a scratching of the ground, which he calls agriculture. But, when population grows dense about him, and land costly, he is forced to choose between improvement and failure; and, if there be no new frontier to which he may emigrate, he must either become a better tiller of the ground or suffer starvation; he must fit himself for the struggle or fail in it. And so it is in all things. A less crowded world must of necessity be a less intelligent, a less thrifty, a less worthy world. The crowding alone puts a premium upon intelligence, and thrift, and sobriety, and honesty, and all those virtues which help to make the human race wiser and better. Even culture, the refined and refining cultivation of intellect and soul, the value of which is commonly thought to be other than a pecuniary one, needs a crowded world for its development. What artist, what poet, what idealist of any sort, could find either support for his body or the appreciation which is his soul's necessary food, among the rude folk of an uncrowded world? Until men's intellects are sharpened by struggle, until the processes of selection and inheritance have converted the rude into a refined race, there is no place for the man of culture among them. He has only pearls to give, and they are swine.

May we not safely trust Nature here as everywhere, and refrain from ignorant intermeddling with her work? Free schools, free churches, free libraries, and the like, these, I grant, are not able to "vanquish hunger and disease," or "the vice and ignorance that must always accompany them." But are untilled acres likely to be more efficacious? Will the tramp cease to beg and plunder when a limitation of population shall have made bread-winning easier to the industrious? Free schools feed nobody; free libraries are powerless to appease hunger. But free schools and free libraries and all the other good gifts of civilization so contemptuously dismissed by the Malthusian magazinist do help worthy men and women to develop their own faculties and to become fitter than they were for the struggle in which bread is won.

Let us see how the case stands. On the one hand, the Malthusian philosopher finds by a process of *a priori* reasoning that population must naturally increase more rapidly than production, and he cries out: "Check

population by statutory enactment. Impose restrictions upon marriage. Do this, or accept universal pauperism as the necessary and speedy consequence." Going further, he finds that already population seems to press hardly upon the means of subsistence. He finds, too, that the race, as it exists to-day, greatly needs improvement in quality—and, jumping at a conclusion, tells us that the world is already over-peopled; that crime, and vice, and ignorance, and disease, and dirt, are the actual and present results of over-population; and that to be rid of them we must limit the number and improve the quality of the people born into the world.

All this seems very alarming at first, but, upon examining the facts a little more closely, we find here, as everywhere, that Nature has made no mistake. The calculation with which Malthus sat out was correct enough, except that it represented not facts, but apparent possibilities. The possible number of children in a family is more than twenty; the actual number, upon an average, is about one-fourth that. The increase of population, at its seemingly possible rate, would long ago have filled the world to overflowing; the actual increase has done nothing of the kind, and, instead of general pauperism, we have to-day a relatively greater food-supply than ever before. Moreover, we find by experience that Nature has herself set a brake upon the increase of numbers, which promises to be sufficient for all needs. We see that for some unexplained reason the average number of children per family is smaller as a rule in densely than in thinly peopled districts; that as the room for more men and women grows smaller, fewer men and women are born into the world. Against the danger feared by Malthus, Nature seems already to have provided sufficiently, without asking the assistance of our modern legislatures.

As to the evils pointed out by later philosophers of this school, it would seem that they are mistakenly attributed to over-population. That the world is crowded, is true enough, but, as we have already seen, the crowding is a source of good rather than of ill, and the very condition of things which the Malthusians of the magazines would do away with, for the sake of improving the race, is the condition precedent to improvement.

The structure they would hew down as an obstruction is in fact the ladder by which alone we may climb to a higher and better state.

The crowding they lament forces us to struggle, and the struggling is good for us and for our posterity. The pressure of population upon the means of subsistence compels us to win, by intelligence and activity, the food that might otherwise drop into our mouths, and so it serves to make active, earnest men of us. Better still, it gives full play to the process of selection, setting a premium upon every good quality of mind or body, and perpetuating it by inheritance; winnowing the race, and improving it from year to year by casting out the unworthy and raising the worthy to prosperity and power.

True, the Malthusian cannot always measure the improvement with his foot-rule. He

finds ignorance and vice, crime, dirt, and misery, to-day as yesterday; and asks where the improvement is, forgetting, or not choosing to remember, that development is a slow process—as all Nature's processes are—and that race advancement is not always measurable. Without doubt, mankind has advanced and improved since mediæval times, when war was thought to be the only business worthy a gentleman; when superstition darkened the brightest intellects; when London was without a sewer or a street-cleaning fund; when footpads infested the highways to the metropolis; when the plague depopulated cities without suggesting cleanliness as a prophylactic; in short, when ignorance and vice, and dirt and disease, were the part of the higher as they are now the inheritance of only the lower classes of society. Our present time is a better one than that, and who shall say precisely when it became better? Who shall draw the line between that time and this, and tell us where the one left off and the other began?

Progress has been slow, perhaps, but in the main it has been constant, and so it must be hereafter. We may not be able to show wherein to-day is better than yesterday, or to lay finger upon a definite advance achieved during the current month or year; but if, as I have suggested rather than shown, there be natural laws in constant operation to produce improvement in the race; if, as I hold, the crowding, which our Malthusian magnizists complain of as overcrowding, be only the necessary condition of a wholesome struggle for existence, in which the fittest is to survive and perpetuate itself, and in which every good quality and every valuable attainment is found to aid its possessor in the struggle for existence, while every vice impedes and hampers him; if these be the facts in the case, we know certainly that progress is constantly making, even though we discover it not, and that the race is steadily improving now as it has done hitherto.

That vice and disease and dirt and crime exist among us to an alarming extent, we know perfectly; that no patent device for their cure or suppression exists either in free schools, universal suffrage, or in any other thing whatever, must be admitted; that they are sometimes increased by the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence, I do not doubt; but that their cure lies in removing the pressure, I stoutly deny. While here and there one man or woman is made vicious by want, the great mass of mankind is made more industrious, sober, thrifty, and intelligent, by the crowding which produces individual distress, and on the whole, as I say, this good outweighs that ill.

We shall probably never be rid of crime or misery while the world lasts, and we may as well look this probability in the face. The question for us is, how to reduce the misery and the crime to a minimum, and how to secure the constant improvement of men in general. If, as I suppose, the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence is the chief agent for the accomplishment of this, we shall blunder outrageously when we destroy its constant efficiency for good because of its occasional capacity to work ill.

Railroads kill people sometimes; schools tempt frail youth to over-study; even churches tumble about the heads of worshippers now and then; but shall we condemn railways and schools and churches because of the ill they do upon occasion, or shall we rather cherish them because of the greater good they work, guarding as well as we may against the possible evil? This is the logic of all life, and it should restrain us from ignorant and mischievous intermeddling, by statutory enactment or otherwise, with processes of Nature which at best we can only imperfectly understand. Let us, by all means, do what we can to alleviate suffering, prevent and cure disease, wean away from vice and stamp out crime; but let us not destroy the agency which is lifting the great mass of men to a higher level, merely because its operations sometimes produce a contrary effect upon single individuals.

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

THE WIDOW'S COMFORT.

GREEN is the grass upon the hill,
The field-flower blossoms by the way;
While restless music of the rill
And birds perfects the summer-day.
But the yellow cottage
Over the wall
Is brighter than all!
For the child looks up in his mother's face
And giveth splendor to the place,
As he saith, for her widow's comfort:
"Mother, I've a plan,
That when I'm a man,
I'll dwell in goodly company,
And you shall be a lady."

Paler the green upon the hill,
The wild-flower faileth by the way;
While minor voices of wood and rill
Sing dirges for the summer day.
But the yellow cottage,
Where the sick boy lies,
Is like paradise;
For he looketh last in his mother's face,
And light liveth in all the place,
As he saith, for her widow's comfort:
"Mother, you'll come to me
Wherever I be,
Amid the goodly company,
And you shall be a lady."

All brown and barren is the hill,
The last leaf fallen by the way;
The winds have come, haunting and chill,
And Winter weaves his threads of gray.
But the village church-yard
Over the wall
Is sadder than all;
For the townfolk look in the mother's face,
As they gather about the burial-place,
And say, for her widow's comfort:
"God give it that we may be
With thy dear boy and thee,
Amid the goodly company,
And you shall be our lady!"

JOHN VANCE CHERRY.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IN view of what we said last week in regard to governments and the limitation of their functions, it may interest the reader to glance for a few moments at some of the things that achieve great success without the aid of the state. We have several times, in discussing this subject, referred to the voluntary church system of America, but have overlooked an equally favorable example in our Sunday-schools. We have no statistics at hand of the attendance at these schools, but everybody knows what an immense social force they have become. Every church has a school attached to it, and in every community there is a large body of men and women zealously laboring through these instrumentalities for the religious culture of children. Missionaries go out into the streets and lanes with the hope of persuading stray waifs into the folds; and our most eloquent and learned clergymen look upon the Sunday-school as worthy of their best skill and effort in the promotion of the end to which their lives are dedicated. A great literature has grown up in connection with Sunday-schools. Many journals are published in their interest, and the books published for the libraries attached to them are legion. No state church in the world even approaches in this particular to the free church of America. Assuredly, if voluntary effort can do so much for religious education, it is entirely equal to the requirements of scientific education.

Much younger in their organization, but scarcely less prosperous, or extensive in their influence, are the Young Men's Christian Associations. In these institutions we see bodies of young men drawn together by no other design than the furtherance of the cause of religion, who have erected all over the country spacious structures, formed libraries and reading-rooms, organized systems of lectures, extended help and instruction to the needy and the ignorant, and set before all the world examples of Christian zeal. And all that they have done has been accomplished wholly by voluntary energy and by voluntary subscriptions. The state has never been called upon to aid the great purpose of these young men, and the state has never interposed to mar or obstruct it. Similar faith and zeal in behalf of other great interests—for science, for the arts, for literature—would meet with no less success.

The Masons and the Odd-Fellows afford two other instances of the immense results of well-directed voluntary effort. In these institutions there is not only benevolence of purpose, but an authority which is as stringent as that of the state, and as successfully enforced. We are not now discussing the

wisdom or the necessity of secret organizations like these; we are only pointing out how completely they show the sufficiency of voluntary organization and effort.

People usually take a great deal of pride in national geographical and exploring expeditions. England has only recently sent a well-equipped expedition to the arctic seas, and is maintaining an exploring-party in Palestine. Now, however much enterprises of this character may seem to confer glory upon a nation, they are really quite beyond the province of the state. The idea that government should undertake projects of this kind has undoubtedly its origin in precedents of earlier periods, when despotic rulers sent forth fleets to conquer and despoil the savage places and weaker kingdoms of the earth. To subdue the rest of the world was supposed then to be one of the cardinal duties of the state. While expeditions to overrun and subdue remote and defenseless places are now out of date, the public feeling is still leavened with the old pride and ambition. It is believed that there may be explorations and discoveries in the interest of trade; the manufacturer and merchant thirst for conquest as the knights and warriors did of old. But at the very moment that the English Government is sending forth its ships to the North, an admirably-appointed expedition, supported entirely by private subscription, is struggling amid the wilds of Africa under the command of Mr. Stanley. It will be remembered by our readers that this expedition is organized by the proprietors of the *New York Herald* and the *London Telegraph*. If two newspapers are enabled to send to Africa the best equipped expedition that ever assailed the mysteries and secrets of that land of terrors, assuredly scientific men ought to be able by suitable organizations to accomplish all that the state now undertakes for them. It will be seen, by a reference to our science-department this week, that the English men of science are greatly discontented with what government has done for them; with the greed and perversity that marks all classes who have taught themselves to look to the state for subsidies and aid, they clamor for more, and have formulated their demands. It would be much better for the real advance of science, better for the interests of the people, if Parliament should now promptly reject their proposals, and remand the whole matter to the private enterprise where it belongs.

It should be remembered that voluntary effort is wholly inefficient in those countries where the people have been taught to look up to government for its paternal aid and guidance. It is not merely that the state does badly all things outside of its proper sphere, but it extinguishes self-reliance in the people,

encourages sloth, and chills that enterprising spirit which, wherever it exists, is more than wealth or power. The people that the government lets alone soon learn so well how to accomplish for themselves that they outdo a hundred-fold the nations that wait upon the will and submit to the interference of their rulers.

We hear of societies formed in some of our cities designed to encourage among young women the practice of studying at home. It is not to be inferred that young men are not in as much need of home-study as their sisters are, but so far the societies organized for this purpose have been founded by women for the advantage of women. The theory that prompts the movement is, that girls, after leaving school, are too apt to neglect their books, and to lose their interest in those intellectual pursuits which education is mainly designed to promote. It is believed that with many young women the ordinary incentives for the pursuance of study after the close of her school-days are insufficient; there is needed, it is thought, the stimulation of companionship, the zest of appreciation and kindly encouragement, the guidance of experienced and mature minds. For these reasons societies with this purpose in view have been founded in London and Boston. Of the operations of a Boston society, that has been in existence nearly two years, we learn a few particulars from a contemporary, as follows:

"Its purpose is the very simple and direct one of inducing girls to form the habit of devoting some part of every day to study of a systematic and thorough kind; its mode of operation is through the exercise of an oversight by experienced and educated ladies over the home-work of younger ladies, and this, of course, mainly by means of correspondence. For example, if a girl of seventeen or over desires to join the society, she gives her name to the secretary, pays a small initiation fee to cover expenses of postage, printing, etc., and receives in return a programme of the several courses open in history, literature, art, science, German, and French; she selects the department of study which she desires to pursue, and is put in communication with the member of the committee who has charge of the department. She is expected to devote some portion of every day or week to careful reading and study, order and system being substantial elements in the plan, and at least once a month to report progress to her officer, who, in return, gives advice, makes suggestions, and encourages or stimulates the student. Once a year a meeting is held of such as can come together, and a general report is made, with special essays by students, and diplomas are given."

This is a very simple scheme, and no one can justly object to influences of the character described being brought to bear upon the young women of the country. No publicity is sought; literary vanity and display are not involved in the purpose; and, although the

results may prove slight in any obvious way, literary pleasure and companionship are ends worthy of consideration and respect.

It may be said with some truth that the really studious mind needs no such encouragement. The intellectual activities all around us would, in truth, seem to be enough to stimulate any minds not wholly lethargic; those who are alert, whose intellects are in rapport with all the stirring movements of the day, who follow the discoveries and researches of science, who listen to the speculations of the philosophers, who are moved by the strains of the poets, who are charmed by the achievements of art—such assuredly would need repression rather than the stimulation of "Societies for the Encouragement of Studies at Home." However, there are many kinds of people in the world. If there be those who are unstirred by the electricities of the hour, let them by all means whip up their sluggish spirits in the way proposed. It is probable that some natures can never do without masters—study must be a duty and a task; and there must wait upon its performance the award or the censure of a superior, or else the heart loses courage, and the will falls away into torpid sleep.

We append hereto a letter from Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, the venerable and much-esteemed literary editor of the *Philadelphia Press*, also well known as the editor of the American edition of "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and as the delightful repository of innumerable reminiscences and anecdotes of by-gone celebrities in English literature and art. Let us take this occasion to say that Dr. Mackenzie should by all means give his memoir to the world; those who have met the "old man eloquent" know how replete they are with rich *memorabilia*. The letter is as follows. Its contents will doubtless surprise many readers:

"SIR: IN APPLETON'S JOURNAL of the 2d of this month, I find in the 'London Letter' the following short paragraph: 'What is said to be a hitherto unpublished sermon by Father Prout has just been printed in a Cork paper. How characteristic it is! Having chosen for his text, 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord,' he goes on to show that the real poor are 'the clergy,' and this is how the great humorist winds up.' Then follows an extract containing the conclusion of the sermon."

"I have to say that 'Father Prout's Sermon,' from which that extract was made, did not emanate from the subtle and racy mind of the author of the far-famed 'Reliques of Father Prout,' originally published in *Punch's Magazine*, and subsequently in two 16mo volumes in 1836, but was written by myself forty years ago, as an exaggerated but not unaccountable imitation of the familiar style of the real Father Prout, P. P., of Watergrasshill, nine miles north of Cork. It was partly founded on fact, the main idea and some of the points being supplied by my personal recollection of a ser

mon which I heard the reverend gentleman preach, when, a school-boy, I lived in his neighborhood.

"I published the 'Sermon' in one of the English periodicals of the time. In 1850, making a collection of my magazine articles (in three volumes, entitled 'Mornings at Matlock,' and published by H. Colburn, London), I included the 'Sermon.' In 1854 I again put it into one of my books ('Bits of Blarney,' published by Redfield, New York), and it occupies seven pages (288-290) in the volume in question.

"The Rev. Francis Mahony, the veritable author of the 'Prout Papers,' was pleased, more than once, to compliment me on the 'Sermon' in question. I desire to claim it as my own original composition, and shall communicate this claim to the press of Cork, my own early home. Yours truly,

"R. SHELTON MAACKENZIE.

"PHILADELPHIA, October 9, 1875."

THE savage and atrocious murder of poor, little Josie Langmaid, in New Hampshire, has made every one shudder, not alone at the barbarous cruelty of the crime, but also at the apparent immunity with which it was committed. It adds one more to a long list of unknown murderers, and leaves the public mind in any thing but a state of security or confidence in the existing system of detection. The old maxim that "murder will out" is beginning to have too many exceptions, it would seem, to prove the rule. The murders of Mr. Nathan, of the Joyce children, of Kate Leehan, and Bridget Landregan, of Abijah Ellis, and numerous others, come to mind to recall to us how many assassins still walk abroad free in the light of day, unsuspected, or, at least, unconvicted. In our indignant haste, however, we are too prone to overlook the fact that these cases are really exceptional, though alarmingly numerous. Taking all the homicides which occur, only a very small proportion of the perpetrators escape justice altogether. It is perhaps better that they should elude the law entirely than that, being taken, they should, owing to the devices of counsel, and undue influences which are sometimes found to environ courts of justice, be taken only to receive a punishment conspicuously inadequate to the enormity of their crime. Nor need we indulge in self-depreciatory vaporings to the effect that we are a more lawless and less protected community than others. At the moment, indeed, that we have been thrilled by the Pembroke tragedy, London has been shocked by the accidental discovery of a most foul murder which, having been committed a year ago, has only just now come to light. The foolish fears of the alleged assassin lest an examination, for another purpose, of the house where his victim lay buried, should reveal his guilt, caused him to do an act which, at this late day, exposed it. Harriet Lane was undoubtedly done to death in September of last year, in the most crowded district of

London, and in a warehouse constantly visited by all sorts of people; her disappearance was remarked by her family and friends; she was known to be intimate with the man Wainright, and to have been annoying him with her jealousy, and importunities for money. Yet the London police, which is reformed every year or two, and is maintained at a very heavy expense to rate-payers, do not seem to have stumbled anywhere near to a clew of the dark deed. The fate of Harriet Lane, too, is no more an isolated case than is that of Josie Langmaid. For years London has been the scene of murders quite equal to either in atrocity, and, it may be added, in mystery. The tragedies of the New Road and Great Coram Street, and of the two young girls who were found in the Regent's Canal within a few months of each other, and whose very names could not be discovered, not to speak of the people taken, at frequent intervals, out of the Thames, show that the English have even more cause than we to complain of the insecurity of life, and the inefficiency of the police.

IN striking contrast to the tumultuous rhetoric of Mr. Charles Reade's letters on copyright is the dispassionate, convincing, and judicial paper, by Mr. E. S. Drone, on this subject, in the *American Law Review* for October. Mr. Drone's paper is an examination into the origin and nature of literary property, connected with an inquiry as to whether the right in this kind of property is perpetual. His article covers this ground very thoroughly, and seems to us fairly conclusive in its arguments. It shows historically that literary property at one time enjoyed in England the protection of the common law of property; and it demonstrates how, according to the fundamental principles of legal equity, it is entitled to this protection. The right of property in a manuscript is always conceded; but it is claimed, and has so been decided by the English courts, that a publication of a manuscript destroys this right. Mr. Drone contests this closely, showing that the loss of the right could only occur by abandonment or by contract—that abandonment must be proved by intention, and that it is evident on the face that the sale of a book is a contract to part with the corporeal and not the incorporeal element of the work. We recently advanced in the *JOURNAL* a similar argument to the latter, showing that by the very nature of the purchase a book-buyer could not obtain more than that which the purchase-money involved would in equity cover. The use of the intellectual contents of the book is sold, and not the right to multiply the same. As to whether the right in literary property may be destroyed by the legislature, Mr. Drone shows that the

state is empowered to appropriate private property when the public necessity requires it, and then only upon due compensation. The limitation of copyright is the destruction of the property-value of a book after a certain period, and hence, according to the argument of Mr. Drone, is a violation of a fundamental principle of law. We have not the space to follow Mr. Drone through all his arguments; we can only say that he seems to us to have completely established his propositions.

DISARMAMENT seems to have become a problem for speculative statesmen and eloquently-unpractical peace congresses to exercise the ingenuity of their faculties upon. England just now proclaims to the world that she has produced the most monstrous gun yet. The Fraser cannon, we are told, has a weight of eighty-one tons, and has already been tested with a charge of two hundred and forty pounds. More than this, the inventive and destructive Fraser hastens to demonstrate that it is perfectly easy to make guns of double the size and power of this enormous engine—guns which will "throw a ton of metal at every shot." Perhaps in the next war we shall hear of whole towns being blown to atoms at a single burst of the bellowing brass. Of course Germany, and France, and Russia, will hasten to cultivate Mr. Fraser's acquaintance, and to avail themselves of his colossal constructive powers. It is a very serious commentary on the present state and temper of Europe that he who can invent a new implement of war has the best chance of wealth and fame. When, as it is said, even civilized and commercial England is exultingly testing an engine, a single charge of which consists of a bag of powder with grains an inch and a half square, the bulk being as large as a good-sized pig, it is much to be feared that the era of peace is afar off.

IN September of every year a grotesque scene may be witnessed in the "Halles Centrales," or great markets of Paris. A monster pumpkin, decorated with a crown of pasteboard and tinsel, and borne upon a board which serves for a throne, is carried in state through the airy corridors and along the wide outer pavements. The market-people gather around, and pay obeisance to the royal vegetable, and afterward King Pumpkin is mercilessly dissected, sold in slices at auction, and made into succulent soup which is eaten amid much Gallic merriment and persiflage. Do the Paris market-people merely mean this as a funny festival, or are they consciously ironical in this crowning the dullest and thickest-pated of the vegetable kingdom? A rude epithet

is current in some Yankee rural districts, designating a dullard as a "pumpkin-head." Is the festival of "King Potiron" intended to satirize mankind, who so often crown the pumpkins of the species, making dignified dullness a mayor, a governor, nay, even a king? Then King Potiron becomes the victim and food of his satellites; and, even so, does not the official pumpkin, more readily than another, allow his adherents to fatten on him? It may be accidental, but the market-festival certainly has a significance and symbolism not peculiarly flattering to humanity.

Literary.

IT is a little puzzling to understand precisely what Mr. Macbeth conceives to be the character of his "Might and Mirth of Literature."* To the dispassionate reader who examines the book, it seems to be a collection of elegant extracts from the works of the leading poetical and prose writers in English literature, and of some who are not leading, and to derive whatever value or interest it has from this feature. But Mr. Macbeth evidently considers the extracts subordinate in importance to, and, in fact, dependent for a considerable portion of their attractiveness upon, his mode of classification. He says, in his introduction: "One main object of this volume is to set forth the power, beauty, wealth, and wit of language . . . by taking a wide survey of our American and English writers, from the Anglo-Saxon times till now; not from many unconnected points of view, but from strictly one point—whence, as from a green hill-side in the centre of a great domain, the whole rich landscape can be beheld. That one view-point is Figurative Language; by their mode of using which you may, with accuracy, judge of our authors, by almost all of whom figures of speech are largely employed, from the gravest disquisition to the airiest breathing of song that ever milkmaid chanted over her milking-pail. This volume will thus possess strict artistic and scientific unity. Besides, and of this assertion the severest scrutiny is challenged, the affirmation being very venturesome and improbable, the author avers that this plan of his has the merit, even at this late day, of the most entire originality; never before has figurative language been taken as a point from which to examine a whole literature. Nobody will readily believe that, after the most inventive minds have been treating of literature for twenty-two centuries, an entirely new and exceedingly comprehensive and searching mode of treatment can possibly remain to be discovered; yet such is the case, remarkable as is the fact." Now, even after reading Mr. Macbeth's elaborate exposition, we have been unable to discover any scientific or logical

validity in figurative language as a test to apply to literature. A whole literature has never hitherto been viewed from the stand-point of epigrams, or adjectives, or the Shakespeare Society's new syllable-counting test, any more than from that of figurative language; so it is plain that, even yet, the number of possible view-points is not exhausted. The test, in short, is a purely rhetorical and artificial one, and Mr. Macbeth himself in practice makes little pretense of conforming to it. Ostensibly a rigid classification is preserved, but whenever the author's note-book furnishes him with a striking passage he never fails to find room for it, whether it be specially illustrative or not. Nor, indeed, when the classification is maintained, does it illumine, in any way, the selections which are ranged under it. Take, for example this:

"Why don't the men propose, mamma?
Why don't the men propose?
Each seems just coming to the point,
And then away he goes.
It is no fault of yours, mamma—
That everybody knows;
You *fit* the finest men in town,
Yet, oh! they don't propose!"

Or this:

"Life, struck sharp on Death,
Makes awful lightning."

In what respect does it add to the reader's enjoyment of these verses to know that the first is an illustration of "synecphonesia," and the last of "hypocatastasis?" As the author himself says, "we are glad to escape from words whose very look is barbarous," and which interpolate a foreign and superfluous idea where the attention should be undivided. Music is not any more musical when disintegrated into vibrations of the tuning-fork, and the impingement of air-waves upon the tympanum of the ear.

To come to the point, Mr. Macbeth's book is to be judged simply as a collection of other men's thoughts strung together on a slender and sometimes attenuated thread of biographical anecdote, criticism, and expository comment, furnished by the author himself. The selections show wide reading, upward of six hundred authors being represented, and a catholic, indeed an omnivorous, taste. In regard to the framework of comment, we may say briefly that any one who comes to Mr. Macbeth in search of analytical comparison, subtle discrimination of beauty of one kind from beauty of another, and criteria of relative merit, will be disappointed; but whoever, on the other hand, would catch the genuine enthusiasm of literature will be very likely to find the contagion in his book. For this latter reason, we are glad to hear that Mr. Macbeth has been appointed to a professorship in the University of Virginia. His influence upon young men cannot but be stimulating and wholesome; for, after all, as Dr. Johnson says, the first step is to read. Criticism and comparison may well come afterward—and a long time afterward.

ANOTHER book of travel, with which readers of the JOURNAL have already had the opportunity of becoming more or less familiar through extracts in the "Miscellany," is "Travels in Portugal," by John Latouche (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons). The sev-

eral chapters of which it is composed appeared originally in the *New Quarterly Magazine*, and the marked favor with which they were received induced the author to revise and enlarge them, and to publish them in permanent form. Portugal is as yet virgin soil to the traveler, and Mr. Latouche's description gives little promise of its speedily becoming a favorite haunt of the mere tourist—"the ignorant, conceited, incurious, money-eyed tramp, for whom so much deserved contempt has been expressed in current literature," as the author puts it. It is not without its attractions, however, and Mr. Latouche's own experiences prove that a leisurely horseback-journey, shunning the highways and especially the large cities, and extensive enough to take in all parts of the country, more than compensates for all the hardship and privation which it involves. The scenery is less grand than that of the Spanish portion of the peninsula, and the country presents less dramatic contrasts of desolate uplands and tropically luxuriant valleys; nevertheless, there is a sort of subdued picturesqueness grateful to the artistic eye, and the people are as unique and interesting as any in Europe. It is the people, indeed, who attract most of Mr. Latouche's attention, and he evidently finds a peculiar relish in describing their antiquated modes of life, their quaint simplicity of character, their elaborate and universal courtesy, and the apparent eccentricity of their habits and customs. Of the usual scenic description there is comparatively little—Mr. Latouche having a theory that, "seeing how general opinion varies on such matters from day to day, travelers should be cautious how they praise any scenery at all."

As we have already said, Mr. Latouche confined himself mostly to the by-paths of the country; and, to such travelers as wish to learn only about the railways and cities of Portugal, its show-places and "sights," and the best manner of "doing" the country, the book will afford only disappointment. To the cultivated reader, on the other hand, who would like to know what Portugal and the Portuguese really are, and who cares to make the acquaintance of a writer whose work, without being pedantic, has a peculiarly grateful flavor of scholarship, we can commend it cordially.

Quite the best thing in the new *bric-a-brac* volume ("Personal Recollections of Lamb, Hazlitt, and Others." New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) is Mr. Stoddard's biographical sketch of Lamb, in the preface. This is a most thoroughly appreciative, delicately discriminating, and true bit of writing; and if the inferences concerning the unappiness of Lamb's life seem rather more sombre than the facts recorded in the book appear to justify, yet no one will deny that, as a whole, the sketch is one of the worthiest tributes that has ever been paid to the genius and character of the "gentle Elia." Very good, too, if somewhat briefer, is the sketch of Hazlitt; and, altogether, before he gets through with the book, one is inclined to be sorry that it is not all preface.

Instead of the three or four separate works

* The *Might and Mirth of Literature. A Treatise on Figurative Language.* In which upward of Six Hundred Writers are referred to, and Two Hundred and Twenty Figures Illustrated. By John Walker Vilant Macbeth. New York: Harper & Brothers.

to which Mr. Stoddard usually goes for his material, he has confined himself in the present volume, for the most part, to a single book, Mr. P. G. Patmore's "My Friends and Acquaintance," a collection of personal reminiscences of deceased celebrities of the nineteenth century, published in London in 1854. The only case in which he has gone beyond it is that of Hazlitt, certain episodes of whose life are taken from his grandson's "Memoirs." Mr. Patmore is described by Mr. Stoddard as "a man of little note, though acquainted with celebrities; his chief distinction, and it is not a remarkable one, being that he was the father of Coventry Patmore, the poet." Certainly, this distinction, such as it is, is not likely to be enhanced by his reminiscences, even in the condensed and doubtless improved form in which they appear in Mr. Stoddard's book. They are pretentious and elaborate, but singularly deficient in flavor; and his work as it originally stood in three volumes must have been a curious illustration of how little really personal and objective description a wordy writer could put into a work of the kind and yet have it pass muster.

To bring our notice to a conclusion, we may say that, as Mr. Stoddard fashions it, the book is not dull—it is, in fact, an improvement upon some of the late *bric-à-brac* volumes; for poor biography is, on the whole, preferable to poor anecdotes and jokes, and Lamb, Hazlitt, Campbell, and Lady Blessington, are sufficiently interesting persons to make us glad to get even a small accession to our knowledge of them.

The illustrations include portraits of Lamb, of Hazlitt, of Campbell, and of Lady Blessington; and a fac-simile reproduction of an interesting autograph letter of Lamb's to William Hone.

"THE MECHANIC'S FRIEND" (New York: D. Van Nostrand) is a book the character and scope of which are concisely and fully indicated in the title, where it is described as "A Collection of Receipts and Practical Suggestions relating to the Metric System, Miscellaneous Tools, Instruments and Processes, Cements and Glues, Varnishes and Lacquers, Solders and Metal-Working, Steam-Engines, Railways and Locomotives, Fire-Arms, Horology, Glass, Wood-Working, House and Garden, Drawing and Moulding, Photography, Musical Instruments, Taxidermy, Plant-Preserving, Aquaria, Miscellaneous Chemical Processes and Compositions, Lighting, Dyes, Water-proofing, Gilding and Bronzing, Pyrotechny, Electricity, Magnetism, and Telegraphy." The numerous articles of which it consists were selected by Mr. W. E. A. Axon, M. R. S. L., from the *English Mechanic*, "a well-known periodical, in whose pages lovers of science, practical mechanics, chemists, photographers, etc., etc., have for years past been in the habit of affording mutual help to each other." Hence almost every item of information in the volume is a solution of a difficulty experienced by one person, by another who has already met and overcome it; and this fact will stamp the book with a practical value in the eyes of those who know "how much more impor-

tant such individual experience is than any mere theory or tradition."

The topics are grouped together in the volume according to their logical relationships, there is a good index, and the illustrations are very numerous.

"LECTURES TO MY STUDENTS" (New York: Sheldon & Co.) is a collection of a dozen or more addresses delivered by Mr. Spurgeon to the classes of the Pastor's College, an institution connected with his church in London. They are colloquial, familiar, full of anecdote, and humorous—not at all like the typical sermon; at the same time they are earnest and zealous to a degree which characterizes all Mr. Spurgeon's words, whether spoken or written. Being addressed to those who have already assumed the pastor's calling, they discuss, for the most part, topics which have a special interest only for ministers: "The Minister's Self-Watch," "Call to the Ministry," "Preachers' Private Prayer," "Public Prayer," "Sermons," "On the Choice of a Text," "On the Voice," "Faculty of Impromptu Speech," and the like. To Mr. Spurgeon, however, the minister belongs to no separate class or cult, but is simply the head of a flock of which he is also a member; and the suggestions which he offers to the one are scarcely less applicable to the other.

MR. W. J. ROLFE has prepared for school use, on the plan of his previously-published Shakespeare plays, "Select Poems of Oliver Goldsmith" (New York: Harper & Brothers). The poems selected are "The Traveler," "The Deserted Village," and "Retaliation," which, besides being beautifully printed in large, clear type, are prefaced with Macaulay's memoir of Goldsmith, and briefer selections from other memoirs of the poet by Thackeray, George Colman, Campbell, Forster, and Irving; and followed by copious notes, original and selected. The notes are just and discriminating in tone, and supply all that is necessary either for understanding the thought of the several poems, or for a critical study of the language. The use of such books in the school-room cannot but contribute largely toward putting the study of English literature upon a sound basis; and many an adult reader, whose school-days are over, would find in the present volume an excellent opportunity for becoming critically acquainted with one of the greatest of last century's poets.

REVIEWING the third and fourth volumes of the Count de Paris's "History of the American Civil War," the *Saturday Review* says: "Skilled as the count is in describing scenes of action, and the powers that move masses to victory or defeat, and thorough as is his knowledge of the springs of American history, his volumes have, in our opinion, one marked defect pervading them which detracts from their merit as works of art. The author seems to lack the biographical power which should clothe his chief actors with personal interest. With the exception always of McClellan, there is a tendency in his pages to treat commanders rather too much like ma-

chines than men of various characters, as they are. We note this drawback, however, as well as the political and private bias already mentioned, with the less regret, because, after every possible deduction is made, we have in these volumes a history of the contest throughout its opening years which is so superior to all those preceding it that there is not one in America or Europe worthy to be placed in the same class. There is, in fact, as much difference between this narrative and its predecessors as between the splendid atlas that accompanies it and the cheap and shabby maps with which we were supplied for our first studies of the American campaigns."

THE *Athenæum* thinks that the productions of George Sand's old age are undoubtedly less original than her former works, and that she would do well to stop writing. . . . Under the title of "The Orphan of Pimlico, and Other Sketches, Fragments, and Drawings," a collection of Thackeray's drawings will shortly be published in London. Some of the drawings are hasty sketches, and were made in traveling-note-books; others were afterward used for the purposes of illustration; some were done for the amusement of children, others for that of his friends. The volume is "authorized," and is designed to furnish an adequate representation of Thackeray's artistic feeling. . . . A university is to be established in Siberia, of all places in the world! It will be located at Tomsk, and at first will promote chiefly the study of medicine. . . . The interest felt in Paris regarding our Centennial Exhibition is indicated by the establishment there of a paper "for the purpose of giving the public every possible information" on the subject. The periodical is entitled *L'Indicateur de l'Exposition Universelle de Philadelphie*. . . . The Prince of Wales's visit to India will give birth to a novelty in the shape of "specials." It is said that Messrs. Bourne & Shepherd, the best known of Indian photographers, will depute the chief of their staff to accompany his royal highness throughout his tour through India. This "Photo-Special" will be assisted by a large number of skilled native photographers, who hope in concert to produce a perfect panorama of the royal progress through Hindostan. . . . Mr. Swinburne has nearly completed a new dramatic poem of about the same length as "Atalanta in Calydon," and, like it, founded upon a subject from Greek mythology. . . . Mr. Andrew Wilson, author of "The Abode of Snow," recently reviewed in the *JOURNAL*, has had the degree of Ph. D. conferred upon him by the University of Zurich, in recognition of his services as a writer. . . . A new edition, in seven volumes, of the "Life and Works of Charlotte, Emily, and Anna Brontë," is about to be issued in London. Its most remarkable feature will be the illustrations, which will consist of views, sketched on the spot, of the most interesting scenes described in the novels. . . . The *North American Review* closes an article on Sherman's "Memoirs" as follows: "We lay down these volumes with regret. We seem to be breathing a fresh, and bracing, and inspiring atmosphere as we read them. They increase our pride in the general of our army, and our regard for him. It is good to know him as we now know him; to recognise the kindly man in the relentless soldier; and to see what a clear-headed, right-minded, accomplished, faithful, successful commander has been born of our American civilization." . . . Mr. Charles Lanman is to make a contribution to our centennial literature in a volume

entitled "Biographical Annals of the Civil Government of the United States during its First Century." It will be derived from original and official sources.

The Arts.

WE suppose, from our own experience, that there is no class of objects more difficult to image to the mind through description alone than porcelain, metal, or textile fabrics. From written accounts of different shades of blues in India china, which distinguish their age or manufacture, we gain little impression as to whether the vases or jars we saw last week or month belonged to this or that time, unless we have the book by us when we look at them; and, when we examine specimens of Majolica ware, a "crackle" cup, or a bit of tile, the impression they form is very dissimilar to the one we gather from the elaborate facts given in the best books on the subject.

Books read in connection with the examination of these specimens, of course, have the highest value, and, page in hand, we can follow out the descriptions while we examine the inside of a pearly-white cup, whose fine purplish or brownish lines form the net-work known as "crackle;" or we can learn that the chrysanthemum pattern has long been a favorite one with the Japanese while we look at a particular vase or jar covered with these flowers—a general fact which the sight of the few specimens we are likely to see of this decoration would fail to tell us. From our book we can learn the history and the processes of manufacture, but sight alone, or imaginative description, makes such objects real to us.

We are led to these remarks by the sight of some English imitations of Moorish tiles, the originals of which are found in the Alhambra. They are made of coarse clay, and arabesque figures of dark browns, blues, and greens, of somewhat subdued shades, are impressed into the surface, forming sunken spaces of color between sharp, raised dividing lines. The faces of these tiles are brilliant with enamel, and their irregular surface fits them better for the side ornaments of buildings than, like the flat English tiles, to cover a floor, where the friction of feet and of rough objects would soon destroy them. From any description in books we had gained little impression of their richness and beauty, and it was only when we saw them so diverse from the dead-colored, common English tiles now in use here that we gained the first adequate impression of their appearance. As illustrating the estimation in which they were held formerly, the Spaniards had a saying, "Nunca habrás casa con azulejos" ("You will never have a house adorned with glazed tiles")—that is, you will never be rich. The effect of them is showy and eminently decorative, and, when we use them, as they formerly were used in Spain and Italy, upon the outsides of our buildings, the sunshine upon their irregular glazed surfaces, with their varied colors and flowing arabesque lines, will make them one of the most beautiful additions to our out-of-door ornament.

Very few of these tiles have been brought to this country, and the few we have seen are used as side decorations of halls and fire-places. The outside of buildings seems to us their most proper place, and, if such spaces as the triangles between the great round arches that form the tops of the windows in Chickering's Music-Hall, now building at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, could have been filled with them instead of the smooth, unglazed English tiles, the effect of the building would have been wonderfully enriched.

GOUPIL has several very clever paintings by Roman artists, one of the most important of which is of a sleeping student by Martineti. The other is "Offering the Bridal-Wreath" by Faustini. The former is quite a humorous picture of a young fellow asleep over his books, sitting in a fine room, about which are the usual appointments of a library, many of which are also pictures "of the stock in trade" of Martinetti himself, consisting of screens, rugs, yellow curtains, and general *bric-à-brac*. Three or four young women, well-costumed in studio-dresses of quaint or piquant fashion, and of brocade, satin, or flowered silk, have come into the room, and, while one is tying the leg of the young man to the library-table, another has a long brush, with a very long handle, in her hand, which she is brandishing above his head from behind a screen, and the other girls, with features smiling with mirth, are evidently much amused with the pranks they are playing with the sleeping student. A young man, a fellow-student, stands in the doorway, and is aiding them in their sport.

The painting of this picture is very clever in the yellow curtain through whose transparent material the light strikes softly. It is very good in the drapery of the women, in the mahogany bookcase, and the delicate embroidery of flowers in the ruffle that hangs above the window. The composition of forms is quite agreeable, as are the contrasts of hue in the black brush, which makes a brilliant point of light and shade thrust between the spectator and the bright drapery before the window. The flesh of the faces of the figures, however, is hard, and looks like parchment, dead and stiff. Yet on the whole this picture, evidently entirely made up from models and the paraphernalia of a studio, is a very careful and nice bit of work.

The other picture, "Offering the Bridal-Wreath," is different in motive and treatment. Also painted in Rome, the scene is half classical, and it is essentially decorative. A long Oriental chamber is the scene of the picture, and at one end of it a young woman, dressed, as in "The Sleeping Student," with appropriate studio-fabrics of rich colors, is sitting attended by a dark Roman girl, who appears to be chatting with her. Behind her is her couch, and part way along the room a brass censer is smoking its perfume into the chamber. A sort of Arcadian figure, it may be the husband, but more probably some jester or musician, half clad, and showing a fine, half grotesque and dark-skinned black curly head, is partially dancing toward the bride, to whom he reverentially tenders a wreath of

green leaves. Outside, through an opening in the wall of the room, appear the low pillars of an Oriental courtyard, and just within the chamber half a dozen maidens, with splendid dark Italian faces, comic as fauns, and radiant with the grotesque beauty one finds no farther north than Italy, watch the proceedings with jolly pleasure. A young boy leans against the door-post, playing on a couple of reeds, and the whole picture is tropical, and yet with more vivacity in the drawing and attitudes of the figures than is usually met with in like subjects. Beautiful rich bits of color occur throughout the work, scattered through wide spaces of subdued yet harmonious hues. The light-yellow walls of the building in the courtyard are the most brilliant in their contrast with the white capitals of pillars formed like clusters of palms. Green vines wind about the shafts of these columns, and the whole forms a maze of light behind the dark, brilliant faces and dresses of the women.

Within the apartment the light is more subdued, and lacks the rich warmth of the out-door sunshine. But, as a contrast with the latter, here every hue is subdued and rich, and shows a play of light difficult to keep distinct from any color that shall mar its relation with the tints of the pale daylight outside the room.

ONE of the latest pictures from the easel of Frederick E. Church is a river-view drawn just before sunset, and entitled "After the Rain-Storm," but evidently painted more as an effect from Nature than for its striking pictorial quality as a landscape. The foreground is in deep shadow, and has a fallen tree-trunk on the right and a group of trees on the left. The river flows quietly in the middle distance, and the clouds, after the rain, have broken, and are yet hanging sullenly over the distant hills, and extend upward, covering the sky with their murky forms to the zenith. The most striking feature in the work is the sky-effect, which is in brilliant contrast to the shadowy landscape. The sun, although obscured, is evidently just hanging above the horizon, and its flashing rays strike the broken cloud-forms, and light them up with gorgeous effect. The blue sky shows through the opening, and the clouds at this point have the bright silver lining, but it is streaked with crimson and golden tints, which lend additional richness to its tones. The brilliancy of this passage in the sky painting, which is the *tour de force* of the picture, is reflected upon the hill-forms, strikes the water with more or less force, and is repeated upon the clouds at the zenith. The sky, in every matter of detail and part, is painted solidly and with great force. The lines of silver and golden light are painted on with the brush in heavy masses, and with masterly skill. There is no hesitation shown in the handling of this sky—every stroke of the brush appears to have been studied with care, and the expression is broad and effective in the highest degree.

The general tone of the work is impressive, but, unfortunately, its force is all invested in the sky. The landscape in the foreground is richly colored and harmonious

in tone with the sky, but further than this it is lacking in any great artistic qualities. The great tree-trunk which has fallen in the foreground, and the group of trees on the left, were evidently laid on with a firm and free hand, but in the finish they are left hard and inexpressive. We can realize that a dead calm may have succeeded the storm, but the snap and sparkle which belong to Nature after a heavy rainfall are not lost at sunset, by any means, and this incident Mr. Church has failed to secure. The foliage is heavy with paint, and not moisture, and the water of the river is as solid and unyielding as a stream of molten copper. In the handling of this work it is evident that the sky-effect was the motive aimed at, and the landscape a matter of secondary consideration. This is unfortunate, as there is a pleasant harmony between the two extremes, and with a moderate degree of study they might be brought together so as to form a picture as beautiful in expression as it is impressive in sentiment. The picture is on exhibition at Goupil's.

Among the notable new buildings in the city is Chickering Hall at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth Street. It covers a space fifty or sixty feet wide on the avenue, and runs back on Eighteenth Street the entire depth of the lot. Built of red brick, it is divided into two very high stories on the outside, which are as lofty as four or five stories of the adjoining buildings. The front entrance sets between two large and high windows, one on either side of the door, and above these three other windows with round tops form the front of the edifice. Dark and highly-polished granite pillars placed flat against the outer wall support the entrance, and in the second story a pair of similar pillars between the windows support the end of the round arches which form their tops. Several large, square blocks of the same polished material make a rich ornament in the plain spacings of this wall. Above the arches of the upper windows, as we have elsewhere remarked, the space is filled solidly by English tiles of buff and light neutral colors in diaper patterns, and the roof, which is pyramidal, is guarded by an iron parapet.

On Eighteenth Street the line is broken by large windows in the lower story, and this story is much lower than the one above it, both in front and on the sides. The second story on this street is a blank wall set off into arched spaces similar to those occupied by the windows in front; and these in their turn are separated by granite pillars, while above them is the same diapered tile-work. The inside of Chickering Hall is not yet completed, but externally it will long form one of the most striking edifices of Fifth Avenue.

The great arches of the windows of this building, like those in the Lenox Library and in the new railway-station at Worcester, are its most interesting and positive feature. Simplicity of form, combined with size, has a wonderful power in making any architectural form impressive. The relation of big forms to neighboring little ones has great effect on the imagination, and six large openings in

the side of a house make it look larger and more imposing than fifty small ones in the same space. We know of no one feature so distinguishing to the cathedrals abroad as their high and spacious doorways; and, comparing these as we stand fifty feet or more beneath the apex of their arches with our diminutive doors at home, we realize approximately the size of the buildings of which they form a part.

For this reason we are glad when we see these few and simple openings in such large structures as Chickering Hall. The whole building gains in dignity from them when we compare the size and simplicity of the mass with houses only half as large whose many openings in relation to these look like port-holes of a ship.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

September 28, 1875.

SOME curious anecdotes of the Parisian theatres for forty years past have recently been published by the *Revue Britannique*. Among others is the following anecdote of the brilliant Augustine Brohan, that wittiest and most accomplished of actresses. One evening she was seated in the green-room, refreshing herself with a cup of broth, while a circle of admirers crowded round her as usual. Among them was Charles Desnoyers, the clever stage-manager of the Comédie Française.

"Augustine," he said, "you always have an answer ready for every thing, but I am going to try to puzzle you. I shall ask you a question in which I shall introduce the name of a city, and you must answer in a single word, which must not only have reference to what I have said, but must also be the name of a city, whether a French or a foreign one does not matter. Is it agreed?"

"It is a bargain," answered the actress.

"Very good," replied the manager, "let us begin. It appears that you are fond of *bouillon*."

"Elbeuf" (*à la bœuf*), instantly made answer the actress.

"Bravo!" cried every one present.

Desnoyers appeared entirely disconcerted, but, recovering himself immediately, he continued, in a pathetic tone: "If you play me such tricks" (*de ces Tours-là*), "I shall die!"

Augustine rose, and, looking him full in the face, she hurled at him this crushing apostrophe:

"Périgieux!" (*péris, gueux*—perish, you beggar!)

The writer of the above reminiscences says of Rachel:

"She is the strangest person I have ever met," once said to me the Duke de X—. 'I was in her drawing-room the other evening, when two or three academicians came to call upon her. She received them with the utmost dignity, and conversed for a long time with them on various scientific and literary subjects, which she discussed with an *aplomb* and a gravity which would have done honor to Mademoiselle de Soudéry. But no sooner had they taken their departure than she sprang from her chair, and started to whirling like a top around the room till she was totally out of breath. Then she sat down on the floor, and, without further ceremony, she devoured half the contents of a jar of brandy-cherries.

"On another evening I went to see her in

Phédre. She electrified the audience; and, though I had seen her a dozen times in that rôle, her scene with *Hippolyte* is of so irresistible an effect that I have never been able to listen to it without profound emotion. When the act was over I was conversing with a friend in the lobby, when I received from Rachel a little note in pencil, saying that she was perfectly exhausted, and that, when I was on my way to the club, I must stop at Chéret's to order something for her supper. Can you imagine what?"

"Some oysters or a truffled partridge, perhaps."

"Not at all. A box of sardines and some Gruyère cheese!"

There has been a great deal of talk about centennials and centenarians recently, but they have all been thrown into the shade by an individual who recently departed this life in Paris aged two hundred and three years. This aged creature was, however, not a human being, but a goose, belonging to a workman named Payen, who resided at Villeneuve Saint-George. It had been in the possession of the family for over two centuries, as certain documents in the hands of its present owner conclusively proved. It was called Babette, and knew its name perfectly, always coming when called by it. For three years past it has been in a semi-lethargic condition, but up to that time it had been lively and preserved a good appearance. The director of the Jardin des Plantes, hearing of the existence of this venerable fowl, caused it to be purchased. The fatigues of a journey to Paris were too much for a constitution enfeebled by two centuries of existence, and Babette expired in a few hours after her arrival at her new home. She is to be stuffed and installed with all honors in the museum attached to the gardens.

Carpeaux, the sculptor, continues dangerously ill, and it is not thought that he can long survive. His lower limbs are still completely paralyzed, and he has been forced to relinquish even the small amount of exercise which he used to take in a wheeled chair. The last work which he has executed, and probably the last that he will ever attempt, was an illustration for the novel of "Le Bleuët," recently published by Michel Lévy. The authoress, who is a personal friend, recently called to see him, and showed him the design for a group of *bluets*, or corn-flowers, which was to adorn the cover of her book. The dying sculptor pronounced the design to be stiff, ungraceful, and inartistic. "Bring me some corn-flowers," he said, "and I will show you how I think the group ought to look." The flowers were brought, the sculptor took up his pencil, steadied his weak, wavering fingers by a supreme effort of will, and sketched the graceful cluster that now ornaments the cover of "Le Bleuët."

The chief malady of Carpeaux, for he is suffering from a complication of diseases, is an internal cancer, for the relief of which he has already undergone several surgical operations. For two years and a half he has produced nothing, and for two years he has not visited his *atelier*. His only recreation is a short drive undertaken on those rare days when he feels equal to the effort. Few could recognize in the sullen, inert being, whose eyes alone retain the fire and vivacity for which he was once renowned, the brilliant sculptor who has adorned the New Opera with such animated and striking groups.

The new books of the week include Arsène Houssaye's "Dianas and Venuses" and his "Hundred and One Sonnets," both of which are issued by the firm of Michel Lévy Bros.

From the same house we have "The more that changes" ("Plus ça change"), by Alphonse Karr, and a series of ten etchings by Henri Guerard, illustrating "Les Châtiments," by Victor Hugo. The firm also announce "Dialogues and Philosophical Fragments," by Ernest Renan, and Octave Feuillet's new and charming novel of "A Society Marriage," as well as the sequel to the work by Alphonse Karr above mentioned, which sequel is to bear the title of "The more 'tis the same thing" ("Plus c'est la même chose"). Lecoffre, Son & Co. have published the first four volumes of "A History of the Reign of Louis XIV.," by M. Casimir Gaillardin, which four volumes have just gained the Grand Prix Gobert. The work is to be completed in six volumes, of which the last is not to appear till next June. Plon & Co. have brought out a "History of Italian Brigandage from the Earliest Ages down to the Present Time," by Armand Dubarry; and a "History of Inventions, Discoveries, and Human Institutions," by D. Ramée. The Bibliothèque Charpentier promises the second volume of the "Memoirs of Odilon Barrot" for the 1st of October. Lachaud & Co. have just issued a pamphlet entitled "The Conspiracies of Arenenberg." The oddest title among the just-issued books is the following: "Napoleon III., a Tragedy in Four Acts and in Verse. To be represented in Fifty Years. By an Unknown. For sale at all Book-Stands." Notwithstanding the last announcement, I have tried to obtain it at several of the leading book-stores on the boulevards, but in vain. I have placed the matter in the hands of an energetic personage, who will get me a copy if it is to be had; and, should it prove worthy of further notice, I will tell you more about it in my next.

In the before-mentioned "Memoirs of Odilon Barrot" occurs this sketch of the character of Napoleon III.:

"One of the principal traits of the character of this predestined personage, who was fated to reconstruct the empire, was the knowledge of how to yield; that was the quality which chiefly distinguished him from the first Napoleon, and therein alone lay all his strength. To possess a will as inflexible as fate itself, to dread no initiative however bold it might be, but at the same time to know how to halt, to adjourn, to draw back without any embarrassment either of personal vanity or of pride, these are contradictory qualities which, when they are united in one person, make of that person an exceptional being. These qualities were marvelously appropriate to the situation of Louis Napoleon, who, having neither the genius of the first Napoleon nor his victorious prestige, was forced to obtain by dint of cunning and patience that which the other had been able to bear away in lofty combat."

During the disorders of the 24th of February Prince Jerome Bonaparte, the father of the present prince, came to Madame Barrot and demanded the loan of her carriage, in which to show himself to the people, declaring that only a Bonaparte could calm the tumult and disarm the insurrection. His proposition was rejected as absurd, "and yet," adds Odilon Barrot, "he was only a little in advance of the times."

The Gymnase has reproduced "La Dame aux Camélias" with Mademoiselle Tallandiera as *Marguerite Gautier*, and Worms, who has just returned from Russia, as *Armand Duval*. This revival has created a good deal of talk in theatrical and critical circles in Paris, owing to the quarrels which it has occasioned between Mademoiselle Tallandiera and M. Montigny, the manager of the theatre. It was

with extreme reluctance that the lady undertook the part, for which she was by no means fitted, and she and the manager used to fight like cat and dog during the rehearsals. The nervous, passionate actress, eccentric, abrupt, and gifted, was hardly suited to the personality of the sentimental, consumptive heroine of the first great play of the great dramatist. She possesses genius, power, and dramatic fire, it is true, but she lacks grace and distinction, and the Parisian public, accustomed to see the character impersonated by such fair and elegant women as Blanche Pierson and Eugénie Doche, accepted this new incarnation of it with reluctance. However, the real talent of the actress has swept away all opposition. Her death-scene, in particular, is remarkable for its pathos and its lack of exaggeration. The first night of the revival a very absurd incident came near compromising its success. One of the characters appeared at the supper in the first act wearing an overcoat of a very peculiar color, which somehow or other moved the mirth-loving Parisians to laughter, and so loud and hearty was the mirth caused by that unfortunate garment that poor Mademoiselle Tallandiera, conceiving herself to be the object of the ridicule of the audience, came near rushing from the stage.

Twenty-three years have elapsed since "La Dame aux Camélias" was given to the public. Here is a sketch by Nestor Roqueplan of the celebrated Marie Duplessis, the original from whom Dumas drew his heroine:

Marie Duplessis was remarkably pretty, tall, not particularly well made, ignorant, without wit, but endowed with marvelous tact. She was a peasant-girl of Normandy, but she invented for herself a noble pedigree, deriving, on her own authority, her name from an historical name slightly modified. She told falsehoods freely, and was accustomed to say that lies whitened the teeth. She was not then the ideal woman that death, time, and the imagination of a romance-writer, have made of her.

She was consumptive. She sought the baths of Germany for her health. There she met the Count de S—, a Russian diplomatist, an old man, aged eighty-four, who had co-operated in the drawing up of the Treaty of Peace of Tilsit. Afflicted by the death of a daughter who had perished by an affection of the chest, the count was struck with the resemblance of Marie to his lost child. The lovely face, the velvety eyes, the elegant figure, the small hands and feet, the same fatal malady, he found them all in this double of his beloved child. He transferred to her the care and affection that he had bestowed upon his own daughter. He mournfully calculated that her lungs were strong enough to enable her to survive him. Marie Duplessis thus returned to Paris in the position of a family portrait.

When the pitiless malady had pronounced its last summons, she wished to go once more to the theatre. She was driven to the Palais Royal, where a first representation was to be given. So great was her weakness that she was carried to her box by two liveried footmen. That was her last gayety, and the last time she quitted the house.

More fortunate than the heroine of the drama, she was watched over in her last moments by a tender and loving woman. It was the hands of that devoted friend that decked her for the grave. She lay, enveloped in lace, with a bouquet of camellias between her clasped hands, and a crucifix on her heart. Her beauty returned to her after death; she was almost startlingly lovely. Her coffin was filled with camellias, and for a year after her

death it was the fashion among a certain set to go to the cemetery of Montmartre to lay wreaths and bouquets of camellias on her tomb. She died in 1847, and, five years later, the drama of Alexandre Dumas enshrined this weak, erring, but most unhappy creature, in a living immortality. Unlike the majority of her class, she never ceased to feel shame and remorse for her position. "What would you have thought," some one once said to her when she was in the height of her career, "if your future life had been predicted to you while you were still a poor peasant?" "I should have drowned myself, or else died of horror!" was the passionate reply. LUCY H. HOOKER.

THE MICHAEL ANGELO CELEBRATION.

FLORENCE, September 19, 1873.

FLORENCE knows how to glorify her heroes! From the long row of large, white cattle, adorned with gold-embroidered saddles of red cloth, their necks, heads, and tails, trimmed to match, drawn up for inspection by the prize-committee of the Agrarian Exhibition, in front of the "Tiro Nazionale," on the Casine, from this magnificent array, in which even the dumb beasts seemed to join in honoring the great sculptor of four hundred years ago, down through concert, *cortège*, official ceremony, assembled specimens of his art, eulogy after eulogy, to the final fire-rejoicing, through all the city, environs, and surrounding mountain-peaks—Florence has shown her appreciation of the extraordinary genius of a citizen who once received little honor at her hands.

Michael Angelo is now deified. As Hercules, Apollo, even Jupiter himself, were originally earthly beings, and then placed among the gods, so is it with him. His works also have become miraculous! His temples are numerous, but chief among them are the Florentine dwelling he occupied, the National Museum, and the Academy of Arts, where his sculptures and drawings have been assembled; but there is scarcely a studio or shop-window where he is not enshrined and commemorated by some painting representing a scene from his life, lithographs from his designs, biographies of all sizes, or by his bust in marble, bronze, plaster, or terra-cotta!

What a triumph for a man, when his ashes no longer show even the trace of his human form, to be thus honored! When four centuries have swept from the earth the very memories of many of his contemporaries, every marble chipping that fell from under his chisel, every line known to be drawn by him, careless or studied though it may have been, has been cherished, preserved, and is now exhibited with awe!

The *fêtes* on the occasion were so numerous that the three days devoted to them hardly sufficed. The enthusiastic went from one to another, without thought of hunger or fatigue. Perhaps most agreeable of all the side-shows, was the awarding of the prizes in the Agrarian Exhibition. Nature must ever win the palm over all art, and, whether it was the beautiful *lozole* where the "mostra" was held, the tree-filled Casine, the beauty of the flowers, fruit, vegetables, animals, fowls, and even of the labor-saving machines, a restful, happy feeling seemed to come over one in traversing the gardens or commodious rooms where the objects were displayed.

Then came music, with its harmonious, majestic strains, honoring the great hero of a sister art! As we sat in the Cinque-Cento Salone of the Palazzo Vecchio (on the walls of which are the large war-frescoes by Vasari),

listening to the melodies of Meyerbeer, Liszt, Chopin, Rubinstein, Rossini, and Gounod, as rendered by the numerous and well-trained Florence Orchestral Society, two short but euphonious "madrigals," sung by a choral society, reminded us that the great sculptor was also a poet, whose verses were set to music by contemporary composers.

See the banners borne by art-lovers through the historical streets of Florence, till they stop reverently before the Buonarrotti Palace, while the bronze bust of its once distinguished occupant is unveiled with due ceremony, and thus begins its life of adornment to the door through which Michael Angelo was wont to pass, ascending to his tiny retreat and desk, from over which the face of Vittoria Colonna looked down encouragingly upon him. Again the banners move, and the eager populace follows until the white façade of Santa Croce gleams upon them, and crowding the piazza, ascending the steps, the hero-worshippers enter the cemetery-church, sacred from the artist-hands that painted its walls, and the noble Italian dust it contains—Westminster Abbey of Florence, but the day before its portals had unclosed to receive the remains of the distinguished historian and patriot, Carlo Botta; and to-day foot-worn bronze and marble-mitred ones lying so peacefully on the hard pavement, their hands crossed over their emotionless breasts, might have raised their heads in wonder at the ardent words pronounced by Italians and strangers, as wreaths of silver and laurel were hung upon the tomb of one who let people believe and pray as they would, while he worked out his own great religious thoughts in stone!

Again moves the procession and its accompanying crowd, and this time more gayly, for, all sad rites fulfilled to mortality, it has now only the soul and intellect to honor. Over the Arno, across the Ponte delle Grazie, gradually it comes winding up the zigzag, flower-graced avenues that lead to the Piazzale Michel Angelo, where already favored ones are waiting, in loggia and inclosure, and bands are playing, while David, in bronze, fitting representative of the one from whose brain he sprang, armed with youthful, inspired force, and royal power to command or to conquer, stands absorbed in the blow he is about to send, which shall free his people! So, once on these same heights, the sculptor-patriot worked, uprearing defenses, eager for his beloved Florence. And now come those who will not forget one of his many great deeds, but who, while the old Guelph banner of the Florentine Republic waves from the highest tower of San Miniato, in eloquent discourse, recall to the people the power of the hero's genius and will. Through the lips of Meissonier and Charles Blanc, France speaks out its praise of this great Italian artist and patriot; nor are Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, or Greece, wanting in representatives who join in the same strain. And now the lamps are lighted, shining out amid the banners and filed ranks that occupy the square, towered over by the copy of the sculptor's David. Below, the Florence-adorned plain, through which the Arno flows, reflecting the silver lights along its banks, and from its quaint bridges. There is the fortress-like old palace, with its high, mediæval tower, where hangs the bell, silent, except for extraordinary occasions, but that to-day has rung many a peal! There is the beautiful Duomo, whose cupola shadowed forth the mightier one of Rome, and near it the casket-like tower of Giotto! The very buildings of the famous city seem to wish to add, by graceful architectural effects, to the beauty of the *fête*, and

surely the cone-shaped hills, spotted with villas, and the more distant mountains purpling in the sunset, play no mean part in the grand painting before us, combined work of Nature and man!

As night settles down upon the scene, gradually the crowd disperses, some to assemble later at the syndie's invitation in the Riccardi Palace (the still brilliant frescoes of which yet bear witness to the genius of one of Michael Angelo's predecessors in art, Benozzo Gozzoli), and others to the more democratic printers' banquet in the illuminated gardens of the Florentine Tivoli.

But the place where the great sculptor is most truly honored is the Academy of Fine Arts, where, in a circular hall, stands the original David, brought thither from its former position near the Palazzo Vecchio. In a wing on the right are the three statues by Michael Angelo from the tomb of Julius II.—Moses, Rachel, and Leah—while on the left are plaster-casts of his principal works sent from the cities which possess them. The St. John, said to have been one of his earliest statues, and to have remained unrecognized in the Pescalmini Palace at Pisa until recently, occupies an honorable position, although believed by many to have been rather the work of Mino da Fiesole. In the small base-relief of the Academia Ligustica, called the Pietà, the Madonna holds with great tenderness in her arms a head of Christ, beautiful in its holy, deathly rest. Opposite, in the Sacred Family, the original of which is in the National Museum of Florence, the somewhat Leonardo-da-Vinci-like expression of the Madonna's face attracts a closer study in a position and light so favorable. One of the most beautiful of all is "The Prisoner," from the Louvre. His head rests against his uplifted arm, while face and attitude express hopeless, despairing resignation. In contrast is the Christ with his cross, from the Church of the Minerva at Rome, the face divine and ardent, while the muscles and form, as seen from behind, are more like those of a Hercules. It is the Christ god-man. The celebrated group of the Pietà from St. Peter's can be seen in the fine cast here (the gift of the pope) at great advantage, and one realizes more than ever its beauty. The city of Bruges has sent a Madonna and Child, the mother somewhat rigid in expression, but the Infant superhuman in its head and face.

We enter now the long exhibition-room, where, eclipsed and neglected for a time, hang the rare old Peruginos, Ghirlandajos, Botticellis, and others of the same period, but we stop with the crowd before the "Fortuna" by Michael Angelo; before his portrait; before a drawing from his first picture painted at fifteen years old; before small models of his works; before his marble bust, surrounded with a silver wreath; another in bronze, garlanded with laurel; and a glass case containing many richly-bound and decorated volumes, and testimonials for the occasion, sent by societies from other places and lands.

An adjoining smaller room is devoted to photographs of his drawings and designs. The walls are hung with Braun's photographs of his frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, among which are seen several large cartoons from Naples. On both sides of the glass case, in the centre, are contributions to this collection from Sienna, Queen Victoria, the British Museum, the Museum of Oxford, the Louvre, Lille, and Weimar. There is enough to study for weeks, but we must hurry through it, as the crowd is pressing, and there is still much to see and do in these festal days so richly filled with intellectual pleasures.

We visit the National Museum to salute the Bacchus, the dying Adonis, the Victory, the Holy Family, the Brutus, and the Mask, his first work. Nor can we pass the San Lorenzo Church without entering, to see again the marvelous Medici Monuments, where the Penseroso sits, ever celebrating, with his grand, unequaled pathos, the genius of the one who imagined and carved so unearthly a face.

The day ends, and relaxation from the serious thoughts and studies of the morning's exhibition is found in the gay rooms of the Casino, where, even in the midst of music and dancing, the hero is not forgotten, and the name "Michael Angelo" is constantly heard.

On the third day of the *fête* is the session of the Academia della Crusca e delle Belle Arti. In the midst of the hall formerly used as the Senate-Chamber sits the Prince of Carignano (representative of the king at this time in Florence), while around him, on the platform and in the hall, are the *literati* of Florence and Italy. The aged Gino Capponi, the poet Aleardi, the biographer Aurelio Gotti; princes, painters, and sculptors, are here. De Fabris, Augusto Conti, and the sculptor Dupré, speak in studied and thoughtful words their praise of the hero. Then, remembering another of Italy's great lights, to the study of whose works Michael Angelo owed so much, at the syndie's invitation, the house occupied by Dante in Florence is visited by all. In the evening Florence eclipses itself. Fountains of light appear on the slopes of the ascents to the various promenades and gardens around the city, which gleam with colored lamps of white, red, and green, hanging from verandas, pagodas, and frameworks of various device; the outlines of the towers and chief buildings are designed with rows of glistening lights; on every hill-top, even distant elevated points, are flames and illuminations.

Fiesole shows a colossal, transparent, and brilliant representation of the sculptor's *chef-d'œuvre*, and, mingling with all these fairy-like but lesser lights, the moon sends down her brightest, clearest rays. Thousands of people, citizens, Italians, strangers, ascend on foot or in long lines of carriages to the Piazzale of Michael Angelo, while the bands play, and the *trattori* echo with merriment.

Thus Genius and Work, though four hundred years have passed, bring reverence, and all the people rejoice.

To-day the "Requiem Mass" of Verdi, written for Manzoni, but repeated now for one who needs no prayers, has waked, in the hearts of all who heard its satisfying, exquisite strains, a deeper confidence in the immortality that follows death, in the ever advancement of an earnest, quickened spirit, and in the infinite love of him who can create such power and give it life!

C. L. W.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Who is "M. H. B.?" I'm afraid I'm showing awful ignorance in asking the question, but what has the lady written to make our *Hornet* go into such rapture over her? That paper—it is edited by Mr. Joseph Hatton, the author of "The Tallants of Barton"—has secured her as a contributor, and with this grand flourish of trumpets does it announce the fact:

"M. H. B.

"Since 'Manhattan' wrote those startling letters for the English *Standard*, which did so much for the circulation of that journal, no American writer has appeared with pen so bright or wit so keen as M. H. B. Her papers are just now the gems of journalistic literature in the States, and many of her sparkling *notes*

and anecdotes are reprinted in the 'Wit and Humor' columns of English newspapers.

"We have made arrangements with M. H. B. for a series of special articles on American Life, Manners, and Customs. The first will appear next week. It will be devoted to the consideration of

AMERICAN INVENTIONS, INDIANS, AND A SPIRIT BABY."

A Byron Club is on the point of being started over here. "Members of the Hellenic Community in London," and "English Philhellenes," will both be admissible. The objects of the club, to quote one of the resolutions carried *nem. con.* at the preliminary meeting, "will be to commemorate the genius of Lord Byron and his generous and heroic exertions for the liberation and regeneration of Greece, and to cultivate the growth and fruition of patriotism in Greeks and Philhellenism in Englishmen, and of mutual amity between the two nations." Worthy objects, surely!

Mr. George Grove, the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, is just now busily engaged—and has been engaged for a long time past—on a dictionary of music. It will not be an ordinary dictionary, for, besides explanations of technical terms, etc., it will contain articles on the life, labors, and works, of both living and dead composers. Mr. Grove is just the man to accomplish the task he has set himself. It is not very many months ago, you may remember, since he retired from the secretaryship of the Crystal Palace to become a partner in the firm of Macmillan. Previously, he had been secretary to the Society of Arts.

One of our most popular novelists—Mr. R. D. Blackmore, whose "Alice Lorraine" is in its fifth edition—has just lost a most eccentric brother. This gentleman had changed his name to Tuberville, and was always making wills. He died from taking cyanide of potassium while in an unsound state of mind. There is sure to be a law-case over his will; he has executed seven of them, all in favor of different persons—one of the persons being Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, the atheistic lecturer.

The best dramatic critic in London, Mr. Dutton Cook—he's the critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—has a new novel nearly ready for the press. It will be called "Banns of Marriage." Mr. Brinley Richards, the well-known composer—"God bless the Prince of Wales" is his—is also engaged on a book—one on our national music. Mr. Browning, too, is busy. He is at Villois-sur-Mer, revising his forthcoming poem. Though in his sixty-third year, he has plenty of work in him yet. So, for that matter, has Tennyson, who is three years older.

The paragraph that has been going the round of your contemporaries in regard to Poe's "Politician" is not quite correct. The whole of the manuscript of the tragedy has not been found. There's a hiatus, unfortunately. The first scene of the fourth act is missing, as well as thirty-seven other lines. A really remarkable manuscript it is. As plain as print, there are hardly any corrections. It shows how fluent a writer Poe was. Mr. Ingram, the possessor of it, thinks it was written in 1881—that is, fourteen years before the "Scenes" were first published.

We shall shortly have a grand spectacular piece at the Queen's Theatre—nothing less than a translation of Offenbach's "La Chatte Blanche," which is now creating such a *furor* at the Paris Gaieté. This play, the announcements tell us, will be "bodily transferred to the house in question "with all its decorations, music, scenery, and ballets, exactly as given on the Parisian stage." At least one of

the scenes will, no doubt, go down immensely with us—that in which the stage is made to represent a huge bird-cage, with women as birds perching.

"Flamingo; or, the Rook and the Cause" (mark the play upon words), is the title of a "musical folly" by Messrs. Frederick Hay and Frank W. Green, two gentlemen who have done a good deal of literary work for the theatres, the one as a farce, the other as a pantomime, writer. "Flamingo" is founded on Goudinet's comedy. "Gavard, Minard, et Cie.," has been placed upon the boards of the Little Strand, and bids fair to become a comparative success. The best portions of the absurdity are the songs and the music. The latter is merry and catching, and the acting of Messrs. Terry and Cox (who play the two partners), and Miss Lottie Venne, and Miss Angelina Claude, is as funny as need be. The piece makes one laugh—that is about all you can say for it; and that, doubtless, is about all the authors expected any one to say for it.

English operatic performances at the Princess's, under the direction of Mr. Carl Rosa, is now a London attraction. The company is an excellent one, including Rose Hersee, Blanche Cole, Mademoiselle Torriani, Mr. Santley, Aynsley Cook, Campobello, etc. On the first night "Le Nozze di Figaro" was given, Miss Hersee sustaining *Susanna*, and Mr. Santley *Figaro*. "Faust" has also been played. However successful the performances may turn out, they cannot be continued for long, for a few weeks hence Mr. Joe Jefferson will put in an appearance at the Princess's as *Rip Van Winkle*.

Mr. F. C. Burnand (whose "Happy Thoughts" are among the funniest things ever written) and Lord Dunraven have collaborated. They are about to bring out a burlesque together at the Opéra Comique—which, by-the-way, is his lordship's own theatre. The noble earl's "narrative of travels in the Upper Yellowstone," "The Great Divide," will soon be published. It will be illustrated by Mr. Valentine Bromley, an Adonis (in looks) of an artist, and who, a little while ago, in pursuit of his vocation, was traveling among your Rooky Mountains with a New York contingent at his back.

"The Shaughraun" continues to draw wonderfully well—and no wonder, seeing that all our critics have gone into ecstasies over it. Messrs. Chatterton and Boucicault are said to be clearing five hundred pounds each, weekly, by it. Well, they deserve to do so, for both before and behind the curtain "Old Drury" is just now being managed admirably.

WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE "Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction and the Advancement of Science" in England have at last completed their labors and embodied the results in eight special reports, the last of which has now reached us. The service rendered by this commission is one of more than local significance and interest, and the questions which they were called upon to answer will doubtless be soon mooted in our own State and national Legislatures. For this reason we are prompted to notice this last report at a somewhat greater length than is our custom when reviewing general scientific topics. A critical examination of the following "conclusions and recommendations," with which the commission close their labors, will

convince our readers that an indorsement of them in these columns would be a retraction of many and decided opinions already expressed. Although earnestly advocating all the just claims of science, and convinced that no progress can be assured which is not marked by an increase of scientific knowledge, we yet believe that voluntary effort and organization are and will be sufficient for the promotion of this end.

In order that the reader may better comprehend the actual character of the recommendations of the Royal Commission, a word as to the present aid rendered by the English Government to the cause of science and scientific research may be in place. From recent reports it appears that over one and a quarter million dollars are annually voted by that government in support of scientific surveys. To this may be added fifty thousand dollars annually appropriated to the Royal Society for conducting the Meteorological Office, and one hundred and seventy thousand dollars additional for general scientific purposes. Thus we have an annual expenditure by the English Government of nearly one and a half million dollars for the encouragement of scientific research. And yet the commissioners, whose report is here given, introduce it with the statement that this sum is manifestly inadequate. As the recommendations and conclusions of the commission will doubtless be made the text for many home appeals, and will probably lead to wide discussion with us as to what our government should or should not attempt in the behalf of science, we reproduce them here:

"1. The assistance given by the state for the promotion of scientific research is inadequate, and it does not appear that the concession or refusal of assistance takes place upon sufficiently well-defined principles.

"2. More complete means are urgently required for scientific investigations in connection with certain government departments: and physical as well as other laboratories and apparatus for such investigations ought to be provided.

"3. Important classes of phenomena relating to physical meteorology, and to terrestrial and astronomical physics, require observations of such a character that they cannot be advantageously carried on otherwise than under the direction of the government.

"Institutions for the study of such phenomena should be maintained by the government; and, in particular, an observatory should be founded specially devoted to astronomical physics, and an organization should be established for the more complete observation of tidal phenomena and for the reduction of the observations.

"4. We have stated, in a previous report, that the national collections of natural history are accessible to private investigators, and that it is desirable that they should be made still more useful for purposes of research than they are at present. We would now express the opinion that corresponding aid ought to be afforded to persons engaged in important physical and chemical investigations; and that, whenever practicable, such persons should be allowed access, under proper limitations, to such laboratories as may be established or aided by the state.

"5. It has been the practice to restrict grants of money made to private investigators for purposes of research to the expenditure actually incurred by them. We think that such grants might be considerably increased. We are also of opinion that the restriction to which we have referred, however desirable, as a general rule, should not be maintained in all cases, but that, under certain circumstances, and with proper safeguards, investigators should be remunerated for their time and labor.

"6. The grant of one thousand pounds, administered by the Royal Society, has contributed greatly to the promotion of research, and the amount of this grant may with advantage be considerably increased.

"In the case of researches which involve,

and are of sufficient importance to deserve, exceptional expenditure, direct grants, in addition to the annual grant made to the Royal Society, should be made in aid of the investigations.

"7. The proper allocation of funds for research; the establishment and extension of laboratories and observatories; and, generally, the advancement of science and the promotion of scientific instruction as an essential part of public education, would be most effectually dealt with by a ministry of science and education. And we consider the creation of such a ministry to be of primary importance.

"8. The various departments of the government have from time to time referred scientific questions to the Council of the Royal Society for its advice, and we believe that the work of a minister of science, even if aided by a well-organized scientific staff, and also the work of the other departments, would be materially assisted if they were able to obtain, in all cases of exceptional importance or difficulty, the advice of a council representing the scientific knowledge of the nation.

"This council should represent the chief scientific bodies in the United Kingdom. With this view, its composition need not differ very greatly from that of the present Government Grant Committee of the Royal Society. It might consist of men of science selected by the Council of the Royal Society, together with representatives of other important scientific societies, and a certain number of persons nominated by the government. We think the functions at present exercised by the Government Grant Committee might be advantageously transferred to the proposed council."

THE completion and trial of the 81-ton gun is an event in the history of gunnery which deserves special mention. We have already presented a detailed description of the several devices used in the construction of this monster weapon, and now direct attention to the character and results of the first trial as given by the *English Mechanic*: "The charges used consisted of 170 pounds of pebble, or rather cubical powder, rising by steps to 240 pounds, with which the sixth round was fired. The projectile weighed 1,260 pounds, and left the gun with a velocity of 1,550 feet per second, the total energy being equal to about 20,400 foot-tons. The gun cannot consume more than 280 pounds of powder, which is in the form of 1½-inch cubes. The figures given refer to the fifth round, which appears to have been the best as regards its effects. At present the gun weighs nearly 82 tons, is nearly 37 feet long, and at the breech is nearly six feet in diameter. The bore is 24 feet long and 14½ inches in diameter, but it is intended to widen it to 16 inches, when the gun will throw an elongated projectile weighing 1,650 pounds, and consuming 300 pounds of powder at each discharge. In the fifth round the pressure at the end of the bore was 29.6 tons per square inch, at the base of projectile 21.8 tons—the recoil being 37 feet. Our brief account of this monster gun would be very imperfect if we did not mention that its cost is about £8,000, and that the value of the powder and shot for firing such a round as we have described amounts to nearly £25. Fortunately our large guns are generally fairly accurate. Already, however, the 81-ton gun is threatened with eclipse. Sir William Armstrong is building some 100-ton guns for the Italian Government, and the facts learned in connection with the trial of our 81-ton weapon will doubtless be utilized to the profit of the Elswick works. The ordnance-men will soon ask for permission to build a gun weighing 160 tons, and throwing a shot of a ton or more in weight."

It is stated that a committee of the British Royal Society, having made researches extending over a period of more than two hundred

years, have failed to discover a single well-authenticated case of sudden change in the color of human hair. This announcement will doubtless be received with question by many among our readers, who, if they have no personal experience to relate which conflicts with it, think they are in the possession of trustworthy information on the subject, and who are convinced that they have positive knowledge regarding at least one case where, either from grief or fright, the hair turned suddenly gray. It is with a view of assisting in the establishment or correction of this widely-popular belief that we are induced to request, from any who may be interested in the subject, direct communication, which will be duly acknowledged and given the prominence that it may merit. We recently listened to a startling narrative of one who, having recovered from a trance, found herself inclosed in a coffin; breaking from this, she entered the dismal chambers of the family vault, from which she was fortunately rescued, but not until her hair had turned gray. So ran the story, told by one who evidently believed it, and whose statement we could mildly question, but not positively deny. The single instance, connected as it is with the subject already mentioned, leads us to extend our request for communications, so that they may include what the writers may believe to be cases of actual revivals from seeming death. That these communications may not be without a purpose, we would have it plainly understood that as yet there seems good reason to discredit any statement regarding the so-called "coming to life" of any human body after it has once been inclosed in a closely-fastened coffin; and as for evidence of returning life after actual burial, we do not hesitate to say that, so far as such is in our possession, it is not worthy of a moment's credence. The question, however, is one that is amenable to evidence, and it is such evidence, well authenticated, that is desired.

THE following is a condensed report of certain experiments made at Mühlhausen to ascertain what kind of coating best prevents the escape of heat from steam-pipes. First in order is chopped straw, which was found to reduce the loss of heat by radiation from the bare pipes sixty-six per cent. The next best was a pottery-pipe, large enough to cover the steam-pipe and leave air-space; the pottery-pipe was coated on the outside with loamy earth, and chopped straw, kept in place by straw bands twisted round the pipe; this reduced the loss sixty-one per cent. Then came cotton-waste, which, when wrapped around the pipe to the depth of an inch, reduced the loss fifty-one per cent. The waste felt from printing-machines effected a reduction of forty-eight per cent., and forty-five per cent. was saved by means of a plaster made of cow's hair. In continuation of these tests the several coatings were painted, and when this color was white a further reduction of seven per cent. was effected. We learn that an American firm has been recently organized for the purpose of preparing a non-conducting fabric from the light down obtained from the familiar common swamp cat-tail. We hope at an early day to notice the results of experiments with this new substance, which is said to have already been effectively applied, not only in steam-pipes, but as an exterior lining to refrigerators and ice-boxes.

MECHANICS engaged in the shaping or polishing of thin metal disks often experience serious difficulty in fitting them accurately to the lathe-chuck. Where the regular appliances

are of no avail cement is often called into requisition, the heating and cooling of which is a work of time and special skill. With a view of compassing the same result by simple and effective means, the application of electricity has been suggested. For this purpose it is proposed to use a special chuck, which can be magnetized or demagnetized at pleasure. This chuck, when placed in the lathe, is connected with a battery, and the disk to be polished is then brought in contact with it, and held there by magnetic attraction. In order to release the disk it is only needed to break the contact, when it drops off of its own weight.

Miscellany.

DURING the past three years (writes a contributor) I have read tombstone-inscriptions in a number of somewhat out-of-the-way grave-yards, and have derived no little entertainment, both from the inscriptions themselves and from the search for them. Perhaps a few of the results of my quest may be interesting to the general reader.

I found myself one day securely mounted upon this particular hobby, quite to my own surprise; and I still continue to ride it with considerable satisfaction. It happened in this wise: I had gone to a New Jersey village on a business-errand, and, having accomplished the same, I was left free to while away a half-hour as best I might, until the arrival of the train. Now, the town was not a peculiarly beautiful or interesting place, and the natural charms of the scenery did not fill me with rapture; so, in a slightly disgusted frame of mind, I wandered into the old graveyard which surrounded an odd, shingle-sided church. I could not have done better. Immediately I came across a very queer epitaph; a few steps farther on there was a second. My curiosity was aroused, and I went diligently from stone to stone, only stopping when warned by the shriek of the locomotive. Since that day I have seldom missed an opportunity to acquire fresh specimens of tombstone literature.

In large cities the collector of epitaphs will seldom find much of interest. It is in small country places, remote from the centres of civilization, that the really curious things are to be found. The following inscriptions have been copied directly from the stones, no liberties having been taken with them. A very common characteristic of our graveyard literature is bad spelling. Lord is often spelled *Loard*; die, *dye*; and so on. This is singular, for one would suppose that accuracy would mark a work so deliberate in its character as the carving of an epitaph. The date of the death is given, in order to show the error of a prevalent impression that quaint epitaphs belong exclusively to the days of our forefathers:

1800.

E. M. B.—, aged 5 years and 10 months.

Little Ettie asked: Shall I see God and Carrie, Mamma; May I go Papa. Called her teacher and little mates by name, Sister Electa, Mary, Hatlie, little Frankie, Papa and Mamma and Doctor, Gave each her hand saying Good Bye, Doctor, I am going to die. She always called her papa with such a sweet and cheerful voice, that, when she died, then died the music of his heart, and her Mother said, Oh, there is such a lack about the house.

1844.

In a moment he died.

He ran to the clarn and raised the lid,
His father looked in there did behold
His child lay dead and cold.

1845.

The countenance of this sweet babe
In Nature's cheerful smiles was dressed,
Of which it was a short time since
Deprived by the cold hand of death.

1850.

On earth no more we see her face,
Her body in the grave is placed,
Her merry laughter we hear no more,
Nor see her playthings round the flore.

1864.

List, Father, and Mother dear,
To me a harp is given,
And when I touch its strings,
Ma, it is heard all over heaven.

1868.

Where you are now, wonce was I,
Where I am now you soon will be.

1817.

To Young and old that is Passing by,
If you these lines should read,
Remember you have got to dye,
It is by god decreed.

1799.

Within the cold and silent tomb,
Lonesom and dark i find a room,
My Husband and my Child i leave,
And take my lodging in the grave.

1841.

At the demand of cong'ring death,
She instantly resigned her breath.
She died amidst a bloom of years,
And leaves her friends bedewed with tears.

1836.

A child eighteen months old—

My parents fondness could not save
My op'ning genius from the grave.

1849.

A rosebud snatch'd from earth away,
E'er it had time to bloom;
Taken to realms of endless day,
And here behind the tomb.

The carver is evidently responsible for the
absurdity of this last line — "behold" was
undoubtedly the word intended.

1898.

The good to die is landing on some pleasant shore,
Where billows rage and heave the breast no more;
From adverse blasts and lowering storms
She lives to die no more.

1869.

Farewell my friends I am going to rest
It was trouble with sickness that brought me low
And to find rest Jesus has called him to heaven
above.

1799.

Calm and serene she yields her mental breath,
In hopes of bliss welcomes the stroke of death.
In vain the billows of death yonder roll,
To drown and overwhelm her precious soul.

1890.

Patrick Stanton, also his infant son, Harvey.
Who shall forbid to raise this sacred stone
Above the mouldering dust of husband, son.
Bear, then, O Marble, in thy lasting line,
The name of Stanton down the track of time,
And rest thee, Harvey, by thy father's clay,
Call'd from a world of wo to endless day.
Rest, till thy Saviour's voice shall bid thee rise,
Then guide thy sire to glory in the skies.
On thy dear dust, O Stanton, husband, friend,
On thine, sweet Harvey, shall my tears descend.

1865.

Dear parents and friends, for me do not cry,
I'm eternally happy with Agnus Dei;
Hosanna in the highest, my trouble is o'er,
Till Alpha and Omega the Lamb I'll adore.

1865.

O Lord what was your object unless this one alone
The needing my two Angels to bedeck your throne.
It seems to be your pleasure, to me 'twas great pain,
But what seemed to me a bitter loss was their eternal gain.

The following are from a Roman Catholic
graveyard :

1854.

Altho a yankee have I not a full right
In my own way to seek my God through Christ
Led not by faction an eternal home
I found on shelter of the church of rome.

1860.

Upon the stone is sculptured the figure of
a man standing in a boat. He holds a rod and
line, and is in the act of drawing a fish out of
water. The following verse is carved above
the pictorial sculpture :

I died a fishing, as this picture shows,
And left this world with all its woes.
To another region I took my flight
In co' with angels adoring Christ.

Ellen, wife of B— D—. Died June 12, 1858,
aged 45 years.

You thankless graveyard why don't you consider,
That one so rare you can't forever
Find on this Globe or millions of such others
For virtue and wisdom as my loving mother.
Erected by her loving husband, B— D—.

1854.

Is fuer fuer no lee in shóuten vuo lanone,
The pride and the poesy of old Gothnomo-nong;
She left me her father and mother to mourn
Forever the loss of our daughter Ochone.

1855.

Here lies two lovely sisters, both virtuous fair and
young
Who died generally regretted in childbirth of
two sons.
They together crossed the ocean was mutual every
way
I hope the twain are happy, good Christians for
them pray.

Curious epitaphs are most interesting when
read upon their native ground. They reveal
their full charm only to him who goes in search
of them, pushing aside the long grass and the
clambering vine, and brushing away thick
moss, which would fain hide the "uncouth
rhymes and shapeless sculpture." For such,
they possess a quite indescribable fascination.
To the mere seeker after the curious, they of-
fer great attractions, and are not without sub-
stantial value to the philosopher and the mor-

alist, for they constantly reveal peculiar and
highly-suggestive aspects of human nature.

E. T. M.

Chambers's Journal, in an article on "Amer-
ican English," dilates upon our national ten-
dency to coin new words and utter quaint and
extravagant phrases. "New words," it says,
"are formed every day; when the American
has seized upon an expressive word he works
it into half a dozen forms, and secures it a
currency in two or three parts of speech.
From the verbs to walk, to sing, etc., we get
walkist, singist, shootist, and half a dozen
others formed like pianist and linguist. Not
satisfied with this last word, American sailors
have lengthened it into 'linguister,' an in-
terpreter. Then we have such words as 'to
overture,' which means to propose; 'to do-
nate,' for to give a donation; and 'to event-
uate,' for to happen. To 'disremember' is to
forget, and to 'out a candle' is to extinguish
it. The love for abbreviation has produced
such forms as 'to rail,' for to travel by rail;
and to 'cable' news, meaning to send a 'cable-
gram,' or, as we should say, a message by At-
lantic cable. Many words have nothing to
recommend them but a strange sound, as, for
instance, 'splurge,' a noisy demonstration,
whence the verb 'to splurge,' meaning to
boast and swagger; and then the adjective
'splurging,' and the adverb 'splurgingly.'
'Merit always makes its way,' says a transat-
lantic editor; 'sometimes quickly, often slow-
ly, but *never splurgingly*.'—a remark in which
we most heartily concur." It informs the read-
er that a tendency for violent expressions ap-
pears in our daily speech. "A man is attacked
and completely defeated in the Legislature,
and this is reported by saying that he has
been 'catawamptiously chawed up.' 'I don't
want to swear,' says a conscientious man, 'cos
it's wicked; but if I didn't see him do it may
I be teetotacionally chawed up!' There are
many expressions like the last, for the Ameri-
can seldom swears outright, but generally has
recourse to those half-disguised phrases which
a famous New York preacher once denounced
as 'one-horse oaths.'"

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[VOL. XIV.

THE PERUVIAN AMAZON AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL OF TRAVEL.

I.

YQUITOS, ON THE PERUVIAN AMAZON,
315 MILES ABOVE THE BRAZILIAN FRONTIER. }

ONE morning late in February of 1873,
as the huge volume of mist that marks

the tortuous course of the river Amazon was being slowly dispelled by the rising sun, a small Peruvian steam-launch might have been seen lying at the base of the steep bank that forms the river-front of the little village of Yquitos. The anchor was up, and the shrill whistle had announced, for at least the twentieth time, to the crowd of friends and well-wishers on board, that the hour of departure had arrived. But seeming either unwilling to leave us to the anticipated dangers of the wilds that we intended to penetrate, or else anxious to see the bottoms of several huge decanters of cocktails, it was not until the wheels commenced to turn that they gave their final embraces and jumped ashore.

The object of this exploration was to determine the head of navigation of the river Amazon, or of that tributary which was best suited for being the eastern terminus of

the trans-Andean Railroad now being constructed by the Peruvian Government. As we were to penetrate a hitherto unknown country, we knew full well that the exploration would

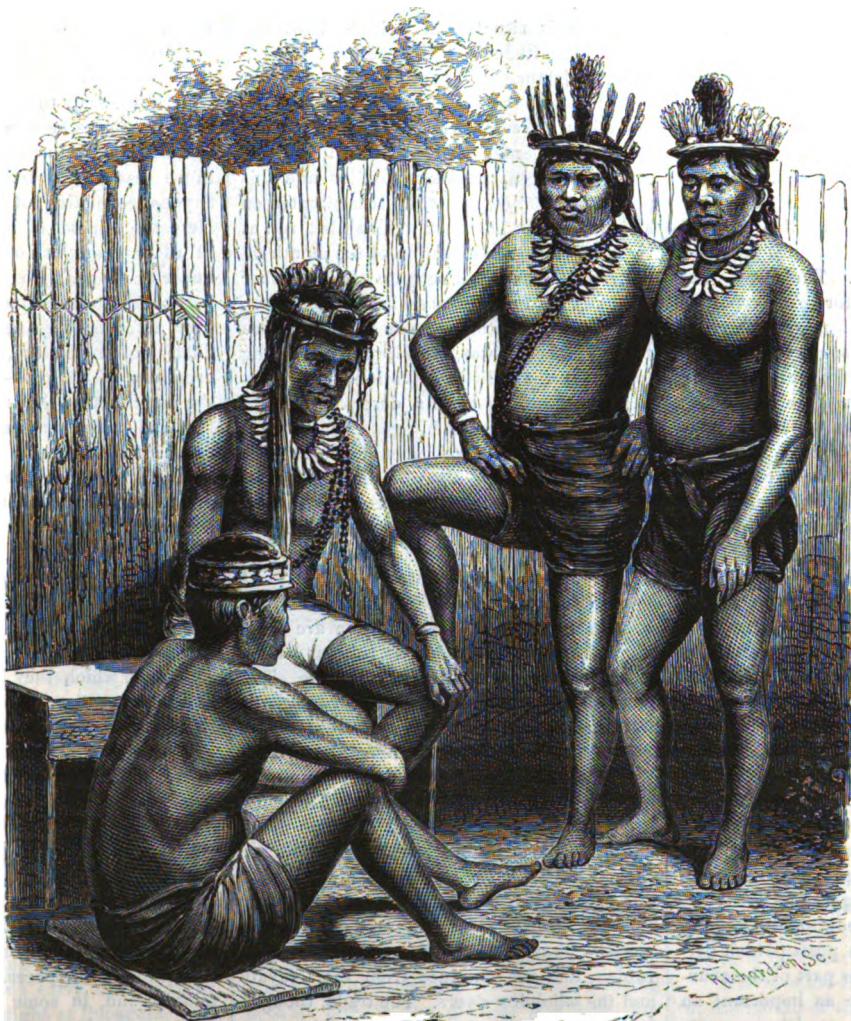
be a lengthy and perilous one, but we had not anticipated our dangers commencing so soon. The Peruvian midshipman in command of the launch, and his Indian crew, were totally igno-

"brought us to" very suddenly, and nearly capsized the boat in the mouth of a tremendous whirlpool, formed by the sudden change in the direction of the river's course at this

point. This prodigy of a Peruvian captain, and his unskilled crew, spent at least one hour in fruitless attempts to regain the anchor, and after a most ridiculous display of rage, hysterical laughter, and wringing of his hands, our commander threw his hat on the deck, stamped upon it, and gave up his anchor as a bad job. Its recovery was finally accomplished by the suggestions of a landsman.

The engine-driver, who was as inefficient as the captain, had had no practical experience with high-pressure engines. He allowed the water to go down in his boilers and the pumps to stop working, so that we had immediately to drop anchor again and allow him to haul fires, the pleasant probability of our being blown up at any moment being imminent. However, our good angel, who through the future watched over us so

well, came to our aid in this danger, and after a delay of three or four hours we got under way, and the dusky faces along the shore were soon lost in the distance.



AMAZON INDIANS.

rant of their duties, and we had just gotten under "full speed," and were standing across the river, when they carelessly let the anchor get away from its fastenings. This

The little launch in which we were to make our lengthy journey of probably more than one thousand miles up the river Ucayali and its tributaries, was only sixty feet long. She was designed especially for this service, and was well adapted to it. She was provided with an armament of Remington breech-loading rifles and revolvers, and was ordered to have provisions sufficient for four months. Besides the members of the hydrographical commission on board, and in charge of the exploration, there was a crew of fifteen or twenty Indian sailors and firemen. Thus, from the small size of the vessel, we were very much crowded, but, as we were dependent upon our own force to cut wood for the engine, it was necessary to have this number.

After leaving the high bank on which is situated the small station of Yquitos, and passing the opposite bank of Tamshiyacu, the river widened out, and the vast expanse of inundated forest and floating drift-wood, that, with the exception of a few knolls, was for so long to weary the eye, opened upon our view. In consequence of our unnecessary delay in starting, and of the extra consumption of fuel, we were unable to reach, as was our intention, the little village of Nauta, near the mouth of the river Ucayali. A few hours before night we stopped to cut wood, with which to continue our voyage the next day. Although the general impression seems to prevail that the banks of the river Amazon are covered with the finest specimen of trees suitable for timber and fuel, there are really in this part of the valley but one or two varieties that will serve as fuel for steamers. The commonest and most attainable tree for this purpose is the caparona. It is a tall, straight tree, with dark, smooth bark, very small leaves, and, strange to say, very crooked and gnarled limbs, and indeed it is not only in every point unlike our own forest-trees of the United States, but even bearing no resemblance to its surrounding brethren of the tropics. It cuts and splits well, and when perfectly dry is reported by the firemen to be almost equal in its steam-producing properties to coal. This tree is found on very low lands. A few moments after having made fast to the bank, night set in upon us, and at the same time we were attacked by myriads of hungry mosquitoes. Then came the necessity of rigging up our mosquito-bars on board, a problem that at first seemed utterly impossible of solution. After finally turning and twisting them in a hundred different ways, we found that we could arrange them all after a fashion, but that they would occupy the entire vessel, and thus compel us all, from lack of room, to retire at the same time. We found the fatigues of the day so much increased by the continual slapping and fighting of these little pests (which pervade the atmosphere of this part of the country, and which seem to be as important an element in its constitution as either oxygen or hydrogen), that we gladly sought an early refuge under the protecting folds of our nets. There intrenched, we blissfully smoked ourselves to sleep, listening in the mean while, with infinite delight, to the many and varied tunes sung by our enraged enemies, who, in millions, and gnashing their teeth in a per-

fect buzz of fury, flew in all directions around us. Only when the boat, swung by the current, either came into contact with the limb from some tree, or else was touched by a piece of floating drift-wood, was our enjoyment at all marred. When such was the case, we were attacked by hordes of red ants that, like so many pirates, swarmed down upon us.

Early the next morning, having taken on board a supply of wood, we hoisted anchor and got under way. And, although our erratic genius of an engineer treated us to another test of his skill, and of our nerves, not to mention the strain upon the boiler-iron, we soon passed the mouth of the Ucayali River, and a few moments later reached the old Indian settlement of Nauta, situated six miles above the confluence of the Ucayali and Marañon, and on the left bank of the latter (the Marañon is the name given to that part of the Amazon River from its head-waters to the Brazilian frontier at Tabatinga). Our object in thus running by the mouth of the Ucayali, and up to this point, was to take on wood.

Nauta is situated in latitude $4^{\circ} 31' 30''$ south, longitude $73^{\circ} 27'$ west of Greenwich. Distance above the Brazilian frontier fort at Tabatinga, three hundred and seventy-one miles. Elevation above sea-level, 97,534 metres. Average thermometer, 97° Fahr. Average current between Yquitos and this place, three miles per hour. It is situated on a range of low but abrupt hills that run at right angles to the direction of the mouth of the river Ucayali, and seem to bar its further progress, and turn its waters into the Marañon. After the inundated country through which we had passed, it was, indeed, truly refreshing to behold these little elevations, which reminded one of oases in a desert. The site of this town is remarkably good for this portion of the valley, and, should the country adjoining the river Ucayali and the upper Marañon and its tributaries ever be developed, the place must become an important city. We found the village, even for an Indian one, in a most miserably dilapidated condition. At present there are about one hundred houses, two stores, and a church. These are built of mud and thatch, and their ruinous condition presents a very melancholy picture. The plaza in front of the church is covered with high, rank grass, which is the usual resort of a few stunted cattle. These at noon retire under the protecting shade of the porch to the old, tumble-down church. The cura in charge of the settlement is much more earnestly engaged in the saving of turtle, fish, and *soles* (a Peruvian coin worth about one dollar in our currency), than in saving the souls of his flock. The trade of the place consists in salt-fish, wax, sarsaparilla, and rubber, that are obtained from the Ucayali and the adjoining rivers. The trade, though, is not so important as it was twenty years ago—possibly owing to the establishment of Yquitos, sixty-five miles below. Lieutenant Herndon, of the United States Navy, in his explorations of the valley of the Amazon in the year 1851, made quite a lengthy stay at this place. At that time he reported a population of one thousand souls, but now

there are only some five hundred. Dom Bernardino Cauper, the wealthy old Portuguese merchant, mentioned by him, is now dead, and it is said that he buried his wealth without telling his children of its whereabouts, so that now they are miserably poor.

Early the next morning we left Nauta, and were borne by the swift current of the Marañon down to the mouth of the Ucayali. As we turned into the broad and rapid stream, that, at this peculiar season of the year, is almost as large as the mother-river, and as our speed was gradually "slowed down" by the mighty opposing volume, and we thought of the immense distance through which we had to painfully toil our way, so did our spirits fall. The width of the river at this season could not be estimated, as the tongue of land lying between it and the Marañon was overflowed and intersected with many deep *quebradas* (creeks) and lakes. But between its ordinary banks the river is very wide. Here all signs of life, such as Indian huts and occasional clearings, almost entirely disappeared. Nothing but one dreary expanse of muddy water, interspersed with islands and floating drift-wood, confronted our view. The scene was monotonously gloomy, and only enlivened by the occasional sight of a few dirty-looking water-fowl, or by the splashing of some sleepy old alligator as he slowly rolled his huge carcass into the yellow river. Just as night set in we reached an Indian settlement, called Saponá, consisting of a few miserable huts. Here the number of mosquitoes was so fearful as to cause us to take refuge very soon under our nets. Our Indian crew, however, not being so sensitive to their bite, threw over a few fishing-lines; and, before we had finally gotten to sleep, we knew by their expressions of delight—sundry smackings of the mouth, etc.—that they had been successful; and very soon we heard them hauling on board a large fish. It proved to be about seven feet long, of the kind called here *an-gara*. It resembles in appearance our cat-fish, and for eating is considered one of the best in the river.

The next day, just before dark, we reached quite a large Indian village, called Curahuaité. The Indians had been previously notified of our proposed coming, and had cut wood to sell to us, which they immediately began to bring on board. It was too dark to examine their physiognomies; but the next morning our eyes were greeted with a motley group of half-naked savage men, women, and children. Their leprosy hides were smeared with a blue, vegetable paint that, put on to keep off mosquitoes, helps to produce this loathsome disease. This blue dye, called *añi*, does not altogether cause the affections of the skin so commonly seen, but partially contributes to it by interrupting a free transpiration through the pores. The men wore pantalons, and, in some instances, a kind of gown, somewhat resembling in appearance the pictures seen of the old Roman toga. Their wives weave these gowns from a native cotton that grows around their huts.

The women wore a cloth of similar manufacture and texture. This, woven around the body, hung loosely from the waist to the ankle. The children, however, seemed utterly regard-

less as to whether or not they wore clothes. All hands, though, evinced the strongest passion for ornaments, and wore huge strands of beads, monkey-teeth, and snake and lizard skins around their necks, arms, and ankles. Most of the girls wore, instead of chignons, live monkeys perched on the tops of their heads. These, looking very fat and comfortable, clung on in the most remarkable manner. With one consent the Indians christened the launch the "Tambo-wawa," meaning the Tambo's baby. The Tambo was a large steamer that they had once seen. They were very suspicious; and, having embarked their wood, stood off at a respectful distance until the whistle sounded for our departure, when they all made one head-long rush for the bushes.

March 3d.—

This evening we stopped to cut wood, in water up to the men's waists, this being, though, the nearest approximation to any land. All day we have been vainly steaming to find some point sufficiently above water to admit of this. The river increases daily in its desolate appearance, both banks being wholly submerged, and there being a great scarcity of animal life. Even the water-fowl have almost entirely disappeared, having gone to the lakes and lagoons formed in the forests. The only thing to break the silent monotony is the shrill cry of solitary pairs of macaws, and occasional flocks of parrots that, rising up from the forest, dazzle our eyes for an instant with their brilliant plumage, and then, startled at the appearance of this tiny harbinger of civilization, fly screaming far away over the mighty wooded expanse.

March 5th.—Started early this morning, and anchored for the night at Pucacura. This is the largest *chacra* (clearing) owned by one man, on the Ucayali River, and at that does not contain more than six acres of cleared land. It is situated on the shore of a little lake, about half a mile from the river; latitude $6^{\circ} 4' 45''$ south; longitude $75^{\circ} 1'$ west of Greenwich; distance from Yquitos, three hundred and fifty-six miles; elevation

above sea-level, 114,908 metres; current from mouth of river to this point, two and one-tenth miles per hour. It belongs to a Peruvian ex-army-officer, who, taking the wrong side in one of the numerous revolutions, found it expedient to retire to this lonely spot, where he has made this clearing and collected around him some hundred Indians. Early this morning we passed a canoe belonging to the owner of Pucacura, and on its return-trip from Nauta, where it had been to carry salt-fish. Made from the trunk of a single tree, it was sixty feet long, with four and a half feet beam, and was propelled by ten Indians, with poles and paddles. It was fitted aft with a

though the highest ground in this vicinity has been selected as the site of this little *chacra*, the water is within a few inches of the door-sill; and the alligators, with which the lake was alive, could easily, while their tails were in the water, have poked their noses into the house. We remained here all night, and partook of the señor's hospitality. I was awakened before day by hearing music, and found that the canoe that we had passed the morning before was just getting in. As they paddled, the crew sang a wild kind of melody, very sweet, and sounding very like some of our negro tunes. In the morning, I heard the master dispensing

justice to an Indian fellow, whose face and hands were tattooed. All hands assembling to witness the punishment, he ordered him to be tied, and hit one hundred lashes with a piece of raw-hide. As we got under way, we could hear the poor fellow's cries. Notwithstanding this severity, the Indians seemed quite attached to their master.

March 8th.—Passed to-day the old settlements of Tierra Blanca and Sta. Catalina. At the time of Lieutenant Herndon's visit to this country, these places were Indian towns, connected with the missionary station of Sarayacu, and under the government of monks of the Franciscan order, who belonged to the College of Ocopa, in Peru. And it was from these villages that the lieutenant vainly attempted to raise recruits

to enable him to prosecute his further voyage up the Ucayali. Since then, the padres have removed to Cashiboya, a position farther up the river. All these places are in a ruinous condition.

March 9th.—Early this morning arrived at the mouth of the little *quebrada* of Sarayacu. Up this *quebrada*, about three miles from its mouth, is situated the station of the same name. We determined the mouth of this *quebrada* to be in latitude $6^{\circ} 35' 15''$ south; longitude $74^{\circ} 58' 30''$ west of Greenwich; distance from Yquitos, four hundred and fifty-one and a half miles; elevation above sea-level, 124,967 metres; average cur-



VEGETATION AT NAUTA.—THE OLGUAJE-TREE.

thatched roof, that furnished accommodations for both passengers and cargo. Pucacura in English signifies red ant; but these are by no means the only pests peculiar to the place. Millions of mosquitoes fill the air; and, although Señor M— has growing around him, in the greatest profusion, the most magnificent oranges, lemons, citrons, pineapples, alligator-pears, bananas, sapotes, and almost every other variety of tropical fruit, still it is incomprehensible to me how he has existed for so many years among these torments. His house is a large one, and built of cane and thatch. It is surrounded on three sides by similar ones for his dependents. Al-

rent between Pucacura and this point, two and nine-tenths miles per hour. The Indians soon came down to the bank, swarming around us, and insisting upon our drinking *masato* with them. But, being familiar with the way in which they concocted it, we declined the honor. We returned the hospitality by offering *cachaça*, and succeeded in making one old dame quite drunk. This *masato* is a drink made from the root of the yuca, which is reduced by the teeth of the old squaws of the tribe to the proper state of trituration during their leisure moments. These chewed-up mouthfuls of root are deposited in an earthen pot and allowed to ferment.

An Indian came alongside, with a musical instrument made from pieces of reed of different lengths, and played an air that I had heard the men down the river sing. All these Indians speak the Inca language; and possibly this was one of the old national airs, by which perchance kings had been crowned and victims sacrificed. We went up to see the old settlement of Sarayacu, and found all the Indians drunk, who again insisted upon our drinking *masato* with them. This was one of the oldest missionary stations on the river. It is also remarkable for being the highest point reached by Lieutenant Herndon in his explorations of the river Ucayali. On account of his not being able to induce the Indians to accompany him farther, he was forced to return. They were afraid to encounter the rapid currents, bad passes, and the numerous savage tribes with which, report said, they would have to contend above this point. After having gotten this far, and having endured so much, it must indeed have been a serious disappointment to him to be compelled to give up his expedition. And he doubtless would have given a great deal in this dilemma for our little steamer. For he says in his report: "I felt, in turning my boat's head down-stream, that the pleasure and excitement of the expedition were passed; that I was done and had done nothing. I became ill and dispirited, and never fairly recovered the gaiety and elasticity of spirit which had animated me at the start until I received the congratulations of my friends at home."

We found living here three white families. These are engaged in trading with the Indians for salt-fish, rubber, sarsaparilla, etc., which articles, when procured in sufficient quantity, are embarked on *balzas* (large rafts made from wood of that name), and floated down to Nauta and Yquitos. We were shown the old church, which, considering its material—mud and thatch—is in a tolerable state of preservation. They told us that this station was founded by Jesuit priests about two hundred years ago. Also they told us the marvelous story that two thousand soldiers and fifty priests lost their lives before it could be finally established. The whole place, of some fifty dilapidated houses, is rapidly going to ruin. The priests have abandoned the mission, and established one higher up the river. In 1851 Herndon reported a population of one thousand; now there are not more than three hundred souls.

March 11th.—At 7.45 A. M. we got under way, and, with a heavy rain falling, ran past

a point of mountains belonging to the range of mountains called Canchaguallo. They were very abrupt, and beautiful in their tropical verdure. At this point the river is contracted, and the current very strong. We stopped for the night at an Indian settlement called Bipuanco. The Indians here are the wildest I have ever seen. They had their war-clubs, bows, and arrows, arranged in their huts, and ready for instant use. They had just caught a fat, young wild-hog, which they offered to sell to us. But our nautical paragon, who prides himself on his skill in bargaining, thinking that they would come to better terms by next morning, offered them only forty cents for it. This they refused, and, during the night, all getting drunk, they "went," or rather "went for," "the whole hog." We remained there all the next day, to cut wood. At night one of the Indians came on board drunk, and with only his trousers on; he brought with him a calabash of *masato*, which he insisted upon our drinking. As the only means to get rid of him, we gave him some *cachaça*, which he took and left. It proved too much for him; and, during the night, we were awakened by a noise, and found that he had gotten perfectly crazy with drink, and was prancing up and down the bunk. He had slung around him an Indian tambour (a section of hollow log with monkey-skins stretched over the ends), upon which he was beating and making the most horrible noise imaginable. He finally improvised a gang-board out of some large cane and came on board, but he was again put off in a hurry.

March 18th.—Made an early start and a good run. Stopped for the night at a clearing where there lived a man engaged in trading with the Indians. For ten dollars our captain bought from him a little cannibal boy, whom the neighboring Indians had captured from cannibals living on the Pachitea River. The little fellow is apparently about eight years old, and excessively fat. He has two large scars on his leg, which looks as though he had been shot with arrows in an attempt to escape.

N. B. NOLAND.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER XXV.

UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

ANITA, little of the dreamer as she looked, had gone back to the oleander-walk, the moment she entered the carriage, and did not notice that Mrs. Basil maintained a studied silence.

"I wonder," thought Arthur's aunt, "if this girl is moping about Arthur's going away?" She rather liked Anita, but she could not altogether approve of old Miss Hawkesby as a "mother-in-law" for her nephew. It was rather too evident that in any battle that might arise between Anita's managing aunt and Arthur's managing aunt,

it would be Anita's aunt that would come off with flying colors.

"My nephew left me this morning," said she, at last, abruptly, feeling that politeness required her to say something.

"I am very sorry," said Anita, softly. (Had he confided in his aunt? Anita ventured to look at Mrs. Basil with a sidelong glance, and felt assured that he had not confided in his aunt.)

"Oh, I resign myself to such contingencies," said Mrs. Basil. "Arthur has been educated to carve his own fortune" (she couldn't endure the thought that her nephew should be accepted for any possible wealth he might fall heir to). "The pursuit of his profession must often take him away from home; and any woman who marries Arthur will have to make up her mind to that."

"How very fortunate that I am not going to marry him!" said this wicked Anita; and she looked so superlatively innocent, that Mrs. Basil was at a loss to understand her. She hoped, she trusted—with a blind belief in her nephew's irresistibility, that was creditable to her heart, if not to her head—she trusted that Arthur had not been guilty of trifling with this fair young girl's affections.

"Oh," she stammered—"you know I was speaking in the abstract. I don't suppose that Arthur is thinking of marrying—just at present."

"No; I don't suppose that he is," answered Anita, carelessly. "Can you be so good as to put me down at Mrs. Carl Tomkins's? I must see her about these charades, you know; and you needn't wait for me. I don't know how long I may be detained; and I'll walk home; I sha'n't mind a walk."

"Here we are now," answered Mrs. Basil, poking old Thurston in the back with her ivory-headed staff—the only useful purpose it ever served her. This was not an elegant way of arresting her coachman's attention, but it was convenient, and Mrs. Basil had found it expedient to renounce many of the little elegancies of life. "I would be happy to send the carriage back for you, Miss Anita, but I am not very sure that it will be in my power to do so."

"It is not necessary—thank you," said Anita, as she sprang out.

Mrs. Carl Tomkins was in her parlor, a fanciful room, that loudly proclaimed her taste and culture—and thus obeyed an important canon of domestic art. There were brackets in profusion and variety; there were vases and statuettes, ditto; and pictures, ditto; there were so many crowded knick-knacks, that visitors were in perpetual danger of stumbling over some footstool, or tipping over some stand. Anita, however, showed herself a marvel of dexterity; she avoided every obstacle with an easy grace, and met Mrs. Carl Tomkins in the middle of the room.

And Mrs. Carl Tomkins had been just wishing to see her; she had so much to say about the charades and tableaux, and the small but portentous clouds gathering on the social horizon.

"When you undertake a thing of this kind," said the wise Anita, "you must deliberately make up your mind to immolate

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yourself. Nobody will thank you, of course; but you will have the consolation of knowing that virtue is its own reward. And you must do this; you must propitiate everybody—begin, now, by propitiating me. You've forgotten to invite my sister Joanna."

Mrs. Carl Tomkins stared a little, and colored; but she saw that Anita was in earnest, and, quickly recovering herself, protested that she thought she had invited Joanna.

"No, you forget," replied Anita, quietly.

"I know it was an oversight, but I cannot come without the child; at least I would not like to." She spoke most sweetly and amiably, but it was plain that she meant to carry her point.

"She shall come," said Mrs. Carl Tomkins. Her list was swelling fearfully, but it would never do to refuse so important a member of her troupe as Miss Anita Hawkesby. "I commission you to make my apologies and invite her for me."

"Thank you," said Anita, with real warmth, as she rose to go.

"Oh, stay, just one moment longer!" cried Mrs. Carl Tomkins. "I wish to consult you about my dress; you have so much taste! I won't make you go up-stairs; I'll bring it down here, if you'll wait."

Anita consented to wait; and Mrs. Carl Tomkins went to bring her dress. She did not return immediately; indeed, she was gone so long that Anita was beginning to be impatient, when the servant ushered a gentleman into the parlor—an event for which the restless occupant was totally unprepared, for the very faint tinkle of the door-bell had not made itself heard beyond the kitchen-entry where it hung.

It was Basil Redmond. He came in dazzled by the light, and, nearly stumbling over a footstool, was by Anita's side before he recognized her.

Anita could neither speak nor move; the world seemed to be going round and round with her, and she felt that if she attempted to rise she should fall; if she attempted to speak she should utter a cry; but outwardly she was calm—until he called her name.

"Anita!" he cried, stretching out his hands; and it would be hard to say whether he was glad or grieved.

And then Anita began to tremble visibly. In vain she knit her fingers in order to steady herself.

"Yes, it is I, Anita," she faltered.

The silence, though it lasted but an instant, had become intolerable. She felt that she must speak; but she was frightened at her own voice, and she turned away and covered her face with her hands.

"You and I cannot meet as strangers, Anita—you know it," said Redmond. "I have not forgotten, and you have not forgotten."

"I promised my aunt," said Anita, brokenly, "that I would never see you again."

"I made no such promise," said Redmond; "but twice this day, when I have not sought you, when I have not expected to meet you, I have found you. Heaven wills it, Anita."

"There is Mrs. Tomkins, I hear her coming," said Anita, hurriedly, and struggling to

speak calmly; "meet her, oh, rise and meet her; don't let her notice me."

Basil obeyed, wondering in his heart why women were so much afraid of each other. It was very easy to keep Mrs. Tomkins from noticing Anita; she was so glad to see Mr. Redmond; so kind of him to call! And had he brought her the book she wanted?

Yes, Mr. Redmond had called purposely to bring her the book. He was very sorry that he had not received her note until too late the evening before to attend to her request; and all the morning he had been with Mrs. Stargold. He was now on his way to Basilwood, and stopped merely to deliver the book, and to point out to her a certain passage. By the time all this was done, Anita had recovered herself.

"Mrs. Tomkins," said she, rising, "I suppose you cannot show me that dress now; but I will call again."

"Oh, my dear Miss Anita, I beg a thousand pardons!" cried Mrs. Carl Tomkins, with effusion. "Mr. Redmond—excuse me; but you know Mr. Redmond."

"I know Mr. Redmond very well," said Anita.

"You know," said Mrs. Carl Tomkins, "I was dressing in my costume; I thought you could judge of the effect so much better; and just as I was ready to come down, the servant told me a gentleman had called; of course I had to dress again. I do hope you will excuse me."

"Oh, certainly," said Anita, "but I must go now."

She looked at Redmond as if she would have him remain behind; she even shook her head slightly; but he would not see, he would not understand.

"I promised my aunt," said Anita, when they were outside the gate, "that I would never see you again."

"So you told me a little while ago," said Redmond. "But you are bent upon returning to Basilwood, and it is high noon of summer day; you have no parasol, but I've an umbrella, and it is too heavy for you to carry; do you not see that I *must* go with you?"

Anita laughed rather nervously.

"Besides, Anita," he continued, eagerly, "was it just, was it reasonable, in Miss Hawkesby to exact any such promise? She noticed me in the most flattering manner, you know that she did; she was obliged to foresee the consequences, yet she encouraged me, only to disappoint me cruelly at last."

"You say that because you do not know my aunt," replied Anita. "She never encourages poor young men; but she always notices them flatteringly if they are at all clever. She likes clever young men, even if they are poor; but not for me. Did she not warn you over and over again that she would not see me wedded to poverty? My aunt is very conscientious about that; she deceives no one."

"She deceived me," answered Redmond, indignantly. "She did worse—she almost destroyed my faith in you. She might at least have let us have an explanation. I never should have understood; I should have thought you as cold, and selfish, and calcu-

lating as herself, but that we had friends to set the matter right in my eyes."

"Ah, Mr. Redmond, don't condemn my aunt by wholesale," said Anita, with something of her natural lightness. "You don't know what cause she has to rage against you. Before you came I was engaged to old Colonel McHenry. He was a very nice, middle-aged gentleman, you know he was; he had nice manners and a handsome wig"—Anita was beginning to be herself, or rather her other self, again—"and a very respectable barytone voice, that was so useful in a duet whenever by any chance he could hit the right key; and I never saw such horses! I never rode in such a carriage! They suited my aunt and me perfectly, and I promised to marry him. I didn't think ill of him; and he was desperately in love with me. Oh, I know what that means! He was *able* to show it. He gave me such a ring, and sent me every day the most costly flowers, cut by a florist, sir; and my poor aunt was so happy! I might have been Mrs. McHenry, glittering in diamonds, and riding in the easiest carriage that ever rolled an indolent woman over the beach at Galveston—and I should have been at peace with my aunt!"

"Poor Anita!" said Redmond; "what a pity that ever I crossed your path!"

"But you came," continued Anita, and her voice trembled and broke, "and—and—I found out that I did not wish to marry Colonel McHenry. I found out—"

"Anita, my dear Anita! three years have not changed you!"

"Yes—three years have changed me; you do not know. Three years ago I was at heart too true to marry Colonel McHenry when I found I did not, could not love him. I told him so; and he said he would take the risk. I told my aunt so, and she said I was a fool. I was only nineteen, and of course I was a fool!" she broke out passionately. "But," she immediately resumed, more calmly, "a fool may have a head too strong for the feeble body. My aunt is not bad-hearted; she desires my good, provided she may choose it. She became alarmed for my health, and we effected a compromise; she absolved me from my engagement to Colonel McHenry upon my giving a promise that I would never see you again."

"I do not think you are bound to keep it longer; if you were a child, then, in experience, you are a woman now. Anita, I am not a rich man; in all probability, I shall never be a rich man; but, in marrying me, you would not be wedded to poverty; I am young and strong; I could always secure you a comfortable home. Why should you submit longer to your aunt's tyranny?"

"You mistake," answered Anita, quietly; "my aunt does not tyrannize over me. She is very generous and indulgent to me; but we don't always agree. And then, again, I am not the same woman I was three years ago. You knew me very well then; would I have told you as much about myself then as I do now? You see I have learned not to care. Three years ago I could not bring myself to marry Colonel McHenry without love—not all his wealth could tempt me. But to day—"

"You would?" asked Redmond, bitterly.

"No," said Anita, very low, "I don't think I would. But don't misunderstand me," she added, quickly. "I would hardly be so frank if you were the cause. Do you know my little sister Joanna?"

"Yes," answered Redmond, rather stiffly. He thought the question irrelevant, and he was beginning to fear that, after all, this Anita, whom he thought he knew so well, was as heartless and as vain as the world believed her to be.

Anita brushed away a tear. "That child," she said, in a voice trembling with feeling—"that dear child loves me as no human being ever loved me. Nay; don't make protestations; I never doubted you. But you had some provocation; Joanna had none. I may have been gracious and charming to you; Joanna I utterly neglected; for years I forgot her; but, when I came, she received me with open arms. She has given proof that she could make any sacrifice for me; she has faith in me—she has restored me to my better self—if I have a better self."

"Joanna, then, is to be my rival?" said Redmond, with a hesitating smile.

"I rather think, if Joanna knew all, she would be your warmest advocate," said Anita, with a vivid blush.

"For Heaven's sake, then, let her know all!" cried Redmond, eagerly. "Has she any influence with Miss Hawkesby? What are you going to do about that promise? Anita! Anita! I cannot give you up! Think what it is to have found you again so unexpectedly."

Anita sighed, but was silent.

"We are at the gate," continued Basil Redmond, eagerly. "Shall I go in, or shall I turn back? Are you going to adhere to your promise?"

"You shall go in," answered Anita, promptly. "I will have no concealments. As to my promise—"

"It is broken already!" cried Redmond, exultantly.

"I will consult with Joanna. And see! there she is now, in the piazza, up-stairs, watching for me."

They had come round the bend in the walk, that brought them in view of the house; and Anita, looking up, kissed her hand to Joanna, who turned immediately and ran; but she was at the front-door when Redmond and her sister came up the steps.

"O Anita!" she cried, "Aunt Hawkesby has been so worried about you. She set me to watch; and I just stopped one moment to tell her that you've come, and Mr. Redmond with you, and a big umbrella. You haven't a headache, have you, Anita?"

"No, child," answered Anita, with a kiss. "I stopped this morning to see Mrs. Carl Tomkins, and I am commissioned to invite you to the charade-party."

"O Anita! this is too good to be true!" cried Joanna, clapping her hands. "And I did so wish to go!"

"Have you no word for me, Joanna?" asked Redmond, holding out his hand.

"Oh, yes! You've seen my sister, and I

am so glad.—But Aunt Hawkesby is very impatient, Anita. She says you must go immediately to her."

"Has she her head tied up, Joanna?" asked Anita.

"Why, yes—in a silk handkerchief," answered Joanna, with a look of wonderment at her sister's astuteness.

"A bad sign," said Anita, shaking her head. "She has eaten something to disagree with her.—I make it a point," she continued, turning to Redmond, "whenever my aunt sends especially for me, to inform myself whether her head is tied up or not. Every thing depends upon that. Unless I particularly desire to be refused, I never make any request of her when she puts on that silk handkerchief.—It is white, with a purple border, isn't it, Joanna?"

"Yes," said Joanna, with uneasiness; "but won't she be vexed if you keep her waiting?"

"Certainly she will," answered Anita, as she turned to go up-stairs. "That white-silk handkerchief with the purple border is her battle-flag. I know it well.—Good-morning, Mr. Redmond; I am much indebted for the shelter of your big umbrella."

"My sister," said Joanna, sedately, seeing that Redmond looked very grave, "indulges in—*persiflage*, sometimes. It is a way she has; but she has often told me that all she says is never to be taken seriously. I know, by my own dealings with Pamela, that young persons cannot always please old persons; but that does not mean that there is no respect nor affection between them."

"No; I suppose not," said Redmond, absently.

"You wish to see Pamela?" Joanna asked. "I will tell her that you are here." But she did hope he would not stay long. She herself wished to see Pamela about her dress.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MISS HAWKESBY TO THE RESCUE.

MISS HAWKESBY lay on the lounge with her head tied up in a silk handkerchief, as Joanna had said. She had a book in one hand and a fan in the other, and, from her bound-up head on the pillow to her slippered feet sticking out from her flowered dressing-gown, Miss Hawkesby looked stormy.

When Anita entered, "So," said she, looking at her niece over her spectacles, "you have come at last, Miss Anita Hawkesby? Well, and what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing; I don't feel like saying a word," replied Anita, sinking into a chair. "I'm worn out."

"Anita, don't aggravate me," said Miss Hawkesby, sharply. "I won't be aggravated!"

"No, aunt; I hope not," said Anita, meekly.

"You know very well that you deserve my displeasure. Where is your promise to me? Don't try to deceive me. You have seen Basil Redmond; Joanna has told me."

"If I had wished to deceive you," said

Anita, quietly, "I could easily have prevented Mr. Redmond from coming in. But you know very well, aunt, that, whatever faults I may have, I don't practise deception. Yes, I have broken my promise, and you shall judge whether or not I did it willfully. When I knew that he would be here, I staid away purposely; you can't suppose I did that for my own pleasure. You know how gay and agreeable the Ruffners are; when he came to see Mrs. Stargold, I came away with Mrs. Basil—"

"Yes, I sent for you," said Miss Hawkesby, tartly.

"I should have come away all the same. I stopped at Mrs. Carl Tomkins's; could I tell he would come there, too? He happened to have an errand there; he did not know that he would meet me. Mrs. Tomkins had gone out of the parlor, and we met, and we spoke alone. Aunt Hawkesby, you know the whole story that went before this; was it possible, after meeting him thus—was it possible for me to adhere to that promise?"

"What is he doing here? How does he happen to be here so opportunely?" asked Miss Hawkesby, angrily.

"Why should he not be here? You know that he is related to the Basils; that we were children here together for a little time; and you know that Miss Basil herself had charge of him in his childhood—"

"And I know," interrupted Miss Hawkesby, irately—"I know that he was a most unruly boy, giving old Judge Basil a world of trouble. Mrs. Basil herself has told me all about it."

"And you know," continued Anita, her color rising—"you know that, in spite of all odds against him, he is now a young man of promise. You know that he was no idle waif drifting about Galveston; you know that he was sent there on business of importance by a gentleman well known and well esteemed in California; that he had letters to the best people, and was well received everywhere."

"Well, well, Anita," said Miss Hawkesby, who did not wish to quarrel outright with her niece, "you needn't wax eloquent, though it does become you. It is three years since; in that time I hope you have learned some sense."

Miss Hawkesby was very comfortable at Basilwood; she didn't care to leave just then. She had intended to remain during the greater part of the summer, and not more than three weeks had yet passed. It wasn't pleasant to have her plans interrupted; and, besides, she doubted the wisdom of running away from danger. She hoped, she believed that she might trust to the judgment and discretion Anita must have acquired in those three years. Surely Anita must have learned some sense in that time; but she did not like the warmth with which young Redmond was defended, and it was no slight relief to hear Anita say, in reply:

"You know I always defend those who are attacked unjustly, aunt; I've gained quite a reputation in society for this amiable trait. And, for the rest, I hope I have learned some sense; I've had some useful lessons."

"Yea," said her aunt, not without bitter-

ness, "you begin to understand now that I had always your good at heart. But I made one great mistake, my young lady—a mistake I'll never make again. I should have held on to Colonel McHenry for you. It was all your own fault, Anita; you wouldn't let me hold on to him for you—you, with your crude notions about honor and truth, and that sort of stuff, a mere cloak for childishness and willfulness—"

"Aunt," said Anita, coolly, "you talk so wickedly it is well there is nobody by to hear you but myself."

"You wouldn't let me hold on to him for you," pursued Miss Hawkesby, "and so he married that designing widow. You've been a great disappointment to me, Anita, a great disappointment; and I may thank Basil Redmond for it. I've little cause to like him. I can never go back to Galveston again, and I had so many friends there; but I shall never go there again where people say of me, 'Oh, Miss Hawkesby thinks herself so clever, and that little widow outwitted her at last!' You've been a great disappointment to me, Anita."

"I'm sorry, aunt," Anita replied, with a sigh; "but, indeed, if it's any satisfaction to you, I've been a disappointment to myself."

"It is a satisfaction in one sense, because I hope you'll profit by the lesson. You'll know better, now, I trust, than to throw away all your prospects in life upon any impecunious young man. Now, this young Redmond—I can't say that he is without merit; he had the civility, last night, to leave it for me to acknowledge our previous acquaintance or not, as I chose; and I chose not to do it; I wished to give him a hint as to the permanence of my sentiments. You must marry well, Anita; it ought to be a matter of duty with you. Now, how much longer are you going to keep our friend Mr. Merwin in suspense?"

"The venerable Mr. Merwin!" said Anita. "Oh, dear! the rich men are old, and the young men are poor; what an unequal world is this!"

"Anita, you are selfish and ungrateful!" cried Miss Hawkesby, angrily. "To what end have I dressed you, taken you about, and given you, at a heavy expense, every advantage in my power?"

"To the end that I might marry a bald old gentleman with a plenty of money," answered Anita, with *malice d'enfant*.

"Exactly so," replied Miss Hawkesby, ignoring the impertinence of this speech. "If a good match is offered you, you ought to be willing to get out of the way and give your sister a chance. You know very well I'm not able to keep you both in dress, and so forth."

"Ah, my poor little Joanna!" cried Anita, with feeling. "I ought to be willing to make some sacrifice for Joanna."

"I don't see any great sacrifice in a life of perfect ease and elegance," retorted Miss Hawkesby, sharply. "You'll never have such a chance again, Anita. And what can you do for yourself but marry a man of means? Why, you can't teach; you don't know any thing."

"No," said Anita, with humility; "I am very ignorant. For Joanna's sake—give me time to think about it, aunt; I would do much for Joanna. I stopped at Mrs. Carl Tomkins's this morning, and risked a long walk in the sun, solely for the purpose of making that woman invite her to that charade-party."

"You don't mean to say she hadn't invited her?" cried Miss Hawkesby, indignantly. "That comes of poor Joanna being out of the world and having no advantage."

"Oh, she has invited her now," said Anita; "and the question is—her dress. Joanna must have a dress."

"There it is, in the very beginning, you see!" cried Miss Hawkesby. "Of course girls must dress; and how can I dress two girls decently on my limited means? Joanna can't go into the world wearing your second-best things; it would mortify me, and ruin her opportunities. You see, Anita, the advantage it would give her if you were well married."

"But I can't marry between this and the charade-party, and meantime she must have a dress."

"Well, I gave her a white organdie—"

"But it isn't made; and you know that Miss Basil could not make it as it should be made."

"Heaven forbid that she should touch it!" ejaculated Miss Hawkesby. And thereupon she and Anita resolved themselves into a committee of ways and means; but the battle was not yet over between them.

Meantime, Joanna, after long and impatient watching, had at last the satisfaction of seeing Basil Redmond depart. The moment he was gone, she waylaid Miss Basil.

"Mela! Mela!" she cried, "I am invited to the charade-party! There is an opportunity, you see, for the white organdie! I surely have the best aunt in the world. What *should* I have done without that hat yesterday—and the scarf too—I'm sure I don't know. And now, here is this dress, the *very thing*! If I could only manage to have it properly made!" (This with a profound sigh.)

"Certainly, Joanna," said Miss Basil, gravely. "If you go into society at all, you should go well attired. It is fortunate that Miss Hawkesby gave you the dress; but I trust you will not place your hopes of happiness in vanities like these; otherwise I should think prosperity not to be desired for you until you should have learned to rule your spirit."

"O Mela, what has ruling my spirit to do with making my dress? As to my hopes of happiness, they all depend upon my having my dress made like Anita's silver-striped tissue."

"O Joanna, impossible!" cried Miss Basil, aghast. "Only consider, child, that dress of Anita's is so elaborate! I'll take the work in hand myself. Simplicity of attire—"

"Mela, I hate simplicity of attire! And I do admire elaborate things. Such ruffles! Such puffs! Ah, Mela, if you would but help about the flounces, Anita would show me how."

"Anita is certainly very kind to you,

child; kinder than I had supposed she would be. Anne Amelia Griswold, now—"

"O Mela, if you love me, don't name Anne Amelia in connection with my dress! She would be the ruin of it. Her gores do dip into such dreadful horns. Pamela, I don't wish to hurt your feelings, but really there is no comparison between the set of your dresses and Anita's."

"I believe you are right, child," said Miss Basil, with a strange flutter. "I think of sending my new black challis to be made in Westport."

Joanna stood for a second or two agape with astonishment.

"Yes; I think—I think—it would be well to do so—that is, if you can afford it," she stammered.

"Of course I can afford it," said Miss Basil, sharply. "Joanna, did you ever know me to do any thing extravagant?"

"No, Mela," replied Joanna, penitently.

"I have always considered money a grave responsibility," pursued Miss Basil, in a tone of injured innocence; "I trust I always shall do so, in whatever station of life it shall please God to place me."

"Yes, Mela," said Joanna, with simplicity. "Of course you will."

"I should never be tempted to spend my all on a trumpery picture," continued Miss Basil, virtuously.

"Ah, Mela!" interrupted Joanna, with a sigh.

"But I do hope and trust that my sense of duty would never forsake me under any circumstances; and I've always thought it my duty to encourage the industrious poor. If I send my dress to Westport, Anne Amelia's feelings might be hurt," concluded she, regretfully.

"But I shouldn't mind her feelings half so much as a good style of cut," said Joanna, ungrammatically, but very decidedly, being, like most very young people, quite callous where she was not ardent.

"She has just bought a new machine, too," continued Miss Basil, dolefully. "The thought of sending my dress to Westport did not originate with me—"

But here a knock at the door, loud and imperative, put a stop to the discussion.

"And so you are invited to the charade-party, Miss Joanna?" said Miss Hawkesby, upon being admitted. She looked formidable and aggressive, for she had not got the better of Anita, as she had hoped to do, and she had been kept knocking at the door longer than she liked. The sight of her made poor Joanna quake in anticipation of some insurmountable obstacle to her pleasure.

"I've been invited," stammered she, deprecatingly.

"I don't know what Mrs. Carl Tomkins could have been thinking of," said Miss Hawkesby, terrifically—and poor Joanna's heart stood still—"not to invite you at first; you are as much my niece as Anita is, and it is my pleasure that you should go."

"O aunt!" said Joanna, looking up with a grateful expression that charmed Miss Hawkesby, who, with all her worldliness, possessed more heart than the world was disposed to give her credit for. "I can wear

my beautiful white organdie you gave me," added Joanna, the soft color rising in her cheeks.

"As a winding-sheet, I suppose?" said old Miss Hawkesby, with grim humor.

"If Joanna would content herself with simple attire—" began Miss Basil.

"Ah, no, 'Mela,'" interrupted Joanna, with a groan.

"You surely would not be guilty of the folly of attempting to make such a dress yourself?" said Miss Hawkesby, turning to Miss Basil with a bellicose air. "Why, you do not understand dress! Now, I mean no offense, Miss Basil; I have a great esteem for you. You have trained up this child admirably; she is a good child, quiet, unselfish, and attentive, and, despite a few inevitable *gaucheries*, very well bred. I am aware that she owes all this to you; but I would like to have her owe something to me. Positively, I can't have you botching that dress, Miss Basil. It must go to Lebrun's. I'll write a note. I suppose that airy piece of a servant you call Candace can take it? Lebrun must send some one immediately to fit the dress; and we will go into town, before the affair comes off, to select any little extras that may be needed. I believe in dress, myself."

"O—h!" said Joanna; she could say no more than this; but Miss Hawkesby seemed content therewith, for she smiled and nodded, as she withdrew to write her note.

Miss Basil, feeling that a grave crisis had come, rose and laid her hands on Joanna's shoulders, saying, with portentous solemnity:

"My child, I hope you will not let this corrupt your heart?"

"*Corrupt—my—heart?*" repeated Joanna, with slow emphasis. "No; I don't think it can corrupt my heart."

When Joanna went up-stairs to tell the good tidings to Anita, she was shocked to see that her sister had been crying.

"Anita! Anita!" she entreated; "what is the matter? Are you ill? It was that walk in the sun. Let me get you something." It was odd to see how Joanna unconsciously copied Miss Basil.

"No, Joanna, I am not ill; and I am not crying. You never saw me shed a tear in your life; it was an optical illusion, remember."

"Whatever you please, Anita," said Joanna, bewildered; "but something is the matter!" Whereupon Anita put her arms around her, and began to cry afresh. "Is it because Mr. Hendall is gone away?" said this simple Joanna. "Anita, I am very, very sorry; but you know he will come back?"

"I don't know whether he will come back in my day," said Anita, the unaccountable, beginning to laugh. "But is that any thing to cry for, do you think? Mr. Hendall is very clever; he will do very well, if his aunt doesn't spoil a good civil-engineer by interfering to make an indifferent planter. That's none of *my* wisdom, understand; but it's what I've heard people of judgment say. I like him well enough; but he's not the kind of poor young man, you see, that I could cry for."

"O Anita! then you are going to marry that bald old gentleman?" cried Joanna, in a tone of awe.

"My aunt says I *must*," replied Anita. "Listen, Joanna"—and then Anita entered into an explanation of Miss Hawkesby's views and circumstances—her desire to introduce Joanna to her world, her inability to maintain two young ladies in society, and her anxiety to see Anita suitably married, that she might take Joanna under her wings.

"And you don't wish to marry him!" cried Joanna. "It shall never, never be! Let me see my aunt; I can make her understand. I will go to her this moment—"

"You will do nothing of the kind!" said Anita, pushing her into a chair. "You have heard Aunt Hawkesby's side of the story; now hear mine. Did I not tell you that I could not be sure I would sacrifice myself for you?"

"And you never, never shall!" cried Joanna, vehemently.

"Not in this instance, for it is impossible," said Anita, with decision. "And I will tell you why, Joanna." But Anita paused a long time, holding her hands clasped tight against her heart. She did not believe that it was wise to have confidantes; she knew that it was weak; she said, now, that she ought to be strong in her own strength and decide for herself; but she felt that there was no strength in her; and so she would tell this child her story. "Joanna," said she, at last, "you are in many things but a child, you have no knowledge of the world, you have no experience of life, but you are wise, because your heart is pure. Tell me what I must do." Then Anita told her story, which Joanna heard trembling from head to foot. But indignation against her aunt, sympathy for Anita, were not the only feelings that possessed her, nor the strongest. When Anita had made an end and asked, "Now, Joanna, tell me what I am to say to Basil Redmond in his poverty?" Joanna cried out, passionately:

"It is mean of him! It is mean of him, to come and take away Pamela first, and then take away you too! And Pamela won't like it either, you'll see!"

Anita laughed.

"Then you are in favor of the bald old gentleman, I am to suppose?"

"No, no, Anita," said Joanna, beginning to cry. "I—I—don't know—"

"You see," said Anita, gravely, "I owe a great deal to my aunt—I ought to please her. If I marry this man with money, I should please her; she would feel repaid for all she has done for me; and then, not only would she be able to do as much for you, but I too could do so much for you. This marriage of mine would be a great advantage for you."

"You are not going to marry him, are you, Anita?"

"On the other hand," continued Anita, "if—I ran away with Basil Redmond, for instance—"

"Oh, don't, don't, Anita! Think of Aunt Hawkesby. Think of Pamela."

"And think of myself!" cried Anita. "Now, I *might* be happy with him."

"O Anita! whatever will make you happy, let that be! I cannot see you unhappy; it would break my heart."

"Then think of my aunt—how ungrateful to her!"

"Yes, Anita; and she is so kind to both of us. Let us consider Aunt Hawkesby."

"But money can never make happiness, Joanna. Think of *me*, going about, a gilded misery!"

Then Joanna began to wring her hands in sore distress.

"O Anita! leave them both alone, leave them both alone. Cannot I suffice you?"

"Poor little martyr to 'a divided duty,'" said Anita, soothingly. "I don't know that you can 'suffice me;' I wouldn't like to say, positively, that you could, for your day, too, will come; but this I know, you shall be always dear to me. Whatever I may do, whatever step I may take, we will always be the same to each other. Shall we not, Joanna?"

"Anita, what are you going to do? Let me speak to Aunt Hawkesby?"

"No, Joanna, no; decidedly not," said Anita, frowning. "Forget what I've been talking about, if you can. Let us talk about your dress; is it not to be made at Lebrun's?"

"Yes," Joanna said, with a shy smile; "Aunt Hawkesby is so kind to me; but aren't you happy, Anita—are you not going to be happy?"

"Yes," replied Anita, laughing; "certainly I am."

BASIL'S FAITH.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BITTER FRUIT."

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER III.

As a general rule, the instincts of life endure longer than the emotions; the feelings are fluctuating, but the minutiae of everyday existence stand firm like little rocks. Sorrow and joy, love and hate, transform our inward being; but the great landmarks of life, particularly of English family-life—breakfast and dinner, and the customs which envelop them—are invariable. The man's soul is greatly altered for better or worse; but the automatic action of putting on a pair of boots in a given time, in a given locality, stands as a certificate of identity.

One year, its completion being the 1st of September, 1874, had altered every thing at Broadmere Villa except its customs. The woman who had been suspected and spurned, ruled supreme over all its inmates; she had won her sceptre through a violent revulsion of feeling in her favor, and she had retained her sceptre and consolidated her empire through her gentleness, and sweetness, and loving self-denial, and that good sense which springs from a good heart. Further than this, her conduct outside this household of love had added greatly to her reputation; she had devotedly nursed the husband who had so cruelly maligned her character, through a painful illness, ending in death, which mercifully closed a worthless life. People said that death was a good thing for

Tom Milburn, indeed the very best thing that could possibly have happened to him; and a good thing, to boot, that his wife should be free henceforth from such a husband.

But Clara Milburn did not desire to be free; freedom was a terrible burden on her soul. She shed many bitter tears at her husband's death; people marveled much, but misunderstood wholly. Clara Milburn knew too well what her freedom meant; she knew, though Basil Bradley had never uttered one word, or given one faintest sign of feeling, that he loved and worshiped her; she knew that a heart of gold lay hidden under a phlegmatic, matter-of-fact, every-day business existence; she knew that in course of time he would assuredly make her an offer. Oh! that kiss, which in her madness she had rightly called a kiss of shame and degradation! Oh! that letter, which she had written in her agony and despair! The kiss was a canker for evermore on her lips; the letter was an enduring testimony of her shame, and it lay in the hands of Captain Seton. Yet she had not fallen; Basil had saved her, pure and spotless, on that terrible evening! What matter, then, kiss and letter, if Basil loved her so deeply? It mattered, because he was true and noble; it mattered, because she felt she was unworthy of Basil's chivalrous love and admiration; it mattered, because it was not in the power of her nature to deceive, in one iota, the man she loved.

The sense of a larger charity had fallen upon Mr. and Mrs. Bradley. They had indeed, be it said to their credit, never erred with respect to the smaller charities of life—subscription-lists, to wit; nourishing soup, sago, and a stout, fruity port. But they did bitterly repent, that through abject fear of the world, and not from inward conviction, they had deserted such a woman as Clara Milburn; and if not in sackcloth and ashes, at least in devoted love and tenderness, did they signify their entire repentance. As for Martha, staunch as she had been to her own school of theology, she gave up Little Bethel, and took to the Church of England; and this wholly without solicitation, but simply out of blind love and admiration for Mrs. Milburn, whose very footsteps she worshipped. Indeed, she would probably have become a Mohammedan, a Jew, or even a Romanist—which would have been a far more difficult act of apostasy—had Mrs. Milburn belonged to either of those faiths.

But amid all this change of opinion and feeling, the breakfast-table stood as firm as a rock on this 1st day of September, 1874. The silver tea-kettle hissed and bubbled as, by stroke of the clock, Mr. Bradley poured the boiling-water on the tea; the man-servant, by long-enduring custom, extinguished the spirit-lamp and left the room, returning in due course, by the law of the same custom, with hot toast, kidneys, and the other addenda of an excellent breakfast-table; as between Mr. Bradley and the man-servant, the breakfast-table had become an absolute solemnity through prescriptive custom. If customs endure longer than feelings, the loss of customs is in most cases more painful than the loss of individuals: the man-ser-

vant loved and respected his master; but if Mr. Bradley had died, the recollection of that tea-kettle, with a toast-rack in sequence, would have been the *immortelle* consecrated to his memory in that man-servant's faithful heart.

As of yore, the gun-case had been placed on the small library-table; and, after making tea, Mr. Bradley flew to that much-loved object. He took out the barrel and fidgeted with it in the most loving manner; polishing the outside tenderly with his silk pocket-handkerchief, viewing the inside telescopically, and reveling in the inward sheen of the bright, spotless steel. On this 1st of September Mr. Bradley was gleeful and not desponding; once more he was to crouch among the delightful turnips, and behold his much-loved birds. And yet, withal, his glee was clouded with a sense of wrong—a chill, as it were, in the ruby of '84. Mrs. Bradley frowned upon the expedition, although Basil had trained the cob to stand as firm as a four-post bed under fire; but undoubtedly the solicitude of women is one of the sorest afflictions of mankind.

"Where the deuce was Basil? By Jove, they ought to be starting!"

Martha entered with Basil's bag, and placed it by the side of the gun-case. She had done exactly the same thing for years.

"Where's Mr. Basil, Martha? we shall be late."

"Master Basil is talking to missus in her dressing-room," rejoined Martha; and time, which had altered so many things, had failed to alter "Master" Basil into "Mister."

The fear of being late caused Mr. Bradley to be irritable and fidgety; but Martha, entirely siding with her mistress, did not sympathize with her master's love of sport; she was possessed, moreover, by an interest of her own—an interest of absorbing moment.

"If you please, sir," she said, with tears in her eyes, "Mrs. Milburn has just made this for me;" and she held up a white worsted cloud for Mr. Bradley's inspection.

"For you, Martha!" exclaimed Mr. Bradley, greatly bored.

"For the rheumatics, sir; she's always doing something kind by me. I think she does it because I was so unkind to her; she's the best and kindest woman that ever lived."

"I never said she wasn't, Martha," replied Mr. Bradley, peevishly.

"Please, sir, I never can help speaking my mind when anybody mentions her name."

"I didn't mention her name, Martha. I never do mention her name on principle," rejoined Mr. Bradley.

But the flood-gates of Martha's admiration were not to be closed.

"She forgave me all my wicked words, sweet dear; and she's taught me to be merciful and humble-minded, instead of being forward and stiff-necked. I don't mean the rheumatics, sir. She's an angel, if ever a woman was an angel."

"Experience answers the query in the negative," replied Mr. Bradley, with an inward chuckle, "so the assertion falls. Go and find Mr. Basil directly."

Martha obeyed, leaving the room with tears in her eyes. This exhibition of Martha's

feelings portended the advent of some great event, whereof Mr. Bradley was in utter ignorance.

"Dear, dear!" he exclaimed, with some irritation, "what a comfortable place this world might be if it wasn't for the good people in it! Goodness is so infernally aggressive. Just leave evil alone, and it won't scratch; but goodness is forever showing its claws. Clara Milburn's goodness has become a perfect nuisance. My wife, Martha, all the maids, worship her. Hang me if the admiration of women isn't more virulent than their antipathies! Why don't Basil come? Egad, if keenness for sport goes for any thing, I'm a younger man than my own son!"

At last Basil and Mrs. Bradley entered the breakfast-room; but, lackaday! this was not the joy of a sportsman on the 1st of September. Basil seemed strangely nervous and distracted.

"Come, my boy," exclaimed Mr. Bradley, with impatience, "get ahead with your breakfast; here, this pie's the stuff for straight shooting—ballast for the mind."

Mr. Bradley helped his son liberally; but, plague upon it, it was too hard that Mrs. Bradley should throw cold water upon his happiness by her unsympathetic manner!

"Hang it, Maria, it's no use, your looking so glum. I mean to go. The cob was sent over last night; and I won't be stopped, that's flat!"

"You won't be stopped by me," replied Mrs. Bradley; "I know that well enough. When men are bent on doing foolish things, it's no use for women to speak."

"But they do speak all the same," retorted Mr. Bradley.—"Hang it, Basil!" he exclaimed, with dismay; "don't sit up eating dry toast! You won't make your double shots on that sort of diet."

"All right, father," replied Basil, making an attempt on the pie.

"It's not all right," exclaimed Mr. Bradley, ruefully.

"How you do keep on bothering!" interposed Mrs. Bradley. "Let Basil eat what he likes, can't you?"

"Bless me!" retorted Mr. Bradley, "you're always wanting to stuff the things down the boy's throat. Perhaps it's that infernal money-market that worries. I'll read the money-article to you, Basil, while you eat; a quiet mind's the best trencher-man;" and Mr. Bradley took up the *Times*.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley. "Basil don't want to be bothered about money-articles."

"If he don't make a good breakfast, his shooting's done for," expostulated Mr. Bradley. "I know what sport is; nothing like it for making a man's heart beat, and sending his pulse to the deuce."

"Nothing, father?" rejoined Basil, with a significant smile at Mrs. Bradley.

"No, my boy," replied Mr. Bradley, seriously. "I've lived to my time of life—and I'm not a young man, remember—and I repeat, there's nothing like sport."

"Well, really," observed Mrs. Bradley, "I believe men are sometimes in love."

"That's true, as far as it goes," rejoined Mr. Bradley; "but, from what I feel at this

moment about sport, and what I *remember* about love, I maintain that sport is the worst thing in the world to set a man's heart beating; but mind you, Basil, whether it's sport or love, there's one maxim, eat a good breakfast, or you'll miss bird or woman—it don't matter which—by Jove you will!"

"Well, father, I'll do my best with the breakfast," answered Basil, with every desire to humor his father.

"Good boy! at it like a true sportsman—a slice of that ham!" and Mr. Bradley seized the carving-knife with zealous purpose.

Alas for Basil's breakfast! Martha passed the window, and, unperceived by Mr. Bradley, gave a significant nod to her mistress.

"Here's Martha, Basil," whispered Mrs. Bradley to her son.

Basil started up, and hurried into the garden.

"What the deuce is the matter now?" exclaimed Mr. Bradley, utterly perplexed.

"Dear me, can't you understand?" answered Mrs. Bradley, with a provoking smile of superiority.

"No, I can't," retorted Mr. Bradley, doggedly.

"It's as plain as a pikestaff," rejoined Mrs. Bradley.

"But I don't see the pikestaff."

"Once for all, then—Basil's in love!"

"Is he?" exclaimed Mr. Bradley, with intense surprise.

"Is he?" echoed Mrs. Bradley, in that peculiar tone of long-suffering contempt with which women, and especially wives, address the stupidity of men, and husbands. "Once for all, he is!"

"Not Clara Milburn, surely?" inquired Mr. Bradley, groping about in the darkness of his mind.

"Desperately," rejoined Mrs. Bradley. "Why, dear me, what have you been doing with your eyes all this time?"

"Eyes!" retorted Mr. Bradley, greatly nettled by his wife's manner. "Why, for any thing I could see, she's been as cold and indifferent toward him as he's been cold and indifferent toward her."

"Bless the man!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, almost bursting with the force of ineffable contempt. "That's love!"

"Then it shows how much I must have forgotten," replied Mr. Bradley, with a dawning sense of humility.

"Do you suppose," continued Mrs. Bradley, with increased tone of superiority, "that Clara Milburn is the sort of woman to court a man? Besides, her hand has only been free these eight months. Decency, Mr. Bradley, if you please."

"But Basil," interposed Mr. Bradley, "why the deuce should he show so much indifference?"

"Diffidence, not indifference," replied Mrs. Bradley, with condescending pity. "Is Basil the sort of young man to press his suit at such a period?"

"Then why does he?" inquired Mr. Bradley, with increased perplexity.

"Bless me, Mr. Bradley, you'll forget your alphabet next!" Mrs. Bradley absolutely reveled in her sense of superiority. "I declare I must explain every thing.

Hasn't Mark Seton returned most unexpectedly from India? Hasn't Mark Seton been heard to boast that he's as good as engaged to Clara?"

"Has he?" exclaimed Mr. Bradley, with indignation. "Impertinent dog! that fellow marry our Clara? No; hang him! Why, old Seton is deucedly angry about his coming home. There's a screw loose in money matters. Old Seton has been consulting Basil; something queer, I'm afraid, though Basil's lips are closed."

"One thing is quite evident," observed Mrs. Bradley; "Seton came home as soon as he heard that Clara had been left that fortune. You know he's seen her frequently, and he's written to her as well. Martha hears that he has positively made a special appointment to see her this morning. I've told Basil, if he loves Clara, that he ought to speak out at once; it's a duty he owes to himself and to her. Poor boy, he's so dreadfully nervous! and just to think I couldn't stop you from worrying him at breakfast. Martha was to tell us as soon as Clara returned from her morning walk with Mabel. You'll like Clara to be Basil's wife?" added Mrs. Bradley, after a pause.

"That I should!" exclaimed Mr. Bradley, with enthusiasm; "the very wife for Basil. But will she accept him?"

"Not a doubt, if I can read a woman's heart."

"And you won't mind losing your son?"

"Not to such a woman as Clara. Besides, they won't live far off," replied Mrs. Bradley, with tears in her eyes. "Do you know, I was thinking of that house of the Wilsons, at Teddington. Such a lovely garden! such a beautiful drawing-room! such a sweet boudoir for Clara!"

Mrs. Bradley was delighted with the bright vision of wedded happiness which quickly rose before her eyes. As for Mr. Bradley, Nature had not intended him to soar amid the empyrean of love. She had denied him those pinions of the soul and other needful appliances, but in matters concrete she had endowed him liberally; in matters of house property and house value she had rendered him preëminently great, and, indeed, oracular, which was a clear proof of his greatness.

He hummed and hawed with cautious deliberation.

"Good, substantial-looking house, no doubt, but how about the drains?"

Mrs. Bradley was silent.

"How about the drains?" he repeated, solemnly.

Mrs. Bradley was vanquished.

"She'll make him a good wife, I know she will;" and Mrs. Bradley burst into tears.

But Mr. Bradley had regained his supremacy.

"Before every thing else," he added, with increased solemnity, "we must think about the drains."

Alas! as well for the empyrean as the concrete! the fabrics respectively of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley's creation were destined to be rudely destroyed. Clara Milburn had refused Basil's offer.

Basil entered the room with a feverish flush deep set in his cheeks.

"Come on, father, let's go;" and with trembling hands he took up the gun.

"But, Basil—" inquired Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, with almost breathless anxiety.

"Refused!" answered Basil.

"Refused!" echoed Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, in blank amazement.

"There's an end of it!" exclaimed Basil, in agitated voice; and he replaced the barrel in the case.

"But, Basil—" expostulated Mrs. Bradley.

"I can't talk about it, mother. Come, let's be off; it's very late."

"You won't go now, my boy, will you?" inquired Mr. Bradley, with some astonishment.

"Not go? of course I shall! it's no use making a fuss about these things."

"Let me speak to her, Basil," said Mrs. Bradley, with tears in her eyes.

"No, no, mother—"

"Let your mother speak to her, Basil," reiterated Mr. Bradley. "You wouldn't eat your breakfast. I said you'd miss your bird," he added, mournfully.

"It's no use, mother," replied Basil, decisively. "Do you think I'd have lost her for want of words?" He wished to be a stoic; he wished to endure his agony in silence; he wished to hide it from every living soul; but his feelings forced him to speak; he pushed the gun-case from him and threw himself into a chair. "It's what I've always felt," he murmured; "she's too good for me, a thousand times too good. I've seen a change in her conduct ever since that fortune was left her. Money wouldn't alter her character. There's something—I can't make it out. I shouldn't mind if she were going to marry some man really worthy of her; but, hang it, if she throws herself away on that fellow Seton, it's deuced hard to bear. I mustn't make an ass of myself," he added, striving to crush down his feelings.

"Does she refer to Seton?" inquired Mrs. Bradley.

"No, no; it's what he's said to me," replied Basil; "that he has a claim upon her hand."

"It can't be the old engagement," observed Mrs. Bradley.

"I can't tell," answered Basil, in painful perplexity; and then he started up in the utmost agitation. "By Heaven, she must not marry Captain Seton! I was never placed in such a painful position in my whole life; my lips are tied and bound. Don't let her marry Seton, mother!" he exclaimed with vehemence. "If you have any influence over her, try to stop that; beg and pray of her; promise me."

"Trust me to do my best, Basil," replied Mrs. Bradley, with deep solicitude.

"Don't say one word about me," he added, clasping his mother's hand; "that affair's settled and done, once for all. She's refused me, and that's the end of it. I shall be all right by the end of the day; a good tramp through the turnips'll put any man to rights. I'll bet I don't miss a bird after luncheon!—Sport's the thing, father, after

all. Come along, we shall be awfully late;" and, seizing the gun-case, he hurried off into the garden.

"This is a bad business!" exclaimed Mr. Bradley, in desponding tone.

"What's to be done?"

"Go, by all means; any thing to get Basil out of the way. I'll promise to set the matter to rights, if I'm only left alone."

"I never felt so unhappy in all my life," continued Mr. Bradley, wiping his eyes. "Hang the birds! It's no use trying to shoot with a heavy heart. I shall stop at home. I ought never to have wished to go," he added, with self-reproach.

"Bless the man!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, greatly irritated by her husband's suggestion. "Don't make a noodle of yourself, pray."

"I can't help feeling for that poor boy;" and Mr. Bradley wiped his glasses with fervor.

"You're alive and well at your age," retorted Mrs. Bradley, "and I believe I refused your hand once upon a time."

"Did you?" he exclaimed, with mild surprise; and then, after some reflection, he added: "Dear me! I recollect there was something of the sort. I suppose, though, one feels more for one's children, for I never remember feeling about myself as I feel now about Basil."

"You declared you should die, and a pack of stuff!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, in a somewhat injured tone.

"Bless me! is it possible?" he answered, in a perfectly unconcerned manner. "Well, my dear, if you wish me to go, of course."

"I wish to be left alone with Clara all day. When you return it will be all right; that I promise."

"Take care you keep your promise, Maria. Hang it, I never felt so dismal in all my life." And, with a heavy heart, Mr. Bradley followed his son.

Mrs. Bradley quietly revolved the situation in her mind. "Basil has made some stupid muddle, I'll be bound. Men ought never to make offers, they are too clumsy for such delicate work. Ten to one, they manage to frighten a woman out of her wits. She don't know whether she's saying 'yes' or 'no;' and when 'no's' slipped out, through inadvertence, she sticks to it out of a stupid feeling of self-respect, though she's dying to say 'yes' all the time." Mrs. Bradley entertained no misgivings as to ultimate victory.

The interest which Martha took in Basil's offer was not one iota less than the interest of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley. She could not endure the strain upon her curiosity; on the departure of Mr. Bradley, she entered the breakfast-room suddenly, and without due pretext, and immediately burst into a flood of tears.

"What's the matter, Martha?" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, greatly astonished.

"I do love Master Basil so," sobbed Martha; "it's very presuming, I know it is, but please, ma'am, is it all right?"

"All in good time, Martha," replied Mrs. Bradley, in a tone of reproof.

"I was afraid there was something wrong by Master Basil's manner when he started."

"All in good time, I repeat, Martha."

"She never could be so cruel as to refuse Master Basil," murmured Martha; and with fresh tears and scant comfort she returned to ponder over the mystery of love.

As on the previous 1st of September, so on this present 1st of September, Clara Milburn entered that breakfast-room with sad feelings; but their source was entirely changed. The two women who had wanted to expel her with ignominy were ready to fall on their knees to beg her to remain—to become the wife of the young man they had striven to shield from her pernicious influence.

"Mrs. Bradley, I want to speak to you. I suppose Basil has told you—" and Clara burst into tears. "It is necessary for me to leave this house."

"I hope not, my love," replied Mrs. Bradley, cheerfully.

"Of course, I cannot remain here now," urged Clara.

"We'll decide that presently, my dear."

"After having refused your son?"

"I refused Mr. Bradley—twice, I think—but I am Mrs. Bradley, nevertheless."

"I can never be Basil's wife—never," answered Clara, with all the firmness she could command.

"Take my word for it," replied Mrs. Bradley, smiling, and with thorough confidence in easy victory. "A woman's 'never' is not nearly so strong as a man's love. Basil's love for you is very strong. I am his mother. I know it."

"He must marry some young girl!" exclaimed Clara, fervently; "a bright, fresh spirit, untouched by sorrow; a heart which loves for the first time in its love for him; not a heart like mine, worn with anguish and misery. I am too old to marry Basil!"

"Nonsense, my love," answered Mrs. Bradley, with a pleasant laugh; "you're just the same age."

"In years, maybe; not in feelings."

"Believe me," continued Mrs. Bradley seriously, "Basil's feeling toward you is no light fancy—the influence of a pretty face and fascinating manners; you are the idol of his devotion—the embodiment of that high standard he has formed of woman."

"If he only knew me as I am!" she answered, with a shudder.

"Trust all that to Basil."

"And let him discover the truth when I am his wife? No, Mrs. Bradley."

"Doubt yourself, if you will," rejoined Mrs. Bradley, with emphasis, "but trust in him—trust in us. Pardon me for a moment, if I revert to the past. You came to this house a fugitive from lies and calumny—no woman could ever have been thrust into lower depths of contempt—and now there is no measure to the esteem and love we bear toward you. I once spoke very cruel words; I have striven to atone for them, have I not?"

"You have, dear Mrs. Bradley, you have;" and Clara pressed Mrs. Bradley's hand to her lips.

"And now I ask you to be his wife," continued Mrs. Bradley, in agitated voice. "I, his mother, ask you. Think what I ask!" she exclaimed fervently, and with tears in

her eyes. "O Clara, this world is very wicked! this life of ours is hedged round with all sorts of evil. I ask you to take the burden from my hands; to be the guardian angel of his life; to guide him as only a true, good woman can guide, and save a young man amid all these sore temptations. I confide his happiness and his welfare into your keeping. Can woman give a greater token of her confidence and esteem?"

Surely this appeal must win the victory. But, to Mrs. Bradley's amazement and dismay, there was no response.

"Speak to me, Clara dear, speak to me!"

"I dare not accept this trust," answered Clara, with averted face.

"You are worthy of it, as he is worthy of you!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley.

"No, no," she murmured, with painful utterance. "I dare not."

Mrs. Bradley's confidence and self-possession had wellnigh deserted her; one last chance remained, and she eagerly snatched at it.

"Clara, dear, is gratitude nothing? Think how his faith in you never faltered; how in his eyes, all through that wretched time, your character stood as high then as it does now; think how he forced that letter from your husband—how he brought Mabel back to you!"

"How he saved me that night!" she murmured to herself, with a pang of despair.

"In face of all this, can you tell me you don't love him?"

"O Mrs. Bradley, don't press me in this terrible way! I am bound to another."

"Bound!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, with astonishment. "Impossible!"

"Irrevocably," murmured Clara. "Captain Seton!"

"Is Captain Seton to be compared with Basil?" asked Mrs. Bradley, in a tone of contempt.

"I am bound to Captain Seton."

"You must not marry this man, Clara; he is not worthy of you; his conduct has not been what it ought to be in money matters. Break with him at once—it is your duty to yourself—your child."

"I cannot!"

"Think well what you are doing," said Mrs. Bradley, by way of one last passionate appeal. "You'll leave us!—us, who love you so deeply! Basil, whose heart and soul are bound up in you! Have mercy on him—it will cast a blight over his future life! O Clara, it ought to be a great happiness for a woman to be loved and revered as he loves you! Say the word, my darling, that one word which will make us all so happy—our daughter—his wife!"

"If I dared—if I dared!" exclaimed Clara, starting up. "For mercy's sake, Mrs. Bradley, don't press me any more; I can never be Basil's wife." And Mrs. Bradley felt that she was utterly vanquished.

Nevertheless, the battle was not over; the lover had returned to renew the combat. Basil had indeed started with his father; but, after driving about a mile, he had turned the horse's head for home. He stood awhile at the window, watching his mother and Clara, but unperceived by them. Presently Martha

entered the room, with a gloomy face and tearful eyes.

"Please, ma'am, Captain Seton's compliments, and he would be glad to see Mrs. Milburn."

"Let me see him, Clara!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley. "Commission me to speak for you."

Would she had been free to do this! but, alas! there was no escape, no refuge. Basil's faith, which had saved her on that fatal evening, was powerless to save her now. "No, no, Mrs. Bradley," she answered, "I must see Captain Seton."

"Please, ma'am," exclaimed Martha, addressing Mrs. Milburn, in a voice half inaudible with emotion, "let missus see him, do! Oh, ma'am, don't leave us! I don't know what I shall do if ever you and Miss Mabel go away!"

Basil had heard Martha's announcement, and he entered the room. He did not heed their surprise, and he spoke in the hard, articulate tone of intense effort.

"Let Captain Seton wait. Mrs. Milburn will see him presently. Go, Martha." And Martha left the room. "I've come back," he continued. "I'd left something unsaid—I must say it now. Leave us, mother. I'll ring—I sha'n't be long—and then Captain Seton can come." Half awed by her son's manner, Mrs. Bradley left the lovers together.

As soon as they were alone, Basil addressed Clara in the same painful tone. Notwithstanding all his efforts at self-control, she could see how his whole frame trembled with emotion; but it was her punishment to be forced to torture the man she loved.

"You've said 'no' to my prayer, Clara; but I didn't tell you every thing. There was one thing I never meant you to know—had you said 'yes' to me, you never would have known it—but my love for you is so deep, that I dare not omit any thing which may turn the scale in my favor. O Clara!" he exclaimed, passionately, "you *must* be mine. Weigh us fairly in the scale, and then say if he has acted a better part toward you than I have—that he is more worthy of the reward than I am."

"My gratitude for all you have done for me can never be too great." But it racked her soul that, when he asked for love, she could only give him gratitude.

"Not gratitude," he answered, vehemently, "love—my love, which springs from admiration and esteem—my love, which is worship, if ever saint were worshiped. O Clara! I believed in you then, as the world believes in you now. I asked for no proof, I held only by my faith. That 1st of September, last year, I brought you the letter which saved you from being sent away from this house."

"You did," she answered, in a low, trembling voice.

"And I brought back Mabel. I told you I had had a long argument with Tom Milburn."

"You did!—that you had at last convinced him of my innocence."

"I did say that," he answered, "but it wasn't the truth!"

"Not the truth!" she exclaimed, with surprise. "Why, it was his letter!"

"Yes, his *own* hand," he rejoined, in a bitter tone—"written words." I did try to shame the truth out of him, that's true enough; but he only laughed at me, drove me half mad with his cursed insinuations, stung me to the quick with fresh lies against you. I left him, but he hadn't shaken my belief."

"Still, he wrote that letter," she urged.

"I went to *that* woman," he replied, in deliberate voice, "and I bribed *her* with money to make him write it—bribed *him* with money to let me bring Mabel back to you. I had made money that morning in a lucky speculation—no matter the sum—they had it."

"What!" she cried, in utter bewilderment—"you believed in me, though he still persisted in that shameful accusation?"

"Innocent or guilty from his lying lips would have made no difference."

"Then your faith was all that saved me on that sad evening?"

"It was," he answered, proudly.

"And that faith," she continued, "was not converted into assurance until his solemn death-bed declaration?"

"It was not! O Clara! have I not deserved your love?"

"You have," she answered, passionately—the words flew to her lips—"would it were mine to bestow!"

"It is—one word."

"I dare not utter that word."

"Have mercy!" he cried; "don't trifle with me, I can scarcely bear myself;" and the tears were full in his eyes, and he knelt to her as she sat with face averted from him and hands hard clasped; and with broken sentences he urged his prayer.

"O Clara! if you are my wife, a vista opens of brightest happiness, every joy of existence bears a tenfold charm; if you are not my wife, every thing fades away, dark, unprofitable life; without a joy—be that sunshine of my life."

She made no answer to his words.

"O Clara!" he cried, in utter desperation, "can you say you do not love me?"

Could she say she did not love him?—this man who had pawned a lie on his faith in her honor—this man who had worshiped her with all the chivalry of ancient knight-hood!

"I do love you, Basil!"

As she spoke the words she rose from her chair, and started from him as she had started from Seton's kiss.

No need to start; those words she had spoken were in themselves enough for Basil—nay, too much for him to realize, too much for his heart wrought to such a pitch of painful tension.

"Thank God!" he muttered; and, though he was a true man, brave and manly with the best, he burst into tears.

How proud she could have felt of this power she held over the man she loved!—but pride was only anguish now—she flew to his side.

"No, no, Basil!" she exclaimed, in a voice of anxious expostulation; "I do love you, that's all I am able to say; wait till you have heard every thing. I can *never* be your wife!"

"What do you mean? don't torture me," he answered, in a piteous tone.

"It's my fault," she rejoined, in broken sentences; "I've prayed that you might not love me. I have striven to be cold toward you, and all the while my heart was burning with love. I ought to have left this house, but I was too weak for that; my love kept me spellbound here."

"For God's sake, what does all this mean?" he exclaimed, in wellnigh savage voice; he could endure the terrible strain no longer.

"It means that the saint you have worshiped is a weak, miserable woman."

"This is folly," he answered.

She went to the bell and rang it.

"Captain Seton will come!" he exclaimed, in amazement at her act.

"He must come," she rejoined; "he is concerned in this affair."

"Come what may," he cried, in increased astonishment and anger, "swear you will never marry that man."

"I will never marry him," she answered.

"I do swear that!"

Basil was about to withdraw.

"You must stay, Basil; it will soon be over—very bitter, but short."

So they waited for Captain Seton; and Basil saw her change from the woman he had loved into the woman of that September evening—rigid figure, countenance of painful tension, and eyes of hard, scornful gaze.

Seton entered the room.

"I have sent for you," she exclaimed, on the moment of his entrance, in a tone of contempt and abhorrence.

"We are not alone," he observed, turning to Basil.

"Designedly," she answered. "Mr. Basil Bradley has made me an offer—he has full right to hear all that I say to you. You assert that you have a claim on my hand?"

"I do, Clara; a prior claim to all else—the strongest claim a man can have."

"But if Mrs. Milburn chooses?" interposed Basil.

"She has no liberty of choice," rejoined Seton, calmly; "she has bound herself to me by an act she cannot cancel."

"Monstrous!" cried Basil, nettled by Seton's manner.

"I did not come here to bandy words with Mr. Basil Bradley," answered Seton, in a tone of contempt.

"No!" exclaimed Clara, interposing with rapid utterance between the two men; "you came here to enforce a threat on me; you came here to boast that you had it in your power to drag me down to your own level; to declare that I was worthy of you. You have that power; exercise it now."

"What do you mean?" asked Seton.

"Read that letter," she replied.

"That letter!" he exclaimed, with surprise.

"That accursed letter," she answered, deliberately.

"Which I have never revealed to a single living soul."

"Which you have kept carefully to torture me," she rejoined, bitterly. "You have threatened me with its publicity if I ever

marry any one but you. Well, Mr. Basil Bradley has made me an offer—read it to him, and let him hear why I cannot be his wife.”

“Have mercy on yourself!” exclaimed Seton.

“I have,” she rejoined; “truest mercy—I destroy your power over me—read it.”

“No,” he answered.

“Afraid!” she cried, contemptuously. “You would not have been afraid to send a copy of that letter to Mr. Basil Bradley. What! twice a coward!—ready enough to sin in secret—ready enough to malign in secret—not brave enough to do it openly!”

“Mrs. Milburn!” exclaimed Seton, in a tone of menace.

Basil started forward; Clara waved him aside.

“Read, I say!”

“I refuse,” answered Seton, doggedly.

“Then I must read it myself.”

“I possess the letter,” rejoined Seton.

“I possess the *copy* you sent to me.” She drew the letter from her pocket. “This letter is dated the 1st of September, 1873, nine o'clock at night,” and with low but intensely clear articulation she read the contents: “Mrs. Bradley, you have branded me with guilt; before you receive this letter the accusation will be true. You, and all your household, have condemned me; before you receive this letter the condemnation will be justified. I leave this house with Captain Seton. No doubt of guilt now! Yours faithfully, Clara Milburn.”

While she read the letter Basil shrank away, and, almost blinded with agitation, staggered to a chair.

“Tell him the rest,” she exclaimed, fiercely; and for the moment Seton quailed before her gaze as he had quailed before; “tell him how you kissed me that night. No, no!” she cried, in a half-hysterical laugh—“tell him that I told you to kiss me; you wouldn't have dared else to defile my lips. So, Captain Seton,” she added, tauntingly, “you are harmless now. The one being who in my eyes outweighs the whole world—the one being who believed in me when the whole world turned aside—the man I revere and love, is lost to me forever! All that makes life worth living—all joy, all happiness—all is destroyed—wrecked! Go and blazon that letter about as you will—fling the story broadcast—it can do me no more harm.”

“Enough of this *rodomontade*!” exclaimed Seton; “don't blame me for this mad conduct; you might have kept the disgrace a secret, and married Mr. Basil Bradley, if you had chosen.”

“I might have *bought* the letter from you for so much money,” she answered, with intense scorn; “I might have married him, and left it for you to boast that the delay in directing an envelope had saved the wife of Basil Bradley from being the companion of Captain Seton. Not better he should learn the truth in time, and be saved from such disgrace. I won't detain you any longer,” she added, contemptuously; “you can go! Remember, the worst is done. I repeat, make what use you like of that letter—it can do me no more harm. Good-morning, Captain

Seton!” and she bowed to him with a courtesy which marked her contempt and scorn.

Seton turned to go with an embarrassed air—crestfallen, like a beaten cur.

“One word, Captain Seton!” exclaimed Basil, starting from his chair.

“What do you want, sir?” asked Seton, turning savagely on Basil.

“Basil!” exclaimed Clara, in a tone of deprecation.

There was no cause for apprehending any fracas. Basil was now thoroughly master of himself; he belonged to that order of men who, face to face with a great catastrophe, are perfectly calm.

“It is only a matter of business, Mrs. Milburn,” he replied, quietly. He threw an emphasis on the words “Mrs. Milburn.” She understood only too well the meaning of that emphasis, and shrank away from him.—“Your uncle, Captain Seton, has confided to me the arrangement of certain business matters on your behalf—certain bills—”

“Curse it!” muttered Seton, between his teeth.

“We will, if you please, discuss the matter outside,” continued Basil. “I will follow you, Captain Seton;” and Seton and Basil entered the garden.

Well, it was all over—the terrible moments had come and gone. She had been true to herself; she had not in one jot deceived the man she loved; she had told him every syllable of the bitter truth. But Basil—all her thoughts flew to Basil. When she remembered how he had loved and honored her beyond all measure of common love and honor, she felt how terrible the blow would be to him.

“Basil, poor Basil!” she cried, and the tears she could not shed before filled her eyes; “how you'll suffer—and my love, which could have soothed every sorrow of your life; my love, which could have lulled every pain; my love must be thrust out, and you must bear this sorrow alone. I have erred, I must bear the torment; but he has not erred, why must he suffer? Oh, tell of innocence to be linked in love and sympathy with guilt! Let him find some noble woman, who may build up the faith I have destroyed—who may raise again the noble standard trampled beneath my feet.”

And with her thoughts still centred upon Basil, Basil returned from the interview with Seton.

He addressed her in wellnigh his ordinary, matter-of-fact, business manner.

“I have brought you that letter, Mrs. Milburn.”

She started up at his voice, and he placed the fatal letter in her hand.

“Thank you, Mr. Bradley!” she answered, with averted head. “The venom has been expended.”

“I thought perhaps for Mabel's sake,” he rejoined.

“I had forgotten her—the second time in my life—fatal, both!”

“Have no fear of Captain Seton,” he continued; “I have effectually sealed his lips. Fortunately, I had the power.”

“Thank you!” she murmured, in a low voice. “I dare not trust myself to speak.”

“Good-by, Mrs. Milburn,” he said, briefly; and he turned from her. She lingered near him. “Don't let me detain you; good-by.”

“Good-by,” she muttered, faintly, and she retired toward the door. He thought she had gone, and he threw himself heavily on the sofa, and buried his face in his hands.

She felt it was all over—she knew she must go; she meant to leave the room—to leave the house forthwith—but the volition of the heart was stronger than the purpose of the head. She flew back to the sofa; she threw herself on her knees, and clasped his hand with the desperation of drowning agony.

“Have mercy, Basil! I was mad when I wrote that letter—mad, writhing under a sense of horrible injustice, cruelty, scorn; mad, for degradation seemed the only sorry spite I could fling in the face of the world; mad, for all faith had gone in Heaven's justice or man's mercy. I was thirsting for some sympathy, some support, some kindness—no matter where—but I never loved him! When I said I would fly with him, it was hate and defiance, and a desperate feeling that death would come quickly and end it all. O Basil! you could worship me when I stood, as you thought, a saintly being, superior to all trial, all temptation! pity me, now that I have proved myself a weak woman—conquered, not conqueror—but not guilty—not guilty! No, thank Heaven! saved by you! Not guilty, not fallen—because I can cling to you, and pray for mercy, and clasp your hands with mine. Oh, it would be as noble to look down with love as to look up with admiration! I do love you, Basil; I have veiled my feelings with silent unconcern and studied coldness, all the while treasuring every little word you uttered—every glance—every look. I said to myself, ‘I must love him in my own heart, though I can never be his wife.’ O Basil! is there no hope, no joy for me? must this joy, which has begun to dawn at the end of dreary years of misery, be hidden by darker clouds? I knew this day must come. I thought I could mask my sorrow with calmness, and steal away in silence; but I never measured the agony which racks me now. Forgive me, if you can. Love me, Basil! dear Basil! If you cannot love me, I must die!”

His hands were marked, and red, with the convulsive clasp of her fingers.

Mrs. Bradley entered the room, followed by Mr. Bradley.

“Clara!—Basil!” exclaimed Mrs. Bradley.

She started to her feet at the voice of Mrs. Bradley, and Basil also rose from the sofa.

“Don't tell them, Basil,” she whispered, beseechingly, in his ear; “it will kill me.”

“We saw Captain Seton go,” said Mrs. Bradley. “Oh, tell us it's all right now!”

“Have mercy on me, Basil,” she whispered, in agonized accents; “don't speak till I have left this house. I cannot endure the shame before them.”

“Well, Basil, is it all right between you two?” urged Mrs. Bradley, in anxious voice.

“Yes, mother, it is all right,” answered

Basil; and he took Clara's hand in his: "Your daughter!"

"Basil!" she cried, in her amazement.

"My wife!" he added; and he drew her toward him.

"What love, and trust, and faith!" she murmured.

"My wife!" he repeated, with emphasis.

She burst into tears, and would have fallen to the ground, but he held her in his arms.

People said that Mrs. Basil Bradley worshipped her husband; nor were they wrong in this affirmation: people also said that Basil Bradley worshipped his wife, and she was worthy of his worship; and most joyful of all thoughts of his inmost heart was the thought that, when the bright stone of honor was dim with temptation, his faith alone had saved a woman, who was indeed a precious jewel among women, in finest and noblest qualities of womanhood.

BOW-SHOOTING WITH A HERMIT.

WE were scarcely aware of the coming of a squall till it struck us and reversed our sail, as a side-flaw almost always does when an incompetent person is at the helm. I remember that the boom struck me a sharp rap on the head as it swept round, and in a moment we were driven upon the sand-bar and our boat capsized. We had barely time enough to snatch up our bows and leap out before this occurred, and then a big wave swept over us with great force, landing us all in a heap on the bar, where it left us high and out of water, but by no means dry. Our boat must have foundered, for we never saw it again. We all had presence of mind enough to leap up and run to a point above the reach of the next wave.

Will had lost his quiver with all his arrows in the struggle, and Caesar, our negro man-of-all-work, had allowed the sea to swallow our haversack, provisions, and all. My arrows, however, thirty-four of them, were safe at my side, and our bows were uninjured notwithstanding the water, they having been oiled that very morning.

"Now look what you've done, Caesar!" cried Will, in stentorian tones, addressing the already terribly frightened African. "Look what you've done, you black scape-grace! Why didn't you keep the boat before the wind? I've a mind to thrash the ground with you!"

"N—n—neber m—mind, Mars Will; I—I's done kill a'ready!—neck broke for sho! Ki, what a bref ob wedder dat was! Dis chile not gwine stan' 'sponsible for sich out-dacious uncommon whirly-gusts as dat, I tell you now!"

After this little word-passage we all three stood gazing stupidly at each other, the wind almost lifting us from our feet, and the water streaming down our persons. It may as well be understood that we were in a rather startling predicament, literally "cast upon an uninhabited island" with no boat in which to leave it, and with not a soul in the world likely to search for us. But I do not desire

to appear sensational in writing this matter-of-fact sketch, and I am sure that, after the first excitement of our shipwreck had subsided, we took our disaster in very good part. In fact, Will laughed immoderately, and, if any one of us was really frightened, it was Caesar. Nevertheless, the predicament remained. Our camp was some five miles away, on the main-land, and hidden from our view by a cluster of diminutive islands. Our boat was gone, and there we stood three as utter exiles as ever storm had banished.

The gale was most furious for an hour or so, and then it subsided almost as suddenly as it had risen. We sat down upon the sand to rest after our struggle with the elements, our faces to the sea, and our backs toward the frondous tuft of trees crowning the central swell of the island. The waves were singing a grand song, and flinging up their white hands as if keeping time to the music. The sun was barely above the eastern horizon, and now, as the clouds broke away, he threw athwart the rushy islands and the heaving waters a flood of soft splendor not unlike that of a Northern Indian summer. A few white gulls flew wildly about, drifting down the wind, and skimming the summits of the white-caps. The pleasant exhilaration attendant on adventure took possession of me, and as I sat there, with the roar of the sea dinning in my ears, I thought of Selkirk and Robinson Crusoe, and half wished that some of their experiences might befall us.

We looked in vain for any sign of our boat. Not even a splinter cheered our eyes. Far southward once I thought I caught sight of a sail, but I was not sure. We all remained silent a long time, and I had just begun a study of Caesar's lugubrious profile when Will, the most practical of men, suggested that we might find a pleasanter place to discuss our accident by an exploration of our island. This started Caesar from his reverie, and, getting upon our feet, we took our way along the ridge of sand toward the timbered part of the hummock, a half-mile west of us. The water "slushed" in our boots, and the sand made our progress very toilsome, but we persevered, and soon entered a rushy tide-swale, through which we floundered to a gentle slope strewn with tufts of Spanish bayonet and occasional palm-trees. Toiling up this slope, we came into a beautiful grove of palmettos, set on a considerable bluff overlooking a calm stretch of land-sheltered water, beyond which lay the low line of the Florida coast. The sun was now high enough to begin to heat the air, and at Caesar's suggestion we took off our clothes, wrung the water from them, and hung them up to dry. Having no change of garments, we had to lie around quite naked till nearly noon before the sun and wind had done their work sufficiently. This was just to Caesar's taste, and he sought out the sunniest spot to be found, where he stretched himself at full length, and slept that oleaginous sleep that only a negro can know, with his face half buried in the hot sand. As for me, I managed to dry some tobacco, and, going out on the nose of the bluff, sat down under a bushy pine and lighted my pipe; for, thanks to my box, my matches were uninjured. From this

position I could see a long crescent of the island, fringed with rushes and tall, flag-like grass, and here and there densely wooded, running close between two smaller bars that seemed barely disconnected from the main-land. Large flocks of water-fowl, sweeping down at a certain point between two tufts of forest, told me plainer than words could that a sheltered estuary thereabout offered a feeding-place for the birds, and I felt sure of some rare sport if the spot could be reached. But how to reach it? In my then condition the question was too abstruse for me, so I contented myself with watching the broad, liberal face of the water smiling so sweetly and benignly back at the now cloudless and peaceful sky. Through the thin wreaths of smoke floating up from my pipe, I had a dreamy vision, for a time, of day splendors parted into fine, gossamer-like shreds, and then I fell into a sweet slumber, lying there nude as Adam before his fall, with the salt breeze blowing over my free limbs, and the song of the sea gently pouring through my dream.

"Boat ahoy!"

I turned in my sleep and half awoke.

"Boat a—ho—y!"

I sprang to my feet. The sun was almost to the meridian, and the sea was like a sheet of glass. Will and Caesar had fully dressed themselves, and, having tied my shirt to a long stick, the latter was waving it frantically, while the former shouted at the top of his voice—

"Boat a—h—o—y!"

And presently there came a thin, clear shout in response, from a long, low skiff, which, with a single individual as captain and crew, was hugging the dusky fringe of a marsh a half-mile away.

I picked up my pipe and ran down to my companions as I saw the little vessel set her prow in our direction, and got into my clothes as quickly as possible.

"Capital luck—capital luck!" cried Will. "We'll hire the fellow to take us back to Berkley's!"

The man pulled toward us very leisurely, and when he had come to within a bow-shot of us, he backed his oars, and swinging a heavy double-barreled shot-gun across his lap, called out—

"Well, what's wantin'?"

"We want to get away from here," cried Will. "We were caught in the squall this morning, and had our boat wrecked, and we're here in a sort of tight fix!"

"Well, who are ye?" was the response, in a half growl, the tones of which rasped across the water like a file. He bowed his head as he spoke, as if in deep thought.

"We're a party from over at Berkley's," I answered, "and we want to get back there. We'll pay you well for your trouble if you'll pull us over."

"What's them you've got in yer hands?"

"Long-bows."

"What d'ye say?"

"Bows—bows and arrows."

"Things to shoot with?"

"Yes."

We heard the fellow mutter something as if to himself, and then he let go a roar of

laughter that set his boat to rocking, and fairly startled us with its suddenness and intensity.

"Bows an' arrers, did ye say?"

"To be shuah," put in Cæsar; "to be shuah, and dey out-shoot yer blame ole shot-gun, too, I tell ye now!"

The man laughed again, and then taking his oars he pulled up, and very promptly came ashore. He was a little, wiry fellow, sixty years old, perhaps, but apparently none the worse for wear. His hair was stiff, long, and iron-gray, as were also his beard and eyebrows. He was dressed in a shirt and trousers of coarse cotton cloth, resembling ordinary bed-ticking, and had on an old, greasy otter-skin cap. His feet were clothed in a sort of moccasin-boot, evidently of his own make. His shot-gun, a very long one, was of fine English manufacture, number ten gauge, and of about thirteen pounds weight.

"Well, well, how d'ye all do?" said he, looking curiously from one to another of us, and letting his eyes at last fix themselves upon Will's six-foot-six-inch snakewood bow, a beautifully-finished weapon.

We responded very civilly, and proceeded to more particularly relate our disaster and the nature of our predicament. He listened apparently with much interest. When the story was finished, he winked at me and said:

"Got any terbacker 'bout yer ole clothes?"

"Ole clothes!" repeated Cæsar, with a chuckle. "Like to know what'm call good clothes—yah, yah, yah!"

I promptly offered my pouch, but found that it was chewing-tobacco he wanted.

"Here, Cæsar," said Will, "out with your dog-leg, and let this gentleman have a chew."

The negro good-naturedly obeyed, producing a long black twist of Old Virginia.

"That's the docyment," cried the man, delightedly—"that's the docyment, darkey. We'll jest divide this 'ere weed right here." So saying he drew a large knife and severed the twist, handing back to Cæsar about one-third of the smaller end thereof. Then depositing an enormous quid in his mouth, he added:

"That's the cl'ar stuff, darkey, cl'ar stuff. Thanky, boy, thanky."

Cæsar grinned confusedly, seeing how his store of precious creature comfort was diminished, but made no remark.

"I s'pose you've not got no sich thing as a flask of the j'yful juice, nor nothin', eh?" (another knowing wink).

I replied that unfortunately we had nothing of the sort.

"Well, well, that can't be help, I s'pose, but a drop of the stuff wouldn't be onwhole-some, 'bout now," he added.

"The next thing," said Will, "is to get you to pull us back to Berkley's. What do you say?"

"Well, I don't know. It's too hot jest now. We mought as well lay around in the shade here till toward evening an' talk the matter over. It's a good ten miles from here to Berkley's, an' I'm not gwine to try that agin both wind and tide, an' right in the heat of the day, too."

"But will you agree to take us? We're in no hurry to be off, that I know of, excepting that we might get rather hungry."

"Never mind about something to eat," said the old fellow. "I've got grub enough for us all in my hamper yonder. Br'iled fish, duck, an' a little bread, an' a few oranges. S'pose we can make out, 'thout you're too uncommon powerful feeders. As for takin' ye over to Berkley's, s'pose I can do it, seein' yer in a fix. But the main thing with me about now is to know what in the world you'ns is a doin' away out here, a playin' round with these here bows and arrers!"

There was a smack of genuine curiosity in his voice and manner which I could not refrain from respecting. So, while we lounged in the shade, I took pains to relate to him many of my pleasantest adventures, "by field and flood," with the long-bow. He listened with the quick, sincere interest of a child, and by the time the tide had turned I had evidently won both his respect and admiration. When we had eaten his food, which proved very palatable, and, having struck a bargain with him, were on the point of embarking in his skiff, he suddenly proposed that, as it was a long pull to Berkley's, we should go to his cabin on a neighboring island, for the night, and proceed to Berkley's in the morning. As if by way of sauce to this suggestion, he said that we could take the estuary before mentioned in our way, and have an hour or two of grand sport shooting wild-fowl. Nothing could have better pleased us. The proposition was quickly accepted, and five minutes later we were in his stanch boat sweeping at no mean speed down upon the wooded crescent that flanked the feeding-place of the wild-fowl.

The old man, as he pulled us along with slow, steady strokes, told us that he was living just the sort of life that pleased him. He was as happy as he desired to be. He had a little "place" over on the island yonder, a few orange-trees, a garden-spot, some bananas, some fig-trees, and a few other comforts suited to his mode of life. For the rest, he hunted and fished, and took the world easy. He didn't see any use of people rushing and racing after wealth, when contentment and ease were so much more preferable. How long had he been living here? Thirty years! Was at the point of death with consumption when he came—from Tennessee, I believe—and now see how hale and strong he was for one of his years!

We drew on, and, passing round the sickle-like point of the crescent and through a narrow way between high walls of rushes, swept into a singular, pond-like place, where tufts of tall grass dotted the surface of the water, which was literally alive with fowl. I shared my thirty-four arrows equally with Will, and when every thing was ready, the sport began. The old man refused to fire a shot. It was good enough for him to watch our display of archery, and this was uncommonly sharp at times. In fact, we never did better work than on that evening. Some half-accidental wing-shots resulting from letting drive through a bunch of ducks as they rose from the water, particularly pleased our boatman, and when I clipped a red-head through a quartering

shot over fifty yards of water, he clapped his hands and most emphatically and profanely praised both my skill and my lemon-wood weapon, which latter was the first of the kind I had ever tried, and proved to be a marvel of elasticity and power.

Part of the time I took my stand on a low tussock, keeping well hidden in the high grass, whence I had some beautiful shots at short distances, scoring a number of charming hits, but losing arrows so rapidly that presently, to my surprise, I had but seven left. After this, I took none but fair chances and shot with great care. My companions in the canoe kept drifting slowly around here and there, continually driving the birds to me, and if I had had a fresh sheaf of arrows, I could have killed scores. I was astonished to find them so tame. Quite often when I knocked one over, its companions would, instead of flying away, swim curiously round about the fluttering victim. This is one of the beauties of hunting with our weapon. When you shoot it makes no report. The short, dull sound of the bow's recoil can be heard but a little distance, and the sharp whisper of a well-sent arrow is not of a character to frighten game. When we left that estuary, it was yet literally moving with fowl, though we had killed a great number. If so many shots from a fowling-piece had been fired there, not a wing would have remained! The mere noise itself would have driven them away.

We had lost all our arrows when, at about an hour before sunset, we slipped out through the narrow channel and pulled away for the low-lying island, close in to the main-land, upon which our boatman lived. A steady pull of perhaps three-quarters of an hour, over a blue, peaceful sheet of sea, brought us into the mouth of a slender creek, cutting with a graceful curve into the heart of the island. This was our way. We looked beyond a point of marsh to our left, and saw the sun like a mighty ball of red-hot metal just touching the far limit of the glorified sea, and then we passed into the cool shade of trees, that made a charming twilight, and soon we ran alongside of a pretty sail-boat lying at anchor in the creek, putting to shore where a flight of wooden steps led up a little bluff.

The old man bustled out and helped us ashore with our game, after which he led the way up the steps to where a broad path curved into an inclosure whose fence was a hedge of magnificent old orange-trees.

"Here's my possessions," he said, and, bidding us follow him, he walked rapidly along the path, drawing us into an orchard of some six hundred orange-trees in full fruit, passing through which we came into a garden of bananas, hedged with dusky fig and lemon trees. Beyond this still, and fronting a stretch of open sea, stood a low, rambling house, of five or six rooms, built of round logs. Neatness and comfort everywhere. We were met at the door by a pleasant-looking old lady, our boatman's wife. A married son with his wife and three children dwelt here, too—a family of hermits, from whom we had more than royal welcome. The old man grew more interesting as we be-

came more familiar with his peculiarities, and both he and his household seemed delighted to have us for guests. I took great pleasure in answering the multitude of questions asked by old and young, sitting up till far into the night describing places I had seen and adventures that had befallen me in my rambles. I can think of nothing more romantic than the situation and circumstances of this isolated home on a wild island of the semi-tropics. Evidently it was a place of perfect peace and contentment, where sickness was unknown, and where the good or the bad effects of what are called refinement and culture had scarcely been heard of. Year after year they had lived there among their orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees, their bananas and figs, with no wants beyond the ready power of unaided Nature to supply, happy, healthy, and with nothing like real labor to do. I think they would have willingly set up the entire night listening, with all the sincerity of children, to such scraps of incident and adventure as I could call to mind and relate for their amusement. Such utter simplicity would be hard to imagine if one had not witnessed it.

That night we slept on dry, sweet beds of cured moss. As for me, my dreams were of an island-home embowered in tropical fruit-trees, where I dwelt in the bosom of my family. Next morning we were taken out in the sail-boat, and had a charming voyage of two hours to Berkley's.

When we reached Berkley's, nothing would do our old friend and his son but to have Will and me take a fresh supply of arrows and go back with them for a week's sport. So urgent and so evidently hearty was this request, that we complied, and that very evening found us again at the quiet old home on the island. We tried to make up for such hospitality by loading the boat with a host of things we thought might be acceptable to the family, taken from the store we had established at Berkley's, among which were a set of delf-ware, some knives and forks, and a small box of plug-tobacco. I shall not give the name of this illiterate but honest and charmingly hospitable family, and my reason is easily understood. They are living there in that lonely home this day, and if their simple trustfulness and generosity and their exact place of residence were known to the host of tourists and rambling, "dead-head" bores that every winter flock to the South, their peaceful retreat would soon become, to those ignorant but gentle hermits, unendurable.

It is not the purpose of this paper to give a detailed account of the many delightful adventures that befell us during the eight days that we had our headquarters at "Hermit Home," as Will has ever since called the place. The old man and his son did little else but take us here and there from one hunting-ground to another, finding it a constant source of amusement to watch us shoot.

We ran up a small stream some miles into the main-land once, and spent two days deer-hunting, but saw only one deer, and this we did not kill. We got greater game, however; for the dogs "treed" a bear which Will and I brought to earth with five arrows, one of

which, with a "bodkin point," I drove entirely through his head, passing in between the ear and the eye, and coming out on the other side just below the eye. This was the largest animal we have ever killed with the bow. His weight was about three hundred pounds, I should guess, though we had no means of ascertaining it. We gave the skin to the old man.

While on this hunt I got lost in a dense swamp, and thought for a while that I should never again see home and friends. Such a vile place as that swamp was I hope to be forever clear of. It was the paradise of snakes. I must have seen a thousand moccasins. They were everywhere—on logs, on little tussocks, swimming in the water, writhing together among the tangled roots of the trees, drying themselves on the cypress-knees, sliding and squirming about my feet, lapping their red, forked tongues, and leering at me from every conceivable place—you would not give credence to the whole truth if I should tell it. For four terrible hours I waded round and round in that venomous place, shouting myself hoarse, and blowing my whistle till my lips were sore. Finally I found a little ditch-like stream, and following this it led me out. Near this stream, and in the midst of the swamp, I came to an old, half-rotten boat, which had once been painted blue, and on its gunwale was still legible the inscription "U. S. A., 1832." No doubt this was a relic of some tragedy, but what were its circumstances, and who its actors, we can never know. The boat had been in its present position for many years, for considerable trees were growing in such a way as to show that they had sprung up since, and one end of the vessel, sunken deep in the swamp-muck, was literally crushed in the grasp of huge roots that had twined themselves around it.

I was overjoyed when I again found my friends. I felt as though I had been delivered from worse than a den of lions, and I imagined I had suffered all the horrors without the dementia of *delirium tremens*.

The following night we camped on the beach, having for our bed the soft, warm sand, and for our canopy a sky as blue and resplendent as that of Italy. About midnight, happening to become wakeful and restless, I put on my clothes (I had been sleeping wrapped in a light blanket), and, taking my bow and quiver, lighted my pipe, and strolled leisurely round a point of rush-marsh bordering a finger of shell-beach a half-mile south of us. The moon, nearly at its full, was high, and shining with a power unknown in latitudes farther north. I could distinguish objects at a distance almost as readily as by daylight, and the peculiar sheen of the water and the dimly-defined shadows of the rushes made beautiful lines of contrast athwart the mellow picture. The wind drew gently landward, sharp and fragrant, a real breath of the tropics. The tide made strong currents between the little islands off-shore, down which the porpoises ran, rising at regular intervals to cut the surface with their dingy swords, puffing like some powerful submarine engines. I stopped at a certain point, and gazed for a long time with a dreamful sort of interest on the charming sweep of sea and islands clothed

in the fantastic mantle of moon and star light. Sometimes a myriad of silvery mullet would leap up and fall back into the water like a shower of jewels, and anon a single skip-jack would shoot almost vertically into the air, his fins whizzing like the wings of a quail. The all-pervading murmur of the sea seemed more like silence than sound, and, though the combined light of the stars and moon was wonderfully strong, still a soft, mysterious wavering of the outlines of things gave them an unreal, ghostly semblance. The air, though coming from over leagues and leagues of water, was peculiarly dry and pleasant to the lungs. Consumption could not be generated in that region; it is a very garden of health. While I stood there leaning on my bow, and enjoying the influence of the night, I became aware of certain small, shadowy forms stealthily but nimbly running out from the rushes and down the beach to the surf-line.

One, two, three, ten, twenty, more than a hundred of them marshaled within a distance of three or four hundred yards, some no farther away than a good bow-shot. My attention being now called to them, I could hear them quarreling in sharp tones the while they made a munching sound as if cracking shells with their teeth. They looked something larger than cats, and ran, or rather ambled, along, with their backs bowed up and their round tails held straight out behind. Now and then a half-dozen or more of them would rush together, apparently in great anger, fight furiously for a few seconds, then separate, each individual going his way none the worse from the contest. It was a weird masquerade, its effect heightened by the stillness of the night and the deceptive glamour of the moonshine, and, while I watched it with that half-sleepy interest characteristic of one who has got up at midnight from a restless slumber, suddenly a great bird swept by me, passing not more than twenty feet from my head. It sped like a ray of darkness, making not the slightest noise with its wings, and struck one of the small animals like a bolt. A sharp cry of anger and pain, and then a general stampede of the masqueraders as they rushed into the marsh-grass in the direction of a densely-timbered swamp, leaving the beach clear with the exception of the bird and its victim, now struggling in a silent, ominous way. Evidently it was a matter of life and death with the contending parties—a close, hard wrestle for the mastery. I strung my bow as quickly as I could, then, running forward a few paces nearer, I drew and let drive with as good aim as I could. The arrow left the string with a clear, whirring sound, and I heard it strike with a dull "thud" as the huge bird tumbled over and began a loud flapping of its wings. I hurried to the spot, and found the largest owl I ever saw, pierced through by the arrow, and near by lay a raccoon dying from wounds the bird had given it. I had frequently before seen owls and hawks strike smaller animals, but this was something rare. The raccoon was a very large one. Possibly my arrow may have helped to kill it, but I think it did not. I took my bird to camp, and, refreshed by my curious adventure, lay down and slept till almost sunrise.

The following day we returned to the Hermit's Island, and the next we went back to Berkley's, whence, the season being about over, we made our way to the hill-country of North Georgia to spend the summer in the pleasant valley of the Coosawattee, where the bass-fishing is the best that I know of in the world.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

FROM NEW YORK TO ASPINWALL.

THIS summer a large propeller, carrying twenty-five passengers in the steerage and eighty or thereabout in the cabin, made a pleasant voyage from New York to Aspinwall, arriving (so uninterrupted was the journey) at the end of the nine days and a half allowed by the directors on shore for her passage.

To those who have been upon the sea, any record of such a trip might be but half interesting, but to those to whom the ocean seems mysterious and dreadful (it being far away), the slightest trifle respecting it or its belongings is entertaining reading.

There was a tall, broad-shouldered woman on board, dressed in many colors, but having the visage of a blacksmith, who had never seen the ocean nor a steamer before.

She sat upon a camp-chair upon the hurricane-deck for five hours, her wits steeped, drowned in the most bewildering astonishment. Nothing was comprehensible to her; she could not understand the use of a single belonging of the ship. She did not know enough even to ask questions; she was as incapable of understanding as a child would be if it were made seventy years old in a second. There may be many millions in the country as ignorant as she was, and many millions more who understand, but who have seen nothing; to any of these, as I have said before, any notes from any note-book of the sea may be interesting.

There were five state-aways—that is, five wretches who were arraigned before the captain within the first hour out for trying to steal a passage. One admitted out and out that he tried "the game," and was d—d sorry that he had been ketched, for they wanted to see him up there (in New York) very bad! He tossed his misshapen head in the direction of the vanishing city, and, laughing, showed a full set of teeth, yellow with tobacco, but viciously strong in spite of it.

The old commander, flaming with indignation, ordered him into the pilot-house, a prisoner. The next man seized his cap from his head when his turn came, and shivered from head to foot. God knew he would work! he cried. They stopped him, and asked how much money he had. He acted "not a cent" by giving a deprecating look to all and by then sinking upon himself, growing shorter by an inch, and looking dragged and helpless in an instant. He also went to the pilot-house. The third was an awkward boy with a round, flushed face and a vacant eye.

"Have you any money?—quick!"

"No."

"Where did you come from?"

"From a hospital."

"What did you come aboard this ship for?—speak up!"

"Oh, I thought I'd like to go to California, that's all. I s'pose I can't, though, as long as you say so."

And he turned to walk toward the pilot-house before he was ordered to do so, apparently turning the matter over and over, and ruminating upon it.

The next was a neat, honest man, who, taking off his hat, bowed, and said:

"I've got forty dollars, sir, and I'm a painter by—"

"What's the fare in the steerage, Mr. Purser?" asked the commander, putting his head down toward the breeze.

"Sixty, sir."

"Pilot-house!—And you—any ticket or money?"

The last was another stupid boy—cold, frightened, and all abroad. He shook his head.

"I came with him, sir," indicating the last prisoner with a backward motion of his thumb.

"That's all right, but what's your idea in coming aboard a ship in this fashion? You have no clothing, no money, no object, no means to get beyond Aspinwall, where you'll die of fever. You should be glad that we found you, young man. Pilot-house!"

Half an hour later this reckless, unclean, and hungry crowd, having but one small bundle in the midst of it, crept down the black precipice of the steamer's side, and, scared by the foaming waves, and confused by the noise and violence of the wind, hung until the pilot-boat seemed safe beneath them, into which they dropped, one after the other, between the siftings of the ship!

All the steerage, reaching, noisy and motley, above the bulwarks, jeered furiously until the tossing boat was half a mile away, while the cabin, eighty strong, leaned over the rail, feeling a little shocked.

Among the eighty passengers were the usual rough bachelors who sang choruses after cocktails; the usual people who go to their state-rooms at the port of exit, and never emerge until the destination is made; the group of ladies who, being alone, are subjects for talk; the aristocrats, cajoled for a few hours, but scorned thereafter with a sort of paper-scorn that always broke at a smile or a bow; the pitiables whom all pitied, and the more pitiable still, whom the pitiables pitied in their turn; and there were the common run of oddities, the intelligent woman, the silent man, the homely gentleman, the lady of the single dress, and the corps of old travelers (cool, steady persons, who got all things and all favors in spite of iron-like rules).

There was a madman who wore enormous shoes, who spoke to no one, yet who ate famously. He had a pile of manuscript in his state-room, and he added to it daily. He rolled twelve cigarettes each morning, and wandered bareheaded at all hours of the day and night all over the enormous deck, turning his face upward to the heavens in the evening, and downward at the waters in the

day, perpetually engaged with the elements, and wholly oblivious of man.

There was a short lady with short hair, an indifferent face, a pleasant smile, and a habit of ferreting for things not known to her. Before twenty-four hours had elapsed she had been in the steerage, in the fire-holes, and had gone through the captain's chart-rack.

She discovered that the steerage atmosphere had no oxygen in it at six in the morning, and that people were often found senseless in the lower "trays" (her name for their sleeping-quarters). In the fire-room, away down beneath the engines, she saw men shoveling coal without cessation for two hours in a temperature of 120° Fahr. In the captain's cabin she found that the ship would pass Hatteras in the night—"a blessing," she cried, in a little ecstasy, "without parallel!" "Yes, indeed," cried the other ladies (who knew nothing about it). On a bright afternoon, while the people were lolling upon the hurricane-deck with their novels, their tating, and their *ennui*, this lady came aft, crying: "I have found out another of the pretensions of man! Neither the first, second, nor third officer knew the length in feet of a nautical mile, and the first only was at all sure that it was longer than the shore-mile. Two old ex-sea-captains had to be told, and, when the commander of this great vessel wakes up, I'll see if I can bring him down!" This catch-and-go manner was very telling among the dull weight of people, and gossip stood gingerly aloof from her.

There was one of those children, the contemplation of whose futures, calculated from present conditions and projected fifty years, fill one with an uneasy awe. Her name was Moll; she was barely two, her skin was fair, her hair bright, glossy, and yellow, her forehead full (too full, in fact), and her little figure muscular and tireless. She could run like a deer, and, no matter how the vessel rolled, the little creature, with her eye on her object, would stagger, turn, climb up the deck, or plunge down the hill, as it happened, with a coolness that was astonishing. She was often shot out of her mother's state-room by the action of the ship, on her way to the deck, and would cruise among the long limbs of the negro waiters with great nonchalance, catching at this or that pantaloons just as the lurching of the ship made it convenient. Few places in the vessel were unknown to her. She often found her way into the horrible horde in the steerage, and she was a well-known *habituée* of the butcher and barber shops, and she often assisted the keeper of the wine-room in his endless duties. She could scream with a shrillness and a long-windedness that outdid the bo'sun's whistle, and her temper was at times intensely vixenish. Yet, in moments of peace, the spectacle of her little body, with its bright face and wild, golden hair, flinging itself here and there in a wild chase after some sight she ached to see, something near the engine-room, or down the cabin, or down the sky-light, where the cooking went on, or in the first-officer's room, where they made the reckoning, or aft when they went to throw the log, was spirited enough, and all the other children on board

sank out of notice, and did their tricks and played their games with insignificance.

The way to Aspinwall led the ship among the islands of the West Indies, and then across the fitful Caribbean — a sea whose temper blows hot and cold in the same ten minutes, and causes the watch to "oil up" and to keep a weather-eye.

To the already entrancing effects produced by the extraordinary hues of the sky, the sea, and by the shapes of the clouds, whose beauties had become more and more surprising each day since the ship quitted the latitude of Lower Florida, were now to be added the fresh colors of the land, tempered by an atmosphere whose pearly obscurity put the tints of sleep upon all things.

The passengers, rendered languid by heat and *ennui*, carried their chairs and their books to the port-side of the deck, and gave themselves up to dumb, wide-eyed gazing, saying little and thinking less. Even the "intelligent lady" was silent with the rest. There was a long island, whose yellow beach, ragged cliff of sand, and dense growth of tropic verdure, were materialistic enough for almost every eye, but then and there it became the most tender vision of a land—separated, suspended, half-breathing destiny, yet resting upon nothing. The water below it did not touch it or even meet its shore; it became a part of the nothingness. And so did the sky. The blue became an ineffable dream of blue. Behind it arose a white, mediæval city of clouds—its mighty walls and its huge towers lifting themselves—shall I say it?—prayerfully toward the—above! All was in the midst of repose. Colors became half-colors, lines faded, the noises of the water grew far off, the palm-trees mingled together, and the land, the sea, the sky, the clouds, buried in so much warmth and haze, seemed a dreamed revelation of heaven.

Cuba came into sight in early morning. There seemed to be a cliff only, and a green table-land, and a slender light-house. Every man on board gazed at it, and either said in substance, or acquiesced when it was said: "What a land of tragedies is that! How treacherous does its quiet seem! Who would live upon it?"

Afterward, when the sun had dissipated the mists, and permitted the inland hills to be seen—hills that rose slowly to great heights—then the impulse was to pity Nature and to decry the beings that did so ill in plain sight of so much that suggested God. "It would be a good thing if some of the mountains flared up and overtook these mischief-makers."—"They have turned the island into a rat-pit."—"Is Spanish blood poison?"

And so on.

The American flag was perceived one day floating upon the top of an island of moderate size. Several people cheered and said, "It does one's heart good to see the stars and stripes, even after so short an absence from port," and they shook hands with effusion. Some one said, and it was true, that that was the only land covered by an American flag in the West Indies. And the Homely Gentleman said, also truthfully: "It is owned by a Baltimore company, and it is a

heap of guano. Speak to those patriots, some one, and tell them not to cheer so loudly."

The steamer sailed into the harbor of Aspinwall at between four and five o'clock on a Sabbath morning. The lofty hills and mountains, that almost surround the bay, were enveloped in the most delicate mists. And they assumed at that time a warm purple, while those of the farthest ranges were cooler and cooler as their distances were greater. The air was indescribably soft. It pressed upon the face with grateful coolness, yet it did not stir. The sky was without a cloud, intensely blue, and tranquillizing to look at. The town is built upon a small net-work of earth partly natural and partly manufactured, and behind it, that is, in the immediate rear of the second row of buildings, is an ugly swamp, out of which springs the rankest vegetation. The place has long since decayed; the people live upon what tarrying travelers choose to spend, and the few white people that are residents are invalids. From the water the place appears to be a neat, shaded hamlet with several white, two-storied buildings, with fine façades, many red-tiled houses, a number of broad sheds at the water-side, and it appears that all is finely interspersed with overhanging palms and oaks, and that the gardens are shaded with broad-leaved bananas and mango-trees. Two or three ocean-steamers lay at anchor at that time, two or three consuls' flags hung languidly from their staffs, and it would have taken a sharp eye to detect any thing unprosperous or unclean about the spot. Indeed, the voyager looked forward with impatience to many strolls in the tree-arched lanes that he fancied, and he determined upon purchasing many mementoes of this retired and lovely spot.

But he barely reached the head of the pier when he beheld, to his astonishment, on the farther side of a hot railway-yard, one of the most unclean and wretched tenement-houses that it was his fortune ever to have seen. Its first story is full of shops.

This is the beginning of the main thoroughfare. It is not all so bad, yet it is bad enough. There is a quarter of a mile of shambling houses. Some of them are frame, some have two stories and balconies, but the greater part are twenty feet high and in advanced stages of decay. The shopkeeping interest is divided between German Jews and the natives. The former keep domestic and foreign goods, and their shops resemble somewhat the ordinary country-stores at home. The sale of the natural and spontaneous products of the land is turned over to the natives, who add to this simple and innocent manner of gaining an income the allurements of the true American bar.

When the ship's passengers were all turned free along this hot street, with their hands full of money, then every available inch of room was piled with fruit, shells, grass-work, and cages of paroquets.

The Jews came out to their doors, the clerks took off their hats, and Aspinwall made ready to receive its profits. But the people, dumb and staring, went on, with their parasols, to seek the city. They came to pools of begreened water filling whole squares,

and bordered here and there by huts of scantling, and by hen-coops half submerged in the horrible flood. The fowls and the people lived on raised floors, and a splashing board often led to land. A truly magnificent bronze statue of Columbus, fine, both in conception and in execution, stood with its small fence upon the edge of a pool like this. The faces of the main figure and that of the statue of an Indian, whom the great man had aroused, were turned seaward; not committing, happily, the satire of gazing upon the effects of civilizing influence upon the new-found land. One hardly delays to examine the work, for the bad odors that arise from the green pond are overpowering. Farther on, in an arid field, is a fine and dignified memorial, with bronze medallions, to a few shrewd financiers who had dreamed that this spot was to be a great entrepot, and had urged people to spend a quantity of money upon a railroad. Travelers smile at the monument, and recall that in their lives they have never seen a failure possess so fine a gravestone.

A little farther still is a cool villa, occupied by a consul, and farther yet is a Gothic church, built of a fine brown-stone, opening its wide doors hospitably. A little way off the sea comes up in musical ripples upon a brown shore, and a few half-dressed boys patter about for shells, with an eye to the main chance, however. These few things, the half-dozen official houses, the two monuments, and the church, compose the best of Aspinwall. All the rest is degraded, ugly, and dangerous.

In the living-quarter of the place one sees more nakedness, uncleanness, and squalor, than it is likely he ever dreamed of. Poverty, heat, refuse, indolence, and foul scents, are everywhere. Tenements, two stories high, soiled from their door-posts to the highest points a man can reach, stand in the mud, and show three black-brown heads at every window and door. Ducks, children, pigs, mingle together in the boiling puddles, and one goes by under a fire of chaff from the women who impudently line the way.

The people are short, and brown in color commonly, though now and then there is a black. The nationalities are sadly mixed, as they are in all the towns this way, there being a composite population of Jamaica negroes, Aztecs, and Peruvians. These, having intermarried, have produced a host of mongrel people, vicious in temper, devoid of intellect, and easily content to sleep or steal, as chance suggests.

They are not exactly stupid; but, on the other hand, it is impossible to say that they are worth a rush to the world, or to any interest in it.

As I said before, they are all concerned in getting money from the people who tarry in passing through the place on their way to Panama. Each passenger had half a dozen dollars to spend in purchasing the specialties of the place, and, after they had impressed the *physique* of the town upon their minds, they lay about with full hands among the booths, and for a couple of hours the chaffer and dicker were a little spirited. The ladies of the cabin, in fresh muslins, every one, and

being looked upon as aristocrats, for the moment carried things with a high hand, and beat the natives down in their prices with a vengeance. They domineered over the whole town with infinite glee, and bought twopence worth. One would have fancied, from the amount of talk and disputation that went on, and that roused the echoes of the place like the noise of a dreadful combat, that the white wives and sweethearts were buying the natives out "stick, stock, and stone." They bought fruit very liberally, and numbers of baskets at thirty-five cents apiece. They ransacked the town for novelties, and, having found many, examined them, made all necessary inquiries, and said, "How strange!" and went off at ease. They entered with great spirit into the gossip of the place, and came away with many Indian family troubles on their minds to work out in the calm of the voyage on the other side of the isthmus.

The men did quite as well. The glasses at the bars gave out a prosperous tinkling all along the line of shops, and the perfume of the strange liquid of Angostura filled the air. They, too, purchased fruit and annoyed the shopkeepers, and it was not until the honest spendthrift dogs remembered dinner-time that the sprinkle of dimes and half-dimes in Aspinwall came to an end.

But the passengers had done really one good stroke of business with the uninformed and miscalculating natives. They had bought large sums of silver dollars at eighty-five cents each with their greenbacks; and silver had been worth almost that in New York on the day they left. The quiet joy that always comes with a good achievement spread through the ship, and the jangle of money was heard everywhere as the proud possessors turned it gently over and over in their hands.

The Intelligent Lady heard of the bargains, and she said: "But instead of paying you in American dollars, which are worth, of course, one hundred cents, they have given you Peruvian dollars, which are reckoned at eighty only in San Francisco."

How many curious ways there are of getting square!

ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

CRICKET-CRIES.

IF the Autumn winds are all
In a tender sort of swoon,
You can hear the cricket call,
Any Autumn afternoon;
And should you heed him, soon
You will hear, it may befall,
Dreamy language wing its way
Through his low and dreamy lay:

"By the mist-empurpled skies,
By the red leaves lying sear,
I know that Summer dies
In the lands that held her dear.
And with his sparkling spear,
With his icy-brilliant eyes,
Snowy-bearded Winter speeds
On his whitest of white steeds!

"Oh, the days will shortly be
When here I must not chleep,

But in some black chink and wee
Of some old fireside creep—
To sleep, and wake, and sleep,
By the great log's yellow glee,
And slowly find, no doubt,
All the family-secrets out.

"From the hearth-fire's viewless flail
I can see the spark-chaff fly,
Ere that ashy flim and pale
Fura the embers by-and-by.
How much better taste have I
Than my relative, the Snail,
Toasting here, as fate appoints,
My extravagant hip-joints!

"Hear the clock's quick tick, above
Even the bitter north-wind's roar;
Hear old grandma, like a dove,
Coo her surreptitious snore;
Hear the lovers laugh—and more,
See the lovers making love!
And hear the purr of that
Tawny Sybarite, our cat!

"How I hearken, while I bask,
To the hum the kettle makes!
In his dull prosaic task
How much merriment he takes!
Ah, for me that kettle makes
All the nightingale I ask,
Except it be, mayhap,
The pine-log's bubbling sap!

"Why does Mary grow so pink
If she has not had a kiss?
It is fine, you lovers think,
To be making love like this.
Yet a pleasant blaze, I wis,
And a cozy little chink,
Bring quite as much content
To the cricket temperament!

"While the golden-rods, in seas,
Plume the lanes and dales with gold,
While a glory smites the trees,
And the sumach-leaves burn bold,
In my longing heart I hold
These, and pictures like to these,
Waiting days more bleak and drear,
That my fireside voice can cheer!

"Oh, for winds of solemn tune,
Oh, for chilly-lighted skies!
Since she cannot die too soon,
Oh, too slow the Summer dies!" . . .
Now in just this dreamy wise,
On an Autumn afternoon,
If your faith be good and strong,
You can hear the cricket's song.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

SERVIAN POPULAR POETRY.

WHEN the French poet Mérimée and the English poet Owen Meredith published their volumes of professed translations of Servian popular poetry, the reason given, by those most competent to judge, for doubting the authenticity of both works was the fact that they are far below real Servian poetry in beauty, purity, and strength. And the high tribute to that poetry which this circumstance involves is by no means undeserved. Even in the diluted form of a translation the productions of the South-Slavic bards—for

bards they are, in the truest sense of the term—preserve a degree of beauty and power which affords a very high idea of what they are in the original.

The word "popular" is especially appropriate when applied to these poems, for they have all been made and preserved by the people at large. All through the dreary centuries of Turkish oppression the fire of inspiration burned among the down-trodden Serbs with undiminished power. In lonely mountain-valleys, wherever they were secure from the brutal Janizary's wanton assaults, bands of men would meet, and recite or chant long, heroic poems, telling of noble deeds their ancestors had wrought in earlier days. Especially did they love to dwell on the valor and might of the great Servian prince Stephan Dushan, who subjugated all the neighboring provinces, overthrew the terrible Bulgarians, and forced the Greek Empire itself to sue humbly for peace. These poetic traditions of their former greatness helped to keep alive, through all their later degradation and misery, the spirit which burst out so fiercely in the first years of our century, winning and rewinning for the Servian people the liberty their ancestors had lost.

The Servian language, which comprehends, in its widest sense, the dialects of Servia proper, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Montenegro, Slavonia, and part of Croatia, is by far the softest and most musical of the four great branches of Slavic speech. From the appearance of its words when written, it might not unnaturally be thought, notwithstanding the fact just mentioned, far from euphonious. But, when it is remembered that many apparently formidable combinations occurring in such words really stand for simple sounds which we spell in a different way, a large proportion of the difficulty vanishes. For example, the seemingly unpronounceable term *Rjekavicz* merely represents what we would spell Reškavich. In fact, the Servian is a very harmonious language, while its softness in sound does not prevent its possessing an abundance of force and power. These lingual advantages have certainly contributed very much to the excellence of its popular poetry.

The history of that poetry is somewhat remarkable. Pieces of more than ordinary merit, being preserved orally through successive ages, had contributed to form a great unwritten collection, which the most skillful singers or "rhapsodists," and especially the older men in each generation, were able to sing or recite at full length. In the mean time, although works on law, philosophy, rhetoric, theology, etc., had been produced by Servian scholars, of whom the number was not extremely small even in the days of Turkish tyranny, yet the treasures of their national poetry remained unwritten. Indeed, the very language in which they were clothed—the modern Servian—was looked upon by the cultivated portion of the race with unqualified contempt, and considered unfit for any thing but conversations between "cowherds and swineherds." The dialect employed in all literary undertakings was the *Old or Church Slavic*, an ancient form of Servian which was used by the early fathers of the Greek Church.

Not until the beginning of the present century were any persistent efforts to rescue the true Servian language of to-day from its degraded position made by any one. And that such an effort was at last made and carried to a successful conclusion, in spite of a violent opposition, is due almost entirely to one man—Vuk Stephanowicz Karadzic, or, as we would say, Wolf, Stephen's son, the Karadzian. Vuk, as he is commonly called, who was born in 1786, combated all the old-fashioned prejudices on this subject which prevailed among his Servian fellow-scholars with such energy and enthusiasm that he at last established the spoken language of his country in a position of honor and esteem. Having given the world an admirable Servian dictionary and grammar, as well as several other valuable works of a similar character, he next turned his attention to the poetry of his people. Some knowledge as to this field of hidden treasure had already been derived, in Western Europe, from a few specimens which an Italian traveler in Dalmatia had obtained from the Morlach mountaineers of that country. And Herder and Goethe, guided by their keen poetic instincts, had immediately given these fragments to their countrymen in a German dress, translating them from a French version of the traveler's Italian. But when Vuk, in 1815, published his first two volumes of Servian "poem-songs," gathered from the people, just as the brothers Grimm collected their famous German "Kinder- und Hausmärchen," the whole literary world of Europe was enthusiastic in their praise. Translations of the work, more or less complete, quickly appeared in the languages of various other countries, and the verdict in their favor was universal. Two more volumes soon followed those first published; and, though several similar works were afterward issued by different persons, Vuk's collection is still considered the best of all.

Servian popular poetry is divided into two great classes: the *shenake pjesme*, or "woman-songs," and the *junacke pjesme*, or "hero-songs." The woman-songs are so called because they are almost invariably made by women. They are usually short pieces, and are sung without any instrumental accompaniment. They relate to incidents of domestic life, and are nearly always characterized by a natural and very beautiful expression of feeling, unrestrained by conventionalities and untrammelled by the requirements of more polished verse. There is about them much the same pure, unconscious pathos, alternating with outbursts of unalloyed joyousness, that shows itself in a little child's laughter and tears. The love-songs are especially tender and poetical. One of these, given in Vuk's collection, has been very literally translated into English, as follows in part:

"PARTING LOVERS.

"To white Buda, to white-castled Buda,
Cling the vine-tree, cling the vine-tree branches.

Not the vine-tree is it with its branches;
No, it is a pair of faithful lovers.
From their early youth they were betrothed;
Now they are compelled to part, untimely.
One addressed the other at their parting:

'Go, my dearest soul, and go straight forward.
Thou wilt find a hedge-surrounded garden;
Thou wilt find a rose-bush in the garden.
Pluck a little branch from off the rose-bush,
Place it on thy heart within thy bosom.
Even as that red rose will be fading.
Even so my heart, love, will be fading.'

Regular rhymes are not a feature of these poems; but rhymes frequently occur, and the following short piece, turned into an English stanza partly in rhyme, will serve to illustrate such cases, as well as to show the arch humor which is often found in the woman-songs:

"ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

"To St. George's Day the maiden prayed:
'Com'et thou again, dear St. George's Day,
Find me not here, by my mother dear,
Or be it wed, or be it dead!
But, rather than dead, I would be wed.'

Another song tells of two young lovers who, being forced apart by their parents, died at the same time, and were buried together:

"Little time had passed since they were buried;
O'er the youth sprang up a verdant pine-tree,
O'er the maid a bush with sweet red roses;
Round the pine-tree winds itself the rose-bush,
As the silk around a bunch of flowers."

But some of the woman-songs are in a very different vein. They take a thoroughly realistic view of marital relations, and indicate that in Servia, as elsewhere, husbands and wives are not always "married lovers." The following piece presents a comically exaggerated picture of a lady who, it is clear, has her own notions as to "the subjection of women":

"HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

"Come, companion, let us hurry,
That we may be early home.
For my mother-in-law is cross.
Only yestern she accused me,
Said that I had beat my husband,
When, poor soul, I had not touched him,
Only bade him wash the dishes,
And he wouldn't wash the dishes;
Threw, then, at his head the pitcher,
Knocked a hole in head and pitcher.
For the head, I don't mind that much;
But I do care for the pitcher,
As I paid for it right dearly—
Paid for it with one wild-apple,
Yea, and a half of one besides it."

The hero-songs are true epics. They are made by men alone, are chanted rather than sung, and correspond very closely to the heroic poems of ancient Greece. Their subjects are frequently the great deeds of Servian kings and warriors. The victories of Tzar Stephan Dushan, the sad fate of Tzar Lazar on the bloody field of Kosovo, and other notable events in the mediæval history of Servia, form the themes of a large number; while some, of more modern origin, tell of that wild and stormy strife in which, led by Czerny George, the long-despised Servians extirpated the dreadful Janizaries, and hurled the Turkish and Bosnian armies out of their land. Others refer to the second modern struggle for liberty, when, under Prince Milosh, they won back nearly all the Turks had been enabled, by internal quarrels among the followers of Czerny George, to tear from the latter's grasp. Many, also, are about the deeds and sufferings of less-noted or of ficti-

tious personages. But all show more or less of the same fire and force, the same boldness of fancy, combined with the greatest beauty and gracefulness in expression. Not a few contain images drawn from the old mythological and superstitious notions still half credited in the wildest mountain-districts—such figures as the Vjashtitzi, or veiled women, whose visits brought death and sorrow into households; or the Vila, a mountain fairy, somewhat like the German Rübzahl.

The most frequent singers of these heroic songs are old blind men, strikingly like our idea of Homer. One of these blind and aged bards, named Philip, sang before Tchupich, one of Czerny George's bravest captains, a stirring poem, composed by the singer, on the battle of Salash, where Tchupich had led his countrymen to victory over the Turks. Philip was then rewarded by the Servian soldier with a splendid white horse, of the noble Herzegovinian breed, just as the bards of the ancient heroes were repaid for their lays in honor of their patrons.

It is absolutely impossible to preserve even a fair degree of the grandeur and beauty of these heroic pieces in a mere translation, as any one may imagine who has compared Homer's own lines with those of his best translator. Yet it may be not entirely useless to present one or two short extracts even in this weakened shape. The following lines, in which ravens bring ominous tidings of the fierce battle of Mishar, must serve to exemplify the wild, free imagery with which they abound:

"Flying came a pair of coal-black ravens,
Far away from the broad field of Mishar,
Far from Shabatz, from the high white fortress;
Bloody were their beaks unto the eyelids,
Bloody were their talons to the ankles.
And they flew along the fertile Machva,
Waded swiftly through the billowy Drina.
Journeyed onward through high-honored Bosnia,
'Lighting down upon the hateful border,
Right within the accursed town of Vakup,
On the dwelling of the Captain Kulic;
'Lighting down, and croaking as they 'lighted."

Another short extract may show, in some measure, the tenderness and delicacy which are noticeable in the passages describing beautiful women:

"Never did a lovelier floweret blossom
Than the floweret in our own days blooming—
Haikuna, the lovely maiden-flower.
White her cheeks, but tinged with rosy blushes,
As if morning's beam had shone upon them.
Till that beam had reached its high meridian.
And her eyes were like two precious jewels;
And her flaxen braids were silken tassels;
And her teeth were pearls arranged in order;
White her bosom, like two snowy dovelets;
And her voice was like the dovelets' cooing,
And her smile was like the sunshine glowing."

Some Servian poets of a more artistic kind have appeared during the present century. Their works give promise of very honorable achievements by their successors in a riper era; and some—such as the "Serbian-ka," an heroic poem by Milutinowicz—have been translated into several foreign tongues. But none of these more polished productions are comparable to the strictly popular poetry, and the latter undoubtedly marks the highest limit yet attained by the Servian muse.

W. W. CRANE.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE are asked, in view of our recent comments on state interference, whether we do not believe the education of the people to be a great national advantage, and, this being true, whether it is not incumbent upon the state to exact of every citizen the education of his children.

We hope we have just as high an estimate of the importance of general education as that of the most zealous believer in compulsory attendance at schools. But are we to understand that, because a thing is of indisputable public advantage, therefore it is the business of the state to employ its power and its resources to bring it about? If this is the logic of our questioner, let us look into it a little and see what it means.

There can be no doubt that religious training transcends in importance every thing else. Not only is pious and moral living of the first consideration in regard to the welfare of people here, but also in regard to their welfare in the great unknown beyond this "bank and shoal of time." If because a thing is of universal importance government is entitled to interfere for its promotion, then the state must be permitted to enforce religious faith and pious living. Congress should under this view found churches even before it establishes schools.

Cleanliness is next to godliness. The moral and physical welfare of the whole people largely depends upon their habits of cleanliness and order. Foulness is not only an injury to him who indulges in it, but, inasmuch as it breeds sickness, and is the fruitful cause of epidemics, whoever is guilty endangers the life and health of all others. Clearly, then, as cleanliness intimately concerns the safety of all, the state may interfere to enforce it—not merely by punishing those who throw filth into the streets, or compelling those who live in close dens to undergo fumigation—which the state now attempts—but by dictating how often we shall bathe, and compelling every one to wear a clean shirt. Under this rule the wretches in our streets, so foul with rags and filth, would disappear; but whether we are to submit to a general supervisory regulation as to our dress and personal habits, even to serve so excellent a consummation as this, may very well be questioned.

Temperance in both eating and drinking is indispensable to the general welfare. We know there are prohibition laws in some places in regard to the sale of liquor; but if we admit the principle that the public or general nature of a desired end sanctions the interposition of government, then the state may take upon itself not only to regulate the

sale of liquor, but to restrict excesses among the people in eating and drinking.

Extravagance is another tremendous evil—an evil to those who indulge in it, and to the whole people as an example of waste and self-indulgence. It is no new notion in the philosophy of government that expenditure in apparel and display in jewels or other ornaments are matters legitimately within the control of the state.

Where shall we stop? It is not easy, indeed, to find a limit to the duties of government, if we concede that, because a consummation is devoutly wished, therefore the power of the state should be stretched forth to enforce it.

As to public education by the state, there are, it is true, a good many reasons to be urged in its defense. But no government can be in advance of its time in this particular. A general system of public education is only possible when the public sentiment is ripe for it; and when this is the case this public sentiment would be tolerably sure in good time to accomplish unaided all that the state would fain perform. Government has done so much to embarrass, restrict, confuse, mislead, arrest, and paralyze, that, even if it be true that it has done good in this one thing of public education, there still remains a formidable indictment against it for the evils of its interference; and so altogether we for our part prefer it should learn to keep its hands off.

That puzzling line in "Macbeth" which declares "that nothing is, but what is not," has a certain elucidation in the vagaries of the critical mind. There are always those who are enabled to discover the evil in every good thing; but, fortunately, there are also those who are ever equal to the task of discovering the good in every thing evil. Among the minor manifestations of human perversity, ugly fashions in dress might be supposed to have no defenders—that is, after they have ceased to be fashions. We all know with what eagerness ugly devices for the adornment, so called, of the human frame will be adopted, and with what enthusiasm they for a time are defended; but commonly ugly old fashions are without respect or honor. An English writer, however, has ingeniously found a defense for all fashions, ugly or otherwise. He thinks that a good paper might be written in defense of fashion as an agency of intellectual progress and as a safeguard against error and superstition. He is of the opinion that the wits who have wasted powder and shot on the subject of the changes of fashion are in truth advocates of a moral slavery much more detrimental than the wildest vagaries of change. He is confident that a new fashion is a work of eman-

cipation, which we should say sometimes is and sometimes is not the case; and he asserts that ten thousand current mistakes about men and things have been exploded by a mere alteration of dress, of form, of ceremony, of habit—all of which may be true, yet one sees it but vaguely. The main argument of this writer, however, is that women's beauty is altogether superior to the influences of adornment or disfigurement—that she, in fact, gives grace to rather than derives it from the arts of the milliner or the dress-maker. "In long skirts or short," we are told, "in spare skirts or hoops, in bonnets mighty or imperceptible in size, mountainous or absolutely flat, the result is always the same—the native grace and charm make beautiful the fashion. The satirist is always prophesying that woman has spoiled herself at last, but presently she overmasters the change and is more lovely than before."

It is probably often true that the loveliness of woman cannot be extinguished by the unbecoming devices of fashion, but it is a bold thing to say that her native graces and charms do not suffer therefrom. If it were true that they did not, then becoming and unbecoming would be meaningless terms in the vocabulary of fashion; the art of contrast, of adjustment, of harmony of colors, of the relation of tints to the complexion, of form and proportion, would have no existence. The fact is, that many fashions are so detestably ugly that only very beautiful women succeed in maintaining their grace and charm under the adverse conditions imposed upon them. Women sometimes retain their beauty despite the fashion, but it is only a truism to say that every one of them suffers more or less by the senseless decrees of the tyrant to whom each submits.

There is one noteworthy point to be deduced from the argument we have quoted. Every one has been surprised in looking back at old portraits, paintings, or engravings, at the many frightful fashions, under the dominion of which beauty seems to disappear altogether. Women with scant skirts, with their waists close under their armpits, and overshadowed by wide-spread sails called bonnets, impress one as fantastic caricatures. And yet these very women were admired, loved, fought for, worshiped, and won. It is not enough to say that their fashions of dress did not look absurd in the eyes of the cavaliers of the time. Why did they not? Because of the insensibility of the observers? Not in the least; but because the native charms of the wearer, the flashing eye, the rising color of the cheek, the dazzling smile, the fascination of manner and voice—things which disappear from the painted image—all these were there to charm, to captivate, and to partially overcome the great drawback of

a preposterous get-up—to use a phrase of the grecu-room. It must have been some hideous fashion that prompted the poet to declare that lovely woman unadorned is adorned the most. In all ages men have made their vehement protests against the ugly and fantastic decrees of fashion, but in all ages men, notwithstanding the deformities of mistaken art, have admired all the loveliness of women that survived it. It must not be forgotten that, while some women succeed in proving their superiority to bad style, there are many sacrificed to it who otherwise would be considered charming. High and true art in dress would make all women lovely who are not absolutely deformed.

In the London *Spectator's* criticism upon Mr. Henry Irving's personation of *Macbeth*, which is now provoking so much discussion in London, occur a few utterances that invite a prompt rejoinder from all Shakespearean students. They are as follows:

"The next passage in which Mr. Irving rises to the fullest height of his power is in the scene with *Lady Macbeth's* physician, where the cynical selfishness and indifference of his manner in speaking of the mind which had given way under the pressure of remorse, and the predominance of his contempt for the medical helplessness of the physician, are very finely given. At the passage—

'Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from rest'—

Macbeth's cold and imperious 'Cure her of that,' is marvelously fine. Mr. Irving there catches the selfish mood of the tyrant, who cares more for the danger to himself in what his wife may say than for any peril it may imply to his helpmate in crime, with a power that thrills the hearer. Equally fine is the cold and bitter remark on hearing of the *Queen's* death:

'She should have died hereafter;
There would have been time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded Time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.'

In this criticism we find *Macbeth* spoken of as "cynically selfish and indifferent" in regard to *Lady Macbeth*; his direction to the physician, "Cure her of that," is described as being "cold and imperious;" and his response on hearing of the *Queen's* death is characterized as "cold and bitter." If these terms do justice to the actor's rendition of the part, then we should say that he failed in expressing one of the most striking features of *Macbeth's* character. Whatever *Macbeth* was to the rest of the world, to his consort he was tender, truthful, and even devoted. There is nothing really cynical, selfish, cold, or bitter, in the lines cited by the critic. "Cure her of that," may be imperious; it may indicate a selfish fear that the *Queen* would reveal too much; but the antecedents

of the guilty tyrant's relation to his wife permit neither of these deductions. It is more natural to believe that "the thick-coming fancies" with which the *Queen* was beset reflected the disease of his own mind, and that she might be cured of these haunting horrors was the impulsive desire of one who knew how sharp such mental anguish is. Indeed, he follows the exclamation, "Cure her of that," with the question—

'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory many a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?'

These lines indicate the real motive of his utterance, in which there was anxiety, perhaps, but also keen sympathy. Nor is there aught "cold and bitter" in the response "She should have died hereafter." It is generally uttered on the stage with profound grief. It is the reflection of a man so sore pressed with danger and difficulty that he could not even give himself the privilege of grief. She should have died at a maturer and a better moment, he thinks, when her life had rounded to a greater fullness, and when he might have been by her side. Do not the lines that follow show how far his heart was from coldness or bitterness? To better appreciate this view of the subject, we may glance for a moment at *Macbeth's* conduct toward his associate in crime from the beginning. Never, in any instance, does a word of reproach pass from his lips, nor indeed from hers. Never does he charge his wife with leading him on to the murder of *Duncan*. There are no criminations, no distrusts, no discords, nothing throughout but wedded purpose and sympathy. "O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife," he bursts out upon one occasion, not to upbraid, but in sympathy. "Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck," he exclaims in the same scene, when hinting to her of other crimes. How striking, moreover, is the *Queen's* conduct after the banquet-scene! In the dread of a revelation she hurries to *Macbeth* upon seeing him so distraught by the vision of *Banquo*, and sharply censures him as being "unmanned in folly," but this is because it is imperatively necessary to arouse him to the danger of his "flaws and starts;" but when the guests have gone no word of reproach escapes her. She tells him simply that he lacks "the season of all natures, sleep," and with a great weight of sadness the guilty couple go off together. Through all the bloody story this human side shines forth and holds fast our sympathy for the great criminals.

A VERY entertaining book might be written concerning "statesmen out of harness." Despite all the talk about intruding upon

privacy, the impudence of the interviewer, and the public disclosure of personal affairs, people always have liked and always will like to read and hear about the habits, idiosyncrasies, and minutiae of the daily life of celebrated men. Now and then a celebrated man takes umbrage at finding his nose or his gait described with harrowing detail in the papers; but, as a general thing, celebrated men seem very willing to sit down and be taken in pen and ink by the persistent reporter or the suave correspondent, and, if they find none such to depict them, are very prone to take pen in hand themselves, and achieve a portrait as minute, though a touch more flattering, in the shape of an "autobiography." It is curious to note in what different ways statesmen unbend when their labors are over, and the long vacation leaves them their own servants instead of their country's; and to observe the way in which peculiar national characteristics are followed by them. The American statesman is pretty sure to be found carrying "the shop" into vacation. He makes stump-speeches; he hurries at the call of party committees to enlighten doubtful States; he holds conferences with his "friends;" he writes long manifestoes to the papers; his correspondence is voluminous; he makes flying trips to Washington in the dog-days to get postmasters appointed, or to figure for a second-class mission. Thus he typifies the unrelenting bustle of American life, which knows few holidays, and has but little love for that pause in money-making which is called vacation. The British statesman fully and fairly and thankfully unbends to the resting season. We hear of Mr. Gladstone felling trees in his shirt-sleeves at Hawarden; we learn that Mr. Disraeli is gracefully praising the pumpkins and complimenting the rustic lasses at the harvest-home of Hugharden; while Mr. Bright is far off in the Highlands, hunting and fishing as if there were no abuses left in England for a great tribune to correct. Meanwhile sprightly little M. Thiers spends the leisure of interregnum doing what no eminent Frenchman can easily keep his hands from—he is writing the memoirs of his time. American statesmen are statesmen all the time and everywhere; English statesmen, the parliamentary adjournment turns into country magnates, sportsmen, and tourists; French statesmen, when they can no longer be political, become literary and autobiographical. It is gratifying to observe, however, that in recent years many of our public men have widened the area of their usefulness by entering literary fields. Political biographies and autobiographies are almost always interesting, and few men of note nowadays omit to make provision for letting the world know

their experiences in public life. The lecture-platform, too, has given an opportunity to statesmen which has been often accepted to the public profit and instruction, enabling them to present matters of national interest in an informal and attractive way.

It must be admitted that the duties of that august functionary, the Lord-Chamberlain of England, are invidious, and scarcely proper to be exercised in a free country. To have a great state official perpetually cutting and slashing dramatic manuscripts, or, what is but little better, casting them into his waste-paper basket, and peremptorily forbidding their production; to have him dictating the length of the ballet-dresses and the color of the ballet *botlines*; to have him shutting up this theatre and taking away the license from that, seems to be a state of things more proper to the age of Elizabeth than to that of Victoria. Besides being invidious, the office must be a vexatious one to the lord-chamberlain himself. The penny press is always nagging him; the humorous papers are forever making fun of him; the managers are perpetually besieging him; and the public is usually grumbling and growling at him. It must be confessed, however, that the lord-chamberlain's latest act of tyranny has its merits. The public might forgive him many things when he interposes for the safety and comfort of the audiences of the theatres. He has made a regulation forbidding the filling up of the aisles and entrances of the theatres with chairs and stools, when the ordinary seats do not suffice for the multitude; and he not unreasonably urges that this crowding of exits and entrances would become a very serious matter were a fire to break out, or even if an alarm of fire were to be given. Seeing that theatres are more liable to conflagrations than any other buildings, the plea seems a sensible one, and the measure wise and prudent. In America, the good sense of managers replaces, as an ordinary thing, the ukases of the lord-chamberlain; and they might in this very properly consider whether they cannot, with due regard to the safety of their patrons, take as advice what he issues to his theatrical subjects as a command.

A SNARL, somewhat louder and more ferocious than we have heard of late from Ohayne Walk, Chelsea, is the welcome which Thomas Carlyle gives to the diploma of LL.D., recently dispatched to him from Harvard College. Something, no doubt, is to be conceded to the advanced age and bitter cynicism of the Diogenes who put out his lantern in honor of Frederick II.; yet we hope that some time or other Americans will find out that Carlyle really and honestly regards

them as "bores," and that it was no figure of rhetoric by which he characterized the people of this country as the pests of modern civilization. After what he has so repeatedly said, and so constantly emphasized with each repetition, it was rash in Harvard to tempt another explosion, and the dignitaries of that institution have only themselves to blame for the coarse and unmannerly insults with which their proffered compliment has been received. It is true enough that the insults chiefly hurt their utterer, but if American civilities continue to be offered in the same quarter much longer, the odium will be largely ours. It is well to understand that Mr. Carlyle is an incorrigible hater, and that to attempt to propitiate him only inspires him to draw upon a larger vocabulary of epithets.

Literary.

NO problem of geology, or indeed of physical science, has attracted more attention, or awakened more general interest, than that presented by the Glacial period. For a long time it was the received opinion among geologists that, during the Cambrian, Silurian, and other early geological periods, the climate of our globe was much hotter than now, and that ever since it has been gradually becoming cooler. But the great discovery of the Glacial epoch, and more lately that of a mild and temperate condition of climate extending during the Miocene and other periods to North Greenland, have produced a complete revolution of ideas in reference to geological climate. These discoveries showed that our globe has not only undergone changes of climate, but changes of the most extraordinary character. They showed that at one time not only did an arctic condition of climate prevail over Northern Europe, but that the greater part of the temperate zone down to comparatively low latitudes was buried under ice, while at other periods Greenland and the arctic regions, probably up to the North-Pole, were not only free from ice, but covered with a rich and luxuriant vegetation. To account for these extraordinary variations of climate, and especially for the Glacial period, nearly every leading physicist has had a theory of his own to propound, though as yet none of them has received the assent of the general body of scientific men. Mr. James Croll's "Climate and Time in their Geological Relations" * is an attempt to explain them on a new basis, which, whether it be finally accepted or not, is certain to secure the serious consideration of geologists, meteorologists, and astronomers. Mr. Croll's theory is that the Glacial period, the Inter-Glacial periods, and all other variations in the climate of our globe, were caused by changes in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit. This cause does not operate directly.

* Climate and Time in their Geological Relations: A Theory of Secular Changes of the Earth's Climate. By James Croll. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Herschel, Arago, and Humboldt, showed long ago that a much greater increase of eccentricity than can possibly be predicated of the earth would not alter in any appreciable manner its mean thermometrical state; but the argument of Mr. Croll is that, while an increase of eccentricity could not produce the Glacial epoch *directly*, it might—and in fact did—do so *indirectly*, by bringing into operation a host of physical agencies, the combined effect of which is to lower to a very great extent the temperature of the hemisphere whose winters occur in aphelion, and to raise to nearly as great an extent the temperature of the opposite hemisphere whose winters, of course, occur in perihelion.

By far the most important of these physical agencies, and the one which mainly brought about the Glacial epoch, is the *deflection* of ocean-currents; and, as there is great diversity of opinion among scientific men on this subject, Mr. Croll devotes a considerable portion of his book to a discussion of the cause of oceanic circulation. His first thirteen chapters furnish what is probably the most complete existing exposition of the questions involved in the origin of ocean-currents; and he certainly seems to prove conclusively that both classes of the *gravitation* theory (one represented by Lieutenant Maury and the other by Dr. Carpenter) are erroneous. His own theory is that ocean-currents are due, not to the impulse of trade-winds alone but to that of the prevailing winds of the globe regarded as a general system; and his conclusions are greatly strengthened by the fact that, wherever charts have been made, both of ocean-currents and of prevailing winds, they are found to coincide exactly. The relations which theories of ocean-circulation bear to Mr. Croll's theory of secular changes of climate are stated at great length, but may be summarized as follows: When the eccentricity of the earth's orbit attains a high value, the hemisphere whose winter occurs in aphelion has its temperature lowered, while that of the opposite hemisphere is raised. Let us suppose the Northern Hemisphere to be the cold one, and the Southern the warm one. The difference of temperature between the equator and the north-pole will then be greater than between the equator and the south-pole; according, therefore, to the *wind* theory, the trade-winds of the Northern Hemisphere will be stronger than those of the Southern, and will consequently blow across the equator to some distance on the Southern Hemisphere. This state of things will tend to deflect equatorial currents southward, impelling the warm water of the equatorial regions more into the Southern or warm hemisphere than into the Northern or cold hemisphere. The tendency of all this will be to exaggerate the difference of temperature already existing between the two hemispheres. If, on the other hand, the great ocean-currents which convey the warm equatorial waters to temperate and polar regions be not produced by the impulse of the winds, but by difference of temperature (as Maury and Carpenter maintain), then in the case above supposed the equatorial waters would be deflected more into the Northern or cold

hemisphere than into the Southern or warm hemisphere, because the difference of temperature between the equator and the poles would be greater on the cold than on the warm hemisphere. It will thus be seen that Mr. Croll's theory of climatic changes is really involved in the theory of oceanic circulation; and the apparently disproportionate attention which he gives to the latter is warranted by the part which it plays in his general scheme.

Of course, if the Glacial period resulted from the cause assigned by Mr. Croll, there must have been during the geological history of the globe not one but a succession of glacial epochs corresponding to the periodical variations in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit; and of this Mr. Croll presents strong evidence in his chapters on the "Warm Inter-Glacial Periods." The argument of these chapters, as well as of those which follow, is a fine example of inductive and cumulative reasoning; and in the course of it much new light is thrown not only upon the problem in hand but upon other moot questions in physical science, such as the date of the Glacial epoch, the rate of sub-aërial denudation, the probable age and origin of the sun, the age of the earth, the mean thickness of the earth's crust, and the cause of the motion of glaciers.

Mr. Croll desires particular attention to be given to the fact that, in his book, he has studiously avoided introducing into the theories propounded any thing of an hypothetical nature. The conclusions are, in every case, derived either from facts or from what are believed to be admitted principles; and he has "aimed to prove that the theory of secular changes of climate follows, as a necessary consequence, from the admitted principles of physical science."

The volume contains eight colored maps or charts, which explain many points that without their aid would remain more or less obscure.

THE material which Mrs. Edwardes has to work with in her "Leah: A Woman of Fashion" (New York: Sheldon & Co.), is indicated very well in her description of the heroine in the opening chapter:

"A fair, low forehead, suggestive of kisses rather than intellect, with subtle-colored hair, loose coiled; lips rich at present in youth's first sweetness, yet with lines about them that age may render sensual, or crafty, or both; a cheek that goes from bright to pale, from pale to bright too rapidly, and eyes that are at once the perfection and the mystery of the face—eyes of the curious opal-yellow that Titian has once or twice painted for us—deep, sunken, passionate, more fitted perhaps for hiding emotion than for betraying it, and curtained by lashes black as night. A nose not strictly handsome, by reason of the downward curve, indicative of race, toward the tip, and still admirably characteristic, finely cut, expressive, and with the most transparent, delicately-sensitive nostrils in the world.

"Such is Leah Pascal at twenty, rough-hewn from Nature's hand, unshaped by milliner's devices and the applauding voice of fools into a woman of fashion as yet. Her figure inclines to plumpness, but in bone and structure the girl is slight, almost frail—a weight

that any arms of average strength might carry easily. Her walk is supple; her voice mesmeric; her mind well furnished through extensive novel-reading, French and English; her heart inclined toward good, if good happen to comprise diamonds, liveries, excitement, woman's envy, man's love; and if evil comprise the same—why, then, toward evil."

In a week's time this fair vessel is to be married to a brainless fool whom she does not absolutely dislike, but whom she does not even pretend to be marrying for any thing but his money. During the interval she meets a young surgeon, poor in pocket but piquant in character, and, apparently in mere wantonness of vanity, begins a flirtation with him which speedily develops into passionate love on both sides. Notwithstanding a mutual confession of this love, Leah, false to her instincts, but true to the social code in which she has been trained, marries her moneyed suitor at the appointed time; and the rest of the story tells how violated Nature wrought its bitter revenge upon her through the very instrumentalities to which she had looked for compensation.

Mrs. Edwardes is a vivid and vigorous writer, and keeps a strong hold upon the springs of sympathy and of pathos; and "Leah" is a deeply-interesting, powerful, and even impressive story. But, somehow, it strikes us as being on a lower level than her previous works. For one thing, it is a satire, and satire is not Mrs. Edwardes's forte. She feels too deeply, and sympathizes too entirely with the experiences of her characters, to write genuine satire, and, instead of the serene and even good-natured contempt which, for example, is the pervading tone of Trollope's "The Way We Live Now," "Leah" reads very much like a description of the *peine forte et dure* by one who had been subjected to it. Civilized society, as she depicts it, is no doubt a very wicked and contemptible thing, but it is little less than amusing to see one go into a prolonged passion over it. Besides this, the tone of the story is depressed and depressing. The author seems to fret under her self-imposed task, and to participate heartily in the reader's wish that there was at least one prominent character to whom, in the general strain upon his feelings, he could turn for relief. M. Danton is intended to supply this, but somehow he lacks "magnetism," as the politicians call it, and, in the nature of things, he could only play the art of a foil to "a woman of fashion."

In "The Lacy Diamonds" the author of "Harwood" has succeeded in making a novel of rather more than the usual size without resorting to professed padding of any kind. All the same, in order to understand its somewhat perplexing construction, it will be necessary to go back to those preliminary chapters of "Harwood" in which its pre-publication history was narrated. The reader will recollect, perhaps, that "Harwood" was considered too short to make a book by itself, and that an ingenious friend of the author's suggested, as a remedy, that he should interpolate into its text copious ex-

tracts from another novel, the manuscript of which lay convenient to his hand. At that stage of his work our author rejected the friendly suggestion with scorn, but has evidently thought better of it, and "The Lacy Diamonds" is even an expansion of the plan as originally proposed. Its first five chapters are taken, *ex hypothesi*, from Sylranus Cobb, Jr.; chapters eight, nine, ten, and eleven, from G. W. M. Reynolds; two-thirds of the remainder from some third-rate "high-society" novel of the period; and the rest from one or more Sunday-school stories of the conventional type. The peculiarities of the book do not end here, however, for the latter part of the story is told first, and about fifty chapters out of the fifty-six of which it is composed are devoted to the elaborate weaving of a plot the culmination of which is given at the very beginning! This culmination is told in a way that leads the reader to suppose that he is entering upon a thrilling, breath-catching narrative of hair-breadth 'escapes and romantic adventures; but the story speedily drops to the dullest, prosiest level of commonplace love-making.

In the preface to the present work the author expresses the hope that "his effort to produce a series of novels which, at least, should not be hurtful in tone or teaching, has been successful." If this means any thing more than the general self-complacency of an author whose books have achieved a certain vogue, it must mean that in his opinion the "Odd Trump Novels" are free from the sensationalism which is doubtless the worst accusation that can be brought against current fiction. If this be its meaning, however, it shows a singular incapacity on the part of the author to take the measure of his own work. For sensationalism is his one strong point as a writer, and it is the liberality with which he indulges the faculty in all three of his stories that alone redeems them from absolute vapidness. If, on the other hand, it refers to the effusively pious conversation with which "The Lacy Diamonds" abounds, then the author is priding himself upon the one painful and even repulsive feature of the book. Of all the heroes with which modern novelists have persecuted us, the canting hero is without doubt the most detestable; and he has seldom appeared in less pleasing guise than in the Lacy Barston of the present narrative. For a man to pray to God to help him in his love-affairs is well enough, perhaps, if he does it in private; but for him to talk about it, boast of it, and even see an indirect answer to his prayers in the accidental death of his best friend, whose wife he was in love with, is simply revolting.

Of course all the foregoing criticism is on the assumption that the author is serious; but he has shown on more than one occasion that he is not without a sense of humor, and it is hard to believe that he is not laughing in his sleeve at the fancied gullibility of the reading-public. At any rate, even if, as is probable, the author knows nothing personally of English society, he must have read enough about it to know that his book is a mere travesty of the life which it professes to depict.

To those who are already familiar (as who is not?) with the Erckmann-Chatrion war-stories, it will be enough to say that "Brigadier Frederick" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) is the latest addition to the list. It deals with the German invasion of France in 1870, and, besides being eminently interesting as a story, gives an exceedingly vivid picture of the privations and indignities suffered by the unfortunate inhabitants of the annexed provinces. Though briefer than most of the Erckmann-Chatrion novels, "Brigadier Frederick" is yet an excellent example of the authors' peculiar literary method. First we are introduced to an almost idyllic picture of the home of an old forester on the borders of the Vosges; listen to the "short and simple annals" of his family; watch the pretty love-making between the brigadier's pretty daughter and a handsome young forester who hopes to succeed him on his retirement; share their bright hopes and anticipations of the future; hear with incredulity the first vague rumors of war; and then the guns of Woerth and Phalsbourg, the tramp of invading armies, the fierce rapacity of the soldiery, and the pains of exile, ending in death, and in desolation which is worse than death. All is told in such wonderfully simple, easy, and unpretentious style that the reader is apt to think slightly of the achievement; and it is only when he contrasts it with the attempts of other writers in this field that he perceives that the apparent naturalness is simply the perfection of art. The translation is by Miss Hooper, and in the main is good.

MESSERS. HARPER & BROTHERS have added to their well-known Classical Library a volume of "Select Dialogues of Plato; a New and Literal Version by Henry Cary, M.A." The dialogues selected are: "The Apology of Socrates;" "Crito; or, The Duty of a Citizen;" "Phædo; or, The Immortality of the Soul;" "Gorgias; or, On Rhetoric;" "Protagoras; or, The Sophists;" "Phædrus; or, On the Beautiful;" "Thæætetus; or, On Science;" "Euthyphron; or, On Holiness;" and "Lysis; or, On Friendship." The translation is mainly after the text of Stallbaum; and Mr. Cary says he has "endeavored to keep as closely to the original as the idioms of the two languages would allow." To each dialogue an introduction is prefixed, giving a brief outline of the argument, and of the chain of Plato's reasoning, which, without such aid, it is not always easy to follow.

THE growing popularity of Hawthorne's works has induced the publishers (J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston) to issue a new edition of them in the tasteful, convenient, and inexpensive style of the "Little Classics." The series opens with "The Scarlet Letter," and will be completed in twenty-one volumes. These will make a handsome display on the library-shelf, and the whole will cost so little that it cannot be doubted that many new readers will hasten to embrace the opportunity thus offered of becoming acquainted with the great prose masterpieces of American literature.

"Or whatever else," says the *Athenæum*, "a man with average intelligence and education may think himself incapable, he will not confess his inability to write a play. We do not speak of such men as the first Lord Brougham and Vaux or the present Earl Russell, to both of whom nothing was impossible, but of the ordinary run of mortals, who would hesitate to take command of the Channel Fleet or who would sign a contract for making a railway over the Himalayas. The great majority content themselves with the belief that they could if they would. They have but to put themselves in competition with the successful playwrights to excel them all. Only there is the bother of putting pen to paper, and having to find a manager with sufficient sense to appreciate their production when ready for public approval. They decline the trouble, and go through the world happy in the consciousness of their untried ability. But there are others not satisfied with an instinctive belief in their own genius." . . . The last number of the *British Quarterly Review* has a fine example of "constructive" criticism. In an article on "Shakespeare's Character and Early Career," an anonymous writer gives an entirely new version of the great poet's life, proving, to his own satisfaction at least, that Shakespeare's father was *not* poor, that Shakespeare himself was *not* uneducated, that his ante-nuptial relations with Anne Hathaway were *not* immoral, that he was *not* punished by Sir Thomas Lucy for deer-stealing, that he did *not* desert his wife and children when he went to London, that his first connection with the stage was *not* "menial," that his "Sonnets" are *not* autobiographical, and that his plays were *not* written in the order usually assigned to them. The article is ingenious and even valuable, but is written in a curiously crude and pretentious style. . . . Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's authorized "Life of Napoleon III." has reached its third volume. . . . A new way of teaching music to the young is by means of a fairy-tale, recently published in London, "forming an allegorical and pictorial exposition of the elements of music." . . . M. Guichard, a French painter, is preparing a great practical and historical work on *Decoration*. He has obtained permission from the administration of the Beaux-Arts to install his studio at the Garde-Meuble, in the very midst of the wealth of all kinds—furniture, tapestry, vases, etc.—belonging to that great national establishment. . . . The son of Hugh Miller is treading in his father's steps, both as a geologist and a writer. He has written a biography of his father's life-long friend, Sir Rodrick Murchison, and he is engaged on the geological survey of England. By a curious coincidence, he made his *début* as a writer in the *Inverness Courier*, the same paper as that in which his father did, and under the same editor, Dr. Carruthers. . . . The late M. Athanase Coquerel, *pasteur* of the Socinian church in Paris, had been engaged for upward of four years on a "History of Comparative Religion," with a rationalistic aim in view. The work, though not complete, will be published by his admirers and friends. . . . Taine has nearly completed his "History of the French Revolution." . . . The American edition of the Count de Paris's "History of the Civil War" will be edited and annotated by Professor Henry Coppée, L.L.D. . . . Dr. Austin Flint, Jr., will soon issue, through the press of D. Appleton & Co., "A Text-Book of Human Physiology, designed for the Use of Practitioners and Students of Medicine," which will be illustrated by three lithographic plates and three hundred and thirteen woodcuts.

The Arts.

THE paintings of Fortuny, whose recent death in Rome stirred so profoundly the whole art-world, are little known in America, and hence our readers will be interested in the subjoined description of two of his pictures now in the collection of Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, of this city, by whose courtesy we were enabled to see and study them.

What little we know in this country of the works of Fortuny is derived from etchings, but these, coupled with the interest excited by foreign criticism, have created a great deal of curiosity as to his real standing in art. Delicate and subtle in line, the engravings of his works have the intangible charm of cobwebs; and, to compare them with the effect of music, the sentiment they express seems to resemble the half-morbid, half-passionate fancy of Chopin rather than the robust humanity of Beethoven. Queer, picturesque men, with big thin noses and sharp forms, make love to girls fragile enough for our own nervous Americans, but they are as graceful withal as cats and lithe as serpents. In another mood his thin-shouldered, sharp-elbowed youths and children have a happy, Arcadian gleefulness and tranquillity nearly akin to the antique; and his boys, with bare shoulders and long arms, piping to their goats or sheep on a Roman Campagna or African plain, have a strange and delightful charm. Of the two pictures at Mr. Stewart's, the finer is "The Serpent-Charmer," which is possessed of all Fortuny's peculiarity of conception. A long, lank Moor, or East-Indian, lies prone, stretched on a high-colored mat, and beside him at a little distance a skinny-armed, skeleton-handed old man is watching him. The Moor has a lithe wand in his hand, and with it he makes passes and slow motions, which exasperate, at the same moment they subdue, an immense adder, which is reared before him with flaming eyes and his thin tongue twisting like a flame. We have spoken before of the adaptiveness of our own negroes for pictorial delineation, and of the superstitious, half-animal instinct of religion that belongs to them. Many of the Spanish and French artists, such as Regnaud and Fortuny, seem to have caught this aspect of tropical life and of character, and to have translated it into their work. "The Serpent-Charmer" has it in an eminent degree, and, lying on his belly with his long, muscular arms writhing slowly about, his grace and his cunning scarcely raise him above the slimy level of the reptile his enchantment subdues. A few other queer figures beside the old man, gaunt and uncanny, watch the serpent-charmer. A long-legged crane or stork, with tall, scaly legs, and eyes half-closed, contemplates the scene much in the manner of Barnaby Rudge's raven, and one or two dirty, ragged paupers linger on the outskirts of the picture; but so vague and shapeless are these latter that the spectator scarcely knows whether to recognize them as men or as beasts.

The other painting, unfinished, and representing a sea-coast, upon which a multitude of persons are bathing, with two or three

young women sitting on the scrubby, sandy bluff above the shore, is so little like the usual pictures by Fortuny that it is difficult to accept it as his. As is well known, discords are sometimes introduced among musical notes to emphasize the harmonies by contrast; so in painting or drawing, one sort of touch, a long, dragging line, or crisp, *staccato* dabs, with charcoal or paint-brush, give character to the general but different forms of lines or colors. But, as *staccato* or false notes in music lose their good effect by constant repetition, so when we see certain brilliant tricks or methods of painting employed too frequently in a painting the picture is weakened, not strengthened, by it. Boldoni has one of these brilliant tricks to which we allude, and charming is the effect, occasionally, of his little square, cutting touches. But so far does he carry his efforts in this direction, that his sparkling, crisp paint-brush finally pervades every portion of his paintings, and, though the tints of his canvases are pure and bright, as compositions they lack repose, either of form or light and shade. All is sparkle, but it gets very tedious. Fortuny's picture of the bathers is done, or rather commenced, in somewhat the same way. It is unfair to pronounce upon an unfinished production, but, if this picture expresses at all the ultimate aim of the artist, the broken lights in a brilliant sky, the flecking light on persons and on the scenery, make this painting appear rather a brilliant *tour de force* with a palette-knife than possessed of any very high qualities as a work of art.

JAMES CRAWFORD THOM has two large pictures upon the easel, illustrating river-scenes in France, which he contemplates sending, when finished, to the Centennial Exhibition. One represents an early morning view of a great flat-boat drawn up by the river-bank, loaded and in readiness to start. It is a ferry-boat, and the rope by which it is propelled extends across the river, and a sturdy boy at the stern is already trying to pull it into the stream. The load is composed of women and children going to the fields across the river, a drove of sheep, bundles of hay, and other objects peculiar to agricultural life. There is a boy with his fishing-line thrown out for trolling, and the girls are amusing themselves with the antics of a pet kid upon the bundles of hay. The sky has the peculiar gray tone streaked with the mellow and rich colors of early morning, and a semi-transparent mist yet hangs over the water. The pendant is an evening scene on the river-bank, and might be termed "The Return from the Harvest-Field." A group of peasant women and children are on their way home from the fields. There is the old grandmother with a pitchfork on her shoulder, and a young woman—the mother, evidently, of the children. The baby sits crouching upon a bundle of hay on a wheelbarrow. The group is very prettily composed, and is waiting for the ferry-boat, which is yet on the farther side of the river. There is a grove of trees on the left, which show the crimson and golden tones of early autumn, and the sky is yet brilliant with the

reflected light of a late sunset. These paintings are only laid in, but the artist's motive is apparent, and that the finish will be as brilliant as the beginning we have no doubt. The canvases are about four by six feet in size. Mr. Thom is very successful in his illustration of French peasant-life, and his work is strongly suggestive of the school of Edouard Frère, under the influence of which he received his artistic education. He is particularly happy in his pictures of the homely little Brittany peasant-children, and, in spite of their rude attire, he invests them with a feeling of poetry and rustic grace which is, in every sense, attractive. One of his latest works of this character is entitled "The Swing." It is a wood-scene, with a swing attached to an overhanging limb by the side of the path, and children playing around it. The only boy in the group has, as usual, secured the swing, and is enjoying the sport at the expense of the little girls who are beside him. The figures are pictures of health and rural happiness, and the bright colors given in their quaintly-fashioned suits are in delightful harmony with the fresh, green foliage against which their little forms are drawn. The foreground weeds and shrubbery are painted with great care, but very broadly; and the gradations of color, from the strong and brilliant tones in sunlight to the more distant points in the shadows of the woods, are skillfully handled and very expressive. The atmospheric effect is tenderly suggested, and the feeling is heightened by the introduction of a cool gray background, and a pale-blue sky, flecked with orange-tinted cloud-forms. This canvas is of cabinet size, and in finish represents Mr. Thom's best work. One of Mr. Thom's studies, made last summer, is also worthy of mention, owing to the high degree of finish to which it was carried. It is a brook-scene in the woods, with the water tumbling over moss-covered rocks, and is very brilliant in light and shade. The browns and greens in the foreground are strong and effective, and in rich contrast to the light and sunny background. Ducks sporting in the running water, and children playing on the rocks, give additional interest to the study. Every matter of detail, such as the fallen leaves, mosses and lichens on the moist rocks, and the mouldering *débris* of the forest, is carefully painted, and the earnestness of the work is creditable to the genius of the artist.

B. F. REINHART is painting a large and interesting composition, the subject of which is drawn from the early colonial history of Virginia. It portrays an incident in the life of the Indian girl Pocahontas, and relates to her gift of corn to the famine-stricken settlers of the Jameston colony. The scene is in a forest-path, and the Indian princess is represented leading a group of girls bearing baskets filled with corn. The figure of Pocahontas is naked to the waist. Her long, dark hair falls loosely over her shoulders, and from the waist to the feet her form is clad in richly-embroidered skins. The path through the woods is bright with sunlight, and the dusky figures of the Indian girls make a pretty picture as they glide, In-

dian fashion, in the winding road through the trees. Pocahontas is made the most prominent feature in the composition, and every matter of detail connected with the figure has been studied with great care. The drawing is graceful, and, as far as finished, the coloring is excellent. The effect of the leading figure is greatly heightened by the introduction of the sunlit background. Mr. Reinhart expects to finish this picture early in November, and has several other historical compositions under consideration for the exercise of his pencil during the winter.

A CORRESPONDENT claims as indigenous to Chicago the decoration of wooden panels by placing successive layers of different kinds of wood together, and carving away the successive layers, preserving form as well as outline, and thus bringing several materials and colors directly under the artist's hand. After the panel is prepared the artist has only to draw and to carve, and is not troubled with any mechanical processes. The effects produced, especially when holly and ebony are used, are somewhat like cameo-work, for gradations are got, not only by the form of the carving, but by reducing the outer layers to such thinness as to show the color of the wood which is under through the outer layer. Color and gold have been added to these panels with good pictorial effect. The general treatment in such case is very similar to cathedral glass-work.

THE last report of the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry in France contains a communication on some pottery made at Sèvres in imitation of that beautiful enameled ware of Japan, in which the open work of the fligree ornamentation is filled up with different-colored enamels, so as to give the appearance of bronze with *cloisonné* enamels. Six specimens of this kind of decoration manufactured at Sèvres were exhibited by M. Salvétat, at the general meeting of the society. Two of these were of soft paste porcelain glazed on the inside, but with the outside surface left dull and decorated after the muffle with enamels set in rich copper fligree, afterward electroplated with gold. Others were of common earthen-ware with copper fligree over them. These cannot rightly be called imitations, for nothing exactly like them is known to have been produced before, even in Japan. No doubt this elaborate method of ornamentation will be carried to still greater perfection by practice. It opens out a new mode of decorating pottery, which can be made either costly or not, according as the fligree is of gold, silver, or platinum, or simply of the beautiful red copper so well adapted for stone-ware and the common kinds of pottery.

THE three steel-plates in the ART JOURNAL for November will consist of Bierstadt's "Halt in the Yosemite Valley," Gustave Doré's "Homeless," and two etchings by the English artist Brandard, representing a cottage-scene and a rustic boy. The wood-engravings comprise three choicely-engraved examples of John George Naish, an English marine painter; two exquisite specimens of the American artist Bricher; the second of Mr. Elliott's series of papers on "Household Art;" some finely-engraved examples of cameos; a con-

tinuation of Sir Archibald Aloock's articles on Japanese art; the eleventh installment of the Landseer sketches; an engraving of the Royal Albert Yacht-Club cup, presented by Mr. Loubat, of this city, to the club; and sundry other matters, illustrated and otherwise, making a very rich and varied number. (D. Appleton & Co., publishers.)

Miss FOLEY's design for a fountain, which she intends to send to the Centennial Exhibition, is described as follows: It is intended to represent children in the bath, and it might, therefore, be appropriately termed "The Bath of Beauty." The children are life-size, of the age of four, six, and nine. The fountain consists of an artistic arrangement of two basins, measuring about seven feet from the lip of the upper basin to the base of the lower one. The diameter of the lower basin is seven and a half or eight feet. The fountain is the first work of Miss Foley on a large scale. . . . The colossal corner group of the Albert Memorial, Hyde Park, London, representing "America," is to be reproduced in *terra-cotta*, under the direction of Mr. Bell, the sculptor, especially for exhibition at the Philadelphia Centennial. . . . The people of Philadelphia have the object in view of establishing an Industrial Art-Museum in the Quaker City, based upon a somewhat similar plan to that of the South Kensington Museum, London, to be placed in Memorial Hall, at the close of the Centennial Exposition next year. . . . A communication received in England from the Hague intimates the formation of a committee to erect a statue in honor of Spinoza, the second centenary anniversary of whose death (1677) is near at hand. . . . Under the title of "Ariadne Florentina," Mr. John Ruskin has recently published a work on Florentine embroidery, into which he has introduced a description of three remarkable pieces of needle-work which he discovered in a room in the King's Arms Hotel at Lancaster, where he passed a night. The subject of these tapestries was the history of Isaac and Ishmael, and Mr. Ruskin recognized in their treatment and execution many of the qualities of the Florentine school of embroidery. . . . It is proposed to erect a monument and statue, from a design by Sir Gilbert Scott, R. A., at Wisbech, to Thomas Clarkson, a coadjutor of Wilberforce in the suppression of the slave-traffic. . . . Mr. Ewing, sculptor, of Glasgow, has completed the model for the Burns statue, which is to be placed in that city.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

October 5, 1875.

MAKE ready your softest handkerchiefs to weep, and your stoutest gloves and canes and umbrellas wherewith to applaud, O lovers of the drama in the United States, for one great as Salvini, nay, in some respects greater, will soon be among you. I have had a foretaste of the dramatic feast awaiting you. I have seen Ernesto Rossi.

The play was "Othello," of course, the one of all others wherein he most fully challenged comparison with his splendid rival. "It was, beyond expression, delightful to catch a glimpse of Shakespeare once more, even through the dim, distorted medium of a mediocre translation. After Racine and Molière and Voltaire, it was like beholding Niagara after watching the play of the fountains at Versailles. For is not the one Nature itself in

its grandest development, and the other art in its most forced and formal type?

The performance was given at the disused Italian Opera-House for the benefit of *les inondés*. The audience was large, and mainly composed of English and Italians, the curiosity of the first being evidently roused by the immense success of Salvini in England. In the depths of a *baignoire* Sarah Bernhardt sat enthroned, her great eyes shining amid the shadows like twin blue stars. Mounet Sully of the Française, and Masset of the Odéon, were also present. I wonder what the former thought of his own *Oromane* in "Zaire," after witnessing that magnificent picture of wrath and jealousy and remorse!

The first entrance of Rossi was somewhat disappointing to those who, like myself, had a vivid recollection of Salvini in the character. He lacked the grand dignity wherewith Salvini filled the eye with a perfect image of the "noble Moor." Then, too, his version omits the rencontre between the adherents of *Brabantio* and the followers of *Othello*, and that fine moment when the Moor stays the quarrel:

"Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them,

Both you of my inclining and the rest!"

So I could make no comparison between the lightning impetuosity of Booth or the proud calm of Salvini with Rossi's own conception of the point. Next came the scene before the senate, and then the new *Othello* began to take shape and form before my eyes.

Signor Rossi possesses as powerful and commanding a *physique* as does Salvini. His features, as far as one could judge through the paint wherewith they were covered, are scarcely as handsome as are those of his rival, but are equally mobile and expressive. His eyes are blue, and they shone with a peculiar lustre from out their dusky setting. His voice is clear, powerful, and sonorous—less rich, perhaps, than that of Salvini, but equally impressive. And as to genius, there is not, I should say, a pin to choose between the two great actors. Both of them are tragedians "by the grace of God," and not by dint of study and of talent.

The fundamental idea of Rossi's *Othello* differs widely from that of Salvini. Rossi is essentially the soldier, roughened by war and camps, free-hearted, high-souled, and debonair. Salvini was the "noble Moor," the great Venetian general, all dignity and grace till stung to madness and roused to fury. Rossi's *Othello* in the first act is brimming over with joy at the full fruition of his hopes. He laughs to scorn the anger of *Brabantio*. He tells the story of his wooing, not in calm and dignified phrase, but with the glad exultation of a conqueror. He clasps his bride when she enters with a proud delight, as though he would say, "Mine—mine at last, and in despite of all." But I did not like his gesture when *Brabantio* utters those stinging words, which seem to be the key-note of the whole tragedy:

"Look to her, Moor—have a quick eye to see:
She hath deceived her father, and may thee."

Rossi starts from *Desdemona* and throws up his arms with a melodramatic "Ha!" which seemed to me exaggerated and inappropriate. Far nobler was the momentary thrill that shook Salvini's Moor, and the swift recoil of love and trustfulness—

"My life upon her faith!"

The meeting of *Othello* and *Desdemona* at the island of Cyprus was always one of Salvini's

finest points. The passionate gladness, the love, too intense for utterance, of that moment were never so rendered before, and probably never will be so again. Therein Rossi failed to equal the memory of his predecessor. But in the next act, in the scene where *Iago* first plants his poisoned dagger in the noble, unsuspecting heart of the Moor, the great tragedian stood confessed in full equality with his magnificent rival, and yet in no one particular resembling him. The *Othello* of Salvini is a wounded tiger, that of Rossi is a blinded lion. Salvini's "farewell" to the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war!" is the wail of a breaking heart. That of Rossi is a cry of supreme agony. Salvini strives to crush *Iago*; Rossi clutches him with a scream of fury, and would fain rend him to pieces. At the moment when *Othello* next beholds *Desdemona*, the changes of Rossi's countenance were marvelous to witness—the sudden return of the olden love and faith, and then the swift relapse into doubt and madness and unutterable misery. The whirlwind of applause that followed this scene was something marvelous to hear in a French theatre. Three times was the great actor summoned before the curtain to bow to his wildly-enthusiastic admirers.

The fourth act was as grandly rendered as its predecessor. One strange omission was to be noticed in the text, namely, that of the scene where *Othello* asks *Desdemona* for the handkerchief, which Salvini used to render with such concentrated and deadly quietude of fury. And then the curtain rose on the last act.

Up to that time I had found Rossi less great than Salvini in the first and second acts, and fully equal to him in the third and fourth. But in the last act he surpassed both his rival and himself. The bed of *Desdemona* stood in an alcove draped with curtains at the back of the stage. A lamp that burned within threw a red lustre on the features of *Othello*, for in that alcove the whole of the last interview takes place. *Desdemona* does not rise from her couch, and *Othello*, standing beside it or half kneeling on it, pursues his terrible interrogatory, at last clutching his hapless victim by the throat in a very spasm of vindictive and jealous rage. As he hurls her backward on the bed the curtains fall, and the murder is hidden from our eyes. Rossi was perfectly magnificent in this scene. As he towered over *Desdemona* with upraised arms and passion-distorted features beneath the red rays of the lamp, he looked as grandly terrible as some image of a destroying fiend or avenging angel. But the end—the end—the utter prostration of that powerful nature, the total heart-break, the unutterable remorse, and woe, and misery—"oh, the pity of it, Iago, the pity of it!" As the swift realization of his anguish swept over him, he rushed to the bed, caught the dead form of *Desdemona* in his arms, folded her to his breast, and stroked back her disheveled hair with a gesture of such indescribable pathos that the emotion of the moment became a pain almost too sharp for mimic passion to arouse. Like Salvini, Rossi's *Othello* does not stab himself, but cuts his throat; but, more in accordance with Shakespeare's text, the latter totters back to *Desdemona*, "to die upon a kiss," and after that last supreme effort and last embrace he falls backward dead upon the couch.

"Look on the tragic loading of that bed," were the words that rose to my lips as the curtain fell.

The whole of the last act is indeed more thoroughly in accordance with the original than is the version given by Salvini.

Most heartily do I congratulate the lovers of the nobler drama in the United States on the coming feast in store for them.* For he who has seen Rossi after seeing Salvini has beheld all things possible in dramatic art. The force of acting can no further go.

It is a singular, but, I think, an almost unrecorded fact, in Rossi's career, that he was once engaged to give a series of representations in French at the Galté, when that theatre was under the management of Victor Koning. He was to have created the title-rôle in a tragedy called "Leroori," by M. Ferdinand Dugué. But at the last moment the great actor found it impossible to divest his French of its Italian accent, and so the project was relinquished. O Parisians! what have you not lost by that relinquishment! for where in all your myriad theatres, from the lordly Française down to the humble Cluny, will you find a tragedian fit to hold the extreme end of a farthing rush-light to this consummate and magnificent artist?

The tragedy of "Napoléon III," of which I spoke in my last, turns out to be most weak and atrocious stuff. The first part is taken up with the wooing of the *Comtesse de Tola*, who is in love with a certain young gentleman named *Gaston*, and therefore hesitates to accept the imperial crown matrimonial of France. Then we have a scene of jealousy between *Eugénie* and *Napoléon*, brought about by an anonymous letter addressed to the former, and recounting her husband's flirtations with *Marguerite Bellanger*; but on his declaring that the charge is unfounded she instantly believes him, like a good wife, and begs his pardon for suspecting him. There is a faint gleam of dramatic effect in the last act, which shows the empress in the Tuileries after the catastrophe of Sedan. A character, vaguely designated as *a Man*, and representing the republican party, treats her to a violent invective against the empire, and bids her depart. "Where are my dearest friends?" she cries. "They were the first to go," is the answer. Taken altogether, the little brochure can merely be regarded as a literary and perhaps a political curiosity, for it possesses neither poetic nor dramatic merit.

Michel Lévy is shortly to issue a work by Auguste Vacquerie (the intimate friend of Victor Hugo, and one of the editors of the *Rappel*), which bears the somewhat ominous title of "To-day and To-morrow." The same firm has also just published a new edition of "La Mer," by Michelet, and a second edition of "Le Bleuët," by Gustave Haller, which novel is very highly praised by George Sand. The Librairie Illustrée announces a cheap illustrated edition of Jules Claretie's historical novel of "Les Muscadins," to be published in weekly parts, at ten cents each. E. Plon et Cie. will shortly publish a novel entitled "Military Households," by Madame Claire de Chaudeneux. The Bibliothèque Charpentier announces a posthumous work by the late Philarrète Chasles, entitled "The Social Physiology of New Nations," and also the sixth volume of the "Histoire des Français," by Théophile Lavallée, and several new novels, one of which bears the attractive title of "Mesdames les Parisiennes." A second edition of Jules Labarte's magnificent illustrated work, "Les Arts Industriels au Moyen Age et à l'Époque de la Renaissance," has just been issued by the Librairie Centrale

d'Architecture. For the benefit of those who may chance to possess a copy of the first edition of this splendid work, I must state that the price of perfect copies has risen to two hundred and sixty dollars for the octavo edition, and three hundred dollars for the quarto. The price of the new edition unbound will be sixty dollars.

The restoration of the Abbey of St.-Denis, under the skillful guidance of Viollet-le-Duc, is rapidly approaching completion. It is said that the renovated edifice will be formally reopened with a solemn service on the day of the saint to which it was dedicated. There was talk at one time of depriving Viollet-le-Duc of his post as director-in-chief of the works undertaken by the government for restoring the public edifices of France, on account of his being a freethinker, but I am happy to learn that a wiser and more liberal policy has prevailed. Possibly it was found impossible to discover any one who could replace him in his arduous functions.

M. Campo-Casso, the second director of the theatreless Théâtre Lyrique, has resigned his empty honors in despair of finding a theatre wherein to install the organization of which he had been named the chief. The position of the Théâtre Lyrique is becoming farcical. It is a positive institution, possessing a director and a subvention from the government, and a good *répertoire*, and there are crowds of singers and swarms of composers all waiting to lend it their aid, and yet no home can be found for it. The position of the Italian Opera is precisely the reverse. There stands the deserted Salle Ventadour, with never a singer to startle its echoes with the tongue of Dante set to the music of Verdi. Why not join forces? one would naturally ask. Why should not the opera that has no home find a dwelling-place in the opera-house which possesses no company? Unfortunately for the Théâtre Lyrique, the Salle Ventadour has been engaged for the month of April by M. Esoudier, who is then to bring out "Aïda," and so its managers shrank from attempting a temporary installation.

LUOY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

MR. HENRY IRVING has put his foot in it—I beg pardon, he has made a *fiasco*. His *Macbeth* is a big failure—nearly all the critics agree in that. It is not the *Macbeth* Shakespeare drew, but a weak, white-livered *Macbeth*, whom one feels inclined to hiss and hoot. Parts of the performance actually verge on the ludicrous—to wit, the murder-scene, which the young tragedian sadly overdoes. In this the whining intonation of his voice is simply insufferable. Then, again, he mouths his words terribly—light with him becomes ly-y-yght; blood, with him, bloo-oo-d. Yet, notwithstanding all this, Mr. Irving's rendering of the part has many merits. Now and again—as, for instance, in the banquet and death scenes—he is intensely realistic and powerful. In the former scene, especially, he thrills the audience through and through. As a whole, however, to quote one of our most able critics, his *Macbeth* is "but a weak and paltry creation." It can't "run." Miss "Leah" Bateman, too, is an unsatisfactory *Lady Macbeth*, and Mr. Swinburne very uneven as *Macduff*; but the scenery and costumes are admirable.

The audience on the first night comprised, naturally, not a few notabilities. Miss Bradon was there for one, so was the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Strangely enough, the man

who seemed to appreciate Mr. Irving's performance the most was Mr. John Oxenford. More than once did that venerable, white-haired dramatic critic stand up in his private box and lead the applause; more than once his attempts to lead the applause were ignored.

Mr. John Oxenford, the well-known dramatic critic of the *Times*, and Mr. Horace Wigan, the lessee of the Mirror, erst the Holborn Theatre, have "collaborated," but not very successfully. The piece of theirs called "Self," which has just been brought out at the theatre named, turns out to be a French adaptation, and one which is partly spoiled in the process of "filtering." The plot is tragic—indeed, it has quite a "Romeo and Juliet" termination, for in the end both the hero and heroine give up the ghost. The heroine is a young widow; she falls in love with, and ultimately marries, a *roué*, one of the worst of his kind; and, though she does all she can to make him a respectable member of society, her labor is in vain. Not only does he rob her and lie to her, but he becomes enamoured of another woman. This is more than she can stand, so she looks all the doors, and then tells him to look through the cracks. She has set the house on fire! The tableau ends—and a striking one it is—by his carrying her through the flames. In the next act we find him just recovered from a delirium. As for his wife, she has lost her reason, but just before she dies she recognizes him; then he dies, too. The acting, except that of Miss Rose Coghlan (who plays the heroine) and Mr. Wigan (who personates a techy old schemer), is only second rate—a fact which led in some measure to the drama being by no means favorably received on the first night. A burlesque on Auber's "Les Diamants de la Couronne"—Mr. Robert Reece, the author, calls it "The Half-Crown Diamonds"—follows, and goes capitally. It is full of brightness.

Mr. H. J. Byron is again triumphant. He has made another success—and a very big success it promises to be. His "new and original comedy," "Married in Haste," has just been produced at the Haymarket amid no end of enthusiasm. Indeed, I never saw a piece more warmly received. Critics as well as the general audience joined in the laughter and applause. And no wonder, for the comedy is full of epigram and smart sentences. If the dialogue is not always natural, it is at least nearly always funny, and very often brilliant. Mr. Byron himself plays a prominent part—that of *Mr. Gibson Greene*, a mature man about town, who knows everybody, and whose *sang-froid* and power of repartee are something astonishing. It is hardly necessary to say that the plot is simple—Mr. Byron never goes in for intricacy; hence in a measure his success. He draws ordinary characters—characters that you may jostle against any day in the street; and his incidents are incidents that are probably taking place in some part of this terrestrial sphere at the present moment. But here is the story, as condensed by one of our best critics:

"The people who are 'Married in Haste' are *Augustus Grenville* and *Elhel Granger*. They are both of a romantic disposition, and prone to regard life from a sentimental point of view. Before marriage the gentleman, though he has great expectations from a rich bachelor uncle, is content to pass for a drawing-master, and, in that capacity, wins the heart of his pupil, the daughter of a retired manufacturer. In the full belief that her suit-or is a painter passionately devoted to his art, and dependent upon it for support, the lady resolves, at whatever risk to her own prospects, to bestow her hand upon the man of her

* Our correspondent had not heard, of course, when this was written, of Rossi's unaccountable abandonment of his intention to visit us.—ED. JOURNAL.

choice. Though they should both be cut off with the proverbial angry shilling, what of that? Renouncing fortune, they are, to use their own phrase, quite prepared to combine their two negatives to make the unpopular affirmative—poverty. Thus matters stand when the sudden appearance upon the scene of *Mr. Gibson Greene* causes no little commotion. He hauls down *Greenville's* false colors, and sets him forth as a young fellow in the best 'set,' and whose fine prospects make him a personage of importance in the estimation of match-makers. This revelation has a magical effect upon *Ethel's* father, a vulgar *parvenu*, who now receives with open arms the artist whom but a minute before he had turned ignominiously out-of-doors. There is much surprise but no change in the lovers, who soon become man and wife. Thus far all goes well; but *Greenville's* uncle, *Mr. Percy Pendragon*, an eccentric votary of old 'Chelsea' and *bric-à-brac*, taking mortal offense at the hasty marriage, refuses to do any thing for his nephew; and *Mr. Grainger* comes to grief through rash speculations upon the Stock Exchange, and is unable to assist his daughter, so that the young couple are thrown upon their own resources. They have a hard struggle of it, and make but little way in their profession, their progress being mainly impeded by the perverse conduct of the husband, who, jealous of his wife's superior talent, forbids her to sell her pictures, though he can hardly get a market for his own. The tradespeople grow importunate, and, when poverty comes in at the door, peace, if not love, flies out at the window. *Greenville* becomes reckless, keeps bad hours, and is continually seen in the park with one of his 'sitters,' who has no suspicion that he is a married man. Thus things go from bad to worse, till in a fatal hour the neglected wife, maddened by jealousy, yields to the evil counsels of her relative, and commits the grave indiscretion of quitting her husband's for her father's roof. Thus the rueful old proverb is vindicated, and they who marry in haste repent at leisure. But in the present case both parties are loyal *au fond*. Love gradually resumes its empire over either heart. There is a generous acknowledgment of faults on each side. Old friends are won back; the gruff old uncle relents; Fortune at last smiles upon the 'misprized' painter, whose works are not only accepted at Burlington House, but even hang upon the line; and the reconciliation of husband and wife brings the play to a happy termination."

From this you will see that the action of the piece is commonplace enough, yet, nevertheless, it "holds" the audience from beginning to end. As I overheard a young swell in the stalls remark, "It's all so natural, you know, you can't help liking it." The acting, moreover, is, as a whole, excellent. Mr. Byron is simply irresistible as *Greene*—you're bound to chuckle over his dry remarks, while Mr. Hermann Vezin personates that testy old virtuoso *Pendragon* to the life. No one will be surprised if "Married in Haste" has as long a run as "Our Boys."

The just-constituted Copyright Commission is by no means likely to give satisfaction either to novelists, poets, or journalists. True, among the commissioners are Lord Stanhope, Mr. Jenkins, M. P. (of "Ginx's Baby" fame), Mr. Fitzjames Stephens, Mr. Daldy, Dr. William Smith (Mr. Daldy and Mr. Smith will look after the publishers' interests), Sir Julius Benedict, and Sir Louis Mallet. But, after all, what have any of these gentlemen, excepting Mr. Jenkins, done to give them a right to such a position? And what, in the name of common-sense or any thing else, have Sir Drummond Wolff and Sir Charles Young done in the literary world that *they* should be made commissioners? I question very much if either of these two last-named gentlemen, with handles to their names, can write even grammatically. Altogether the commission has failure written on its face.

There was a funny scene at Glasgow a few days ago—it was one highly characteristic of the inhabitants of that smoky city, and took place on Mr. Sims Reeves, our sweetest and most popular of tenors, appearing there at a ballad concert. Mr. Reeves, on the occasion in question, sang, among other national songs, "Auld Lang Syne." Now, it so happened that the canny Scot who drew up the programme had, unbeknown to our favorite warbler, inserted a paragraph inviting the audience to join in the chorus to the famous ditty, and this, it may be guessed, they did with right good-will, but very much indeed—the good folk of "Glasgie" have not the most silvern of voices—to Mr. Reeves's disgust. The consequence was, that he had to conjure them to desist, which ultimately they did; but it is just possible that they have done no end of harm to Mr. Reeves's tympanum.

WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE TAMING OF BATS.

PROFESSOR BURT G. WILDER communicates to THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY for October an interesting and instructive paper on "Bats and their Young," in which the writer details his experience when engaged in the novel attempt to tame and domesticate one of these strange creatures. In addition to this narrative, founded on personal observation, the writer presents certain general descriptions of several members of this interesting family, and closes with an illustrated description of the embryo and the several stages of its growth. A brief summary of this paper may be given as follows: Having found recorded but two cases in which bats were domesticated, the writer determined to test the truth of these records by personal observation. The individual whose training was thus taken in hand was one of our common bats, which are the dread of all housewives and their children. It was caught at night under a hat, the usual method, and in the morning was as wild and vicious as an unbroken Rarey colt. When touched, the jaws opened wide, expos-

ing the species, and by which their presence may be recognized in the dark.

Aware of the ravenous appetite which these creatures all seem to possess, the captor made his first attempt at conciliation by presenting to his captive a big fly. This dainty morsel, presented on a pair of forceps, was quickly seized, crunched, and swallowed. A second fly went the same road. With the presentation of a third, the tactics of the experimenter were changed, in that he attempted, while the fly was being masticated, to pat the devourer's head. "Instantly," says the record, "all was changed. The jaws gaped as if they would separate, the crushed fly dropped from the tongue, and the well-known click proclaimed a hatred and defiance which hunger could not subdue nor food appease." Several fruitless attempts of this kind having been made, it was deemed expedient to postpone the caress until the bat seemed actually swallowing and unable to either discontinue that process or open its mouth to any extent. The result of this final strategic triumph is described as follows: "Its rage and perplexity were comical to behold, and, when the fly was really down, it



Fig. 2.—Long-Eared English Bat (*Plecotus auritus*).

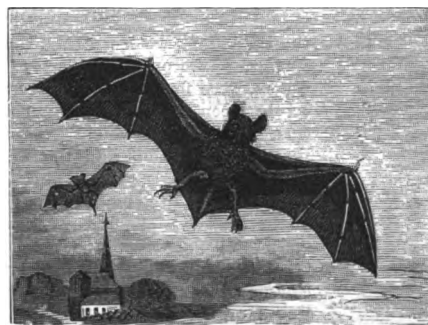


Fig. 1.—Common English Bat (*Vespertilio communis*).

ing its sharp teeth, and from its little throat came the sharp, steely clicks so characteris-

seemed to almost burst with the effort to express its indignation. But this did not prevent its falling into the trap again; and, to make a long story short, it finally learned by experience that, while chewing and swallowing were more or less interrupted by snapping at its captor, both operations were quite compatible with the gentle stroking of its head." All that seemed now needed was patience, which in the end was fully rewarded. In a few days flies would be taken direct from the fingers, and soon captor and captive became such good friends that the latter would shuffle across the room when the professor entered, and lift up its head for the expected fly. Thus fairly tamed, an advance could be made, and additional knowledge obtained as to the habits of the subject. Its voracity is described as almost incredible. For several weeks it devoured at

least fifty house-flies a day, and once disposed of eighty between daybreak and sunset.



Fig. 3.—Vampire-Bat of South America (*Vampirus spectrum*).

Another observer, writing of the common, long-eared bat (*Plecotus auritus*), Fig. 2, describes its method of capturing its prey, in which it appears that, after pouncing upon it, instead of taking it directly into its mouth, it covered the victim with its body and beat it by the aid of its arms, etc., into the bag formed by the interfemoral membrane, whence it was withdrawn and devoured.

Passing from these accounts of taming, we are made familiar, by the aid of an illustration (Fig. 3), with the dreaded vampire, but the class of bats which injure men and larger animals is declared to be very small. All of our own bats, and most of those in other lands, feed on insects, using their sharp teeth only in defensive warfare; while, as in the case of the Roussettes and other larger kinds, the food is fruits; and even men have been found brave or hungry enough to declare these bats good eating.

Recognizing the existence of an almost universal prejudice against these creatures, the writer attributes this distrust to their

"seems to be either a bird, with hair and teeth, bringing forth its young alive, or a mammal with wings, and the general aspect and habit of a bird." That the bat is a mammal is clearly demonstrated: it agrees with moles, rats, sheep, horses, cats, monkeys, and men, in bringing forth its young, and nursing them with milk. There are other anatomical features which link the bats closely with the moles, shrews, and hedge-hogs. Having advanced thus far, Professor Wilder enters upon a field of special physiological and biological interest, and gives a valuable illustrated description of the embryo in its several stages of growth and development. As this strictly professional portion of the paper will not admit of condensation, the reader is referred to the original communication for further information on this special branch of the subject. The facts that bats are not known to have nests like birds,

and that they have no other way of caring for their young save by carrying them hanging to their fur during flight, suggest inquiry as to the number and size of their offspring. In answer to these questions, we learn that in one case two unborn young weighed two-thirds as much as the parent. It thus appears that the bat must be gifted with extraordinary strength of muscle to fly with such a burden, and this condition suggests the inquiry whether, since a bat can fly with nearly double its ordinary weight, a man could not so far reduce his weight as to enable him, by special cultivation of the pectoral muscles, to work effectively a pair of wings less extensive than those now supposed to be required. So it appears that, in addition to the legitimate results obtained from these investigations, a hint has been obtained which may prove of direct practical service to man.

ROBERT LAWSON, M. B., pathologist to the West Riding Lunatic Asylum, contributes to the *Lancet* a paper on brains and intellect, which, in addition to the many interesting facts presented, contains an ingenious defense of the universal insanity theory. We condense from the communication as follows: As opposed to the popular idea that the weight of the brain bears a direct relation to the intellectual capacity of the individual, we learn that, though Cuvier, Abercrombie, Simpson, and others, were found to have possessed cerebral centres of considerably more than the average weight, yet even these did not attain to the known maximum. The sixty-four-ounce brain of Cuvier is, in some respects, balanced by the sixty-five-ounce brain observed by Tiedemann, and the sixty-one and sixty-two ounce brains commented on by Dr. Peacock, the living representatives of which did not seem to possess a corresponding superiority over their smaller-brained contemporaries. It furthermore appears that, if all the elements of the

case were considered, the heaviest brain on record would be found to be that of a senile

dement who died at the West Riding Asylum at the age of seventy, and which then weighed sixty-one ounces. Additional evidence in support of these views is cited from the official records of this same institution. It appears that a compilation of the brain-weights of seven hundred and five patients who died at this asylum shows that the average weight of brains in the insane was little, if any, below the commonly-accepted average of forty-nine ounces in sane males, and forty-four ounces in adult females. There are numerous instances in the records of the West Riding and other lunatic asylums, in which male brains are noted as weighing from fifty-eight to sixty-one ounces, and those of females from fifty to fifty-six ounces. In further illustration and enforcement of his claim, the writer gives the following table, in which the brain-weights of six men, who have earned fame in science, philosophy, or politics, are directly compared and contrasted with those of men whose lives have been mute and inglorious:

Dr. Chalmers,	58 oz.	Lunatic, 58 oz.
Daniel Webster,	53.5 "	" 58 "
Sir J. G. Simpson,	54 "	" 58.5 "
Goodair,	57.5 "	" 59.5 "
Abercrombie,	63 "	" 60.5 "
Cuvier,	64 "	" 61 "

From this table it appears that, while the brains of Abercrombie and Cuvier exceed in weight any others recorded in the second column, yet the average of the six wise men falls below that of the six fools. Passing from this—the record of facts—we would briefly review the writer's conclusions, which are certainly of ingenious if not startling character. These conclusions are, in brief, a defense of the theory that great wit is nearly allied to madness. "If," says the writer, "the occasional occurrence of very heavy brains among men of great ability is no proof of the general proposition that all men of great intellectual capacity have heavy brains, neither is the fact that very heavy brains are found among lunatics proof that large brains are not, *ceteris paribus*, characteristic of the capability or existence of great mental power. The occurrence among men of great ability, or even genius, of instances in which lunacy may be regarded as having tinged the products of their minds, and, in some instances, impregnated their works with the impassioned fervor which alone ennobles them, shows that such an assumption would be altogether gratuitous. Such men, for instance, as Byron, Shelley, Poe, Lamb, Cowper, and, in some degree, Dean Swift, have given evidence in their writings and their lives of such a taint. From the time of St. Paul, the fervid apostle, Lucretius the philosophic, and Dante the melancholic poet, down to that of Dr. Johnson, the apostle of common-sense, the men are numerous who have had ascribed to them the combination of much learning and more or less madness; and even in more recent times a veil lies over the lives of many of our great men and great women, which, if it were to be removed, would show that some of those who have charmed us with their brilliancy and helped to mould us by their power have not been exempt from the occasional or constant workings of the genius of insanity. Every day the observation of the poet that great wit is nearly allied to madness gains a wider and more practical acceptance." That the writer does not stand alone in this assumption he proves by quoting from Dr. Wilks, who, in a recent number of the *Journal of Mental Sciences*, goes so far as to claim that it is the insane element which imparts what we call genius to the human race, "the true celestial fire," and thus it is that the



Fig. 4.—Flying-Fox or Roussette (*Pteropus rubricollis*).

apparent non-conformity to either of the common animal types. "The bat," he writes,

madman has been called inspired, and thought to have in him a touch of divinity. Nor does the writer recede from this proposition in view of the inevitable conclusion. Though deprecating the possible propagation of a race tainted with insanity, he still concludes that, in certain instances, the infusion of insane blood may be desirable, believing that it might easily be shown that such infusion has given genius to a whole family, leavening the whole mass. Though, as appears in the instances and table above cited, Dr. Lawson places little value on the brain-weight as direct evidence of intellectual capacity, yet that there are cranial characteristics tending to determine this he believes, and to the nature of these he refers, in conclusion, as follows: "It is worthy of renewed notice that, in the brain referred to in the first case (sixty-one ounces), the complexity of the convolutions is quite as characteristic as the unusual weight. As I have not seen the brains referred to in the last two instances, I am unable to say what was the extent of the differentiation of their gyri; but the general principle that the multiplicity of the gyri is more characteristic than large size as a gauge of intellectual capacity may readily be accepted as a safe one."

THE "effects of stress on the magnetism of soft iron" has been made the subject of experimental observations by Sir W. Thomson, with interesting results. These experiments were conducted in the physical laboratory at Glasgow University. In the first instance two wires, one of steel, the other of soft iron, were stretched from the roof, a distance of twenty feet. An electro-magnetic helix was adjusted around a few inches of these wires, so that, by means of a current passed through it, the wires could be magnetized. From a report of the results obtained, we learn that, when steel wire was used, the magnetism diminished when weights were attached to the wire, that is, when it was submitted to stress. With the soft iron wire, however, the results seem to have been of an opposite character, the magnetism being increased with the addition of weights, and decreased on their removal. Like results were obtained by other methods of experiment.

THE report of Sir W. Thomson on the effects of stress on the magnetism of iron wires, noticed above, suggests a brief review of certain kindred experiments conducted by Professor Barrett with a view to determine the effects of heat on the structure of steel rods and wires. It appears from these experiments that, if steel of any thickness be heated by the usual methods, it will be found that, at a certain point of temperature, not only does the metal cease to expand for a brief period, but also fails to increase in heat. The length of time during which this abnormal condition lasts varies with the thickness of the wire. If the wire after being thus heated be allowed to cool slowly, the decrease in temperature and the contraction will be regular until the critical point is reached at which the change took place on heating. Here a second and reverse change occurs—that is, the cooling is suddenly checked, and an expansion takes place, causing the wire to glow with a bright-red heat. The problem suggested by these facts is one that will merit and engage the attention of physicists, and its solution may be of great practical significance and value.

OUR readers will recall the fact, announced some time ago, that two of the assistants of Professor Hofmann had discovered a method of preparing vanillin—the essential element

of vanilla—from pine-trees. It now appears that this discovery is likely to prove one of great significance to the consumers of this article as well as profit to the discoverers. Furthermore, it is likely to result in the utilization of a waste product which until now had no pecuniary or commercial value. The waste product to which we refer is the solution obtained by paper-makers who use wood-pulp. In the preparation of the wood a solution of caustic-soda is used, and it is now found that among the soda-salts removed by this means is that of vanillin. By treating this solution with acid, the odor of vanilla becomes soon apparent; and it is believed that a method will soon be discovered for obtaining the vanillin in crystalline form. Our readers should understand that this artificial product is not of the character of an adulteration, but an actual substance similar in chemical constitution to the natural one. Should the method for obtaining it from the solution above named prove successful, manufacturers of wood-paper will find themselves in the possession of a by-product which is of more value than the original product sought. As a triumph of synthetic chemistry, this discovery deserves to rank with that of alizarine—the essential element of madder—by Graebe and Leibermann.

WE learn from *Nature* that the preliminary Northwest African Expedition is expected to leave England for the coast of Africa early in November. General Sir Arthur Cotton and several scientific gentlemen are expected to accompany it. The object in view is to make a survey of the coast of Africa opposite the Canary Islands for the purpose of finding a suitable position for a harbor and commercial and missionary station; to enter into commercial arrangements with the native tribes, and to inquire into their present means of commerce, and the resources of the countries through which it is proposed to pass; to examine as far as practicable the sand-bar across the mouth of the river Belta, which it is supposed keeps back the waters of the Atlantic Ocean from flowing into the dry bed of the ancient inland sea, to obtain levels and other necessary information. Mr. Mackenzie, the director of the party, expects to get the friendly support of the most powerful chief of the tribes on the northwest coast of Africa.

EACH week brings with it some fresh announcement regarding the tempering of glass, while at the same time inventors are active in applying the original principle of De la Bastie to the various kindred branches. A recent French patent substitutes for the oil-and-resin solution of De la Bastie a bath of soot or melted butter, into which the glass objects, after being heated to a temperature of 752° Fahr., are plunged. A second method is that which employs in the tempering-bath liquefied metals or alloys, having a fusing-point below that of glass, as copper, lead, antimony, etc. Currents of gas or superheated vapors have also been suggested for the same purpose. By these several methods it is proposed to temper all varieties of ceramic ware as well as glass.

IN the course of a recent after-dinner speech President Orton, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, made the statement that the English language was twenty-five per cent. a cheaper language to use in telegraphing than any other, and thirty-three per cent. more concise, and therefore cheaper for telegraphing, than the French. As this statement may be regarded as final, since it comes from so high an authority, philologists will find in the facts attractive material for further research.

Miscellanea.

A CONTRIBUTOR sends us a collection of anecdotes of weddings, an installment of which we give below, promising more to follow:

When the collector of rare and curious specimens of insects, and flowers, and minerals, finds new objects of interest, he sticks a pin in them, or puts them in alcohol, or labels them, and then sits down to count his collections, and see what he has actually gathered. In the same way we may stick pins in the various experiences of life, and thus collect a museum of rare specimens. The present collection of wedding-anecdotes are specimens of eccentricities at this trying hour that have come across the writer's path. We see plenty of curious epitaphs in cemeteries; let us look at some wedding-scenes as strange as any of these.

A young clergyman, at the first wedding he ever had, thought it was a very good time to impress upon the couple before him the solemnity of the act.

"I hope, Dennis," he said to the coachman, with his license in his hand, "you have well considered this solemn step in life."

"I hope so, your riverence," answered Dennis.

"It's a very important step you're taking, Mary," said the minister.

"Yes, sir, I know it is," replied Mary, whimpering. "Perhaps we had better wait a while."

"Perhaps we had, your riverence," chimed in Dennis.

The minister, hardly expecting such a personal application of his exhortation, and seeing the five-dollar note vanishing before his eyes, betook himself to a more cheerful aspect of the situation, and said:

"Yes, of course it's solemn and important, you know, but it's a very happy time, after all, when people love each other. Shall we go on with the service?"

"Yes, your riverence," they both replied, and they were soon made one in the bonds of matrimony, and that young minister is now very careful how he brings on the solemn view of marriage to timid couples.

A party came to a clergyman's house one evening to be married. Every thing went on harmoniously until the woman came to the word "obey" in the service. Here a balking scene ensued.

"Never—never!" she said. "I did not know that word was in the service, and I will never say it!"

"Oh, dear," remonstrated her partner, "do not make trouble now. Just say it—say it, even if you don't mean it. Say it for my sake—for your dear John's sake!"

"Never—never!" insisted the high-spirited dame. "I will not say what I do not mean, and I do not mean to obey.—You must go on, sir," she added, to the clergyman, "without that word."

"That is impossible, madam," replied the minister. "I cannot marry you unless you promise 'to love, cherish, and obey' your husband."

"Won't you leave us for a little while together?" interceded the young man. "I think I can manage her after a while."

So the minister went back into his study, and wrote on his sermon for an hour and a half, and finally, at a quarter before ten o'clock, there

"... came a tapping—
As of some one gently rapping,"

and the mild-mannered Benedict informed the parson that at last, after a long wrestling of spirit, his "dear Jano" had consented to say "obey." But how that compromise was brought about, no one ever knew.

I have often heard this same clergyman relate how, after a wedding-ceremony on one occasion, which occurred in his own parlor, the husband whispered to his brand-new bride, as they approached the door, "Mary, have you got any small change?"

The old Swedes' church in Philadelphia was the famous marrying-ground for nearly two hundred years to all the neighborhood and the churches in that vicinity. The record-book of that venerable parish is teeming with marriages. There has to be an "extension" made to that department in every new register. Notes and memoranda adorn the pages of the "wedding-columns" explanatory of the different couples. One clergyman kept a list of foreign sailors (with a wife very probably in every large port) and runaway country-girls whom he had refused to unite in matrimony because of his suspicions, or because of the lateness of the hour, or of the absence of witnesses. Colored weddings have always a richly humorous side. The colored race is a susceptible, imitative one, and when they are fine, as at weddings, they are generally superfine.

A clergyman was called on upon one occasion to officiate at a colored wedding.

"We assure, sah," said the gentlemanly darkey, "that this yere wedding, sah, is to be very 'appropos'—quite *à la mode*, sah."

"Very well," replied the clergyman, "I will try to do every thing in my power to gratify the wishes of the parties."

So, after the dinner and dancing and supping was over, the groom's "best man" called again on the minister, and left him a ten-dollar fee.

"I hope every thing was as your friends desired it?" said the urbane clergyman.

"Well, sah, to tell the truth, Mr. Johnson was a little disappointed," answered the groomsmen.

"Why, I took my robes," said the minister.

"Yes, sah—it wasn't that."

"I adhered to the rubrics of the Church."

"Yes, sah, that was all right."

"I was punctual, and shook hands with the couple. What more could I do?"

"Well, sah, Mr. Johnson he kind o' felt hurt, you see, because you *didn't salute the bride!*"

I remember a friend who, in the early days of his ministry, was met by a couple, as he came out of church, who wanted to be married. He turned back to oblige the party, and found at the last that they made up their minds to drive off in their buggy to some other church.

"But may I ask," he inquired of the man, "why you first ask me to marry you, and then change your minds in this way?"

No answer came from the groom, but the young woman, lifting up the back curtain of the buggy, called out: "Well, you see, I hadn't got a look at the minister afore, and, to tell the truth, you're so young and innocent-like that I'm kind of feared you won't marry us right, and so I'd rather trust meself to some one who's done it a good many times, and is sure he knows how."

MR. HENRY IRVING'S *Macbeth* has generally met with adverse criticism from the London press. The following from the *Daily*

News will give our readers a good idea of the characteristics of the performance: "Both its merits and its faults will be easily anticipated by his admirers. There is the same tendency to capricious emphasis and to eccentric modulations of the voice, the same habit of excessive gesture and of movement which appears to have no special interpretative value. Something in his utterance of lines seems, as before, to lack to a certain degree the true tone of sincerity; but the secret of the spell which this extraordinary actor exerts over the imaginations of audiences is not difficult to discover. It lies in the imaginative power with which he is able to depict the most terrible passions of the human soul in a great crisis of action, and in the wonderful expressiveness of countenance which on these occasions never deserts him. To the play-goer whose memory is haunted with the *Macbeth* of the past, there is a peculiar pleasure in the total absence in all Mr. Irving's performances of mere conventional details. We believe it has always been customary in the dagger-scene to confront the audience looking upward, as if the imaginary weapon were hovering in the air somewhere between the performer and the audience. Mr. Irving, on the contrary, sees the dagger at a much lower point as he follows across the stage, drawn as it were by its fascination toward the arched entrance to the chamber of the king—a fine point being his averted hands, as if the man, 'infirm of purpose,' and conscious of the spell that is around and about him, could not trust himself to 'clutch' the airy weapon save in words. In the banquet-scene a striking effect was produced by the actor dashing from his brows the coronet which he had been wearing in terror of the gaze of the murdered *Banquo*. Mr. Irving follows Macready in crouching beside the chair of *Lady Macbeth* and concealing his face after the words, 'Unreal mockery, hence'—though instead of covering his face with his hands he raises a part of the crimson cloak which he is wearing. Up to the end of the fourth act perhaps the most disappointing feature in the performance was the partial failure to exhibit the bolder qualities which lie at the foundation of *Macbeth's* character. In the concluding act, where the desperate will revels in the bustle of preparation for war, this defect was nobly redeemed. It is for this reason that the momentary prostration, when *Macduff* revealed the fatal secret that his antagonist was fighting with no man 'of woman born,' became so effective. The touches of

tenderness and of regretful remorse, which add so greatly to the beauty of these latter scenes, seemed indeed to miss some of their effect; but the final combat and death-struggle has probably never been equaled for picturesque force and intensity. There was nothing here of that mere dexterity of the practised swordsman which it was said gave to the acting of Edmund Kean in this scene somewhat the air of a fencing-master's lesson. It was widely different, too, from the grace of the actor's sword-play in the final scene of 'Hamlet.' There were no sickly fears or superstitious fancies in the savage cuts with which, striving desperately against the fates, he made aim again and again at his implacable foe. The words, 'Before my body I throw my warlike shield,' seemed to become invested with new force and meaning as the actor, casting away this useless incumbrance, grasped his huge sword-handle with both hands and hurled blows at his adversary with a blind fury which evidently tends to precipitate his fate. To pluck a dagger from a sheath and aim a dying blow at a foe, as Mr. Irving does here, is a detail of the actor's art common enough in itself; but in its suddenness, and in the quick and manifest subsidence of the effort as with outstretched arms the wounded man staggers and falls, it presented touches far beyond the reach of the more melodramatic actor. The effect upon the imagination of the entire audience could be felt."

ACCORDING to a London journal, the "busy bee" of England has recently developed a remarkable taste. This model insect is said to "improve the shining hour" by devouring peaches, neotaries, and other rare fruits, the cultivation of which has been a source of anxious pleasure to the cottage-gardener throughout the spring and summer months. "The question is," says this journal, "whether the bees or the peaches shall be disestablished; or whether the two cannot coexist. To cover the ripe fruit—unripe it will not be touched by the bees—with a thin curtain, which would exclude the intruding insects, but would not cut off the access of air, and heat, and light, is an easy remedy which needs not be beyond the resources of any cottage-gardener, and would be a complete solution of the problem." We should judge that blossoms and flowers must have been few and poor ere the bees would have attempted a forage on fruit.

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[VOL. XIV.

THE PERUVIAN AMAZON AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL OF TRAVEL.

II.

EARLY on the morning of the 15th of March we arrived at the missionary station of Cashiboya.

March 16th.—This morning we visited Cashiboya, which is five miles back from the Ucayali, and near the shore of a lake, whose dark waters were teeming with fish, and covered with water-fowl. It is the lower of the two Franciscan missions established on the Ucayali. It was established after the desertion of Sarayacu; and, after our experience with the Indian population down below, it was truly refreshing to see what life and energy had been instilled by Padre Ignacio into his little congregation. We found here a fine church in state of construction. It is one hundred and forty feet long, by forty feet wide, and built of solid blocks of mud, whose dimensions are six by four by three feet, and the whole is of a character creditable to an experienced builder. The work is being performed by the Indians of the mission, and under the personal supervision of Padre Ignacio. He and his assistant,

Padre Domingo, are monks of the order of St. Francis. Here, in voluntary exile, and among millions of stinging and biting insects, they are carrying out, both by teaching the Indians and by a conformance to the dress of their order, the vows that they have assumed. Their dress, from its peculiarity, sub-

jects them daily to worse tortures from mosquitoes and ants, not to mention other stinging insects and reptiles, than the severest penance that the Church of Rome ever inflicts upon her children in Europe. We visited the priory, and were most hospitably entertained by the padres. They were clothed in

made from oranges, and *dulce*, a kind of molasses made from sugar-cane. The coffee they pulled from a bush growing not three feet from the window. Padre Ignacio, who is at the head of the two missions, besides his other duties, is trying to arrange into some sort of form three or four Indian lan-

guages. The languages of which the old father is making a dictionary are those of the various Indian tribes on the river; the Inca, or Quichua, serving in its very corrupt form merely as a common medium of communication between the natives and the half-breed traders or visitors to that region. They had a very impressive service at church. During the performance not a whisper was heard; the men sat on one side, the women on the other. The sermon was dispensed with, we not being supposed to be edified with an *harangue* in Inca.

The town consisted of about one hundred houses, and was clean to a nicety. The Indians were the happiest and most intelligent I had ever seen, and, after the service, several of

them strolled into the priory to bring fowls, and to kiss the hands of the padres. About three p. m. we got back to the launch, and were spending a most tranquil Sunday evening, when a duck, sent by the devil, came into sight. The temptation had the desired effect; and, getting into a canoe,



CONIBO INDIANS.

with a companion in the stern to steer, I started in pursuit. The bow of said canoe was almost immediately run into a South American hornets'-nest. All the hornets I had ever seen before weren't a circumstance to these. I had to take seventeen at a time, and it finally resulted in my having to take to the water. However, we continued after the duck. When within good range, my friend stood up to perform with his Joe Manton; and the first thing he knew Joe Manton kicked him overboard. We returned, convinced that it was wrong to hunt on Sunday evening. Here four of our Indian crew, who had formerly wandered down from this place to Yquitos, could not resist the temptation to return to the flesh-pots of Egypt, or rather of the Amazon, and therefore deserted during the night. This caused quite a lengthy delay; and, although the padres used every exertion to get them to return, they were unsuccessful, the men having gone far back into the forest.

March 19th.—Started at an early hour, taking along with us one of the padres, who wished to visit the station of Callaria above. He is a jovial companion. When he is not reading, or repeating his prayers, he is always laughing and talking agreeably, but the hottest dinner in the world would get cold during his grace.

March 20th.—Passed, this morning, on the left bank, the mouth of the river Aguitea, a deep-looking stream, that has never yet been explored. It is said to extend up into a hilly country, and to be inhabited by cannibal tribes, that are very hostile. We hope to explore it on our return. Among the Indians, there is a rumor of gold being found on its head-waters. About six P. M. we commenced to go around a tremendous *vuelta* (bend in the river, somewhat like a horse-shoe), and, a little after dark, dropped anchor at the mouth of a little *quebrada*, upon which is situated the little settlement of Callaria.

March 21st.—Started in the launch to go up this *quebrada* to Callaria, but, after going four or five miles, we found the turns so short that we had to abandon it, though the water in the channel of the stream and all through the surrounding forest was of a sufficient depth to float the Great Eastern. As soon as we came to anchor, several of the party started in a canoe for the village. Early the next morning, our *dispensario*, or steward, returned on board, bringing a note from one of the party, telling me to come up to the station; that one of the padres had a fiddle, and that there were lots of *cachaça*, wine, and other good things, at the priory, and he was having a splendid time. The condition and appearance of the *dispensario*, who had spent the night there, fully corroborated this statement. It was, however, too late in the day to start.

March 23d.—We had to remain another day, waiting to embark wood. At about two P. M., a canoe arrived, bringing the Padre of Callaria. He was so cordial and pressing in his invitations, that I was persuaded to go back with him, although I knew that I would have a canoe-passage of five hours. He was a young man, and a Spaniard by birth. He was very intelligent, and apparently a hard

student, speaking four or five languages, and evincing a great passion for talking about astronomy. Night soon closed in upon us; and as the old canoe, under the light of the stars, was propelled along by the Indian, taking a direct cut for the settlement, now following the course of the river, and now going straight through the forest, he, although his head was shaven, his feet sandaled, and a knotted cord was wound around his waist, sang me many an old Spanish serenade. Callaria is a much older station than Cashiboya, and is distinguished by the same cleanly appearance, and possesses a great number and variety of fruit-trees. Its Indian inhabitants seemed very happy. I did not learn the number of its population.

March 24th.—All the surrounding country being submerged, the fuel has to be cut on a little knoll, which happens to be above water, and has to be brought in canoes, about fifteen miles to the vessel. However, this morning, having embarked a sufficient quantity to enable us to reach the river Pachitea, at half-past seven we got under way. The Ucayali is still rising, and the banks present, if possible, a more desolate appearance, as we proceeded.

March 26th.—Anchored, about night, at a Conibo Indian settlement, two miles below the mouth of the river Pachitea. We have seen, during the last two days, hardly more than a few half-submerged Indian huts, and these generally deserted by their inhabitants. The Conibos of this settlement are genuine specimens of the wild man of the forest, and this village is quite a large one for these wandering vagabonds. Although they have selected the highest point in the surrounding country for the site of their village, they are now living either in the tops of their houses, or else are floating about in canoes among the plantain-stalks, the water being some two feet over where the hearth-stones are supposed to be. These Indians were in luck, having just killed quite a number of wild-hogs and armadillos. Fortunately, they were disposed to sell them at a price thought to be reasonable by our captain and caterer. For one fish-hook he bought a large hog, and other things proportionately cheap! Among our purchases were two armadillos, which were found delicious eating.

I have forgotten to say how our little cannibal is progressing. He was taken ashore at Callaria by the padre, who made of him a good Catholic to all intents and purposes, for he returned the next day with more charms and crosses hung around his neck than can be imagined. However much his spiritual condition may have improved, his physical one is fast failing, for he is daily falling off, though the amount of plantains and miscellaneous "grub" consumed by him is enormous. Although we won't allow him to eat us, he devours the mosquitoes who feed on our blood, and thus gets a taste of us after all!

We have another curious character aboard in the capacity of cook. He is a wild Peruvian from the Pacific coast, and the most inveterate grumbler I ever heard. He informed us the other day (I suppose his proximity to the cannibals makes him sufficiently penitent to confess his sins) that on one occasion at sea

they got into trouble and ate a Chilean boy. I infer that he has never been able to forget his own pangs of hunger on that occasion, for he had rather die, it seems, than give us an abundant meal. My ignorance of the Spanish tongue has gotten me, I fear, into a serious difficulty with him. Not long since, by some chance or other, he gave us a sumptuous dinner of wild-hog and armadillo. In order to encourage him to do the same again, I endeavored to compliment him as I passed by the galley, but as the word in Spanish meaning "cook" is very similar to that meaning "hog," I unfortunately commenced my remarks by addressing him as "Old Hog," and I really believe that, if he ever gets a chance now, it will give him infinite pleasure to starve me to death.

March 22d.—Cut some wood this morning; got under way at 1.13 P. M.; soon entered the mouth of the river Pachitea, where we had instructions to remain until joined by the larger steamer, having on board the remainder of the Hydrographical Commission, and which had been detained in Yquitos in consequence of having to undergo some slight repairs.

Mouth of river Pachitea—latitude, 8° 45' 30" south; longitude, 74° 32' 30" west of Greenwich. Distance from Yquitos, seven hundred and sixty-five miles. Elevation above sea-level, 154.837 metres. Average current from Sarayacu to this point, three and one-tenth miles per hour. The banks here were low and under water, and we proceeded twelve miles up the river before we were able to land, the banks then being only two or three inches above the water; but, as the Pachitea had begun to fall, we determined to anchor, and immediately sent the crew on shore to clear away a place for the erection of a kitchen and for taking observations for latitude and longitude.

We are now at the dividing-line between the hunting-grounds of the Conibo and Cashibo tribes of Indians. The former are cannibals, and inhabit both banks of the Pachitea. The latter are a powerful tribe that inhabits both banks of the Ucayali for a short distance above and a long distance below the mouth of the Pachitea. With the exception of not being cannibals, and having had occasional intercourse with the traders who come up the river in canoes, they are quite as barbarous as their neighbors. Two brothers, chiefs of the Conibo tribe, known as Pedro and Clemente, reside a few miles above the mouth of the Pachitea. On account of their near vicinity to the Cashibos, it is necessary that they should keep a strong force about them. Clemente, who seemed to have the stronger will of the two, soon boarded us with quite a number of his retainers. The young bloods were gotten up in the finest style imaginable. They wore bracelets of beads and monkeys'-teeth, and many strands of the same (with the addition of a necklace of alligators'-teeth) about their necks. Pendent from the nose was worn an ornament of silver made of a coin beaten out thin until about an inch and a half in diameter, worth originally about forty cents. Another singular custom, which they seemed to consider ornamental, was this: A hole was made in the lower lip, entirely

through to the teeth, in which was inserted a wooden pin, nearly half an inch in diameter, and projecting an inch and a half from the face. They were all clad in their *cushmans*, or toga-like gowns, with the exception of one fellow who possessed a pair of trousers of which he was extremely proud, and which, for fear of getting wet in his canoe, he brought along under his arm, and, after the salutations were over, proceeded to put on in our cabin.

As we are now on the border of a cannibal country, we keep a sharp lookout. A few years ago two Peruvian officers were killed and eaten at a point about eight miles above here. There are not many mosquitoes to-night, and we are watching with great anxiety to see if their non-appearance is due to their not being here or to their not having found us out.

April 5th.—Have been waiting here nearly a week. The number of mosquitoes and sand-flies surpasses any thing in that line that we have seen before. Our captain tells us that there is a Peruvian proverb to this effect: "The Ucayali River is only fit as a place of banishment for a man who has killed his mother."

In order to kill time, we tried hunting; but this we found hardly paid. The best hunting-ground in the vicinity is a narrow point of land lying between the mouth of the Pachitea and the river Ucayali. This the water had just receded from, leaving an immense area of blue mud interspersed with numerous shallow ponds and lakes. The forest and undergrowth were very thick all over this tract. This was our manner of hunting: We took an Indian guide, who would go before, and, as he walked, cut right and left among the tangled undergrowth and vines with a huge knife, thus making a trail for us to follow, and giving us a thread by which to return. These Indians never enter the forest without making a trail, and are so expert that they can lop away all opposing vines and bushes as fast as a man cares to walk. As you proceed, following up the track of some large animal which you are destined, nine times out of ten, never to see, the perspiration is streaming from every pore. The mosquitoes are holding high carnival over you, as your hands are occupied in keeping briars and spider-webs out of your eyes, and in pulling thorns out of your feet. Your head every now and then comes in contact with a hornets'-nest, and there is a constant shower of red-ants from the trees above. Every few minutes you will see your guide make a hop, skip, and a jump, and find that he is going over a migrating colony of big black ants. There was certainly a considerable quantity of game in the country, for we found numerous tracks of tapirs, jaguars, ronsokos, and of a species of small red deer, but could meet with very few of these animals in the daytime. After enduring this torture on six different occasions, I summed up the damage I had done to South American game, and found I had killed one wild-hog, one parrot, one eagle, six monkeys, captured two tortoises, and wounded a jaguar. I concluded it was more entertaining to stay on board the vessel and shoot at alligators.

April 8th.—The monotony of the day is only broken by the arrival, every hour, of the Conibo canoes bringing wood. Old Clemente has undertaken to place fifteen hundred sticks here for us, making us, however, pay for half of it in advance; and his warriors seemed quite expert in the use of the axe.

April 9th.—Last night all the axes used for cutting wood, and gotten from the launch by Clemente's men, were returned to us, and they informed us that they would not cut any more for several days. We inquired the cause, and found that they were going on a war expedition against the Cashibos. They go on these forays every two or three months. These, with fishing and hunting, are the legitimate and sole occupations of their lives. Clemente, who has the worst face I ever saw, goes in command of the Conibos. He possesses an old gun, that he had somehow obtained; and, for several days, he has been trying to get three loads of powder from us, which, he said, would serve him. He and his whole tribe are as cruel and superstitious as possible. It is reported that, a short while ago, Clemente had ten Cashibo captives put to death, because one of his relatives died. Also it is a custom among them, if one of the tribe dies, to burn his house, cut up his canoe, kill his slaves, and utterly destroy every thing that had belonged to him, except his wife, thinking them all bewitched.

April 10th.—Several of the canoes belonging to the war-party stopped alongside of us, as they repaired to the place of rendezvous. They had the war-paint on thick; in the bottom of each canoe was a splendid assortment of bows, arrows, and war-clubs, all carefully covered up to keep off the rain. On these expeditions they carry a supply of *masato*, and, it is said, can subsist on it alone for several days.

April 18th.—The water being sufficiently low to give us a good landing, we went back down the Pachitea, and anchored two miles from its mouth, at the Conibo settlement on the Ucayali, before mentioned. We could not account for the delay of the other steamer, but would have to remain here until she arrived, or our provisions were exhausted. Our only amusement was to watch these dirty devils make their women work, while they themselves sat serenely down and whittled their bows and arrows. In this settlement there are, at least, some hundred men, women, and children; and, of this number, I was surprised to find that not more than one-third were born Conibos. The rest belonged to different tribes, and had been captured, at various times, and made slaves and wives of.

April 25th.—José, our little cannibal boy, has been undergoing punishment to-day for eating a brick. He is not allowed to go on shore, to prevent his eating earth; and to-day he was detected eating a soft brick, with which he had been instructed to clean the knives. The Indian children of this part of the country have a great craving for earth, and those who are not killed by eating it when young, retain the love for it after arriving at the age of puberty. It has the effect of swelling out the stomachs of the

young to an enormous proportion, and ultimately results in death, unless the habit is abandoned. There is a wall of mud in Yquitos, the top presenting a very uneven and gapped appearance, and this is pointed out to the stranger as one of the wonders of the place, its irregular appearance being due to its being eaten out by the women and children. It is a well-vouched-for fact that two Indian boys, on board a Peruvian steamer on the Marañon, who were never allowed by the captain to go on shore, to prevent their eating earth, ate up two huge earthen jars, such as are used in these countries to keep water cool, and which had been put in charge of these cabin-boys until needed.

May 12th.—No steamer yet; but this morning, when we went ashore to spend the day, as usual, in our hammocks, which we had swung in the old chief's shanty, we found the Indians bustling around more than was usual in their preparations for hunting and fishing; and they at once volunteered the information that the steamer Tambo would be here in a few days. They said that during the night the birds had told them so; and the old chief even declared that he had heard the paddles. They assured us that, days before our arrival in the launch, they knew, by the cries of the birds, we were coming. We truly hoped they might be right, and accounted for it in this way: i. e., a steamer is a thing so uncommon on the Upper Ucayali that the water-fowl is very much frightened by it, and flies away, and, as a water-bird keeps to the water-course, it flies in advance of the steamer. The Indian, who is familiar with the cry and speed of every bird, notices that both are unusual, and makes a very safe surmise; viz., that something unusual is coming up the river, and that that something must be a steamer. It remained to be seen whether they were true prophets.

NELSON B. NOLAND

(Civil Engineer of the Hydrographical Commission of the Peruvian Amazon and its Tributaries).

THE LITTLE JOANNA.

A NOVEL

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SOMETHING VERY DIFFERENT FROM MOSE-ROSE-BUDS.

POOR little Joanna, in consequence of Anita's revelations, began now to be possessed by a dire foreboding of trouble. She could not endure to have her sister out of her sight, and the espionage she exercised over her was a source of exquisite amusement to Anita, who was as gay as if she had not a care in the world. Yet the charade-party had not lost all attractions for Joanna; she still looked forward to it eagerly, and was always ready to carry notes between Anita and Mrs. Carl Tomkins.

Nevertheless, as the happy time drew near, Joanna's vague anxiety about her sister increased, and, in addition to this, she

was haunted by the presentiment, growing, perhaps, out of the very eagerness of anticipation, that she was never to wear the beautiful dress Lebrun sent home two days before the appointed evening. It hung in the large, old-fashioned wardrobe in the hall, and many times a day did Joanna go to inspect it, with a sad longing in her eyes.

"Joanna, I do wish you wouldn't look so," said Miss Basil, querulously, quite at a loss for an epithet. "I should like to see you take some satisfaction in the trouble your aunt has been at to please you." With all her insensibility to the vanities of dress, Miss Basil was not insensible to the praise Miss Hawkesby had bestowed upon Joanna's training, and she had a very natural anxiety to maintain the good impression her faithful care had made upon the discriminating old lady.

"Mela," said Joanna, with a caressing touch of the foam-like frills and flounces, "I know in my heart that I am not ungrateful; but *something* will happen, you'll see. I shall never wear this dress." It was now the morning of the day appointed for the charade-party.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Basil; "your system is out of order, Joanna; I knew just how it would be when you took to running about in this July sun. All the Griswolds are down with chills, and I do suspect that is what is the matter with you. Let me feel your nose, child."

"Oh, please don't, Mela," said Joanna, whose nose always indignantly resented this *onus probandi*. "I did but go three times with Anita's notes; and I'm just as well as ever I was in my life. But I have a *presentiment*. I suppose it's all a punishment for my devotion to the pomps and vanities, Mela, that I feel in my heart I shall never wear this dress."

"What is the matter with the dress, child?" said old Miss Hawkesby, coming into the hall just in time to hear this last sentence. "Doesn't it fit?"

"There is nothing in the world the matter with the dress, but I am sorry to say that Joanna is whimsical," said Miss Basil, in a deeply-injured tone.

"It is the way of girls," said Miss Hawkesby, imperturbably.

"Indeed, I am not whimsical, aunt," said Joanna; "and as to the dress, it is heavenly; but a fear possesses me that I shall never wear it. Do you not see that it is clouding up for a storm? The charade-party will have to be given up."

"Pooh! pooh!" said old Miss Hawkesby. "Middleborough is too desperately dull to submit to such a misfortune. Why, Anita is gone to the rehearsal, you know, in spite of the clouds. The storm will blow over, doubtless—"

"We are needing rain sadly, though," sighed Miss Basil, parenthetically.

"And if it should rain, other days will dawn. Depend upon it, Middleborough is not going to give up the charades. However, your dress does not suit me perfectly, Joanna; it needs something more; and if Mrs. Basil will allow me the carriage, I will drive in to Lebrun's, and buy some moss-rose-buds

I was looking at. Your dress needs just that for finish."

If any thing could revive Joanna's drooping spirits, it was an announcement like this.

"I do believe it will blow over, Mela," said she, leaning out of the window to study the angry sky. "And I'll go this moment to ask the grandmamma about the carriage."

"But you are not to go into town, remember, Joanna; Miss Hawkesby will excuse you, I know. Your system is evidently disordered, and I can't have you run the risk of bringing on a bilious attack by any over-exertion. The party to-night will be more than enough for you in the present condition of your system—"

"Oh, never mind my system, Pamela!" cried Joanna, ungratefully. "I won't go into town, if you say not; but don't begin to talk about a bilious attack; you know I never did have one."

"I don't know," said Miss Basil; "depression of spirits is a pretty sure sign."

"But, indeed, my spirits are not depressed," said Joanna, as she ran downstairs to seek Mrs. Basil. "Nobody that expects to wear moss-rose-buds can be depressed in spirits."

Now, a rumor had reached Basilwood that morning that Mrs. Stargold was alarmingly ill, and, under the circumstances, Mrs. Basil felt it to be her duty to drive over and inquire about her cousin Elizabeth; and she very obligingly consented to go a little out of her way in order to leave Miss Hawkesby at Lebrun's, promising to send the carriage back for her. . . .

Joanna was not the only person that watched the clouds that morning, as may be readily inferred, considering how many were interested in the charade-party; but, without any special interest in charades, Mrs. Ruffner was anxious to persuade herself that the clouds did not portend rain.

"Jane," said she, after their late breakfast, "I begin to believe that it will not rain."

"It looks very threatening," said Miss Ruffner.

"Oh, looks are nothing, you know; and I don't believe that Cousin Elizabeth is so very ill; it's merely excitement. Those everlasting papers Mr. Redmond brought for her to look over, they just keep her in a constant fret about business."

"I think so myself," said Miss Ruffner, sourly. "It is all nerves with Cousin Elizabeth—but one dares not say so."

"Dr. Garnet says so," replied Mrs. Ruffner, with satisfaction.

"He should not be encouraged to express his opinion so freely," replied Miss Ruffner, quickly. "The best thing he could do for her would be to forbid positively all worry about business. She ought not even to see those papers, and, if I could have my way, she shouldn't."

"But you can't have your way," said Mrs. Ruffner, complacently; "so what is the use of fretting? You know Cousin Elizabeth won't say much about her way; but she is sure to have her way. I sha'n't worry; she'll do very well, now that she has had anodynes; and, as for me, I'm suffering for want

of exercise. It's a fine cloudy morning for a walk, and I'll just run in to Lebrun's and exchange that belt-buckle, since you don't like it, and, if it should rain, just send the carriage for me."

When Miss Hawkesby arrived at Lebrun's, Mrs. Ruffner was in the back-room enjoying the only refreshment Middleborough afforded her. It was the work of but a few moments to exchange the buckle with the obnoxious device of the Cupid and rose-bud for another with a pair of clasped hands figured thereon; but Mrs. Ruffner could always spare time to listen to those interesting items which Miss Crane detailed with that flavor of mystery so irresistible to a speculative mind, and Miss Crane, who loved an appreciative listener, could have talked by the hour, but that the claims of business forbade; and even the claims of business she had been known to neglect for the sake of gossip—conversation, she called it.

There was no one, therefore, to wait upon Miss Hawkesby, except the slow and awkward lass of fifteen whom all Middleborough agreed in condemning, and who now looked in vain from box to box for the moss-rose-buds, while Miss Crane, in the back-room, was telling to Mrs. Ruffner all that she knew, and a good deal that she did not know.

Old Miss Hawkesby, by no means the most amiable of women, lost her temper at last, and spoke her mind pretty freely about incompetent clerks; but, in the midst of her tirade, Mrs. Basil entered, and created a momentary diversion.

Mrs. Basil was in no good humor herself, as was evident from the emphasis with which she carried her ivory-headed staff.

"How did you find Mrs. Stargold?" asked Miss Hawkesby, turning her back upon the array of artificial flowers, among which not a rose-bud could be found.

"I did not see Mrs. Stargold," said Mrs. Basil, indignantly. "I rarely ever see her. I have good reason to suppose that she knows nothing of my attentions; but I am supported by a consciousness of having performed my duty. Still, it would have been a consolation, in this, my cousin's last illness—it would have been a great consolation to have had an interview with her."

"Last illness!" repeated Miss Hawkesby. "Oh, my dear madam, I don't believe any thing of the kind. Mrs. Stargold is not going to die yet, I hope! Why, she is only a year older than I am."—Then, turning suddenly upon the bewildered incompetent behind the counter, she said, fiercely: "Will you have the goodness to desire some one else to attend upon me?" Whereupon, the girl, poor thing, started into a sort of galvanized haste, opened the glass door leading into the back-room, whence issued these words:

"Depend upon it, ma'am, there is truth in this I tell you. All these years we've looked upon Miss Basil—yes, Sarah, in a moment; nobody of consequence *this* cloudy morning—but I always had my doubts of a woman that could not be persuaded into the fashion of the day.—Shut the door, will you, girl?—For all she's kept herself so secluded, the mystery will out, like a thunder-bolt, some day."

Mrs. Basil looked at Miss Hawkesby in

helpless indignation, and Miss Hawkesby looked at her with an expression of haughty defiance; but neither said a word.

"Just excuse me, ma'am, one minute," said Miss Crane to Mrs. Ruffner; "Sarah never is any good behind the counter.—O ladies, good-morning!" to Mrs. Basil and Miss Hawkesby, turning a shade more yellow at sight of Mrs. Basil. "If Sarah had but *give* me a hint it was you, I'd not have kept you waiting; but it's Mrs. Ruffner in the next room, selecting of a belt-buckle, and so very choice she is! What can I do for you, ladies?"

"Those moss-rose-buds I laid aside here!" said Miss Hawkesby, aggressively.

"Sarah, you stupid!" exclaimed Miss Crane, sharply, "did I not show you where I put them—in this very drawer?—So sorry, ma'am, that you've been kept waiting. Here they are, ma'am; a dollar and a quarter a spray, and remarkably cheap. For a young lady's evening-dress, I think you said, ma'am? If I might suggest, it would require for the corsage, tunic, sleeves, and coiffure, just four of these elegant sprays, for five dollars—uncommonly reasonable." Miss Crane was in a fever of impatience to return to Mrs. Ruffner.

Miss Hawkesby, however, had no mercy upon her. She examined the roses critically, leaf by leaf; she asked for white muslin to display them on; she surveyed them deliberately at arm's length, scrutinized them closely again, and finally turned her back on them, saying, cruelly, to Mrs. Basil:

"I think Joanna would prefer those scarlet geraniums at Miss Green's."

Now Miss Green was a rival milliner, lately come to Middleborough, and already threatening Lebrun with total eclipse.

"Oh dear, ma'am!" cried Miss Crane, eagerly, "so far to go in this coming storm. I can show you some fuschias, the perfection of art. Moss-roses is common, I agree—"

But Miss Hawkesby was deaf, dumb, and blind. She stalked to Mrs. Basil's carriage, looking as much like a fierce hussar as it was possible for a woman in a lace shawl to look; while Mrs. Basil followed behind, marking every step with her ivory-headed staff. They drove to Miss Green's, where Miss Hawkesby, without leaving the carriage, bought the scarlet geraniums, and then proclaimed herself ready to return to Basilwood.

"It is not to be borne!" at last Mrs. Basil exclaimed, when they had proceeded some distance on their way. Was it not intolerable that this wretched gossip about Miss Basil should come to Miss Hawkesby's ears just as the old lady seemed disposed to take an interest in Joanna? This thought kept Mrs. Basil long silent. Then it suddenly occurred to her that perhaps the hints they had just heard might inspire Miss Hawkesby with a laudable desire to rescue her forlorn little grandniece from the influence of a woman wrapped about in mystery. Apart from all anxiety in regard to Arthur, which, indeed, had given place now to a half-hope, half-fear that Anita would be his choice, she did really desire the good of her husband's granddaughter. Perplexed and distressed, she felt an unwonted craving for sympathy and counsel. She had been sorely tried that

morning, and her self-reliance was giving way under repeated small trials, not the least of which was the irresistible conviction that old Miss Hawkesby, whom she had thought to manage and patronize, far surpassed her in worldly wisdom. But it is no rare inconsistency of human nature to turn for refuge in an emergency to some unwelcome conviction like this. Poverty of resource has made many a desperate woman resign her pride; and with the hope that Miss Hawkesby might relieve her perplexity, Mrs. Basil uttered her protest, with a latent consciousness that it was, in reality, an appeal to Miss Hawkesby's superior tact and judgment. "It is not to be borne!" said she, vehemently.

"I waited for you to speak, madam," said Miss Hawkesby, with a formal bow, expressive of her relief at being freed from the restraint of silence. "It concerns you so much more nearly than it does myself. But I quite agree with you—it is not to be borne."

"I allude to this gossip," said Mrs. Basil, whose usual cold composure was rapidly forsaking her. "Could any thing be more mortifying to a woman in my position? Miss Basil's connection with me; and Mrs. Ruffner, the widow of Charles Samuel Ruffner, stooping—"

"Why, my good madam," said Miss Hawkesby, "we must take the world as we find it; and gossip is Mrs. Ruffner's propensity; what else can you expect of her?"

"I own," said Mrs. Basil, with a sort of peevish triumph that contradicted her words, "I did expect that a decent respect for our cousin, Mrs. Stargold, would have kept her at home in the present alarming condition of Mrs. Stargold's health."

"Now, I don't believe a word of that," said old Miss Hawkesby, quickly. "Beggings your pardon, madam, Elizabeth Stargold is no more going to die than I am. There is but a year between us, and she has a constitution of iron. I know, for I went to school with her. She's had a shock, and the Ruffners are doing all they can to foster that shock into something serious. She's had a shock, and she's taken it morbidly; but she'll get over it. That doesn't trouble me. I'm much more deeply concerned about this talk in regard to our excellent Miss Basil. It is not altogether new to me; and I'm afraid there is some foundation for all this gossip."

"Pamela shall deceive me no longer!" cried Mrs. Basil, shrilly, beginning to lose control of herself as the suspicion dawned upon her that old Miss Hawkesby was about to espouse Pamela's cause. "I have been harassed too much already by hints of this nature. I shall see her when I arrive at home, and DEMAND an explanation!"

"I think you are right, madam," said Miss Hawkesby, with judicial calm. "I've no doubt Miss Basil can explain satisfactorily. I came here with a prejudice against that excellent woman. I'm rather apt to take up prejudices, but I can lay them down again, thank Heaven! And Miss Basil has disarmed me completely. I've acquired a great respect for her; and I am much pleased

with Joanna, highly pleased with her, though I had not expected to be. Miss Basil has evidently spared no pains with the child, and she deserves great credit for that."

"My husband's granddaughter—" said Mrs. Basil, tremulously—and there she stopped. Her thoughts were in painful confusion, and she knew not what she would say.

"Oh, we'll sift this gossip to the bottom," said Miss Hawkesby, with decision. "I believe nothing against Miss Basil until I hear her story; and I know that she has too much good sense to persist in a mystery, in the face of all this talk."

"Pamela is very secret," sighed Mrs. Basil. "I've never yet dared to approach her on the subject, much as it has harassed me."

"Oh, indeed? But I shall dare," said old Miss Hawkesby.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BYOND HOPE.

THE first gusty drops of the impending storm were beginning to fall when the two ladies alighted at Basilwood, bent upon an instant interview with Miss Basil. But only Joanna was at home, watching the clouds with despair in her heart. Anita had not yet returned from the rehearsal, and Miss Basil had gone to the Griswolds with medicines. Mrs. Basil and Miss Hawkesby, therefore, retired, each to her own room, to ponder in private the best method of approaching the reticent Miss Basil on the subject of those mysterious hints they had that morning overheard; and poor little Joanna was again alone, speculating despondingly upon the prospect of a disappointment, and wondering uneasily why Anita staid away so long. The sight of the scarlet geraniums served but to aggravate her despair, for already the rain was dropping, slowly and fitfully, indeed, but with the unmistakable promise of ultimately "pouring in torrents."

Late in the afternoon, Anita returned; very pale and tired she looked, as Joanna saw at once.

"O Anita!" she cried, "you have worn yourself out! I thought you were never coming back. Is it going to rain very, very hard?"

"My poor little Joanna," said Anita, taking her sister's face between her hands, "would it be so great a disappointment to miss this tiresome charade-party?"

"It is tiresome to you, Anita, because you have worked so over it. How hot your hands are! Lie down and rest, or you will not be able to go. And I have scarlet geraniums, Anita; isn't Aunt Hawkesby kind to me?" And Joanna held up the box containing the flowers, for Anita's inspection.

Anita looked at them, smiling absently; then, turning away abruptly, she began to move restlessly about the room.

"Are you displeased, Anita? Is any thing the matter? Has any one vexed you?" asked Joanna, anxiously.

"I'm rehearsing my part, child," said Anita, with a mock-tragedy air.

"But you will be worn out; you never will be able to go, if you do not rest? And I can't go without you," said Joanna, pleadingly.

"I am very sorry for you, Joanna," said Anita, gently, "but the charades cannot take place to-night. You see there is going to be a storm. Never mind, Joanna, you shall have plenty of opportunities in the future."

"I knew it would be so," said Joanna, resignedly, after a short silence of blank disappointment. "And my dress was so pretty, and the scarlet geraniums and all, and you would have made me look so nice." Anita turned her face away. "But, never mind," continued Joanna, cheerfully; "you will yet dress me up in my pretty dress—will you not, Anita?" But, to her consternation, her sister answered by a sob. "O Anita! what has happened, what is going to happen?" cried Joanna, in terror, running up to her.

"Child," said Anita, falteringly, "if I were to go away and never see you more—"

"You must not go, you shall not go!" cried Joanna, clinging to her sister in terror. "Anita! Anita! what are you going to do? Is it Mr. Redmond? I will tell Pamela—I will tell my aunt!"

"No, Joanna; for you will not betray me," said Anita, quietly. "It is easy enough to go to Aunt Hawkesby's room and tell her that I am going away forever this night. She will tie her head up in her silk handkerchief and upbraid me, but she can't prevent my going; and, when I am gone, you will win great favor in her sight by having betrayed the unworthy trust of your undutiful sister; but, whether you betray me, or whether you do not betray me, you will see me no more after this night, my little sister. Our aunt, Miss Hawkesby, will immediately exact a promise of you, and duty, honor, gratitude, all will bind you to keep it religiously—never, never to see me again."

Poor Joanna, trembling violently, and with tears streaming down her face, threw herself on her knees at her sister's feet.

"I cannot betray you! No, no! No matter what it might cost me, I cannot betray you. But I can plead with you. Anita, I would risk my life for you! I would give my life for you! Mr. Redmond is wrong—"

"Hush, Joanna; he loves me," said Anita, in a low voice.

"He cannot love you as I love you!" cried Joanna, passionately.

"You know nothing about it, child," said Anita; but she smiled.

"I know my own heart," cried Joanna, "and I would give my life for you, Anita. Don't go away this night. Aunt Hawkesby, she is old—she has had you from a little child, Anita—I couldn't leave Pamela this way. And we have just found each other; must we lose each other so soon—so soon? Anita, be pitiful; there are but us two."

"It is too late, Joanna, it is too late," said Anita, turning her face away.

"No, it is not too late, even at the last moment," said Joanna.

"I cannot let him come for me and then refuse to go with him," said Anita. "I cannot do that. Have you no thought for him?"

"Anita," said Joanna, coloring deeply, and avoiding her sister's eyes, "if you love each other, time will make it all right; you are neither of you old, and Aunt Hawkesby is. And people ought not to be married this way; they ought to be married properly at home."

"Time and youth against Aunt Hawkesby!" said Anita, bitterly. "It is too late!"

"Anita, you say that if you go away I shall see you no more—how can I bear that? Write and tell him not to come—at least not now. Write, and I will carry the note." Joanna had risen. "Write, write, Anita, and you will never be sorry for it. It is best to do right."

"My dear, good Joanna," said Anita, slowly, "give me the paper; I will write. I said I would never sacrifice myself for you—did I not? Yet see what I am doing! Well may Basil Redmond say that you are his rival."

"You are doing right," said Joanna, "and all will be well. You shall be happy, too, Anita; Aunt Hawkesby has a heart, and I will prove it to you."

"But it rains," said Anita, anxiously, seeing that Joanna began to array herself in water-proof and over-shoes. "Why not send old Thurston?"

"No, no; I myself will take it; did I not say that I would risk my life for you? Old Thurston would sell his soul for gold, but he couldn't be hired to risk his 'jints' in this weather."

"But it is over the bridge and into the town that you must go," said Anita, "to Aurelia Caruthers. She will be the surest to see him—she was to have come over with him."

"Very well, I can take it," said Joanna, eagerly, as she pinned the note inside the pocket of her water-proof. If only she could get away safely with it! Pamela had laid an injunction upon her not to go out—but that was in consideration of the charade-party—and, while so much was at stake, a trifling disobedience could not matter. "Now, Anita, won't you lie down and go to sleep? I will not be gone very long."

So Anita promised, and Joanna set forth upon her errand.

It was not raining very hard when she left Basilwood, but by the time she had arrived at the bridge the storm had burst in all its fury. The narrow river, subject to sudden and violent freshets, was seething and whirling madly in its course; but Joanna did not dream of danger, though the bridge rocked with every blast; her only anxiety was to perform her errand. The bridge being covered, she did not feel the full severity of the storm while under its shelter, where all was dark, save when a flash of lightning illumined the obscurity. About midway she ran against two persons, a man and a woman, crossing in the opposite direction. They, like herself, were enveloped in water-proof, and evidently in as great haste as she. The collision caused an appreciable delay of an instant, and in that instant a fearful creaking and swaying of the timbers warned the three to hasten for their lives.

"Merciful Heaven!" shrieked the woman, "we are lost!"

The man, seizing his companion by the arm, shouted the single word "Run!"

And Joanna obeyed, as though upheld by superhuman strength, half giddy with the peril of the situation, and almost overpowered by the tremendous rush of recollections that crowded to her mind. She gave herself up for lost, and strove to frame a prayer. But Heaven willed it otherwise, and Joanna's feet touched the land in safety. Then, with a thankful heart, she looked back, and saw, on the opposite bank, the man and the woman whom she had met in crossing standing safe. She knew not who they were, but a common peril had made them seem inexpressibly near to her; and they, probably, had the same feeling toward her, for the man was waving his hat to her. And the crazy old bridge still kept its place! Doubtless it would stand forever, Joanna thought; and in a little while she would have seen Miss Caruthers, delivered her note, and be on her way back again to Anita; and so, hastening on, she presently arrived at her destination.

The house in which Mrs. Paul Caruthers then lived was built in the early days of Middleborough. Everybody knows the diminutive, two-story frame building, standing on a corner fronting the west; its walls are a dingy white, its Venetian blinds a dingy green: Two uncommonly tall crape-myrtles guard the gate, like a pair of plumed grenadiers; two huge Cape jasmine-bushes, the rotund growth of many years, obscure the narrow windows on either side of the contracted porch, to which a bricked walk leads the way. A brown and yellow door, blistered by the sunsets of many a summer, invites you, by a deeply-indented brass knocker, to make your coming known.

Joanna's impatient summons was answered by Mrs. Paul Caruthers in person.

"Why, bless me!" cried the old lady, staring, "I surely thought it was the doctor. I've been threatened again with that vertigo, and I sent for Dr. Garnet, above three hours ago. I surely thought, when you knocked, that it was he. Well, come in, child; I know you, but I can't recall your name."

Joanna, in high excitement with her walk, her temporary fright, and her eagerness to perform her errand and return, shouted her name in the old lady's ear.

"There!" cried Mrs. Caruthers, crouching, and recoiling a step. "I'm not so deaf as all that. Come in. What on earth brought you out in this storm? I'll engage Miss Basil doesn't know it."

Joanna, ignoring this last remark, endeavored to make Mrs. Caruthers understand that she wished to see Miss Aurelia.

"You must take off this cloak," said the old lady, for answer; "I can't have it dripping on my carpet, you see."

Joanna, in a fever of impatience, slipped off her cloak, repeating her demand to see Miss Aurelia.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Paul Caruthers, pushing her into the little parlor, and then into a little chair. "What on earth do you want with Aurelia?"

"I've a message for her!" shouted Joanna. "And I'm in haste!"

"Bless me! I'm not so very deaf, surely. I wonder you do not remember," said the old lady, with indignant reproach. "A note or a message from Miss Anita, I suppose?"

"Oh, please, can I see her?" entreated Joanna.

"What? See Aurelia? Why, didn't I tell you that she is gone? She went half an hour ago, across the bridge to Upper Middleborough. I shouldn't wonder if you met her. She was with Mr. Redmond."

Joanna started up with a cry of dismay. Surely, she had met them on the bridge; why had she not thought of it? If she could only get back to Anita in time!

"You are not going back to-night, surely?" said Mrs. Caruthers.

"Oh, I must! I must!" she cried, rushing out into the little entry, where, to her inexpressible indignation, Dr. Garnet caught her in his arms, just as he was coming in.

"Hey-dey!" he cried, in his bluff way. "How the mischief did you get here? By boat?"

"You know very well that I did not come that way," said matter-of-fact Miss Joanna, indignantly. "Let me go! I am going home. I tell you there is not a moment to lose."

"Home to Basilwood?" said Dr. Garnet, loudly, and little knowing the misery he was about to inflict. "Why, you can't get there. The bridge is gone; utterly and irremediably gone; I saw it with my own eyes."

Joanna stared at him wildly, and then, realizing that she was cut off from home, staggered back against the wall, white as a sheet.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Dr. Garnet. "You are not going to faint? Why, there was nobody hurt, you sensitive-plant! See what it is, now, to be a woman, and have nerves."

"I'm not a woman, and I've got no nerves!" cried Joanna, with rampant antagonism. "But I'm a miserable, unfortunate girl!—O Pamela! Pamela! why did I disobey you? Had I staid at home, as you bade me, all might yet be well.—It will break my heart, Anita!"

"I can't make out one word she says!" cried old Mrs. Paul Caruthers, indignantly. "What is it all about?"

"I'm blessed if I know," said the doctor, helplessly.

"You do know!" cried Joanna, passionately. "The bridge is gone, and all my hopes blasted!"

Dr. Garnet laughed.

Mrs. Caruthers uttered a little scream.

"The bridge gone? I trust Aurelia was not on it," said she, with a voice and look of terror.

"No, no; she is safe enough, on the other side," said Joanna, bitterly.

"The Lord be praised!" ejaculated Mrs. Caruthers. "And Middleborough bridge is gone?"

"It is gone!" wailed Joanna. "And I am caught here, just like a mouse in a trap. And nobody feels for me," she added, bitterly, as Dr. Garnet laughed again.

"Poor thing! I'm afraid she's very young," said old Mrs. Paul Caruthers, shaking her head compassionately. "Do, doctor, give her a little valerian."

"Valerian!" cried Joanna, with a hysterical laugh. "Valerian! All the old women in the world believe in valerian. Will it take me back to Basilwood?"

"Mercy upon us!" cried Mrs. Caruthers, lifting a pair of trembling hands; "the girl's intellects are scattering, surely. And it is enough to unsettle one, I say. Middleborough bridge is gone? Well, I wonder! It has stood for twenty years or more. I always said it would last my time, and I suppose I shall go next."

"Not a bit of it, madam!" said Dr. Garnet, with loud assurance. "We'll build up the bridge, and you too."

"And get me back to Basilwood this night?" cried Joanna, eagerly, encouraged by his confident tone.

"Excuse me there, if you please," said Dr. Garnet. "I don't undertake to perform impossibilities; and you can't get back."

"Not by boat?"

"Certainly not."

"Am I to stay here forever?" cried she then, with shrill emphasis, and wringing her hands.

"The Lord forbid!" said old Mrs. Caruthers, devoutly.

"Now see here," said Dr. Garnet, "you just make yourself easy. You are safe here, and all in good time you'll get back to Basilwood."

"All in good time! Oh, you know nothing about it!" cried Joanna, with a passionate burst of tears. "I shall never see my sister again."

"I think you would better look at her tongue, doctor—and feel her pulse," said Mrs. Caruthers. "I'm not so sure but that a good dose of valerian—this breaking down of Middleborough bridge is a terrible shock—the instability of mundane affairs, to be sure!"

"My head does ache," said poor Joanna, helplessly, to the doctor. "Am I going to be ill? Pamela said so this morning."

"Ill? Not a bit of it!" said the doctor, encouragingly. "Only a little nervous excitement. I'll give you a dose of chloral; that will quiet you. Then do you lie down and take it easy—not my physic, but this mouse-trap business, ha! ha! We'll get you back to Basilwood all in good time—all in good time."

"It is too late," sighed Joanna, as she swallowed the doctor's dose. "When I get back to Basilwood all will be over.—O Anita! Anita! Anita! Every thing will be changed."

"You may lie down in here," said Mrs. Caruthers, opening a door into the adjoining room, with an air of heaping coals of fire upon her enemy's head. "It is Aurelia's own room, and not a bad place to be caught in, I'm sure," she added, with resentful reference to Joanna's unfortunate speech about the mouse-trap, which the old lady misunderstood. Ever afterward she asserted that Joanna had spoken it in contempt of the dingy little house.

AN ARTIST'S ADVENTURE.

THERE are in Europe, in all the most charming spots, such as the neighborhood of Baden-Baden, on the Lake of Como, near Florence, and in Rome, certain unoccupied houses, belonging generally to royalty, or to the unreigning scions of royal families. These houses, fitted up with works of art, beautifully furnished, and with an equipage of servants, stand always ready for their host and hostess, and are in their absence freely shown to guests, who pay a trifling gratuity to the steward for the privilege.

Such a house, rich in Canova's masterpieces, stands, always empty, always open, on the Lake of Como. It is the Villa Carlotta, known to all travelers. Not so well known, and on a different part of the lake, stands another villa, which we will call Villa Lucca.

I had gone there to see a disputed Correggio of which I had heard at Parma. I found the house the perfection of solitude, luxury, refinement, and beauty, and full of statues, pictures, storied tapestry, goblets of Benvenuto, old china, and *bric-à-brac* enough to break the heart of a collector.

It was full of every thing but human beings, and ready for them; a young husband could have brought the most exigent bride there any moment, and a banquet would have risen from the ground for them. Several servants in livery, with nothing to do, stood around or moved away with the rapidity and silence of lizards. I thought of calling it the "Palace of the Sleeping Beauty," in my note-book, but on writing that down it looked as if the thing had been said before, and I rubbed it out as unworthy.

The grounds, reaching to the lake, were enchanting, filled with every fragrant flower, every resplendent, blossoming tree; long "pleached alleys" like that down which

"Beatrice, like a lapwing, ran,"

offered their shade and beauty to my already intoxicated senses. Some person of the most refined, subtly refined, taste had planned this paradise, had built and finished it.

"A poet on a throne had realized his dreams,"

as Disraeli beautifully said of Louis of Bavaria. What a pity that he was so unworthy the saying! Then what blight had come across it, what *ennui*, what disappointment, had driven the owner away? It seemed to me to be the only privilege I would ask of Fate, to be allowed to stay there, to live always with such a surrounding; to look on that lake by morning light, by starlight, and by moonlight; to breathe even the air loaded with the sweet scent of the *Olia fragrans*, most delicate of perfumes.

I had permission from a great personage connected with the owner of the villa to copy the Correggio, and the old steward told me that there were certain apartments in a pavilion in the gardens which he had the right to let. I could take them for a month. The princess who owned the villa had not been near it for several years; he did not know if she would ever come again, but his orders were imperative—he was to keep the house always ready for her.

So I took up my comfortable quarters in the pavilion, and began my copy of the Correggio. The room in which it hung looked out on a secluded part of the garden, far away from the noble front entrance. The people who came to see the villa often passed through the grand state apartments, nor noticed the modest wing where I was at work. This pleased me; it helped the illusion which I was carefully creating in my own mind that I owned the villa and should continue to work and live there, forgotten by the world, unintruded upon by the real owners, perhaps for the whole summer.

This charm was rudely broken in upon by a most silvery voice, one morning—a woman's voice. I heard her parleying with the old steward.

"I want to see the Correggio! My friend the princess says I am to see the Correggio!" said the voice.

"Yes, eccellenza," said the old Italian, "but there is a young man painting in that room. Let me ask him to retire first, and then your ladyship shall enter."

I was about to jump out of the window, when I heard the voice again.

"No! I want to see the artist. I have a letter from the princess in my hand. Go in and give this card to him, his name is—his name is—Thornton," said the voice, hesitatingly.

"Yes," said a masculine voice responding, which I had not heard before, a voice scarcely less sweet than that of the woman.

I recognized English voices, English accent, English speech, and the old steward put into my hands the cards of

LADY DIANA ESTCOURT.
MR. ALFRED COURTNEY.

I was somewhat embarrassed by this unexpected attention from such a lofty-sounding lady, but I had little time to think of myself before Lady Diana, evidently a person not apt to be refused, had followed her card.

A tall, superb figure in a white dress, and wearing a sort of Rubens hat with a long feather, swept into the room.

I had only time to observe that I stood, before a beauty, an English beauty, a young and fresh woman, not more than twenty years of age—perhaps not so old—and that with her was a tall, dark young man in the irreproachable morning toilet of a London man, when she addressed me with a sweet English accent:

"Excuse me, Mr. Thornton," she said, "for intruding on your working-hours, but I have a pocket full of letters to you. In the first place, here is one from Holman Hunt, another from Ruskin, another from Millais. They all tell me you have the secrets of the water-color brush, and that you will perhaps give me a few lessons. Then here is one from your uncle, the ex-minister to London, one of my intimate friends, I assure you. Then here is another to you from your unknown hostess, the princess, who gives me leave to take up my residence here, and to paint as many views of the lake as I please. Now let me introduce my friend Mr. Alfred Courtney, who will in his turn introduce me, and assure you that I am Diana Est-

court, a woman of many caprices, and not apt to be foiled in any thing she undertakes."

I felt as a sort of male Danaë may have felt when Jupiter descended in an unexpected shower of gold. I had lived many years in London; I knew all these people; I had an uncle who was an ex-minister; I had influence enough, here and there, to reach my princess, and obtain permission to copy her Correggio; but I was withal a very modest personage, nor had I catalogued my own greatness or merits quite so rapidly as had Lady Diana Estcourt. Therefore I was considerably abashed; I was a modern Endymion in a painter's jacket, and a wondrously beautiful and unexpected Diana had descended from her radiant sphere to overwhelm me with her light.

I dare say I was very awkward and very much embarrassed, but I knew enough to say yes, and to express my willingness to place my poor talents at the disposition of Lady Diana. She told me that she was staying with her mother at Caddennabia, and should, the next day, be glad to come and begin the water-color lessons. In fact, so chatty, agreeable, even confidential, became Lady Diana Estcourt, that I felt on good terms at once, and accompanied her and Mr. Courtney to the shore of the lake, where she and he seated themselves in a little row-boat, where, with one oarsman between them, they, themselves each taking an oar, were soon receding from my view toward Caddennabia. I noticed that Lady Diana pulled a very good oar. She was a "muscular Christian," I was destined to find out—of a fine, healthy, powerful organization. There were good muscles in those well-shaped arms and hands; there was health and vigor behind that delicate beauty. I have often noticed that very handsome people are apt to be healthy. I suppose they are as well made within as without. When I came back to my Correggio it struck me that his Madonna was not so fair as I had thought her, nor his flesh-tints so irreproachable. The beauty of Lady Diana was unbecoming to even Correggio, the sweetest and most perfect of the painters of women and children.

Lady Estcourt, her daughter, and a troop of maids and serving-men, came down by the steamer next morning, and took up their residence in one of the handsomest suites of the unoccupied villa. They did not pay me a visit that day, being busy, I suppose, in arranging themselves; but Mr. Alfred Courtney pulled himself over in his little boat, and kindly came in to see me.

He, too, was singularly handsome. I felt as if I were to be swamped with beauty. He was an English-looking man with an Italian complexion, pale, dark, clear, and with a pair of black eyes which fascinated and held the person into whose face he was looking with a sort of magnetic power.

"I have come, Mr. Thornton," said he, with that voice which I had noticed before as singularly musical—"I have come at Lady Diana's request to explain her rather sudden descent upon you yesterday. She is, as you know, the daughter of an earl, and left by his death, with her widowed mother and a very large fortune, entirely free to do as she pleases—in fact, that is what she has always

done. She happened to see a water-color of yours in London which pleased her very much, and she determined to find you out. She knows everybody—artists, actors, authors, wits, celebrities of all kinds, as well as the whole world of society. Never was such a woman as she is for leading four or five lives, full of talent, full of impulse, and, fortunately, also full of good sense, although she sometimes gets herself laughed at. Well, in her inquiries about you, she, knowing that you were an American, naturally went to Mr. M—, your uncle, the ex-minister, and was very much relieved to find that you were his nephew, and, better than all, that you were in Italy, where she was coming. Water-color painting happens to be (excuse me if I speak irreverently) her passion at present, and she will follow that until she gets another fancy. My aunt, Lady Estcourt (for I happen to be a sort of distant cousin), is the slave of her daughter and of her own ill-health, and if you run round with a shawl, and tell her she is in a draught, Lady Estcourt will take you into high favor. The princess, your noble hostess, we met at Milan. She is a friend of Lady Diana, and it was by the merest accident that in their chat it came out that Mr. Frank Thornton, whom we had been looking for at Parma, was here, at her own Villa Lucca, copying the Correggio."

"I am very happy," I replied, "and very much flattered, Mr. Courtney, to have become of so much importance all at once; it never happened to me before, I assure you. Now, will you add to your kindness, and tell me about the princess?—for, although my uncle got me a letter to her, and permission was graciously granted me to come here, I never have seen her."

I was looking straight into Mr. Courtney's black eyes as I spoke—peculiar eyes, in which every emotion seemed to show itself: shifting shadows came and went as he talked, even with me, who looked at him only with an artist's curiosity. As I spoke of the princess, his eyes filled with a great light; they seemed to become larger and more beautiful—they were positively dazzling.

"You have not seen the princess?" said he. "The most beautiful woman in Europe!"

"Jupiter Ammon! more beauty. Why, this is getting monstrous! I hope I shall not see her," said I. "Lady Diana is quite as much as a poor fellow can stand for one summer."

"Yes," said Courtney, the light shifting again in his eyes, and a sort of cloud coming over their brilliancy—"yes, Lady Di is certainly very handsome.—You know the story of the princess? She married, very young, the brother of the now reigning king, and had a son. Her husband died very soon after her marriage. She has remained a widow. This boy of hers may become of great importance from his nearness to the reigning family, and her royal brother-in-law holds a pretty powerful hand over her. Still she continues to enjoy some liberty, and is happier everywhere than here, where I suspect she passed some very unhappy years."

"How old is her son?" said I, carelessly.

"Oh, about six years, I suppose. Old enough to ride a pony, run risks of being drowned, and giving all his suite continued uneasiness, including his mother, who adores him, the cub!"

I thought Mr. Courtney's voice was a trifle less musical as he described the future princeling, the young gentleman whose fortunes might become kingly, but who was now a cub!

But he took on again his fascinating manner, and talked of the Correggio.

Then he left me, and I fell dreaming of the princess. I pictured to myself the royal lady who had lived in this beautiful villa, and who had been unhappy. "The mother of a son, six years old, she probably looks," thought I, "like Mary Queen of Scots. She wears a black-velvet dress and a white coif on her head, as do royal widows. She is pale, sad, noble-looking—the 'most beautiful woman in Europe!'"

Ah, Mr. Courtney is mistaken. He has forgotten that Lady Diana Estcourt is in Europe!

The next day Lady Diana came in to take her painting-lesson, with a maid bearing water-color boxes, and her beautiful person shrouded in a brown-linen guard, such as I have noticed English ladies are fond of donning when they work away at their paints. Her mother followed her, a stout, elderly, aquiline-featured person, smothered in shawls. I was duly presented, and, remembering Courtney's hint, warned her of the draught, and received a gracious smile.

Lady Diana showed me her sketches, and went to work. She had got rather beyond the *alpha* of water-color, but she was still farther from the *omega*. I should be able, I found, to teach her a great deal.

She was painting away with conscientiousness and fervor, when Mr. Courtney was announced. She began talking to him with vivacity, but I noticed that the strong white hand which had been dabbing away so firmly at the "Lake of Como" began to tremble, and that the little ear nearest me became very pink indeed.

So that was Lady Diana's secret, was it? Well, it was certainly none of my business.

Courtney, after a courteous salutation to me and a "Good-morning, aunt," seated himself by the young lady.

"Why, Di, you have improved already," said he. "What a good teacher Mr. Thornton must be! But the Lake of Como is getting jealous. I think you have painted it long enough. Won't you come out and take a row with old Giuseppe and me?"

Lady Diana had just got to that part of her picture which needed that she should do still a little more before she left it. She asked Courtney to wait a half-hour for her, when she would go.

He acceded rather ungraciously, I thought, and the shadows in his curious eyes grew gloomy. He looked at me once or twice. Could he possibly pay me the compliment of being jealous? I had been lifted up into such unexpected notice in two days that I did not know what might happen. Perhaps the widowed princess might take a fancy to me, and lift me to the height of a morganatic

marriage—who knows? And I gave a new dash to the eyelids of my beautiful Madonna, after Correggio—yes, a long way "after."

Lady Estcourt had been asleep, I think, in the sheltered alcove where I had placed her. Lady Diana and Courtney had gone, and the maid was picking up the brushes when she awoke or came-to, and began talking to me. A high-bred English lady knows how to be agreeable, even if she is profoundly selfish and afraid of draughts, and Lady Estcourt condescended to be agreeable for five minutes.

She talked of my work and of her daughter; asked what I thought of her talents, and if she was achieving much in water-color; and then volunteered the interesting information that she would probably not care for it long, as there was every probability of her marrying her cousin, Alfred Courtney, who was devoted to her; "and then, you know, Mr. Thornton," said Lady Estcourt, with a rather crippled effort at playfulness—"then ladies lose their interest in the accomplishments."

"Yes, they do," thought I, as the days went on, and I watched my beautiful pupil and her agitation when Courtney entered the room, or saw them as they walked through the flowering, shaded alleys in that deep converse which lovers love. Lady Diana was tall—almost as tall as Courtney—and had the chestnut hair, blue eyes, and dazzling complexion, of her race.

As she walked with Courtney she had one beautiful trick, which I always admired, of holding his arm and turning to look at him with her head thrown back like a deer. Her heavy, glorious hair had given her a certain carriage of the head which was very noble. Its weight absolutely pulled the head back. As she walked away from me one day leaning on his arm I noticed this attitude especially. It seemed to me that she was adoring Courtney far more than he did her. There began to be lover-like intimacies between them. I saw them sitting sometimes under the rose-trellis, her white hand on his shoulder; and more than once I approached them with considerable preparatory noise, lest I should surprise an even more affectionate grouping, perhaps interrupting or ruining a kiss.

The lessons went on unremittently, and one day, when Courtney had left us for a journey to Milan, I ventured to speak of his extraordinary beauty, and to show her a sketch I had made of him from memory. Lady Diana was highly delighted, and proposed that we should both ask him to sit, and that she should sketch him in water-color while I attempted him, in a sort of Titianesque dress, in oils.

Courtney was very good-natured under this joint infliction, and posed for us most patiently. He was indeed a subject wholly worthy of our work, and, in his Italian dress, a perfect representation of a Venetian noble. I have never seen a more superb masculine beauty.

To see the woman who loved him so tenderly, and with a sort of attempted concealment of her passion—to see her gracious, noble, and most aristocratic head thrown back

as she looked at him with an artist's comprehension and a woman's adoration, was the most worthy picture I have ever seen. I sat up nights to paint her from memory, and I have the sketch by me still.

We made two pictures of the same man totally unlike each other. Mine was the best picture and the most like him, I still think; but, do what I would, it would look like Cæsar Borgia. I got in Courtney's eyes, but they had a baleful lustre.

"You have made me a very handsome fellow, with a very cunning, bad look," said he, as he regarded my work.

Lady Diana had given him the expression of an angel. Those black eyes swam in a sort of liquid beatitude. I could not say that it was not like him. I had once seen that look in his eyes, but it was when he spoke of the princess.

"You have made me look as I shall look in heaven, Diana," said he, and for a moment he deserved the compliment, for he bent his magnificent eyes upon her with that expression which I have never caught in another face, and smiled a lover's smile.

I had grown to admire Lady Diana more and more. She had a very honorable, ingenious, courageous nature, full of impulse, but of impulse under the control of the purest principle. Our enforced intimacy, as pupil and teacher, took us on many expeditions up and down the beautiful lake which *Claude Melnotte* has described to so many audiences, who always listen, I notice, to the allusion to "alabaster lamps" with bated breath. The only "alabaster lamps" we had at the villa were the moon, and stars, and Courtney's magnetic eyes. For a month I saw Lady Diana several hours of every day. We talked perpetually; it was impossible not to know her well, and not to revere that clear and elevated intelligence. The fact that she was desperately in love with another man had perhaps its advantages—I could study her from a more unselfish standpoint.

I could not make out Courtney; he was a mystery, as changeable as his eyes. I could not say that he was not all that was gentlemanlike, lover-like, admirably polite, agreeable, with a thousand attractive qualities; but in my heart of hearts I distrusted him. I knew that he did not love Lady Diana as she loved him.

It occurred one day to me, as we sat and painted together, to ask Lady Diana about the unknown princess whose silent and unobtrusive hospitality sheltered us both. I told her of my imagination of her—a rather dignified copy of Mary Queen of Scots, a suggestion of *Lady Macbeth*, something rather dark and terrible. Mystery is a great painter, I have observed—one of the oldest of the old masters.

She laughed her pretty, hearty, sweet, musical laugh. Dear Lady Di! in those days she had that laugh; in the enormously long inventory of her charms that must not be forgotten. She could laugh well—not too loud, not too heartily. Terpsichore herself could have envied Lady Diana her sweet, silvery laugh.

"Hear, Alfred—hear Mr. Thornton's description of the princess," said she.

He, too, laughed, but turned his head away as I looked.

"Well, we will let you believe in your two rather contending imaginations of the princess until you see her," said Lady Diana; "only I advise you to cultivate the *Lady Macbeth* theory;" and again she laughed.

So I was all wrong. The princess was probably a large, red-haired blonde, a type I hated. I remembered she was from the north of Italy—yes, undoubtedly she was the Flora of Titian, and all that sort of thing. Well, I did not want to see her.

But these golden days were numbered. Lady Estcourt got ill. She thought there was malaria at the Villa Lucca. The odor of the *Olia fragrans*, which has been wafted to this lower sphere directly from the gates of paradise, gave her the headache. When Lady Estcourt got headaches she grew cross. Alfred Courtnay was called away by business, toward Milan, I believe. Lady Diana lost her interest in water-colors. Alas! color seemed to be losing its interest in her, for her lovely cheek grew pale, and I thought her blue eyes were less brilliant. Yet she was sweeter and more lovable every day; and, when she came to bid me good-by, and to say that the lessons were at an end, tears stood in those great, pure, honest eyes.

I kissed the white hand she held out to me. I kissed it, perhaps, two or three times.

"It has been an episode in my life which I shall never forget, Mr. Thornton," said she, kindly.

"It has been the romance of my life, Lady Diana," said I, firmly; for it was pleasant to let her know, now that we were to part, probably forever, how entirely I had worshiped her.

The beautiful hand was withdrawn; the lofty, noble head gave me a salutation; the delicate, red lips gave me a parting smile; and, as suddenly as she had come into my life, Lady Diana Estcourt went out of it.

Yes, went out of it forever!

The Villa Lucca resumed its quiet, and I returned to my Correggio. The Madonna looked at me reproachfully. I had neglected her; and, as I tried to catch the subtle charm which Correggio has infused into all his women, I failed. I thought of a pair of great, blue eyes, of heavy, chestnut, wavy hair, of lilies and roses, and of that spirited turn of the head—in fact, I dreamed of Lady Diana, and she spoiled my work.

I went off and pulled on the lake. I even besought old Luigi, the steward, to let me prune his trees; I tried various minor industries known to artists, in order to recover my tone. Nature treated me kindly, and the long wilderness of garden offered me an unending opportunity for work. I was a very successful pruner, so Luigi thought, and I did good service to the plum-trees. I rose early, and worked late. There was a pain at my heart which I could not exterminate readily; and in my close room, where she had sat so recently painting by my side, it was unendurable.

I often asked myself why I did not leave the Villa Lucca; why not give up copying the Correggio until another summer; this

mysterious princess might allow me still another lodgment in her empty house.

Why did I not go? Because I could not. I hugged my pain. I loved the remembrance that wounded me. I could not leave the room, the grounds, the scenes which still spoke to me of her.

One morning, after a sleepless night, I went out early to cut away at my plum-trees. The morning was glorious; the flowers were in their richest midsummer luxuriance. Old Luigi was not yet out. I was alone with the sunrise. Adam in his first morning walk in the Garden of Eden was not more alone than I. I thought of our great progenitor as I mounted my ladder to cut off a branch that was interfering with a fruit-laden vine.

"How lonely he must have been!" thought I; and, as I thought so, I looked down and saw what Adam saw—I saw a woman in a new Garden of Eden!

Yes, a beautiful young girl in a lilac frock stood looking at the morning-glories. She was so slight and delicate that, as she stood on tiptoe looking into the airy bells, she was scarcely less aerial than they. I thought of my friend Hamon's picture of Spring, or Summer—I forget which—of a young girl who stands on one morning-glory drinking dew out of another.

"Ah!" thought I, "my friend Luigi has a pretty daughter. He has kept her very much secluded, or perhaps she has been away from home."

I then remembered that late the evening before I had seen a boat stop at the little wharf and some two or three people disembark.

"Good-morning, my dear," said I to the young girl; for she was looking anxiously at my falling branch. "I will not allow this to fall near you; but perhaps you had better step away from this neighborhood for a moment?"

"Save the morning-glories!" said the girl, as she stepped away while I lowered the already falling bough.

"Yes," said I, gallantly, "if only that you have admired them;" and I then threw the bough over the trellis which she had just quitted, and descended myself.

"So you are my friend Luigi's little daughter, I suppose? And you came home last evening, did you? Well, you are out early this morning!"

She lifted her eyes to my face, and looked at me with an amused expression.

"Perhaps," said she, "I am always an early riser. Did Luigi—I mean my father—tell you to prune these trees?"

"Yes; he was doing it laboriously one day, and I came to help him—your father is getting old."

"Yes, and very indulgent," said the girl, laughing.

She was very pretty, there was no doubt—so delicate, so slender, so young, with the soft, wavy, golden hair seldom seen except in very young children, and gray eyes which had a startled look. Her lilac-muslin dress was knotted round the waist with a ribbon, and her long, loose sleeves fell back from her white, slender arms, which had yet to reach their fullest beauty. She was exactly a creat-

ure to meet in the early morning, while the dew was on the flowers—she was, at that hour, herself

"A bud with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

"And you are the American artist who lives in the pavilion, I suppose, are you not?" said Luigi's daughter, after giving me a good look out of the startled eyes, which I noticed had lashes darker than her hair.

"Yes, my dear, I am he; and when your good mother brings me my breakfast this morning, won't you and she come and eat it with me? I feel, I assure you, very lonely since Lady Diana Estcourt and her mother left, and I think I shall go away soon myself."

"Did you admire Lady Diana Estcourt?" said my garden-nymph.

"She is very beautiful, very superb, indeed," I said; "in fact, everybody, every thing that comes to the Villa Lucca seems to break out with an epidemic of beauty. I hear the princess is very handsome, only she never comes here. Have you ever seen her?"

"Who—I?" said she, rather absently. "Oh, yes! I have seen the princess!"

"Is she, then, so beautiful," said I, for my charming companion was silent, and I liked to hear her talk. She looked more like a *Greuze* every moment.

"Well, people differ about beauty. I do not find her very fine," said Luigi's daughter.

The young girl stooped to pick some flowers, and then, making me some excuse, gracefully flitted down an alley and disappeared.

When I went in to the pavilion to my breakfast, Luigi's wife was in a great flutter. I could not imagine what had happened to the good, motherly, calm, Italian peasant who had attended to my few wants.

"Well, Annunziata," said I, "where is your pretty daughter? I have made her acquaintance this morning, and have asked her to breakfast with you and me. Will you both come?"

"Ah, holy saints!" said Annunziata: "the signor little knows what he has done! That was madame the princess herself, and here she comes!"

At this moment my pretty *Greuze*, my *Hamon*, my Spring personified, stepped laughingly into the pavilion, accompanied by a boy of about six years, and a tall and very dignified lady.

"Ah, Mr. Thornton, forgive me. I did not intend to mystify, still less to frighten you. Forget, I beg of you, that I am the princess, a title that frightens everybody, and is a heavy one to wear. Call me here—it is my pleasure—Madame Louise, and only use the etiquette which always comes naturally to every well-bred man of the world when he talks to a lady. My friend here, Madame Sermoneta, will do me the justice to say that I am always frank, and mean what I say."

"The princess is to be obeyed in whatever she may command," said the lady-in-waiting making a deep obeisance.

There were two alternatives open to me: one was to jump into the lake and sink or swim; the other was to make a bow and an apology, and blush it through. I chose the latter alternative. It was not my fault if a

princess chose to look like a gardener's daughter, in the simplicity of her dress, and to come out alone, at four in the morning, into her own garden, although I confess I felt very like a fool when I remembered my undue familiarity.

It never chanced to me to see the princess again *alone*—Madame Sermoneta was always with her.

This, however, put a slight restraint on the cordiality and sweetness of her manners and conversation. She was delightfully agreeable—full of talk on all subjects. She chatted about the politics of Europe, as another woman would have talked about the fashions. She knew about art, and books, and music, and was altogether the queerest mixture of courtly elegance and *bizarre* love of freedom, and almost Bohemianism, that I ever met. She was a European celebrity in this respect, as I afterward found out. She, too, had the great gift which Lady Diana had had—she could put a man at his ease at once. There was no condescending affability—there was a sincere sympathy. I soon found that Alfred Courtney was right—she was one of the most beautiful women in Europe. This appearance of extreme youth was but another charm; although she had really only reached the twenty-third year of her age. She took much interest in my copy of Correggio, and gave me an order for a copy of the "*Madonna della Scodella*," at Parma, to be done at my leisure. So we were on friendly terms at once.

All this followed our first breakfast in the pavilion, through the month which succeeded Lady Diana's departure. Perhaps I owed something to the friendship which immediately sprang up between me and the young duke, the heir to so many possibilities. As he is a very great personage now, I hesitate to remember that he was a bullet-headed little boy, not at all like his beautiful mother, and quite full of the dispositions of a spoiled child; but he liked a male companion, a big playfellow, and I liked him. Twice in the course of our acquaintance did I fish him out of the lake, thus altering, perhaps, the whole face of European politics. Twice did I deliver him from perilous situations on the roof of the pavilion, whither his Italian valet dared not follow him. He disported himself in my painting-room to his infinite satisfaction, and, like most spoiled children, obeyed me better than he did any of the people whom he was bound to obey.

Even the small suite whom the princess had brought with her took away from the privacy of my palace of indolence, and I shut myself up much with my work. Guests would come and go, of whom I knew nothing, and I only saw my hostess when she chose to summon me. She and Madame Sermoneta, and the little duke and myself, took some walks, sails, and rambles together, and she returned my invitation to breakfast by inviting me to dine. She was always the same pretty, little, young girl in her appearance and manner toward me, but toward her people there was an unmistakable change of manner. Even to Madame Sermoneta she was a princess.

Once she came to my painting-room, and,

seating Madame Sermoneta in an alcove, led the conversation toward Lady Diana.

"Lady Diana told me that you pictured me to yourself as Mary Queen of Scots, and perhaps as *Lady Macbeth*," said she, laughing.

"Yes," said I, "here is a sketch which I made of your probable highness;" and I showed her one of my careless sketches.

It was rather as Ristori looked then (twenty years ago, now), and as I had seen her at the theatre in Florence. She recognized the resemblance to the famous *tragédienne*, and laughed even more heartily.

Turning over the leaves of my book, she came on the first sketches I had made of the beautiful face of Courtney.

"Alfred Courtney!" said she, and her face was covered with the deepest, most intense blush.

"Yes," said I, "and here is the finished portrait. Lady Diana and I painted Courtney at the same time; he said we wanted to save the expense of a model; Lady Diana, as was natural, regarding their relations, gave him a much better expression than I did. I was not fortunate in the expression, but what do you think of the portrait?"

I had busied myself turning the picture round from the wall, and when I again looked at the princess she was as pale as death.

"It is very good—very like him," said she, coldly; "but what do you mean by 'their relations'?"

"Only that they are betrothed, I suppose, from their manner, and from what Lady Estcourt told me."

Here, fortunately, the little duke managed to pull down one of my easels, and to make a great noise.

The princess roused Madame Sermoneta, and, taking her son by the hand, bade me "Good-morning," and retired.

I did not see her again for two days, during which time I reflected deeply on what I had observed. Courtney's change of manner when he spoke of the princess had impressed me at the time, but was it possible that a man who pretended to love Diana Estcourt could love another woman? I could believe it of Courtney more than any man I had ever seen, for there was a subtle falseness behind his curious eyes; I looked at my picture, yes! I had painted it there without knowing it.

I was thinking this over and summing up all I knew of him, and working away at the same time at my copy, when I again heard his sweet voice and English accent pronouncing my name. He came in, handsome as the morning, fresh, fascinating, and manly, disarming criticism.

After the usual salutations and the natural inquiries for Lady Diana, Courtney said, in an off-hand manner:

"By-the-way, Thornton, my friend the princess says that you misunderstood the relations of Lady Diana and myself; you supposed us betrothed; it was nothing, I assure you, but a cousinly flirtation; Diana has forgotten me before this, and, indeed, I doubt if she ever thought much of me. Her mother did me the honor to desire an alliance, I believe, because I belong to a branch of her

family, in which there is a title pending, but Diana—no, she is a queer girl; I think she never liked me very deeply;" and the false, beautiful, changeful eyes took on another cloud, such as I had seen sail over them before.

I had nothing to say; I was the merest stranger and waif in this society, with which accident had mixed me. Nor was I astonished, as the fact became patent before me, that Courtney and the princess were going through the same "*Comedy of Errors*" which I had seen played before.

Madame Sermoneta's brow looked very clouded as she stood about or sat with her tapestry far enough off to not hear their whispered talk, yet near enough to preserve the inviolable etiquette. The princess clung to Courtney's arm with a far more delicate and womanly appeal than had the proud, tall, English girl, whose attitude had struck me, but there was the same adoration for the man in both their faces.

He was one of those magnetic people born to be loved by women, born to be spoiled by them, born to deceive and make many of them unhappy.

I must do him the justice to say that he seemed thoroughly in love with the princess. It would have been hard for any man not to have loved the gay little creature, who had a butterfly's love of freedom, and who always seemed, amid the restraints of rank, like a bird in a gilded cage. She was, too, as an individual, very admirable and fascinating, and there was something positively pathetic in her adoration of him. Once I saw her flit away from the shaded seat where they had been together for the whole morning, and bring him back a bunch of violets. He rewarded her with that look and smile which I had noticed as so radiant and expressive.

She put her hands over her own eyes. "Don't look at me that way," said she, "I cannot bear it; your eyes scorch me."

She was a woman of such ethereal presence, so delicate, so refined by nature, that she could show her love without losing one particle of her dignity and womanhood. There was about her, too, the courtly breeding, the elegance of a woman of the highest rank, the first element of which courtly breeding is simplicity. It seemed strange to me to be looking out into this enchanted garden, this "*Forest of Ardennes*," and to have seen two *Rosalinds* flit before me, both in love with one *Orlando*. Sometimes I shut my eyes and asked if I were not dreaming; there is something very intoxicating in this Italian air; it gets into the blood. There are so many legends floating in it—there are *Paolo* and *Francesca di Rimini*; there are all the sweet heroines of the "*Decameron*;" *Lucrezia Borgia's* golden hair floats through one's brain; *Beatrice Cenci*, *Vittoria Colonna*, deepen and darken the tragic sky. Where shall one begin or end with the romance of Italy. "All this is a fancy," I thought; "I have known no noble English lady, no princess, no handsome, false, wandering knight; it is an old tale I have been reading, and I shall awake to reality."

So I mused, but opened my eyes and looked out of the window.

As I did so I saw Courtnay and the princess in the immortal attitude of the "Cupid and Psyche," sealing their betrothal with a sacred kiss.

In an hour after this event the princess honored me with a visit, and told me she had decided to marry Mr. Courtnay. She deemed it due, perhaps, to her dignity, that I, who had necessarily seen much of their intimacy, should know of her determination.

There was no reason why she should not marry him, except the will of her royal brother-in-law, and *that* she was determined to brave. Brave it she did—to the wonder and scandal of all Europe. They took the little duke, my bullet-headed young friend, away from her, and educated him for his high position, but I fear she did not care much. She had not loved his father, and the maternal instinct was not much developed in this strange, beautiful, wild little princess.

I rolled up my canvas, kissed the hand of my hospitable and distinguished hostess. Oh! how differently from the hand I had kissed before!—but *she* was my queen!—and left the Villa Lucca.

I heard from a distance of the royal rage and of my princess's determination. I read of the marriage in *Galignani*, and I sent as my humble gift—my portrait of the favored bridegroom. It brought me an autograph letter of thanks, with a "likeness of a kingly crown" on the note-paper.

And then I thought—ah! had I ever ceased to think of Lady Diana Estcourt? I knew how she had loved this man, I knew that such a woman would love but once. I did not dare to write to her; what should I say if I did? My silent sympathy must float to her through the air, I could not speak it.

I heard that she and her mother had returned to England, both in ill-health. *She* in ill-health!—that splendid *physique*—that noble and grand development? The wound must have been sudden and sharp, and aimed at a vital part, to have let out that vigorous well-being.

I was wandering around through Parma, Bologna, Ravenna, Padua, and other dear old Italian cities, for a year; my copies were completed. I was about to return to America, when I determined to go once again to the Lake of Como, and to see again the Villa Lucca. But at Caddennabia I heard that the Villa Lucca was let to a Russian princess, who did not allow strangers to intrude, so I went to the Villa Carlotta, which so much resembled it in position, and in the arrangements of the grounds, that I could almost rehabilitate old memories, and see again the fair shapes who had peopled for me the most romantic and poetical of garden solitudes.

As I was looking at the "Cupid and Psyche" of Canova, I noticed an English group, and recognized a lady whom I had met at Florence, a friend of the Estcourts. She shook me cordially by the hand, and gave me the latest news of an agreeable American and English circle in Florence. She was a great talker, so it was not immediately that I was able to ask for Lady Diana.

"Oh!" said she, "have you not heard? So sad, the prettiest girl in England! such an heiress—such a position! Lady Diana Estcourt is dead! our last letters brought us the news. Her mother thinks she was poisoned by the malaria somewhere here in Italy, at some villa or other. Well, these old Italian houses are unhealthy, no doubt; I would not like to pass a summer in one of them—would you, Mr. Thornton?"

I got away from my garrulous friend, and walked off into the shaded alleys. I thought of the tall girl with the chestnut hair, and the proud, fine carriage of the head. I thought of the generous, cheerful, and brave heart.

And then I thought of the black eyes and the beautiful smile, and the faithless character, that had brought her her doom. A bitter feeling came over me, almost a blasphemous wish that he might suffer as she had done.

When I returned to my hotel a packet of letters, and a package from my banker, awaited me.

I opened them and found a letter from poor Lady Estcourt. Its black borders feebly indicated the broken heart and the gloom which had settled down on the poor mother.

"I send you a parcel which poor Diana directed to you just before she died," said the letter.

I opened it; it was her water-color sketch of Courtnay—not a word of explanation. It was a mute appeal to me to forgive him. I understood it—it was like the dead Elaine floating down to Astolat with her speechless guardian; words were not needed.

M. E. W. S.

PECCADILLE;

OR, THE THREE DIPLOMATISTS.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

IT was after the events of 1830. The leading question of the day was to persuade Austria to accept the Revolution of July, and the change of dynasty. To conduct this difficult negotiation, the government had chosen Marshal Maison, a brave old soldier of the empire, but more used to the tactics of war than to those of diplomacy and politics. The marshal accepted reluctantly the post confided to him, and, before his departure, he turned his steps toward the hotel of Prince Talleyrand, in order to receive from the Machiavel of the Rue St-Florentin his last secret instructions.

When the marshal was announced, the prince was at work in his library. When he heard the name of his visitor, his sly little face assumed an expression of malicious glee, like that which is visible on the features of a naughty child when he sees a chance of tormenting a dog or a bird.

He hastened to change his dressing-gown of wadded brown silk for a more appropriate garb, and he then limped to the *salon* where the marshal awaited him. The latter was standing, clad in the uniform of his grade. His stern, manly face framed in long, white

hair, gave him, in spite of his rather ordinary aspect, an appearance of simple, rough dignity.

The prince opened the conversation. It was at first unimportant, as are all conversations. The marshal tried to lead the talk gradually toward politics, but then the prince instantly changed the subject. The marshal's efforts to accomplish the aim of his visit were utterly vain. The more serious he was, the more frivolous became his adversary. There was a sort of struggle between them, a struggle in which, as may be imagined, M. de Talleyrand had all the advantage. If the marshal attempted to speak of alliances to conclude, or of treaties to sign, the prince talked of the *corps de ballet* of the opera, or of other things of the same diplomatic importance.

"How shall I open the question with M. de Metternich?" said the marshal, at last out of patience.

"Come and see my cabinet of Chinese curiosities," answered Talleyrand, coolly.

The prince had really a very fine collection.

Poor marshal! he was obliged to endure all the pagodas, to admire all the teapots, and go into ecstasies before all the screens. Talleyrand watched maliciously the ill-disguised impatience of the old soldier, who silently but heartily cursed all the lacquered waiters and mandarins past, present, and to come!

"That is all," said the prince.

"At last! Heaven be praised!" thought the marshal, and his face beamed with satisfaction.

Talleyrand saw this gleam of joy, and he hastened to add:

"Ah! I think that I have forgotten the most curious thing in my collection, the right slipper of the Princess Fo-Aio, the daughter of the Emperor Ton-Kang. I forgot also the little sailing-vessel, which is an exact model in miniature of those that navigate the Yellow River."

And Talleyrand related the history of the slipper, and then entered into a long dissertation upon the progress of navigation in China. The marshal, who could no longer restrain his impatience, fidgeted nervously from one leg to the other.

"You are tired," said the prince, bringing forward a chair. "Will you not take a seat?"

At this the marshal lost all patience.

"Sacrebleu!" he cried; "for more than an hour you have been telling me stories that do not concern me, and showing me toys that I despise! And whenever I try to talk of my mission you instantly beat a retreat. Do you know that I strongly suspect you, M. le Prince, of making a fool of me?"

These words were uttered still more energetically than we have written them.

"Your mission!" replied Talleyrand, calmly. "Ah! of course, my dear marshal, let us talk of it. Why did you not mention it sooner?"

"How sooner? For more than an hour—"

"I did not understand. I was afraid of boring you by talking business. What I did was for your sake, for you know that busi-

ness is my element. You were about to remark—"

"That I am about to leave for Austria, and that—"

"Austria—a fine country! a very fine country!"

"And that in Vienna—"

"Vienna, a charming city! I am confident that you will like it!"

"I will see M. de Metternich—"

"An excellent fellow, though perhaps a little ceremonious. We led a very joyous life together. That reminds me of an adventure—"

"Allow me to observe, M. le Prince, that we are talking of my mission."

"Well!"

"What am I to say to M. de Metternich?"

"What are you to say to him?"

"Yes."

"I really do not know."

"What! you do not know?"

"I had not reflected when I told you that. You will say to him—"

"Well?"

"Only one word."

"And that is—"

"*Peccadille!*"

"*Peccadille!*"

"Yes."

"Permit me to take my leave of you, M. le Prince," said the marshal, perfectly beside himself, taking up his hat and going toward the door as he spoke.

"I wish you a pleasant journey. Above all, do not forget to say '*Peccadille*' to Metternich, and to say it from me."

The marshal departed in a tremendous rage, and Prince Talleyrand returned to his library, rubbing his hands gayly.

Arrived in the Austrian capital, the French envoy was extremely well received; he was loaded with all sorts of attentions, and entertainments without end were given to him, but of any interview with the minister there was not the slightest question. More than once already he had solicited an audience, and his request had always been refused under one pretext or another.

The old marshal cursed diplomacy, and loaded it with all the insulting epithets of which he had made a rich collection in the course of his military career. Driven out of all patience by these delays, he solicited an audience in such a pressing manner that it was at last accorded to him. The day was fixed as well as the hour.

"At last," thought the marshal, "I shall be able to explain myself."

At the moment he entered the minister's cabinet, Prince Metternich was in the act of crushing a dispatch between his fingers. On seeing the marshal enter, he glanced at the clock, and said:

"Marshal, I regret deeply that I am able to give you but very little time. His majesty the emperor has sent me an order which summons me to him in a few moments; I can only devote half an hour to you to-day. Another time I may be more fortunate."

"A great many things can be said in half an hour," thought the marshal.

A great many things may be said in half

an hour, it is true, and, above all, a great many things foreign to the subject under discussion. Talleyrand had already proved that to the marshal, and Metternich proved it to him anew. It was impossible for him to introduce a single word of politics during the thirty minutes that the interview lasted.

"I am obliged to leave you, sir," said the minister; "the half-hour is past."

"The die is cast," thought the marshal; "I have nothing more to do but to return to France."

Suddenly a thought struck him. M. de Metternich was on the point of leaving the room.

"I have a message for you from M. de Talleyrand."

"What is it?"

The marshal hesitated.

"What is it?" repeated the minister.

"*Peccadille*," said the marshal, in desperation.

At these words, M. de Metternich let go the door-knob, which he had already grasped, and quickly retraced his steps.

"*Peccadille*, did you say?"

"Yes, M. le Prince, from M. de Talleyrand."

"Oh, then that is very different. Why did you not say so before? To-day it is impossible for me to remain with you, because, as I have already told you, the emperor is waiting for me, but to-morrow I will receive you, and we will converse long and seriously, and believe me, sir, I will do all that is in my power to aid the success of your negotiation."

The marshal remained utterly bewildered by the mysterious effect of the name he had pronounced.

That evening there was a ball at the court. M. de Metternich approached the marshal, humming, as he did so, an old opera air:

"*Peccadille,
Si gentille*," etc.

He seemed in high good-humor, and conversed for a long time with the French envoy. The next day the promised interview took place. Shortly afterward the marshal returned to France, having accomplished his mission in the most satisfactory manner possible.

It now only remains to us to solve this riddle, which is what we are about to do.

In 1814, three statesmen, namely, MM. de Talleyrand, de Metternich, and de Nesselrode, were met together in Paris, and were engaged in settling the grave questions which had arisen out of the fall of Napoleon and the entrance of the allied powers into France.

Those grave interests took up nearly all their time, and yet they occasionally found means to escape from the preoccupations of diplomacy, saying among each other, "Let us put off serious matters till to-morrow."

One day the three diplomats were assembled at a gay dinner. Toward the end of the repast, they dismissed the servants in order to talk more freely; and certainly no one could have recognized in the jolly comrades, saying merrily all the foolish things that were inspired by the fumes of wine, the grave men who, that very morning, had been occupied by the affairs of a part of the world.

The conversation, after roving from one

frivolous subject to another, finally turned upon women.

"Oh," said Prince Talleyrand, "I know a marvel of beauty to whom nothing is comparable."

"I," said M. de Metternich, "know a woman who is fairer than the fairest!"

"And I," said M. de Nesselrode, the envoy of Russia, "can cite a person who certainly has no rival!"

"There exist apparently three incomparable beauties," then said M. de Talleyrand, who had spoken first; "but I do not doubt that mine is the handsomest of the three."

"No; it is mine."

"No; mine."

"It is easy to see that you do not know the person of whom I speak."

"Nor you the one whom I mean."

"If you had seen mine, you would not talk so enthusiastically of the beauty of the others."

Thus commenced, the conversation gradually grew animated, and finally degenerated into a quarrel.

"We are absurd, gentlemen," said at length M. de Talleyrand; "there is a very simple means of solving the difficulty: let us bring these three mysterious beauties together."

"An excellent idea, but difficult of execution."

"Not in the least. This is opera-night; I offer you my box. Each of us will write to his goddess, and, when the three are met together there, we will arrive."

"Bravo!"

Talleyrand rang, and sent for pen, ink, and paper. Each of the men wrote a note and gave it to a footman, ordering him to take a circuitous route when he left the hotel, in order to baffle the curious in case he was followed.

Another hour passed, and then the three guests set off for the opera.

Arrived at the door of the box, M. de Talleyrand motioned to M. de Metternich to enter first, who in turn went through the same ceremony with M. de Nesselrode. Each of them repeated:

"After you, sir."

"M. le Prince, I could not think of it."

At last, Prince Metternich entered.

In an arm-chair at the front of the box sat a solitary lady, but one, we must say, of the most dazzling beauty.

"What does this pleasantry mean, sir?" asked M. de Metternich, brusquely, of Prince Talleyrand, who followed him.

"I was about to ask you the same question," said, at the same time, M. de Nesselrode.

"And I was about to address it to you, gentlemen," replied Talleyrand.

"Why did you send off my note only?"

"It was mine."

"You mean mine."

"Frankly, gentlemen, I do not understand the situation."

"Here is the explanation," then said the fair unknown; and, drawing from her glove three little folded papers, she presented one to each of the three statesmen.

All the notes bore the same address.

That address was "Peccadille."

When MM. de Metternich and de Nesselrode were about to leave France, they met for a last conference with Prince Talleyrand.

"We are about to separate," said the latter. "Do you not think that it would be as well to establish a means of understanding each other from afar as we do when we are together?"

"We can write."

"A letter may be lost, and that is compromising."

"We might establish a correspondence in cipher."

"That has the same drawback. There are keys to all known ciphers."

"Let us invent a new alphabet."

"That is not much more certain."

"Then what can we do?"

"Might we not, as is the custom during war, fix upon a common watchword, and accord all credit to the envoy who shall repeat to any one of us this word from one of the others?"

"Let us choose a word, then. But what shall it be?"

"Let us see."

"Patriotism?"

"Bad."

"Fraternity?"

"No."

"Loyalty?"

"Impossible."

"Then what can we take?"

"A proper name would be best."

"Very well, then, let it be a proper name—but there are so many. Could not a mistake arise through a lapse of memory?"

"I have it, gentlemen—I have it!" said Prince Talleyrand, at that moment. "I will give you a name which neither of us three will ever forget, I am certain."

"What name is that?"

"PECCADILLE!"

WHAT ARE THE FUNCTIONS OF GOVERNMENT?

HAVING lately published an article advocating certain supplementary public instruction under the direction of the government, and that article having excited criticism in the JOURNAL, I feel it not only my right to be heard further in explanation of the principle involved in the proposition, but that it is my duty to prevent, so far as I may, the classing of certain social scientists—who are at issue with Herbert Spencer upon the question of the functions of government—with those visionary and ill-disciplined agitators who have "so little faith in the laws of things and so much faith in themselves, that they would chain earth and sun together, lest centripetal force should fail."

For myself, and many others who are pursuing the study of social science, we regard Herbert Spencer as one of the first intelligences that the world has known—if not indeed the first in all the essentials of the ideal philosopher. Those who voluntarily yield to him so grand an admiration, would

not, of course, presume to criticise any of his conclusions without a serious study of them; and it is only after such serious study and long deliberation upon his premises and conclusions, that I have come to the conviction that his deductions regarding the details of governmental function are too narrow for his definition of that function, viz., "the maintaining of men's rights." By the term rights, Mr. Spencer repeatedly declares in his "Social Statics" that he means the "general liberty to exercise the faculties." He does not believe that organizing charitable institutions, regulating commerce, the postal service, or in any way guaranteeing instruction to the people, are legitimate functions of the state. "The government by coining money," he says, "diminishes men's liberty of action in the same way as by any other trade restriction—in short, does wrong;" also that "a government cannot undertake postal functions without reversing its essential function." Nor would he have the government undertake the construction of public works, harbors, light-houses, etc. In this connection he says: "The imposition of taxes for other purposes than maintaining men's rights is as much forbidden by our definition of state-duty as is a system of national education, or a religious establishment."

It seems to me that Mr. Spencer's definition of the function of government applies simply to the most primitive form of political union, where tribes band together for the sole purpose of mutual protection in plundering outside tribes, and for defending their plunder from reprisal; unless, indeed, we interpret his definition more broadly than he himself interprets it. Forms of government, under the laws of evolution, develop according to the universal order of growth from simplicity to complexity. We know that the complexity of the functions of society, like those of the individual, increases in direct ratio with the development of civilization. Government is nothing more than the expression of the functions of society under a mutual compact or constitution. The maintaining of the "general liberty to exercise the faculties" is a little vague, at least to the ordinary student. Man placed on a desert island is never in a more free condition "to exercise the faculties," the only difficulty being that he *cannot* exercise these faculties except his environment be adapted to them.

It cannot readily be admitted that when the government—that is, society in its corporate capacity—has placed itself in a position to repel invaders and to hang or otherwise punish certain kinds of crime, it has exercised all the function that it can, in the nature of things, legitimately possess. To be sure, the wisdom, the justice—the moral sentiment of the government generally—cannot be greater than that of the community; "no philosopher's stone of a constitution can produce golden conduct from leaden instincts;" but in the wise choice of our public servants—if ever we become wise enough to know how to elect the most able—we shall have the necessary conditions for bringing to a focus the moral forces of the community. The result will be

a collective wisdom, a collective conscience, greater than that of the wisest and most virtuous citizen, and by which the prosperity of the commonwealth can be secured and preserved. Such a blessed consummation cannot be effected very soon. The world has yet to witness the experiment of a true democracy: a government in which no good citizen can be disfranchised—none taxed without representation.

Until the experiment of such a government is tried, and possibly some time after, we shall continue to hear on all sides this clamor of indignant protest against the inefficiency, the mismanagement, and the corruption of government officials. Everywhere men act, and write, and talk, as if the people constituted one power and the government another; as if the people must wage eternal war against the encroachments of their common enemy—the government! This is indeed a pitiable spectacle for the philosopher. Will it require an eternity for men to realize that the shame of their republican governments is their own shame? The truth is, that the rage for wealth, for "making money" whereby to gain social supremacy, is preventing the growth of the nobler desire for national honor and prosperity. Men everywhere deery politics as something worthy only of the low, the intriguing portion of the community. Clearly, as long as the "sovereigns" of a republic are ashamed of having anything to do with politics, they will continue to pay very dearly for the kind of protection which legislative sleight-of-hand affords them.

Under such circumstances it is natural to suppose that the people will oppose any extension of the functions of government; since the assumption of new duties implies not only further taxation, but the moral certainty that the duty assumed will be badly performed, and the money wasted. The only object, then, must be to reduce the work of the government to the minimum; that of guaranteeing to the governed the "general liberty to exercise the faculties." The attitude of the victims of government seems to express: "You let us alone. Don't demand too much money for your amusements, and you are welcome to do what you like. All we want is the liberty to make money, to grow as much as we like about 'official corruption,' and, when abroad in monarchical countries, to swagger about 'our glorious institutions.'"

Seriously, it does seem that the conception of the function of government is in danger of becoming sadly demoralized. Our forefathers declared it to be, among other things, "to promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty" to their posterity. Now, whatever evils have beset our country, none will deny that it *has been*, at least, a great and prosperous country. Our institutions, or our conditions, by whatever name we may designate them, have secured wealth, education, and social culture, to a larger proportion of the population than have the conditions in any other country; and it is but fair to suppose that the wisdom and the moral sense of the fathers of our country, by the natural law of progress, were

greater in some degree, or constituted in the sum a higher moral force, than those presiding over the organization of previously-existing governments. If this be true, it is fair to conclude that there ought to be evolved here a nobler and truer conception of the function of government than in those countries where the rights of primogeniture, hereditary rule, the union of church and state, property qualifications for the franchise, etc., are still principles incorporated in the administration—cardinal principles in the foundation of the state. Of course, it does not follow that the first political economist, to give the true definition of the function of government, should be born or reared under free or other institutions. The world is always the country of the philosopher. But it is difficult to resist the belief that at least some of the conclusions of Mr. Spencer have been biased by his environment—by the special wrongs resulting from the taxation of the people to support an established church, for example.

Where church and state are united, it may be that the establishment of state education would prove disastrous. "Institutions," as he says, "dependent for their vitality upon the continuance of existing arrangements, naturally uphold these . . . change threatens them, modifies them, eventually destroys them. . . . On the other hand, education, properly so called, is closely associated with change, is its pioneer, is the never-sleeping agent of revolution, is always fitting men for higher things, and unfitting them for things as they are. Therefore, between institutions whose very existence depends upon man continuing what he is, and true education, there must always be enmity."

Now, this argument from Mr. Spencer ("Social Statics") against state education, while it applies signally to governments supporting an established religion, does not apply to a republic, one of whose fundamental principles is "to promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty" to posterity. On the contrary, I submit that it is a most able argument in favor of state education where, as in this country, from the very nature of our political principles, it must be secular, and may be ethical, but never sectarian. It is conceded that there can be no better possible use for the people's wealth, in a republic, than that of increasing the intelligence of the citizens. The cause of the failure of republican governments to realize what has been hoped for them by their founders is, I believe, attributable mainly to the ignorance of the people in respect to the principles underlying democratic government—the due inculcation of the responsibility resting upon each citizen for the maintenance of the stability and growth of the national prosperity; and, further, that it must be a vital oversight in the beginning of all republics to make no provision for the teaching of those principles in every school in the realm.

Mr. Spencer says: "Conceding for a moment that the government is bound to educate a man's children, what kind of logic will demonstrate that it is not bound to feed and clothe them?" I do not see that such a

deduction is legitimate from the premise. As well might it be argued that because the government is bound to protect a man's property from the pillage of neighboring savages, it is bound to protect his granaries from the invasion of rats. The government, it seems to me, is bound, in its corporate capacity, to do that for the citizens which they cannot do for themselves in their individual capacity. The postal service, the coining of money, the keeping of statistics and national records, are some of the functions which neither the individual nor the small aggregations of individuals forming townships can perform for themselves any more than they can protect themselves from pirates or invading enemies. Neither are small and poor communities able to guarantee good education to their members, though the growing sense of the importance of thorough instruction causes untold anxiety, disappointment, and a demoralizing despair where it cannot be attained. Mr. Spencer, in his "Social Statics," labors to show that children's rights "are not violated by a neglect of their education." He says that "omitting instruction in no way takes from a child's freedom to do whatsoever it wills in the best way it can; and this function is all that equity demands." I do not see that, under the definition of state-duty as given by Mr. Spencer, the state is really bound to do any thing, not even to repel invasion; for, surely, where a community is struggling unaided to put down insurrection, or to repel barbarian invaders, it is still fully exercising its "faculties;" so, also, is it when lynching a criminal, or otherwise administering justice "in the best way it can."

Does it not seem fair to conclude that this limited conception of human rights and the function of government owes its being rather to the contemplation of the multitude of political and administrative abuses than to the fact—which Mr. Spencer admits—that more perfect conditions for the exercise of the faculties are being evolved, and that the belief in those conditions is a potent factor in bringing them into existence? The rights of human beings, the rights of children, must involve something more than the liberty to do whatever they will in the best way they can. Certainly the mothers, if not the fathers, of "these little ones" will never admit that they have not, by the very fact of being brought into life, the natural right to food, clothing, shelter, education, and tender care; and, further, that whatever of these rights the individual, the family, or the small community, cannot secure to them in their individual capacity, the government—that is, the people in their corporate capacity—should guarantee them as a part, and—if a distinction be justifiable—the most vitally important part of its function.

But the author of "Social Statics," in the preface to the American edition of that work, admits that some of his deductions he would qualify, had he to restate them; and he specifies in this connection the chapter upon "The Rights of Children."

In regard to state taxation for the relief of paupers—those who are too old or too infirm to earn their daily bread—Mr. Spencer

may be right. He believes that "there could hardly be found a more efficient device for estranging men from each other, and decreasing their fellow-feeling, than the system of state almsgiving;" that, in short, it in every way defeats the object it is intended to gain. The question of the proper limits of charity, and the fittest manner for its exercise, covers a wide field. For ages the best minds have attempted its solution, and considerable progress has been made since the code of Lycurgus was in force, which rendered legal the strangling at birth of all children who were not likely to develop into warriors or athletes. Still we hear people to-day commending the wisdom of that law. Possibly it would not be morally wrong to destroy at birth what are termed monsters, but the general intelligence of the public decrees that they be preserved, as long as they may be, for the benefit of science.

That in the struggle for existence the fittest will survive is a law of Nature; but no one will deny that in that struggle the weaker have the right to every aid possible in their environment; therefore it follows that in human society the weaker members, the unfortunate of all classes, have the right to scientific treatment and to the sympathy they are able to excite to all aids possible in the higher development of human beings. The poor, the children of parents unable to buy for them the training afforded by the scientific methods of the present day, are an unfortunate class; and the struggle for education is the struggle for existence, since to be shut out forever from the vivifying light of modern thought, modern scientific achievements, and from a knowledge of the methods by which those achievements have been attained, is to be but partially alive; for it is to have the senses and most of the mental faculties but feebly developed and practically useless, like the eyes of the blind fish in the Mammoth Cave.

MARIE HOWLAND.

DEAD LEAVES.

A WEEK ago—how beautiful!
To-day—how sere they lie!
The glory of the forest fled—
Like splendor from the sky:
I trample on the fallen leaves
That yesterday, like gems,
Flashed brightness on my wondering eyes,
From countless diadems.

They answer to my heedless feet
With crispness in their tone:
"Tread lightly for the beauty's sake
Thine eyes in us have known;
We were but shadows, when we glowed
In crimson, of thy pride;
We still are shadows of its fall,
And just before it glide!"

I would the withered leaves were fair,
That I might shun to tread
Their dying verdure in the dust
With which my hopes fall dead:
For when, in crimson and in gold,
My ripened joys shall flame,
The brief, bright beauty of the leaves
Is theirs—to sere the same!

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.



THE UNKNOWN PICTURESQUE.

THE State of New York, rich in every thing else, is also rich in the unknown picturesque. It exists in quiet corners, away from the great, well-known, and world-renowned Niagaras, and Hudson Rivers, lakes, bays, and small historical houses, Washington headquarters, and all that sort of thing; here and there by a quiet river, or a little lake, sometimes called a pond, you find a beautiful house, a sweet, reserved beauty, one which hides, behind fine old trees, the graces of an almost perfect domestic architecture.

Three such houses happen to be among my acquaintances. One of them, built by a former governor of the State, stands on the brink of the loveliest little sheet of water possible. I always think of the miraculous draught of fishes when I stand on its shore; there is something Scriptural in its serene quietude—it recalls that Sea of Galilee on whose shores such gentle lessons were taught. At eventide it is so opaline, so tender, so lovely, reflecting, as it does, hills wooded to the top, and beyond them the sunset, that I long to lay my hand on its serene surface, as I would on the brow of a child. The peace and purity are marvelous; it is almost pathetic in its presence to think how noisy, and quarrelsome, and disturbed, the world is outside.

The house is a substantial and handsome

cases, with one or two exceptions. I say adjoining towns, for this house, with its exquisite lake lying twenty rods from its front-door, is six miles from anywhere. It stands embowered in hills, bathed in solitude; within is every luxury, every refinement; yet you approach it by a lonely road, through a forest, when it breaks upon you with green hills tumbling in on every side, with this sheet of water, which would be a famous place of resort in Europe, and you utter:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."

This is the unknown picturesque, this is the

"gem of purest ray serene."

Another old house, in the same neighborhood, is interesting chiefly from its irregularity. It has no architectural claims—it is wandering and purposeless—but it stands on a babbling brook—

"The lapidary brook makes music for them all"—

and certain high pines shade it from the sun. Here came the founder of the family in 1798, and cut down the trees with which his house is built. He made a vast and beautiful drawing-room, as if he were Duke of Devonshire; he paneled it with the wild-cherry, which now has the same rich, red, dark color as the staircase at the lake. He built a beautiful staircase, so that ladies in pompous brocades could go up and down. It is wide and grand, with a tasteful balustrade. He built a library which his clergyman son-in-law filled

one, with wings running back. Unfortunately, the front is disfigured by an attic portico, the rage for the Parthenon, following on Lord Elgin's discoveries, having just then fired the American mind, so that they imagined—our immediate forefathers—that a Greek temple was the best pattern for a house. The interior of the house contains a circular staircase, which is very beautiful, and very valuable, taking up very little room, being ornamental, at the same time sincere, built of cherry-wood, to which time has brought a rich red color as handsome as that of mahogany. It is strange that this matter of staircases is so little understood. Here is one success, yet the neighborhood did not copy it. The adjoining towns are full of monstrous, ugly, and inconvenient staircases.

with books—rare old folios, dark, old Latin fathers, sermons in stones they might be called, for they are quite as heavy. There they lie now, with Time at work at them, gnawing their leathern backs, and rusting their fine mediæval metal clasps. These are curious books, wanting only a reader. What would not the boy Chatterton have given for an hour in this old library?

Here, in the early days, the deer came down to drink from the brook, and the lady in stately brocade could look from her window and see the noble antlered son of the forest at his morning or evening tipple. One legend of the place is, that, as they were all at breakfast, word came that the deer were drinking in the brook, and one had caught his antlers in a tree. One young man rushed out and killed him with a *carving-knife*; steel thus got at the venison before it was brought to table.

Many are the legends clustering round such an old house. The first one in the county, built with incredible labor and hardship, it still remains—within, one of the most beautiful; without, one of the most interesting. There was much more individuality in the people then, and less patent machinery. Things were done honestly.

But the third house demands more elaborate description. It stands alone, in its own green park with lofty trees, long avenues, and has behind it a mountain wooded to the top with the "forest primeval."

"The murmuring pines and the hemlocks"

form the lullaby and the nightly serenade; a garden, laid out in prim borders, quaint beds, long alleys, stretches behind the house toward an orchard, which ends only at the foot of the mountain. Sweet, old-fashioned flowers, pinks, and gilly-flowers, roses, lilies, phloxes, poppies, peonies, sweet-peas and mignonette, bluebells and ladies'-slippers, life-everlasting, and sweet-lavender, these flaunt, flourish, and perfume the air, in the old-fashioned garden. Gooseberry and currant bushes grow in thickets, and three generations of children have played in its honeysuckle ambuscades. It is retired and secluded, yet filled with a generation of memories. Young men and maidens, now gray-haired and elderly, have flirted and blushed in yonder summer-house, and the roses have budded, bloomed, and faded, for seventy Junes.

As for the house itself, it is almost perfect—long, and low, and synthetical, it consists of a centre and two wings. The entrance is a Dutch porch, in which a bedroom is built over the front door, supported by two pillars. This is hung with vines, and is the prettiest, quaintest thing in the world. It looks like Nuremberg; it is beautiful and convenient. The lady who sits at that lattice should be like the one imaged forth in "County Guy":

"To beauty shy, at lattice high,
Sings high-born cavalier."

The house is built of wood, and profusely and tastefully ornamented with wood-carvings; vines, vases, and architectural ornaments, follow one another over the Dutch porch, all in perfect taste. Real green vines

in great luxuriance, almost as beautiful as English ivy, festoon the whole front of the house. The hall goes through the house, and, as one door swings open, another opposite it opens and reveals the garden and the mountain. In this hall, and a continuation of it in the shape of a back-piazza, the family spend their lives, neglecting as they do so a parlor which is in its way a gem. For here the architect, taking the Ionic order for his text, has built a beautiful room of wood. All the high fireplace and its adjacent mouldings are of wood, quaintly carved. Two inches are let in on either side of the fireplace, just large enough for a table, a vase of flowers, or an easy-chair. These are outlined by Ionic pilasters. In the corners of the room Ionic pilasters are turned cornerwise, giving a beautiful effect of finish. It is paneled about three feet from the floor; little, old-fashioned windows let in an insufficiency of light. This could be improved upon. The dining-room, a plainer apartment, has still some good wood paneling, and is a cheerful, well-proportioned room.

But the glorious great fireplaces, with three picturesque wood-fires, where yet the wood from the near hill-side affords material to keep the family hearth alight, are the chief beauties of these pretty, old-fashioned rooms. I know no such good company as a wood-fire. It is the very best society, genial, sympathetic, and suggestive. You can paint what pictures you wish in these coals and dying embers, and, as the flames mount and aspire, so do your thoughts, with no crabbed interposition of Fate to kill your ambition. The old house is in a lofty altitude, fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, and the evenings and mornings are cool. In the latter part of September the fire becomes very comfortable—in fact, all through the summer the brass andirons and the brass fender are kept very bright, and a few logs are laid, with an underpinning of pine-cones, ready for the obedient match.

Beyond all the rooms, stretching out toward the kitchen and offices, which enjoy a long extension to themselves at the back of the house, lies what was once a kitchen, now a servants' dining-room. And oh, what a ballroom! Cleared of its tables, what "Sir Roger de Coverleys" have been danced up and down its hard, polished oak floor! The third generation from the founder is now, at this moment, working off the ichor of youth to the music furnished by two sons of Africa. Thither come the youths and maidens as they did seventy years ago to dance. One gentleman of the neighborhood claims to have danced in that kitchen fifty years ago, and he is still the chief ornament of the parties of to-day. The German cotillon, an exotic of distinction, has, of course, in the present age, been added to the contra-dance of the past; but, out of deference to the past, the Virginia Reel is never omitted.

In one corner of this ballroom-kitchen hangs an historical crane in a great brick chimney and stone fireplace. When Longfellow's "Hanging of the Crane" came out, this now-disused engine of hospitality became curious and historical. Old friends told tales of arriving at the house cold, and chilled,

and hungry, and being taken before the great wood-fire in this abounding kitchen, watched with interest the pendent goose roasting before the great logs, and heard the kettle sing welcome as it hung from the crane. Now a modern kitchen, with "improvements," has been built farther on, and the old fireplace rests upon its memories. No such toothsome cookery comes from the modern cooking-stove as its simplicity produced, and it may well sniff at the inferior broiled chickens and the less luscious puddings which its modern rival sends forth.

Cooking over a wood-fire was very troublesome to the cook, but it had a superiority like that of a real camel's-hair shawl, real wood-carving, or real jewels, over imitation. It was vastly better, if well done, than any other. It required talent, patience, work, and good luck; the wood must not smoke, the coals must have reached that glow where, as the poet says—

"One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired that nameless grace."

But, when "the hour and the woman" met, then beefsteaks were glorified, and pumpkins became a beatific vision fit for the appreciation of Brillat Savarin.

As I have looked at the old house from an eminence, with its wandering dependencies of wings, wash-houses, smoke-houses, and ice-houses, all nicely masked with trees, with its ample barns and stables, and yards for cows, and pigs, and poultry—a little empire by itself, holding all the material of self-preservation for its garrison independently of the outer world—I have thought of Retzsch's "Song of the Bell," that particular sketch of comfort and prosperity which he draws just before the fire comes which sweeps it all off. So far the Fire-King has spared the honest, wandering old house. May he long spare it!

So lonely is its situation, a mile from the village, that the owls come down from the forest and hoot at night, and bats float in at the open parlor-window as the piano gives forth "Batti Batti," according to a family wit. Squirrels in great colonies chatter, and chirp, and live unmolested in the trees of the lawn, and afford amusement to the lazy loungers on the grass, as, lying at full length with pipe in mouth, he takes his *dolce far niente*.

It is a great place to be lazy in, a sort of comfortable Adirondack trip, with the advantage of a house to camp and eat in. Its comparative isolation has been preserved by the accidental absence of railroads near it. It was long shunned by these modern improvements, much to its advantage. Now, however, a shrieking engine has invaded the orchard, and has sent the hamadryads weeping to their molested solitudes.

At the foot of the lawn runs a capricious river, sometimes only a pebbly brook, sometimes a mountain-torrent, sometimes a broad lake, after a freshet. This uncertain tributary of Undine becomes afterward a great and important river, bearing navies on its breast. It is in its childhood, its "sweet seventeen," near the old house, and behaves accordingly. It gleams through the trees with coquettish

smiles, and adds new charms to the old house.

The whole aspect of the place is like that of an old English rectory. Miss Mitford could revel in the garden. Miss Austin would hide one of her quiet heroines in just such a spot. Of an autumn day one invokes Washington Irving's description to reach the yellow of the pumpkin, the red of the apple, the russet tints of the ripening grain. And after the first frost, then is the old place hung in purple, and scarlet, and gold. Maples light up their autumnal lanterns all down the long avenue, and at its foot the moon rises in serene majesty.

The story of the old house is this: A large tract of land, one of the military grants, was given by a Revolutionary officer to his son. Eight hundred acres off in the forest cannot have been a very easily-handled gift, one would think, to the young lawyer on the Hudson. But he took it, and went out bravely to fell the trees and build his house. He did it well. He sent to Philadelphia—then a fortnight's journey off—for his architect, and, not having been bitten by the American idea that every man can do every thing without education, he hired skilled workmen to do all his work for him.

It remains to praise him, for the beams do not give, the chimneys do not smoke, the beauty and sincerity of his work are here. The old house stretches its wings over its young owner—third generation from its founder—and promises to protect him and his, as it has done his ancestors. Peace be to its foundations! May the industry and energy which built it descend, and the hospitality which has ever been its characteristic, continue, as long as one beam remains upon another!

The old house has one terrible defect. It has no ghost. Without a good ghost, no old house is perfect. In vain have its inmates tried to get up a headless lady, or a two-headed man, or a shrouded, bloody mystery. It always turns out to be a cat, or a dog, or a perfectly uninteresting broomstick with a towel hung over it. No ghost will accept a lodgment. It is an aristocratic want, a defect in the family tree. The old house has seen its sorrows; brave and beautiful young men have been borne dead from its portals; sad and incomplete lives have hidden their sorrows under its shade. Hither have come aching hearts, smarting under fresh grief. Little bands of children have trooped about it in mock military array, when lo! one has dropped out, one soldier has laid down his gun forever; and the music has ceased, and for some hearts a muffled drum has beaten, never to be silenced.

The old, they whose gray hairs made the fireside sacred, and the garden-walks historical, they who presided at the family board for half a century, they have gone, but they return not, save in the form of loving memories.

All that is morbid, all that is terrible, shuns, so far, the dear old house. It accepts the mingled joy and sorrow of a common destiny, but has no "picturesque and gloomy wrong."

THE FIRE AT TRANTER SWEATLEY'S.

A WESSEX BALLAD.

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD,"
"THE HAND OF ETHELBERTA," ETC.

THEY had long met o' Sundays—her true-love and she—

And at junketings, May-poles, and flings;
But she dwelt wi' a crabbed old uncle, and he
Swore by noon and by night that her husband
should be

Naighbour Sweatley (a man often weak at the
knee

From taking o' sommat more cheerful than
tea),

Who trauted, and moved people's things.

She cried, "O pray pity me!" naught would
he hear;

Then with wild rainy eyes she obeyed.

She chid when her love was for clinking off
wi' her;

The passon was told, as the season drew near,
To throw over pulpit the names of the pair
As fitting one flesh to be made.

The wedding-day dawned, and the morning
drew on,

The couple stood bridegroom and bride;
The evening was passed, and when midnight
had gone

The folks horned out "God Save the King,"
and anon

To their home the pair gloomily hied.

The lover, Sim Tankens, mourned heart-sick
and drear

To be thus of his darling deprived;
He roamed in the dark around field, mound,
and mere,

And, a'most without knowing it, found him-
self near

The house of the tranter, and now of his dear,
Where the moving lights showed they'd
arrived.

The bride sought her chimmer so calm and so
pale

That a Northern had thought her resigned;
But to eyes that had seen her in seasons of
weal—

Like the white cloud of smoke, the red battle-
field's veil—

That look told of havoc behind.

The bridegroom yet loitered a beaker to drain,
Then reeled to the linhay for more;

When the candle-snoff kindled the chaff from
his grain,

Flames sprout and rush upward wi' might and
wi' main,

And round beams, thatch, and chimley-tun
roar.

Young Sim in the distance aroused by the
light,

Through brimbles and underwood tears,
Till he comes to the orchet, when slap in his
sight,

Beneath a bowed codlin-tree trimbling wi'
fright,

Wi' an old coat she'd found on a scarecrow
bedight,

His gentle young Barbara appears.

Her form in these cold, mildewed tatters he
views,

Played about by the frolicsome breeze;
Her light-tripping totties, her ten little tooes,
All bare and besprinkled wi' fall's chilly
dews,

While her great frightened eyes, through her
ringlets so loose,

Shone like stars through a tangle of trees.

She eyed him; and, as when a weir-hatch is
drawn,

Her tears, penned by terror before,
Wi' a rushing of sobs in a torrent were strawn
Till her power to pour 'em seemed wasted and
gone

From the heft of misfortune she bore.

"O Sim! my own Sim, I must call 'ee—I will!
All the world have turned round on me so!
Can you help her who loved 'ee, though acting
so ill?

Can you pity her misery—feel for her still?
When worse than her body so quivering and
chill

Is her heart in its winter of woe!

"I think I could almost have borne it," she
said,

"Had my griefs one by one come to hand:
But oh, to be slave to an uncle for bread,
And then, upon top o' that, driven to wed,
And then, upon top o' that, burnt out o' bed,
Is more than my natur can stand!"

Sim's soul like a lion within him outsprung
(Sim had a great soul when his feelings were
wrung)—

"Feel for 'ee, dear Barbie!" he cried.
Then his warm working-jacket about her he
flung,

Made a back, horsed her up, till behind him
she clung:

Like a chiel on a gypsy her figure uphung
As the two sleeves before him he tied.

Over piggeries, and mixens, and apples, and
hay,

They stumbled straight into the night;
And finding, at length, where a bridle-path
lay,

By dawn reached Sim's mother's—who, up
with the day,

In round, kindly spectacles glared every way
To gather some clew to the sight.

Then old Mis'ess Tankens she searched here
and there

For some closet—though fearing 'twas sin—
Where Barbie could hide, and for clothes she
could wear,

A task hard enough with a creature so fair,
Who, half scrambled to death, sat and cried in
a chair

To think what a stoor she was in.

The loft, up the ladder, seemed safe; and all
day

In that hiding she laid her sweet limbs;
But most of the time in a terrible way,
Well knowing that there'd be the piper to
pay

When 'twas found that, instead of the ele-
ment's prey,

She was living in lodgings at Sim's.

"Where's the tranter?" said men and boys;
"Where can he be?"

"Where's the tranter?" said Barbie alone;
"Wherever's the tranter?" said everybod-y;

They sifted the dust of his perished roof-tree,
And all they could find was a bone!

Then the uncle cried, "Lord, pray have mercy
on me!"

And in sorrow began to repent;
But before 'twas complete, and till sure she
was free,

Barbie drew up her lost-ladder, tight turned
her key

(Sim handing in breakfast, and dinner, and
tea)—

Till the crabbed man gied his consent.

There was skimmity-riding with rout, about,
and flare

In Weatherbury, Stokeham, and Windleton,
ere

They had proof of old Sweatley's decay;
The Mellstock and Yalbury folk stood in a
stare

(The tranter owned houses and garden-ground
there),

But little did Sim or his Barbara care—
For he took her to church the next day.

SOME CURIOUS WILLS.

THE making of a man's last will and tes-
tament is one of the most momentous
acts of his life. No matter how frivolous or
indifferent a man may be, he cannot but re-
cognize the gravity and responsibility of an act
that will live after him, long after the hand
that traced it has mingled with its kindred
dust. It is then that men avail themselves
of the best and sometimes the only oppor-
tunity of declaring their mind to the world.
They feel that, however much their acts or
thoughts may have been ignored or spurned
by an unfriendly or unwilling world, they
will for once command attention when they
pen their last thoughts and directions in a
testament. Accordingly, we find many who
have smarted by the world's rebuffs, "the
proud man's contumely," or who have been
victims of its injustice or disappointment,
who now vent their opinions about men and
things most freely and fully, railing some-
times in a cynical manner at men's profes-
sions, practices, and pursuits, and leaving
behind them a protestation against sham,
against perfidy of friends, or against hollow-
ness of pretension.

As a phase of human nature, it cannot
fail to prove interesting to examine a few of
the remarkable and curious wills people have
written. There we see the outcomings of
their affections, the nature and objects of
their antipathies, their opinions upon a va-
riety of subjects, their idiosyncrasies, and
their vagaries.

Generally there are directions as to the
place or manner of burial, as to be buried near
a wife or some member of a family: in one case
a testator directed that he should be buried
between the graves of his first and second
wives, without regard, it is supposed, to the
opinion of either. Many limit the expenses
of their burial and funeral pageant; and
others totally forbid any display whatever.
Thus, in the case of the will of Mr. Zimmer-
man, proved in Doctors' Commons, in 1840,
there were directions for his funeral; and he
accompanied them with something like a
threat in case they were not carried out. He
says: "No person is to attend my corpse to
the grave, nor is any funeral-bell to be rung,

and my desire is to be buried plainly and in a decent manner, and if this be not done, *I will come again, that is, if I can.*"

The Countess Dowager of Sandwich, in her will, written by herself at the age of eighty, which was proved in November, 1862, expresses her wish "to be buried decently and quietly—no undertakers' frauds, or cheating, no scarfs, hat-bands, or nonsense."

Mrs. Kitty Jenkyn Packe Reading, who died in 1870 abroad, desired her remains to be first put into a leaden coffin, then inclosed in a wooden coffin, and taken as freight to her residence, Branksome Tower, in England. And, foreseeing that the dimensions of the entrance to her residence would not be sufficient to admit the corpse in this manner, she directed the window of one of the parlors to be taken out, in order to admit her remains.

Not a few testators give directions as to the disposition of their remains after death. Thus, Mr. William Kensett, who died in October, 1855, left his body to the directors of the Imperial Gas Company of London, to be placed in one of their retorts and consumed to ashes. If not, he directed it to be buried in the family grave in St. John's Wood Cemetery, to assist in poisoning the neighborhood. Generally, the curious wills are home-made, but this of Mr. Kensett was made by a solicitor.

But a far stranger direction than this was in the case of *Morgan vs. Boys*, reported in Taylor's "Medical Jurisprudence," and which was brought under judicial decision. The testator devised his property to a stranger, and wholly disinherited his next of kin, and directed that his executors should "cause some parts of his bowels to be converted into fiddle-strings, that others should be sublimed into smelling-salts, and that the remainder of his body should be vitrified into lenses for optical purposes." In a letter attached to the will, the testator said: "The world may think this to be done in a spirit of singularity or whim, but I have a mortal aversion to funeral-pomp, and I wish my body to be converted into purposes useful to mankind." The will was attacked on the ground of insanity; but it was shown that the testator had conducted his affairs with great shrewdness and ability, that, so far from being imbecile, he had always been regarded by his associates through life as a person of indisputable capacity. It was declared a valid will, and, in the opinion of the judge who heard it, it was nothing more than eccentricity. This would hardly be the decision of a court here at present. Many wills have been refused probate on the ground of a disgusting fondness for brute animals. Taylor reports one case where the testatrix, an unmarried female, kept fourteen dogs of both sexes, which were provided with kennels in her drawing-room. In another case, a female, who lived by herself, kept a multitude of cats, which were provided with regular meals, and furnished with plates and napkins. This strange fondness for animals, in solitary females, is not altogether unusual, and therefore cannot be regarded as any certain indication of insanity.

In June, 1828, the London papers recorded the singular will of an English testa-

tor, named Garland, containing the following clause:

"I bequeath to my monkey, my dear and amusing Jacko, the sum of ten pounds sterling per annum, to be employed for his sole use and benefit; to my faithful dog Shook, and my well-beloved cat Tib, a pension of five pounds sterling; and I desire that, in case of the death of either of the three, the lapsed pension shall pass to the other two, between whom it is to be equally divided. On the death of all three, the sum appropriated to this purpose shall become the property of my daughter Gertrude, to whom I give this preference among my children because of the large family she has, and the difficulty she finds in bringing them up."

It has been remarked that testators often speak their minds freely of others; and wives have not escaped the aspersions which are sometimes contained in a will. The ills and jars of domestic life may have borne so heavily on a man during his lifetime, that they are vividly and painfully remembered at its close, when he is about to make his last declaration. Then, if he could never during lifetime have the final word, he certainly thinks at last he has found an occasion to deprive his wife of her inalienable, prescriptive right, and turn the scale in his own favor. A man, at such a time, has been known to call his wife "jealous, disaffected, calumnious, reproachful, censorious," in his will, and perpetuate his wife's "unprovoked and unjustifiable fits of passion, violence, and cruelty."

A person dying in London, 1791, provides for his wife as follows:

"Seeing that I have had the misfortune to be married to the aforesaid Elizabeth, who, ever since our union, has tormented me in every possible way; that, not content with making game of all my remonstrances, she has done all she could to render my life miserable; that Heaven seems to have sent her into the world solely to drive me out of it; that the strength of Samson, the genius of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the skill of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the philosophy of Socrates, the subtlety of Hannibal, the vigilance of Hermodenes, would not suffice to subdue the perversity of her character; that no power on earth can change her, seeing that we have lived apart during the last eight years, and that the only result has been the ruin of my son, whom she has corrupted and estranged from me—weighing maturely and seriously all these considerations, I have bequeathed, and I bequeath, to my said wife the sum of one shilling, to be paid unto her within six months after my death."

But the joys, the tender experiences, the mutual good-will and affection of conjugal life, are not less sometimes happily remembered, and lovingly mentioned. Mr. Sharon Turner, the eminent author of "The History of the Anglo-Saxons" and other works, who died in 1847, delights thus to speak of his wife who was dead:

"It is my comfort to have remembered that I have passed with her nearly forty-nine years of unabated affection and connubial happiness, and yet she is still living, as I earnestly hope, under her Saviour's care in a superior state of being. . . . None of the portraits of my beloved wife give any adequate represen-

tation of her beautiful face, nor of the sweet and intellectual expression of her living features and general countenance and character."

The care of testators in regard to their wives is very frequently evinced in a will with respect to some prohibition of marriage, whether out of consideration for the happiness of the widow, or of the probable husband, might be conjectured.

This restraint is allowed by the law in this case, because of the interest which a man has in his wife remaining a widow. But what is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander in this instance, for a wife has not the same privilege in prohibiting her husband remarrying.

Husbands have exercised this right for a long time, and courts have supported it. Walter Frampton, Mayor of Bristol, who died on December 6, 1888, left his wife a very large property, but with this strict injunction:

"Item: I desire that, in case the said Isabella shall remarry, and this matter can be proved, my executors shall consider themselves bound to withhold from the aforesaid Isabella all the aforesaid legacies, and shall expel her from all participation therein forever, making a triple proclamation of the same by sound of trumpet at the high cross."

An instance of a remarkable case of this sort occurred in Pennsylvania, and is reported in the tenth volume of "The Pennsylvania State Reports" under the head of "*Commonwealth vs. Stauffer*," p. 350. The case was brought before the court in connection with the will of Mr. William Geigley, and, as an example of curious foresight and exactness in a testator, together with an unusual sentimental effusion by a court in condemning such a restraint upon marriage, it well deserves attention. The testator thus provided in a clause of his will:

"I will and bequeath to my loving wife, Susan Geigley, all my real and personal estate that I am possessed of (with a few exceptions that I will afterward bequeath to my brother George), provided my wife remains a widow during her life. But, in case she should marry again, my will is she then shall leave the premises, and receive all the money and property she had of her own, or that I received of hers. . . . It is my will and desire that, if my wife remains a widow during her life on the premises, after her death all the money or property that I got or had of my wife's shall be paid to her friends whomsoever she wills it to; and all the property belonging to me as my own at my death (not including my wife's part) I will and bequeath to my father and mother, if living. But, if they are both deceased, my will is that my brother George Geigley and my sister Catharine Geigley shall have the whole of that part or share that was my own, to them, their heirs, and assigns, forever."

The wife married again, as would be very probable, and the surplus of the real estate went to the mother. On the first trial, the judge before whom the case was heard was shocked by this restraint imposed on his widow by the testator, and, as a piece of fine judicial argument, it is worthy of being quoted in these days of sober, matter-of-fact, prosaic decisions by courts. He concludes as follows, holding the condition void:

"The principle of reproduction stands next in importance to its elder-born correlative, self-preservation, and is equally a fundamental law of existence. It is the blessing which tempered with mercy the justice of expulsion from paradise. It was impressed upon the human creation by a beneficent Providence to multiply the images of himself, and thus to promote his own glory and the happiness of his creatures. Not man alone, but the whole animal and vegetable kingdom are under an imperious necessity to obey its mandates. From the lord of the forest to the monster of the deep—from the subtlety of the serpent to the innocence of the dove—from the oelastic embrace of the mountain-kalmia to the descending fructification of the lily of the plain, all Nature bows submissively to this primeval law. Even the flowers which perfume the air with their fragrance, and decorate the forests and fields with their hues, are but 'curtains to the nuptial bed.' The principles of morality, the policy of the nation, the doctrines of the common law, the law of Nature and the law of God, unite in condemning as void the condition attempted to be imposed by this testator upon his widow."

Testators even venture to touch feminine attire; for we find Mr. James Robbins, whose will was proved in London in October, 1864, declaring "that, in the event of my dear wife not complying with my request to wear a widow's cap after my decease, and in the event of her marrying again, that then, and in both cases, the annuity which shall be payable out of my estate shall be twenty pounds per annum, and not thirty pounds." As there was no definite time mentioned for the widow's cap to be worn, it is probable that Mrs. Robbins found it easy to comply with the letter of the request in her husband's will, and yet indulge her own taste in the matter. In contradistinction to this was the will of Mr. Edward Concanen, who died in 1868, in which he says: "And I do hereby bind my said wife that she do not after my decease offend artistic taste, or blazon the sacred feelings of her sweet and gentle nature, by the exhibition of a widow's cap."

Testators are not permitted to restrain a first marriage. As an old writer says: "The law tolerates the restraint of a second marriage, but abhors any restraint of a first marriage."

Still, a certain restraint is permitted as to a person, a place, or age. If a legacy be given to a person in case that he marries with the consent of certain persons named, and if after majority he marries, such legacy will be paid even if he marries without consent.

This condition is only attached to a legacy by way of an idle threat, or *in terrorem*, as the legal phrase is, for the law will not favor such a restraint, for through whim, caprice, or some other motive, the required consent might not be given, and in this way the person would generally be restrained from marrying. There is this distinction, however, that in case the legacy be given over to another when the condition is broken, that other shall have the legacy, if the person to whom it was first given marries without consent. In this way testators have availed themselves of the opportunity, in bestowing their bounty by means of a will, to restrain the too eager

propensity of a person rushing into wedlock, or marked their disapproval or approval of a certain person as a conjugal partner.

In the following instance a testator must have had as much dislike to Scotchmen as Dr. Johnson had:

In the case of *Perrin vs. Lyon* in the ninth volume of "East's Reports," one J. P. devised real and personal estates to trustees to pay thereout an annuity to his wife for life, and out of the residue to pay sufficient for the maintenance, education, and support of his only daughter, until she should attain the age of twenty-one years or marry, and when she should attain the age of twenty-one or marry, then to her absolutely: but in case his daughter should die under age and unmarried, then the estates to go to his wife for life; with a proviso that if either his wife or daughter should marry a Scotchman, then his wife or daughter so marrying should forfeit all benefit under his will; and the estates given to her should descend to such person or persons as would be entitled under his will in case his wife and daughter were dead.

The daughter having married a Scotchman, and died leaving a son, it was decided such son could not inherit the property, as the mother having broken the condition, she obtained no rights to the property.

In another case a testator declared, if either Jane or Mary married into the families of Prudence or Resignation, and had a son, then he gave all his estate to such son; but if they did not so marry, then the estate was to go to A. Jane and Mary married, but were not prudent or resigned enough to marry into the aforesaid families, and A. claimed the estate; but the court held that during the lives of Jane and Mary the claim could not be determined, for one of them might afterward satisfy the condition (*Randal vs. Payne*, 1 Brown Ch. C., 55).

In a case in New York State before Chancellor Walworth, *Bayeaux vs. Bayeaux*, reported in the eighth volume of "Paige's Reports," a testator in the fourth clause of his will provides:

"I charge upon my children in every possible case, and under all circumstances, never to make a matrimonial engagement, or bind themselves to any individuals by promise of marriage, without full parental approbation and consent, as it regards the favored individual. And while I consider it unjust as well as unwise for any parent to coerce or to attempt forcibly to induce a child to marry an object it cannot love, so do I also deem it without any possible excuse on the part of the child to marry without the full consent of the parents. And in the event of disobedience on the part of my child in this respect, my wish, desire, and intention is to cut that child off from any participation of the benefits arising from any property I may leave at my decease, of every kind and description whatever."

This was declared ineffectual by the chancellor, who said that he could not form any opinion as to what disposition the testator intended to make of his property, and that the will must have been drawn by some person equally ignorant of legal language and legal principles.

The singularity of a testator's mind is nowhere so well evinced as in the conditions that may be annexed to a bequest. An example of this kind was given in the case of the historian Hume, who left in his will a conditional legacy to his old friend Mr. John Home, of Kilduff (who disliked port, and who contended that "Home" was the correct spelling of his own name and Hume's). To him he left "ten dozen of my old claret at his choice, and one single bottle of that other liquor called port. I also leave him six dozen of port, provided that he attests under his hand, signed John Hume, that he has himself alone finished that bottle at two sittings. By this concession he will at once terminate the only two differences that ever arose between us concerning temporal affairs."

Some evince their religious antipathy, as in the case of the will of Hon. Araminta Monck Ridley, proved in April, 1869:

"If any or either of my said children, either in my lifetime, or at any time after my decease, shall become or shall marry a Roman Catholic, or shall join or enter any ritualistic brotherhood or sisterhood, then or in any of the said cases, the several provisions, whether original, substitutive, or accruing, hereby made for the benefit of such child or children, shall cease and determine, and become absolutely void."

The chagrin of a spirit sorely vexed with the disappointments of life, or troubled with the shallow pretenses of the world, or burdened with the thoughts of its own failure, finds expression in the following curious document penned by an Earl of Pembroke, who lived during the political turmoils of the seventeenth century. The will is filed in Doctors' Commons, in London, and is probably as unique a document of the kind as was ever filed. It is as follows:

"I, Philip, V. Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, being as I am assured of unsound health, but of sound memory, as I well remember me that five years ago I did give my vote for the dispatching of old Canterbury, neither have I forgotten that I did see my king upon the scaffold; yet as it is said that death doth even now pursue me, and moreover as it is yet further said that it is my practice to yield under coercion, I now make my last will and testament.

"Imprimis: As for my soul, I do confess I have often heard men speak of the soul, but what may be these same souls, or what their destination, God knoweth; for myself, I know not. Men have likewise talked to me of another world which I have never visited; nor do I know even an inch of the ground that leadeth thereto. When the king was reigning, I did make my son wear a surplice, being desirous that he should become a bishop; and, for myself, I did follow the religion of my master; then came the Scotch who made me a Presbyterian, but, since the time of Cromwell, I have become an Independent. These are, methinks, the three principal religions of the kingdom. If any one of the three can save a soul, I desire they will return it to him who gave it to me.

"Item: I give my body, for it is plain I cannot keep it, as you see the chirurgeons are tearing it to pieces. Bury me, therefore: I hold lands and churches enough for that. Above all, put not my body beneath the church-porch, for I am, after all, a man of

birth, and I would not that I should be interred there where Colonel Pride was born.

"Item: I will have no monument, for then I must needs have an epitaph, and verses over my carcass. During my life I had enough of these.

"Item: I desire that my dogs may be shared among all the members of the Council of State. With regard to them, I have been all things to all men; sometimes went I with the peers, sometimes with the commons. I hope, therefore, they will not suffer my poor curs to want.

"Item: I give my two best saddle-horses to the Earl of Denbigh, whose legs, methinks, must soon begin to fail him. As regards my other horses, I bequeath them to Lord Fairfax that, when Cromwell and his council take away his commission, he may still have some *horse* to command.

"Item: I give all my wild beasts to the Earl of Salisbury, being very sure that he will preserve them, seeing that he refused the king a doe out of his park.

"Item: I bequeath my chaplain to the Earl of Stamford, seeing he has never had one in his employ, having never known any other than his son, my Lord Grey, who, being at the same time spiritual and carnal, will engender more than one monster.

"Item: I give nothing to my Lord Saye, and I do make him this legacy willingly, because I know that he will faithfully distribute it unto the poor.

"Item: Seeing that I do menace a certain Henry Mildmay, but did not thrash him, I do leave the sum of fifty pounds sterling to the lackey that shall pay unto him my debt.

"Item: I should have given to the author of the libel on women entitled 'News of the Exchange,' threepence, to invent a yet more scurrilous mode of maligning; but, seeing that he insulteth and slandereth I know not how many honest persons, I commit the office of paying him to the same lackey who undertaketh the arrears of Henry Mildmay. He will teach him to distinguish between honorable women and disreputable.

"Item: I give to the Lieutenant-General Cromwell one of my words, the which he must want, seeing that he hath never kept any of his own.

"Item: I give to the wealthy citizens of London, and likewise to the Presbyterians and nobility, notice to look to their skins, for, by order of the state, the garrison of Whitehall has provided itself with poniards, and useth dark lanterns in the place of candles.

"Item: I give up the ghost."

Probably the most ambitious and the most extraordinary scheme ever devised by will was that of Peter Thellusson, reported in the fourth volume of "Vesey's Reports." Mr. Thellusson was of Swiss parentage, had settled in England at an early age, and, on a foundation of ten thousand pounds, raised the princely fortune that threatened, in its ascending greatness, the liberty of the kingdom. In his will, made in 1797, he left all his property in trust to be accumulated during the lifetime of his three sons, of their children, and any grandchildren of his sons who might be living at his decease. During the lives of all these, and the survivor of them, the estate was to be kept in trust, and its income invested in landed property, and on the death of the last survivor to be divided into three equal parts, to be given to the eldest male descendant of each of his

three sons; if the descendants of two were dead, then to the sole living descendant. The property sought to be accumulated was six hundred thousand pounds, an immense fortune at that day.

The trusts of this will attracted wide and anxious attention on all sides. No similar instance had been known of a testator forgetting the claims of kindred, the demands of charity, or the ties of friendship, to build up a mighty fortune to found a family that should bear his name to distant posterity. The children brought an action to declare the trusts invalid. The most eminent counsel of the time were engaged; the public looked on, while the case went through the courts, with deep interest; for, if a man of considerable wealth could, under legal rules, thus tie up his property for generations, a large and enormous part of the capital of the country would be rendered unproductive. If the accumulation went on for seventy-five years, as was quite possible, it was calculated that the fund would amount to twenty-nine million pounds, a fortune larger than any known in Europe at that time.

Lord Loughborough, before whom the case was tried, endeavored to declare such an accumulation void; but, under the law as it then stood, he was compelled to support the trusts, and declared them valid. But so great did he think the danger of permitting a man to suspend the alienation of his property, and order its accumulation, that he introduced, in 1800, an act forbidding accumulation longer than twenty-one years, or during the life of the maker of the will.

The fears of the public have not been realized, for the expense of litigation, the fees of court, the commissions, etc., have been so heavy that, as is usual in such cases, when large estates get into the grist-mill of the lawyers, they are ground exceedingly fine; and, in 1835, the property had but slightly increased in value.

The will of General Kosciusko was brought before the United States Supreme Court in 1852, and is interesting as bringing up some incidents connected with our Revolutionary struggle, and the eminent persons who participated in it. It is reported in Fourteenth Howard, 350. Kosciusko made four wills—one in the United States, in 1798; the second at Paris, in 1806; and the last two in 1816 and 1817, while sojourning in Switzerland.

He came here in 1776, and joined our army as a volunteer, and participated in the various events of the Revolution, and at its close he retired with the rank of brigadier-general, poorer than when he came, and a creditor of our government for his military pay. He left, to participate in the heroic struggle of his native land, and in 1799 Congress passed an act allowing him interest from 1793, on his military certificate (by which he became entitled to \$12,499.63), to 1798. This sum was placed for his account under the management of Jefferson, to whom he wrote that he would it to be used toward the purchase of young negroes who were to be *educated and emancipated*. This was the disposition made by his will of 1798. In the third will, of 1816, made in Switzerland, there was the usual clause revoking his two pre-

vious wills; and, of course, the disposition of this fund invested here failed. By a clause in the last will, of 1817, he used these words: "Je lègue mes effets, ma voiture et mon cheval y compris à Madame et à Monsieur Xavier Zeltner, les hommes ci-dessus." It was claimed that under this clause, by the use of the term "mes effets," all his personal property, wherever situated, went to the persons named as residuary legatees; while, on the other hand, it was claimed that such an expression, being limited by the words that followed, was to be taken as meaning such effects as he had then about his person, and that, therefore, as to the fund in the United States, he died intestate, and the descendants of his sisters were entitled to it. This last was the decision of the court, Justice Wayne delivering the opinion of the court. It was decided that as to this fund, which now amounted to a considerable sum, he died intestate, and, being for upward of fifteen years before his death domiciled in France, the distribution of it should take place in accordance with the law of that country.

The privilege of being allowed to speak one's mind to posterity is one that cannot be easily given up, even if a person has no worldly goods to dispose of. It gives to a man a sense of importance when he can enter his thoughts, his wishes, or his opinions, in a document that is invested, in point of law, and by long-observed custom, with a certain attention and solemnity. The will of Daniel Martinett, an officer of the East Company's service, illustrates this very well. Dying very poor, this singular fellow bequeathed his debts to the Governor of Bengal, who generously accepted the equivocal legacy. We hardly know whether to admire more the *sang-froid* of the testator, or the *bonhomie* of the legatee.

The wills of some persons often have a didactic character, especially of those whose position in life entitled them to speak with influence and impressiveness. The will of Saladin is an example of this kind, who ordered, first, that considerable sums should be distributed to Mussulmans, Jews, and Christians, in order that the priests of the three religions might implore the mercy of God for him; next, he commanded that the shirt or tunic he should be wearing at the time of his death should be carried on the end of a spear throughout the whole camp, and at the head of his army, and that the soldier who bore it should pause at intervals and say aloud: "Behold all that remains of the Sultan Saladin!"

JOHN PROFFATT.

HER PRISON.

(A LOVER'S CONCERT.)

MY heart's her prison; roses climb
And clasp it, evermore;
They fear no winds, no wintry time—
May guards the enchanted door.

The windows, roses, why embrace,
With arms of fragrance bound?
From every window looks her face—
We roses wreath it round.

JOHN JAMES PLATT.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR readers will find elsewhere in this number of the JOURNAL Mrs. Howland's reply to our comments on her proposition for the establishment of science-schools by the government. We give a place to the article because the subject is an important one; but we deny altogether the claim set up by Mrs. Howland that she has a right to be heard through our columns in defense of her proposition. We are under no obligations to give persons space for the defense or the ventilation of their theories. Any errors of fact that we may make we are in duty bound to correct; but this JOURNAL is a medium only for the publicity of such opinions or such arguments as we may *deem* to give to the public. No one is justified in claiming access to our columns as a right, excepting for the correction of an error injurious to him. If we were under obligations to give place to the arguments of everybody who differed from us, we should have to multiply the size of the JOURNAL many fold.

From the earliest times poets and philosophers have busied themselves in imagining Utopian societies, in which wise and paternal rulers have administered just laws, enforced moral living, trained the public taste, and controlled unruly impulses. Nothing is easier than to imagine what government ought to do to bring about general security and felicity, and almost everybody is quite sure he has just the panacea that will secure the desired ends. It is moral education, says one; it is the building of churches, thinks another; it is scientific training, urges a third; it is æsthetic culture, say some; it is a wise looking after affairs generally, affirm the rest; and each advocate draws a very charming picture of the happy results of his special device. We also have a hobby. We think that industrial or technical schools would be highly beneficial, would act directly upon production, which is the source of all wealth, would elevate labor, would confer power and happiness upon the great mass of the people. But convinced of this as we are—we cannot now enter upon arguments as to the merit of our plan—we have no idea of running to Albany or to Washington to ask the government to carry it out. We reflect that technical education ought to grow out of the inclinations and intelligence of the people, and not be thrust upon them by an external force; and, for other reasons often given, we do not believe that Congress or the Legislature ought to attempt any such scheme.

Delightful as the Utopian pictures are that people persist in imagining the state competent to bring about, it is clear to

those who study the facts of the past that these dreams of the poets cannot be realized. If power were always wise, always just, always master of the situation, it is easy to see how it could interfere in affairs to great advantage. The very ideal of a perfect government is an authority somewhere that can suppress evil, regulate disorders, and advance all the interests of society. It is this ideal that certain dreamers are seeking; but so long as human nature is what it is, every attempt on the part of rulers to bring this ideal about will fail—just as they have always failed, sweeping the tide of civilization from rather than toward the desired goal.

This has not been because men are wicked, but because the task is beyond human power. It was the opinion of Mr. Buckle that the mistaken zeal of good rulers has wrought more mischief in the world than the evil designs of bad men. The interests of society form wonderfully intricate and complicated machinery, each part dependent upon and interlocked with all other parts, and no skill that ever yet guided the affairs of a country has interfered to adjust this machinery without throwing it out of balance and harmony. In the whole long history of the world just to the extent that the state has stepped beyond the simple functions of a police, to that extent has it disturbed and obstructed the working of the social machinery. Trade and commerce have not been protected by the devices of government to protect them; literature, science, and the arts, have flourished best in the end when free from the august patronage of the state, however much they may have seemed to have temporarily gained thereby.

It is upon these broad principles that we rest our opposition to state interposition. We do not deny that science-schools, art-schools, music-schools, industrial schools, are all admirable things. We can conceive of hundreds of other admirable things. We can, indeed, indulge like other people in glowing dreams of political millenniums. All arguments that go to show what choice results will flow from the judicious administration of power are very captivating, plausible, and to some people entirely convincing; but our distrusts are derived from the study of historical facts, from the practical working of schemes to confer benefit by arbitrary dicta, and hence we hold steadfastly to the idea that altogether the best ideal of the state is that which permits the largest possible individual freedom—which simply guarantees to each citizen every right not inconsistent with the rights of everybody else, and does no more. And we think that as a whole our civilization will advance more swiftly and surely by the unaided and untrammelled operation of the

energies of the people than by governmental fostering; and that even while state education is in itself harmless, it establishes a precedent of governmental interposition by which innumerable other offices are forced upon the state, to the detriment of the general welfare.

THE disposition in some quarters to laugh at Mr. Grant White's article in the last *Galaxy* seems to us unfair. One may be amused at finding a certain form of mental aberration dignified by a high-sounding Greek word, but Mr. Grant confesses that he would have preferred to "heterophemy" a simpler phrase had he been able to find one. Perhaps some of our readers are ignorant of the article in question, and are wondering what "heterophemy" can mean. Mr. White, in a preceding article, while writing something about metric measures, had casually mentioned that "two gills make one pint," whereupon a general laugh went up. The article entitled "Heterophemy" is the reply to his critics, in which the learned writer asserts that he knows as well as anybody else how many gills make a pint, and that his error is to be described as "heterophemy," that is, an action of the brain which takes place without the volition of the individual, a form of what physiological psychologists call unconscious cerebration. Mr. White's explanation of this phenomenon is as follows:

"The blunder which I committed and which I have in mind is the blunder of the world at large, the daily mental aberration of the human race. That error consists in thinking one thing and speaking or writing another. There is no inaccuracy of information, no confusion of thought, no forgetting, even for a moment. The speaker or writer has perfect knowledge, thinks clearly, remembers exactly, and yet utters precisely what he does not mean. Everybody must have noticed this more or less in others and in himself, and yet so very strange a mode of mental action has passed thus far, I believe, without any remark whatever. It is of course more commonly manifested in speech than in writing; but it is very frequent in the latter; and to it is due the fact (for it is a fact) that writers often fail to correct errors of statement when they read their own proofs; the reason being that they read one thing from the eyes outward, and think another. The proof of the article throws the writer by association into the same vein of thought and temper of mind in which he was when he wrote it, and the error that he unconsciously made when he wrote passes undetected before his eyes. Just so an accountant, if he makes an error, is likely to repeat it on going over his calculation; for which reason he reverses or in some way changes his procedure. Hence it is that the services of a good professional proof-reader are indispensable when accuracy is desired. His value is not so much in his extended and exact information (although he frequently has it) as in his fresh eye, his habit of minute accuracy, and last, not least, his unacquaintance with what the author has written. For even he sometimes fails to detect errors when the subject is a very familiar one to him.

"A necessary condition of this strange mode of mental action seems to be perfect acquaintance with the fact as to which the erroneous assertion is made. For some years past I have given this subject such a degree of attention as I was able to give it incidentally, and according to my observation this discrepancy of thought and utterance takes place only when the occasion of it is so familiar, or is so clearly in mind, that the speaker or writer could not be reasonably supposed to forget it even for a moment. Another incident of its manifestation is that the assertion made is most often not merely something that the speaker or writer does not mean to say, but its very reverse, or at least something notably at variance with his purpose. For this reason I have called it *heterophemy*, which means merely the speaking otherwise, and which has relations to and illustrations in *heterodoxy*, *heterogeneous*, and *heteroclite*. I go unwillingly to Greek for a compound name descriptive of this mental phenomenon, and would gladly see my word displaced by a good English word, which I have vainly tried to form. *Heterophemy* of course gives us *heterophemize* and *heterophemist*."

Mr. White gives, among many striking examples of the class of errors he has described, an instance from Alison, who, in enumerating in his "History of Europe" the pall-bearers at the funeral of Wellington, transformed the name of Sir Peregrine Maitland into that of *Sir Peregrine Pickle*—the hero of one of Smollett's novels—and neither the historian nor the proof-reader detected the error, nor was it discovered until after the volume was published. It is clear that this blunder arose from an association of ideas prompted by the identity of the Christian cognomen in the two names, the author writing *Pickle* when all the time he knew that *Mailland* was the word, and in correcting the proof read what ought to have been written. Errors of this kind are so common with writers that it is difficult to understand why Mr. White's article has met with so much derision. Have these sneering critics never committed mistakes of this kind? They may have not, but we have; and so have many of the ladies and gentlemen who contribute to the pages of the JOURNAL. These errors are commonly detected in time, either by the proof-readers or by ourselves, but occasionally one slips by us all and gets before the public. We, therefore, instead of finding in the *Galaxy* article food for derisive laughter, confess that we are entitled to a place in the list of blunderers cited by Mr. White, and are glad to see the strange and often embarrassing phenomenon philosophically considered and expounded.

TRUTH that is a sad and shocking story which has just been told the English public by one of the factory-inspectors. He frankly admits, too, that his story is not a tithe of the truth about the employment of women and children; with a tenderness so un-

usual in the British official as to be touching, he refrains from the harrowing details of what he knows, lest he should rend the public heart in their recital. The small part that he tells, however, is bad enough in all conscience, and well merits the serious attention of that vague power which Dickens described collectively as "my lords and gentlemen and honorable boards." The inspector's investigations having led him into the manufacturing district, gloomily but veraciously called "the Black Country," he found women there hard at work upon nail and chain manufacturing. This, it need scarcely be told, is one of the most exhausting and physically difficult of human labors. The toil spent on the forging of large nails requires strong muscles and tough bodies. But there in the Black Country young women and old, women who are single and women who are married, are bound in a slavery which compels them to this work all day, and often into the night, for the very lowest grade of wages.

Nor is this the worst. While the women thus wear themselves out, their husbands idle, and drink, and spend the poor creatures' desperately gained earnings in the taverns. The young men have a way of looking out for strong, healthy wives, with this very purpose in view. If they can win the heart of a "likely girl" by such rude blandishments as they are masters of, they are made for life. For them are the tavern and the skittle-ground, for their wives the merciless and eternal forge. Then if children come, they must perforce be left to wander ragged about the dingy founderies, and drift in grimy shoals on toward a very dark and dreary puberty. Ten hours a day is the ordinary time of labor for these women; and they get eight shillings—two dollars—a week! But they have to purchase their own forging fuel, and rent their own stalls to work at; these expenses reduce their wages by three shillings. Their net gain, therefore, is a pitiful five shillings a week—and this must suffice for food, for lodging, for clothing, for nurses, for doctors, and for the husband's low comfort at the public-house.

These wretched slaves—for they are surely not a whit better—are "bossed" by gangs of "factors" and "foggers" who would not for a moment bear comparison for gentleness with the very worst specimens of Southern overseers in slave-holding days. They are generally as hard as the iron that is forged into nails, and as merciless as human machines, paid to have no hearts, usually are. We have heard much of the bad condition of English factory operatives; but we are inclined to think that the story of the female nail-makers of the Black Country is the worst yet told. It almost excites a smile to see the device of a London paper for effect-

ing a reform in this state of things. No reliance is placed on the effect of the harrowing story to rouse legislative indignation and remedy; but "my lords and gentlemen" are appealed to on the ground that the women, being weak, make weak chains and poor nails, which, used in the chain-cables and ships of the government, are likely to produce loss and disaster. Official pity, this journal evidently thinks, is not to be relied on; but the official anxiety not to be found wanting in efficiency may at least be trusted.

THE proper treatment of the insane, and especially of insane criminals, is still a by no means wholly-solved problem. Medical science has not yet succeeded in so minutely analyzing the operations and diseases of the brain as to give uniform and authoritative testimony in courts of justice in regard to them; for in almost every case wherein it is important to determine the conscious responsibility of an accused person, the doctors disagree as strenuously as in other branches of their profession. A Scotch physician of eminence has recently urged that the law should so recognize degrees in insanity as to apportion punishments or restraints according to each degree. Some crazy people, he boldly affirms, are too crazy to be hanged, but not too crazy to be consigned to penal labor and to the flogging-post. It need scarcely be said that at present the law only draws the line at the point of moral responsibility. If the criminal is sane enough to know the wickedness of what he is doing, punishment accordingly inexorably follows. If he is not, he is acquitted of all punishment whatever, although not perhaps of all restraint whatever. There is very likely something sound in the Scotch doctor's proposition; for it has at least come to be admitted that insanity is of infinite degrees and shades, and that cases of monomania are no less common than cases of minds wholly and irredeemably overthrown. The inference, therefore, is that many who are of partially diseased brain may commit crimes, being conscious that they are doing so; and these ought surely to be punished. The difficulty lies in the scientific imperfection, which is yet unable to determine the degrees of insanity with that amount of accuracy which would enable them to be incorporated in a precise code of criminal jurisprudence. At present, insanity is often adopted as a convenient defense when none other is possible, and this is principally dangerous in the facility offered to it by the contradictory evidence of even the best medical men. Undoubtedly partially insane men sometimes go scot-free after committing crimes for which their insanity does not render them irresponsible. This is a necessary

evil, to be remedied only by further and patient scrutiny into the causes, action, and effects, of diseases of the brain.

Literary.

THE fourth volume of Mr. Bancroft's "Native Races of the Pacific States" * is devoted to Antiquities, and, besides presenting a detailed description of all material relics of the past discovered within the territory falling properly within the limits of his work, gives a general view of the corresponding remains in South America and the eastern portion of the United States. It is worthy of notice that here, for the first time, the pathway which Mr. Bancroft marked out for himself in the beginning leads him over ground that has been more or less thoroughly worked by his predecessors; and it is, perhaps, the best possible evidence, both of the value of his plan and of the excellence of its execution, that, in spite of the charm of personal experience and adventure possessed by the works of Stephens and Catherwood, Squier, Norman, Charnay, Waldeck, and others, this volume will at once be accepted as by far the best, the most complete, and the most trustworthy treatise on American antiquities that has ever been published. It is entitled to this position for two reasons, one of which will be mentioned further along in our notice; the other and most important is that it is encyclopedic in scope, embodying the researches and observations, not of one traveler, but of five hundred, and combining in a single panoramic view the whole vast network of monumental relics left by the aborigines of our entire continent. These researches, moreover, are not given in a summary or condensed, and therefore incomplete, form, but are reproduced, so far as facts and results are concerned, in full; so that Mr. Bancroft's description of Copan, for instance, or Uxmal, or Chichen, or Palenque, is far more complete than that of any other writer whatever. It is also more trustworthy; for, by careful study and comparison of information drawn from all available sources, the witnesses mutually corroborating or correcting one another's statements, the author has probably arrived in each case practically at the truth. The task must have been most laborious; and we can well believe that, "though necessarily, to a great extent, a compilation, the volume is none the less the result of hard and long-continued study." But Mr. Bancroft does not exaggerate the value of his work to the student of archaeology or ethnology when he comes to sum up results in one of the later chapters:

"I have gone," he says, "over the whole extent of the Pacific States, from the southern isthmus to Behring Strait, carefully examining, so far as written records could enable me to do so, every foot of this broad territory, in search of the handiwork of its aboriginal inhabitants. Practically I have

given in the preceding pages all that has been written on the subject. Before a perfect account of all that the native races left can be written, before the material relics can reveal all they have to tell about the peoples whose work they are, a long and patient work of exploration and study must be performed—a work hardly commenced yet even in the thickly-populated centres of Old-World learning, and still less advanced naturally in the broad, new fields and forests of the Far West. In this volume the general reader may find an accurate and comprehensive, if not a very fascinating, picture of all that aboriginal art has produced; the student of ethnological topics may find his theories on all that is known respecting any particular monument here spread before him, rather than on a partial knowledge derived by long study from the accounts in works to which he has access, contradicted, very likely, in other works not consulted—and many a writer has subjected himself to ridicule by resting an important part of his favorite theory on a discovery by Smith, which has been proved an error or a hoax by Jones and Brown; the antiquarian student may save himself some years of hard labor in searching between five hundred and a thousand volumes for information to which he is here guided directly, even if he be unwilling to take his information at second hand; and, finally, the explorer who proposes to examine a certain section of the country may acquaint himself, by a few hours' reading, with all that previous explorers have done or failed to do, and by having his attention specially called to their work will be able to correct their errors and supply what they have neglected."

But little need be added to the foregoing description of the scope of the work; and Mr. Bancroft's literary methods and style have already been sufficiently indicated in our notices of previous volumes. One feature of the present volume which calls for special mention are the notes, which furnish a copious and continuous commentary on the text, scarcely less interesting, even to the general reader, than the text itself. These notes give full references to and quotations from all the authorities consulted, thus supplying a complete index to all that has been written on the subject. They contain, also, bibliographical notices and historical details of the discovery and successive explorations of each ruin, critical discussions on disputed points, hints as to the relative accuracy and trustworthiness of different authors, and other information of great interest and value. Of course no clear idea of architectural remains or other material relics could be conveyed without pictures; and accordingly the volume contains numerous illustrations, including a general map of the entire region, plans and charts, ground-plans and elevations of important edifices, and pictures of sculpture and other decorations, idols, implements, ornaments, and hieroglyphics. "Of the cuts employed," says Mr. Bancroft, "many are the originals taken from the published works of explorers, particularly of Messrs. Stephens and Squier, with their permission. . . . Where such originals could not be obtained I have made accurate copies of drawings carefully selected from what I have deemed the best authorities, always with a view to give the clearest possible idea of the

objects described, and with no attempt at mere pictorial embellishment."

Our second reason for ascribing a pre-eminent value to this treatise on American antiquities is its conservative tone and the scrupulous consistency with which its author adheres to the recorded facts. Even if it had no other merit, Mr. Bancroft's work would be invaluable as an antidote to the wild guesses of speculative theorists which have hitherto almost monopolized American archaeological discussion; and his habit of examining every thing by "the cold, white light of reason" gives us good reason to hope that in his forthcoming fifth volume—which is to deal with traditional and written archaeology—we shall at last learn precisely how much and how little we actually know concerning those mysterious peoples whose civilizations preceded our own on the North American Continent.

A VERY charming story, which ought to have been noticed earlier, is "One Summer" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.). Even the word "charming" hardly expresses with sufficient emphasis the pleasure we have taken in reading it; it is simply delightful, unique in method and manner, and with a peculiarly piquant flavor of humorous observation. The plot, indeed, is commonplace: a city young lady meets a city gentleman while summering in a New England village, with results dear to the heart of novel writers and readers. But here ends whatever of commonplaceness the story contains; the action is rapid and dramatic, the incidents fresh and appropriate and vividly narrated, and the character-drawing exceedingly good. The character-drawing is the strong point of the book, and marks it as a work of genuine promise; for, though the entire canvas is small—too small to admit of elaboration—the several *dramatis personæ* stand forth with the distinctness of individual portraits. Philip Ogden, for example, who acts the difficult part of hero, is of a type rare in fiction—a man who is a gentleman without being "knightly," and intelligent without being priggish. His *début* into the narrative occurs under rather awkward circumstances; but he advances steadily in the reader's estimation until before the close we are disposed to take his part even against that most perversely-fascinating of recent heroines, "Leigh" herself. Tom, too, and Hetty, the irrepressible young married couple, are cleverly drawn and amusing, though they rather tend to keep one's teeth on edge with the persistence and brilliancy of their repartees. The author's masterpiece, however, is the portrait of Jimmie Holbrook, familiarly known as "Gem." The Small Boy is not unknown in literature, and no one can deny his charms who has read Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit;" but in the person of "Gem" he receives his apotheosis. It is not possible that he should ever be made more purely and utterly delightful. Before our acquaintance with "Gem" has ripened into what may be called intimacy, his very name on the printed page calls up a smile, half humorous, half tender; and, when the exigencies of the love-making consign him to the sick-bed, the story

* The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Vol. IV. Antiquities. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1875.

itself goes into comparative eclipse, and never quite recovers its original vigor.

It would be very easy to find faults in "One Summer" — faults of structure and faults of style. It is quite certain, for instance, that the author never met in real life persons quite so uniformly well-informed, ready-witted, and brilliant, as are all the socially-respectable (meaning the city) personages in her little drama; nor, on the other hand, a family quite so outrageously crude as the Holbrooks. Our own observation is, that the young men and women of well-to-do New England farmer-families are, on the whole, quite as well educated and about as well informed as their brothers and sisters of the cities; and surely the young ladies of such families are cruelly libeled in the person of silly Jane M'ria. The style, too, is overloaded with, and almost smothered under, a superabundance of quotations. A very fair collection of "elegant extracts" might be culled from the by no means numerous pages of "One Summer" alone; and the reader has to keep his eye constantly upon the quotation-marks in order to know whether the author is speaking in her own proper person, or merely appropriating the words of another. There is the less excuse for this in the present case because the author's own natural style is exceptionally vivid, graceful, and expressive. These defects, however, as well as others that might be pointed out, are of small moment in comparison with those sterling qualities which we have already mentioned as belonging to the book, and with the genuine humor which pervades it like an atmosphere. This humor is of rare quality—delicate and yet hearty, and racy without being in the slightest degree vulgar. It speaks well, too, for the author's artistic sense that, wielding so seductive a literary instrument, she uses it with such temperance as in "One Summer."

We find abundant evidence in "Eight Cousins; or, the Aunt-Hill" (Boston: Roberts Brothers), of one thing at least, and that is, that Miss Alcott's hand has lost nothing of its cunning. Nor does her rollicking vivacity show sign of abatement. There is as much rushing, and running, and flying, and whooping, and yelling, and promiscuous riot and confusion, in the present work as in any of its predecessors; and we feel after finishing it rather as if we had been engaged in a prolonged romp than in the sober occupation of reading a book. The story is of a little orphan-girl of thirteen, who, by long confinement with an invalid father, and subsequently by the injudicious coddling of sundry aunts, had been brought to a condition in which she was nervous, depressed, morbid, with "no constitution," and, as Aunt Myra defined it, "plainly marked for the tomb." To her, at an opportune moment, returns her sailor uncle and guardian, one of those all-accomplished, all-wise persons often met with (in books), who can teach physiology, explain the structure of the eye, expound moral philosophy, beat the parson at practical theology, scale the porch by going hand over hand up one of the pillars, descend from the second story by the water-spout, ride like an

Indian, swim like a dolphin, and row like a man-o'-war's-man. This wonder resolved first to put strength into the girl's body; and his regimen was, early rising, fresh milk, a loose belt, easy shoes, running, rowing, swimming, riding, skating, and participation with her seven boy-cousins in all the innocent amusements of childhood. The end of the year finds her healthy and happy, expert in all the invigorating sports of youth, and receiving her first initiation, under the competent hands of Aunt Plenty, into the mysteries of those lost arts, cookery and house-keeping.

It might legitimately be complained of Miss Alcott's stories that they tend to stimulate that pert "smartness" and self-assertion which are perhaps the most offensive characteristics of American children; but they are so much more wholesome, natural, and artistic, than the stuff for which they are offered as a substitute, that it would be little less than ungrateful to insist upon their faults. We wonder, by-the-way, if Miss Alcott realizes the risk she runs in deviating from her own proper field of story-telling and "dropping into" criticism? She devotes a couple of pages of "Eight Cousins" to denouncing the methods of her co-workers, and disrespectfully characterizes certain well-known ornaments of current literature as "optical delusions." It is fortunate for her peace of mind, perhaps, that she has put the Atlantic between her and that din of warfare the first notes of which, as we understand, have already sounded.

It may be the fault of our own obtuseness, but we confess that, after reading it carefully, and even re-reading portions of it, we are at a loss in regard to Mr. Gilder's "The New Day: A Poem in Songs and Sonnets" (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.). The songs are there, and the sonnets are there; also the prelude, the interludes, and the after-song; but, with all these spurs to a lagging perception, we have been unable to discover that "continuous development of a great emotion in the soul" which the poem is said to depict. There is a certain congruity, it is true, among the several parts, in that a single theme is common to nearly all the poems; but the only picture lodged in our imagination is that of a "wan" man who at the very outset represents himself as suffering from an impersonal, hysterical sort of love, of which weeping, and sobbing, and sighing, and crying, are the principal ingredients, and who at the close is prostrate with precisely the same malady. The sonnets, in short, are, for the most part, simply variations upon one emotional mood; and, if they had been published without the mechanical division into parts, preludes, interludes, etc., we doubt if any one would ever have suspected that they had to do with "growth," or "development," or "fruition," of any kind.

If the defects of structure were the only ones, however, there would still remain much to praise; but, when we come to the separate poems, we are nearly as much puzzled as by the poem as a whole. The one theme with which all of them deal is passionate love; yet

in reading them we are transported to a land of lotus-eaters, where lover and beloved alike seem to dwell in a wan twilight of sentiment, and where the most fervid expressions do little more than suffuse the cheek with a "pale hectic." Our conception of love may be lacking in true poetical refinement, but we venture the assertion that, in spite of the labored intensity of expression, the paraphernalia of sighs, sobs, tears, and despair, there is not a couplet in the entire volume which expresses genuine passion—we had almost said genuine feeling of any kind. There is one quality of the book, however, for which Mr. Gilder deserves all the praise he is likely to get: his verse is singularly graceful, flexible, and melodious, and some of the poems "make music as they flow." To adjust the balance of our criticism, we will quote one of these as an example of Mr. Gilder's work at its best:

"ONCE ONLY."

"Once only, Love, can love's sweet song be sung;
But once, Love, at our feet love's flower is flung;
Once, Love, once only, Love, may we be young;
Say, shall we love, dear Love, or shall we hate!"

"Once only, Love, will burn the blood-red fire;
But once awakeneth the wild desire;
Love pleadeth long, but what if love should tire!
Now shall we love, dear Love, or shall we wait!"

"The day is short, the evening cometh fast;
The time of choosing, Love, will soon be past;
The outer darkness falleth, Love, at last:
Love, let us love ere it be late—too late!"

The illustrations to the volume are chaste in design and beautifully engraved; and the peacock's feather in gilt on the front cover makes a novel and striking if somewhat garish decoration.

AGNES MACDONELL, in an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* on "The American Heroine," is more discriminating and just than critics on American matters in English periodicals usually are. She is surprised at some of the delineations of Miss Alcott and Mrs. Stowe, but, altogether, rather likes them. "Mrs. Stowe's and Miss Alcott's girls," the writer says, "are always sprightly; they are, in fact, far cleverer than their male friends. They are neither pert, nor fast, nor unfeminine, but they take the lead. . . . These young women are true-hearted, high-minded, and pure. . . . The 'violet-like' bashfulness that hangs almost like a perfume upon the presence of Mrs. Gaskell's Mollies and Ruths, these New England heroines have not; but they are wholesomely truthful, very sprightly, charmingly at their ease. . . . The American novelists have discarded the old artistic place of the heroine as the passive though perhaps central figure in the drama, but place her in the rank of active agents in the scene; in their view her highest charm is no longer in her 'eyes of meek surrender,' and 'her constraining grace of rest,' but rather in her playful and shrewd supremacy over society."

The Arts.

WE described last week two paintings by Fortuny in Mr. Stewart's gallery. It may interest the reader to glance at a few other pictures in this collection. Here is the famous "Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur. Occupying one end of the large, well-lighted

room, it appears to great advantage. Opposite to it at the other end of the long apartment, is another animal picture, one of cattle, by Auguste Bonheur, a brother of Rosa. Many persons think that Auguste surpasses his sister in the natural and strong delineation of his subjects. Suffice it to say that this picture, though it has never, we believe, been publicly exhibited, is a very important work. The cattle—cows and oxen—are standing on a green meadow, over which the warm sunlight is playing. The sunlight also lights up the brindled and red and white flanks of the cattle, and gives a sleepy, afternoon haze to the peaceful scene. Another painting here is Gérôme's great gladiatorial contest, so well known by engravings and photographs. The scene, it will be remembered, is a Roman arena. Galleries filled with people embrace the upper half of the painting; and from the centre of the lower gallery are suspended the eagles and pennants of Rome. The most prominent figure in the scene is the heavily-made, half-naked gladiator. His head is incased in an immense gilded helmet, and his loins and the lower portion of his body glitter with armor of the same metal. On one arm he holds a gilt shield, and the rest of his person, excepting his feet, show his bare flesh, heavy with muscles and sinew. This gladiator is standing over the helpless but living form of his victim, a young man stretched out at his feet, and in the distance lie two or three other victims slain in the game. Seated at the front of the gallery are the emperor and the empress. Gérôme has taken the moment when, the victim being vanquished, the conqueror looks for a token whether he shall spare or take away his life. With his heavy torso, and above all in his big, queer-pointed, metal bonnet, this man seems like some hippopotamus or elephantine monster, the evil spawn of his evil era. Sword in hand he gazes up at the crowd. The gallery is quite low above the arena, and his head is only a few feet below that of the emperor, whose cruel, sensual face can be distinctly seen in every feature. A great piece of historical representation, this painting of Gérôme's has also vast merit as a work of art.

Meissonier is represented in this collection by two very elaborate and costly masterpieces—such masterpieces as are never found in our public exhibitions, but only to be seen at the French exposition or in the studio of the artist. It is on that account the greater privilege that the public can occasionally look at, not what such an artist as Meissonier usually does, but what his works are at their very best. One of the pictures, in particular, represents some men on horseback, and the motion, the structure, and the hides of the horses, afford a whole world of experience for thought and study to a young artist. Alfred Stevens, of England, is known in America by one or two little paintings that were exhibited last spring at the Academy water-color collection. Mr. Stewart has a very beautiful and elaborate oil-picture of his of two young women after a ball. Like English pictures which have been severely criticised as being romantic or sentimental representa-

tions of life, this picture is a tender scene between the two women, where one, dark and beautiful, is consoled by her fairer companion, at whose knees she is reposing. A romantic incident evidently forms but a very small part of Mr. Stevens's design in this picture, and scarcely more important in his eyes is his delineation of "still-life," which is very fine in the colors and folds of beautiful yellow embroidered camel's hair, and in the jewels on the women's arms and hands. He has evidently enjoyed the development of the contours and action of these two figures, and the pleasing tints from the artificial light which plays upon the lines of their soft heads, and brings out the graceful forms of dress and figure.

While autotypes and photographs of the more popular paintings and sculptures of Europe are to be met with in every shop, and, in fact, at nearly every picture-stand in street or railway-station, there is a large class of very beautiful subjects that are rarely seen here, except by "carbons" and photographs brought from Europe by private individuals. After looking at the queer old pictures by Francia, Cimabue, and Fra Angelico, or Perugino, people often return home, to find that the saints and angels of these artists linger in their hearts and memory long after famous Titians or Raphaels may have faded from their imagination. Their own portfolios furnish no examples of these masters, and in vain they search the picture-stores to find reminders of the faces they had learned to love so well. "Assumptions" by Titian, and Madonnas by Raphael, are as frequent as pictures of Grant or views of Broadway, but scarcely anywhere can they find the faces which have stolen unawares upon their affections, and so unexpectedly have usurped the places of better-known pictures, copies of which they have brought home with them. Here or there, in a private collection, we chance upon some long-remembered Da Vinci or Botticelli, but they are only scattered thinly, and so we, with a sigh, wait till we go to Europe once more, to correct the mistakes and omissions we have made.

During the last summer, among the choice collections of all sorts of articles which follow the gay world to the watering-places and popular resorts, a most complete and delightful collection of carbon photographs, two or three thousand in number, appeared at Newport. Made by the famous photographer Braun, they had been brought to Newport by Williams & Everett, the popular picture-dealers of Boston. An hour or a day was delightful to spend in looking at them, but the consciousness that at length there was one place in America where we could recall most of our old foreign impressions at will, gave us profound satisfaction. Here were Velasquez and Tintoretto, Fra Angelico and Greuze, side by side, and the pictures were of all sizes, from little autotypes of the drawings from the old masters in the Pitti Palace, three or four inches square, to magnificent sections of one or two figures only; from Raphael's cartoons at South Kensington, sections two or three feet high, or the head of a

saint from Perugino, half the size of life, where every mark of the brush and the manner of laying on the colors could be seen as clearly as in the original.

Within a year or two Williams & Everett, recognizing the deficiency in the subjects of photographs brought to America, have made this particular branch a specialty, and within a short time a visit to their store in Boston revealed to us how fully they have supplied this need. One portion of their establishment is entirely devoted to this class of art, and here on the walls are hung large and magnificent carbons of the rarest subjects. Below these pictures of Michael Angelo, frescoes from the Sistine Chapel, his sculptures from the church of San Lorenzo, and the old frescoes of Fra Angelico and Giotto in the convent of San Marco at Florence, are ranged in large wooden cases separately the works of the famous artists, some thousand in number. Here is a whole section devoted to Bellini, another to Cimabue, and another to Velasquez. Their pictures from Spain, Italy, and Germany, France and England, are collected here, and, sitting at the table at which visitors are freely allowed to examine these treasures, a feeling of *embarras de richesse* comes over one as he notes the rich shading which, to his recollection, recalls so much color in a Rembrandt from Amsterdam, or of a Velasquez from Madrid. The intellectual pleasure one derives from seeing the original paintings can nearly all be enjoyed in the perfect line and subtle shadow of these pictures; and, as a matter of study and knowledge, the excitement and delight that are felt in examining the originals in the galleries is greatly blurred by fatigue, bad lights, and the number of places one is obliged to visit from which to cull the objects of his choice. At Williams & Everett's precious collection, for so we must call it, a splendid figure from Raphael's cartoon of the "Beautiful Temple," at South Kensington, can be compared line for line with his "St. Michael and the Dragon" in the Salle Carrée of the Louvre—a comparison which has to be made otherwise between a memory and the reality. All the great pictures of Velasquez, too, with their stately mien, their solemn shadow and color, and, above all, their modeled, tender half-tints and light, here spread before the eye of the student, collected from nearly every gallery of Europe, a splendid "open sesame" to anybody who looks at them. Such a collection as this is indeed a valuable art-treasure to every one, and from it imperfect sets of well-classified subjects can be filled out, or beautiful solitary pictures be selected.

Snedecor, in New York, has a partial collection of the same class of subjects, scattered carbons of great beauty, where single pictures of high value can be obtained, such as the superb carbon of the upper half of the figure of the Sistine Madonna. This carbon measures several feet square, and would be indeed a splendid addition to the walls of any house.

A visit to Mr. Winslow Homer's studio a few days ago showed us about twenty important studies as the result of his summer va-

cation. Of these, eight are large paintings in oils, about thirty-eight by twenty-four inches. Looking over the pictures, the visitor finds that Mr. Homer has made great use of some half-dozen models which he has arranged and grouped in a variety of ways. Of these, two blond-haired sisters figure in one large sketch in a sort of gray shadow against a light background, looking as if they might be sisters in an artist's brain to Rose and Blanche of "The Wandering Jew," or they reminded us of the modest, fresh maidens in George H. Boughton's "English Meadow-Paths." One of them appears again in a very clear-toned water-color picture, dressed in a graceful, beruffled, fluffy summer costume, while they both form the main subject in a third sketch.

Mr. Homer has been scarcely known at all as a painter of animals, but this summer he has added to his sketching furniture a shambling young white calf, and this calf figures prominently in several scenes. Mr. Homer's pictures are very popular, and his strong points have been often discussed both in print and in private circles, but, as he had not made any animals before, except those occupying very unimportant situations in some of his figure-pieces, they have never come under observation. We have admired the lively action of his school-boys playing "break the ring" as they ran around in a big circle outside their little country school-house, and have praised his country bean, so awkwardly wriggling his feet and shoulders in "The Course of True Love" last spring in the Academy, but we think we never saw so much natural or lively action in one of his men or women as is displayed by this lean, long-legged calf. In one painting, and this a large and careful study, a colored boy, big-headed, thin-armed, and ragged, stands in the shade of a tree, braced energetically back, with his feet set well apart, dragging by a rope this timid, struggling calf, who pulls back from him. The calf has shapeless, ill-knit legs, bony little shoulders, and a funny long tail, which contrasts in true calf-fashion with the lovely, soft form of its pretty head, with its gentle eyes and little rounded nose.

In another picture, nearly finished, which is called "A Foraging Party of Duryea's Zouaves," a group of soldiers, clad in the red-and-blue jackets and baggy trousers of that regiment, appear in an apple-orchard. One of these soldiers, in the foreground, is a very fine specimen of a sun-browned, weather-beaten American. Here it is he who has the calf, and this time the animal, grown bigger and stouter, is running along with the man, who holds him by the tail. Another subject is the very picturesque figure of a young fisher-boy, who left his nets, for a good "consideration," to devote his time to the business of posing for Mr. Homer. In one of the pictures, in which this boy appears, he is sitting upon the edge of a broad, round-keeled boat, that has been drawn upon a pebbly beach, beyond which this blue seawater is dancing in a small cove. In another sketch, taken just after sunset, this fisher-boy again appears in his boat, which has floated up one of the little channels so char-

acteristic of salt marshes in the neighborhood of the sea. The boy's figure is outlined darkly against the evening light, and the dark shapes of the tall rushes that border the channel also appear conspicuously.

J. B. BRISTOL returned to his studio last week, with an attractive collection of landscape sketches and studies made in both oil and water colors, and comprising all varieties of scenery, from the picturesque hills and valleys of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, to the more rugged mountain-forms which border the northern shore of Lake Champlain. One of the most charming studies in his portfolio is of an old red mill on Green River, near Great Barrington. The mill is a quaint old structure, with a peaked roof, surmounted by a belfry and weather-vane. It occupies a picturesque site, and makes a very interesting subject for a picture. Mr. Belows made studies of the same mill, in company with Mr. Bristol, so that we shall, without doubt, have the subject reproduced in both oil and water colors by these artists. Mr. Bristol says that the view of the old mill forms a picture from almost any point of view in its neighborhood, and furnishes material enough for a good season's work. Another of Mr. Bristol's studies gives a view of a country-road in early autumn, and is a work of singular harmony and beauty. The road divides the landscape, and on the right there is a group of maples, beeches, and other hardy upland trees brightly tinted with autumn colors. The tones of color are of the most brilliant character, and the reds, crimson, and gold, are mingled with the browns and greens in rare unity. The wayside grasses are yet fresh and green, but the ferns and shrubbery are brown and withered under the influence of recent frosts. Mr. Bristol has several of these wayside studies which can be worked up into very delightful pictures.

FRANK WALLER is at work upon an Egyptian subject from studies made during his visit to Cairo and up the Nile, last season. His latest picture illustrates a view among a cluster of modern tombs outside the walls of the city of Cairo on the high-road to the "tombs of the caliphs." In the foreground are clustering tombs of stone, which are covered with stucco and glisten in the sunlight. Many of these tombs are of fanciful shape, and have colored decorations upon their ends and sides. There is not much art-taste shown, however, in these modern Egyptian memorial structures, and the simple, square piles of stones and stucco in the foreground are in striking contrast to the ancient mosque of El Hakeem, the towers and minarets of which show in the distance, which, it is said, forms one of the grand memorial tombs of the Moors, and dates from the thirteenth century or thereabout. The foreground tombs are built upon the sand; and on either hand are high stone inclosures erected to guard the more elaborate sepulchres of the wealthy Cairene people. The sky is clear and airy, with semi-transparent cloud-forms floating at the zenith, which gives additional value to its pearly depths. Fortunately, this picture is

not a conventional study of an Egyptian desert, although back from the Nile. There is a screen of fresh, green foliage introduced in the middle ground near the old mosque, and the train of camels under the city walls lends a suggestion of life to the scene, which renders it very attractive. The work is carefully painted, and the coloring is exceedingly brilliant and harmonious. As the scene was studied under an afternoon-effect, it assumes considerable interest in connection with the subtle distribution of sunlight, and the manner in which it is broken by the clearly-defined shadows of the tombs. Another pleasant Egyptian scene was drawn at a trading-village on the Nile, at a point about three hundred miles above Cairo. It is chiefly remarkable as a study of the famous Nile-boats which, with their tall masts and quaint sails, are very picturesque objects.

THE London *Athenæum* is not pleased with the statue of Stonewall Jackson just erected at Richmond. It says: "We described Foley's statue of General 'Stonewall' Jackson when it was at the foundry in Chelsea, previous to being cast in bronze. Since then this figure has been cast. Of it, critically, we are bound to say that we wish it had been a better work of art; and we say this, not only for the reputation of the sculptor, but for the honor of the heroic general himself, as well as on account of the sympathy which has led many English admirers of 'Stonewall' to subscribe funds and present the statue to the State of Virginia."

THE *Academy* utters the following: "An exhibition of wood-engravings has been opened this summer at Berlin. The many new methods of reproduction now in vogue have, in some measure, replaced the old art of wood-engraving, which has fallen of late years greatly into decline." This is a strange thing to say. "The new methods of reproduction" have met with very little success, and wood-engraving, in England and the United States, at least, has not only maintained its own, but in spirit and graphic power has, if any thing, gained. German wood-engraving exhibits commonly vast labor, but lacks strength and effect.

In our description, recently, of the new Chickering Building in Fifth Avenue, we misstated its dimensions, which are eighty feet in width and one hundred and thirty-five feet in depth.

Music and the Drama.

WRITERS on music have had much to say from time to time on English opera preserving the distinctive characteristics of the people and the flavor of the language. The desirability of making it a natural growth, and not a mere foreign graft, is not to be questioned, but the difficulties in the way are many and hard to surmount. In a musical sense the genius of our language is dramatic and not lyric. English is rather a practical and energetic than a musical language, in spite of the fact that it contains a larger body of noble poetry than any other modern tongue, and that such masters of song as Shelley, Tennyson, and Swinburne, have moulded its strong syllables into measure

of liquid beauty and sweetness. Like all languages of the more robust type, English has the capacity under the lift of strong emotion to become crystallized into the finest forms of ballad and lyric poetry. Both German and English, alike rugged and sinewy, are matchless in this respect. But the fitness of a language for musical setting is to be measured not by its exceptional phases, but by its average characteristics of sound and pronunciation. Not the force and beauty of the poetic words are so much to be considered as liquid ease and openness of vocal combination. Italian, by the beauty and sweetness of its sounds, is preëminently a musical language. The current language of the street and mart can be sung as easily as the elaborate work of the lyric poet. All the action of Italian opera fits easily to music, and recitative becomes no less important than the airs and concerted pieces. The writer of English opera in attempting to follow this model meets stumbling-blocks not to be overcome, for no great poet, one capable of mastering the difficulties of the tongue, would be likely to become a mere librettist. Most of the English composers have recognized this difficulty, and therefore substituted dialogue for recitative. Music is set only to the more exalted lyric passages—to the more intense feeling and situation developed in the drama. What we know as English opera, therefore, is rather musical drama than opera, properly so called.

Here criticism finds its first point of attack on the late performance of Sir Julius Benedict's opera of "The Lily of Killarney," as given at Booth's theatre by the Kellogg English Opera Company. As the composer designed the work, it contains but little recitative, the most of the drama being spoken dialogue as in the original "Colleen Bawn," on which it is based. Miss Kellogg, however, saw fit to change the composer's purpose, and had recitative written expressly for it. This action may be accounted for either because Miss Kellogg is conscious of her incapacity for speaking dialogue intelligently, or because the management aimed to give a fictitious novelty to an opera which had already been rendered by the Richings English Opera Troupe several years since.

But, whatever may be the reason, it is to be regretted that Benedict's opera was not given as originally intended. Recitative, when as bald and bad as that written to order to improve the work of the English composer, needs very skilled and intelligent singing to make it tolerable. Miss Kellogg's company, for the most part, sang badly, and what might have been well done in dialogue was simply wretched as given in this tinkered edition of the opera.

"The Lily of Killarney" has the same story as Boucicault's well-known drama of "The Colleen Bawn," and preserves its salient characteristics with precision and effect. In able hands, therefore, its dramatic points might be made a very entertaining feature of the performance, which would partly condone poor singing. Adequate justice was hardly done either to the musical or dramatic possibilities of the work. The music of Beuedict, though by no means remarkable

for its beauty, has yet in it several charming and pathetic ballad-airs, and several of the quaint old Irish songs are interwoven with the main texture of the work very effectively. These give an admirable chance not only for the display of artistic singing, but for the development of that deep feeling and sympathy which always delight even the most cultivated audiences far more than the elaborate *routades* and *floritures* of Italian opera. The greatest singers have not disdained to put forth their best skill in rendering apparently simple music.

In the part of *Eily O'Connor*, by Miss Kellogg, there are several charming and pathetic songs, which she sang with intelligence and effect, as she rarely fails to do. We can hardly pronounce her interpretation, however, to have brought out their full measure of feeling. Miss Kellogg's mastery of the ballad style, with its broad and simple sweetness, its "art which conceals art," is by no means to be compared with her command over the elaborate and pretentious forms of music. To this, however, one exception must be made in her singing of the song "I'm alone, I'm alone," which was so charmingly given as to awaken the audience into an outburst of genuine delight and enthusiasm.

Mr. Castle's performance of the tenor rôle of *Hardress Cregan* was a clever piece of acting, but in a musical sense by no means praiseworthy. The delightful song of "Eily mavourneen," one of Sims Reeves's favorite concert-pieces, was not given with any thing like the beauty, pathos, and power, possible to it, though the intrinsic excellence of the music called for a repetition. With the exception of Mr. Carleton, who sang and acted the rôle of *Danny Mann* with marked ability, the rest of the performance was simply bad.

The opera of "The Lily of Killarney" has in it enough of bright and tuneful airs and concerted music to make it attractive if well done. The dramatic possibilities are more than usually effective, but need a vigor, rapidity, and precision, to which the performance of Miss Kellogg's company did not by any means reach.

THE oratorio of "The Messiah" was given by the Centennial Choral Union, a new society recently organized, at Steinway Hall, to an immense audience, on the night of Wednesday the 20th ultimo. The organization of a good choral society has long been felt to be a great need in New York, and it has been a matter of wonder that, with so much good material at command, the attempts should have been so spasmodic and unsatisfactory. The performance of "The Messiah" gave strong hope that the desideratum has at last been met, for we have rarely heard a more massive, precise, and vigorous rendition of the noble choruses of Händel's great work, even on the part of a society old in practice and experience. With the exception of some slight lack of balance on the part of the altos, the society seems nearly every thing that is desirable. The organizers of the society deserve high credit for the thorough manner in which they have done the work they have undertaken, and we may now look forward for some performances of oratorio

which shall satisfy musical taste, at least in the choral execution if not in the solos.

The great feature of the first public performance of the new oratorio society was the appearance of Mademoiselle Titien in a department of music in which she has been heralded by English criticism as without a living equal. The singing of oratorio in a thoroughly satisfactory manner taxes the art of the singer to a greater extent than even grand opera. Faults of method and voice, which might be covered up by powerful acting, here stand out glaringly open to the public criticism. Faulty phrasing, imperfect intonation, uneven scales, become instantly prominent, for there are no glittering allurements to distract the attention. It is here that the greatest singers have won their laurels, if not in the opinion of the general public, most assuredly in the judgment of intelligent connoisseurs and musicians.

Mademoiselle Titien was evidently suffering from a bad cold, but she sang like a great artist notwithstanding this drawback. She did not dare to attempt those effects in modulation which might have been expected, and at times her voice appeared considerably worn, aggravated, as it was, by hoarseness. But such broad, grand phrasing, such pure, crisp intonation, have not been heard in America since the days of Jenny Lind. The delivery of the notes, even in the runs and scales, was as round and distinct as the stroke of a bell. To these excellences Mademoiselle Titien united a certain dramatic warmth and fire which we are not accustomed to associate with oratorio singing. The passion of the great actress could not be kept under, and gave a certain religious glow and fervor quite unique. In presence of these splendid qualities, it hardly becomes us to carp at defects of voice inseparable from one who has been a singer for so many years as Mademoiselle Titien. It would be vain to deny that there are fresher voices. But there are few singers who would not be willing to barter the fortuitous advantages of youth for the grand art which has given Titien a rank which in many respects has no equal in Europe according to the standard of the most competent judges.

Miss Orasdil, the contralto, shared the honors of the evening with Titien. A voice so solid, rich, and smooth, as to be in many respects phenomenal, rendered the contralto music with a fervor and sympathy that quite took the audience by storm, and hardly permitted the singer to take her seat. It is to be doubted whether any contralto voice that has been heard for years in this country is quite her equal, as Miss Cary is rather a mezzo-soprano with contralto compass than a pure contralto. It is a pity that so noble an organ should be confined to the comparatively limited sphere of sacred music.

The tenor and barytone solos were badly done by Messrs. Wilkie and Thomas. The next oratorio, to be given on November 10th, will be that of "Elijah," when the tenor and barytone rôles will be differently assigned. Lovers of music will generally congratulate the Centennial Choral Union on their auspicious beginning, and look forward to future performances with no little expectation.

Mr. Booth's reappearance has been hailed with a general acclamation. There is a very large class of people who have an intense admiration for Mr. Booth's acting, and everybody too has felt sympathy for his pecuniary misfortunes as a manager, and for his sufferings in the recent accident that came so near depriving the stage of him altogether. It must be conceded, moreover, even by those who question Mr. Booth's great genius as an actor, that he, in fact, stands now at the head of the American stage. It may be shown that his *Hamlet* and his *Richelieu* are far from being the great impersonations his friends think them to be, but, after all, where can we turn to find better ones?

Mr. Booth opened at Daly's Theatre on the night of October 25th, appearing in *Hamlet*. He brings to the rendition of this part many new phases. Mr. Booth has not shown marked steadfastness in any of his personations. It will be said by his friends that this is only proof of continual study, of the growth and development of his conceptions; but there is some evidence to show that these changes are often the result of uncertain grasp and wandering purpose. The new *Hamlet*—for so different is it as now given from the actor's former renditions that it bears this description—is improved in some of the details, but is scarcely an advance in depth of reach or elevation of feeling. There are so many fine touches and so many weak points in it, so many things suggested by the acting of some of the scenes, that the personation calls for a more elaborate and careful criticism than we can find room for this week. We hope, however, to be able, at some future time, to give the now most generally admired *Hamlet* of the stage an analysis in some measure worthy of the subject.

The reappearance of Herr Wachtel in German opera at the Academy of Music has reawakened among his countrymen something of the same enthusiasm which welcomed his first coming to America, though we do not think there is the same heartiness and fervor shown on the part of the American public. The *ad captandum* qualities of the German tenor do not wear altogether well, and, great as a singer as he unquestionably is in many respects, his defects are very conspicuous. But in every thing that savors of a *tour de force*, in all the climaxes where the largest measure of singing and dramatic force must be put forth, Wachtel is worthy of the highest praise. It is in the sustained singing that we think he falls short of artistic excellence. It may be that this is deliberate for the purpose of saving the voice for the great efforts. But no artist of Wachtel's rank should feel this necessity. His use of the falsetto in the high notes of the less brilliant passages is a trick which would hardly be tolerated outside of Germany or America. His electrifying outbursts, his superb acting, and perfect command of all the resources of stage effect, are such, however, as to dwarf the defect we have mentioned for any but a very critical and fastidious audience, who demand perfectly artistic singing at the expense of every thing and any thing else. The company of

German artists collected to support the great tenor is fairly good, but not by any means such as we might have hoped for.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

October 12, 1875.

A NOVEL sensation in the literary world has been vouchsafed to *blasé* Paris during the past week. The celebrated American adventuress and heroine of the Russian diamond scandal, Mrs. Blackford, has published a book giving a full account of her adventures in Russia. The work is in itself nowise remarkable, but as it contains several of the letters which the young Grand-duke Nicholas was infatuated enough to write to the lady, it has been much sought after by the curious. Those who really wanted to read it, did well to be in a hurry to purchase it; for three days after the book had made its first appearance it was seized by the police, and the fair authoress was ordered to quit Paris forthwith. She has gone to London, where she will negotiate, it is said, for an English edition of her book (the present one is in French), containing all the papers of the grand-duke which remain at present in her hands, some of which are said to treat of very important political questions. The will which he made in her favor, and also a deed settling on her a large annual income, were purchased from her by the Russian Government for the sum of forty thousand dollars, and it is rumored that fifty thousand dollars was offered for the grand-duke's letters, but the lady insisted upon receiving twice as much, and the negotiations came to naught. Why so much fuss should have been made about her book (which is entitled "The Romance of an American Woman in Russia," and was published in Brussels) is hard to imagine, for it is commonplace enough, and even the letters of the imperial and infatuated lover possess but little interest.

The only incident worth recalling in the volume is the scene where the lady breaks one of her ivory hair-brushes over the head of the grand-duke, and he throws the other out of the window for fear of a repetition of the blows. And yet the woman in question is a very type of delicate, fragile beauty, slender, pensive, and refined-looking, with long, almond-shaped, dark eyes, an exquisitely-proportioned figure, and the grace and style of a born American. Apart from the paint which she puts on her lips, and other artificial enhancements of her charms, she might readily be mistaken for a lady belonging to the choicest of all possible *mondes* instead of to the *demi-monde*. She has added to her numerous *aliases* that of Fanny Lear, the name of the heroine of one of the most powerful comedies of Meilhac and Halévy. And why this long discussion, one would naturally ask, about a woman and a book, neither of which are worth mentioning? That may be, and yet to mention neither would simply be to ignore a very marked Parisian sensation. The papers for the past few days have devoted whole columns to the subject, the portrait of Mrs. Blackford-Feenix-Fanny Lear smiles from the windows of all the photograph-sellers on the boulevards, and from six to twenty dollars are already offered for single copies of the suppressed volume.

New books and announcements of new books abound. Furne, Jouvet & Co. announce a "History of the Crusades," by M.

Michaud, of the Académie Française, with illustrations by Gustave Doré. It is to be issued in fortnightly numbers, each number to contain sixteen pages of text and four full-page illustrations printed separate from the text. The first number will be published on the 18th of this month, and each one will cost one dollar and twenty cents. Twenty-five numbers will complete the work, which will form, when finished, two large folio volumes. Firmin Didot & Co. have in press a "Dictionary of Architecture and of the Arts and Sciences thereunto attached," by Ernest Bosc, architect. This work is also to be issued in numbers. It will contain, when finished, four thousand woodcuts in the text, sixty full-page wood-engravings printed apart from the text, and forty chromo-lithographs. It will form four octavo volumes. E. Plon & Co. have just issued the second volume of "Equatorial Africa," by the Marquis de Compigné, illustrated with a map and numerous woodcuts. The Librairie des Bibliophiles is shortly to publish a work entitled "Comédiens et Comédiennes," the first series of which is to be the Comédie Française, with text by Françoise Sarcey, and illustrations by Léon Gaucheret. Of new novels any quantity are announced, some as being just ready, and others as in course of preparation. Octave Feuillet's lovely "Mariage dans le Monde" has just been published by Michel Lévy. E. Dentu issued "Le Chevalier Ténébre," by Paul Féval, and "An Actress's Vengeance," by Henri Augu. The same house announces "Colonel Chamberlain," by Hector Malot; "The Veiled Lady," by Emile Richebourg; and "The Book of Exile," by the late Edgar Quinet. From the Bibliothèque Charpentier we are shortly to have "Still Waters" (*L'Eau Dormante*), by Lucien Biart; and "La Comédie Académique," by Champfleury. The Librairie Satorius is about to issue a novel by Clémence Badère, with the highly-sensational title of "The Physician Poisoner," and also Morel's "Hélène Brunet," a novel which is so hideously immoral that the *Figaro*, in whose columns it was first issued as a *feuilleton*, was compelled to break it off short in the middle, and to apologize for ever having commenced it. The *Figaro* is shortly to begin the publication of a new novel by Xavier de Montepin, entitled "The Secret of the Countess."

The veteran actor Bressant, who was recently threatened with paralysis, is much better, and will shortly return to the boards of the Comédie Française. *A propos* of Bressant, a story is told respecting him and Jules Janin, which well exemplifies the uneasy vanity of the great critic. He published one day a highly favorable notice of the acting of Bressant in a new play. The actor, for some reason or other, neglected to thank him or to take any notice of his article. From that time to the day of his death, Jules Janin never mentioned Bressant's name in any one of his dramatic criticisms. When forced to speak of the characters in which he performed in order to give a full account of the different plays, he would always speak of him as "the actor who took such a part, the person who played the hero," etc. On the other hand, it is whispered abroad that, Françoise Sarcey having warmly praised certain points in *La Dame aux Camélias* of Mademoiselle Tallandiera, the grateful actress sent him a diamond ring, which the great critic sent back at once, accompanying the returned offering with a very stern and severe letter.

"Rose Michel" has been revived at the Ambigu, with Fargueil in her original part as

the heroine, and with Chorley as the husband—a character which he plays so magnificently as almost to throw the fine actress whom he supports into the shade. What a strange history has been that of this much-talked-of melodrama! Though a success in Paris, it was a failure in London, and no wonder, for, though it is a play possessing very considerable merit, it was so atrociously acted that failure was inevitable, for even Shakespeare himself appears wearisome when very badly played. The scene in the theatre on the solitary night of "Rose Michel" in London must have been very funny, for the gallery-gods got awfully impatient at the drawing delivery of the principal actress, and indulged in audible comments thereupon. Then the representative of *George de Buissey* presented himself, in the scene after that wherein he cries, as he was being put to the torture, were heard, very trim and elegant, in a white-satin doublet with silken hose to match, whereupon the gods made some more forcible observations respecting the incongruity of his attire and situation.

It is rumored here that you are not to have Rossi in America after all, that he has paid forfeit to manager Grau, the sum being stated as anywhere from eight to twenty thousand dollars, and that he has leased the Salle Vendadour for six months in order to present himself in his regular round of characters to the Parisian public. If this be true, why, then, your loss will be our gain. The French papers fib so, however, that I am never inclined to believe their assertions without some outside corroborative evidence. Rossi played *Othello* for the third time on Saturday last, before an audience as large and as wildly enthusiastic as those that greeted him on the two previous occasions.

The recently-published and posthumous work of Philarette Chasles, notwithstanding its very untempting title ("The Social Psychology of New Nations"), is full of sparkle and charm, united to a depth of erudition and a felicity of criticism which are truly remarkable. I select a few passages, which may be found interesting. Here is a criticism on the relations of Napoleon I. with the fair sex: "It can be said, and with truth, that Napoleon, a true sultan without wives, was vanquished by women! He passed his life in protecting himself against them, which was manly; in insulting them, which was vulgar; in irritating them, which was imprudent. It is well known how he acted toward Marie Louise, toward Madame Walewski, toward Madame de Staël, toward Queen Louisa of Prussia, toward that unhappy Princess de Solms, the sister of Queen Louisa, whom he met at a ball, and whose life might indeed have been made the subject of criticism, but that criticism should have been private. 'Well, princess, are you still fond of men?' 'Yes, sire, when they are polite.' The strange explanation of this brutality is not that he disliked women, but that he feared them."

Here is a just and vivid picture of the genius of the elder Dumas: "That extraordinary talent, that tropical genius, powerful, abundant, ardent, mobile, and entirely physical, did not need to create a work. It warmed into life whatever it encountered. A Protestant refugee at Rotterdam had published in that city, about the year 1700, three wretched little volumes of a tolerably happy invention, but diffuse and vulgar in style. Dumas made of them the entertaining history of the 'Trois Mousquetaires.' You might bring him a history of any kind, a subject well or ill treated, the astonishing artist would cast the paste

into his oven, whence in a few minutes it would come forth well cooked and savory. I think that he has signed a thousand works, dramas, and novels. He has been accused with having stolen the half of them. That is not true. The oven belonged to him. No matter from what quarter came the paste, so long as he had not kneaded, retouched, and watched over it, it had no value. He corrected the mould, recombined the elements, and superintended the baking. One of his comedies, the 'Demoiselles de St.-Cyr,' which achieved more than a hundred representations, was, when it fell into his hands, nothing more than a little unformed vaudeville, which its author sold for fifty francs. He was at once a wit, a poet, a manufacturer, and an engineer."

Here is a sketch of Bismarck: "This redoubtable contemporary, who has already his coat-of-arms, and whose father was the guardian of a state fortress, the Prince von Bismarck, is a human enigma, who has in his service the strangest of faculties. History can alone solve this riddle. He might replace his armorial bearings by a silver sphinx on a field-gules. It is not yet time to judge this wild Richelieu of the Baltic. But a quality which cannot be denied to him is a power of penetration, which was aided by his journeys and his youthful observations, which was sharpened by his sojourn in France, and which is marvelously aided by his natural boldness and his *brusquerie*, assumed or real, and which permit him to manage, I will not say to deceive, mankind. When he busied himself with overthrowing the scaffolding of the ancient little feudal principalities of Germany, he was thought to be a democrat, and all democrats hastened to follow in his train. When, afterward, he brought up the old grievances of the Prussian monarchy against us, and raised up the trivial Spanish quarrel of the Hohenzollerns, so insensibly accepted by the representatives and masters of France, the Prussian feudalists, then taking him for the most monarchical of royalists and the most feudal of feudalists, fought at his side as one man. This enigmatical series of problems is not yet ended."

This criticism of Mozart by Italian appreciation sixty years ago is curious, and reminds one of the "Tannhäuser" hissed from the Parisian stage some few years past.

"It may be remembered that Mozart in Milan in 1815 was looked upon as a barbarous composer, whose *troppo robusta* music, as the Italian critic Baretto phrased it, 'might possibly please, not the nightingales that sing, but the asses that Bray.'"

An unfortunate clock-maker of the Quartier Latin, named Marambot, having shot the seducer of his daughter, Alexandre Dumas comes out with a long article as a pendant to his "Tue-la!" wherein he no longer cries "Kill her!" but, more sensibly, "Kill him!" The peculiar and cold-blooded indelicacy of style of the great author, when he plies his pen in behalf of these social problems, prevents me from giving any extracts. I was struck, however, with one passage, wherein he advocates a change from the invariable French practice of bringing up young girls in ignorance and in leading-strings. "Teach them the dangers that environ them, and let them guard against them themselves," would be the advice of an American, and such substantially is that of M. Dumas. "She would know, it is true, what a young girl ought not to be told, but, on the other hand, she would know what a young girl ought not to do." Come, then—if American training is advocated in Paris by

such an advocate, there is hope for the future of Parisian society, after all.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

THE best thing appearing in Mrs. Roese Church's magazine, *London Society*, just now, is Mr. Joseph Hatton's "The True Story of Punch." Mr. Hatton, as you know, is the author of some clever novels, and editor of our best-informed theatrical paper, the *Homd*. He knew personally most of the old *Punch* men—Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, Mark Lemon, for instance; and he quotes more than one characteristic and hitherto unpublished letter from them. Of Jerrold, especially, he writes lovingly. Take this paragraph, for instance:

"A score of stories of Jerrold occur to me, though it is too late to add any new ones to the record, for his 'wit and humor' have been carefully collected and published. There are a few good things, however, which will bear repetition. 'Nature has written "honest man" upon his face,' said a person trying to make interest for his friend with Jerrold. 'Then Nature must have had a very bad pen,' was the prompt reply. Everybody knows how he revenged himself upon a pompous fop, who had made himself offensively conspicuous at a club dinner where sheep's head was a favorite dish. Pushing his plate aside, the stranger exclaimed, 'Well, I say, sheep's head forever!' 'What egotism!' remarked Jerrold. This, no doubt, led up to a kindred flash of wit on another occasion, at the expense of a literary friend of Jerrold's, who had just ordered 'Some sheep's-tail soup, waiter.' 'Ah,' said Jerrold, looking up, and smiling with his great eyes, 'extremes meet sometimes.' There was an old gentleman who drove a very slow pony in a ramshackle gig, and he was anxious one day to pay Jerrold a little special attention. The humorist was on his way to the station from his house. 'Ah, Mr. Jerrold,' said the old gentleman, 'shall I give you a lift?' 'No, thank you,' said Jerrold, 'I am in a hurry.' In the country, on a visit, Jerrold was told, among other gossip, of a young man in the neighborhood named Ure, who had cruelly jilted his sweetheart. 'Ure seems to be a base'un,' said Jerrold. At a ball, seeing a very tall gentleman waltzing with a very short lady, Jerrold said, 'There's a mile dancing with a mile-stone.' The author of an epic poem entitled 'A Descent into Hell' used to worry Jerrold very much. At last the wit grew irritated with the poet, who, coming bounding upon him with the question, 'Ah, Jerrold, have you seen my "Descent into Hell?"' was answered, with quick asperity, 'No; I should like to!'"

You may like to know that our new lord-mayor, Alderman Cotton, M. P., is a literary man—at least, he has written both poetry and prose. The former is passable (one volume of it was dedicated, by permission, to Charles Dickens, another volume to the late Lord Lytton); the latter has dwelt mainly on financial matters in the city.

Mr. Irving is being considerably "chaffed" by the poetasters over his *Macbeth*. They poke boisterous fun at him because of his make-up and "mouthing." This (condensed) is from the *Figaro*, the editor of which, Mr. James Mortimer, is at daggers drawn with the young tragedian, and will persist in always calling him in print "the Eminent I."

"THE FALL OF THE EMINENT I."

"'Twas in the prime of autumn-time,
An evening calm and cool,
And full two thousand cockneys went
To see him play the fool;
And the critics filled the stalls, as thick
As the balls in a billiard-pool.

"He wore pink tights—his vest apart,
To clutch his manly chest;

And he went at the knees in his old, old way,
While his brow he madly preat;
So he whispered and roared, and gasped and
groaned,
As with dyspepsia posseet.

"Act after act he ranted through,
And he strode for many a mile,
Till some were ready to leave the house,
Too weary to even smile;
For acting murderers' parts so oft
Had somewhat marred his style.

"But he took six more hasty strides
Across the stage again—
Six hasty strides—then doubled up,
As smit with searching pain;
As though to say, 'See me create
The conscience-stricken thane!'

"Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns took he;
Now up the stage, now down the stage,
And now beside Miss B.;
And, looking off, he saw her ma,
As she read in the R. U. E.

"Now, Mrs. B., what is't you read?
Asked he, with top lip curving.
'Queen Mary? A play by Mr. Wills?
Or something more deserving?'
Said Mrs. B., with an upward glance,
'It is "The Fall of Irving!"'

"One night, months thence, while gentle sleep
Had stilled the city's heart,
Two bill-stickers set out with paste,
And play-bills, in a cart,
And the Emment I had his name on them,
In a melodramatic part."

Mr. Mortimer, I may add here, is about to start an illustrated daily paper, after the style of your own *Graphic*. He is advertising for capitalists to join him in the venture, and doubtless will get them, for there's always plenty of money forthcoming for literary enterprises. Besides, Mr. Mortimer is one of the most energetic of our journalists. He has stuck to the *Figaro* through thick and thin; and now see the result! After more than once altering its price, size, and date of publication—at first it was a penny "daily," now it is a penny "weekly"—he has made it a success. An illustrated daily, well done, would, I am sure, have a very large circulation here.

In a week or two Mr. Toole will begin an engagement at his favorite London house, the Gaiety. Mr. Mathews is still personating the "awful dad" there; but, to put it as mildly as possible, "standing-room" can always be had. This will hardly be the case when Mr. Toole visits us again, for the first time since his American tour. Already every seat has been "booked" for the opening night. How popular he is with cockneys, to be sure! As for the provincials, they too swear by him—never at him, as they do in the case of some other "stars" I could name.

Mr. Sims Reeves's sons follow in the footsteps of their father. They are sweet singers. One of them will soon make his appearance in public. He is said to have an excellent tenor voice; his brother's voice is a fine barytone.

Your countryman, Colonel Jeems Pipes, has been "drawing" large audiences in the provinces; by-and-by he will make his *début* in London—a fact which reminds me that Mr. J. P. Burnett and Miss Jennie Lee have already arrived here from San Francisco. It is probable that they will open at the Queen's; meanwhile, Mr. Burnett is being taken to the bosoms of our clubs.

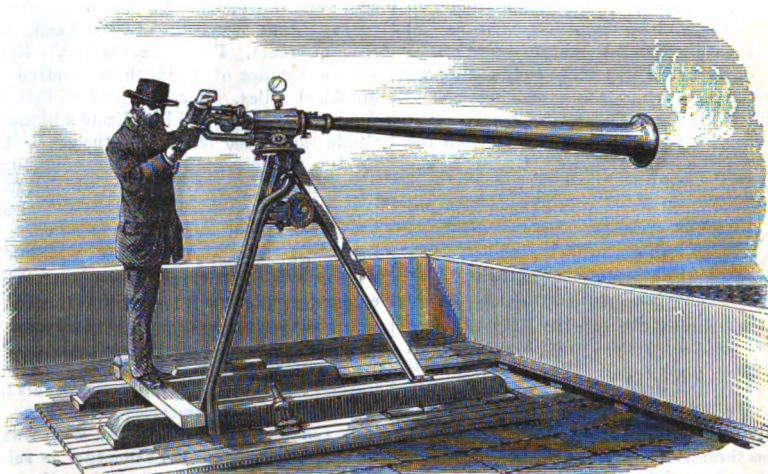
It would be strange, wouldn't it, if, after all, "Rose Michel" were to have a successful "run" among us? It may have, for I hear that there is a movement on foot to put Mr. Daly's version of it on the boards of one of our principal theatres. WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE NEBELHORN, OR AUSTRIAN FOG-TRUMPET.

AMONG the many objects of interest exhibited by Austria at the late Vienna Exposition was the *Nebelhorn*, or Austrian fog-trumpet. At stated and not infrequent periods the attention of the traveling public is directed to the positive need of some efficient means of signaling during a fog at sea. At such times all the common signals, such as lights, whistles, bells, etc., are of no avail. The recent wreck of the Schiller upon the very rocks that formed the foundation of two light-houses, and the still more recent disaster to the Vanguard in the Irish Channel, prove that, until we have solved this problem of fog-signals, one great danger of the deep must still be unabated. In former communications we have laid before our readers the opposing theories of Henry and Tyndal! regarding the effect of fogs upon the transmission of sound-waves, and it may yet be safe

formed like those of an organ by means of movable metallic reeds, which are caused to vibrate by steam, and are sent out in any given direction through a trumpet or augments. The notes may be formed automatically and at given intervals, or may be governed by means of a finger-board, so that they may serve the purpose of correspondence as well as of a general signal. This instrument has a most extraordinary power, having been heard at a distance of sixteen nautical miles. It can be put up directly over the boiler or connected with it at a distance with a pipe. Mounted upon a pivot, it can be directed toward any desired point; and, where several are in use upon the same coast, a separate combination of notes may be made, so that each instrument may be distinguished from its neighbor. By means of the finger-board, long or short notes may be sounded at will and with great accuracy, and communications may be made at night as well as in fogs and snow-storms. By the aid of an alphabetical formula a regular system of sound-telegraphy may be established. The



to affirm that the question has not been conclusively answered. While these eminent observers have devoted their energies to theoretical tests of the best methods for producing sounds that will penetrate the fog-clouds, others, directly interested in the practical bearing of the subject, have been occupied in constructing instruments which shall create sounds of sufficient strength to serve the desired purpose. In the JOURNAL for February 13, 1875, an illustrated description was given of certain recent forms of fog-guns and sound-reflectors, and we would now direct attention to this new Austrian *Nebelhorn*, the form of which is shown in the accompanying illustration, which was placed at the disposal of Major Elliot, and by him given to the public in his recent valuable and interesting report* on European light-house systems. From the report which accompanied the illustration we learn that this apparatus was formerly operated by compressed air, which has now been replaced by steam. The notes are

illustration here given is that of a trumpet, the steam for which is obtained from an eight-horse-power boiler under a pressure of twenty-five pounds to the square inch, and by its aid thirty blasts may be produced in thirty seconds, audible at a distance of fifteen nautical miles. A small machine connected with the boiler operates the automatic distributing steam-valve.

By the aid of this trumpet, mounted thirty feet above the sea at the harbor of Trieste, signals according to the Morse method were plainly distinguished at a distance of six nautical miles. As a mechanism dependent upon the use of steam, it is evident that trumpets of this form might be made to render efficient service on board of steamers; and, had the Grand-Duke and the Vanguard been so equipped, not only would they have avoided each other, but the fact that the latter had changed its course might have been directly telegraphed to the fleet, together with the causes which rendered the change necessary. The *Nebelhorn* is the invention of Giovanni Amandi, of the Technical Institute of Trieste, and this his first trumpet was awarded a medal of merit at the Vienna Exposition.

* European Light-House Systems, being a Report of a Tour of Inspection made in 1873. By Major George H. Elliot. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

In the course of our recent editorial discussion regarding the true purpose and limit of governmental functions, reference was made to the geographical expedition now engaged under the sole patronage of an American and English newspaper in exploring the interior lands and lakes of Africa. Hardly had we given expression to these views in support of such private efforts as against those requiring the aid of the government when the *New York Herald* published, with a just pride, the first letter from its "own correspondent," Henry M. Stanley. This communication bore date March 1, 1875, and was dispatched from the "village of Kagehi, district of Ucambi, Usukuma, on the Victoria Nyanza." Although the explorer had but then reached the boundary of the mysterious country into which he had been ordered to penetrate, yet the story of the march is one of sufficient interest to suggest a brief review, and to this the attention of the reader may be directed. As originally constituted, the expedition numbered four Englishmen and over three hundred natives; but, on reaching the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, after a march of seven hundred and twenty miles, accomplished in one hundred and three days, but one hundred and ninety-four men remained—dysentery, famine, heart-disease, desertion, and war, having taken from him one hundred and twenty-five Africans and one European. The following account of the fourth day's march will serve to illustrate the difficulties with which the expedition had to contend while simply pushing forward, while further on we read of new dangers from the attacks of the native forces. Owing to the faithlessness of his guides, Stanley found himself, on the third day out, in the midst of a dense jungle of acacias and euphorbia, through which they had literally to push their way by scrambling and crawling along the ground, cutting the convolvuli and creepers, thrusting aside stout, thorny bushes, and by various *détours* taking advantage of every slight opening in the jungle. It was on the evening of this day that the first death occurred. "The fourth day's march," he writes, "lasted nearly the whole day, though we made but fourteen miles, and was threefold more arduous than that of the preceding day. Not a drop of water was discovered during the march, and the weaker people, laboring under their loads, hunger and thirst, lagged behind the vanguard many miles, which caused the rear-guard, under two of the white men, much suffering. As the rear-guard advanced they shouldered the loads of the weaker men, and endeavored to encourage them to resume the march. Some of these men were enabled to reach the camp, where their necessities were relieved by medicine and restoratives. But five men strayed from the path which the passing expedition had made, and were never seen alive again. Scouts sent out to explore the woods found one dead about a mile from our road; the others must have hopelessly wandered on until they also fell down and died." After this follows the weary waiting for relief, and then the fresh start, which brought them to the district of Suna, in Urimi. Here was discovered a people "remarkable for their manly beauty, noble proportions, and nakedness. Neither man nor boy had either cloth or skins to cover his nakedness; the women bearing children boasted of goat-skins." They proved, in spite of their physical attractions, to be an ungracious and suspicious people, and it required great tact to induce them to trade or in any way further the designs of the expedition. They had no chief, but respected the injunctions of their elders. It was at Suna that Edward Pocock was taken

sick, dying but a few days later—the first European victim to the honorable service in which he was engaged. All honor to his name and memory! After burying Pocock at Chiwyu, and marking his grave by a rude cross cut on a tree at its head, the expedition began its northward journey, until the Leumbu River was reached. Here the first active contest with the natives began, resulting, after a long fight against fearful odds, in the discomfiture of the enemy and the total destruction by fire of many of the most populous villages. The attacking tribes were led by the dreaded Waturu. Of the geological features of the country now entered the traveler writes as follows: "At Mukondoku the altitude, as indicated by two first-rate aneroids, was 2,800 feet. At Mitiwi, twenty miles north, the altitude was 2,825 feet. Diverging west and northwest we ascend the slope of a lengthy mountain-wall, apparently, but which, upon arriving at the summit, we ascertain to be a wide plateau, covered with forest. This plateau has an altitude of 2,800 feet at its eastern extremity, but, as it extends westward, it rises to a height of 4,500 feet. It embraces all Uyanzi, Unyanymbe, Usukuma, Urimi, and Irambo—in short, all that portion of Central Africa lying between the valley of the Rufiji south and the Victoria Nyanza north, and the mean altitude of this broad upland cannot exceed 4,500 feet. From Mizanza to the Nyanza is a distance of nearly three hundred geographical miles, yet at no part of this long journey did the aneroids indicate a higher altitude than 5,100 feet above the sea." Continuing the march, and after crossing numerous fertile plains and the rivers which watered them, the lake is reached, and the actual work of the expedition is projected. This work was to consist in an exploration by water of the Victoria Nyanza, which exploration was to be effected in the boat Livingstone, afterward rechristened the Lady Alice, an illustrated description of which has appeared in the *JOURNAL*. "I hear of strange tales," says the writer, "about the countries on the shores of this lake, which make me still more eager to start. One man reports a country peopled with dwarfs, another with giants, and another is said to possess a breed of such large dogs that even my mastiffs are said to have been small compared to them. All these may be idle romance, and I lay no stress on anything reported to me, as I hope to be enabled to see with my own eyes all the wonders of these

unknown countries." In a second letter, now at hand, Mr. Stanley records his first voyage in the Lady Alice, and, by the aid of a map of his own drawing, describes the Victoria Nyanza more fully, and, it may be believed, more correctly, than his predecessors.

In the death of Charles Wheatstone, the English electrician, physical science loses one of its most distinguished students and advocates. At an early day we shall notice at greater length the character of his services to theoretical and applied science, the following brief summary of which appears in the columns of a contemporary: "He was born at Gloucester, in 1802. In early life he was a manufacturer of musical instruments, and made researches on the science of acoustics. He displayed much mechanical ingenuity in the construction of instruments and apparatus. He published, in 1834, an 'Account of Experiments to measure the Velocity of Electricity and the Duration of Electric Light.' In the same year he became Professor of Philosophy in King's College, London. He invented the stereoscope, which he described in his 'Contributions to Physiology of Vision,' published in 1838. He was one of the several persons who, in 1837, claimed the honor of the invention of the electric telegraph. Wheatstone and his partner Cooke obtained, in 1837, a patent for apparatus which they invented for sending signals by means of electric currents. They were successful in the practical application of their invention, which soon came into extensive use. Professor Wheatstone afterward invented several improvements, among which is the magneto-alphabetical telegraph. He was Vice-President of the Royal Society, and was a corresponding member of the French Institute, as well as of several of the leading academies of Europe."

Dr. A. W. Saxe recently described before the California Academy of Sciences a colossal tree, one of a grove discovered in Santa Clara County. Its circumference, as actually measured six feet from the ground, was but a few inches less than one hundred and fifty feet; as over one hundred feet of the top had fallen, it was impossible to determine the exact height, though this was probably about three hundred feet! This tree, even in that land of vegetable wonders, stands chief over all, although the other trees in the grove are said to be of immense growth.

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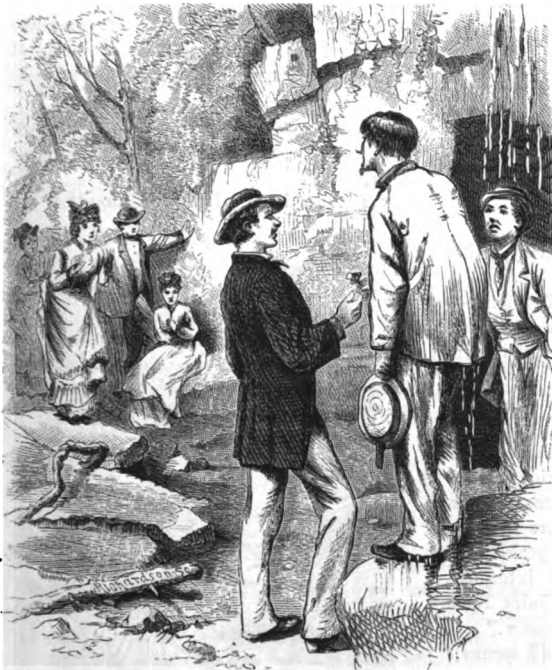
NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 13, 1875.

[VOL. XIV.

"THE LAND OF THE SKY;"

OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.



A MISHAP.

CHAPTER VII.

"The velvet grass seems carpet meet
For the light fairies' lively feet;
Yon tufted knoll with daisies strown,
Might make proud Oberon a throne;
While hidden in the thicket nigh
Puck should brood o'er his frolic sly;
And where profuse the wood-vetch clings
Round ash and elm in verdant rings,
Its pale and azure pencilled flower
Should canopy Titania's bower."

IT is not possible to imagine a stronger sense of contrast than that of which we are conscious on coming to this gay watering-place out of the wild gorge through which we have passed, and after the rough life of which we have had a glimpse. We feel as if we had entered by magic into another world. Here is a large hotel, with all the appliances of civilization; well-dressed people in every direction on the piazzas and lawns; stir, movement, and all that air of do-nothing gayety which pervades such places.

No summer resort in the country possesses

es greater advantages than the Warm Springs — if these advantages were only made the most of. Even now, despite the constant annoyance which bad management causes, the place is very popular, especially among the people of Tennessee and the Gulf States, who go there in numbers. Nature has certainly done every thing for it. The great hills recede, forming a beautiful basin. There is a green, well-shaded lawn in front of the hotel, at the foot of which the French Broad sweeps, chanting its everlasting refrain, while on the other side bold cliffs and mountains rise. In the rear of the hotel flows Spring Creek, one of the brightest and loveliest of mountain-streams. It runs down a picturesque gorge in crystal rapids and falls, with the laurel-clad cliffs towering so sheer and steep

on each side that it is only by springing from rock to rock in the bed of the stream that one is able to explore its wild beauty. The warm springs are large pools that bubble up near the river, and range in heat from 98° to 102° Fahr. They are almost of miraculous virtue for rheumatism and neuralgia, and one sees helpless cripples who have the entire use of all their limbs in the bath, when out of it they cannot move hand or foot. The worst cases of rheumatism are always alleviated by these waters, and many persons are wholly cured.

We cross the river in a ferry-boat—the bridge not having been yet rebuilt—and in doing so are the objects of many stares from a party of equestrians who are waiting on the other side. At a place of this kind newcomers are always certain of being stared at—generally in a very ill-bred manner—but on this occasion there is more than ordinary excuse for the starers. Evidently they are at a loss to imagine where we can possibly have come from. They know that Laurel is "up," for the stage from Asheville has not crossed

since Monday, and this is Thursday. As we approach the bank, we hear them exchanging wonders and conjectures.

"The waters must be down," says one.

"Of course the stage will come to-night," remarks another.

"We could assure them to the contrary, if we chose," says Sylvia. "Our boatman told us, you know, that the stage cannot possibly cross until to-morrow—if then."

We drive into the grounds and up to the door of the hotel with the air of people who feel that they have a right to make a sensation.

Our appearance certainly excites a great deal of wonder and interest among the lounging groups on the long piazza.

"From Asheville?" says the astonished clerk who opens the carriage-door. "How is it possible you've crossed Laurel? The stage hasn't been here in a week."

"People can generally accomplish what they want to do," says Eric. "The stage-drivers are probably not so anxious to cross as we were. Here we are, and we want good rooms immediately."

Thanks to this young gentleman's somewhat arbitrary energy, the good rooms—and they are excellent ones—are obtained. In this respect we are more fortunate than many others. Let people show any capability of being imposed upon, and hotel proprietors are commonly the people to take advantage of the fact.

"It is the most disagreeable feature of this place," says a gentleman a few days later, "that you can obtain nothing without such a great amount of unpleasant bullying."

Not alone at the Warm Springs, however, does such short-sighted policy prevail. Who that has traveled has not suffered often in this manner, and been wrought to indignation by the deception and imposition which the keepers of many places of resort delight to practise, and injure themselves more grievously than they know by practising them?

The rooms at the Warm Springs are admirably furnished, as far superior in size, comfort, and upholstery, to those of the famous Virginia White Sulphur as a first-class hotel is superior to an ordinary boarding-house. And the table is as good as can reasonably be desired. Sylvia, it is true, casts a discontented glance over the bill-of-fare, and remarks that she sees no mention of

* Continued from JOURNAL, No. 344.

venison or pheasants—but Eric and Charley laugh at her.

"You'd like a bear-steak, also, wouldn't you?" the latter asks. "You must go a little farther from cut-glass and damask before you find those things, *ma belle*."

"Is there no game around here?" asked Mr. Lanier. "There ought to be."

"There is none for amateur hunters," answers Eric. "I was here for a week last summer, and I soon saw how the thing was managed. A party of gentlemen want a deer-hunt. Being ignorant of the country, and having no dogs, they engage some of the mountaineers to 'drive' for them. These fellows regard the deer as their monopoly, so they station the strangers at certain stands, then they take the dogs and drive the deer in the opposite direction, receive their pay in the evening, and have probably also a deer which has been killed by one of their own number. After trying this lively amusement for a few days, the would-be hunters are generally disgusted, and firmly persuaded that there is no such thing as game in the mountains."

"Is there no chance of a stranger ever killing a deer, then?" asks Mr. Lanier.

"Not unless he is one of a party who know the country and drive for themselves. Even under those circumstances, however, game is scarce around here—so scarce that it is not worth hunting. I knew that, so I left my gun in Asheville. We shall not have a good deer-hunt until we go to Buck Forest—eh, Charley?"

"What is Buck Forest?" asks Sylvia.

"The jolliest place in the mountains," answers Charley. "Let that suffice until you go there."

It does not take us long to fall into the groove of watering-place life—the most absolutely idle and aimless life in the world. Who does not know the routine? A vast amount of lounging and promenading on piazzas, a considerable amount of flirtation under lawn-trees, much smoking on the part of the men, unlimited gossip on the part of the women, idle hours in the bowling-alley, idle hours by the river pretending to fish, idlest hours of all in the ballroom, criticising faces and costumes, and dancing to poor music. This order of existence pleases only two of our party—Aunt Markham, who likes comfort and the baths, and Mr. Lanier, who likes comfort and society. Sylvia tolerates it—being young and pretty, and not adverse to admiration and belleship—but she wears a wistful look when the horses are brought out for a ride or drive, and she confides to me that she is longing to be "up and away" to the wild fair regions that lie yet unexplored before us. Eric and Charley make no secret of the fact that they are bored, and the latter relapses into his usual state of indolence—out of which our day or two of roughing temporarily roused him. He finds it too much trouble to contend with Ralph Lanier and half a dozen other old friends and new admirers for a share of Sylvia's society, so he calmly relinquishes all of it, and devotes himself to a flirtation with a pretty Memphis belle. I see them for hours together on the lawn—Charley lying lazily on the shad-

ow-dappled grass—I find them by moonlight in remote nooks of the piazzas, and see them stroll away for long walks together. Sylvia says nothing, but her color heightens once or twice when some one remarks Mr. Kenyon's "devotion" to Miss Hollis, and she is more gracious than I have seen her yet in her manner to Mr. Lanier.

This gentleman expresses himself very much pleased with the Springs and the company.

"It would be much more sensible to spend the rest of the summer here, instead of wandering about the mountains, encountering all manner of hardships," he remarks one day, with the air of one who has fully made up his mind.

Eric utters a long, low whistle.

"If you have any intention of that kind, mother," he says, "pray give me warning, and I'll be off to-morrow."

"To Buck Forest, I suppose," says Sylvia, glancing round.

"To Buck Forest or some other place where there is something to be done besides lounging and smoking. To a man who flirts—Charley there, for instance—a place like this may be tolerable; but to me—"

"I beg to observe," says Charley, "that not even flirting can make it tolerable. A man must do something, in self-defense—and flirting is one of the easiest things to do—but, as for finding pleasure in it, that's another matter."

"Don't try to make us believe, my good fellow, that you haven't found pleasure in Miss Hollis's society," says Mr. Lanier, with the amiable pleasantry of a victorious rival.

"It is not a matter of the least importance what you believe," answers Charley, more brusquely than he usually speaks.

"Have you all forgotten," I interpose, hastily, "that we have not seen Paint Rock yet? Let us go down there to-morrow."

"Let us go somewhere, by all means," says Sylvia. "This kind of tread-mill existence begins to oppress me with a sense of weariness. I want to ride, to cross a swollen stream, to climb some rocks—to do any thing that has the thrill of adventure in it."

"There is not much adventure in climbing the Paint Rock," says Eric, "but, if you are very anxious for a thrill, you may throw yourself off."

"Thanks for the permission—but did not somebody talk of crossing the river and going to Lovers' Retreat this evening?"

There is nothing else to be done, so we all decide to go, and Charley invites Miss Hollis to join our party. We cross the river, which is beginning to lose its turbid tinge and wear its emerald tint again—those of us who are prudent on the ferry-boat, those who are imprudent in a small craft that lies at the foot of the lawn. The latter crew consists of Charley, Miss Hollis, and Rupert. Sylvia would like to be with them, but she does not say so. I only know as much by the expression of her eyes as she watches the little boat shoot across the rapid current, while our slow old ferryman has not pulled us half across the stream.

We land on the other side at length, however, and stroll along the road for some dis-

tance; then, turning, enter a narrow, shaded ravine. A musical stream comes dashing over its rocks to meet us, up the bank of which we take our course. There is no perceptible path, and the way is very rough, but only Mr. Lanier complains of this.

"If these people had any enterprise," he says, "they would have all such places as this made accessible by good paths."

"May a kind Fate keep such an idea from ever entering their heads!" says Sylvia. "Can't you see how much more delightful this is? Who cares for a pleasure that costs no effort? We enjoy the cascade a great deal more—my dress is caught, if you please—because we have trouble in reaching it."

"Do you think so?" asks the young man, a little skeptically, as he unfastens the dress from the bush on which it is caught.

"O Mr. Kenyon, how shall I ever climb over this?" cries Miss Hollis, hesitating at the foot of a large rock which it is necessary to mount.

"There's no difficulty at all," says Rupert, "if you just put your foot on that ledge and spring."

"There will be still less difficulty if you



"'Let me lift you,' says Charley."

let me lift you," says Charley, and he does lift her—a very substantial weight she is too!—over the formidable obstacle. Then he stands, ready to assist Sylvia in the same manner.

"I won't trouble you," she says, waving aside his offered hand. "I don't consider this any thing at all in the way of climbing. Is that the cascade yonder?"

Yes, it is the cascade—filling all the stillness with its fairy-like murmur. Over rocks, across fallen trees, and through the dense growth of laurel that fringes all these water-courses, we make our way to the bank, and go out on the rocks below the fall. The gleam is only one of thousands equally beautiful; but, as we stand, with the sheet of spray and foam before us—a cascade that might be Undine herself—dense foliage on each side, towering mountains above, and an atmos-

phere of green, shadowy twilight—though we left the sun shining on the outside world, pervading every thing, we are enchanted by its loveliness.

"It is like a miniature of Linville," says Eric. "Fancy these walls of rock two thousand feet high, and this stream a river, and you have an idea of Linville Gorge."

"I wish I could go there," says Sylvia. "Is it quite impossible for us to do so this summer, Eric?"

"Quite impossible—according to our present plan of travel. Don't you know that it is an important part of sight-seeing to know what must be left unseen?"

"And this is Lovers' Retreat!" says Rupert, standing on a mossy, slippery rock in the middle of the stream. "If I were a lover, it seems to me I should select a retreat that was not so damp—or so snaky."

"What do you know about the sentiments of lovers?" asks Charley. "Let me tell you that, when one is a victim of the tender passion, one does not consider snakes."

"Unless you see them," says Eric. "And Rupert is right: this looks as if it might be one of their favorite retreats."

"I wish that the people who name places of this kind would consider some other class of the world's population besides lovers," says Sylvia.

"They are the most interesting class, are they not?" asks Mr. Lanier.

"On the contrary, I think they are the most uninteresting," she answers, decidedly. "They are always selfish, absorbed in their own affairs—and silly!"

"Dear me! what a list of charges," says Miss Hollis, with an affected laugh.—"Take warning, gentlemen! Miss Norwood will have little sympathy for you if you fall in love."

"Then we can come to this retreat and find some kindly rattlesnake to put an end to our pain," says Charley.—"Here's a pretty flower. Will you have it?"

It is Miss Hollis to whom he offers the flower—a delicate wild azalia—and she accepts it most graciously.

"I am so fond of flowers," she says. "I see a scarlet lobelia growing yonder on the rocks by the cascade. I wish—oh, I do wish I could get that!"

"But you can't!" says Rupert, looking at the indicated flower, which grows in an inaccessible place—on the face of the rock over which the cascade tumbles, with a deep pool below.

"Here is a lobelia," says Mr. Lanier, who has been prying about among bushes and stones. "Will it not do as well?"

"Oh, no," says Miss Hollis, shaking her head. "It is not *that* lobelia.—Mr. Kenyon, can't you find any way to get it for me? I should be so delighted, and would wear it in my hair to-night."

"With such an inducement, I must certainly make an effort to get it," says Charley, gallantly—but he looks doubtfully at the position of the flower.

"Charley, don't be a fool!" says Eric, aside. "You can't possibly get it without risking a plunge-bath, and it will be no joke to fall into that pool. It must be six or eight feet deep."

"I feel as if I can never be satisfied if I don't have it," says Miss Hollis, with the prottiest air of appeal.

"Then you shall have it," says Charley, springing up the bank.

"What on earth is he going to do?" I say.

What he is going to do is soon apparent. We hear him breaking through the bushes by the side of the stream, and presently he appears on the top of the fall. Lying down there, and holding by a laurel-shrub, he leans far over the rock, and tries to gather the flower. It is a most precarious position, and one which it is not pleasant to contemplate.

"Go back!" Eric, Rupert, and I cry in chorus. "You can't reach it—you'll certainly fall over. Go back!"

"O Mr. Kenyon, pray don't!" cries Miss Hollis. She turns away, and covers her face with her hands. "I can't look!" she says, "I really can't.—Please tell me if he falls."

Sylvia looks on steadily—her color bright, her lips set.

"I hope he *will* fall!" she says. "He deserves it for such folly."

"He'll go over head-foremost in a minute," says Mr. Lanier, philosophically.

Meanwhile Charley, deaf to our warnings, leans farther and farther over the rock, reaches nearer and nearer the flower. At last his hand touches it.

"By George, he's got it!" cries Rupert, triumphantly.

The words are scarcely uttered before the laurel-bush, on which he has bent his whole weight, breaks suddenly. He tries to recover his balance, but the wet rock is too slippery. He catches desperately at another shrub—fails to reach it—and goes, all in an instant, down into the pool!

The tremendous splash which he makes informs Miss Hollis—even before our exclamations—what has occurred. She turns, and screams, of course—the women who make mischief are the women who always scream over it. Nobody heeds her. Eric and Rupert spring forward just as Charley's head rises like a cork. A stroke or two brings him to water where he can wade. Then the others assist him out and deposit him, dripping, on the rocks.

"I've a great mind to say 'Serves you right!'" remarks Eric. "I hope you are satisfied."

"I believe I am," replies Charley, as soon as he can speak. "But I have the flower.—You'll excuse my coming near you in my present moist condition, Miss Hollis—but here it is."

He gives it to Rupert, who presents it to the young lady.

"I can't tell you how much I shall prize it," she cries, "nor how much I am obliged to you for taking so much trouble to gratify me; but I would give *any thing* if you had not fallen into the water. I was horribly frightened, for I felt *sure* you would be drowned."

"Thanks," says Charley. "I might have been, perhaps, if I had struck my head against the rock. Luckily I had presence of mind enough to turn a somersault; so I escaped a fractured skull."

"You'll not escape a cold, if you don't go

at once to the hotel and change your dress," I say, anxiously; "Miss Hollis will excuse you, since you have suffered such a misadventure in her service."

"I will go with him!" cries Miss Hollis, eagerly. "Since he suffered in my service, I should be *very* ungrateful to send him back alone."

"You are exceedingly kind," says Charley, "but I must deprive myself of the pleasure of your companionship, for once. You would not fancy the rate at which I must walk—not to speak of my excessive dampness."

He rises as he speaks—a ludicrous figure, certainly—and moves away. In reaching the bank he passes Sylvia, who has not uttered a word since he fell.

"I hope you were not very much startled," he says, pausing before her, with a laugh.

"Not at all," she answers, looking at him with a cool, bright glance. "You know my nerves are very good. I had no idea that you would be drowned."

"And would not have cared very much if I had been, I dare say," he remarks, carelessly. "Good nerves are capital things—in their way.—Well, *au revoir* to you all!—Miss Hollis, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you in the ballroom to-night."

He disappears, shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog as he goes. When the last glimpse of his figure has vanished, we look at each other, and, yielding to an overwhelming inclination, burst into a peal of laughter.

Miss Hollis appears in the ballroom with the lobelia in her hair that night, but Charley's devotion is by no means so excessive as it has been. Whether the plunge-bath has cooled his ardor, or whether he is alarmed by the melting glances with which the young lady favors him, it is impossible to say, but the change in his manner is very evident. I remark this when he comes down and sits by me.

"One can't keep a flirtation at high-water mark all the time," he says. "There must be ebbs in all tides. To tell you the truth, Miss Hollis is pretty, but insipid to an appalling degree."

"You must have made that discovery very recently."

"No, I have been aware of it for some time; but there are certain moods in which one is more intolerant of insipidity than in others."

"I am afraid you bear malice for your plunge in the pool; but you had your own folly to blame for that, as well as hers. By-the-by, do you think you will suffer from it?"

"Suffer!" he laughs. "Not in the least. How well Sylvia is looking to-night! I suppose it is not worth while for me to ask her to dance—she would certainly be 'engaged.' Does she mean to marry that fellow Lanier?"

"You had better ask her if you are curious on the subject. I have no patience with men who try to obtain such information at second hand. A faint heart never yet won a woman, and never deserved to win one!"

"Ah!" says Charley, calmly. "But suppose the woman is not to be won by any kind of a heart? If I asked Sylvia such a

question, she would tell me that it was no affair of mine."

"And that is all you know about it!" I think, as he saunters away. Puck's words occur to me with great force—"Lord! what fools these mortals be!"—and never such fools as in a matter that would seem to demand, above all others, the exercise of the soundest sense.

The next day is appointed for the excursion to Paint Rock—distant seven miles from the Springs, and consequently three miles over the Tennessee border. Several additions to our party make it quite large. Aunt Markham declines to go—seeing no attraction in rocks—but Eric fills both carriages with sight-seers, and two or three equestrians swell our number. Sylvia, as usual, is on horseback and looking her best—a beast which quite extinguishes Miss Hollis, who also rides, but whose steed is poor, and whose horsemanship is very defective. Eric places his handsome Cecil at her service, but she is afraid to mount him, hence Charley has the satisfaction of riding him. A better horse than Cecil on which to "show off" graceful horsemanship it would be difficult to find. He has not a single vicious trait, but his spirit would turn the hair of a timid rider gray with terror. He dances as if he had been reared in a circus, and, if he is required to stand for a minute, will rear straight up on his hind-legs and paw the air with his front-feet. He repeats this performance several times before we start—varying it by waltzing on the same hind-legs; all of which makes Charley (who is a capital rider) appear to great advantage—to such advantage, indeed, that I wickedly suspect him of inciting Cecil to some of the feats.

"O Mr. Kenyon, is *that* the horse you wanted me to ride?" cries Miss Hollis, pale with consternation. "Good Heavens! what should I have done!—He will break your neck—I am sure he will! Oh, pray don't ride him!"

Charley only laughs at this appeal.

"Soh, Cecil—steady, old boy!" he says, patting Cecil's beautiful arched neck. "He is gentle as a lamb," he adds. "You could ride him without danger. He is only spirited and anxious to be off."

"I don't think I like so much spirit," says Miss Hollis, drawing her own steed away and looking askance at Cecil's curveting bounds.

Meanwhile, Sylvia's pretty mare has caught the contagion, and is champing her bit and pawing the ground.

"Neither of them likes to stand," says Charley, looking at her. "Suppose we give them a run to keep them from pulling our arms off?"

Sylvia—not perceiving all that lies behind this suggestion—assents. The horses only need permission to go. Side by side they start, and, keeping pace admirably, sweep down the carriage-drive along the front of the hotel, and vanish around the corner of the building.

"I suppose they will be back in a minute," says Mr. Lanier, looking after them uneasily, "but it is very wrong of Kenyon to encourage Miss Sylvia in riding so recklessly. There is always danger of an accident."

"Sylvia can take care of herself," says Eric, gathering up the reins—he is to drive the phaeton—"and Charley is not likely to lead her into danger.—Now, are all ready?"

"All ready," answers a chorus of voices from the "jersey," which is filled to-day with other freight than trunks.

"No, no," cries Miss Hollis; "Mr. Kenyon has not come back."

"We must wait for Miss Sylvia," says Mr. Lanier.

"Not at all necessary," says Eric. "We can follow them."

"But they went a different road from ours."

"No—they took the right road. The turnpike on the other side of the river is badly washed by the late rains, so we keep on this side for two or three miles, then cross at a lower ferry."

"They will wait for us, then?" says Miss Hollis.

"I presume so," answers Mr. Lanier.

These expectations are doomed to disap-



THE RUNAWAYS.

pointment. We drive around the hotel, leave the grounds, cross Spring Creek, and follow the stage-road which leads along the river toward Wolf Creek, but the eyes which are strained eagerly ahead discover no sign of the runaways.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHERE IS JOANNA?

Poor Joanna lay down upon Miss Caruthers's bed, and succumbed to the dose of chloral, vaguely conscious, ere she fell asleep, that Dr. Garnet, whose every word penetrated the crack of the door, was talking loudly to old Mrs. Paul Caruthers, and that he was talking about Miss Basil.

"News, ma'am? Why, yes, indeed, ma'am, the most astonishing. Middleborough will wake up to a sensation to-morrow, or I'm much mistaken. And who, now, do you think is going to astonish the natives this time?"

"Mrs. Stargold isn't dying, is she?" asked Mrs. Caruthers. "You say you came from her house."

"No; nor likely to die, bless you! I knew all the time that it was only worry of mind. It's that unaccountably queer cousin of old Judge Basil's, ma'am, that I've always associated in my mind with flannel and 'yar-bet.' Why, bless you, her story is a perfect romance!"

"I've often heard she wasn't so reticent for nothing," said old Mrs. Paul Caruthers, sagely. "But speak up, speak up, doctor, do, or I can't understand you."

"Reticent for nothing!" shouted the doctor. "Well, no, I should say not, most decidedly. Who, now, do you suppose she turns out to be after burying herself all these years at Basilwood?"

At the mention of Basilwood, Joanna, in spite of indignation, in spite of anxiety, was unable longer to fix her attention beyond dreamily speculating upon what Anita might at that moment be doing; and, before she knew it, was in a profound slumber.

Anita was at that moment surprised by the entrance of Miss Caruthers, who had arrived alone during the raging of the storm; but exposure to the weather had not subdued her, by any means. She was in a state of excitement that fitted her for any arduous undertaking, so she said.

Anita, starting up, looked at her in consternation; but, before she could give expression to her thought, Miss Caruthers exclaimed, gayly:

"Henceforth name me the Indomitable! You may well look surprised to see me. Such a storm as we came through! But don't look so alarmed, my dear; it's all right, only we are under the necessity of changing the programme slightly."

"Joanna! Where is Joanna?" cried Anita, nervously.

"Preserve us!" ejaculated Miss Caruthers. "She isn't in hearing, is she?"

"Then you haven't seen her?" said Anita, falling back upon the pillows.

"Seen her! No," answered Miss Caruthers, rather bewildered. "Why, you are as nervous—come, come, this will never do! I tell you, it is all right. Not a soul knows of it, and the carriage will be here at eight o'clock. I do not know what new arrangement Mr. Redmond will make, under the circumstances, but you may count upon his being punctual" (laughing); "he hurried me away in spite of the storm; and it was well he did, or there would have been an end of every thing; for Middleborough bridge is gone!"

"Gone!" cried Anita, starting up with a scream and wringing her hands. "What, then, has become of Joanna?"

"For Heaven's sake, what has Joanna to do with it?" said Miss Caruthers, rather impatiently.

"She has every thing to do with it!"

cried Anita, wringing her hands in an agony of terror and grief. "I sent her to you to tell you not to come. I have changed my mind. I will not go. Oh, how could I risk the child's life in such a storm as this!"

"Well," said Miss Caruthers, coolly, "Mr. Redmond said that was Joanna on the bridge."

Anita caught at a chair, and saved herself from falling.

"Why do you torture me?" she said, faintly. "Tell me at once that Joanna went down with the bridge."

"Now, you dear creature," cried Miss Caruthers, running toward her with the cologne-bottle, "you torture yourself. Joanna did not go down with the bridge, I'm sure. We met her just half-way, in crossing, and we saw her safe on the other side, after we were safe on this side. It was so dark, we shouldn't have known our own grandmothers had we run against them. The old bridge rocked so, we thought we were gone, and we ran for dear life. And, sure enough, we hadn't come as far as Chancellor Page's before little Harry Jordane overtook us and told us that the bridge was blown away. Aunt made a great fuss about my coming out in the storm; but I was just wild about the success of our scheme. Now, don't give way, just when success is within your grasp."

"But Joanna—" Anita urged, anxiously, pushing away Miss Caruthers's hands; "what if she should have attempted to come back over that bridge?"

"My dearest creature, calm yourself. Joanna is safe, you may be sure. She must have arrived at my aunt's before the bridge went down; and, since she cannot get back, of course she'll stay there all night."

"What will my aunt say? What will Miss Basil say? I deserve their deepest condemnation," said Anita, despairingly.

"As for Miss Hawkesby, she needn't know it until to-morrow; and then what matter what she says? And Miss Basil is away for the night, with some sick person or other; Mr. Redmond himself told me so. There! what bell is that?"

"It is for dinner," said Anita, faintly. "I cannot, cannot go down."

"Oh, but you must, you must!" cried Miss Caruthers, peremptorily. "We can't have Miss Hawkesby coming up here making inquiries, you know. Bathe your face in cologne; drink some of it. Heavens, how pale you are! Pinch some color into your cheeks, for pity's sake, and remember to eat with appetite and talk with ease."

Anita, recognizing the wisdom of this advice, roused herself with an effort, and followed Miss Caruthers's direction. She appeared to eat with appetite; and fortunately there was little need for her to speak, as Miss Hawkesby was in a talkative mood, and left few pauses that Mrs. Basil or Miss Caruthers could not fill.

"So Miss Basil is not come home yet?" said Miss Hawkesby. "I wonder what keeps her?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Basil, in an injured tone, "they tell me that one of the Griswolds is at the point of death, and Pamela will stay,

under those circumstances, until the last gasp."

"Well, well, we'll make a very pleasant party without her. Miss Basil never contributes much to conversation; and here we have Miss Caruthers to fill her place. Miss Caruthers always has plenty to say. She will give us an account of all the little spites and jealousies Mrs. Carl Tomkins has been so busy soothing and conciliating this past week—to my mind the most amusing feature of charades, tableaux, concerts, and all amateur performances. And so the storm puts an end to it all? Joanna—but where is Joanna?"

Anita gave a gasp that had nearly betrayed her; but, fortunately, Mrs. Basil interposed in time.

"Oh, Joanna, in all probability, has become uneasy about Miss Basil, and started out to find her."

"In this storm?" cried Miss Hawkesby, with a horrified expression.

"Do let me help you to some of this pickle," said Miss Caruthers, hastily, to Anita.—"My dear Miss Hawkesby, the storm is not so severe as you think; I came out in it."

"Then you did a very unbecoming thing, allow me to tell you," said Miss Hawkesby, severely. She didn't like Miss Caruthers, and she would not hesitate to express her mind, with or without permission. "I've lived long enough in this world to learn that only a very excellent woman like Miss Basil can defy a storm like this with any propriety."

"Thurston saw Joanna go out, more than an hour ago," said Mrs. Basil, querulously. "I don't approve, but I am not responsible for Joanna's conduct. She is my husband's granddaughter; I never forget that; but I've no authority over her. If I had—" and Mrs. Basil's head and hands began shaking strangely.

"Oh, we always believe in our own infallibility," said Miss Hawkesby, coolly, "until we've had some experience. But as to authority, I shall let Miss Joanna know that I have some jurisdiction over her. No young lady belonging to me shall go out in such weather without knowing my mind on the subject."

"No, aunt," said Anita, with a firmness that surprised and encouraged Miss Caruthers, "you will not scold Joanna; she is not to blame for—for doing what she thinks is right."

"Don't dictate to me," said Miss Hawkesby, shortly. "You know, Miss Anita, that you yourself deserve my displeasure in some things."

Miss Caruthers changed color, but Anita looked charmingly serene. She knew very well that her aunt alluded to a great battle they had fought the day before about the gentleman Anita called "the venerable Mr. Merwin." It was that battle that had decided Anita to run off with Basil Redmond.

But Anita's serenity forsook her the moment she was up-stairs again, alone with Miss Caruthers. "I must have my sister back again!" she cried, passionately. "I cannot endure this suspense. My poor lit-

tle sister, she said she would risk her life for me; has Heaven, then, taken her at her word?"

Anita began walking the floor in uncontrollable agony of mind. In vain Miss Caruthers essayed to calm her.

"My dear creature, you will exhaust yourself. Do lie down and rest. Be persuaded that Joanna is perfectly safe. Remember that Mr. Redmond will be at the lower gate with the carriage by eight o'clock. It never would do to disappoint him."

"I will not see him! I will not go!" cried Anita, passionately. "I wish I never, never had consented!"

"Upon my word," said Miss Caruthers, beginning to lose her temper, "these are great thanks to me! All because that flighty Joanna must go posting off in the storm! Come, now, my dear," added she, coaxingly, "think of Mr. Redmond."

"If I have not Joanna safe again, I can never see him. I tell you I will not go with him," said Anita. "Don't you understand my misery? It was I that sent the child out in this pitiless storm, to tell you not to come—to put a stop at once to this unseemly business."

"You don't mean to say that you've changed your mind?" Miss Caruthers asked, staring in blank amazement.

"I do mean to say just that," answered Anita. "I will not go. I was in a rage with my aunt, or I never should have consented. I was mad ever to confide in you."

"Thank you—thank you!" said Miss Caruthers, angrily. "I am infinitely obliged!"

"Forgive me," said Anita, with hysterical laughter. "Perhaps I am mad now."

"You are overwrought," said Miss Caruthers, relenting. She had her own little spite against Miss Hawkesby, and she was loath to give up so fine an opportunity of gratifying it, to say nothing of the distinction of assisting in a runaway match. "Why, I thought you had more nerve, you poor dear; now you shall lie down and rest, and, when eight o'clock comes, all will be right."

"I will not go!" said Anita. "Do you think I draw back because I am afraid? I will not do it, because it is wrong—Joanna has made me feel that it is wrong."

"You surely never told that little fool? Then you were mad indeed!" cried Miss Caruthers, furiously. So she was to be balked of her revenge for Miss Hawkesby's slighting speeches, by that child Joanna.

"She is my sister, please to remember," said Anita, in her cool, soft way. The prospect of measuring swords with this girl, whom she knew she could excel in the art of fence, had a tonic effect upon her excited nerves.

"I suppose it was natural," said Miss Caruthers, recovering herself, and unwilling to resign the hope of ultimately carrying her point. She felt encouraged by Anita's calmer tone; and, remembering with satisfaction the serene firmness with which Anita had opposed, at dinner, her aunt's determination to scold Joanna, she assured herself that there was a fund of strength, after all, behind this intense excitement. "It was natural; you

wished, of course, to take leave of your sister; and happily she is now out of the way of trouble—and safe, be sure of that—oh, be sure of that,” she reiterated, eagerly, for Anita was becoming excited again.

Poor Anita!—the words “out of the way of trouble—and safe,” had for her disturbed mind a ghastly significance, reminding her of those prudent phrases by which the dread announcement of a death is evaded. She began to moan and wring her hands.

Miss Caruthers, mentally anathematizing Joanna, strove to turn Anita's thoughts into another channel by talking of Basil Redmond. But in vain she dwelt upon his devotion, in vain she painted his despair and disappointment; Anita, when she said any thing at all, said only:

“I will not see him; I will not go with him.”

“Well, it is very nearly eight o'clock,” at last said Miss Caruthers, with a sigh in acknowledgment of her defeat; “I may as well go down and tell him to give it up.”

Then, to her surprise and joy, Anita started up.

“I will see him!” she cried. “I will go down with you.”

“If once she sees Basil Redmond, she must go with him,” Miss Caruthers thought; but she did not know Anita; she did not understand the loathing of self that made the girl shudder as they stole down the back-stairs; she thought she was a support, morally and physically, to this slight, trembling creature whose arm she held, and into whose ear she kept repeating words of good cheer and encouragement, to which Anita deigned no reply.

The fury of the storm had abated somewhat, but the rain was still falling heavily, and it was so dark that when they arrived at the gate they would not have known the carriage was there had they not run against Basil Redmond in the walk.

“Anita!” he cried, joyfully. “You will not disappoint me?”

He attempted to take her hands; but Anita drew back.

“I have come to tell you that I cannot go with you,” she said, gently.

“Anita!” he cried, in consternation. “What does this mean?”

“She has been talking that way this entire evening,” said Miss Caruthers, volubly. “Don't listen to her.” And she attempted to urge the two forward.

Anita resisted.

“I cannot go with you,” she repeated. “Don't reproach me; I am miserable and unhappy enough. I tried to send you word not to come; I have risked my sister's life in this storm, and I know not what is become of her.”

Her voice rose in a wail of anguish.

“I never heard the like!” exclaimed Miss Caruthers, impatiently. “I tell you she is safe enough.”

“Oh, yes, Anita,” said Redmond; “you distress yourself for nothing. Joanna is safe enough.”

“I cannot go away with you,” Anita persisted. “I cannot do this underhand thing; I cannot let you do it. It is unworthy of

you and of me. If you knew how degraded I felt as I crept down those stairs—”

“But, Anita—”

“I tell you I cannot, I will not go with you while I am uncertain about my sister's fate. But bring her back to me—oh! if, indeed, you love me, bring her back to me, and I promise you devoutly I will brave my aunt's displeasure openly for your sake.”

It was vain to argue with her. To Miss Caruthers she was coolly obstinate; but Redmond she resisted with such passionate pleading that at last he said:

“She will make herself ill; we must carry her back to the house.”

It was carrying her indeed; for, when she found she had gained her point, she trembled so she could not walk.

“My poor Anita,” said Redmond, “promise me, promise me that you will cease to distress yourself, that you will believe in Joanna's safety.”

“I promise, oh, I promise!” said Anita, hysterically; and then, as they had arrived at the house, she signed to Miss Caruthers to go in first. When she was alone with Redmond, she turned to him and said, with something of that mocking air peculiar to her:

“Is it not a bitter thing to have confided in that girl?”

“Nothing is bitter, Anita, that gives you to me,” said Redmond, sadly.

“Ah, yes, any thing wrong would come to be bitter to us in time,” said Anita. “The dear, the good little Joanna taught me this when she made me see the folly of running away to be married. She thinks people should be married respectably at home. Poor little Joanna!” And then Anita burst into bitter weeping.

“I see,” said Redmond, “Joanna is dearer than I,” and he sighed bitterly.

“Ah, no! no!” said Anita, as she clung to him. “Ah, you do not know what a struggle I have been through. Bid me good-night, but not farewell, or my heart must break.”

Redmond's indignation melted at this. He bade her good-night with many assurances that Joanna must be safe, that he himself would bring her back, and that all would yet be well; and Anita went up-stairs comforted somewhat.

“Well!” said Miss Caruthers, “what kind of a girl are you? I've a great mind to quarrel with you.”

Anita almost wished that she would; she was beginning to find this ready friend detestable.

“I am this kind of a girl,” she said, “that when I make up my mind to a thing I cannot be moved.”

“By anybody except Joanna,” amended Miss Caruthers, with a sneer.

“Not even by Joanna,” said Anita, coolly. “It wasn't my mind, but only my temper, that was made up to this step, because I was in a fury with my aunt. Now let me tell you something for your future guidance: never have any thing to do with a runaway match; it's a very ridiculous position to occupy, that of defeated confidante; never receive confidences, they are mortally troublesome, whether you keep them or whether

you betray them; and perhaps I ought to tell you finally that you'd better not have any thing further to do with me, as I am sure to incur my aunt's displeasure.”

It wasn't nice in Anita to say all this, considering the service Miss Caruthers had been so willing to render her; but Miss Caruthers received it with an amiable giggle.

“You *are* so funny,” she said; but, indeed, she hadn't the independence to quarrel with Anita.

Then Miss Hawkesby came in, and turned the conversation.

“Anita,” she said, sharply, “what are you doing shut up here all the evening? You might bring your company down-stairs and entertain us. Mrs. Basil and I have been dull enough, and now she's gone to bed.”

“I am sick, aunt,” said Anita, and burst into tears, sobbing violently.

“Why, bless my soul!” cried Miss Hawkesby, in astonishment. “Why, Anita, this isn't *your* way.—What have you been saying to her? What have you been doing to her?” she said, turning fiercely to Miss Caruthers.

“I, ma'am?” said Miss Caruthers, stiffening. “I'm the best friend she has; I defy her to deny it.”

“Where is Miss Basil? She understands physis, and all that,” said Miss Hawkesby, running around the room in a frightened way. “Hasn't Miss Basil come home yet?”

“No, she hasn't,” said Anita, between her sobs; and then, with a wail that terrified her aunt almost into spasms, “nor Joanna, either.”

“Anita, Anita, for mercy's sake,” said Miss Hawkesby, tremulously, “compose yourself! She's with Miss Basil, you know.—It's nerves, poor thing!” she added, turning appealingly to Miss Caruthers. “Get me a glass of water for her, my dear.—Now you go to bed and calm yourself, Anita.—We had a quarrel yesterday, but I'm sorry for it. Never mind, we'll make it all up.”

And so, coaxing and caressing, she undressed Anita and put her to bed as if she had been a baby.

“She's a good girl, Anita is,” she whispered, apologetically, to Miss Caruthers, laying aside, for the nonce, all prejudice. “She doesn't often act in this way; if she did, she'd rule me with a rod of iron. But I wish that Basil Redmond was hanged.”

“Go to bed, aunt,” said Anita, feebly. “I would much rather have Miss Caruthers with me; you know you snore.”

“Yes, my darling, I know I do,” said old Miss Hawkesby, pathetically. “I'll just leave my door open, and Miss Caruthers shall call me if you need any thing.”

But, long before Miss Hawkesby was awake next morning, Anita was up and gone, and Miss Caruthers with her.

CHAPTER XXX.

WHAT WILL MISS HAWKESBY SAY?

WHEN Joanna awoke the next morning her limbs felt stiff, her head confused; she knew not where she was, she could not re-

member what had happened; but gradually, as her eyes wandered around the unfamiliar room, recollection returned; the dread certainty that Anita was gone renewed her anguish, and, with a cry of despair, she rose from the bed. She had not undressed, and she did not care—or, rather, she did not think—to stay to arrange her toilet. Her one object now was to see her aunt, to confess every thing, and to plead for her sister. There was comfort in the thought that she herself could not appear entirely blameless in Miss Hawkesby's eyes: might not her aunt, therefore, be the more easily won to forgive Anita? This was rather an instinct than an argument with Joanna, but her faith therein was strong, and she was eager to act upon it without delay. Utterly regardless of the claims of hospitality, she was about to leave the house, when she encountered Miss Caruthers coming in.

The two looked at each other with no friendly regard. Joanna, though she had lived apart from the Middleborough world, was not ignorant that the public voice pronounced Miss Caruthers "fast," and she bitterly resented this enterprising young lady's influence over Anita.

"You evil genius!" she cried, with fierce denunciation. "Away with you! Out of my sight! I never wish to see you again!"

"So!" said Miss Caruthers, with a withering sneer. "You are safe enough. Oh, I made sure of it; naught's never in danger. A pretty mess you've made, meddling in this business. Why couldn't you stay quietly at home, and hold your tongue, as becomes a child? Then all would have been well; as it is, you may thank yourself."

This was a bitter reproach to poor Joanna, who had persuaded herself that had she remained at home she might have prevailed with Anita against Miss Caruthers and Basil Redmond combined; and, inasmuch as she had disobeyed Pamela's injunction, it was an added bitterness to feel that the reproach was deserved; but this feeling did not soften her heart toward Miss Caruthers.

"If you had staid at home, where you belong, you might justly censure me," she said, hoarsely. "Where is my sister?"

"You go find her," said Miss Caruthers, contemptuously, drawing her skirts around her as if to avoid contamination. "May Heaven preserve me from such a termagant spirit!"

But to this Joanna made no reply. She had resolved that she would never speak to Miss Caruthers again, and the moment her passage was clear she rushed like a whirlwind out of the door.

"What on earth is all this fuss about?" cried old Mrs. Paul Caruthers, peering over the baluster in her nightcap and flowered dressing-gown. "Upon my word, it is enough to raise the dead!"

"Only that child Joanna, ma'am," replied Miss Caruthers. "She won't stay to breakfast."

"Let her go! A good riddance!" said old Mrs. Paul Caruthers. "She scorned the house that gave her shelter last night; she'd only scorn our humble board this morning. How did you get back? They told me, last

night, the bridge gave way. In a skiff, eh? Well, I'm glad you're safe. Run up-stairs, and I'll tell you the news Dr. Garnet told me."

Poor little Joanna, when she rushed out of Mrs. Caruthers's door, had no definite idea as to what she would do about returning home; but reasoning, almost unconsciously, that, if Miss Caruthers had crossed from the other side, she could cross from this side, she hastened away to "THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER," as the Middleborough *Daily Messenger* put it, in capitals. Here a dense crowd was already assembled, which, after the manner of crowds, jostled and pushed the poor child about until her native courage was utterly routed. She had no fear of the rushing current; she was as ready as ever to brave the dangerous passage of the river; but receiving for all reply, to every timid inquiry she made for a boat to ferry her over, only a rude stare or a curt denial, she lost faith in mankind. At last, finding herself disentangled from the throng, she sat down upon a broken barrel, her heart full of sorrow and anxiety, to ponder the situation.

"I say ma'am, don't you b'long on t'other side?" asked a shock-headed young athlete, who espied her there.

"Yes," answered Joanna, rising promptly—"yes; and I want a boat to take me across."

"Got any money?"

"Why, n—o," stammered poor Joanna, who had not yet learned enough of the world to appreciate the force of King Solomon's admirable *mot*, "Money answereth all things"—"no; I haven't any money."

"Pity," said the boy; "its worth money to row across this river." And he turned away indifferent.

Just then Joanna recognized Aleck Griswold emerging from the crowd, and hailed him with joy.

"Aleck! Aleck! what are you doing here? Are you going back?"

"Laws! Miss Jo-an-na!" said Aleck, every feature expressive of astonishment. "What on airth—" Then, with sober gravity: "Luke, he died 'bout daybreak, and I come across with *his measure*. Do you want to git back?"

"Oh, I'm very sorry," said Joanna, striving to look properly sympathizing, and failing utterly, in her eagerness about her own concerns. "Oh, yes, indeed! I do want to get back, Aleck. If you will take me across—I've no money—but I'll give you something or other."

"All right," said Aleck. "I don't need no pay after all Miss Basil has done for us."

He then led the way down the bank to a rickety little *bateau*, into which Joanna stepped eagerly, and without a shadow of misgiving. "They that know nothing, fear nothing," says the proverb; and Joanna, though she had lived upon the bank of this rushing river all her life, had never been upon the water before, and little knew the grave danger she incurred. The current was swift and strong, the boat was leaky, and the pilot unskillful; but Joanna sat serenely in her place, though a piece of timber from the broken bridge, becoming disengaged, bore down upon the adventurous navigators and

nearly capsized them. And Joanna never knew that in escaping from this peril the wretched little craft was very near being carried over the falls.

Those on shore knew, however, and looked upon her escape almost as a miracle. Little Mr. Leasom, the clergyman, who was among the crowd of excited spectators, offered up a silent prayer for the safety of these two unknown children; and the moment the boat touched the bank he lifted Joanna out with a devout ejaculation of thanksgiving. "Were you mad," he said, trembling violently, "were you mad, to risk your life so recklessly? Do you know that you have come back from the very gates of death?" He was a very nervous man, and it would have been a great relief to his feelings to shake this reckless Joanna well; but Joanna burst into tears, and his next action was to turn and collar the daring youth that had brought her safely over.

"My *resk* was as great as hern," said the lad, coolly, which raised a laugh among the by-standers, and won him his release.

"How came you to be on the other side?" said Mr. Leasom, leading Joanna away from the crowd. But Joanna could not answer for sobbing. "Dear, dear, dear," said he, nervously; "now I wish you wouldn't. It's all right, now, you see; but you mustn't do so again."

"I wish I had died!" sobbed Joanna. "It would have been all over now, and an end of trouble."

"Oh, oh! don't say that, my child, that's wicked. When the good God spares a young life out of such imminent risk, be sure he has work for you to do in this world. Go home and prepare to live for something."

These words sank deep in Joanna's heart; and, pondering on them as she hastened homeward, she said to herself that she would live for forgiveness and reconciliation. Her immediate care must be to see her aunt, and plead Anita's cause; but she sought her own room first; for Joanna remembered that she had not said her prayers that morning.

She was still on her knees when Miss Hawkesby entered the room, her head tied up in the silk handkerchief Anita called her battle-flag. The old lady had overslept herself, and, awaking with the mortifying consciousness that she had rather given in to Anita the night before, she determined to redeem her character for inflexibility of purpose.

Her first care had been to ring for the servant, and send to inquire about Anita, who, she had no doubt, was still sleeping soundly; for, of all things in the world, Anita hated early rising.

Candace, the airy, officious maid, was gone long; and, when at last she returned, she brought no tidings of Miss Anita.

"I've looked for her high and low, and not a trace can I find, ma'am. But there's a great tramping of horses and carriage-tracks down to the *futher* gate; and here's what I found in the walk." And Candace held up by the corners a soiled handkerchief, which she had picked out of the mud, and in the corner of which Miss Hawkesby read the name *Basil Redmond*.

"Take it out of my sight!" she cried, furiously, "and burn it!" Then, full of wrath and forebodings dire, the old lady rose and tied on the silk handkerchief with the purple border. Her head was beginning to ache violently, and her temper did not improve under this infliction. Candace had hardly gotten to the kitchen with her news, when Miss Hawkesby's bell again rang, loud and long. This time it was Miss Joanna she demanded.

"But Miss Joanna ain't here," said Candace, with an air of mystery.

"Didn't Miss Basil come home last night?" asked Miss Hawkesby, snappishly. "Tell her I must see her immediately."

"Miss Basil didn't come home till broad day; and she hadn't been here more'n a hour or so before she was sent for to go to Mrs. Stargold, who's dying, I suppose from that; Miss Basil is always sent for to death-beds."

"Have you any more news?" said Mrs. Hawkesby, with dry severity.

"Yes'm," said Candace, briskly. "There's been a *terrible* storm, and Middleborough bridge is carried *clean away*; and people is *now* crossing in skiffs."

"Has that any thing to do with the young ladies?" asked Miss Hawkesby, irately.

"I thought you'd like to hear, ma'am," Candace made answer, in an offended tone.

"No, I don't like to hear," said Miss Hawkesby, ungratefully. "Go ask how Mrs. Basil finds herself this morning. She was complaining last night. I suppose she, at least, is at home?"

Candace went, and returned with the information that Mrs. Basil was not at all well, and would breakfast in her own room; and the request that, as neither Miss Basil nor the young ladies were at home, Miss Hawkesby also would order her breakfast up-stairs.

"She's going round to Mrs. Stargold's herself, as soon as she feels a little strengthened," added Candace, of her own accord.

"I don't believe Elizabeth Stargold is going to die," said Miss Hawkesby to herself; then aloud to Candace: "I'll take a cup of coffee; nothing more."

While Miss Hawkesby was drinking the coffee, she looked out of the window and saw her niece Joanna coming up the broad walk to the house. The child was pale and haggard, and had, altogether, a very disordered appearance; but Miss Hawkesby, when she saw her, hardened her heart. "If she has gotten herself up for effect, she'll find she can't impose upon me," said the old lady, aloud, as she poured herself out a second cup. But when she had had her coffee, she did not send for Joanna to come to her; she went herself to Joanna, and found her on her knees. The sight only moved her wrath.

"You do well, my young lady," she said, severely, as Joanna rose; "a guilty conscience should bring you to your knees." She had no doubt whatever that Joanna had connived at Anita's flight.

"Aunt Hawkesby," said Joanna, shrinking before that awfully-stormy visage, "I deserve your displeasure; I am unworthy of all your kindness."

"Where is your sister?" asked Miss Hawkesby, sternly.

The dread question made Joanna pause, as if loath to admit in words the unwelcome truth that Anita was gone. Her eyes wandered slowly round the room, and rested at last upon a full-length painted photograph of her sister pinned against the wall, in the place of the chromo, "The Bluebird's Nest." Anita had pinned it there before she made her confession to Joanna, and had afterward forgotten it; and it had escaped Joanna's notice hitherto. But now, from where she stood, she could read the word "Farewell" penciled beneath. She covered her face with her hands, and said, faintly, "Gone!"

Miss Hawkesby, following the direction of Joanna's glance, strode up to the picture, snatched it down and tore it into fragments. Joanna uttered a cry of pain that only inflamed her aunt's anger.

"What had you to do with this pretty business, you meek-faced baby?" she cried, shaking Joanna, angrily.

"Aunt Hawkesby, forgive her!" said Joanna, sinking down, for she could no longer stand. "She has done wrong; but she had an evil counselor in that Miss Caruthers. I tried, oh, I tried so hard to prevent it all. I went across the bridge in the storm yesterday, but I did not know Miss Caruthers when I met her. And then the bridge went down, and I couldn't get back."

"You knew it all, and you would not tell me?" said Miss Hawkesby, furiously.

"I could not betray my sister," said Joanna. "I have done wrong, I know; but it was because I could see no way for me to do right. I could not betray my sister."

"Well, well, Joanna," said Miss Hawkesby, relenting a little, "everybody does wrong some time or other in life, and you are very young."

"And she is young, too!" cried Joanna, eagerly. "O Aunt Hawkesby, forgive her, because she is young; and you—you are old!"

But the unconscious pathos of this speech did not touch Miss Hawkesby.

"I won't forgive her!" she cried, wrathfully. "She is young, and I am old; I thank you for reminding me, Miss Joanna Hawkesby; but for that very reason I tell you I won't forgive her. Last night Miss Anita coolly objects to my company because I *snore*; and this morning you remind me that I am old! A graceless pair, both of you! But I'm not in my dotage. You may write and tell Mrs. Redmond that I discard her forever; and after that, if ever you attempt to hold any communication with her, I'll discard you. Do you understand? These are the terms upon which I forgive you."

"Aunt Hawkesby! Aunt Hawkesby!" cried Joanna, with bitter tears, "she is my sister!"

Here the door was thrown open suddenly, and, to the surprise of both, Anita herself ran in, crying, "Joanna! Joanna! you child, how wretched I've been about you!"

Joanna uttered a little cry and sprang toward her; and the two threw their arms around each other, utterly regardless of old Miss Hawkesby, who stiffened and stiffened with wrath and virtuous indignation; but she had no intention of going away until she

should have spoken her mind. At last she said, disdainfully:

"This young lady is under my protection, Mrs. Redmond."

"That's not my name, aunt," said Anita, coolly.

Miss Hawkesby stared.

"And why is it not your name, I should like to know? I won't have any quibbles played off upon me."

"Joanna can tell you why it isn't my name," said Anita. "It is all her fault; she wouldn't hear to it."

"Do you mean to say that you didn't run away and get married?" asked old Miss Hawkesby, anxiously.

"No; I meant to do it, but Joanna wouldn't let me. She says people ought to be married respectably at home."

"Joanna is a wise little girl," said Miss Hawkesby, going over and kissing Joanna. "And where have you been, then, Anita?"

"Looking for Joanna," said Anita. "O Aunt Hawkesby, all night long I have been half-wild about the fate of this child, and I dared not tell you. You don't know what danger she has gone through. She has risked her life twice in order to persuade me to be married respectably at home."

"I wish you would tell a plain story in a plain way, Anita," said Miss Hawkesby, querulously. "I'm not going to scold, child; I'm too glad to have you back. You see, I'm old, as Joanna says, and it would be a bitter thing to have the child I've reared bring derision and contempt upon my gray hairs." And Miss Hawkesby wiped her eyes.

"So Joanna reminded me," said Anita, gently. Then, after a moment's hesitation, she put her arms around her aunt, and whispered: "Forgive me, for Joanna's sake! O Aunt Hawkesby, if I had never found my sister again! I lay awake all night long in agony of mind—"

"Ah, if you had only had a dose of chloral!" said Joanna.

"And then," continued Anita, "just as soon as it was day, I roused Miss Caruthers, and we went down to the river-bank. But she—well, we quarreled on the way—"

"I'm glad of that," said Miss Hawkesby; "I'm heartily glad of that."

"I don't know what became of her—"

"She's safe enough," said Joanna; "she says herself, naught is never in danger."

"That's spoken like a true Hawkesby, child," said her aunt, approvingly. "And what then?"

"And then," continued Anita, "Chancellor Page met me, and took me into his house; and after a while Mr. Leason came and brought me the joyful tidings of Joanna's safety."

"Well, you two girls are enough to drive a steady-minded woman crazy!" said Miss Hawkesby. "Now begin at the beginning—"

But here a violent ringing of the door-bell interrupted them, and brought Mrs. Basil out of her room in alarm. "I don't know what this may mean," said she, tremulously; "will you come with me down-stairs? I feel very feeble." So Anita and Joanna each gave Mrs. Basil an arm, and Miss Hawkesby

followed behind, bearing the ivory-headed staff, like an usher.

The bell was speedily answered by Candace, who had been on the alert all the morning; and the doors of Basilwood opened to admit a procession of three, led by Mrs. Ruffner, flushed, agitated, and fanning herself with inelegant vigor as she trotted along. Behind her came Miss Ruffner, with her head very high, her lips compressed, and her eyes ablaze. Sam brought up the rear, lounging along with a decidedly sheepish, downcast look.

"What in the name of wonder brings these people here, at this time of day?" said Miss Hawkesby to herself, as she composed her features for the occasion.

"WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?"

THE windows of a pleasant, old-fashioned house, which had evidently been closed in obedience to the summer instinct for vagabondizing, were all thrown "wide open to the sun" of an Indian-summer day in the beautiful autumn of 18—, and a young woman stood directly opposite one whose originally deep recess had been curved into the modern bow. The prospect it opened upon was as rural as one could hope to find in the respectable and shaded street of a small inland city, as it embraced lawn, greensward, and shrub.

But the maiden's eyes saw none of these; for the windows of her soul were not so much used just now for her own outlooking as for the inpeeping of the curious like ourselves. Through their transparent depths what might we not see if she would but raise them from the hurrying fixedness with which she followed, line after line, down Hawthorne's witching page?

She was not reclined upon couch or easy-chair, which might almost hide her slight and graceful form, as the magic veil of romance had hidden her thoughts—she was standing in a rather critical and not at all comfortable position, with one foot on the floor and one upon the lowest shelf of a tall bookcase, and from her right hand hung an ample, old-fashioned, red-silk handkerchief, such as completes a young lady's wardrobe only when she is bent upon the never-ceasing warfare with the dust of this dirty world. In fact, it was only eight o'clock in the morning, and the girl was in slippers, calico, big apron, and dusting-cap, all neat and sweet as honey in the honey-comb, to be sure, but all merely the properties, so to speak, of the drama she was enacting—a farce without the fun; for the spiders only shake out their horrid long legs and climb a little higher, and the dust only whirls around and settles a little more timidly into the old familiar places.

But on this particular morning not even the accustomed but half-forgotten tremor of perpetual moving-day had stirred the quietly obtrusive little gray particles, and the flies, which had whipped in out of the air as yet a shade too cool for their constitutional passion for being frizzled up by summer sun or win-

ter lamp, were having an uproarious buzz-meeting over the reopening of their favorite south-window, untroubled by the whipping out which a limp red rag not far away could do.

For the little creatures well knew the habits of its wielder, and they had seen that in lifting her pretty foot upon the lower shelf, so that with a skillful flirt of her great dust-cloth she could sweep a cobweb out of the sky, she had thrown the emblem of cleanliness in such fashion that a corner of its ample folds caught upon the card-board and blue-ribbed surface of a book-mark which told her heart of a favorite passage in a favorite book, and, while her right hand lowered the battle-flag of purity, her left hand drew down the volume, and the world was clean and beautiful at once, or, if it was not, it made no difference. Soft, gray plumes, the broken homes of the cunning, keen-eyed workers in the air, formidable dust-mounds, might float or darken around her:

"She heeds not, she hears not,
She's free from all pain."

Her cheek is pale and her eye brimming with the delight which her intellect receives and her heart fancies. As she thrills with the heroine, Hope whispers that her own life may be yet stronger and more blissful.

"Myra, what are you up to? I thought you said you could finish dusting in five minutes, and help me to set out the croquet."

With a little start the girl's face was lifted hastily toward the handsome youth who, brushing aside a vine that had outgrown its trellis, was leaning in upon the window-sill.

Her cheek mantled with something like shame; but her brown eyes lost the warmth which they had gathered in the land of far romance.

"Why will you vex me so forever?" continued Elmer's impatient voice. "Dream-land again, and I, poor wretch! still dancing attendance on a will-o'-the-wisp. It isn't the first time a befogged traveler has followed at breakneck speed a shining something which he fondly trusted was the light of a cozy home."

Myra blushed again, and this time more consciously. The metaphor was too forcible to pass for nothing, even with her modesty, and the manner of putting it was very different from the old grumbling fashion of talking which she had pooh-poohed a hundred times before. Besides, the girl's heart was as sensitive as a touch-me-not, and it quivered at the hint of a something unmaidenly which the hide-and-seek figure seemed to imply. At that thought the pride which acquitted her of so false a charge came to her relief, and she answered:

"Elmer Halstead, it is a pretty thing for you to be getting sentimental. We have spent too many bright days playing tag for you to become a befogged traveler at sight of me. Save that little rhetoric for some girl who hasn't 'run over' so many times to see if you couldn't come out and play school."

She spoke gayly; but there was some hidden uneasiness through it all, and somehow she could not coax up the old amused smile when Elmer cried out, half petulantly, half commandingly:

"I suppose your imaginary hero must come from the uttermost parts of the earth, and take you captive with a single glance of his eagle-eye. An old playmate for a lover! How unromantic! What would become of the cherished dream of love at first sight if the commonplace love of years should be allowed a bearing?"

"I suppose it would have about as much effect as usual to tell you once more that I haven't any imaginary hero; that so far in my life it is women and not men who interest me—"

"Yes," interrupted Elmer, "you overdo matters in the other direction from a certain girl who need not be named. She never chances to allude to her own sex without a spiteful little fling, while you do not despise exactly, but just ignore, all men except as they may be of use for such women as George Eliot and Mrs. Browning to work up scenes with, and may be convenient to hand the coming woman out of her chariot when she arrives in this man-cursed land. Sincerely, Myra, you admit this one-sided reverence?"

"I don't know, Elmer—I truly do not know. I certainly don't deserve what you have just been hateful enough to say; but, somehow, I cannot understand men, and when I read about them I never feel sure that they are painted to the life. I would rather not be bothered thinking about them anyway."

"That's just it, Myra; you do not understand them because you will not take the trouble. O my beautiful, my dearest friend, if you would give a little serious thought to the nature and needs of one man, he could afford to let you go crazy about women for the rest of a happy life. In fact, I know his jealous disposition so well, that I can swear he would wish you to carry your studies of men no further. But what's the use of wasting hope and breath?" he added. "I have never forgotten the tone in which you said that 'a pretty boy could always find a comforter.' I tell you I am a boy no longer. Have you ever thought so?"

"I tell you frankly, Elmer, that I have thought so lately, very lately, but I have realized it only through a new shrinking from your passionate fancies and words, and it is that which makes me bold to tell you that you *must* turn the feelings which can strengthen with your strength toward some one who will not disappoint you continually—some one less cold and unsympathetic—what you would call 'more womanly.'"

As these words fell from her full yet delicate lips, and as the deep, soft tone in which she uttered them stirred the fragrant air about them, the young man felt a dim apprehension that the revelation he had been endeavoring to make of her own nature to his heart's idol was somehow shallow and mistaken. Could it be that it was he and not she who failed to read the whole? At all events, just as it always was, he loved her more wildly now than five minutes ago, and yet what was the result of her brief answer? Was he nearer to her? No. The blushing, half-yielding repulsion with which she had met him until this moment was more hopeful than this new frankness. "Elmer, I *have* thought so." He would rather she were ut-

terly thoughtless and yet tolerant of his love once more. What could he say that should give him some vantage-ground? What could he do that should remove the hateful barrier his folly had raised between them? Nothing now, poor fellow; for the garden-gate was creaking on its hinges, and the world which delighted to play the marplot would soon be looking in. He had only time to say, before the interruption, "Will you go down the river with the party this afternoon if I call at three o'clock?"

"Yes," said Myra, and he was gone, leaving her with dust-cloth still in hand and still dreaming; but her position was strangely changed. Her mind, as well as her body, had seemed to cross over to the light when Elmer's face appeared at that window opposite. And yet, did she really understand any better what her life must do with his? She had told him a new thing, to be sure, or, at least, an old thing in a very different way; but were the emotions that were growing into a struggle hushed? She could not tell.

Mechanically, she shook the dust-cloth, which had far less need than should be, out upon the gilded air, and the act so recalled her that she shook off with it fancies and facts, and in a minute more there was a general shaking up of "all things ca'nel," and it was dinner-time before her aunt was able to put her head in and say that that room was "ready and regulated."

At three o'clock Myra was ready, but far from regulated. She longed for one moment to gather lost courage and compose her topsy-turvy emotions. And why should she need to calm herself? why were her emotions upset? and what possible excuse could she give to her own intelligence and womanly pride for such an idiotic state of things? Here was a boy—no, not a boy, a *man*, why should she shrink from the word?—whom she had known from babyhood, who had always liked her, and who she had no reason to suppose liked her much better this moment than ever, and, even if he did, what matter? She had never felt in her deepest nature that he was congenial to her, and she had not a distant dream of allowing him to misunderstand that fact. Her heart acquitted her of any thing insincere or unwomanly; indeed, she knew that she had always been almost *brusque* in her truthfulness, and that every word might do her honor, so far as purity and honesty of sentiment were concerned. And yet, and yet, she could often have torn out her cheeks for blushing like a silly girl or a lovesick damsel; and a thousand unintentional acts would haunt her, which in another would have looked like desperate flirtation or desperate love. What was it? What could it be? This day she *would* conquer this silliest of weaknesses before she completely loathed herself.

All this while she tied on her hat-strings; for thought is swifter than the moments of Old Time, and when we leave this mechanical measurement of our days the most skillful thinker will be seen to have the longest life. And this time it was an accustomed track over which the poor girl's mind was flying. It had all been passed over between the

sound of Elmer's voice at the gate and the rushing up-stairs of one of the gay party.

The three flocked down again in very disorderly fashion; for, from some unknown cause, three people seemed to set all the proprieties at defiance. Two girls fall into delightful *lôte-à-lôte*, but three girls can only plan mischief. Conversation is destroyed, and nonsense instantly fills up the gap. So two of the girls began to giggle immoderately after a snickering little whisper with each other, and Myra was left to follow them with a troubled look unusual to her.

"Here is something we found among Myra's treasures, Mr. Halstead," said Clara Pearson, one of the girls. "She intends to throw it at your feet to-day, with the old symbolism of defiance," she added, as she flung to the floor in front of him Elmer's glove, dropped that morning in the bow-window, and carried off by Myra to avoid the foolish jokes of the household, to which she was becoming sensitive.

The instant Myra appeared on the stairs she had seen in Elmer's eye a new expression of eager watchfulness, and this little incident, although a mere nothing to the torment which daily gossip was inflicting, added to it—completed the work of confusion. She blushed, and cast her eyes down in sheepish misery, depressing herself and abominating the silly girls who giggled at what they considered their triumphant joke. Yesterday Elmer would have turned off the matter; but to-day his own feelings were too keenly alive, and it followed too singularly upon Myra's morning remark to him, and he only said:

"I shall not pick it up. Is it true, Myra?"

"Am I accustomed to *send* my challenges, Elmer?" she answered, and, leaving the glove untouched, they left the house.

Wandering along the pleasantest streets, they picked up recruits of young men and maidens, and then wended laughing on their way, the incident unknown to most and forgotten by all but two, who were making the kind of struggle to seem to have forgotten it which is the surest evidence of failure.

Winding and picturesque was the foot-path that skirted the dusty road, till it turned away to the forked and flowing "Murmureta," as the girls had named it; and, when the rush of its fall and the babbling sound of its broken shallows met their ears, they paused to pay tribute to the sweet-toned stream. The banks were glorious with the beauty that comes only with passing life and fading loveliness. The spray of the fall misted rainbows in the mellow light, and earth and air seemed to have hushed their quiet noises to drink in the beauties of light and color.

They clambered down the banks and sat upon the rocks, and sunned themselves "for all the world like a party of clams, even to the open mouths," said Myra.

With pleasant talk and laughter they rose and sauntered toward the river's broader and stiller sweep, where the little barks were swaying to and fro the length of their musical chains; for the old boatman knew where they would want to ship for the "Islands of the Blessed," the "Siren's Rock,"

and other fancifully-named places as sweet and dangerous.

As they reached the landing the tormenting discoverer of the glove exclaimed:

"When we reach this landing there is always the most delightful uncertainty about the disposition of the crews. Only one thing is an unfailing certainty. Mr. Halstead and Myra De Lancy will be in the same boat; so wouldn't matters be facilitated if they stepped in and sailed at once for the Kingdom of Ponemah, for the Land of the Hereafter, toward which we are bound?"

"All the rest are bound to the Land of Heretofore, I suppose. And certainly you are growing silly enough to turn babies again," said Myra.

"What do you say, Myra?" said Elmer. "Forward with me, or backward with the rest of the world?"

"Forward forever, I should have thought from every instinct of my nature; but when the question has actually been put, there is a strange longing to return to the days when no decisions vex us," she answered, playfully; but the absolute truthfulness of her words only she could guess, while their plainness gave her a needed relief.

"Don't shrink from the inevitable, Myra, especially when it comes in such pleasant guise. We girls are all dying of envy—or should be, if other beaux were not so plenty," continued the girls, as they laughingly seized her, and almost put her into the dainty bark.

According to the contraries which things love to go by, the legend "Coquette" was painted in flaming colors upon the little vessel's side.

"Is it a bitter sarcasm or a hated truth?" said the sensitive Myra to herself, as she gathered her drapery and settled herself upon the seat with a kind of hopeless feeling that, after all her heroic struggles, perhaps the laughed-at rhymes were true, and life was a river, and man "a little bark floating down the stream" with the drifting current. What, then, would become of her? Should she sail to the haven of her dream, or be dashed upon the rocks of an unknown misery?

She hardly heard the light laughter of the other crews as they launched thoughtlessly for fairy-land. There was something singularly earnest in the stroke of Elmer's oar, and fancy might have thought that he was a bold buccaneer fleeing to a familiar covert with his heart's stolen treasure. It was the desperate pull of his right arm that had affected her quick imagination.

"Is that Elmer Halstead and Myra De Lancy, or Captain Kidd and Hildebrand's fair daughter in 'The Skeleton in Armor'?" said one of the other rowers, with a fancy blending toward weird tales of the "wild New England shore."

"They are strangely changed," said another. "I would not like to make a third in their society to-day."

Elmer pulled fiercely past the shore where he and Myra had dreamed away many a summer hour, without a thought in either breast of a day when the heart of one should seem mocked by the light which flooded their beautiful slopes—a light which was flame

color, and yet burned not—and the heart of the other should seem mocked by the wave which forever stirred to every faint impression, and which closed upon itself without a lasting trace. Myra wondered how she ever could have thought the oar-dip melodious; now it seemed like the dull tread of feet that never could reach a resting-place, but must forever rise and sink in view of shores that must be unattained. Her heart beat with the falling stroke, and her life seemed stilled within her till the sound should cease. Suddenly it did cease, and she dared not look at the youth before her, who had at last seemed to lift the frail thing that separated her from the yielding, unimpassioned water at every turn of his strong wrist.

"Myra," said he, "if I upset you, would you throw yourself into my arms for protection? You have no other recourse."

No answer.

"Myra"—a little more softly—"my arm is very strong; my feet can walk those waves I saw you shrink from. Could you trust them? Would you?"

No answer.

"Myra, you wouldn't sink with my help at hand. You would rather give your life to my keeping—tell me, tell me that you would!"

The waves, the boat, the shores, the clouds, the very sun, hushed and bent themselves to listen; but no answer came.

"Are you spellbound, Myra, or before you will speak at all shall I tell you all I mean? It seems like this to me: Life is before us, with its smooth surface and its hidden dangers. Circumstance has set us in the same frail bark, and so I solemnly believe it was intended. I am strong, strangely strong, it seems to me, when I think of you as a treasure to be safely borne. I know, I feel, that I can carry you without a wreck; but, Myra, if you trust to any one less devoted, less eager to save you at any cost, can you be sure of escaping the treacherous and fatal rocks? I long to take your dreamy nature and make a solid resting-place for it, so that it can dream on and never have a rude awakening. I believe you are almost heavenly, and yet, somehow, I cannot so much woo you as tell you that I must hear from your lips the assurance that you will be mine. I must now be doubly sure of that of which I will not feel uncertain—that you will be my wife, my own forever. O Myra, remember this is no time for the caprice which has tried me a thousand times. I am in earnest. My soul is listening, and you must answer with your own."

A pair of white lips moved, but no sound came. Again they stirred.

"Elmer," they said, "you are so cruel that I believe I hate you. I feel as if I should lie, and I almost hope it; for I can never answer you, and I cannot believe you think ever gave you cause for such words."

Two blanched faces were uplifted, two pairs of eyes, full of agony, gazed each into the other.

"Elmer! Elmer Halstead! where are you going? What are you thinking about? Don't you know the strong side-current here, and the sunk rocks?" rang sharply cross the water.

Too late! Too late! At the instant came a grating, crushing sound, and, with a drawing as of some mighty and resistless hand beneath, the waves closed over boasted strength and conscious weakness.

As they felt the horrible sucking of the water, to Myra it was but the fitting close of her despair, to Elmer it was a fearful awakening to the vision of his own foolhardiness, violence, and unintentional brutality. In his inmost heart he knew that Myra did not fully love him; but his untrained nature had determined upon the wild experiment of leaving her no escape which would not be harder for her sensitive soul than an acceptance. After that he would be gentleness itself, and she would love him in her inmost being. He had not dreamed of such a course until that very morning, but suddenly she had suggested a possible determined defiance, and his fierce soul could not brook it. She must be made his before she had time to study her heart more, and ventured to act upon her new knowledge. Her ignorance had been his hope. Her long and thoughtless reliance upon him must serve him once more in place of perfect affection, and that once must be the fatal time.

Was it to be the fatal time, indeed? It seemed so. And Elmer's better nature woke with such a bound that he really hardly dared touch the drowning girl whom but a moment before he could almost have held beneath the water until she had promised to be his. He could not speak to her—the fervent names he called her in his dreams died away unuttered as he clutched her and lifted her into the sunshine of the upper world once more. Lifeless she lay upon his arm, simply supported, while the boat that had hailed them drew near with its horrified occupants. The strong man who thought to walk the waves if only he might carry such a burden, just sinking under the task of keeping it where life could find it, had hardly power to help lift her precious weight into the saving bark. He climbed in and took Myra's dripping form as the rowers turned silently down-stream, not to the landing from which they came, but to the little settlement below, where they could obtain a carriage.

Before she had been placed within it the fair girl quivered with returning life, and Elmer only feared that full consciousness would come ere he could reach her home. Should it do so, how could he meet her gaze?

He could not speak to her or touch her beyond the absolute necessity of supporting her. How could he ever even think of her again? Her beautiful hair lay wet and matted on her brow, but less guilty hands than his must smooth it back. In that short ride he was absolutely racked with horror and remorse; and, as he laid her down in the home her presence had made so joyous, it seemed that his heart must burst with anguish.

"The morn may come with weeping,
The winds may cease to blow,
But the gay Coquette is sleeping
A thousand fathoms low."

News of the accident spread through the town, and a hundred representations and misrepresentations had been made and com-

mented upon before the next day's light had dawned upon the principal actors in the scene. But Myra's old-fashioned aunt was a person whom gossip could not approach; and, as it was one of her boasts that she was "still of her tongue," Myra was suffered to regain strength of body and calmness of mind as quickly as she might.

Elmer's invalid sister Alice had a warm place in the heart which her jealous brother so coveted, and as often as her health admitted she went to Myra's quiet room; and, although nothing was said of the cause of the accident, the fact that her presence was especially soothing to her assured the sister that her poor, wretched brother was not to Myra the hateful object which he conceived himself.

In this blessed quietness of her painful sick-room Myra had tried to re-read her heart. At first the manner of its expression made Elmer's passion for her so repulsive that she could not think of it without a shudder. But gradually she saw more clearly its depth and reality, and she realized the chafing effect of her own conduct upon one so hot-headed and sensitive. She had been wayward, but the how or the why she could not understand. Her own heart was her strangest puzzle. Trifled with him she never had, but she was conscious of having been drawn toward or repelled by him in a fashion that her judgment could not approve of. A thousand times she questioned, "Do I love him?" "Why do I not love him?" "Can I make myself responsible for his life without my promise?" "Dare I make myself responsible for his life with my promise given but unfulfilled?" "It must be that I should love him with all my heart." "It may be that I never can."

Across this questioning would flash the memory of that frightful scene, and she would shut her eyes tightly to keep out the agonizing remembrance.

Out of all this musing came a little note, with which Alice was intrusted. It ran thus:

"ELMER: After those days of searching, I am more puzzled to know what I am made of than I ever was in my most contradictory talk with you. If I have any emotion toward you worthy the name, it is one that would weary you to death with its tameness, and that I have not even that I feel certain when I think with what delight I look forward to trying alone to carry out some cherished plans of study and cultivation. I don't hope to be a 'princess,' or an 'Aurora Leigh,' who, by-the-way, were both women, after all; but I do want to devote every energy to branches that men have no sympathy with women for delighting in, and your feeling for me is far too exacting for such a purpose.

"Unsatisfactory as this is, it is all I have to say, and it is far more than I should ever dream of saying did I not feel absolutely certain that the frightful past is even more painful to you in remembrance than it is to me. But, at least, Elmer, if your words were wild and wrong, mine were too horrible to win my own forgiveness. I do not grant mine to you, or ask yours for myself; for, somehow,

all such pretense between us seems commonplace after the intensity of feeling we have known. I know that remorse will be punishment enough for whatever wrong we have committed; but, in the mean time, your conduct leaves me free to say that you must conquer your unhappy fancy for both our sakes.

"MYRA DE LANCY."

The next day came a brief answer:

"MYRA: I am utterly unworthy of one word from you, however consoling. I was a brute and an idiot, and I loathe myself beyond endurance. I shall take myself from your sight before you are well enough to see me, except through the medium of your pure mind. Frightful as I must appear there, the reality is worse, for no thought of yours could be as unlovely as the monstrous deformity I have turned myself into. I am not fit even to speak of forgiveness, for, if you gave it, you would not dream how great a wrong you were overlooking, and so the request would be a mockery. You are not bad enough to know how to pardon such a hapless wretch as I am, or have been. Heaven knows that my repentance is at least as deep and bitter as my sin. But I ask for nothing. I do not even want to stain your thoughts with my confession. If that was love, no wonder you would none of it! But you may believe that my penance is at least somewhat commensurate.

ELMER."

When she brought the letter, Alice told Myra that she and Elmer would sail the next day for Europe—she for health, and he for study. Alice had kept the news from her, that their little visits might not be broken.

This was a real pang, and when these two, who had filled so much of Myra's life, were gone, Myra felt the courage she had spoken of fade within her, and the return to activity looked dreary for a time.

But other interests began to call upon her, and she overcame her dread of meeting again real people instead of her imaginations of them, and as she went about it was sincerest relief to know that she could not come suddenly upon Elmer. She had done what her truthful heart prompted, and if there was regret it was only that the long, happy past was happier to them both, so separated, than it possibly could be were they together.

She devoted herself to her pen with strong ambition, and the feeling grew upon her that her life was to express itself through the medium of that imagination which can depict the beautiful and strong that might be true.

At length a letter came from Germany, the brief expected one from Alice—a few words in a feeble hand. From time to time others came; but they grew longer and fuller as Alice gained the health she sought, and was able to go about with Elmer, and see the new land she had gone to visit. Suddenly again they ceased, then recommenced, and grew—oh! so delightful in their constant details of every pleasure, and in their growing revelation of her friend's developing loveliness and depth of nature.

A year and a half passed, and Alice's letters had come to be the feast after every deprivation, the comfort after every discouragement, to Myra. At last she wrote:

"Alice dear, you have grown so exquisite that I must see you. How can I wait till dull time brings you home? You understand every emotion I hint at—you read me as I cannot read myself. You are so patient with me that it almost breaks my heart. What can I ever do for you?"

The next mail brought the largest package she had yet received. She stole away to her sanctum with it, but it fell from her trembling fingers when she saw a name that had "been a silence in her life so long." But how did it come that he had signed Alice's easy back-slope handwriting? She wondered a hundred wonders before she went to the right source for explanation—the letter itself:

"Myra," it began—and she knew the word was Elmer's as well as if his tone were in it—"Myra, am I to have nothing for my share in your life but a heartache and a self-reproach? I don't know how to tell you in my own name a single word, although I have poured out my heart glibly under another's.

"Alice's letters have been but partly hers. Can you read on long enough to let me tell you what may soften your indignation? When we first came, Alice gained rapidly, and her letters lengthened and strengthened in proportion; but a relapse came, and one day she said to me, 'Elmer, will you write to Myra for me? I can dictate, but I cannot write.' I took the pen with a delight I need not conceal. Faithfully I put down each word that came from her lips, and added nothing. When I reached the end I said, 'Your name, Alice, will you sign it?' She took the pen, but returned it, saying, 'My hand shakes so that your writing looks more like my own than mine does now. You sign for me; they must not know at home of this relapse, and before they could be frightened I shall be well again.'

"But the dear girl's hope was not fulfilled so soon, and again and again we resorted to the easy device, both in writing home and to you. At first your replies were studiously kept from me, but as time wore on I had extract and paragraph from your inner life, which Alice always felt that I did not comprehend, much as I worshiped it.

"Myra, these hours were the sweetest I had known since that sad time.

"I could tell you a thousand times more, but for the first time writing seems difficult. I must first hear from you, and if there is the slightest hope of change toward me, then I must see you, speak to you. Business calls me home, and if you will see me, I shall go, leaving Alice at the watering-place where she is again recovering.

"Waiting, again, with my whole soul, but with a patience born of contrition, knowledge, and a truer love, I am, as never before,

"Yours, ELMER."

Tears, which had been flowing fast and silently down the reader's cheek, showed how changed was the Myra of old days.

That day again she stood by the half-hour in different spots about the house, with dust-cloth, or pen, or darning-needle, in her hand; but the literature she read was from a very

modern writer, and she was not puzzling her heart this time to know what should be done about it, for the answer had gone to meet the first great boat which floated out once more to the Hereafter, and Elmer certainly would have been the last one to complain of the dreamy moods.

A month had passed, gone in the sad idleness, as Myra thought, when she heard the gate swing in the early morning, and she knew the footfall to which it gave entrance.

Where is her blush, where her look of old timidity, as she throws wide the great door? They have fled with all doubts and self-tormentings, and a calm has taken their place, in which she lifts her eyes to see if it is true—all that her heart has told her since that letter came.

Elmer returned her look with his full heart in his face, but very quiet and commonplace were the spoken words between them.

"Will you go down the river this afternoon, Myra?"

"Yes, at three o'clock."

At three o'clock a beautiful girl tripped down the stairs, "ready and regulated," and she carried a slighted glove within one of those she wore. A manly-looking youth greeted her in the hall, and out they went into the sunshine. It was June, and renewed life and radiant joy seemed to fill the earth. This was resurrection, and the new-born rapture of two hearts brimmed to the full crystal edge of being.

"How dare I be so happy, Myra? I have not yet told me the words I thought I could feel no rest until I heard. Say something, now."

"I have nothing to tell you, Elmer, except that a beautiful change has taken place within you, and that you have learned to know and meet my nature now."

"Myra, I have learned this: roughness is not strength, and he who would love and win a noble woman must possess something of that woman's nature himself. I have learned that it is not mere material support or blind devotion that a soul like yours must have. It is hand-in-hand sympathy—it is leisure and opportunity to develop side by side with a heart that at once comprehends and trusts her, and can help her guide herself while she is consciously leading him in spiritual things."

"What taught you, Elmer?"

"You did, you and my angel sister. To her I owe it that I dared assume her correspondence. Her insight saw the end from the beginning, and knew that the seeming sacrilege was none. The veil of my hateful self-conceit, of my silly, mannish pride, of my headlong passionateness, fell from my eyes, at first gradually, then as if a weight had dropped from my inward vision. I knew myself—I knew that my love had been true but ignorant, and abominably presuming. I knew you better than you knew yourself. I knew that the ailment of your heart was no newer trouble than my own; but your self-consciousness was not so deep, your loyalty to the best instincts of your nature was truer—being a woman. It was love, Myra, love, love, love—was it not? Love for me, not as I was, but

as I should be, as I shall be hereafter. That was the ailment of your true heart, and it has found a cure. Is it so? Can it be so? Oh, say that it is so—say it now.”

Under the young leaves, beside the old stream, which both had loved so long, she said it was.

“A boat! a boat!” said Elmer. “I must row you off before you can realize fully that I am not the fury, the monster, who periled his all—yes, even your life—in his determination to hold an unwon prize.”

Gently he placed her, gently he seated himself before her, and he touched the silvered water with his oar. Again its patter was happy music, again the shores breathed pleasantness through all their waving, whispering leaves. Again the water smiled back the light that shone into its depths from happy eyes. Again the earth, the air, the sky, seemed listening for the answer of a noble girl, and this time their waiting ears were satisfied.

THE PERUVIAN AMAZON AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL OF TRAVEL.

III.

ON THE PACHITEA, May 15, 1874.

NOTWITHSTANDING the asseverations of our Indian friends as to the early arrival of the steamer Tambo, we had begun to think that it was something to be talked about only, and never to be realized; and were casting about in our minds as to whether we could kill time for the next two months, or whether that much time and mosquitoes would not kill us, when paddle-wheels were heard, and we were all revived by seeing the Tambo slowly rounding a point a few miles down the river. Our little camp was instantaneously transformed from a drowsy, listless state of indifference into one of considerable excitement, although the various races represented in our small number took very different ways of expressing their pleasure. The Anglo-Saxon had to give vent to his feelings by yelling; the Peruvian by firing up and nervously smoking cigarettes at lightning-speed, only taking them from his lips to rattle out “Caramba!” to some stupid sailor; while the Indians of the settlement, who saw their bright visions of glittering needles, knives, and axes, *Americano*, about to be realized, only looked more stupid and stolid than ever. Nothing on earth could force one of these Indians to change countenance, or in any way to express surprise. He would nonplus the greatest singer or musician in the world as to his appreciation or non-appreciation; and the miracles of the New Testament would have all been visibly lost upon him. The Tambo, being afraid to try our passage, ran around an island, and dropped anchor a few hundred yards above the mouth of the Pachitea. In a few moments we were aboard; and the pleasures of that evening and night will not soon be forgotten by the Mayo’s party.

May 16th.—In the morning when I awoke

I was rather bewildered as to where I was. I knew that I had gone to sleep on board the steamer Tambo, and that she was anchored near the bank of the river Ucaiali, seven hundred miles from its mouth. But still that could not account for the tremendous racket that on all sides assailed my ears. I jumped up, determined to solve the mystery, and ran head foremost into a cage of parrots the first thing. However, continuing my researches, I found that the Tambo had been collecting birds and animals at every point between Yquitos and this place. I think there must have been a dozen varieties not included in the collection in the Garden of Eden. The exhibition of monkeys was particularly fine; and I have no doubt that Mr. Darwin could have spent several hours very agreeably in examining their respective physiognomies. Even I imagined that I could detect race differences among them. There was the “heavy, burly” Englishman, with his side-whiskers; the nervous, active, little Latin, with his mustache; and the long, bony, ever-restless Yankee. In fine, there were monkeys with long tails, monkeys with short tails, and tails of every description; and some with a distorted, unhappy expression of countenance, as if suffering from diseased liver. These last had a chronic case of “bad temper,” and had they not, by sundry missiles (such as old slippers, chips of wood, etc., from their masters), been admonished to the contrary, would, in short order, have deprived their comrades in captivity of their caudal appendages. Upon entering the saloon, I was greeted by a host of parrots and other birds, in remarks doubtless very trite and choice; but, as they all spoke at once, I understood none of them. They were ranged along the backs of the sofas and chairs, and were not much more amiable in disposition than the monkeys. Such animals and birds as were of Mr. Patrick Henry’s way of thinking, and preferred death to loss of liberty, ornamented the mirrors and ceiling with their heads, wings, and tails; and, if the old Tambo could have been run straight to the United States, she would have made the most interesting show in the country. At ten A. M. the launch got up steam, ran past the Tambo, and dropped anchor a few hundred feet in advance of her. The whole commission, in the two steamers belonging to them, now lay at anchor a few hundred feet above the mouth of the river they had been so long trying to reach; but so late in the season was it, and so rapid the fall of water, that it was determined not to take the vessels up the stream. Canoes, therefore, were ordered to be collected to carry the commission and provisions for four or five weeks up the Pachitea, and as far up the Pichis as might be deemed practicable, a distance estimated at some two or three hundred miles.

May 19th.—This morning, the canoes, being all ready, were brought alongside the Tambo, and at nine A. M. we embarked. At 9.15 A. M. we shoved off, floated down to the mouth of the river, and the survey of the Pachitea began. For about half a mile we were escorted by the boats of the Tambo, bearing her officers, the officers of the launch, and numerous bottles of brandy; but, the

brandy being soon expended, they gave us three cheers, and left us to pursue our weary way.

There are seven canoes in our party. Six of them belong to the Hydrographical Commission, and one to a gentleman who accompanies us to the mouth of the river Pichis. These canoes were obtained from the Conibo Indians, who live at the mouth of the Pachitea River. They are from thirty to thirty-five feet long, with three feet beam. Each is dug out of one tree, usually a tree called *cedro*, a soft wood, and very much resembling that of which cigar-boxes are generally made. I have seen, however, enormous canoes dug out of the mahogany-tree. In each one of our canoes there is, a little abaft midships, a section of ten feet, fitted up with a thick thatch-roof of palm-leaves, which serves, in time of rain, as a protection for both crew and cargo. Each canoe has a man who stands on the extreme projection of the stern and steers with a huge paddle. He is the most important man in the canoe, and the others are in complete subjection to him. He is called the *popero*, and is generally some very old Indian, all knots, scars, and bruises, with a face recording drunken debauches and revels without number, and with a superciliousness of bearing never yet attained by a steamboat-captain.

The next most important character is the *puntiero*. He is generally an active young Indian, whose position is right in the bow, and whose duty it is to watch out for snags and bad passes. He, and his captain, the *popero*, communicate with each other by a system of whistles and signals. Our crews, varying from five to six Indians each, occupy the forward part of the boat, and are equipped with poles, paddles, and vegetable ropes, for hauling the canoes up over bad places. Just in front of the thatch-roof is the place apportioned to the members of the commission, there being from one to two of us in each canoe. We have a major and ten soldiers, also, taken from the column of marines at Yquitos. Besides this each member of the commission is armed with a Remington breech-loading army carbine and revolver. The canoe of the president of the commission flies a small Peruvian flag, so that we can show these savages to what country they belong. This is the order of sailing: In advance, the canoe of the president of the commission; next, the canoe of the engineers; the others, anywhere they can get, only preserving their proper intervals; and the surgeon in the rear canoe, acting as rear-guard, and to keep the provision-canoes from running away.

In consequence of the late start, we did not go far this day, stopping for the night at the house of Pedro, brother of Clemente. Pedro is certainly a great chief, and a man of importance in this part of the country. His house is the finest I have seen among these Indians. It is seventy feet long by forty feet wide, and is thirty feet high. The roof is a beautiful, light frame-work of small poles and canes, braced in accordance with the most scientific principles, and covered with palm-thatch, the rows being colored alternately black and white. The sides of this house are all open, though sometimes closed by vertical

canes. Here the number of mosquitoes was greater than any thing we had been called upon to endure in South America, it being impossible to converse without drawing them into the mouth. The Indians, however, did not seem to mind them at all. They sat flat upon the ground, with their feet drawn up under them; and, every two or three seconds, scooped around with their hands, and deposited in their mouths the mosquitoes thus caught. They say that, in this way, they get back the blood of which the mosquitoes have robbed them.

May 20th.—In consequence of having to wait for three Indians, whom Pedro had hired to accompany us on the expedition, we were prevented from starting until quite late in the day. We finally got off at nine A. M., and at four P. M. stopped for the night at a small deserted hut. To us this shelter was literally the *ultima Thule* of civilization, for it was the last approximation to a house that we were to see for a good many days. It was verily the crudest architectural germ imaginable. A clearing had been made here, by hacking down a dozen or so of trees, among whose tall stumps were growing a few stalks of maize and plantains. In the centre of this opening the leaves had been scraped away for a rectangular area of fifteen by seven feet. At the four corners of this area, saplings had been driven vertically into the ground. These saplings, four feet from the ground, had been cut half through, and the tops of the end pairs brought together, and lashed with bark, so that they had the inclination of rafters. Horizontal poles and intermediate supports completed the framework of the roof, which was thinly thatched with palm-leaves. Upon inquiring, we found that the hut had belonged to the Indians Pedro had hired to us, and that they were Cashibos whom he had surprised and captured, and of whom he made slaves. After having landed, and prepared our respective couches and mosquito-bars, the canoes were examined; and, this being our first night in the enemy's country, our sentinels were carefully posted. The soldiers requested permission to be allowed to stick their bayonets against the trees, to keep each other awake, instead of wailing out their doleful "*Centinelas!—a-ler—to!*" Then came the grand event of the day—our evening's "hasty plate of soup," after which we crawled under our mosquito-bars, some to smoke, but all to be soon sung to sleep by innumerable bugs, beetles, and other forest insects.

May 21st.—At six A. M. we were under way, the river at every mile presenting a changed appearance. Large *playas* (flats) of gravel were now of frequent occurrence; and sharp curves and rapid currents were encountered more frequently in the river's course. At one P. M. we passed near the foot of a range of high and beautiful hills. We are now fairly in the country of the Cashibos, a cannibal tribe, for whom we keep a good lookout. At half-past four P. M. we stopped, for the night, on a small island known as Chonta Isla, and of which our Indians had a holy horror, in consequence of a sad event that occurred there not many months ago. The Peruvian Government had

sent a small steamer up the river, which in coming down was swept by the current high up on the point of this island. The Indians came down to the bank, and made signs of friendship. The captain and second commander got into a boat, and went ashore. While they were kneeling down to untie little bundles of beads and presents, they were fired on with arrows from all around. One was killed instantly, the other attempted to run to the boat with several arrows sticking in him. He was shot down again, and the men in the boat barely escaped. An expedition of three armed vessels was sent to punish them. The vessels anchored near the bank, and landed sixty men. These men penetrated for twelve miles into the forest without seeing an Indian. Then they came to an Indian village, and succeeded in making some captures. One, a woman, was observed to wear a remarkable necklace. Upon examination it was found to be composed of human teeth, which were recognized by an officer in the party as those of his brother, the late commander of the little steamer. The village was set on fire, when suddenly the woods seemed to be alive with Indians, who immediately commenced the attack, and, but for the retreat and embarkation of the troops being covered by the vessels shelling the woods, they would all have been killed. This woman said that the feet and a portion of the hands of the men killed were very delicate eating.

May 22d.—Last night, as soon as landed, we selected a sleeping-place on the hard gravel spit at the upper end of the little island, and made our Indians build a flat-topped shelter out of saplings and palm-leaves to keep off the dew. Notwithstanding the tragic event which had occurred here a few months previous, we were soon under our mosquito-bars; and cannibals and all the world beside had long been forgotten, when a ool drop! drop! in the face, and a cold stream under the back, interrupted the tenor of our dreams. The falling in of half of the thatch to our roof brought us fully to consciousness; and we found that it was raining fearfully. This, however, was nothing new to us. We had all had four years' schooling in that sort of thing, on a former occasion, in the United States. So, after crawling out from under the wet palm-leaves, and drinking a little diluted water to keep out the cold, some of us went to sleep again in the wet, the rest walking about until morning.

At sharp six A. M. we left Chonta Isla, the rain still falling, and it being quite chilly. On turning a point just above the island, we came in sight of the first rocks we had seen on the Pachitea River, and for hours traveled under vertical walls of it, twenty to thirty feet high, and perfectly green with moss and immense ferns. At eleven A. M., the rain having abated, we stopped on a bare gravel island to cook breakfast and dry our clothing. While waiting for breakfast, an Indian raised the cry of "*Grande bestia!*" and we saw the head of a tapir out in the middle of the river. He was trying to gain the other bank, but the current washed him down toward us. Although a long way

off, three or four of the party were placing balls all around his head, when he dived. Two of us jumped into a canoe and paddled for the point on the opposite bank where we thought he would land. We reached the bank before him, and, as he came up out of the water, put two army-balls into his side, at the distance of only a few yards; but he trotted off into the woods, as if nothing had happened, though we tracked him for some distance by his blood.

May 23d.—To-day we saw many more signs of Cashibos. Passed one of their *balsa*s. (A *balsa* is a kind of raft made from wood of that name—very buoyant, being no heavier than cork.)

When our pilot (who is an Indian, and allowed to keep a little in advance or in rear of our party, in order to kill game) came into camp to-night, he reported having communicated with two Cashibos, who were perfectly naked, and who gave him a piece of sugar-cane, making signs that he was to present it to our chief. We stopped for the night at what was evidently a Cashibo plantation. It consisted of a clearing of one-quarter of an acre set in plantains. There were several well-trodden paths diverging from it into the forest. Although we saw or heard nothing, it was deemed proper to detail a watch from the commission, besides the regular guard of soldiers.

May 24th.—This morning, at the usual hour, we got under way, nothing of particular interest having occurred during the night, except that some brandy, from the stores put under the charge of the watch detailed from the commission, was found missing. The watch seemed to think that the cannibals must have stolen it during the night; but the rest of the party thought differently. It was a glorious morning, and the canoes traveled in regular order near the bank, and under a dense, dark archway of overhanging boughs, festooned with enormous flowering creepers. At nine A. M. we rounded a point, and came suddenly into view of a beautiful basin, interspersed with dark-green islands, and having a white, pebbly beach. At a distance, and towering up, with their peaks stuck through numerous white, feathery clouds, as if to get a look down into this basin, were seen the mountains of San Carlos. Many of these mountains seemed to have flat tops suitable for cultivation or grazing. On one of these islands there was a Cashibo settlement. They came down to the bank, and, like so many orang-outangs, barked and jabbered at us from behind the bushes, but would not let us see them. We stopped near this place for breakfast, and one fellow came out to take a look at us; but as soon as we went toward him he disappeared. About one P. M. we were proceeding in a very quiet manner close to the bank, when suddenly we heard two shots in rapid succession, from the pilot's canoe, and saw it dart out into the stream. Arrows were seen falling around it, and at the same time we heard the pilot calling to us to keep out, that we were attacked by Cashibos. All the canoes closed up, and we were ready with cocked rifles and revolvers to pour a volley into the first bush that shook, but nothing more occurred; and, as we made no

step, it was not until we halted for the night that we heard the pilot's story.

He was near the bank, when suddenly he heard the twang of a bow-string, and instantaneously four arrows struck around him. One wounded him in the arm, and another went entirely through the side of his canoe (of wood, and more than one inch thick). He immediately fired his gun, and jumped into the water to save himself, when many other arrows fell around him. I suppose the Indians were frightened off by seeing us close up so rapidly; and, though we saw many more signs during the evening, we saw no more Cashibos in the flesh. We stopped for the night at a most picturesque spot, about six miles from the scene of our late little encounter. Here we found an enormous hot spring, with a temperature of 113° Fahr. and a most sulphurous smell.

May 25th.—This being Sunday, we laid over and took observations for latitude and longitude. Found that we were in latitude 9° 5' 52" south, longitude 74° 48' 15" west of Greenwich. Distance from Brazilian frontier, 1,140 miles; elevation above sea, 169,773 metres. We had now gotten into a high, undulating country. The river's banks are steep and rocky. It runs parallel to the San Carlos Mountains, and near their base. It is contracted in width, and at some points has a strong current, against which it is very laborious to pole the canoes; but, so far, our crews worked steadily and well. There is very little change in the vegetation, the trees being possibly not so tall, and appearing to be of harder grain and more durable. About twelve m. we heard a furious firing in the direction in which some men had gone hunting. Supposing them to be attacked by Cashibos, we were under arms in a minute, and a party sent to their support. The hunting-party soon came in, however, and solved the mystery by bringing with them four monkeys, weighing about forty pounds each.

May 26th.—Six a. m. found us on the way again; and the magnificent scenery through which we passed, and which surrounded us on every side, all day, amply rewarded us for all hardships endured. At this point the river breaks through a range of hills, and, for these children of hers, Nature has formed magnificent cliffs, and decorated them in the most superb manner. Walls of colored sandstone rise to the height of one hundred feet and more, with every degree of inclination—some rising so beautifully straight and with such regular faces that you could hardly convince yourself that the hand of man had not been concerned in it; others with a gentle, regular slope from the water, like the front of some old fortress; others lean out over the water, presenting perfectly-formed Gothic arches and niches of every size, ornamented with beautiful basins, supplied with sparkling water from miniature cataracts above. Now and then a stream comes gushing out from a narrow gorge as dark as midnight; and over the whole face of this superb picture is hung, in graceful folds, a gorgeous lace-work of flowering vines and richest tropical foliage.

Upon a narrow ledge at the base of one

of these cliffs we stopped for breakfast, and upon examination discovered that the whole face of the cliff, as high up as a man could reach, was covered with curious hieroglyphics. We had no time for investigation, but hoped to stop a day or so as we returned, when we would endeavor to gain the top of the rock and make further explorations. We supposed them to be traces of the Incas, and this is the farthest point east that they have been discovered.

May 30th.—Our canoe-life had become quite monotonous, and even a rain was hailed with pleasure by way of a change, when today we were entertained by another Cashibo excitement. Some five or six of them discovered us from the bank, and put up a howl. The canoes were stopped, and presents were held out and signs made for them to approach. They came trotting out into the water, like dogs, howling and bringing a few pieces of sugar-cane and plantains, which they held out to us in token of friendship. The men were perfectly naked. The women had a covering of bark about the loins. Their language, if it can be called such, only resembled the ravings of a man shot in the brain, which I once heard. They were the most miserable-looking devils I ever saw, and, except in that particular, presented no uniform appearance. Two had beard—something remarkable for Indians, but which we had heard was a peculiarity of these. We made them presents of knives, old clothes, and fish-hooks, and some of our Indians jumped overboard to show them how to put the clothes on. The garments suffered by the operation, and you could see an old Cashibo floundering about with only one breeches-leg on, and the other tied around his neck in imitation of a cravat. They coveted ornaments more than any thing else, and stripped their friends, who were assisting in their toils, of every thing in that line. All small articles that were given them they would immediately hide under rocks and in holes scratched in the sand, and then run back for more. We shoved off, and, upon getting around on the other side of the island, found them collected in large numbers, with strung bows and arrows. As we passed we bargained with fish-hooks for two bows and arrows; but, after giving them the hooks, the bows had to be taken from them by force, and then they tried to pull our canoe ashore. Just here we heard a dip in the water, and found that they were firing on us. We soon silenced their batteries with our Remingtons, though they showed no fear of balls, possibly from ignorance. For a long time after we had ceased firing we could hear them beating logs together, in order to collect their tribe. Treachery is here, as in the United States, the distinctive characteristic of the Indian. They came down to the canoes to secure presents. Seeing no bows and arrows, they supposed us not armed, and therefore determined to capture us.

Attached to each of the bows were pieces of cane, about eight inches long, which, our Indians said, were knives, with which to cut our throats after shooting us. The weapons of these Indians, except that they are rougher in construction and larger in size, resemble

very much those of their neighbors, the Conibos. Each tribe seems to have adopted certain measurements and dimensions for bows and arrows; and whatever may have been selected as a unit of measure is certainly accurately observed, as we always found implements of the same kind, and belonging to the same tribe, to be of the same dimensions, no matter how far apart the parties possessing them might have been separated.

The Conibo bow is made of chonta-wood (a variety of palm), and is six and a half feet long, very stiff, and neatly wrapped with cotton-thread, and then painted in an ornamental manner. The arrow is five and a half feet long, and consists of a piece of hard wood, a foot in length, barbed and brought to a fine point, and a piece of light cane four and a half feet long, to which the former is attached. About two inches from the butt are affixed two long feathers, put on spirally, so as to impart to the arrow a rotary motion, such as given to a rifle-ball by the grooves of the barrel. The bow of the Cashibo is made from the same material, but is longer, stiffer, and rougher, in manufacture. The arrows are of the same length as the bow, seven feet, consisting of a section of reed tipped with hard wood, but they have no feathers, and really are nothing more than short spears or javelins, propelled by the bow; and, as the undergrowth is so dense, have all the range desired.

NELSON B. NOLAND

(Civil Engineer of the Hydrographical Commission of the Peruvian Amazon and its Tributaries.)

A CURIOUS OLD BOOK.

THERE is something very attractive in an old book, even supposing that you are not a collector. If you are, and have the mania, you might as well put fire to gunpowder, meat before a starving man, or a rare bit of cracked china before one of the ceramic lunatics, as to allow yourself to go into a certain deserted library from which I have just come. Such folios, bound in heavy calf; such fine old mediæval clasps; such red-lettered title-pages; such splendid type; such rich yellow paper; and such gnawing of the tooth of Time!

These books were collected more than seventy years ago by a clergyman living in a very remote and thinly-populated place.

They must have been carried by ox-teams a greater portion of the way—say fifty miles—supposing them to have been purchased at Albany. If they were bought in New York, then they were conveyed by sloop to Catskill, and thence west by ox-teams into the almost pathless wilderness which led to the town which is now their hiding-place. It is a pleasant picture, the refined and gentle clergyman, the man of culture, loving literature next to his wife and his church, spending his small overplus of money for books, which then must have been very expensive, and taking such pains to transport them to his distant field of labor. They were to him society, general conference, general convention, interchange of thought, and inspiration. With them he was never lonely:

"My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-falling friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day."

No matter how isolated his dwelling, how inferior his associates, he had but to step into his library to meet the best society. And, by the appearance of these well-thumbed volumes, he read his books. No doubt, in the long winter evening he called his family and humble neighbors about him, and read aloud to them. A keen, thinking, hard-working, Scotch Presbyterian immigrant population was all about him, all alive for information and subjects for discussion. Many a "douce Davie Deans" came in to chop logic and crack hard theological nuts with the parson, and many a pale and poor Reuben Butler sought the congenial atmosphere of the minister's study. Many a woman of refined instincts whom poverty had fastened amid unkind and sordid duties came here to quench that thirst for knowledge which in some natures is insatiable.

The old books have a history. The personality of the past is pressed into their yellow pages like faded flowers. Now they lie for the time neglected, doubtless, however holding their message for some future reader. Like good sentinels, they do not desert their post. The silent and thoughtful girl, the bright-eyed and thinking boy, will arise to receive that message, and carry it on to other and less fortunate people.

The first book we open is a massive folio, whose covers of solid leather are much the worse for wear. It has, however, a splendid title-page in black and red, which reads thus: "An Institution of General History, or the History of the Ecclesiastical Affairs of the World, contemporary with the Second Part; containing that of the Roman Empire, its first countenancing and receiving the Christian Religion, from the Conversion of Constantine the Great to the Fall of Augustulus and the Ruine of the Empire in the West, with an Account of the Polity of the Church and the several Laws and Canons of Moment made during the Reign of the Emperours, both in East and West to this Period. By William Howel, LL. D., sometimes Fellow of Magdalen College, in Cambridge. London: printed for the Author's Widow, by Miles Flesher, 1685."

There it is, delicious odd spelling, perfectly arbitrary disposition of capitals, and the long *f* for *s*.

Why *Augustulus*, and why *Emperour*? Why widow with two *d's*? No one knows. It comes from the seat of learning—Cambridge, in England—and is printed in London, centre of the world's learning and thought.

The dedication is a masterpiece, and runs as follows:

"The High and Mighty Prince James the 2d, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc. Great Sir: Among the crowds of Loyal Counties and Corporations that address themselves unto your *MAJESTY*, vouchsafe to permit a *DESOLATE WIDOW* to approach unto your sacred Presence to congratulate Your Happy and Most

Just Possession of the Throne of these Kingdoms by laying a small Present at your Royal Feet.

"Which is due to Your *MAJESTY* by a double Title, both by Right of Succession to our Late Gracious Sovereign, by whose Royal Bounty this work was encouraged, and also by the Designation of the Author, who intended, had not his Death prevented it, to have Dedicated this Book to his Royal Highness JAMES the Duke of York, which I now offer to the sacred *MAJESTY* of KING JAMES the SECOND,

"Whom I beseech the King of Kings long to preserve, Beloved of all his subjects, Dreaded by all his Enemies, and Renowned to all Posterity in the History of future Ages.

"So prayeth with due Reverence

"Your Majesties

"Most Loyal Subject

"MARY HOWEL."

Here is a fine, pompous loyalty for you! Mary Howel believed in the Stuarts, evidently. She wrote that preface on her knees, one would think. *She* had no doubt who was her loyal *sovereign*, as she spells it.

It is curious that she spells *widow* with one *d*, while her printer on the title-page spells it with two. It shows how chaotic was the orthography of that day.

The preface covers quite ground enough for a lifetime's reading, and is a model of compact and definite writing. It is a gem in its way, and invites perusal by its frequent capitals and large, emphatic type:

"The Author having all along in his first part intermixed the Ecclesiastical Affairs with the Secular, thought it would be most useful now to represent them by themselves, *separately* in a distinct Volume which is here presented to the Reader, wherein he hath brought down his account of them, to the Fall of *Augustulus*, and the Ruine of the Empire in the West, (where the Second Part ends,) *setting forth* how the Great Emperour Constantine was converted to the Faith, and what means and methods he took to propagate the Christian Religion and destroy by degrees the long practised Idolatry of the Pagan World. With an account of the Church Polity; what was its Government, who were its Governours, their several *offices*, *Degrees*, and *Orders*. The Affairs of the Church follow from the first General Council of Nice against the Arians to the Apostacy of Julian, thence to the Second General Council, summoned by Theodosius the First at Constantinople against the Haeresie of Macedonius: thence to the third called by Theodosius the Second to meet at Ephesus, against the Haeresie of Nestorius, and thence to the Fourth, called by Martinianus at Chalcedon, against the Haeresie of Eutyches and Dioscorus, and so down to the deposing of *Augustulus* and the Fall of the Empire in the West, with the division of the Church into the East and West. The Decrees and Canons of each Council are set down, both for the settling good order and *Government*, and for suppressing those Schisms and Haeresies which the Devil raised by his aspiring *Agents* that by sowing such Tares he might spoil Christs Husbandry."

But William Howel told his old, old story well. It is more interesting than any novel, this ponderous old tome, with its ponderous ecclesiastical title. The great story of Constantine is a romance, however told, and this writer had the narrative power. He tells us how "this year he also published a constitution against Witches, Inchanters, and such

as by Invocation of Devils raised Tempests or disturbed the Brains of Men;" also how he "purged his new city from all superstition and Idolatry, so that nowhere therein were statues of Idols in their Temples, nor Altars defiled by the Blood of Impure Sacrifices, nor Feasts of Devils celebrated." This work is full of allusions to his Satanic Majesty, which reminds us, by force of contrast, how the devil has disappeared from literature. In all old books he makes a great show, but in modern works he is scarcely alluded to. Does that betray respect or fear; or is it a mark of contempt and forgetfulness? The chronicler continues: "But not only at Constantinople, but in Italy, at Rome and throughout the Empire, great was his magnificence in the building and endowing of churches, concerning which a Book was written, *which Amatus the Vatican Library keeper published out of it*. He commanded one to be built in the very place where Our Saviour's Sepulchre was, which the Heathens endeavoring to deface, had there built a chappell to Venus."

He has chapters on the "Church Polity," which afford stuff for thousands of sermons. It would seem as if he had many lives, this prolific and indefatigable author; and he is never dull, always quaint and zealous; he has also a juicy style, and a wit and originality which is almost like that of Jeremy Taylor.

There is a little sarcasm in the following: "After Christianity was more diffused and settled, and that particular churches were assigned to Residentary Incumbents, a more certain way of Livelyhood was obtained, and the Maintenance of the Minister became the Burden of the Soil. When Kings once became Nursing Fathers, and Queens Nursing Mothers to the Church, Bishops were presently provided of a certain and ample Revenue!"

Such a writer, of course, was disposed to have his fling at poor *Arius*, whom he thus attacks, with much fine writing:

"Constantine having relieved the Church from Persecution and other external pressures, it began speedily to be more afflicted than usual by internal Evils. The pinching cold of Adversity makes us keep close and unite together, nipping the Passions of Strife and *Amulation* in their Blossoms; but in the Sunshine of Prosperity we separate ourselves, and the evil roots of Pride, Vainglory, Hatred, and Contention, then put forth and sprout amaine. One *Arius* gave the occasion to these Distempers, a Man born (for public Mischief), as most writers say, in Alexandria, Educated at School in Antioch, where he obtained a Competency of Humane Learning," etc.

It would be curious to learn what such a scholar would call an *affluence* of learning, if Arius had but a *competency*.

Arius having gained over seven hundred women to what Mr. Howel would call his *haeresie*, he indulges in the following sarcasm: "For he had a smooth and flattering Tongue, was of a winning Behavior, though serious aspect, and indeed every way a goodly person, a very prevalent means to procure respect from ordinary capacities, especially those of the Weaker Sex."

William Howel did not believe in the equality of the sexes. Evidently he was not

a "woman's rights man," the good old Cambridge scholar.

But we must skip. Life is not so long as it was; we cannot linger over these details of Arius—we must omit the beautiful, sad story of Hypatia, which he tells well; we must omit the story of Leo the Great, and the royal admirer Eudocia, and stop but a moment at the story of the siege of Amida in the reign of Anastatius:

"The Persians entered the town a few at a time, and ascending the Turret killed the Monks as they lay asleep. Then did Cabades set scaling-ladders to the wall adjoining the turret and when day appeared the Besieged, who guarded the next Turret, perceiving the danger they were in, hastened to the Rescue. And after an hot Conflict, they had the better of it, for killing many men that had already got up they kept off those upon the Ladders, and were very near quit of the Danger. But Cabades drawing his scimitar, forced his men up the Ladders, threatening Death to the comers down, and thereby overpowering the Defendants, by numbers, took the town after eighty days' Siege. Great slaughter was made, till Cabades, riding into the town, his fury was assuaged by an old Priest, of Amida, who told him that it was not Royally done to kill men at his mercy. Cabades yet angry demanded why then they should stand out against him? Because, sir, replied the Priest, God would give you Amida, not by our wills, but by your own valor. Cabades, pleased with this, reply, suffered no more execution to be done, but permitted his Souldiers to sack the city, and take Prisoners, of which he had the principle to himself. Then leaving in Garrison a thousand persons, under one *Glones*, and some wretched Citizens, to serve them with necessaries, with his Prisoners, he marched Home. Yet with the Prisoners he dealt very princely, for he let them all go home free, and gave out that they ran away. Anastatius also dealt kindly with them, remitting to their country their tribute for seven years, and conferring many Benefits both upon the City, and private men, so that they soon forgot the misery they had undergone."

Ladies who have bought at Tiffany's, of late years, those very pretty *dog-inkstands*, probably have very little idea of the antiquity of the notion, or of the classical history attached to them. Let us hear our old friend on that subject, also on the probable origin of monograms. It occurs first in the history of Justin:

"Justin having promoted this his nephew whether to the good liking of himself and the Senate or not, died of an old wound he had received in *Battel* by the shot of an arrow (in his foot some say as others in his thigh) four months, after, about the first of August, having Reigned nine years, one month, and three days, and lived seventy-seven. A mark of extraordinary fortune, which wrought so wonderfully that from a keeper of *Cattel*, he should rise to be a Commander of men, first of Souldiers, then of the *Praetorian Guards*; and at last of all men within the Roman world, having escaped two Imprisonments. Yet was he *Analphabeticus* as the Greeks called him or one who could not read or knew no letters, which had not happened to the Romans before in the opinion of the Author of the secret history ascribed to Procopius. Whereas the Emperour, he faith, was wont, when he ordained anything to add to the paper the letters of his name, he could neither ordain nor was able to do business, but Proclus, who executed the office of *Quaestor*, and

was his Assessor, governed as he pleased; but that there might remain some shew of the Emperour's Hand, he that waited or the chief Secretary (who from that thing formed to the shape of a *little Dog* wherein the Ink was contained had the tittle of a *Caniculus*), found out a way. They ingraved in a polished piece of wood the form of four Latin letters which being laid on a paper, a pen dipped in the purple ink, with which Emperours were wont to write, was put into Justin's Hand, which those about holding stirred it about, and drew the pen through those cliffs of wood, or forms of letters, and so carried away their letters signed."

Old Mr. Howel is great on the subject of the Roman empresses. He tells their varied story with an evident gusto. He is especially pleased to dilate on Theodora, who went from a circus to a throne, and he is astonished at the infatuation of Justinian for her. One would suppose that the affair had just happened in London, in the year 1680, and that Mr. Howel was in some way mixed up in it. It is this freshness, this delightful interest in his old stories, which makes his style so piquant and readable. Of Justinian he says: "He was of middle stature indifferent fat, of a Beautifull countenance, though something long visaged, his complexion being Ruddy, after he had fasted two days together." While of Theodora he gives us a careful lineage: "At Constantinople lived one *Acacius*, whose calling and employment it was to feed and look to the Beasts which belonged to the Faction of the *Prasini* and were wont to be baited in the Amphitheatre. He had three daughters, *Comitona*, *Theodora* and *Anastasia*, whereof the Eldest was scarcely then seven years old. Their Mother married (after the death of the Bearward) a second Husband, But *Asterius* Master of the Orchestra, who by virtue of his office had the disposal of the place, sold it to another, and so turned out the Mother, her second Husband and her daughters."

Being very handsome, these daughters were clothed with garlands in their heads and hands, and put on the stage. *Comitona* became very famous for talent and beauty, and *Theodora* waited upon her as a servant. On her arriving at woman's estate, she became an actress, and also so depraved that all persons esteemed it a matter of ill luck "if they met her in the morning," yet after several years of dissolute experience, in various countries, she met Justinian, at Constantinople, when he immediately fell passionately in love with her and married her. She continued to the end of her cruel and most wicked life to maintain her influence over the great, powerful, and law-making emperor.

"Indeed she had a lovely face, she was of little stature, and had a quick and *rolling* eye," says the faithful chronicler.

She must have been a very clever woman, skilled in all the arts of dissimulation. She and her husband had the art to appear to take different sides of a question, while in reality agreeing, which our chronicler thus curiously and ingeniously describes:

"In Law suits and matters of controversy, the one sided with the plaintiff and the other with the Defendant, and to be sure he that had the worst cause carried it, giving over one half or more, to gain the other.

Many persons he pretended to favor, and suffered them to *pill* the Commonwealth at their pleasure, whom she must accuse and prosecute, sore against his mind, as he pretended, who would seem to take their part, but in the end they must bleed out their wealth, into his coffers. By these arts they carried on their work with much ease and established their Tyranny so as it was not to be shaken."

Quoting from Procopius, Mr. Howel says: "Of Justinian He was absolutely ill-conditioned, and as apt to be deceived, being both Knave and Fool, equally with the other"—which differs, rather, from Gibbon's opinion of the author of the "*Codes and Pandects*," or, at least, the ruler under whose authority they were compiled. The Justinian Code, forming now the common law of all nations, betrays the highest state of civilization; it is hard to believe that a "knave and a fool," and a depraved girl from the circus, ruled over that polished society, yet she and he are said to have utterly ruined the Roman state. Mr. Howel quotes largely from Procopius, never a trustworthy authority. Men wrote history then, as nowadays, largely to gratify their own prejudices, principally their religious prejudices.

Beautifully told, in our old book, is the story of *Belisarius*. Warriors and wars, and fine women, interested Mr. Howel. Dozens of good stories, cores of novelettes, embellish his fine, old-fashioned pages. He comes to his polemics unwillingly, but with strength and racy language; yet the reader sees where his heart is.

He covers an immensity of ground, going from the objections urged to the marrying of a deceased wife's sister, by Constantine, to the price of silk in the reign of Justinian. Here is a digression interesting to modern ladies:

"In times past the Manufacture of Silks was confined to two cities of Phœnicia, Berytus and Tyre, whence they were transported all the world over. Now the Merchants at Byzantium and other cities, who traded in this commodity, raised the price, pretending that they paid more than formerly had been usual in Persia, and were burthened with the tenth part, in the Roman Territories. He therefore made a Law, that a pound of Silk should be sold for eight *Aurei*, under pain of Confiscation of Goods, to any one that should offend against it, which burthen the Merchants not able, or not willing to bear, gave over the Trade, and what remained of their wares passed away privately, and by stealth of which Theodora getting an inkling, made them pay her down an hundred pounds of Gold, and beside that, to lose their goods.

"By this means, multitudes are undone, and all the Artificers of Tyre and Berytus, who had lived upon this Manufacture, were either compelled to starve, or to beg their Bread, and some of them fled into Persia. Gold and silk in the days of the Emperour were exchanged weight for weight (as was once Tobacco here for silver). Now, if a pound of silk was sold for a pound of gold, a pound of silk must have been worth an hundred *Aurei*. But silk was grown much cheaper in the days of Justinian, in whose time, as the reader may remember, we formerly told him that silk worms were brought by certain Monks out of India to Constantinople, and other parts of the Empire. But to what an height is the silk manufacture now advanced, and what difference is there betwixt our days

and the days of Aurelian! Silk is now grown nigh as common as Wool, and become the cloathing of those in the Kitchen as well as the Court; we wear it not only on our backs, but of late years on our Legs and Feet, and tread on that which formerly was of the same value as Gold itself. Yet that magnificent and expensive Prince, Henry the Eighth, wore ordinarily Cloth Hose, except there came from Spain by great chance a pair of silk stockings. King Edward his son was presented with a pair of Long Spanish Silk Stockings by Sir Thomas Gresham, his Merchant, and the Present was taken much notice of.

"Queen Elizabeth, in the third year of her Reign, was presented, by Mrs. Montague, her Silk woman, with a pair of black knit Silk Stockings, and henceforth she never wore cloth any more. Nine and thirty years after was invented the wearing of Silk Stockings, Wast coats, and divers other things, by Engines, or Steel looms, by William Lee, Master of Arts of St. John's College in Cambridge, a Native of Nottingham, who taught the Art in England and France, as his Servants in Spain, Venice, and Ireland; and his device so well took, that now in London his artificers are become a Company, having a Hall and Master, like as other Societies. But this were an unpardonable digression, were it our custome to make the like."

No, old William Howel, not unpardonable, but very valuable, and well said. Your style is always readable, your spelling curious, imperfect, and quaint. You avoid dullness—that unpardonable sin—in whatever you say, and you deserve to have been better remembered.

We must do our old friend the justice to say that, after filling forty pages with denunciations of Justinian, he does then give a slant at Procopius and his possible misconceptions, and adds that "Sigonius, a man diligent in searching out the truth, says that he was a Prince, renowned both for War and Peace, a famous restorer of the ancient Roman Glory, and without doubt the last, as well of the Good, as of the Valiant Emperours of the East."

So there is hope for poor Justinian after all, particularly as his experience in building seems to have been what it has remained to the present day, the bill considerably larger than he expected. Here is a reference to the famous church now called the Mosque of St. Sophia:

"His Buildings were vast and highly magnificent, and could not be the product of so base and ignoble a Spirit as the Secret Historian makes his to have been, *however* it be *very true*, that great Spenders must be great Scrapers, for nothing is more decietful than Building, wherein we see it commonly happen, and even to wise Men themselves, that the Expenses at length double and treble the value of what they first designed. Indeed he left infinite Monuments either of Piety or Magnificence, in this kind, and that first in Building new, or repairing old churches decayed. The Church called *Sophia*, built by him at Constantinople, was the mirror of all Ages. 'The Height of it mounted up to Heaven, the Splendour of it was such as if it received not light from the Sun, but had it in itself. The Roof was decked with Gold, the Pavement beset with Pearl. The Silver of the Choir alone mounted to four Myriads, and it was thought to have excelled the Temple of Solomon.' Besides he built everywhere throughout the Empire so many Houses to the honour of the Blessed Virgin so stately and sumptuous that *Procopius* tells

you should you but view and consider one of them, you would think his whole reign to have been employed in building that alone."

No wonder that Mr. Boffin liked to hear Silas Wegg read the stories of the Roman emperors! Our modern romancers have a sorry time of it when one dips into these extraordinary histories. Poor Howel gives up *Justinian* with this lamentation: "Behold what a precipice!" he says. "We are now descending into low, mean, and narrow tracts, and shall find the Empire but short, and ourselves straightened, the farther we pass, little of Action, and less of Performance. Whatever thou wast, the Greatness of Empire, the Glory of Majesty, the Power of Arms, the Efficacy of Laws, the Renoun and Splendour of the Roman Name, in a manner died and was buried with thee! O Justinian!"

The fate of a book, and of an author, is a mystery which no philosopher can penetrate. Here is one, written by a scholar under royal patronage, a perfect mine of good reading, and of stories told in a most amusing and piquant manner. Yet it is utterly forgotten, while an unknown man, named Defoe, gets himself into jail, and writes an immortal romance, which no one dares confess that he has not read; and another, named John Bunyan, with a somewhat similar experience, produces the "Pilgrim's Progress" for future Macaulays to quote—one of the text-books of the world.

We leave William Howel with regret, to look at other books, in the same forgotten and neglected library.

M. E. W. S.

A STRANGE PENANCE.

LIKE most of the seaport towns on the east coast of England, Whitby can only be seen to advantage when sailing into its harbor. As the vessel approaches the two fine piers that protect the shipping, the voyager sees before him a vast gully or ravine, through which the muddy river Esk sluggishly flows, and, down the steep slopes on either side of the river, a grotesque conglomeration of houses, of every variety of quaint, many-gabled architecture, that look as if they had been dumped at random from the heights above. On the right, crowning the height, he sees a score of streets and squares of pretentious houses of the modern English watering-place type. On the left, perched on a towering sea-cliff, the pensive beauty of the desolate abbey rivets the eye, as it stands in lofty isolation amid the touching associations of wellnigh eleven centuries.

The ancient fane rears its majestic head a stone's-throw from the edge of a beetling precipice of two hundred and ninety feet. In the clefts of the crag the sea-gull finds a home; and against its base, in calm, the North Sea billows leap with playful sportiveness, or, in tempest, fiercely hurl their thunders. The picturesque and beautiful ruin recalls to the student the memory of Cædmon the monk, who, within the ancient monastery, in the dim twilight of English literature, wrote, in sublime strains, the earliest known poetical composition in the Saxon

tongue; while every one at all acquainted with Northern legend and poetry is familiar with the hallowed name of its earliest abbas, Saint Hilda.

Whitby still owns a few small coasting-vessels, and builds two or three fourth-class iron steamers per annum; but the town can no longer be ranked even as a fifth-rate English seaport. Newcastle-on-Tyne, Shields, Tyemouth, Sunderland, the Hartlepoons, Middlesborough, and Hull, have grown into vast ports; while Whitby, partly from a lack of the natural features necessary to the formation of a great harbor, partly from constitutional apathy, has remained very much as it was a century since. With every natural advantage for a first-class watering-place, the same supineness has permitted Scarborough on the south, and Saltburn-by-the-Sea on the north, within a few years to develop into fashionable marine resorts; while Whitby has remained satisfied with its few lodging-houses and crescent on West Cliff. Owing, however, to the fact that this old town is the exclusive seat of the jet-manufacture in Great Britain, it always commands a respectable, if sparse, summer patronage; and its five miles of sandy shore are eagerly scanned by tourists from all parts of the United Kingdom for "Saint Hilda's headless snakes," as the fossil *Ammonites*, common to the Oolite and Lias formations of the Yorkshire coast, are locally denominated. Then the jet-stores of the town form an inexhaustible attraction to strangers. Ladies, especially, never weary of inspecting and admiring the wondrous window-displays of exquisitely-polished and marvelously-cut articles of ornament and *virtu*. Every season brings its change of fashion in the style of ornaments of jet. One season it is gold-mounted, another it is used as a setting for exquisite cameos; while another jet forms the bed wherein highly-polished specimens of *Ammonite* and *Bolæna* artistically repose.

The inhabitants of Whitby are truly *generis*. Within the whole range of Great Britain there exists no such complacently self-satisfied and phlegmatic town. There are no absolutely indigent people in the place, and the inhabitants uniformly speak with drawing deliberation and supercilious positiveness of their town, their shipping, their abbey, their church, their piers, their beach, their bathing-machines, their Royal Hotel, their cattle-show, and their Eskdale-side Hermitage, as if each in its kind were unequalled within her majesty's dominions. The cattle-show in September, indeed, is the momentous event of the year, and it is customary to associate, as far as practicable, all occurrences with "last cattle-show," or "the cattle-show gone a year," as the case may be. To the curious visitor, however, by far the most interesting day in the Whitby calendar is Holy Thursday, or "Pancake Thursday," as Ascension-day is generally termed in the rural districts of England. On that day "the Penny-Hedge" penance is annually performed; and on the anniversary last year, May 14th, I journeyed to Whitby for the purpose of witnessing the singular act of propitiating the manes of the old Eskdale-side Hermit.

The tradition connected with this most whimsical penance is highly romantic, and runs in substance as follows :

In the fifth year of the reign of Henry II., the Lord of Ugglebarnby, William de Bruce, the Lord of Sneaton Castle, Ralph de Piercie, with a gentleman of Fylingdales named Allatson, met in "a certain wood or desert, called Eskdale-side," to hunt wild-boar. The wood belonged to the abbot of the Whitby Monastery, who was called Sedman; and "the aforesaid gentlemen met with boar-staves and hounds, and found a great wild-boar, and the hounds did run him very well near about the chapel and Hermitage of Eskdale-side, where there was a monk of Whitby who was an hermit. The boar, being sore wounded and hotly pursued and dead-run, took in at the chapel-door, and there laid him down and presently died. The hermit shut the hounds out of the chapel and kept himself within, at his meditations and prayers, the hounds standing at bay without. The hunters came to the Hermitage and found the hounds round about the chapel. They called the hermit, who opened the door and came forth, and within lay the boar dead; for the which the gentlemen, in a fury because their hounds were put from their game, did most violently and cruelly run at the hermit with their boar-staves, whereof he died."

When these fire-eating barons saw that they had done the business of the holy man, they were sore afraid, and, after the manner of slayers of the period, they fled to Scarborough and took sanctuary. Meantime, however, the hermit temporarily rallied, and upprised Abbot Sedman of the outrage. "The abbot was in great favor with the king, and soon removed the assassins from sanctuary, and they were like to have been put to death." But the hermit, being a holy man, sent for the abbot, and on his death-bed desired him to send for the malefactors.

"I freely forgive them my death," said he, "if they be content to be enjoined to this penance for the safeguard of their souls."

The three hunters, glad to save their lives at any price, willingly agreed to perform any penance the saintly man might nominate. Whereupon, said he :

"You and yours shall hold your lands of the Abbot of Whitby and his successors in this manner: That, upon Ascension-eve, you and some of you shall come to the wood of the Stray Head, which is in Eskdale-side, the same day at sunrise, and there shall the officer of the abbot blow his horn, to the intent ye may know where to find him; and he shall deliver unto you, William de Bruce, ten stakes, ten stout-stowers, and ten yedders, to be cut by you, or those that come for you, with a knife of a penny price; and you, Ralph de Piercie, shall take one-and-twenty of each sort, to be cut in the same manner; and you, Allatson, shall take nine of each sort, to be cut as aforesaid, and to be taken on your backs and carried to the town of Whitby, and so be there before nine o'clock of the same day mentioned. And at the hour of the end of the clock (if it be full sea, to cease at service), as long as it is low water at nine o'clock, the same hour each of you shall

set your stakes at the brim of the water, each stake a yard from another, and so yedder them as with your yedders, and so stake on each side with your stout-stowers, that they stand *three tides* without removing by the force of the water. Each of you shall make them in several (separate) places at the hour aforesaid (except it be full sea at that hour, which, when it shall happen to pass, that service shall cease); and you shall do this in remembrance that you did most cruelly slay me. And that you may the better call God for repentance, and find mercy and do good works, the officer of Eskdale-side shall blow his horn: '*Out on you! Out on you! Out on you!*' for the heinous crime of you. And, if you and your successors do refuse this service, so long as it shall not be full sea, at that hour aforesaid, you and yours shall forfeit all your lands to the Abbot of Whitby and his successors."

"Whereupon," says the ancient chronicler, "the hermit died in the peace of God, December 18, A. D. 1160."

A story so romantic could not escape the pen of Sir Walter Scott; and accordingly, in "Marmion," canto second, there is the following reference to it :

"Then Whitby's nuns exulting told
How to their house three barons bold
Must menial service do;
While horns blow out a note of shame,
And monks cry, 'Fie upon your name!
In wrath for loss of sylvan game,
Saint Hilda's priest ye slew;
That on Ascension-day, each year,
While laboring on our harbor-pier,
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."

The Bruce and Percy "homagers," by some process that has escaped the old chroniclers, purchased their exemption long ago; but the successive families who have possessed the property of the Allatsons in Fylingdales have annually performed the menial service down to the present time. At the date Scott wrote, and for a decade subsequently, the act of penance was known as the "Horngarth service," but in recent years it has been popularly characterized as "the planting of the Penny Hedge."

The original story has been bitterly challenged and roughly handled by antiquaries. The celebrated Captain Francis Grose, sung by Burns, and the local historians of Yorkshire, are united in favor of its absolute authenticity; while, on the other hand, eminent members of the Society of Antiquaries pretend to show that the arguments which demonstrate the story to be fictitious are incontrovertible.

First and foremost, the iconoclasts assert that there never was an Abbot of Whitby named *Sedman*; that the name in the tale is borrowed from Cædmon the poet; and that the abbot's name in A. D. 1159-'60 was *Richard*. Moreover, they allege that there was no Ralph de Percy, nor any other Percy, at that time, lord of Sneaton Castle; nor any Bruce that was lord of Ugglebarnby; nor, so far as can be discovered, any Allatson then in Fylingdales.

Leaving these learned Dryasdusts to settle the controversy among them, and hazarding no opinion on the subject, I proceed to record the result of my observations of the

performance of the rite on Ascension morning, 1874.

I reached Whitby on Tuesday, May 12th, and engaged quarters at the Angel Hotel, in Baxtergate—a comfortable, old-fashioned, slow-going inn, much frequented at nights by smug store-keepers and florid-faced owners of shipping property, who drink "grog" and smoke long clay-pipes with awful solemnity. Respecting the planting of the Penny Hedge, I found these estimable personages about as communicative as clams; and, when I asked the landlord concerning the location of Eskdale-side Hermitage, he surveyed me with an expression of displeased astonishment, as who should say, "This chap mun be a lunatic!" After considerable "interviewing," which mine host met with a conspicuous lack of urbanity, I elicited the statement that "t' aud harmit leaved up t' Esk saide aboon Ruswarp yance, but he's been dead this mony a year, as ony feul ou'te know."

Next morning I started for the Hermitage, and, after a pleasant walk by the Esk-side, reached Ruswarp, and called at the door of the school-house to inquire the best road to the ancient ruin. The teacher, an intelligent young lady, could give me no information on the subject. She was not acquainted with the legend, nor had she read "Marmion" or any ancient chronicle of Whitby. Yet, curiously enough, she had been "raised" within two miles of the scene of the story!

In the centre of a bosky dell, I found in the mouldering ruins of what appeared to have been a rude cottage the old Hermitage. The large, rough-hewn stones that had formed its walls lay strewn round in confusion, and were grown over with lichens and rank green moss. The river stole peacefully past the margin of the dell. The trees were assuming their summer dress. But, instead of the peaceful seclusion suitable for a recluse, the busy sounds of manufacturing industry smote upon the ear. The hum of the fan-blast, the sharp puffs from the iron-smelting cupola, the jar and whizz of many-purposed machinery, and the familiar snort of the locomotive, now vexed the sylvan solitude.

As I mused on the drama enacted on the spot more than seven hundred years ago, I was joined by another pilgrim to the hermit's shrine. He intimated that he was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and, like myself, he intended to witness the planting of the Penny Hedge on the morrow. As we conversed about the extraordinary nature of the incident and the penance enjoined, my companion shrewdly remarked that "it required no great skill to foresee that it would never be high water on Ascension-day at nine o'clock in the morning, inasmuch as the time of Ascension-day is determined by that of Easter, which is regulated by the moon, and the moon regulates the tides."

As my new acquaintance seemed to be *au fait* on the formula to be observed by Mr. Ralph Hanshell, the present owner of the Fylingdales property, I accompanied him to the wood of the Stray Head, where the stakes, stout-stowers, and yedders, are annually cut. He explained that it was not to be expected that for a penny a knife could be pur-

chased equal to the task of cutting the wood. But, by a convenient arrangement with a hardware-dealer in the town, Mr. Hanshell contrives to satisfy his conscience and the requirements of the penance at the same time. In recent years it has not been considered imperative to have the wood delivered by the bailiff, nor for the Laird of Fylingdales to bear the burden on his own shoulders to Whitby. On this occasion a farm-servant performed this drudgery on Ascension-eve.

On the early morning of Thursday the usual greetings of the townspeople were generally supplemented by the remark, "Well, ye'll be gaun t' see 'im plant t' Penny Hedge?"

There was no enthusiasm or curiosity apparent. Instead of walking on the pier as usual, they would, that particular Ascension-day morning, as a mere matter of course, walk up the river above the bridge, and stolidly witness the nine stakes driven and "yeddere," as they had done a score or two times previously.

The Penny Hedge is always planted on the south side of the Esk, toward the upper end of Church Street, near the ship-building yards and rope-walks. At low water a vast expanse of soft, muddy soil is here exposed, through the middle of which the narrow river tortuously creeps like a slimy snake. At high water this soft, greasy swamp is overflowed, and the inner harbor has a comparatively respectable and extensive appearance. It was on this dark, spongy soil that the Penny Hedge was to be planted.

A few minutes before nine o'clock Mr. Hanshell appeared in his shirt-sleeves carrying nine pointed stakes, each about five feet long and two inches in diameter. These he drove into the soil with a "penny wooden mallet" at the respective distances of a yard apart. Then he took the nine hazel yedders—which were, in fact, slender rods twelve or fourteen feet long—and laced these along the stakes as a basket-maker winds his peeled willow round the uprights or skeleton of his fabric. Finally he took the nine stout-stowers and placed each stower at an angle against each stake, to act as a prop, and nailed it with a "pennyworth of nails" driven by a "penny hammer." Altogether it was a most ridiculous and insensate proceeding; and, but for the eccentric performances of the horn-blower, would have been about as cheerful as a funeral. But the trumpeter, upon whom devolved the solemn duty of blowing, "Out on you! Out on you! Out on you," was a character. There was a mischievous squint in his black, bead-like eye, a blandness in his smile, and a pimply purpleness in the principal feature of his face that indicated a proneness to dissipation and late hours. When the first stake was driven, Joe Dodds puckered his mouth, raised the trumpet, looked calmly around, smiled like a brigand, winked at his cronies, and began to "toot." His initial note was terrific, and he rose by distressing increments to a blare that curdled the blood.

Subdued applause rewarded Joe's brazen denunciation, and he repeated it at least a dozen times, to the manifest satisfaction of all present, not excepting Mr. Cholmley's

bailiff, who was present on behalf of his employer, the present owner of Whitby Abbey, to see that the penance was duly performed.

At high water, the Penny Hedge was partially submerged, but it stood its ground. At low water, it was again left high and dry; but, although no guard was placed over it, no idle hand disturbed it, for even the boys of Whitby appear to be less profligate and abandoned than they are in other English towns.

JAMES WIGHT.

MR. SWINBURNE'S PROSE.

THERE are some things which at first blush seem palpably plain to the understanding, which nevertheless are not quite so easy of definition. The quality or combination of qualities which makes the difference between prose and poetry may be cited as one of these. Poetry has been defined from the days of Aristotle to those of Lowell and Stedman, and what single definition of it now remains unrevised or unrevivable? It has been felicitously said—and the statement is good, except that it lacks, like most others of its kind, totality—that good prose puts words in the best places, while poetry puts the best words in the best places. Perhaps, though, Matthew Arnold's distinction between morality and religion may be helpfully suggestive here. If religion, as he says, is "morality touched by emotion," poetry, equally, if not more than equally, may be said to be prose touched by emotion, except that the description omits all account of form. It is common enough to meet with poetical prose, and even so great a master and so matchless at his best as Wordsworth could execute the most prosy verse imaginable, not knowing, apparently, when he spoke pneumatically or otherwise.

Mr. Emerson, in alluding to Mr. Tennyson, lately said, "Nay, some of his words are poems;" and one might well be able to say this of much that Emerson himself has written. Poetical power does not always assure us of power in the writer to produce poetry, yet I can recall no writer who has at any time written a really good poem who does not, by that very ability, impress some peculiar and felicitous qualities upon his prose. The æsthetic axiom asserts that the greater gift includes the less.

I have been interested of late while reading Mr. Swinburne's essays—which seem like the substance of his poetry moulded in another form—not more in observing his likes and antipathies than in noticing his method and manner in the easy freedom of prose. Its murmur and sonorousness tell at once its origin, and tell, too, the precise sort of critic the author is. You miss nowhere the poetic quality. Indeed, it would have been impossible for him to leave the poetry out; and he reminds you of his larger calling, suggesting Tennyson's description of the poet in being "drowned with the love of love, the scorn of scorn," if not "the hate of hate." What compels attention as a very prominent characteristic is his truly wonderful catholicity of taste, which accepts the wine from such

diverse vintages with such ready and indiscriminately exuberant praise. To like Victor Hugo's immensely electric and jerky style, and yet bestow hardly less fervor of encomium upon the repose and icy classicality of Arnold's verse, is, to say the least, the exhibition of two enthusiasms that are rarely twinned in a single critic. Not that he is to be censured for this—it is in some sense to his credit; and we are interested further in knowing that our critic considers Walt Whitman "the greatest of American voices."

It cannot be denied that his rose-water is of very delicious aroma; it is plentiful—exhaustless, even; and he throws it forth with an unsparing hand. He can also vituperate in the same high color and vein, and particularly upon writers who have ventured to think and to say that moral canons should have some weight in the selection of topics for public and universal treatment. It is not to be expected that so fiery a particle as Mr. Swinburne's unique genius could easily fold itself up in moderate terms of expression. The fitness of a few words he rarely or never perceives, and his rhetoric goes on and on in most discursive and beautifully bewildering curves, very much like the roll and ricocheting of rockets. He makes nothing of calling up the flash of a conflagration for purposes where a moderate illumination might suffice, so rich is he in resources of cornutation.

It is this redundancy of verbiage and fire that more than any thing else palls upon and tires the reader. His sense of and feeling for the picturesque are nearly measureless, and he dips his pen, for the most part, in his imagination, and that is to say in an element about as boundless and inexhaustible as the ocean. The small proportion of reason and moral sense that goes to make the rest of his equipment is vacuously apparent. In fact, we can think of no better remark on his style than this, which we borrow, that "it is without measure, without discretion, without sense of what to take and what to leave; after a few pages it becomes intolerably fatiguing. It is always listening to itself—always turning its head over its shoulder to see its train flowing behind it. The train shimmers and trembles in a very gorgeous fashion, but the rustle of its embroidery is fatally importunate."

To repeat this mode perpetually, as Swinburne does—going back over each period on purpose to taste his own words, and in such manner as to impress the author's self-conscious admiration of their sweetness—is necessarily to be tiresomely and helplessly prolix. And when a writer begins to posture in this way, he may go on doing it forever. There is absolutely no necessary pause for a luxuriance that has no necessary reason. It may show admirable dexterity, and provoke in places, your wonder at such almost habitual affluence of fine tones and tints, but the one fatal objection to it is, if there were no other, that it tires. If the prolixity were as occasional blemish merely, it would be but enough; but it is an organic trait. It is not something superimposed that we may hope added experience or culture will hereafter remedy in the author; it is the fundamental

basis of the style itself that is at fault. Its lack of force and genuineness, and its loss of persuasiveness and genuine sincerity, are but too evident. We see something arise now and then in the form of a great tidal thought, but you follow it until it grows fainter and fainter in outline, and finally lapses away in a feeble and limp swash on a still feebler and tasteless shore.

But to turn from the manner to the matter. It was said that to witness Kean's acting was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning. To modify this figure a little to fit the perusal of Swinburne's criticism, we should say it is reading something of more or less interest by the aurora borealis. He does, of course, light up his theme, and on occasions when his mood, or the oscillation of his judgment, falls a-plumb with reason, he can give forth memorable and striking argument. It would be a phenomenon not easy of explanation if, with his delicate insight into the mysteries of poetry and of language, he should not acquire some right and power of speaking, for the poets at least, that few on like grounds can claim to possess. One might hesitate to dispute him in any opinion to the assertion of which this endowment is sufficient. We are, therefore, not at all surprised to find that his poetical estimates of Byron and of Shelley, apart from the moral discrimination involved, are justly pertinent and satisfactory, and real contributions to his theme.

There are bits of opinion in all his essays that successfully challenge acceptance, as well as gratify your admiration. When he does say the right thing, it is sometimes wonderfully said—but his whims and perversity run like a river through a text in which the illustrations of wisdom serve as widely-scattered islands. As an instance we would like to commend, it seems to us that the following is well worth saying, and is well said:

"All the ineffably foolish jargon and jangle of critics about classic subjects and romantic, remote, or immediate interests, duties of the poet to face and handle this thing instead of that, or his own age instead of another, can only serve to darken counsel by words without knowledge: a poet of the first order raises all subjects to the first rank, and puts the life-blood of an equal interest into Hebrew forms or Greek, mediæval or modern, yesterday or yesterday."

Here, too, is a judgment so rounded and well-considered, that it almost confutes, and would pretty nearly disprove—if such instances were common—all that we have just been saying. We take it from the final paragraph in the essay on "John Ford":

"No poet is less forgettable than Ford; none fastens (as it were) the fangs of his genius and his will more deeply in your memory. You cannot shake hands with him and pass by; you cannot fall in with him and out again at pleasure; if he touch you once he takes you, and what he takes he keeps his hold of; his work becomes part of your thought and parcel of your spiritual furniture forever; he signs himself upon you as with a seal of deliberate and decisive power. His force is never the force of accident; the casual divinity of beauty which falls, as though direct from heaven, upon strong lines and phrases of some poets, falls never by any

such heavenly chance on his; his strength of impulse is matched by his strength of will; he never works more by instinct than by resolution; he knows what he would have and what he will do, and gains his end and does his work with full conscience of purpose and insistence of design. By the might of a great will seconded by the force of a great hand, he won the peace he holds against all odds of rivalry in a race of rival giants."

But any list of quotations would be incomplete without that remarkable and picturesque description of a thunder-storm at sea, with which the book opens, and which does duty as a metaphor for expressing the kind and quality of Victor Hugo's genius. If one were to parody a similitude so huge, and so nearly grotesque, would it be proper to say of Mr. Swinburne's genius that it resembles an earthquake on land? The thunder-storm is one Mr. Swinburne witnessed when a boy, while midway in the English Channel:

"About midnight the thunder-cloud was right overhead, full of incessant sound and fire, lightening and darkening so rapidly that it seemed to have life, and a delight in its life. At the same hour the sky was clear to the west, and all along the sea-line there sprang and sank, as to music, a restless dance or chase of summer-lightnings across the lower sky—a race and riot of lights, beautiful and rapid as a course of shining oceanides along the tremulous flow of the sea. Eastward at the same moment the space of clear sky was higher and wider—a splendid semicircle of too intense purity to be called blue; it was of no color namable by man; and midway in it, between the storm and the sea, hung the motionless full moon; Artemis watching, with a serene splendor of scorn, the battle of Titans and the revel of nymphs from her stainless and Olympian summit of divine indifferent light. Underneath and about us the sea was paved with flame; the whole water trembled and hissed phosphoric fire; even through the wind and thunder I could hear the crackling and sputtering of the water-sparks. In the same heaven, and in the same hour, there shone at once the three contrasted glories—golden, and fiery, and white—of moonlight, and of the double lightnings, forked and sheet; and under all this miraculous heaven lay a flaming floor of water."

The single fragment of comment which we have quoted from an accomplished critic, in reference to Mr. Swinburne's style, may possibly be Mr. Lowell's—it is good enough to be; and from the same pen we have another quality of these essays acutely noted. The writer says: "We do not remember in this whole volume a single instance of delicate moral discrimination—a single case in which the moral note has been struck, in which the idea betrays the smallest acquaintance with the conscience." And this is notably true.

The book with which we are dealing,* though it is prose in form, is prose pervaded by the measureless force and lurid flicker of a picturesque and subtly sensitive and poetical imagination. It affords fine glimpses of beauty, and splendor of expression; it has some almost ineffable visions; its eloquence—and it is eloquent, as eloquent for the wrong

as for the right—has all the delicacy and sweetness that rhythm and lyrical melody can hope to give in an unmetrical way; and it stirs the blood in places like the energy and shock of a breeze from the clear north. But for much that is simply true and trustworthy, for insight that is thorough as well as helpful, for correct perspective, for either fine æsthetical or psychological analysis, and, above all, for a monition of conscience, even of the un-Puritan kind, the reader who looks will meet with signal disappointment; and, as a help to an inexperienced reader, it is like the fire-flies of the night. As a literary pyrotechnic it is quite wonderful, and often entertaining; but one wishes, after going a little distance with the author, to look down to the earth, and give his feet a touch once more of the solid ground.

JOEL BENTON.

KISAGOTAMI.

FROM BUDDHAGHOSHA'S "PARABLES."

KISAGOTAMI, clasping to her breast
Her boy just dead, and with strange
fear possessed,

Ran through the streets, besieging every door
For some rare balm his lost life to restore;

Until her neighbors, at this frantic grief,
For which the world itself has no relief,

Began to say: "The girl has lost her head—
What medicine is that which cures the dead?"

But one more wise, and taking pity's part,
Offered this solace to her aching heart:

"Dear girl, I cannot proffer you much joy,
But there's a doctor who will help your boy."

Asking his name, the girl was straightway sent
To good Gotama, and to him she went.

"Good master, aid me, for I hear it said
You have the power to raise my child that's dead."

The Buddha answered: "If I do this deed,
'Tis needful you procure some mustard-seed

"Found in a house where neither groom nor
bride,
Parent nor child, nor man nor maid, has died."

Then, with her child still clasped about her
waist,
From house to house, a weary round she paced

On her sad errand—but could cross no door
Where Death's dark shadow had not passed
before.

One voice forever on her pathway flew:
"The dead are many, but the living few."

So, when Gotama asked if she had brought
The mustard-seed, so long and vainly sought,

She said: "I have it not—each way I sped
I found but few were living, many dead."

And Buddha answered: "True enough, most
true,
Death comes to all, as it has come to you."

So fled her grief, and seeing in the night,
At every house, a bright or fading light,

She said: "Our human lives are just the
same,
First an uprising, then a dying flame;

"Never on earth will such mutations cease,
But after death come rest and endless peace."

* *Essays and Studies.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London, 1875.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE *World* has been lamenting "The Lost Arts of Civilization." It thinks that the "sewing-machine has already destroyed one of the most beautiful, one of the most humanizing of arts—the art of needle-work, in which our mothers and grandmothers excelled, and from which they had comfort as well as occupation." It also tells us that "the planing, turning, and mortising machines, with their various applications, have converted the skillful carpenter of forty years back into a commonplace joiner and framer. There are no carpenters any more," it goes on to say; "the nice skill in that once-instructive art is all monopolized by machinery; . . . all that delicate work which so exercised his eye and hand, which created grades in his *métier*, and made the skillful carpenter really a man of accomplishments, all this is now transferred from his hand to the jaws of the unreasoning, inexorable, brute machine." This lamenting critic, still casting his eye on the delights and results of by-gone skill, assures us that "the mowing and reaping machines have made those beautiful arts of former time, mowing with the scythe and reaping with the grain-cradle, to be almost absolutely lost arts;" and he further says that "with photography and its developments must come the destruction of painting. Portraiture is already almost a lost art, landscape will soon follow, and the higher forms of historical painting will soon die. . . . The plastic arts and architecture must in the same way yield to machinery, just as inevitably as the Geneva watch-maker must give way before the Waltham works. When an artist can cast you a thousand copies of a moulding, cornice, or frieze, at once and of the same pattern, the chisel will not dare attempt to compete." The writer concedes that the revolution he describes is favorable to human progress; "it is itself progress," he says, "since the effect is to divert the more intelligent persons connected with any art from employment in it, and to drive them to seek employment in connection with some higher art. It is progress, too, in that it continually frees a larger number of persons from exhausting toil, and gives them increasing time to seek culture."

We cannot quite accept the consoling theory of the last few sentences. While the revolution described will, no doubt, release certain energies from a lower in order to advance them to a higher plane of effort, it will tend also to throw upon the world hosts of men wholly ignorant of any form of skilled labor, and from this will result, not progress, but a great decay of intelligence, of worth, and of morals. Indeed, this consequence of the

substitution of machinery for the skill of the individual laborer is already evident. The number of men unfitted for any definite employment, unskilled in any of the arts or crafts, is on the increase, who in a vagabond way flow into the great cities, where they depend upon chance opportunities for employment, and help to swell the ranks of the idle and the vicious.

But, while we cannot assent to the idea that general progress is to come of this revolution, we are not without our consolation. This lies in the fact that a reaction has begun in favor of individual taste and skill as opposed to machine-made articles. In furniture this revival is more noteworthy than in other things, but we may confidently expect it to extend to other branches of manufacture in which machinery has been replacing manipulation by the individual. The canons of the revived art in furniture are that household articles should be pure and simple in style, substantial in manufacture, and that each product should be stamped by the individual skill of the craftsman. A mania for this kind of furniture has already begun, so that in one direction at least the supremacy of duplication is gone. The "thousand copies of a scroll" and the facility of the glue-brush are understood, and are coming rapidly under a general detestation. Machinery, of course, will continue in use, if for no other reason than because it reduces cost; and fortunately even a "brute machine" is amenable to advanced civilization. The example of the purer style has already been followed, inasmuch as we see it modifying and improving the designs of the machine-made article; and this is no light service.

There is another direction in which all the efforts to find a substitute for the skill of the hand have come to little. This is in engraving. A great deal is said about new processes, ingenious methods of using the camera and acids whereby drawing is copied and lines in relief formed; but no device has succeeded in giving the tone, the feeling, the quality that come from the finger-ends of the man charged with art-feeling.

In one particular the *World* writer seems to us wholly wrong. Painting shows no sign of a surrender to photography. Miniature-painting has been fairly killed by the sun-pictures, and perhaps portrait-painting suffers; but the world of ideal art is full of vitality, of exultation, of growth, of expression. Art-taste is an appetite that grows upon what it feeds; those who begin with photographs, or who enjoy photographs, are only thereby stimulated into greater zeal for the products of the pencil. Not only is divine color beyond the reach of the sun-shadow, but imagination, creation, poetical feeling, subtle sentiment, strange and won-

derful harmonies of color, expression of passion and emotion—these all lie without the reach of the camera and within the touch of that force in human nature called genius, which no machinery can imitate and no method of duplication supplant. As an historical fact, art is experiencing a great revival. It is taking possession of the world as it did four hundred years ago; an army of enthusiasts are enlisted in it, and everywhere we may see the signs of awakened public interest in this outcome of æsthetic culture. Painting and sculpture at least are possessed by the spirit of immortality.

THE recent introduction of elevators for carrying persons to the upper floors has already made a marked change in the new architecture of our city. It has been found that by making the top-floors of buildings easily accessible, they take preference even over those at a lower altitude for many kinds of business. The light is better, the air is purer, the situation is quieter, nine stories up than at three or four stories, and when the ninth story may be reached by a swift-moving steam-elevator, every objection that might exist against this great height is removed. It seems strange that so simple a contrivance for utilizing upper stories and high spaces should not have come into vogue until within recent years. New devices for the substitute of steam, such as hydraulic power, are likely to greatly extend the use of this very comfortable way of "getting up-stairs."

There is an important change in our domestic architecture that is likely to come of the use of elevators. It is no new idea that the kitchen ought to be placed at the top of the house. At this point the disagreeable odors that now rise from the cooking-range and the laundry, and more or less permeate the whole house, would be carried off into the upper air. The healthfulness and the agreeableness of the living-rooms would evidently be greatly enhanced by the change of the kitchen base. Hitherto the great obstacle in the way has been, not only the labor of carrying supplies up the several pairs of stairs, and carrying refuse down them, but the dirt and litter certain to accrue therefrom. The elevator would remedy all this, fetching and carrying needed articles with facility and at little expenditure of time or energy. It would not be practicable, of course, to introduce steam or even hydraulic power into small residences; but elevators balanced by weights, after the manner of "dumb-waiters," now in many houses in use between kitchen and dining-room, would be sufficient for the purpose. As roofs of houses are now commonly built nearly flat, this space could be inclosed and used for the

drying of the weekly "wash." By this arrangement not only would all unsavory odors be driven to the airs and spaces above, but the back-yards would be rescued from their present unsightly uses, and devoted to purposes of elegant recreation. The laundry-women, no longer tramping out the grass with their big feet, would permit these green plots to flourish; and the unsightly weekly display of the family linen being banished to upper and invisible regions, the whole space now given over to the servants and neighboring visitors of the feline species could be converted into a handsome garden, into a bright rustic boudoir shaded by trees and vines, where in the summer season the household might assemble, and even guests be received, under conditions wholly refined and pleasurable. The dispersion of the disagreeables that usually pertain to the lower ward of the house would, in fact, enable us to elevate the now neglected yards of our residences into artistic and beautiful courts. The wealthy might imitate the ancient examples of marble arcades and cooling fountains, and the humblest household could do something to give grace and charm to a precinct which is now degraded and defamed simply because it lies in close proximity to the unsavory kitchen.

Our readers may smile at all this. Wait and see. If the town-kitchen is not destined to go up in the world, set us down as false prophets.

ONE of the richest specimens of the tendency of people to run to government for the regulation of every thing that seems to them in need of regulation occurred, according to report, recently in Philadelphia. It seems that in that city of traditional demureness in behavior and modest simplicity of dress there is a "Free-Dress League," which is composed of ladies who think that reform is needed in the matters of female dress and adornment. Very few people would be disposed to contend with these ladies in this respect, but if a general looseness of idea as to the functions of government did not prevail, everybody would be amused and astonished at their manner of going to work in order to bring about the end desired. Confident in the power, the wisdom, and the unlimited scope of Congress, these ladies propose to address a petition to that body to appoint a joint committee to settle a suitable dress for the women of the country. This innocent reliance on the wisdom and authority of Congress, this belief that a great social reform may be brought about by a fiat of the state, this notion of free-born Americans that it is possible to restore the sumptuary laws of the despotic past, is such a rich mingling of

folly, ignorance, simplicity, and zeal without judgment, that one is divided between an inclination to laugh at it and to wonder at such a manifestation of popular intelligence. This is, of course, an extreme case; but does it not accurately indicate the sort of thing that female influence is likely to bring into our politics should women ever obtain the suffrage? That women look upon law as a sort of fetiche—a something that ought to interpose itself everywhere and into every thing, in order to carry out everybody's ideas of what should be—has been repeatedly pointed out, and here we see striking evidence of this tendency. These women, however, have one defense: there are so many men in this country that run screaming to Congress for laws in regulation of every social question that it is no wonder the feminine folk should lose their bearings, and imagine that the shape of their bonnets, the color of their ribbons, the costliness of their ornaments, the cut of their dress, are all matters that Congress has power to regulate, and hence ought to regulate them.

In this practical and prosaic age of ours the cynic is apt to get the advantage of the sentimentalist. The ridicule and satire of the one blights and crushes the pathos (or bathos) of the other. The world is too busy, and life is becoming too short, to spend much time on what is merely fanciful or tender, which in a material sense profiteth the world nothing. Yet now and then an incident occurs which, though purely romantic and sentimental, appeals strongly to the sympathy and pity of the sternest-hearted cynic. Such, for instance, is the story of that simple-souled, self-sacrificing, and loving young Parsee who was recently found floating dead in a reservoir in Lancashire, England. It is often questioned whether hearts are ever broken for love, yet it is certain that young Dorabjee Hormusjee died for love. He went to England not long ago to study cotton-spinning, and intended to return to Bombay to set up a mill among his fire-worshipping kindred. In England he became deeply attached to a young girl who failed to reciprocate his feelings. She may not have liked his dark skin, his broken language, his Oriental ways, his pagan religion; at least poor Dorabjee, after such advances as his simple and poetic nature prompted, came to see that his cause was hopeless. For him, then, it was just as natural to die as to love. In his heart there was no thought of reproach for the obdurate fair one. He simply sat down and wrote her a respectful, tender, and plaintive letter, and penned on the outside a request that she would "please not show this to anybody," went up to the reservoir and tying his hands behind him, took the fatal plunge. In

all the epistolary literature of love there is no letter more sweet, simple, tender, and free from selfishness or guile, than this of the young Eastern fire-worshiper to his "Lancashire lass." "I hope you will excuse me," he says, "for taking liberty for writing to you, but really I cannot help it, because I love you so much, and you must truly believe that I never came across a young lady more lovely and more affectionate like you. I hope you will be happy, but don't forget me, because I sacrifice my heart to you, dear. I always dreamed about you; I don't think you hardly believed it, that how I loved you, my dear; but I am at last disappointed. But never mind, it cannot be helped; but don't forget me, because you are the only I loved. I don't think you care much about me, but I did. Remember me, my dear, remember me. I hope you will be happy." In a more chivalrous time the fate of the hapless young Oriental in a strange land would have been celebrated by the odes of a Sappho or the sweet lyrics of a Petrarch; now his prosaic epitaph is the coroner's verdict, "Died of the result of temporary insanity!"

THERE has latterly arisen in some of the English papers a serious complaint of the manner in which eminent counsel at the bar sometimes treat their clients. This applies less to the enormous fees demanded by eminent lawyers full of business than to the custom they have of accepting a retainer and fees in cases, and then absenting themselves from court when those cases come on. This really seems a grievance, nor is it wholly unknown on this side of the Atlantic. It is very well for a lawyer in request on every hand to charge roundly for his time; indeed, to get what he can for his services. It may be presumed that he has fairly won this right by a long and not always remunerative experience at the bar. But if a client with an important case resorts to the celebrated Mr. A. or Mr. B., pays him a very large retaining fee and subsequent "refreshers," in order that he may have *his* influence, name, and services, and those of no other, he has an excellent ground of complaint if the lawyer, being engaged otherwise, leaves his case to its fate, or sends a scarcely-fledged young lawyer from his office to blunder through it; and, above all, if, in addition to the loss of the great man's skill, he sees no more of the retaining fee and the refreshers. It may very well happen that the lawyer finds, when the case comes on, that he has more pressing business "in other places." In such an event, simple honesty requires that he should either furnish an equally eminent substitute, or return the money which he has received to do what he has not so much as made a pretense of doing.

Literary.

IF our first impressions do not deceive us, we have in Mr. Stedman's "Victorian Poets" * one of the most valuable contributions ever made by an American to the department of literary criticism. This is high praise; for the studies of Lowell and Whipple are recognized everywhere as among the best that contemporary criticism can show, and to think of Mr. Stedman's work in connection with these is to associate it with the "Age of Elizabeth" and "Among my Books." That it makes good its claim to such association will be conceded, we think, by every careful and well-informed reader of the book, which takes an additional value from the large amount of biographical and historical information which it contains in addition to its purely literary features.

In regard to the scope of the work we cannot do better than quote the statement of it given by Mr. Stedman himself. He says:

"Although presented as a book of literary and biographical criticism, it also may be termed an historical survey of the course of British poetry during the present reign—if not a minute at least a compact and logical survey of the authors and works that mainly demand attention. Having made a study of the poets who rank as leaders of the recent British choir, a sense of proportion induced me to enlarge the result, and to use it as the basis of a guide-book to the metrical literature of the time and country in which those poets have flourished. It seemed to me that, by including a sketch of minor groups and schools, and giving a connection to the whole, I might offer a work that would have practical value for uses of record and reference, in addition to whatever qualities, as an essay in philosophical criticism, it should be found to possess."

The poets accepted as leaders of the choir, and of whom more or less elaborate studies are made, are Landor, Hood, Matthew Arnold, Procter ("Barry Cornwall"), Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, Robert Browning, Buchanan, Rossetti, Morris, and Swinburne. Besides these, about one hundred and forty minor singers are discussed, though in many cases the criticism is confined to coupling an epithet with their names. Prefixed to the whole is an analytical study of "The Period," in which are set forth the principles which the subsequent chapters are intended to illustrate and expound.

Such being the scope of the book, we turn now to a consideration of the critical principles upon which Mr. Stedman has based his judgments; and here, again, we cannot do better than quote his own words:

"These essays are not written upon a theory. The author has no theory of poetry, and no particular school to uphold. I favor a generous eclecticism, or universalism, in art, enjoying what is good, and believing that, as in Nature, the question is not whether this or that kind be the more excellent, but whether a work is excellent of its kind. Certain qualities, however, distinguish what is fine and lasting. The principles upon which I rely may be out of fashion

just now, and not readily accepted. They are founded, nevertheless, in the Miltonian canon of poetry, from which simplicity no more can be excluded than sensuousness and passion. The spirit of criticism is intellectual; that of poetry (although our curiously-reasoning generation often has forgotten it) is normally the offspring of emotion; secondly, it may be, of thought. I find that the qualities upon which I have laid most stress, and which at once have opened the way to commendation, are simplicity and freshness, in work of all kinds; and, as the basis of persistent growth and of greatness in a masterpiece, simplicity, and spontaneity, refined by art, exalted by imagination, and sustained by intellectual power. . . . The traits, therefore, which I have deprecated earnestly are in the first place obscurity and hardness, and these either natural—implying defective voice and insight, or affected—implying conceit and poor judgment; and, secondly, that excess of elaborate ornament which places decoration above construction, until the sense of originality is lost—if, indeed, it ever existed. Both obscurity and super-ornamentation are used insensibly to disguise the lack of imagination, just as a weak and florid singer hides with trills and flourishes his inability to strike a simple, pure note, or to change without a sliding scale."

It is beyond our purpose to follow Mr. Stedman step by step through his work, nor could it be done usefully without occupying more space than we can spare; we will content ourselves, therefore, with indicating briefly his theory and method. As he defines it, the dominant method which has distinguished the Victorian period is the idyllic, which is a combination of an art-school, taking its models from old English poetry and from the delicate classicism of Landor and Keats, and of the contemplative didactic school, which had the imaginative strain of Wordsworth for its loftiest exemplar. The leader, and to some extent the founder, of the idyllic school is Tennyson; and, while in his hands rhythm, melody, and the general technical excellence of poetry, have been carried much farther than ever before, its influence has maintained an atmosphere unfavorable to the revival of high passion and dramatic power. Nevertheless, in spite of this adverse influence, a new dramatic and lyric school has arisen, under the leadership of Browning and Rossetti, and is engaged in a vigorous effort to reunite beauty and passion in rhythmical art. "Swinburne, beyond the rest, having carried expression to its farthest extreme, obeys a healthful impulse in seeking to renew the true dramatic vigor and thus begin another cycle of poetic song." This new school is obtaining the favor of a new generation, and Mr. Stedman believes that we are entering upon an era which will witness a glorious revival of dramatic poetry in England.

Of the more special features of Mr. Stedman's work, the most noticeable, perhaps, aside from the ample knowledge and wide culture displayed, is its judicial and studiously temperate tone. There are no attempts at paradox or epigram, no pungent allusions, no affected brilliancy, no mere rhetorical garniture of any kind. The most anxious care is taken to avoid even the appearance of dogmatic dicta, or final pronouncements,

and there are probably fewer superlatives in the book than in any other recent volume of criticism. It is by no means certain, indeed, that this caution is not carried too far; and there is no doubt that it impairs the force and effectiveness of the style. Surely it is as much a mistake on the part of a critic to *under-state* his thought as to *over-state* it; and that Mr. Stedman does frequently understate his, he would probably be the first to admit. At worst, however, this is but the reverse side of the cardinal critical virtue; and the virtue is not exhibited so often that we need be hypercritical as to the particular phase which it may assume.

Great pains have been taken to render the volume serviceable as a reference-book, and, besides an admirable analytical index, there are copious marginal notes throughout, and a list comprising all the poets mentioned as belonging to the period under review.

MR. LONGFELLOW's new volume, "The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.), is a collection of poems some of which, as "The Hanging of the Crane," "Morituri Salutamus," "Charles Sumner," etc., have already appeared, while others are now published for the first time. The longest poem, which gives its title to the book, is dramatic in form, and gives a pleasing version of the old myth of Pandora's box—relating the fashioning of Pandora by Vulcan, the breathing of life into her by Zeus, her fruitless temptation of Prometheus, her successful attempt upon Epimetheus, and finally her opening of the fatal box, whereby were released

"Fever of the heart and brain,
Sorrow, pestilence, and pain,
Moans of anguish, maniac laughter,
All the evils that hereafter
Shall afflict and vex mankind."

The story is effectively told, but the verse is narrative rather than dramatic, and the lyrics, of which there are many, are quite the best part of the poem. These are in the form of choruses emphasizing the salient episodes of the drama, and the following, *à propos* of the remorse of Pandora and Epimetheus, points the moral of the entire story:

"CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES."

"Never shall souls like these
Escape the Eumenides,
The daughters dark of Acheron and Night!
Unquenched our torches glare.
Our scourges in the air
Send forth prophetic sounds before they smite."

"Never by lapse of time
The soul defaced by crime
Into its former self returns again;
For every guilty deed
Holds in itself the seed
Of retribution and undying pain."

"Never shall be the loss
Restored till Helios
Hath purified them with heavenly fires;
Then what was lost is won,
And the new life begun,
Kindled with nobler passions and desires."

"The Hanging of the Crane" has already taken its place among the favorite lyrics of home; it is in Longfellow's most tender and characteristic vein, and the verse is peculiarly finished and melodious. "Morituri Salutamus," the poem delivered at the fiftieth an-

* Victorian Poets. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

niversary of the class of 1825 in Bowdoin College, breathes a spirit of the loftiest melancholy tempered by the resignation which comes of the sure hope of the soul's immortality. The poems grouped under the familiar title of "Birds of Passage" comprise the elegy on Charles Sumner, the pathetic ballad of "Belisarius," and various descriptive reminiscences of the author's European travels. From the cluster of "Sonnets" at the end we quote the following, not because it is the best, but because it presents in brief form the philosophy of nearly all of Longfellow's later poetry:

"A SHADOW.

"I said unto myself, if I were dead,
What would befall these children? What would be
Their fate, who now are looking up to me
For help and furtherance? Their lives, I said,
Would be a volume wherein I have read
But the first chapters, and no longer see
To read the rest of their dear history,
So full of beauty and so full of dread.
Be comforted; the world is very old,
And generations pass, as they have passed,
A troop of shadows moving with the sun;
Thousands of times has the old tale been told;
The world belongs to those who come the last,
They will find hope and strength as we have done."

DEAN MERIVALE'S "General History of Rome" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) is partly a new work and partly an abridgment of his larger work, which has long been recognized as one of the standard authorities on Roman history. In plan and scope, however, it is entirely new; being an attempt to embrace within the limits of a single volume a compendium of Roman affairs from the foundation of the city (in B. C. 753) to the fall of Augustulus (in A. D. 476). Its claims to be regarded as a "General History," aside from the long period which it covers, are thus stated by Mr. Merivale: "It is addressed to no special class of readers, but rather to the reading public in general, who may desire to be informed of the most noted incidents in the Roman annals, the most remarkable characters which play their part upon the Roman stage, and the main course of events, together with their causes and consequences. With this object directly in view, the writer has no occasion to load his pages with references, or justify his statements by notes and critical discussions, for which his prescribed limits would allow him no room. It is for the orator, says the great critic of antiquity, to argue and persuade; the historian may confine himself to narration; but, in cutting myself off from the resource of notes and references, I must at the same time refrain from disquisitions and speculations which cannot be conducted safely or fairly without them. These I must leave to the critical inquirer and the professed student; my pages are addressed, as I have said, to the general reader, who will be content to accept the conclusions which I present to him."

Dean Merivale's style, though deficient in vigor and the rhetorical graces of composition, is always simple, lucid, and pleasing; and, when dealing with the more striking incidents of Roman history, presents more than one excellent example of animated and picturesque narrative. His portrait-pieces (and

what other annals are so rich as the Roman in the representation of human character?) are especially good; and in this respect the present volume is scarcely inferior to the author's larger work. The tone of the "General History" is conservative, as becomes a work from which critical discussion is necessarily excluded. Mr. Merivale rejects most of Niebuhr's theories as "brilliant but visionary," and admits frankly, at the outset, that, though the legendary narrative accounts for the institutions which survived to the historic period, "there is scarcely one particular of importance throughout the first three centuries of our pretended annals on the exact truth of which we can securely rely."

The volume is clearly printed on good-sized type, and is well provided with maps, chronological tables, and index.

In none of his subsequent works has Bret Harte rivaled the peerless perfection of his earlier stories; but the "Tales of the Argonauts" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.) approach more nearly than any of his recent productions to the standard established by his first work. The seven stories which the volume contains all deal with Californian incidents and the characters of the Argonautic period; and these so evidently "condition" Mr. Harte's genius that he seldom appears at his best in any other field. Nevertheless, though dealing with similar episodes and frequently with the same characters, there is a real difference, not only in quality but in method, between these later stories and "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," etc., etc. Mr. John Oakhurst, for example, a passage in whose life is here related, is a decidedly theatric and stagey personage, and the entire interest of the story is centred upon "Mrs. Decker." The narrative is vivid and dramatic, and the character-sketches curiously effective; but it lacks local flavor, and the scene might have been laid with even more appropriateness in Paris or New York. So of the "Episode of Fiddletown," the *motif* of which is the same as in "The Luck of Roaring Camp"—namely, the purifying and elevating influence of a child upon a corrupt and criminal nature. In the "Episode," however, it is a woman who is thus reformed, and the story loses in effectiveness more than it gains from the greater subtlety and elaboration of the study. Mr. Harte's method, in short, has lost something of its terse objectivity, and he seems to be passing from the study of human nature under peculiar local conditions to the study of human nature for its psychological interest. His moral point of view has also changed, and we look in vain in these later stories for the easy optimism of his earlier ones.

Perhaps the pleasantest novel feature of the present collection is the introduction of John Chinaman, who, in the persons of Wan Lee and Ah Fee, develops unsuspected capacities for humorous treatment. The author's genius for animal-painting also finds expression, and "Baby Sylvester" is without doubt the very drollest and most irresistible "bear-story" ever told.

DR. HOLLAND is a trained workman, and whatever he does has a certain workmanlike finish and facility. It is plain from his novels that he has no natural aptitude for story-telling—that novel-writing is not the method in which his gifts would naturally seek expression; yet even here his trained skill subserves almost all the purposes of talent, and his novels fairly deserve the measure of popularity which they have achieved. Their plots are coherent and well-constructed, the narrative is interesting, the action dramatic, the characters tolerably life-like, the scene-painting vivid, and the style fluent and vigorous. What they lack chiefly is insight, and that taste and temperance which are instinctive in the true artist. Another and more radical defect is that the author's motive and object are primarily didactic: he is much more concerned to point a moral than to adorn a tale, and this leads to those pointed contrasts of character and conditions which, however they may harmonize with our notions of poetic justice, are sadly belied by our experience of real life.

"The Story of Sevenoaks" (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) has a moral, of course—the moral being that the love of money is the root of all evil. The leading figure of the story is that of a village manufacturer who, by cheating an inventor and oppressing his fellow-townsmen, becomes a millionaire, and then, seeking a wider field for the display of his riches, comes to New York and enters upon a life of lavish extravagance, vulgar dissipation, and wild speculation. For a time he prospers, but, being caught at length in the toils which he had spread for others, he commits a crime that ultimately strips him of his ill-gotten gains and nearly consigns him to the penitentiary. The character of this vulgar rich man is vigorously drawn, and is not without a certain rugged impressiveness; but it is greatly exaggerated, and can only be excused on the ground that it is not so much a portrait as a text. The pleasantest people to whom the author presents us are the villagers of Sevenoaks and a trapper and hunter named "Jim," who acts the part of *deus ex machina* to the rest of the characters, and divides with Belcher the honor of being hero. His shrewd and homely wit furnishes the amusing element of the story, which, if over-long, is interesting throughout.

The Arts.

TWO large decorative pictures by a Munich artist, Hans Makart, have lately attracted a good deal of notice at Kurtz's Gallery. They are both called "Abundantia;" one of them represents the rich productions of the earth, the other of the sea.

On entering the gallery, the visitor sees spread out before him two very large, long canvases, covered with bright men and women so full formed and rich in color, that for an instant he might suppose he was looking upon some of the showy historical paintings by Rubens that hang upon the walls of the Louvre. But, on proceeding to analyze these pictures, he finds them curiously confused in

motive, with an endeavor, either conscious or not, of reproducing the ideas of Rubens, mixed with ordinary, we might say commonplace, thought.

Seen against a gilded background, which gleams in many points and masses between the men and women, and among the great boughs and leaves of the trees, the Abundantia of the earth is represented by a black-haired, southern-looking woman, with two large infants clinging to her lap. Rich clothing is draped upon her, and fruit and flowers in great masses droop from baskets borne in the hands and on the shoulders of a crew whom the artist apparently designed to be half satyr and half human. Dark faces of men pale upon the gilded sky with big, cunning eyes and black locks of hair. One of these men is dancing with a blond, innocent-looking child, he in shadow and she in a full light that takes away from her face and form nearly all shading; and she stands before the spectator about as a good reproduction of the manner in which Rubens might have treated such a subject, or as if the figures had been executed by a direct pupil of that master. On the other side of the painting jolly children are loaded with the fullness of the harvest, and grapes, poultry, and goats, are mixed up with them in free and careless profusion.

The other picture represents a scene in a galley whose golden prow breasts the waves, and whose big sail flops in the breeze, green and blue and golden as a peacock's plumes, over the heads of a band of men, women, and children, who load down the great barge. Here, as in the companion painting, a mother and her offspring give the key of the subject of the picture. Besides these figures, half a dozen in number, composed of the woman, babies, and two or three little girls, a mass of others fill up the scene. One fair, blond girl, with heavy contours to her pink flesh, sits with her naked back turned toward the beholder—a truly Rubens type of figure, both in its feeling and treatment. Another girl, with bare legs, is stretching out into the waves to catch in a shell the seaweeds and shells cast up from the water. All these figures, as well as the boat itself, are bound together by splendid colors of all textures that are filled with rich tones, from the peacock-colored sail to the woman's splendid skirts, and the pink and crimson lining of the sea-shells scattered so freely everywhere. Such are the main features of these two paintings.

Markart, who is a pupil of Piloty, appears to be a man of great but irregular sources of imagination and power. All his people show a great want of thoroughly good drawing, and the legs, arms, and torsos of nearly every one are inaccurate and impossible. But nobody accustomed to study works of this character can fail to recognize the remarkable freedom and power with which his figures are sketched upon the canvas. He does not hesitate to draw one of his children in full light with a bent body and twisted limbs, in an attitude that would have daunted many a more mature painter than he; nor does he doubt his power to succeed in filling in the great masses of bright

flesh in the back of the woman in the barge. It is the same, too, with his use of rich colors. He glazes and lays in superb body-colors because he likes to see them in the picture, and apparently from a keen relish for such tints, but not from any real knowledge how to use them.

The result of this richness of conception and imperfect fulfillment of the idea has been to produce a dazzling effect in both instances, but the paintings are at the same time entirely without repose either in the composition of form or in light and shade. These pictures have been said to recall Titian, but no painters could be farther apart than the painter of the "Entombment" of the Louvre, with its absolutely perfect relations of line and color, and light and shade, and the man who painted the "Abundantia." That Markart resembles Rubens, with his flowing forms, big lights, and superfluous colors, is quite apparent; but it is Rubens in his pictures in the Louvre, and not with his chastened powers exhibited at their best, in the mature and well-balanced "Descent from the Cross," at Antwerp.

Markart has power and imagination, but the "Abundantia" cannot be regarded as more than pictures showing great though immature talent.

A CORRESPONDENT, whose art-training entitles his opinions to respect, sends us from Richmond the subjoined description of Foley's statue to Stonewall Jackson, recently erected in that city, and unveiled on the 26th ultimo:

"Amid the fervid enthusiasm on the occasion of the unveiling of the General Jackson statue, probably not one in ten thousand looked upon the effigy otherwise than subjectively. The glamour of the past rose up and intervened, and the bronze shone through it as the personification of the deeds of Stonewall Jackson the successful chieftain, rather than as a work of art representing the man in his habit as he lived. When the excitement had died down, it was curious and interesting to note, as was the fortune of the writer, the calmer criticisms of the crowd as they pressed forward for a nearer view. It was the old story; and had the Stonewall Brigade and the other veterans that thronged the vicinity been furnished with chalk, as was the Athenian populace of old, in the well-known legend, one day to mark the excellences and the next the defects of the work, the result would have been exactly the same as in the classic story—the bronze would have been whitened by their comments.

"The sculptor who has to manage a single pedestrian portrait figure must find himself in something of a dilemma in attempting to avoid imitation on the one hand or bald commonplace on the other. The possible permutations and combinations of the members of the human frame have been well-nigh exhausted. The lamented Foley not only had this common difficulty to contend with in dealing with the figure in question, but the greater one of artificially presenting a subject whose externals were so entirely dissociated from the picturesque. Jackson's career was full of dash, yet he was slow, one might say plodding, in his habit. His demeanor was of that quiet sort that excluded any suggestion of the military hero. In short, to convert into

a striking work of art this man whose general appearance was the antithesis of his character as developed by the war, was no easy task for the artist. It may be safely asserted that he has succeeded: skillfully avoiding the tame without touching the over-dramatic. The face is self-contained and noble in expression; the eyes evidently fixed on something of moment; the head turned to the right. The line of vision is somewhat higher than the eye, and the chin slightly raised in consequence. The hair and beard are handled perfectly, exhibiting, as do all the details, a masterly technique. The weight is upon the right leg, and it evidently bears it, without, however, any of the exaggerated bowing back of the leg or protrusion of the calf so often used to give the sense of firmness. The arm on the same side is akimbo on the hip, and so managed as to assist the feeling of solidity; while the gloved hand, in crumpling the gauntlet which it holds, assures us that the attention of the owner is fixed on some tense and absorbing matter. The left leg is in advance of the other, and, from the knee down, nearly parallel with it. This gives additional firmness to the figure—the necessity of bending it to obtain a change of line being obviated by the accessories. The left hand clasps the sword-hilt, the knuckles to the front, at once giving an easy turn to the wrist, and a chance for nice expression in the anatomy. The military cape has fallen into the hollow of the elbow, and thence drapes to the section of stone-wall upon which the point of the naked sword rests, and which aids the composition of gaps and the spindly look so often the defect of single figures unrelieved by accessories. As to the likeness, the figure is said to be too full and round. It may be that the artist knew this, and sacrificed the matter of fact to the matter of art, rather than imitate a meagreness which would have marred his work and remanded it to the limbo of slouching figures which disfigure our streets and galleries. But it is said that the widow of General Jackson considers it an excellent portrait.

"The best view of the statue is from its left, with the nose just cutting the line of the cheek. This aspect will expose both limbs and the right arm, and mass the composition very effectively. The figure is about eight feet high."

MR. WILLIAM HART is now engaged upon a painting entitled "A September Morning in the Keene Valley." The view, however, is more of a suggestive character than illustrative of a real study from Nature; or, in other words, it is a composition of a pasture-field, surrounded by hills resembling in form those which are found in Essex County, bordering on the Adirondack region. The landscape is partly obscured by the fog which is drifting slowly up the rugged hill-sides. In the foreground there is a group of cows browsing as they move along to the richer pasturage in the distance. The cows are in the shadow of the trees which line the road on the right, but come out strong against a bright area of sunshine in the middle ground. There is no suggestion of autumn colors in the foliage of the trees, which are yet fresh and green, but the ferns and weeds in their shade show some rich, brown tones, indicating the approach of frosty weather. In the background, obscured by the early morning fog, there is a suggestion of a mountain-peak.

The sky is covered with light cloud-forms, and its tone is delicate and expressive. As yet, Mr. Hart has given but little attention to the detail of the work. His main object has been to get the composition in form, after which he will finish it at his leisure. The group of cows is the most advanced part of the picture, and its treatment is already well worthy of the attention of lovers of fine painting. During last summer Mr. Hart made a large number of studies of Alderney cows, and several of these have been reproduced in this work. There is a dun-colored cow, with a head almost as delicately moulded as that of a deer, and the red and mottled animals are equally noticeable.

Another picture, a work of cabinet size, by Mr. Hart, has also, as its leading feature of interest, a group of cows resting at noon-day on the bank of a meadow-brook. There is a grove of trees on the right, and the left gives a perspective view of a pastoral landscape with great force. This picture is nearly finished. It is charming in tone and sentiment.

ONE of J. G. Brown's latest pictures is entitled "Pitching Pennies," and shows a group of boot-blacks, ranged in front of the street-door of a tenement-house, engaged in that familiar sport. There are seven boys in the group, and all have made their cast except one little fellow who stands in the foreground, and is poised his penny in his hand and measuring the distance with his eye before making his throw. It is evident that he is acting with caution, and his movements are watched with interest by the boys who have joined in the game. The leading figure among the boys who are looking on is a bright fellow whose hands are deeply inserted into the pockets of his trousers as if in search of pennies; but he is "dead broke," and his face tells the story of his bankruptcy. The serenity of his mind is also disturbed by the boy standing by his side, who holds up a penny in a most tantalizing way. Another boy on the right is seated upon the doorstep, and his face, too, shows that fortune is against him. These boys were all drawn from life, and are strong and spirited studies. The diverse expression thrown into the faces, of pleasure, hope, and despair, is a noteworthy feature in the work.

RICHARD W. HUBBARD is painting a large canvas illustrating an Adirondack lake-scene. The view is not strictly from Nature, but is more of the character of a reminiscence of the wilderness than a real scene. In the foreground, from a rocky bluff, the view overlooks a little lake toward a narrow and rugged valley, which terminates somewhat abruptly at the base of a picturesque mountain in the middle-ground. A swift-running stream flows through the valley, and at the head of the lake unites with the latter in a series of cascades. The current of this mountain-torrent is felt for some distance in the quiet water of the lake, and forms eddies of white foam upon its surface. The background is rolling, and is covered with an unbroken forest to the horizon-line. Near the lake, and following the line of the valley, the

forest-vegetation is more sparse, and the view is diversified by rocky hill-sides and other natural features which are peculiar to the region. The sky is partly covered with rolling masses of clouds of a semi-transparent texture, which cast tenderly-defined shadows here and there over the landscape. The ruggedness of the view is toned down by the introduction of a delightful atmospheric effect, which also adds greatly to the harmony of the scene.

MR. CASPAR BUBERL, a German artist of this city, who executed in marble Valentine's recumbent figure of General Lee at Richmond, Virginia, in so thoroughly an artistic manner, has sent to that city a statuette of the general which has excited the most favorable opinion of the artist's skill. The figure is about two feet high, in military costume. The pose is very artistic, and the grouping of the cannon, saddle, etc., as accessories, are happily introduced. The artist is spoken of by the local press in connection with the proposed equestrian statue of General Lee.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

October 19, 1875.

THE greatest art event of the past week has been the first appearance of Signor Rossi as *Hamlet* at the Salle Ventadour. It has been said that no Italian, or, in fact, the native of no southern clime, could ever adequately personate the melancholy Dane. Something of the Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon element appears to be necessary to the nature of him who would fitly embody this greatest of Shakespeare's characters. Still less does it appear probable that he who can personate *Othello* grandly would succeed as *Hamlet*. The two characters are, in fact, the antipodes of each other. One is the man of reflection, the other is the man of action. One is dreamy, poetic, gentle, tortured by doubts, and shrinking even from Heaven-commanded deeds; the other is fierce, frank, credulous, and rash. One is a fiery Oriental, the other a philosophical Northerner. Therefore, the very greatness of Rossi's *Othello* filled me with doubts respecting his success as *Hamlet*. The result merely showed how false such preconceived ideas may prove. I have never been so fortunate as to witness the *Hamlet* of Signor Salvini. But with the refined, poetic, and scholarly personation of Booth I have long been familiar.

Nothing could be more unlike Booth's conception of the part than is that of Rossi, and yet both bear evidences of the closest and most thoughtful study, and both are fully justified by the text, thus proving how complex and many-sided is this perplexing and fascinating character. The *Hamlet* of Booth is a refined, dreamy, philosophical personage, delicate in nature to the verge of effeminacy, nervous even to hysteria, sheltering his excitable, sensitive nature behind a feigned madness that becomes half reality. But the *Hamlet* of Rossi is really and pitifully insane. He comes before us in the first scene bowed beneath the weight of a woe too deep for words; he scarce finds greeting in the listless depths of his misery for his friend *Horatio*, and only the tidings of the appearance of the *Ghost* have power to arouse him from his apathy. In the

scene with the *Ghost* he is more thrilled with terror than touched with that fine spirit of yearning tenderness that made Booth's cry "I'll call thee father!" so exquisitely pathetic. But nothing could be finer than the gesture wherewith he flung aside the restraining hands of his companions and turned to follow the spectre, in grand scorn of death or of terror. Like Booth, he falls prostrate as the *Ghost* disappears, and in the "wild and whirling words" wherewith the act concludes we catch a glimpse of the catastrophe that this awful revelation of the hour has brought to pass—*Hamlet* is mad. Like some stately column overthrown by an earthquake, his noble mind lies shattered before us, wrecked by the convulsion that has hurled the moral world around him into chaos. Henceforward throughout the tragedy in the wild eyes, the pale, haggard face, the speech that varies from mirthless mockery to fiercest passion or deepest woe, may be read the story of his distraught brain. Read by this light, "To be or not to be" becomes the wail of a tortured soul, seeking vainly for rest and willing to rush forth to win it, even through the dread portal of suicide. In the words "To die—to sleep—" might be heard the passionate yearning of the breaking heart and burning brain for the slumber that knows no waking, but with the utterance of the line "To sleep—perchance to dream—" came the swift shuddering recoil that showed what manner of visions haunted the restless couch of the hapless prince. His interview with *Ophelia* is touched with intensest pathos. He craves her prayers as one lost in an abyss of hopeless misery. He bids her "go her ways to a nunnery" as a refuge from a world that is but one scene of anguish. He has, indeed, forgotten that he ever loved her. What have such fair visions as love and tenderness and wedded joys to do with the world of horror wherein he dwells? He has truly wiped away all "trivial, fond records" from the table of his memory, only to inscribe there one all-consuming remembrance. In the play-scene, he crouches at *Ophelia's* feet, toying with her fan and peering from beneath it at the *King* and *Queen*, and in the last grand outburst—

"Why let the stricken deer go weep!"

he shivers the frail toy of ivory to splinters in his convulsive clasp. The scene with his mother formed one of the grandest points in the whole personation, though his cry after slaying *Polonius* of "Is't the *King*?" lacked the fierce, triumphant tone of exultation wherein Booth used to give it. But the frenzy of his terror at the appearance of the *Ghost*, and the pathetic tenderness wherewith he besought his mother to repent—

"... Confess yourself to Heaven!

Repent what's past; avoid what is to come,"

were beyond description. In the scene with the grave-diggers and the struggle at the grave of *Ophelia* we prefer the gentler *Hamlet* of Booth. But in the last act Rossi was grand beyond the power of rivalry. With the shadow of the coming doom darkening over him, he makes ready for the encounter with *Laertes*. Profoundly mournful was the delivery of the words—

"Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter,"

and from the very depths of pathetic prophecy he utters the famed and beautiful speech—

"If it be now, 'tis not to come," etc.

His fencing is a very model of grace and skill. He changes foils with *Laertes* in a swift, graceful way, that renders the substitution a per-

fectly natural one. After the revelations of his dying adversary, he clutches the foil half-way down the blade and smites the *King* with this improvised poniard, after forcing to his lips, with fierce, irresistible gesture, the poisoned chalice—

"Drink off this potion. Is the union here?
Follow my mother!"

The group at the end of the tragedy was peculiarly picturesque and impressive. He totters to the throne, and there, on the raised dais—king at last, if but for a moment—he dominates the scene of carnage and towers triumphant in death above his foes. As his last words drop faltering from his lips, a strain of far-off, triumphant music, announces the approach of *Fortinbras*. And then—"the rest is silence"—the powerful frame convulsed by the "potent poison," the shadow of death sweeping across the noble features, and the curtain descends upon one of the greatest dramatic impersonations of our century.

The enthusiasm of the audience even surpassed that excited by the *Othello*. Many of the leading members of the theatrical profession in Paris were present, including Lasalle, of the Grand Opéra (the operatic *Hamlet* when Faure is ill or absent), and Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt.

Carpeaux the sculptor is dead—a happy release for the poor sufferer, who for years past has been tortured by an internal cancer, as well as tormented by his inability to give shape and form to the multitude of fair visions that thronged his busy brain. Owing to the munificence of the Turkish Prince Stirbey, all that wealth could purchase to alleviate the suffering of his long malady was supplied to him. He will be chiefly remembered by his group of dancers which adorns the façade of the new opera-house, a wild whirl of nude and bacchanalian figures which called forth the severest animadversions from the Parisian press when it was first put in its place, and which was said to embody the mad revelry of the Empire, and to personify its corruption. Some enthusiastic moralist even went so far as to deluge literally with ink the principal personage of the group, the most disheveled of the female dancers. So extensive was the damage that it was thought at first that the stained portions of the statue would have to be sawed out and replaced. But, before such an extreme measure was resorted to, various experiments were tried with a view of removing the stains, and they finally vanished entirely under the application of the vapor of oxalic acid. The perpetrator of the outrage was never discovered. It is now suggested that the group in question should be removed to the sculpture-section of the Luxembourg, as it is liable to be much damaged by the weather in its present exposed position, and that a copy should take its place. Thus does public opinion change with the passage of years.

Gounod met with a severe accident a few days ago, and was seriously injured. He fell down-stairs at the house of his friend M. Oscar Comettant, and dislocated his shoulder, besides breaking some one of the small bones of the arm and bruising himself extensively. His sufferings were at first very great, and the fever ran high, but he is now much better, though he has not yet been moved to his own home.

Louis Reybaud, once well known as a writer of brilliant political satires and novels, is dangerously ill. He is seventy-six years of age. His novel, entitled "Jerôme Paturot's Search for the Best of Republics," created quite a sensation some twenty-five years ago.

One would think that publishers would often be tempted to turn authors in view of the great facility which they would enjoy for bringing their works before the public, and yet instances of their yielding to such temptation are comparatively rare. One of the members of the firm of Gladly Brothers (well known to the trade by their splendid edition of "Manon Lescaut," with the much-talked-of preface by Alexandre Dumas), M. Alberic Gladly, has written a novel entitled "Jouir" ("To Enjoy"), which is to be issued in a day or two. The announcement modestly states, "As this novel is by one of the firm, we will abstain from all comment respecting it."

A curious work is announced by the Librairie des Bibliophiles; it bears the title of "Secret Memoirs and Authentic Testimony respecting the Fall of Charles X., the Monarchy of July, and the Republic of 1848, accompanied by Remarks on the Share of our Governments in our Revolutions."

Dentu has in press "Russian Nights," by Madame Olympe Audouard. Michael Lévy has just published the third volume of the complete edition of the works of J. Autran, of the Academy, containing "The Flute and the Drum," and also a work by Arnould Frémy, with the ominous title of "The Future War."

Some of the papers have been so indiscreet as to publish the plot of Sardou's new comedy entitled "Férol" (it was called at first "Remorse"), which is now in active preparation at the Gymnase. *Férol de Méran* is the lover of a married lady, *Madame de Boismartel*, the wife of the President of the Court of Assizes. One night, on secretly leaving her house, *Férol* accidentally becomes a witness to a murder committed by *Martial*, a game-keeper. "If you betray me," cries the murderer, "I shall in my turn betray you." *Férol* swears to keep silence. But an innocent man is arrested for the crime and condemned to death. *Férol* tries to persuade *Madame de Boismartel* to elope with him, so that he may reveal the truth to her husband from a distance, but she refuses to leave her daughter. *Martial*, the real criminal, is at length arrested, and he writes a letter to the president of the court, revealing the secret attachment of his wife and *Férol*. But the letter fails to reach its address, and *Martial*, believing himself to be betrayed by *Férol*, hangs himself in his prison. Madame Delaporte is to play the part of *Roberta de Boismartel*, and M. Worms is to personate *Férol*. If the above sketch of the plot be correct (French papers do lie so that I am afraid to take their word for any unauthenticated information), the piece will hardly be found suitable for the English or the American stage, owing to the inherent impropriety of its main idea.

"L'Etrangère," by Alexandre Dumas, has been received, read, and cast at the Comédie Française. Croizette is to play the leading character, which is that of a certain duchess and not that of *L'Etrangère*, who is quite a secondary personage. As the rehearsals are to commence immediately, it is probable that the piece will be produced some time next spring. M. Perrin is also about to revive "Lady Tartuffe," the brilliant comedy of the late Madame de Girardin, with Croizette as *Lady Tartuffe* (originally played by Rachel); Mademoiselle Reichemberg as *Jeanne*; and Got in Regnier's part of *Hector de Tourbieres*. M. Regnier, who, ever since he quitted the stage, has filled the post of stage-manager at the Comédie Française, resigned his functions, and retired definitely into private life the other day. A grand banquet was given to him on the occasion at the Café Brebant by

the manager and the *sociétaires* of the Comédie Française. At the close of the dinner, M. Perrin presented to M. Regnier, on behalf of all those present, a gold medal, bearing on one side the head of Molière, and on the other the simple inscription, "To M. Regnier, in remembrance of the Comédie Française—1831-1875." During his forty-four years of membership, M. Regnier "created" over two hundred and fifty characters, besides appearing in at least as many of the classic or standard *répertoire*.

There is nothing new in the musical line, except a revival of the "Val d'Andone," by Halévy, at the Opéra Comique. Mademoiselle Chapuy, who made quite a success at the Italian Opera in London last season, and who is a nice little actress with a nice little voice, did very well as the heroine, though she is sadly deficient in strength and compass of voice.

LUCY H. HOORNA.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

BIRDS WITH TEETH

THE student of natural history who, at the present day, covets the name and fame of "discoverer," need but direct his energies toward the unearthing of some one of the numberless "missing links" to find his wish granted and his fame assured. What a new asteroid is to the astronomer, a "missing link" is to the natural historian or philosopher. As we all know, the chain for which these lost links are wanted is that which is to connect the whole line of created organism, vegetable and animal, and establish beyond a peradventure the theory of progressive development. As it does not fall within the scope of this article to discuss at length the nature and merits of this so-called Darwinian theory, we will be content to direct attention to but one of the many discoveries made which are claimed to support it. The line of supposed advance or progression leads from reptiles to birds, and thence to the mammalia, or "animals" proper, on to man, the last and most perfect work. Reptiles, as is proved, have teeth, which indicate a certain order of physical or rather physiological structure, and which fact places them, when taken with other distinctive features, above the mollusks and other lower forms of created organisms. It hence appears that, if we would establish that intimate connection between reptiles and birds which the claims of the theory would suggest, we must, or should, discover some evidences in the earlier forms of the latter of these dental organs.

In the *Popular Science Review* for October, 1875, Henry Woodward, F.R.S., F.G.S., etc., in a paper on this subject, presents a brief record of the advance which has been made along this line of research. Though the communication to which we refer is from its very nature purely technical in character, we yet trust, by the aid of the accompanying illustrations, to convey to the unprofessional reader a general idea of the subject, which, though not strictly popular when considered in detail, has yet an important bearing upon questions of universal interest.

"One of the greatest difficulties," says

the writer, "which the systematic naturalist meets with in the examination of the fauna of a new country, is that his old ideas of classification are perpetually shaken by contact

the name *Odontopteryx toliopicus* is given; and in Fig. 3 we have a reproduction on a reduced scale of the skull. This is described as having bony denticles, inclined at a con-

sisted by this pterosauroid armature of its jaws."

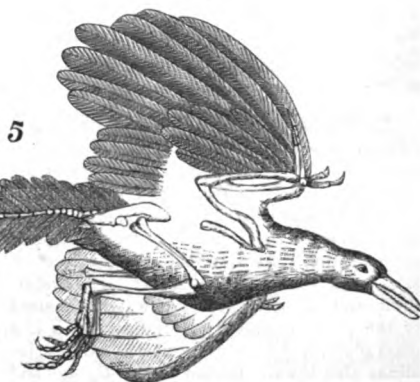
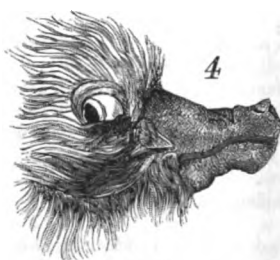
Having thus, as the writer believes, disposed of the difficulty arising from the law of correlation, which requires that a beak and feathers should be associated together, he next considers the inquiry whether the assumed possession of teeth coated with enamel and implanted in sockets is irreconcilable with the undoubted fact that the subject was an animal coated with feathers. Into this field of inquiry we will not follow him, since it would extend the subject beyond our chosen limit. In Fig. 4 is presented a view of the head of a gosling before hatching, which will at once attract attention from its resemblance to that of a more familiar creature. The heavy knob at the end of the beak is that with which it breaks the shell. This illustration is here introduced, as is stated, since it is "suggestive, possibly, of further persistent embryonal characters." In Fig. 5 we have a copy of Professor Owen's *Archæopteryx macrura*, which is made the subject of extended comment, and which, from its relatively complete form, as here restored, furnishes the writer material for enforcing his views.

It is with pleasure that we find the writer ready to recognize the eminent services rendered by Professor Marsh, of Yale College,

with new and strange life-forms, whose places are the more hard to fix in proportion to the procrustean character of the system into which he strives to fit them," but these difficulties are regarded as "light compared with those which the paleontologist encounters as he exhumes the fragmentary relics of bygone faunas, and strives, by the aid of existing organisms, to rehabilitate the crumbling remains of the former world. For he knows that the vast assemblage of living forms which he sees around him to-day have sprung, *by descent*, from the earlier life of the past." The italics are our own, and serve to indicate that the conviction of the writer is in favor of the theory which these facts are adduced to support. Leaving it for the opponents of these views to discuss them with the author, we will pass directly to a brief and necessarily cursory description of the illustrations.

In Figs. 1 and 2 we have the head and skull respectively of the *Merganser serrator*, a bird whose beak is fringed with tooth-like serrations, which closely approach in character to real teeth, though connected only with the horny covering, and not with the bones of the mandible, and yet which would seem to indicate that the presence of feath-

siderable angle, their points being directed toward the extremity of the beak, in both the upper and lower jaws. In the case of the *Merganser* it will be observed that this incli-



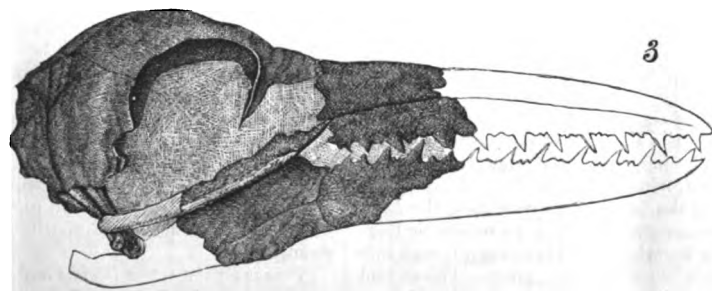
nation is backward, or toward the points of articulation.

From a study of this fossil Professor Owen concludes that the creature to which

whom he regards as "a veritable crusader in paleontology," adding the hope "that he will, for the sake of science, attempt less hazardous enterprises among the restless Indians of Kansas, and be satisfied to work out and publish the splendid mass of material which he has already accumulated, and for which English paleontologists are craving." Favoring, as will the American reader, the course suggested by Mr. Woodward, we yet venture to remind him that the service to science is not the only one rendered by this energetic worker; and that, if the services of Professor Marsh in that direction have won the favor of English savants, his efforts in behalf of the Indians have been such as to assure his welcome and guarantee his personal safety while among them.

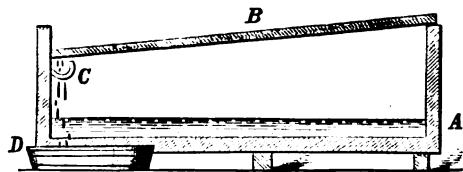
ers does not of necessity imply that the beak should be smooth or toothless. Professor Owen has discovered in the London clay of the isle of Sheppey a kindred form, to which

the skull belonged was "a warm-blooded, feathered biped, with wings; that it was web-footed, and a fish-eater; and that, in the catching of its slippery prey, it was as-



ing communication from Oliver B. Willis, A. M., Ph. D., Principal of the Alexander Institute, White Plains, New York. While a guest at the house of a gentleman, whose name is given, the writer was struck with the remarkable whiteness of his hair; and, in response to an inquiry regarding it, received the following reply: "It changed in a few hours, under the following circumstances: I had a son large enough to go from my dwelling to my store alone. One afternoon he left the store to come home about an hour before I came to tea. When I reached home, my wife met me and said the boy had been found on the top of a heap of sand, with his face down, quite dead. I came into this room, where the child had been brought, and sat down in a sort of stupor produced by the shock, and remained here all night. When I came in my hair was black, in the morning it was white as it now is." At the time when this was narrated, the speaker was a young man, and he is still living; and our correspondent states that both he and his neighbors can testify to the truth of this account. The gentleman was a resident of the village of Whitehall, New York. Our readers will recall the previous statement that a commission from the French Academy, having undertaken an extended inquiry regarding the sudden whitening of the human hair, reached the conclusion that during the last two hundred years there could be found no authenticated record of such a change. The instance above given has certainly much to warrant its acceptance as true, though, while in no manner questioning the sincerity of our correspondent, we should yet be pleased to have his statement verified by that of others, since the multiplication of witnesses can but add strength to any testimony, while the citation of other cases will add still further to the weight of testimony already given.

Les Mondes describes a simple and yet effective device by which sea-water may be changed into fresh. This is, in fact, a condenser of peculiar pattern, and which depends on the sun for heat to cause the desired evaporation and the coolness of the atmosphere for subsequent condensation. As described, this device consists of a shallow box, *A*, which is watertight, and into which the salt-water is poured to the proportionate depth indicated; *B* is a glass plate, which, while acting as a cover, inclines also toward the tin trough *C*; one end



of this trough projects beyond the side of the box, and beneath it is placed a receiving-tub, *D*. When this box containing the salt-water is exposed to the sun's rays, an evaporation of the water takes place. This moisture, on rising, encounters the lower slanting surface of the glass cover, upon which it is condensed, and flows slowly down into the trough *C*, and along this into *D*. It is stated that, with a glass three feet two inches square, two gallons of hot water may be obtained a day, the amount being regulated, however, by the heat of the sun.

We recently directed attention to the fact that in a Western mine in which the timbers

had been consumed by fire, and the shaft choked up in consequence, the walls and timbers were found to be red-hot after the lapse of months. A fact kindred to this, and bearing on the same subject, is given to the public through a recent letter from S. A. Sague to the *American Manufacturer*. Referring to the time during which fire may be retained in a blast furnace, after it has been "banked up," the writer cites the case of the Emma Furnace of the Union Iron-Works Company, Cleveland, Ohio. This furnace, we learn, was banked, or damped down, December 4, 1874. The iron having been run out, the furnace was filled with Connellsville coke. Great care was exercised in stopping up all cracks or openings into which air might gain admission, and every precaution was taken that the fire might remain until advisable to resume operations. It was not expected at the time that the period of idleness would exceed three months at farthest. Owing to depression in business, this period was extended, however, and the furnace allowed to stand idle until July 9, 1875, that is, for two hundred and seventeen days. During this entire time not a thing was done, or a pound of fuel added. When the furnace was opened on the date given, two-thirds of the coke was in a *lisse* condition, and there was plenty of fuel to commence work. For the benefit of any furnace-men among our readers we give the following description of the Emma Furnace: It is sixty-five feet high, sixteen feet bosh, and eight feet across at tuyeres. Immediately before it was banked it was making from forty-eight to fifty gross tons daily, and that is the present daily product. In view of this remarkable metallurgical triumph the writer joins with James Paton, the general superintendent, and Mr. Elias Metzler, the furnace-man, in asking whether this record has ever been equaled or excelled, and we willingly extend the inquiry to our readers, since the subject is one of great metallurgical and pecuniary significance.

THE probable discovery of a new chemical element is announced by M. Lecoq de Boisbandran. To this new metallic body the name of *gallium* has been given, and its discovery was the result of a chemical examination of a blende obtained in the mine of Pierrefille, in one of the Pyrenean villages. The tests by which the new metal gallium may be revealed are given as follows: It is precipitated by metallic zinc from a solution containing chlorides and sulphates, probably in the form of oxide. In a mixture of chlorides of gallium and zinc the new metal can be thrown down by first adding ammonia in a quantity insufficient to precipitate all the metals present. Carbonate of baryta precipitates the salts of gallium. Thus far the quantity of the new element obtained has been too small to admit of determining its atomic weight or chemical equivalent.

Two of the arctic expeditions, whose departure was announced in these columns, have returned from their brief visit to the polar seas. Captain Young, of the Pandora, after securing the latest dispatches from the Alert and Discovery, concluded to return to England for the winter, and his vessel is now safe at anchor in an English harbor. The second expedition is that which was dispatched from Sweden, and which is announced as having arrived at Hammerfest on September 28th. Though the absence was not long-continued, yet the results obtained were valuable, they having brought back a rich naturalists' collec-

tion and important hydrographic reports. The mouth of the Jenisei River was reached on the 15th of August, and from that point Professors Nordenskjöld, Sundstroem, and Stenberg, took leave of the expedition, in order to return to Sweden by the way of Siberia.

It is claimed for the French Institute that it is the only scientific body in that country which takes no holiday, even for any religious or national festivity. Since the date of its foundation but once has its regular weekly meeting been interrupted. This was during the reign of the Commune, whose members, having erected a barricade across the avenues leading to the Institute, forbade admission to M. Elie de Beaumont, the perpetual secretary.

PROFESSOR HARTZ, of Cornell University, in his capacity as Director of the Geological Survey of Brazil, has left Rio Janeiro with his assistants, and begun his work of exploration and survey. He is to leave the coast at Pernambuco, and thus enters upon a service that will command his attention for several years.

As the incidental result of an attempt to determine the length of time which may elapse between the ingestion of a dose of alcohol and its disappearance from the text, Rajewsky discovered that the brain and our viscera either normally contain alcohol, or else this substance is generated from them in the course of distillation in closed vessels.

Miscellanea.

WE give here the second part of the "Chapter of Wedding-Anecdotes," the first portion of which appeared recently.

A clergyman on one occasion waited for a couple in his parlor one evening, and, as they did not keep their engagement, he went to bed. Just about half-past eleven o'clock the door-bell rang violently. He put a cap and a wrapper on, and, in a state of general undress, opened the second-story window and looked out. There stood the tardy candidates for matrimony.

"Well, it's too late now," said the clergyman, "and it's too cold."

"Yes," called up the man, "but we missed the train, and I sail to-morrow."

"Well, then, go to some other minister," answered the irate parson.

"We can't now," both shouted up from the garden-walk, "it's too late."

"Well, I cannot marry you now," he said; "the servant has taken the front-door key and has gone to sleep."

"Well, then, marry us out of the window," came up from below.

And so the minister took the book in hand and called out the directions from the second-story casement, and the parties complied with the several orders, and finally left the fee in an envelope under the front-door, and went out of the garden-gate man and wife.

The levity with which some persons enter upon the solemn service of matrimony is very strange.

Persons often act as friends and witnesses, as parents and relatives, who only do it as they would act their parts in a farce or a comedy. Actors and actresses have been known to be married just in the same way in which they would perform a certain *role* upon the stage, with that cynical air which a life of am-

ulation so often involves on the part of those who realize that—

"All the world's a stage."

One Saturday evening an Irish man and woman came to a certain minister's house to be married, but, finding him at a service, went over to his church and waited his pleasure. They wanted to be married at once, but they had no friends or witnesses with them. The minister demurred for some time, but the woman was too much for him, and at last he was "blarneyed" into compliance. When it came to the woman's turn to respond, she broke out laughing, and could not go on.

"That will do," said the minister. "I am sure now there is something wrong; I can proceed no further."

"Oh, now, your riverince!" said the woman; "go on like a man; get that there ring on my finger once, and then I'm as good as the next one."

But still the minister refused.

"Shure," said the woman, "you wouldn't stop half-way when it's only a few words more will do the job intirely?"

But there was no more "go" to that alarmed clergyman, who was only too much relieved to stand clear with his conscience, and, like Paul amid the wreck at Melita, to throw off the villainous beast in the fire, and, like him, to feel no harm!

On one occasion a clergyman, after pronouncing the benediction upon the kneeling couple before him, put forth his hand to congratulate the young husband, when he, with an indignant, injured air, waved his hand away, saying, at the same time, "It is all right, sir; the first-groomsman will attend to that." The same minister has another story of an old uncle, who brought his niece to the rectory on a cold, rainy day, to be married, and who, after the ceremony was over, fumbled about for a two-dollar bill, and, not being able to find it, said, as he handed the parson a five-dollar note, "Take the change out of that for a two-dollar job; it's kind o' wet-and-cold-like to-day, and I guess two dollars will be about the thing."

The following story is unique in itself, and, though slightly bordering on the sacrilegious, is strictly true: A hospitable city rector, in the city of centennial glory, had a Western German missionary staying with him during some convention or clerical gathering. One night he went some distance to marry a couple at the bride's father's house, and, for company's sake, the Western brother went with him. Suddenly the rector exclaimed:

"There! I have forgotten my prayer-book, and these people are Presbyterians! What shall I do?"

"Vy, zurely you knows de servize by dis dime," said the German brother. "Go on mitout any book!"

"Well, let us see," said the clergyman, "how does it begin? We will walk on; I will repeat it, and you correct me if I get it wrong."

"Yah whole!" answered the German.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here in the sight of God and in the face of this company—That is right?" said the minister.

"Yaas," said the German.

"—to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony, which—which—what comes next?" inquired the perplexed rector.

"Vich? Let me see," replied the German missionary, "how does it go? Oh, yaas!—Vich, being so divine and comfortable a thing to those who receive it worthily, and so dan-

gerous to them who presume to receive it unworthily—"

"Hold on, man!" said the astonished minister, "you have gone into the communion-service; I can never get straight now."

Another mistake like this happened to a very absent-minded clergyman, who stood up before a bright roomful of joyous people, and began the wedding-service as follows:

"Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery—"

"Stop, stop!" cried out the astonished groom, "we came here to be married, not buried."

All the Year Round gives some amusing instances of what it calls "Notifications Extraordinary:"

In the time of Napoleon III., a notice was placed at the entrance to the Pavilion Henri Quatre, at St.-Germain, setting forth—"The persons hereunder mentioned are not allowed to enter: 1. Men in working-clothes; 2. Women without bonnets; 3. Servants without their masters or mistresses; 4. Children without their parents; 5. Wives without their husbands; 6. Dogs without their muzzles." Somebody blundered, but that somebody has the consolation of knowing officials of the new régime are just as fallible. When the Prefect of Lyons decreed that *cafés* and wine-shops must close their doors at half-past eleven, he thought it necessary to warn all persons chancing to be in such places at that time of night that they must leave without being compelled to do so. His brother of Grenoble capped this by announcing—No burial without religious rites would be permitted except with the expressed wish of the deceased—displaying as much consideration for the defunct as the officials of the War Department did in ordering that, "whenever a soldier on half-pay shall die, or whenever a soldier shall be placed upon half-pay, he shall be informed of it by the War Minister." Impracticable rules are easily made; it is not so easy to make a regulation defying evasion, a feat accomplished by the authorities of Denver when they notified all travelers over the town-bridge that "no vehicle, drawn by more than one animal, is allowed to cross this bridge in opposite directions at the same time."

A clerical land-owner, finding his warrens were poached while he preached, sought to insure his game a quiet Sunday by warning offenders in this wise: "Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy. Beware, my friends; your names are all known. If you trespass on these fields, or touch my rabbits, you will be prosecuted according to the law." The reverend rabbit-preserver was not inclined to make nice distinctions like the turnip-grower, who politely intimated: "Ladies and gentlemen are requested not to steal the turnips; other persons, if detected, will be prosecuted." And he might have taken a lesson in liberality from a gentleman who put up a board inscribed, "Ten shillings reward! Any person found trespassing on these lands or damaging these fences, on conviction, will receive the above reward." It may be questioned if he would have been as true to his word as the Aberdeen factor who was wont to jog the memory of a laggard tenant with—

"To avoid all proceedings unpleasant,

I beg you will pay what is due;

If you do, you'll oblige me at present;

If you don't, why, I'll oblige you."

No writer of stories with a purpose ever succeeded so thoroughly as Foote, when he

invented his tale of the Grand Panjandrum for Macklin's discomfiture, which remains unsurpassed as a piece of pure nonsense; but a Lahore hotel-keeper's notice to his customers would serve equally well as a mnemonic test, for we might safely "bet our pile" against any of his patrons finding a place in their memory for such a wondrous example of English composition as this: "Gentlemen who come in hotel not say anything about their meals they will be charged for, and if they should say beforehand that they are going out to breakfast or dinner, etc., and if they say that they have not any thing to eat, they will be charged, and if not so, they will be charged, or unless they bring it to the notice of the manager of the place; and should they want to say any thing, they must order the manager for, and not any one else, and unless they not bring it to the notice of the manager, they will charge for the least things according to the hotel rate, and no fuss will be allowed afterward about it. Should any gentleman take wall-lamp or candle-light from the public rooms, they must pay for it without any dispute its charges. Monthly gentlemen will have to pay my fixed rate made with them at the time, and should they absent day in the month, they will not be allowed to deduct any thing out of it, because I take from them less rate than my usual rate of monthly charges."

Not long ago, the girls of a Maine factory, rather than submit to a reduction of wages, gave the mill-owners a month's notice, and at the same time issued a notice to the public in general, and the masculine public in particular, in these words: "We are now working out our notice: can turn our hands to most any thing; don't like to be idle, but determined not to work for nothing when folks can afford pay. Who wants help? We can make bonnets, dresses, puddings, pies; knit, roast, stew, and fry; make butter and cheese, milk cows and feed chickens, hoe corn, sweep out the kitchen, put the parlor to rights, make beds, split wood, kindle fires, wash and iron, beside being remarkably fond of babies; in fact, can do most any thing the most accomplished housewife is capable of doing, not forgetting the scoldings on Mondays or Saturdays. For specimens of our spirit we'll refer you to our overseers. Speak quick! Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks, beautiful as Hebe; can sing like a seraph, and smile most bewitchingly. An elderly gentleman, who wants a good house-keeper, or a nice young man in want of a wife—willing to sustain either character—in fact, we are in the market. Who bids? Going, going, gone! Who's the lucky man?" If these Maine girls be ordinary samples of the American factory-girls, no wonder Sam Slick's friend put a notice over his gates at Lowell—"No cigars or Irishmen admitted within these walls," and pleaded in justification that "the one would set a flame a-going among the cottons, and the other among the gals."

THE last *Chambers's Journal* has an article on the exhaustless subject of printers' and reporters' mistakes. We copy a few of the more amusing of the instances cited:

A reverend orator winding up an address with—

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust,"

was rather surprised at seeing Shirley's tolerably familiar couplet transmogrified into—

"All the low actions of the just
Swell out and blow Sam in the dust."

Equally astonished, we dare say, was Professor Huxley at finding himself fathering upon Locke the extraordinary political doctrine that the end of government was the good of the government; but his indignation was hardly likely to be so great as that of a peace-at-any-price advocate when he discovered that a cruel Northern journalist, by merely introducing one unnecessary letter turned what was intended to be sublime into something deliciously ridiculous, and made his vigorous peroration end: "Let us, then, unanimously, earnestly, resolutely take our place in that increasing host—

"Along whose front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave,
Whose banners bear the simple line—
"Our duty is to shave!"

In justice to the fraternity, it must be conceded that reporters are often saddled with other folk's sins. It must have been the compositor's fault that the preacher's "Men should work and play too" was changed into "Men should work and play Loo," and that the death of the subject of a coroner's inquest was attributed to "serious apoplexy."

But for the worthy compositor's ingenious misreading of his copy, the public would never have known that "a number of small sextons" had been sent out with the Ashantee Expedition; that the Pittsburg (*sic!*) Legislature had "passed" a certain bill over the governor's head; that a gentleman connected with the Brighton Aquarium had undertaken the charge of "a marine and fresh-tater aquarium in New York;" and that one evening the House of Commons ordered the chairman "to repeat prayers," instead of reporting progress. Nor was it anybody else's fault that our great-grandfathers were scandalized at learning that at the Old Bailey Sessions in 1799 "the grand-jury, after a suitable exhortation from Lord Kenyon, were ordered to be privately whipped and discharged." We have read, however, of more impossible things coming to pass than the whipping of grand-jurors. Not long ago, a tailor stood in the dock for misappropriating his employer's property, and the latter, we were told, deposed that "the materials were to be returned made up on a Thursday, and on the Sunday following, he discovered that the deceased had left his home, and he did not see him again until he was in custody." The "deceased" was sentenced to a month's hard labor.

Some of the industrious gentlemen whose avocation it is to hunt up news for provincial journals, have a very odd way of putting things. Under the heading, "Death from Drowning," we read: "On Saturday, Mr. J. C. Jarrold, deputy-coroner, held an inquest at the *Hasard Arme*, Mill Lane, concerning the death of Thomas Shipp, who was drowned on the following night." Chronicling the coming to grief of a young trapeze-performer, the reporter says: "It was afterward discovered that the boy's collar-bone was broken, but, unfortunately, his injuries are not of a dangerous description." Another announces, without a word of protest against the vivisectionists, that "A British Workman is about to be opened at Morpeth." A third tells us "A pony-carriage was passing along New Bond Street, Bath, when, in turning into Northgate Street, it fell down and broke both of its legs." Recording some steeple-chase doings at Monaghan, the *Irish Times* said: "A very nice day's sport was carried on over an excellent course, all grass, over the lands of Mr. Henderson, whose hospitality was unbounded. It consisted of two walls, two bank-drops, a

water-cut, and two hurdles." Telling of a man who lost his life in a riot, a Belfast paper ended the story with: "They fired two shots at him, the first shot killed him, but the second was not fatal." He was not blessed with a couple of lives, like the deaf man named Taff, who "was run down by a passenger-train and killed; he was injured in a similar way a year ago." The Irish journalists, however, cannot be accused of monopolizing the manufacture of bulls; their English brethren are equally clever that way; as they proved by sending the Princess Louise to Wimbledon "to witness the shooting of her husband;" describing the Prince of Wales's second son as "an amiable boy like his mother;" and announcing that the Duke of Hamilton would shortly take to wife "the late Lady Mary Louisa Elizabeth Montague."

THE "Table-Talker" in the *Gentleman's Magazine* has the following:

I have just turned over a note made many years ago on reading a passage in one of the late Dean Alford's essays on "The Queen's English." It is one of the most curious of the dean's blunders, and was overlooked by Mr. Washington Moon in his grammatical criticisms upon those essays. These are the dean's words, with the dean's own punctuation:

"I have some satisfaction in reflecting, that, in the course of editing the Greek text, I believe I have destroyed more than a thousand commas, which prevented the text being properly understood."

The amusing point is that, in a passage in which the writer was denouncing the redundant use of commas, at the very word *commas* he inserted a redundant comma which, to quote the phrase immediately following it, *prevented the text from being understood*. His meaning, of course, was that in the Greek text in question there were more than a thousand commas which prevented the text from being understood, and he had destroyed them; but his own redundant point after the word *commas* plainly implies that *he* prevented the text from being understood by destroying more than a thousand commas. There is, I need hardly say, another redundant comma in the passage, after the word *reflecting*; which is, however, only worthy of note as occurring in a lecture addressed to careless people against the too frequent use of commas.

A SOCIETY (says a London contemporary) has been formed in France, under high auspices, for abolishing the English custom lately adopted very generally by our neighbors of shaking hands. "*Le shake hands*," as the act in question is pleasantly called, had become quite a familiar gesture among the French, especially those of the upper and mid-

dle classes; and it has now been discovered that this mode of salutation is not only familiar, but essentially vulgar. We even find it stated by a writer, who has made this subject one of his special studies, that it is "destructive of all honorable and profitable association between men." Still less is this "offensive manual act" to be thought of between men and women, but it is, above all, between parents and children that the practice of shaking hands, or, as the members of the new society put it, "shaking the body by the arm"—as though the arm were a sort of handle to the body—is thought reprehensible. This odious custom, against which the authority of the Church has at last been invoked, is said by the authors of this movement to have been originally invented by the Freemasons, and to have been generally introduced in England as a cheap and convenient means of currying favor at elections. In the words of one of the chief promoters of the new social, or, as some think, anti-social movement, it was "generally an insincerity, always a familiarity." Moreover, familiarity led to a sense of equality, and equality to communism and revolution. A return to the ancient custom of saluting by an inclination of the head will, we are assured, lift those who pledge themselves to it into association with the good and great of former times. It will, moreover, separate a man from the vulgar and the base, and will be evidence that he has put away "insolence as regards his superiors, familiarity as regards his equals, and servility as regards his inferiors." The chief ostensible promoter of the movement now being carried on in France against the pernicious custom of "shaking the body by the arm" is the Abbé Defourny, of Beaumont. The association, of which the abbé is the head, proposes, according to an Italian journal, which described not long ago the reception of the Curé of Beaumont by the pope, to "reestablish respect in families and to inspire Christians with a horror for sedition and war." It further appears from a French journal, published at Lyons, that the Abbé Defourny "calls for the reprobation by ecclesiastical authority of a most disrespectful usage which comes to us from the Freemasons, and which consists in shaking by the *poignée de main* à l'Anglais the body of the person whom it is intended to salute;" and that he "asks for the approbation of the Christian salutation, which consists of kissing the hands of parents and superiors, or of inclining one's self respectfully before them and saying, 'Let Jesus Christ be praised,' *Laudetur Jesus Christus*." The Holy Father has given but a guarded reply to the Abbé Defourny's petition, contenting himself with observing, through the proper authority, that "there is no reason why it should not be deeply desired," or, more literally, that "nothing stands in the way of its being deeply desired," that the new formula for wishing "Good-morning" should be generally adopted.

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"THE LAND OF THE SKY;"

OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.



"Follow me, then," he says, and rides into the river."

CHAPTER VIII.

"As she fled fast through sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her played,
Blowing the ringlets from the braid;
She looked so lovely as she swayed
The rain with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

TO be mounted on a good horse, to have a pleasant companion who is equally fortunate, and a good stretch of road before one—there is nothing in the whole list of physical enjoyments so absolutely exhilarating and delightful.

Those who are aware of this will not be surprised that Sylvia gives little thought to the disconsolate escort and forsaken party whom she has left behind, as Cecil and Bonnibelle press eagerly forward at a sweeping canter. The morning is superlatively fresh and fair, the sunlight is bright without oppressive heat, the river-breeze wafts the soft hair back from her face, the hedges and way-side fences, overhung with clematis, flit past, the horses keep pace admirably and enjoy the race as much as or more than their riders—altogether, it is a bit of the most genuine pleasure, which ends when it is necessary to check

their impetuous course at a steep descent around one of the limestone cliffs which begin here.

"Oh, was not that heavenly?" says Sylvia, drawing a long breath. "Was there ever before such a charming creature as Bonnibelle, and Cecil is worth his weight in gold! Now"—a sigh—"ought we not to wait for the others?"

"Wait for them!" repeats Charley. "They must be at least two miles behind. You've no idea at what a rate we have come. Instead of waiting, let us see how soon we can get down to the Paint Rock. I'll wager any thing we reach there an hour and a half ahead of them."

This cool proposal surprises the young lady, and amuses her. There is a large spice of mischief in her composition, and the idea of Miss Hollis and Mr. Lanier left in the lurch, and consigned to each other's tender mercies, appeals irresistibly to her sense of the ludicrous. She looks at Charley, and bursts into a gay laugh.

"Did you mean this deliberately?" she asks. "There never was any thing more shameful. Poor Miss Hollis!—poor Mr. Lanier! How inconsolable they must be!"

"Don't flatter yourself with any such

idea," says Charley, coolly. "Miss Hollis is at this moment making eyes at Lanier, and he is bearing his fate with the philosophy which distinguishes him. We are the scapegraces; so, like scapegraces, let us be jolly together."

"You are the scapegrace, sir. Do you suppose I had a thought of riding to Paint Rock with you when you proposed a short run to keep the horses from pulling our arms off?"

"Not the least in the world; but I had a thought of the kind. I knew that, if we were once fairly started on a gallop, you would not have resolution enough to stop until you were obliged to do so."

"How well you know the weak points of my character! After all, it is pleasant to be separated from the rest of the party, and able to do exactly what one likes. You don't deserve to have me say such a thing, however."

"Why don't I deserve it?" asks Charley, looking very virtuous. "Haven't I schemed and plotted and made two mortal enemies in order to enjoy this ride with you?"

She lifts her eyebrows.

"You schemed and plotted to escape the necessity of holding in Cecil by the side of that animal Miss Hollis is on," she says.

"Of course that was it," answers Charley, meekly. "How very astute you are!"

"I am astute enough to understand you, at least," says Sylvia. "Why, you are as transparent as—as that spring yonder."

"Which, by-the-way, is worth stopping to look at," says Charley, checking his horse. "Did you ever see as large a spring before? It must be ten feet across, and is only one of a succession. Look! there are half a dozen of them, and the stream which rises here and empties into the river after a short course across the field, is almost a creek. Do you know the reason? We entered the limestone region about a mile back, and these are limestone springs."

"Are limestone springs always mammoth? I wonder why? But I don't admire the limestone cliffs half so much as those of granite."

"I should not think that an artist would: the gray rock is much the most picturesque. —Now, here is the ferry just before us where, according to the programme arranged by

Commander Eric, we are to cross. But, if you would like to do something adventurous and altogether different from the others, I have another plan to propose."

Sylvia's eyes brighten immediately. Something adventurous and altogether different from the others—what does she desire more ardently?

"Propose your plan, by all means," she says, eagerly. "What is it?"

Charley, to his credit be it said, hesitates an instant. But it is only an instant. The spirit of adventure is too strong in him for his powers of resistance. Besides, he knows the mettle of Sylvia's courage, and that where he chooses to go she will follow; so he answers:

"By going a mile lower we can ford the river. Should you like that?"

"Like it!" She claps her hands. "I should like it of all things. But I did not know that the French Broad *could* be forded."

"There are two or three places on the river where it is practicable. This is one of them. There is usually thought to be some risk about it—therefore I am not sure that I ought to take you. Perhaps, after all, we had better cross at the ferry."

"That is nonsense!" says Sylvia. "Of course you know that I am going to ford the river. Nothing would induce me to cross in that humdrum ferry-boat. Come!—here is a good stretch for a canter."

A mere suggestion sets the horses off. They sweep forward with spirit. The road just here is remarkably good—level, and not very rocky. Hills dark with foliage rise on one side, on the other level fields intervene between the turnpike and the river. The mountains on the opposite bank of the stream are dappled with cloud-shadows that move slowly across their great shoulders and wooded sides. Looking up the river there is a beautiful curve and a vista of heights softened into blueness. Overhead the sky is sapphire, flecked with fleecy white clouds.

"What a thing it is to be alive—and on horseback—such a day as this!" says Sylvia, as they ride "through sun and shade" without drawing rein.

"What a thing it is to have left Lanier and Miss Hollis behind!" says Charley.

Presently they reach the ford, which is their point of destination. As they pause, Charley springs down from his horse and looks at the road, which, overarched with shade, leads into the water. Then he glances up at his companion with rather a grave expression on his face.

"I see no trace of anybody having passed here recently," he says. "Sylvia, I don't fancy the idea of taking you in."

"Very likely nobody has forded to-day or yesterday," says Sylvia, composedly. "Have you ever crossed here?"

"Several times—two or three years ago."

"Was it deep fording?"

"As well as I remember, it was rather deep fording—too deep for you, I am afraid. We must go back to the humdrum ferry."

But Sylvia stands her ground, and looks undauntedly at the broad river, with its swift, turbulent current.

"I have no desire to be drowned," she says; "and if you think there is *real* danger, I will go back. But if you only hesitate on my account—and because you fancy, perhaps, that I shall be frightened by a little deep fording—I insist upon going forward."

"I can't imagine that there is any real danger, but still—"

"Then we will go. Forward!"

She waves her hand with an imperious air that her companion knows well. The idea of turning back is as disagreeable to him as to herself. He springs on Cecil.

"Follow me, then," he says, and rides into the river.

Sylvia does not hesitate a moment. She gathers up her habit and follows. Bonni-belle, however—remembering her late experience at Laurel—does not like the look of things. She pauses, snorts, would fain draw back, but a sharp cut of the whip urges her forward. Down she plunges into a rocky hole, and the turbid water rises up over Sylvia's boot. She confesses afterward that her courage sinks a little. If this is "deep fording" at the shore, what will it be in mid-stream? She says nothing, but lifts the mare into shallower water, and follows Charley closely as he slowly splashes ahead. A few yards from the shore they begin to feel the force of the current—a force which increases with every step, and makes the horses totter as they breast it. For the first time in her life Sylvia grows a little giddy as she looks down at the swift, eddying river. A fear of falling from her seat comes over her, and she clutches the saddle, but does not utter a word. On they go, the horses stumbling over the rocky bottom; the current growing momentarily stronger, the water rising momentarily higher. It is permanently over and above Sylvia's boot now, and sweeps the skirts which she vainly attempts to lift out of it. Brave as she is, she begins to feel dismayed, and wonders how this will end, when suddenly Charley stops. She knows at once that something is wrong by the expression of his face as he looks round.

"We must go back," he says. "I dare not take you farther. I fear I have mistaken the ford, and another foot of water will swim the horses."

"Go back!" repeats Sylvia. She looks around. They are in the middle of the stream, which sweeps tumultuously down upon their swaying horses. She never forgets the sight—which is one of terror as well as of majesty. The distance to either bank seems as great as the width of the entire river when regarded from one of those banks, while the view up and down is wildly beautiful. Just now she does not think of the beauty, however. She realizes fully the danger of their position, but she lifts her hand and points ahead. "We are as near that shore as the other," she says. "Let us go on."

The quietness of her tone reassures Charley. He has evidently no burst of terrified hysterics to dread.

"I hope this is the deepest water," he says, "but if it is not—if the horses lose bottom and are forced to swim—don't be frightened! If you keep your seat, Bonni-

belle will carry you safely through. Cling to her neck if the worst comes. Now!"

Forward again—the horses breasting the impetuous current, which nearly sweeps them off their feet, gallantly and steadily. Still higher the water rises. In another minute they must be forced to swim, Sylvia thinks, gathering all her resolution and courage to her aid. The water is at this time nearly on a level with Bonni-belle's back, and it is probable every instant that she will lose bottom. Charley glances round in anxiety, and meets a brave, bright smile.

"You were right in describing this as 'deep fording,'" says Sylvia. "She'll swim in another moment, I think."

"Can you keep your seat?" he asks. "Shall I come and hold you on?"

Even under these circumstances, Sylvia resents this as an imputation on her horse-womanship.

"No, indeed!" she answers. "I'm quite capable of keeping my seat without being held on."

Two or three yards farther of deep wading, and then—blessed relief!—the water grows a little shallower. The horses splash on resolutely, yet cautiously, pausing on every stone, as Sylvia afterward says, to feel for the next. As they approach the shore the current grows less strong, the stream more shallow. At length they reach the bank, ride out of the water and find themselves safe on dry ground.

"Thank God!" says Charley—who is not usually devout—with a sincerity that cannot be doubted. "Laurel was child's-play to that!" he goes on, flinging himself from his horse and coming to Sylvia's side. "What a heroine you are!" he says. "But I shall never forgive myself!"

"Why not?" she asks, with that slight, nervous laugh which is so significant of a tension removed. "We have come through safely, and I have to thank you for another adventure. Charley, I am going to confess something—I was frightened for a little while in the middle of the stream."

"So was I—horribly!" he says. "I thought I had lost the ford, and that, weighted with boots and heavy clothing, I should have to swim with you to the bank. Lanier would have taken better care of you."

"He would have taken better care of himself—there's not a doubt of that," she answers, coolly. "But you and I love danger, and some day, perhaps, as the Bible says, we shall perish in it."

"I hope we may perish together, then."

"What pleasure or profit would that be to either of us? But does it not occur to you that we are rather wet?"

"Wet! I should think so." He touches her heavy, dripping skirts with his hand. "What shall we do? You must dry yourself, or our adventure may end by making you ill."

"I must dry myself—and so must you—or the others will know what we have done—and I don't want them to know."

"They are bound to know, for the ferryman will tell them that we have not crossed there."

"But they need not be told how deep the

ford was, or what danger we were in. I should never, never hear the last of it from Aunt Markham if she knew."

"And she would never trust you with me again. You are right—it is best to say as little about it as possible. We will describe the ford as admirable. Now, I think I see a house yonder where we can go and dry ourselves."

They ride up to the house, which stands a little back from the road, with steep, cultivated hills rising behind. A woman is seated in the door with a spinning-wheel. She stops spinning and looks at the equestrians as they pause. Charley uncovers like a cavalier.

"Good-day, madam," he says. "We have just forded the river below here and found it high—so high that this lady is very wet. Will you let her come in and dry herself?"

The eyes of the spinner open wide—her

moving her wheel back. "Sakes!—but you air wet—wet clean to your waist!" she exclaims, as Sylvia, having been lifted from her horse, comes in. "I'll make up a fire—here, Matildy, you and Jake bring some wood—so you kin dry yourself."

Matildy and Jake—members of a band of staring, tow-headed children—disappear immediately, but Sylvia's mind is more bent on escaping detection than on drying herself.

"Pray tell me," she says, eagerly, "have a party from the springs passed here on their way to Paint Rock—two carriages and several people on horseback?"

"No," the woman answers, shaking her head. She has seen no such party—whereupon Sylvia darts back to the door.

"They have not passed yet," she says to Charley, "but, of course, they will before

long, and they will see the horses and come in and find us, if you don't take care. Put the horses out of sight—anywhere! I won't be found in such a plight as this!"

"You kin take the horses to the stable yonder ef you've a mind to," says the hostess, coming forward. "I'm sorry none o' the boys is about fur to help you."

"Thanks—I don't need any help," says Charley; and, obedient to orders, he marches off, leading the two horses.

Sylvia watches him with a smile. Then she retires to an inner room, and, taking off her wet garments, puts on some coarse but clean ones of her hostess, whose heart is quite won by her bright face and sweet manners. Scarcely has this been accomplished and the dripping clothes hung before the fire to dry, when a roll of approaching wheels is



"'You don't mean to say that you've forded the river!' she says."

countenance expresses the extreme of stolid astonishment.

"You don't mean to say that you've forded the river!" she says. "Well, I wonder! Why, there ain't but one man forded there for months past—and he came near havin' his team drowned. You see the river, it's been awful high all summer, and they say the ford's dreadful washed out by the big fresh last spring."

Charley and Sylvia look at each other. They feel more than ever that it is necessary they should keep the knowledge of their adventure to themselves.

"May I come in and dry my clothes?" the young lady asks, with the courtesy which never fails to win courtesy from others. "I shall not be long."

"To be sure—come in," says the woman,

heard, and she rushes to the window in time to see the phaeton and wagon drive past, laden with their merry crowd. Next come two gentlemen on horseback, and then Miss Hollis and Mr. Lanier appear—the former making an heroic effort to smile as she is bumped to and fro in her seat by a horse that will trot despite her frantic tugs at his rein; the latter wearing an air of the most unmistakable sulkiness.

It is sad to relate that Miss Norwood laughs over this spectacle until tears stand in her merry eyes, and she has by no means recovered her gravity when, several minutes later, Mr. Kenyon, very damp about the lower extremities, but *insouciant* as ever, appears.

"O Charley! did you see them?" she cries. "Is your conscience torn by remorse?"

Don't you know that at this moment Miss Hollis could drown me, and Mr. Lanier could drown you, with the greatest pleasure?"

"We came very near gratifying them both," says Charley. "Yes, I looked round a corner of the stable and saw the cavalcade. Lanier seemed uncommonly cheerful. I am afraid that, between her horse and her escort, Miss Hollis is hardly enjoying her excursion."

"You can make amends for all by riding home with her—only, if she was of my mind, she would not let you do so."

"She will not be of your mind," says Charley, with an air of resignation.

The duty of riding home with Miss Hollis is in the future, however, so he does not suffer it to weigh on his spirits.

There can be no doubt that these two scapegraces enjoy the hour which they are forced to spend in this manner. There is a freedom from restraint, a flavor of adventure in it which pleases the taste of both.

"I vote that we go somewhere and spend the day by ourselves," says Charley. "Those people down at Paint Rock are all more or less bores."

"How kind of you to say so! I shall tell Alice and Eric."

"Of course I didn't mean Alice and Eric. But some of the rest—that puppy Lanier, for instance.—See here, Sylvia, do you intend to marry him?"

He breaks off abruptly in this way—they are sitting on the piazza alone together—and looks at her with an appealing glance in the blue eyes she knows so well. A tide of crimson comes to her face.

"What do you mean by asking me such a question, Charley?" she demands, indignantly. "Do you think it likely that I 'intend' to marry a man who has not asked me to do so?"

Charley utters a low whistle, expressive of intense incredulity.

"That is beating the devil about the bush," he says. "You know as well as I do what Lanier means, and what he hopes. As for me, I've never made any secret of what I feel for you. I don't pretend that it gives me any claim on you; I'm perfectly aware that you don't care two pins for me; but still, for the sake of our old comradeship, you might let me know whether you contemplate becoming Mrs. Lanier."

The color still remains on her face. She looks down, and beats nervously on the side of her foot with her riding-whip.

"Honestly, I don't know," she says, "but—I—don't—think—I—do. It is impossible to tell, however. The world and the devil may prove too strong for me. One thing is certain—I don't encourage him. You see for yourself that I snub him constantly."

"Your clothes are dry, miss, if you want to put 'em on," says a voice behind.

The dry clothes having been assumed and the horses brought out, they set forth with renewed spirit in search of their party. The day has advanced considerably toward its zenith, but heat in this altitude is rarely oppressive. Moreover, the road is very shaded—the same turnpike along the bed of the river, overhung by hills and cliffs, with which

they have become familiar—and their rapid motion creates a breeze. One fair, wild scene succeeds another, like enchantment. Here and there the winding river grows still and glassy as a mountain-lake, sweeping softly by banks that are shadowed by drooping trees and draped with graceful vines. Again it breaks into tumult once more, though not such tumult as that above the Springs, or flows in eddying ripples around the greenest of green islands. Presently the road passes beneath a magnificent cliff, the surface of which is broken into strange, irregular escarpments like layers of stone, and Charley says:

"Here is the Paint Rock. Notice the streaks of color from which it takes its name. Is it not singular that anybody could be so ignorant as to fancy that this, which plainly is part of the composition of the rock, was laid on by human hands?"

"Does anybody really think so?"

"Yes, a great many people think that the Indians painted it—at least they say so. The mingling of colors is certainly peculiar, is it not?"

"Very peculiar and very beautiful. I wish you were a geologist, that you might tell me what gives that deep-red tint. Hark! what is that?"

It is a shout, apparently from the clouds.

"Halloa!" says a voice from above. "Here we are!"

Charley looks up and waves his hat by way of reply. Sylvia also glances up. A hundred and fifty feet above, a group of pigmy-like figures stand, outlined like silhouettes

clining comfortably on the seat of the wagon. Seeing the riders approach, he lifts himself and descends to the ground.

"Mass Eric and all of 'em's been wonderin' what's come of you, Mass Charley," he says, taking Cecil, as Charley springs down. "They told me to tell you they're up on the rock."

"So I see," says Charley.—"Now, Sylvia, pin up your habit well, for we have some steep climbing to do."

"Here!" asks Sylvia, looking a little aghast at the face of the great rock which towers over them.

"No, this way," he answers, passing round the corner of the cliff, to the side where Paint Creek comes down to the French Broad, reflecting in its clear water the varied tints of the ledges of rock that rise over it.

A winding path—and a very steep one—leads from here to the summit of the cliff. When, breathless and exhausted, the two truants appear on top, they are received with a storm of greetings and inquiries:

"Where on earth have you been?"—

"What have you been doing?"—"Are you not ashamed of yourselves?"—"How is it that they told us at the ferry you had not crossed the river?"—"How did you get behind us when you started in front?"

These and many like inquiries are asked all at once. Sylvia lifts her hands with an air of appeal. "Spare us, good people," she says. "Just now we have no breath to tell you anything. Will somebody lend me a fan?"

"I have been seriously uneasy about you,"

says Eric to Charley.

"Not hearing of you at the ferry, I was afraid you had attempted to ford the river where we were in the habit of doing so a year or two ago, and the ferryman says the ford is dangerous now."

"We can testify that he is mistaken," says Charley, with the most admirable nonchalance. "We *did* cross at the ford, and here we are in safety."

"Crossed at the ford!" repeats a horrified chorus. "Good Heavens, what a risk!"

"Are you in earnest?" asks Eric, suspiciously. "If you crossed at the ford you ought to have been ahead of us, and here you are an hour behind."

"We spent that time eating muscadines on the bank of the river. It does not answer to hurry one's self on an excursion of this kind."

"No, it seems not," says Eric, dryly.

Meanwhile Mr. Lanier and Miss Hollis are conspicuous by their absence. Sylvia glances round, and presently sees them at the farther end of the rock. "We must go and

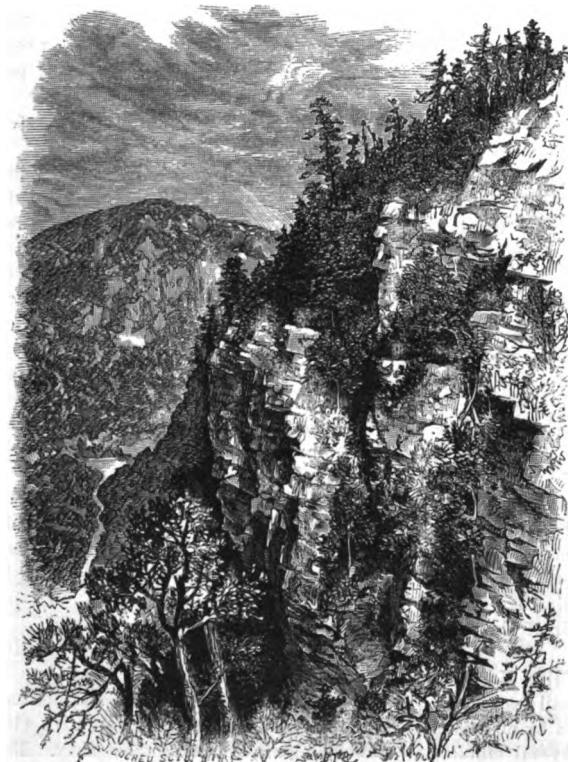
make amends for our rudeness," she says to Charley. "They have really cause to be offended."

Neither of them proves implacable, and harmony is soon restored, only Mr. Lanier grows pale when he hears that Sylvia has added to her list of adventures the feat of having forded the "racing river."

"If I had been with you, I should never have suffered you to run such a risk," he says.

"So I told Charley," answers the young lady, demurely.

The view from the top of the Paint Rock, without being grand or extensive, is very beautiful, especially on one of the summer days, when white, billowy clouds lazily follow in the wake of the sun. It is exactly such a day when we stand on the breezy height, and see the French Broad with its fairy islets, far below. Chains of hills melt softly into each other in every direction, for our elevation enables us to overlook those walls of green which, from the level of the river, bound the gorge, and blue peaks stand outlined against the sky. Over all the wide panorama shifting shadows fall with charming effect, and the variety of tints baffles analysis or description. We are in the heart of that great range of mountains, known at different points as the Smoky, the Unaka, and the Roan, which divides North Carolina from her daughter Tennessee; and, wherever we turn, some scene of striking beauty arrests the attention. Half a mile farther down the river are the Chimneys—rocks in formation very like the one on which we stand, broken by some caprice of Nature into isolated, chimney-like shapes; but the road to them has been washed away by the turbulent river, and never replaced. Hence they are almost inaccessible. A portion of our party go as far as practicable, and report that by standing on some tilting stones in the bed of the river, and craning their necks around a cliff-like projection, they are only able to obtain a partial and unsatisfactory view. Those who remain behind, therefore, congratulate themselves on their wisdom. Certainly to sit on the summit of the great rock under the shade of the pines that grow here and there, with the boundless, sapphire sky above and the lovely, outspread world below, is a pleasure that must be put in the list of those which are as great in memory as in reality.



THE CLIFFS.

against the blue sky. Riding a little farther, they find the carriages and horses in the shade by the river-bank, with Harrison re-

spicuous by their absence. Sylvia glances round, and presently sees them at the farther end of the rock. "We must go and

THE HEIRS OF THE BODLEY ESTATE.

A STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY HORACE E. SQUIDDER.

CHAPTER I.

THE HEIR-APPARENT.

IT is nearly thirty years since I was in London, and I do not know what changes have taken place in that time. I wonder if St. Giles district has been swept with any besom of municipal improvement? It lay in the track of my daily course then as I made my way from Great Russell Street to Trafalgar Square. Often as I went over the ground

between the two points, I never could tell precisely how I was coming out after I had once left Tottenham Court Road, and, crossing Oxford Street, had committed myself to Crown Street and all the perplexities of the St. Giles district. Fairly involved in those windings, I never dared hesitate as if I were at a loss to find my way out, but turned down one street and up another as if my business would not suffer me to go anywhere else—though oftentimes I found myself crossing my own trail, while the leering rookeries on either side seemed almost to cock their drunken eyes of windows at me; and whenever, as often happened, I found myself in the open area of Seven Dials, it was an even chance whether, in my flurry, I took the Little St. Andrews Street, which would guide me straight into St. Martin's Lane, or worked off in a sidelong fashion till I came upon Drury Lane, and so effected my escape.

It all comes back to me now as I think of the last time I took the walk. It was the afternoon before Christmas-day. I had been studying in the paint-room of the British Museum, and my mind had become sorely perplexed over the text and illustration of "The Jerusalem," by William Blake, whose name I see has lately been revived, but whose works I had learned to be amazed at then, upon the promptings of one of his enthusiastic younger friends. "The Jerusalem" was a strange world of Blake's creation, but the "shady woe and visionary joy" in which he declared himself drowned did cast up some fragments glorious though disjointed. There was also, perhaps, a greater fascination to me in these prophetic books that I was then a young man seeing visions; and the shadowy world, which I was suffering to form around me, seemed more easily peopled from the strange misty creatures of Blake's imagination than from the substantial forms that jostled me in London streets.

Gazing at these figures and following the vagaries of the prophetic book until the early darkness came on and I was forced to quit the building, a gentle melancholy, not unwelcomed, gathered over me, and I passed slowly into the street. The workmen were still busy upon the new portico, which was approaching completion, and the distant blows, joined with the rattle of cabs over the pavement, jarred upon my senses. It was chilly, and the murkiness of the atmosphere, the leaden dullness of the houses, all smote me disagreeably; the melancholy with which I had been pleasing myself was overrun by this outward current of petulant life—much as a sluggish brook may have its speed increased but its transparency impaired by the juncture of some turbulent water-course which is servant to a laborious town.

The city, externally, never before seemed so repulsive, and I began to feel at odds with it, and to wish wearily for some escape from what had been and still was a voluntary exile. The museum would be closed on the next day, and then I should be deprived of my chief occupation. I had left my native land, like so many American students before and since, with an ill-defined expectation of finding abroad a satisfaction of certain desires which our own country seemed inade-

quate to supply. I did not know exactly what I wanted, but I haunted libraries and picture-galleries and museums, heard music, went to the play-house, and walked at all sorts of hours through London streets, as if I was in search of the wise man who should answer for me all the old hard questions. So I had rambled over a part of the Continent, but I had come back to London as somehow containing what I was after. I suspect now that it was a sort of instinctive feeling for what was finished, especially if it had been a long time in process of production. A distaste for newness had sprung up in me from a too close discipleship to English masters and ancient literature. I had failed to discover that the wisest masters and greatest works are not comprehended until we see in them their highest function of bringing us face to face with Nature and human life.

It was a solitary life that I had been leading, but solitude was one of the very blessings which I had crossed the ocean to secure, and knew I was sure to find in a great city. Perhaps, if the blessing had been disguised a little, I might have valued it more, but it began to oppress me with its presence, and I to deplore the weakness of my inability to live alone. I had adopted somebody's notion that to be able to live alone was the highest achievement of the human soul, and that, if one sat long enough in the desert of his own society, he would surely in the end be fed by the ravens of philosophy; and because, when at home, I had at different times gone, as it were, into the woods a mile or two from any human habitation, and there gnawed my own vitals, returning when I began to feel very faint, I fancied that I could sustain myself for an indefinite period in the great wilderness of London, and grow healthier and heartier every day. So I was humiliated at the discovery that I was unequal to the blessing of solitude, and was almost ready to pray for its removal.

The discomfort of the muddy street, loading my shoes at every crossing, was made appalling even by the wretched-looking people who inhabited the streets and swarmed about the shops and covered alleys. They filled me not with pity but with unutterable loathing, and I felt, not like helping them if I could, but fleeing from them as from lepers. I had turned from Crown into Little Earl Street, and was looking into the windows, after my wont, when I was surprised at discovering, in the window of a shop devoted to old prints and the odds and ends of pictorial literature, a half-leaf, pinned on a string, from "The Jerusalem" which I had been studying. It represented to the ordinary eye, whatever a Blake student might guess it to mean, a scene of some plague-visitation. At the foot of the stone-wall of some city building were three figures—a woman, with head thrown despairingly back and hands lifted in an agony of supplication, just falling on her knees; another caught, just as she had sunk expiring on the ground, by a man bending over her. A figure in black, with hat drawn down over the eyes, stood erect behind the group, ringing a bell which he held in his hand, as if he were some attendant upon these miseries, ringing for the plague-cart to remove the

dead and the now dying woman. Upon the wall were the words, "Lord, have mercy upon us!" and it was this prayer which all, with their different sensations, seemed to be sending up to heaven.

The print was in the greenish ink which Blake used so much in his impressions, and its very coarseness of execution added to the terrible pathos of the scene. I had looked at it with awe that afternoon, but now, seeing it hung in the window like a grim commentary on the scene around me, I shuddered, and my heart sank within me at the thought of all the wretchedness which I could not possibly guess to be existing in the building about me. I, too, uttered the words of the prayer, and then, my old private complainings returning, I did not spurn them as unworthy beside these dreary burdens of actual life, but deepened them with an infusion from this bitterness, as if, God forgive me! I with my cherished selfishness were in some way linked with all these in misery. No doubt the plague-spot was on me if I could see these horrors, and yet merely make them contribute to my own morbidness. I bought the picture, much wondering how the shopkeeper had come by it, of a little tattered, shrill-voiced girl, who looked at my sixpence with the air of a counterfeit detector, and then turned down the next street, a short one—Tower, I think, was its name—which brought me to Longacre, where, by one of the narrow alleys that serve as market-places in London, I stumbled into Bedford Street.

It was just as I was getting out of the alley, crowded with ill-looking, worn, and desperate men, women, and children, that I was accosted by a little boy who held out his hand, begging for a penny. His voice drew my notice; it sounded like a bird singing in that dingy cave, and I could not conceal my admiration when, on looking at him, I discovered one of the most beautiful faces that it had ever been my lot to look upon. I gazed long at him, feeling in my pocket as though my pennies had retired into some remote recess, until under my silent stare the little fellow seemed to blush like a maiden. His cap was in his hand, and his hair, tumbling about his head, was delicate and curly; but his clothes were of the raggedest sort, and I could only wonder as one finding a flower growing out of a dung-heap, its leaves and stalk soiled, while its blossom is shining and pure. I gave him his penny, and he was off on a run. I caught sight of him a moment afterward, standing on his precious head with his heels against a pump and the penny in his mouth, as if he was a human dolphin ornamenting the base of a fountain.

The apparition of this little bit of human sunshine dancing across the gloom, somehow drew me to see other signs of cheeriness, where before I had seen only misery. The burdens borne by the passers-by proved in many cases to be good specimens of the Christmas goose, and the jostling in the street turned into a busy rustle of expectant feasters; and so, though I know not by what process, my own vague melancholy, which I might have declared to be on the formless basis of the Shadow of Eternity, came to resolve itself into a private grievance. I had no hope of

eating a Christmas-dinner; I jeered at myself for aiming at such a despicable pass, and yet I know now that there was something stirring at the bottom of my muddy selfishness—a bubble of natural, fresh, human feeling, which was trying to clear the springs of my soul.

I was standing now with my back to the National Gallery buildings, leaning moodily on the stone balustrade, and I saw the lion that stood pointing defiance with his tail over the entrance to Northumberland House; the exceedingly-domesticated look of the wild beast, as if he had been hired by the family to frighten away plebeians, and had struck his most alarming attitude, made me wonder if that great front really was impenetrable. It occurred to me that I had heard or read that the Bodley family and the Percy were in some way connected, and I queried whether I could not challenge the duke in the name of English Christmas hospitality to let me dine at his table. My mother was a Bodley, and the Bodley estate in England was a household jest with us, for when I was a little boy there was a good deal of talk, half serious, half in fun, about a vast estate in England belonging to the Bodley family which was begging for heirs, and so much in need of them to divide its wealth that an agent had come to America in search of all who bore the name of Bodley, or who were fortunate, like my father, in marrying a Bodley. It was a serious matter then with me, for the estate was said to be very great, and in our family our more ambitious requests were to be satisfied, not upon the discharge of the cargo from some shadowy ship, but upon our coming into possession of this estate, a real earth estate, not to be blown away as a ship could be. When the agent came, there was considerable talk as to what steps should be taken in defense of our claims; and there were some papers to be signed, for I went with grandfather Bodley and saw him write his name, which was to make me rich, with a hearty laugh, as if the whole affair were an excellent joke, and he had certified to the same. For my part, I was rather shocked at his levity. It was suggested, too, that if we only had a ring with the Bodley crest on it, such a testimony to our blood relationship would be unquestionable. I thought so too, and urged it most strongly, quoting instances in Oriental tales where the ring was every thing. One of our relations had such a ring, and intrusted it to this Tyrel the agent, and I felt alarm lest our own claim was thus weakened, and wondered if a substitute might not be accepted in our favor in the shape of a venerable spoon, which fell to my lot as the youngest, and upon the broad expanse of its thin handle bore the initials L. T. B., letters often explained to me as representing Lydia and Thomas Bodley, though whether they held the spoon in joint partnership or not I was not told. It was from its monumental shape like a gravestone set up to the memory of that worthy couple, whose ancestry and descent I strove in vain to remember. They alone, hand-in-hand as it were, sat upon the upper branches of our genealogical tree; no, not quite alone, for there was old Paul Bodley, who had been governor of our State,

and in whose time the whole land seems to have been measured out, for, in my walks out of town, I have found every mile marked off with a stout stone and "P. B. 17—" on it. The first one I saw when a lad I took to be P. B.'s gravestone, a view which my elder brother at once confirmed and embellished; but each additional mile-stone called so loudly for some other Paul Bodley, unless I would believe the poor man to have been dismembered before burial, that I was forced to take refuge in absolute skepticism, and to doubt whether our Paul Bodley ever lived to be buried. As I grew older and my grandfather's signature seemed to have produced no effect, and Mr. Tyrel was too busy probably to report progress; and as I read discouraging accounts in fiction of processes of law, I began to see the humorous side, and would have given a fresh signature of my own with as hearty a laugh as my grandfather himself uttered.

Recalling these things there in Trafalgar Square, I became quite merry all at once, and amused myself with fanciful encounters with disaffected heirs of the estate, who, like myself, might be angrily demanding of the existing head of the Bodley family to give them a Christmas-dinner. It would be a very waste of time to recount these absurdities. Yet, even with my added years of wisdom, I do believe that my mind was better occupied thus than when girding at myself and the world, as just before. I began to feel ready, under these home-recollections, for the world which I had been insolently thrusting aside; and there came over me a consciousness that a way of escape from the solitary life I had been leading was open, if only I were wise enough to enter it. At this point I turned, and saw standing near me an old gentleman with white beard and gentle face, who I perceived at once had been watching me, and now looked uneasy, as if I had detected him in an impertinence; there was a sort of wistful glance that he shyly stole at me which must have invited my advance, else why should I have turned to him as I did and asked, in the most matter-of-fact way, nodding toward the Lion:

"Sir, can you tell me if there is any connection between the great families of Bodley and Percy?"

Never shall I forget the affectionate yet wearied smile with which he replied:

"My good friend, there is a very distant connection between the two families; but I should not have to ask that face of yours if it belonged to the Bodley family."

"Why?" said I, astonished, and yet grasping at the rope which he had thrown to me. "I am proud of being a member of the family, but I had not supposed that the patent of nobility was so stamped on the Bodley features that it could not be effaced in three or four generations, or washed out by the waters of the Atlantic, which my ancestors crossed."

"Ah!" said he, "I thought I was right. You are one of the American Bodleys, descended from Governor Bodley."

"Yes," said I, "he was an ancestor of mine, but on my mother's side. My own name is Penhallow."

"And you are Winthrop Penhallow—are you not?" he asked, smiling at his own familiarity with my name and lineage.

"Within one!" I cried. "Winthrop is my elder brother."

"Then you are Eustace Penhallow."

"That is my name," said I, not now to be astonished at any revelation he might make. "Can you also tell me how old I am?"

The old gentleman looked at me, and must have seen that I was not offended, but very much amused and interested. He reflected a moment, and then replied, correctly, "Twenty-two last October."

"Will you let me ask you," said I, respectfully, "how it is that you know so well who I am? You must yourself be a Bodley."

He stood but a step from me, and I looked in his face.

No wonder the passers-by turned and looked with me. He had been bending a little, but now he stood erect with the dignity of noble old age, and with a strange expression of pride, of compassion, too, and yet I thought also of timidity, upon his face, he swept his right arm gently from him, bowed with knightly courtesy, and said:

"Mr. Penhallow, I am the sole heir to the Bodley estate; the name descends through me. I am Paul Bodley."

It was not so much the discovery which he made to me of his position as the lordly and perfectly gentle demeanor which he wore, that made me instinctively take off my hat and bow in recognition of the presence of the great family head. Then, unwilling to leave, I said:

"I have heard since my childhood of the Bodley estate. In our family I think some slight effort was made to obtain a share of it, not knowing," I added, half apologetically, "that there was one exclusively entitled to it."

"Then why," said he, with a little embarrassment in his voice, "did you not answer the advertisement in this morning's paper along with others?"

And, upon my saying that I had seen no advertisement, he drew a journal from his pocket and showed me, posted in the "personal" column, the following:

"All persons laying claim to a share in the Bodley estate are advised to call this day before three o'clock in the afternoon on Paul Bodley, Esq., No. 18 Northumberland Court, where they will hear of something to their advantage."

"I fear," said my companion, when I had read it, "that it was hardly quite honest on my part, but I was told that the phrase, 'something to their advantage,' was one in common use, and meant only that no harm should be done to them; and, indeed, sir," he added, eagerly, "I meant their good every way, and, if you had come with the rest, I should have explained to you, with them, what I could not say in the advertisement. But it is growing cold; will you not walk with me toward my present home while I explain?"

"Most willingly," I said, and felt even more strongly, as I offered Mr. Bodley my arm. He took it, and clung to me as we

walked, seeming to feel a dim sort of relief and shelter after the uneasy, restless state he had been displaying. For myself, I had begun to understand that I was with one whom I could not leave alone in the growing dark of a London December day, nor was my reverence for his nobility of face and manner the less that I saw myself in some strange way his guardian for the moment. Yet I have often thought since of us two walking slowly toward the Strand, and wondered which of us really was the weaker. I am not sure now, but certain it is that, if my venerable friend clung to me as if he saw I could help him, I also was leaning upon the companionship which had been thus offered to me in the hour of need; and so we went on, like the famous blind and lame couple, I personating the legs and he the eyes.

It is not far from where we had been standing to Northumberland Court, leading out of Charing Cross, and under the protecting vigilance of the Percy lion, in so obscure a way that thousands of Londoners passing it daily probably never saw it with its low-entrance archway; but we walked slowly, and, by the time we had reached the court, I had learned as much of Mr. Bodley's story as it concerned me to know. He had been for many years engaged in maintaining his claim to the estate, but it was only within a very short time that his lawyer had assured him that the triumphant close was at hand. A few weeks more and he would come into possession of the property. The other claimants had generally resigned their supposed rights, and a few forms of law only stood between him and the estate.

"When I heard this," said Mr. Bodley, with compassion in his voice, "I thought of the many who had hopes like mine, but are now disappointed. It is a sad thing, Mr. Penhallow, to pursue fond hopes for many years and find them crumble in the end. I longed to tell my poor kinsmen that I meant no evil to them, that I was not merely seeking my own selfish ends, and so I bethought me of inviting such as I knew to be near relations and most likely to be disappointed, to keep Christmas with me. I hope that next Christmas will see me in the old hall, surrounded by my kinsfolk; and when it shall please God to take me to my fathers, I shall leave it to those who follow me to remember the less fortunate members of the Bodley family in like manner."

He said this last with his hand on the door, hesitating as if not liking to send me away, and yet not certain whether to ask me in. Just then, however, the door was opened from within, and I saw the figure of a girl standing in the entrance, shading a candle which flickered in her face, and showed a look of concern, which deepened as I stepped forward by the side of the old man.

"Ah, father," said she, "I am glad to see you home again;" and, as if her concern had passed away with the safe return of the old man, and she saw the errand on which I had come, she gave me a frank look of gratitude.

"Stop a moment, Fear," said Mr. Bodley, as she took his hand to lead him in, and I stood uncovered, waiting, apparently, to take my leave, but really, I am not ashamed to

confess, anxiously hoping for a special invitation to join Mr. Bodley's other miserable relations on the morrow; "this young man," he went on, "is Mr. Eustace Penhallow, from America. His mother was a Bodley. She was Patience—"

"Perhaps Mr. Penhallow will come in out of the cold," said his daughter, and then, looking at me, her face said, "and thus you will induce an old man to come in to a warm fireside."

"Yes, yes; come in!" said Mr. Bodley, his hesitation vanishing suddenly. I knew afterward, what I suspected then, that the chivalrous old man only waited for his daughter to invite me. It was my turn to hesitate now, half from a rusty shyness after long disuse of society; half, too, from a foolish fancy which I had taken up with, that pleasure was keenest when one sip only of the cup had been taken. But, somehow, the daughter's request was not one of repelling politeness, but of frank courtesy, which made it natural and right to accept. I entered, the door was shut behind me, and, following the couple, I was ushered into a little room, warm and light, and showing preparations for a simple meal.

"I had set the table for an early tea," said the young hostess, "and was only waiting for my father. I will place another cup for you, Mr. Penhallow, if you will let me."

"And I," said Mr. Bodley, bustling about, "will show Mr. Penhallow the papers which will explain to him how he comes into the Bodley family." I had been standing and bowing, and, I dare say, blushing all this time, confused enough between my embarrassment at the novelty of the situation and my anxiety to show that I had not forced myself upon the scene. But the quiet naturalness and self-possession of the girl, and the gentle simplicity of the old man, did for me what I could not do for myself: they put me at ease and I sat down, forgot as a bad dream what had been, and opened old springs of delight, which I had suffered to become choked with the cares and vexations of the world in which I had been living. Indeed, it must have been a more hardened nature than mine that could resist the influences that were about me. There was a something in the very atmosphere of the room which seemed to suggest purity of life. The white of the curtains, the white cloth that covered the table, and on which rested the white china and a few gleaming, demure little spoons, the white rose that drooped in its vase in the centre—all this whiteness was not merely the symbol of purity, it was the unconscious expression of a pure nature, went, in some inexplicable way, to make all inanimate objects about partake of its own whiteness. I looked at old Paul Bodley, at his secretary searching for papers, and my eye told me that this white-haired, white-bearded old man, with the pleased, guileless look on his face, was in his fitting home here; and then my eye turned to Miss Bodley, and I watched her as she moved quietly about, making her further preparations for tea, lifting the lid of the tea-kettle to see how the water was getting on, shaking the tea out of a little white canister, and cutting the slices of

bread for buttering. There always was a charm to me in the very sight of an orderly house-keeper—how much more when she was a maiden just putting on womanly ways, and wearing them with so girlish a grace as to impart to the most commonplace duties a new beauty! Perhaps, after all, the perfection of the picture lay in Fear Bodley herself, her face, her form, her dress, and movements. It was her brownness—not, I mean, of face, but of general appearance—that harmonized so well with all about her: her hair was brown, her eyes were of a soft brown shade, and her dress of the same general color, while over it she wore a dainty little white apron, which, to my old-fashioned eyes, is the very insignia of modest maidenhood.

It chanced that Fear, being engaged in some little duty—I think she was spreading bread with butter—stood so as to present her profile to me, the head being bent forward. I had been looking at her shyly, but now indulged in a downright, steadfast gaze. I was surprised at a recognition, for the attitude and profile at once recalled a girl whom I had noticed a week or so before bending over a drawing in the print-room at the museum. The face had attracted my attention, but so absorbed was she then in her occupation, that I got no other view, and presently, forgetting her in my own study, she left without my notice. I felt quite sure now that it was Fear Bodley, and I meant to ask her as soon as I properly could.

Mr. Bodley had by this time found the papers he wished, and, sitting down beside me, he began to explain, with the help of his tables, what connection existed between me and himself. I had nothing to do but to listen, and I own that genealogical tables never sounded so much like poetry as when they were recited and illustrated by him. It was like listening to a summer evening's distant hum to hear his gentle voice chanting, in low tones, the names and ages of my ancestors. Lydia and Thomas were linked with their predecessors and successors, and the respected governor was buried in a single grave; Bodley crossed and recrossed the Atlantic as if it were a mere ferry, and some disreputable members, hungering after seventh wives, turned upon their own kith and kin, thereby reducing uncles to the grade of cousins, and making one poor fellow, I recollect, nephew to his own nephew; so, by degrees, keeping the cis- and transatlantic lines in parallel, Mr. Bodley came at last to myself and brother and to Fear. I heard his age and my age and Fear's age (she was eighteen), and then, as if waiting for Time to give us another race, the old gentleman was obliged to stop.

It must not be supposed that all this recital was accomplished before tea. That was taken in the mean while, and hardly interrupted the narrative, for Mr. Bodley used the time to tell me stories of the different great men in the family. They were not very brilliant stories, though they all gathered about some true, honest actions, and I glanced at Fear, who must have heard them many a time before, but she was a better listener than I, with all my studious politeness. And when tea was over she put away the table,

and, bringing some simple work, sat down to hear the rest. I liked it all; I liked the drowsy hum of the old man's voice, the regular movement of Fear's hand as she stitched and stitched. It was such a sudden transformation from less genial surroundings that I found it hard to keep back the smile that was imperiling my face even when Mr. Bodley was announcing the melancholy end of a disreputable rake of a Bodley whose sins the grave and time had long since covered from men's notice, but who was pitilessly exhumed by this genealogical resurrectionist. I could not fail to notice, however, with what charity he spoke of him and of all whom truth unwillingly compelled him to name in our family, though they might justly have been disowned in their lifetime.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

"O my good cousin, *such* news—such extraordinary news!" panted Mrs. Ruffner, breathlessly, as she rushed to embrace Mrs. Basil, who was feebly leaning on the back of her arm-chair. "You'll be astounded."

"O my poor, dear cousin Rowena!" cried Miss Ruffner, "how I do feel for you!"

"Is any thing the matter with Arthur?" faltered Mrs. Basil.

"Arthur is perfectly safe in life and limb," said Miss Ruffner, stiffly.

"No worse off than I am—ha, ha!" said Sam, forcing his "radiant" smile. "Extraordinary, most extraordinary!" And then he subsided into a corner, not seeing Anita, and left the field to the women.

"Perhaps I had better retire," said Miss Hawkesby; but she was by no means anxious to go.

"La, no; you may consider yourself in luck to be present," said Mrs. Ruffner. "Such news, and no secret!"

"No; stay by all means," said Miss Ruffner. "Your presence will be a support."

Anita had already withdrawn. She had little doubt that Mrs. Ruffner had come to discuss her escapade, and she didn't care to stay. But Joanna, for the same reason, had decided to remain: somebody must fight Anita's battles; but, in the excitement, she escaped notice.

"Is—is Mrs. Stargold, our dear cousin, then, no more?" asked Mrs. Basil, in faltering accents.

"Dead? La, no, my dear!" said Mrs. Ruffner, with that imperturbable good-nature nothing could damp. "Why should we be here, you know, if she were dead?"

"True, true," murmured Mrs. Basil. "I forgot."

"No, she is not dead," said Miss Ruffner, snappishly, "nor likely to die. I always knew that there was nothing serious the matter with her. But, O my poor cousin Rowena"—with a doleful shake of the head—"how I

do feel for you! To think what a deceiver you've cherished in your bosom!"

"Strong language," said old Miss Hawkesby, with some vague idea that Miss Ruffner referred to Anita.

"I do not understand," said Mrs. Basil, tremulously, raising her hand to her head as she sank into her chair. "Won't you be seated, and explain?"

"Yes, Miss Hawkesby," said Miss Ruffner, throwing herself upon the sofa, "I use strong language, for my feelings on this subject are strong."

"La, yes; and our cousin here won't object, I'm sure," said Mrs. Ruffner, "when she—"

"No, mother; I stipulated when we decided to come that I was to state the case," said Miss Ruffner.—"I feel for you, Cousin Rowena. I knew you counted so upon the inheritance for Arthur, as it was natural that you should, though you must acknowledge that none of us ever encouraged your expectations. I never heard Mrs. Stargold speak of doing any thing for Arthur, beyond giving him a piece of plate with an appropriate inscription; but, of course, as her relatives, we all felt that we had a claim upon her; and now to think that, after all these years of oblivion, Francis Hendall's widow should arise to set up her claim!"

"Francis Hendall's widow!" cried Mrs. Basil, with energy, starting up. "Where? how?" she asked, helplessly, sinking back again.

"Francis Hendall's widow?" repeated Miss Hawkesby, interrogatively. "I remember that, long ago, Elizabeth said something about her brother having a wife. He *was* really married, then?"

"We never believed that he was married," said Mrs. Basil, in her old, positive manner.

"But we may believe it now!" cried Mrs. Ruffner, as triumphantly as though she herself had never joined vehemently in the denial. "Francis Hendall's widow exists!"

"O my poor cousin!" said Miss Ruffner, again, "you have my sympathies. Francis Hendall's widow—his lawful widow—exists. Compose yourself!"

"I am perfectly composed, thank you," said Mrs. Basil, haughtily; but she trembled, and Miss Ruffner saw that she trembled.

"Nerve yourself to bear it," she continued, in the same tone. "We came to prepare you. It is a great blow; but it would be mistaken kindness to withhold the knowledge from you. Francis Hendall's widow is none other than the woman you have known and sheltered as the judge's cousin, Miss Basil."

"Mela's secret!" cried Joanna, wildly. The room seemed to go round and round with her.

Mrs. Basil, who had risen under this tantalizing exordium, staggered as though she had indeed received a blow; but she rallied immediately. "I do not believe it!" she said. "If it were so, why has it remained buried so long? I'm sorry for Pamela; but all of us know that Francis Hendall was wild—"

"It has taken Cousin Elizabeth time to

accumulate and arrange the facts in the case," interrupted Miss Ruffner. "They say there isn't a flaw in the evidence. If she hadn't been so mortally secret about it, we might have interfered. Things were well enough as they stood; what's the good of making a matter of conscience of a dead and buried secret to stir up such startling changes?"

"Conscience is Elizabeth Stargold's strong point," said Miss Hawkesby.

"Her weak point, I say!" Miss Ruffner retorted, snappishly. "But we've Arthur to thank for it all; it is he that is at the bottom of this piece of work, with that awkward pistol of his bursting open that old escritoire of Francis Hendall's, where his letters and other mementos were kept."

"Well," said Mrs. Basil, peevishly, "what had that to do with it? Did Mr. Stargold find the proofs among the old letters?"

"No, indeed, nothing of the kind," said Miss Ruffner. "But reading over those old letters set her to thinking about her brother's last illness, when he spoke of his marriage as recent, and of his wife as still living."

"I remember," said Mrs. Basil, coldly. "His statements were confused, and the physicians said that his mind was wandering. None of us believed that he had a wife."

"Yes; and now Mrs. Stargold reproaches us all for having dissuaded her from making any attempt to find her brother's widow years ago. We had a prudent dread of impostors; but she didn't wish our advice, and for that reason, among others, she has kept the matter so close. But it is all right now, you may be sure. She has verified every date; she instituted strict inquiries, and now she talks of nothing but reparation, and Francis's memory, and all that. This morning she sent for her brother's widow, and such a scene as we had! Good Heaven!"

"And why," said Mrs. Basil, querulously—"why have I been kept all this time in the dark? Pamela might have confided in me; indeed, she should have done so."

"But," said Sam, speaking for the first time, "the mischief of it, for her, was just this: she could bring no proof of her marriage. The clergyman that performed the ceremony died, and the only witness disappeared. Francis Hendall had the marriage certificate and all, and there she was, you see—ha! ha! Besides, she knew and married him under his middle name of Hamet, you know. I don't suppose he meant to abandon her when he left her. He probably wished to reconcile his family to the match before he acknowledged his marriage; but he died, you see—and there she was. Lucky thing for her that Mrs. Stargold's emissaries stumbled upon that only witness. Basil Redmond happened to hear an old man in a hospital tell a story that tallied with this, and he followed him up."

"Pamela is an excellent creature; oh, yes, an excellent creature," said Mrs. Basil tremulously. "I am very glad to see justice done her. But she can't expect to inherit the whole of Francis Hendall's property: she's only his widow," she added, in a tone of satisfaction.

"But, begging your pardon, the best part of the story is yet to come," said Miss Ruffner, indignant against the spite of Fortune. "Francis Hendall left, not only a widow, but a son; and that son—Sam named him just now—Basil Redmond."

"Basil Redmond is the son of Warren Redmond, whose wife was a Basil; I know all about him," said Mrs. Basil, with a positive air. "The judge, my husband—"

"So the young man himself believed until this morning," interrupted Miss Ruffner, ruthlessly. "Oh, there is no mistake about it. Miss Basil—for my part I *can't* call her anything else—had letters and papers from the Redmonds to prove it. Such a scene as we had! The young man fainted. Of course Cousin Elizabeth must know that it is a losing game for her—but I suppose she finds comfort in the approval of her conscience. I must do her the justice to say that she did attempt to prepare us yesterday. She wished to send for Miss Basil then, but the storm was raging, and Dr. Garnet persuaded her to wait until this morning. But this son was a revelation none of us looked for."

"Hem! hem!" said Miss Hawkesby, with thoughts too big for utterance. "I congratulate Mrs. Francis Hendall. I have a great esteem for her, and am glad to see justice done her, though it comes so late in the day. As for her son—"

"A clever fellow enough, and in for luck," said Sam.

"Pamela is highly deserving—highly," said Mrs. Basil, slowly. Words seemed to fail her.

"Well, for my part," said Miss Ruffner, with spiteful emphasis, "I cannot so readily reconcile myself to it. I always looked upon that woman as occupying a very different sphere from ourselves. And to think of the endless talk to which it must all give rise!"

"Oh, indeed, it will make a great stir," said Mrs. Ruffner, with unction. "Such a piece of news! La, don't you remember about Miss Crane's dream? Extraordinary! But it does take eight letters to spell Stargold, and seven to spell Basil; no, I don't mean Basil, but Hendall.—La, Jane, what time is it? The flowers on my bonnet were perfectly ruined yesterday by the rain; I ought to go to Lebrun's for fresh ones."

"It is one o'clock," said Miss Ruffner, snapping her watch viciously. "You may be sure the news is all over Middleborough by this time. Wasn't Dr. Garnet present yesterday afternoon? And didn't he return this morning to learn the sequel?"

"I've always had a regard for Pamela," babbled Mrs. Basil, unconscious that she was interrupting; "but she was always very reticent with me—very reticent. And Joanna—Joanna is my husband's granddaughter; I never forget that."

"La, yes," cried Mrs. Ruffner; "that child, now—but this makes no difference to her; *she's* just as much nobody as ever she was."

"I beg your pardon," growled old Miss Hawkesby; "she's my niece."

"Oh, la; to be sure! I beg *your* pardon," said Mrs. Ruffner, whom nothing could abash; "but I forgot that."

"I've always done my duty by Joanna," continued Mrs. Basil, speaking with effort. "I hope Pamela will provide for her, now that she has means. But I never put any faith in Lydia Crane's visions—Lydia Crane's vis—"

She stared round the room with an imbecile smile, and the next instant fell back, rigid.

"Oh! oh!—the grandmamma!" screamed Joanna, springing to her side, but instantly shrinking away, appalled at the ghastly distortion of the poor woman's once comely features.

"It is a stroke!" cried Mrs. Ruffner. "Heaven preserve us, I say!"

"Run for the doctor, Sam!" said Miss Ruffner.

"Go for Miss Basil, Joanna," said Miss Hawkesby, forgetting that she whom the world had hitherto known as Miss Basil, bore a different name; yet remembering, the next moment, that that indispensable woman had not yet returned to Basilwood.—"But where is she?" she added, appealing to Miss Ruffner.

"She is with Mrs. Stargold, I fancy, swearing eternal devotion," said Miss Ruffner, peevishly. "At least we left her there."

Miss Hawkesby seemed to stay her with a look.

"Mrs. Basil's case is serious, I fear," said she, ringing the bell. "We must have her taken to her room. What to do for her, I don't know. I wish in my heart that good and sensible woman were here."

"Oh, Dr. Garnet, he'll know, when he comes," said Mrs. Ruffner, cheerfully. She had pulled off Mrs. Basil's shoes, and was rubbing her feet with vigor, but to little purpose.

"It will be some time before he can be here, though, I fear," said Miss Hawkesby, anxiously. "The bridge, you know, was carried away by the storm, and—"

"You don't tell me so!" cried Mrs. Ruffner, in dismay. "Then one couldn't get to Lebrun's? What a misfortune!"

"We must call the servants," said Miss Ruffner, "and take her to her room. Poor Cousin Rowena! See what it is to have one's heart set upon riches. A great shock—a great shock. I hope it may not terminate fatally."

Mrs. Basil was carried to her room, where she remained for the rest of her days, a helpless prisoner. Dr. Garnet, when he came, shook his head gravely, saying that he feared the worst: but when he had exhausted his skill and gone away, the Ruffners returned home to decide upon their plans; Miss Hawkesby and Anita lay down to rest; and only Joanna remained, sitting sobbing by the stricken woman's bedside.

"The grandmamma was good to me," she thought, remembering with simple gratitude the occasional funereal rides in the rickety carriage, the unrestricted access to the old garden, the polonaise, the lace handkerchief, the Roman sash, and the invitation to the dinner-party.

Worn out, at last, with excitement, fatigue, and exhaustion, she fell asleep in her

chair, by the head of Mrs. Basil's massive, old-fashioned bedstead. It was an uneasy slumber, from which she was awakened by the grim Myra, saying in an awesome whisper:

"Miss J'anna! Miss J'anna! Miss Pamela has come and *sont* for you."

Joanna roused herself with a start. It was late. The sun had long gone down, and the twilight gloom now hung about the silent house, investing the dark and heavy furniture with an uncanny aspect.

"You go, and I'll stay," said Myra, still in that blood-chilling whisper, and nodding her turban with a ghoul-like air at Mrs. Basil, lying in a sort of stupor. "*She* ought not to be left."

Joanna rose with a shudder and left the room. All that she had heard that morning had startled and bewildered her painfully. She felt, now, so far and so strangely removed from her whom she had known hitherto as the plain, hard-working manager of the affairs of Basilwood, and the strict, uncomfortable guardian of her own early years, that she seemed to herself like one in a dream, traversing vast spaces, as she wearily dragged her way through the dusky gloom of the long hall, to that familiar little nook, known as Miss Basil's room. She felt as though years had passed since yesterday, when she saw her prim cousin go forth in water-proof and over-shoes to carry comfort to the Griswolds: so true it is, "we live in feelings, not in figures on a dial." Poor Joanna trembled as she reflected that the prim cousin, who had gone out in the storm on her errand of mercy, could never more return; but that in her place had come a new woman, with a new name and a new life; and, trembling thus, she entered the familiar, yet unfamiliar presence.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LIVING FOR SOMETHING

THE "late" Miss Basil was seated by the window, looking, except for a certain subdued excitement, much the same as usual; but, in the pale light, Joanna saw, with a pang of mingled dismay and indignation, that the bed was strewn with the treasures that had always been in the jealous keeping of the little brass-studded bureau in the corner—old-fashioned ornaments, fans, buckles, bead-bags—how keenly had Joanna, in her childish days, enjoyed the occasional glimpses chance had afforded of these hoarded relics of a day gone by! But to see them now, spread out to the light in this way, filled her with pain and resentment; it seemed to her as though *Mrs. Hendall* was about to administer upon Miss Basil's effects, and the old spirit of antagonism quickly took possession of Joanna's heart.

"O Joanna," said Miss Basil, or Mrs. Hendall, as she was henceforth to be called, speaking in a strange, excited voice, "come in; I have so much to say to you! The time has arrived—"

"Yes, 'Mela," said Joanna, whom habit still controlled; "I know I've been disobe-

dient, and I've suffered enough for it. I promised you that I would not leave the house, and I went into the town through the storm and was caught there. It was all for Anita's sake."

"Well, ohild," said the Pamela of old, "it's no uncommon thing for you to be wise in your own conceit. Miss Hawkesby and your sister have told me all about it. I hope it will be an everlasting lesson to you. My son—" and it was Mrs. Hendall that spoke now—but she paused, and looked at Joanna, half in pride, and half in embarrassment; whereupon, Joanna, assuming a stony bearing, only said—

"I know."

"Anita admits that she is chiefly to blame," continued Pamela, with the new voice and manner that belonged to Mrs. Hendall, "and I waive all discussion on the subject—for the present, at least, Joanna—" and now it was clearly the old, original Pamela that spoke—"I wish now to speak of other things," resumed Mrs. Hendall. "Miss Hawkesby tells me that you have this morning heard—my story."

"Yes, 'Mela.'"

"It is unnecessary, then, for me to go over it again," said Pamela, nervously. "Your aunt, Miss Hawkesby, is a woman of character, Joanna, a woman of sterling character. I didn't rightly appreciate her at first—owing to circumstances—but she's uncommonly sensible. Not one in a hundred could understand so readily my position—my *changed* position. She has met me at once on equal ground, and has advised me most sensibly. She agrees with all my views. She thinks the details of my—story should be known; and I don't intend to be secret in this matter. Some day, I shall tell you all about my life before I came here; but it is enough, now, to say that when I was young and foolish, like you, Joanna, I allowed myself to be persuaded into a clandestine marriage."

"But I wouldn't have done that *ever*, 'Mela," said Joanna, not without a conscious superiority.

"Joanna," said Pamela, with asperity, "don't assume to sit in judgment upon those that have seen more of life than you have."

"No, 'Mela," said Joanna, meekly.

"I am well aware," continued Mrs. Hendall, with an access of dignity, "that those Ruffners have not spared comment; but I am prepared for envy, hatred, and malice; and Heaven forbid that I should cast any reflections upon any one! No, Joanna; I trust that I appreciate my position. I've had a long period of trial in God's providence to prepare me for this, no doubt."

"Yes, I know, 'Mela," said Joanna, sadly. "Every thing is changed."

"Yes; and I trust that I shall accept the change in a proper spirit," said Mrs. Hendall, with a rising flush, and a very perceptible flutter. "I shall feel it my duty to study whatever is becoming to my changed position in every respect. I've been looking over my possessions. Many of these things have come into fashion again, I find, and can well be used. They will save unnecessary expenditure, which in all cases it is a duty to

avoid. But—my son has told me that he likes dress; and your aunt, Miss Hawkesby, a very sensible woman, advises me to adopt a different style. Still, I shall dress from a sense of duty and fitness, and not for vain-glory. For, Joanna, let me warn you: when riches increase, set not your heart upon them. I've been quite exercised as to the effect this change might have upon you."

"I have no riches, 'Mela," said Joanna, quietly.

"As if it were not all the same!" said Pamela, tartly. "You don't seem the least glad, Joanna; you don't seem to care at all for the good fortune that has befallen me, after all these years, too! I was up all last night; and yet I couldn't sleep now a wink, if I tried, for thumping of all these things that have happened so strangely, and contriving how to have my clothes altered so as to save expense, and yet dress to please my son—my son that was taken away from me so long! He is mine now, before the world. Yet you don't appear to be the least glad!"

"O 'Mela!" cried Joanna, bursting into tears. "Forgive me! I am glad for you, very glad for you; but oh, so sorry for myself!"

"I wish you wouldn't, Joanna," said Pamela, querulously. "The judge, your grandfather, left you to me. One might think I've threatened to abandon you. You reflect upon me, really. Of course you are just the same to me as ever. My sister-in-law, Mrs. Stargold, has acted in a most praiseworthy manner. The greater part of her property came from—from my son's father, and she voluntarily surrenders it to us—to Basil and me, that is; and we shall all live together; we couldn't refuse her that; and, of course, this will be the better for you."

"Live here at Basilwood?" asked Joanna, innocently.

"Of course not, Joanna. What are you thinking of?"

"'Mela," said Joanna, solemnly, "I am thinking of the grandmamma."

"Mrs. Basil. Yes," said Pamela, with sudden recollection. "Dr. Garnet says it's serious. But her relations must see to her."

"You are one of her relations," said Joanna, sturdily.

"Not by her permission, as I very well know," said Mrs. Hendall, with an angry flush. "And she has nearer relations than I."

"She has no one—no one!" cried Joanna, passionately. "She is like myself, she has nobody. You have found a fortune and a son. Anita and my aunt—they are reconciled to each other. But the poor grandmamma is alone. Mr. Arthur Hendall must be away, you know. The poor grandmamma, I cannot forsake her!"

"Do you owe so much to her?" said Pamela, bitterly.

"She never was unkind to me," said Joanna. "She took me to ride in her carriage; she let me pull the flowers as I pleased; she gave me that lovely polonaise when I hadn't a decent thing to wear; she had me at her dining; and she would have done more, she said so, if she had had the means."

"And shall not I now give you your heart's desire?" cried Pamela, irritably. "I

know how your heart is set upon dress, Joanna, notwithstanding all my diligence to inculcate a proper indifference to such vanities, and I'm quite prepared to hear you say that you must have all the new fashions; and, indeed, to a certain extent—"

"No, 'Mela," interrupted Joanna, gravely, "I do like the pomps and vanities, as you say; but my heart is not set on them. I am not caring *now* about the new fashions; I am caring about living for something—"

"Mercy guide us! What *has* come over the child?" cried Pamela, uneasily.

"A great change, 'Mela," said Joanna, with a sigh. "I know that I have been a trouble and a care to you all my days, that I can never repay all you have done for me; but, just now, you do not need me"—and here poor Joanna's voice almost forgot her—"and the grandmamma does."

"I am to give you up to her, then?" cried Pamela, stormily. "And what do I owe her, that I should make such a sacrifice? It was her fault entirely that my boy went away, and was lost to me all these years."

"He was not lost to you," said Joanna, with gentle reproach. "Is he not restored to you now?"

"Nothing can ever restore the years that are gone," said Pamela, bitterly.

"O 'Mela!" said Joanna, "you pray about every thing; did you not pray that all this good fortune befell you unawares? As for me, I know this, that God has put it into my heart to stay with the grandmamma in her—extremity; and, when she needs me no more, then—O 'Mela! my 'Mela! I cannot give you up forever!—*then* may I come to you, and find you, for all your new name, and your new—estate, unchanged to me?"

And, with these words, Joanna, in a wild outburst of weeping, threw herself into her cousin's arms, and was comforted. She was comforted, because Pamela, too much overcome to preach, could only clasp her and weep with her.

Indeed, this new Pamela, who was henceforth to be known as Mrs. Hendall, was already beginning to resign faith in her own judgment in favor of the son whom she was now entitled to acknowledge before the world. She loved Joanna better, because *he* had praised her; and she admired this child, even while she disapproved, for the earnestness with which she persisted in a course that promised nothing but hardship and difficulty. *Nothing!* Had this long-suffering Pamela then learned so little from the lesson of her life? "The child does not know what she would undertake," she said to herself; "just when she might have all she wants, too; for is she not as much mine now as ever? But my son shall reason with her."

And, soothed by this reflection, Pamela, by silence, seemed to acquiesce in all Joanna's wishes.

But Joanna was not to be dissuaded from her purpose. When Pamela's son came to tell her about his mother's plans, in which he insisted that Joanna was entitled to be considered, he found her firm in her determination to remain with Mrs. Basil.

"I live, and therefore I must live for something," she said, simply. "I am very

young, I know, and not very wise; I cannot do great things; but I can do what I see is to be done." (The little Joanna was wiser than she knew.) "The poor grandmamma was never unkind to me, and she is all alone. I can try to be a comfort to her, and begin to live for something."

"Is there nothing else you can accomplish in your zeal to do good, Joanna?" said he, eagerly. "Can you not plead mine and your sister's cause? Joanna, you must talk to my mother; you must talk to your aunt; you are in high favor now, and you ought to be willing to atone for the mischief you did us."

"People should be married respectably at home," said this proper young maiden. "But I will talk to Pamela and to my aunt, if you think it would make Anita happy."

"I'm not so very sure about that," said Anita, mockingly.—"Joanna, you wretched little marplot! I might have married a poor man from disinterested affection; but now this wicked world, with Aurelia Caruthers at their head, will brand me as a mercenary creature—why, don't you know how ardently she espouses Sam Ruffner's cause?"

"I shouldn't mind Aurelia Caruthers," said Joanna, loftily. And then she went to talk to Pamela and her aunt; and, of course, she carried her point.

But when Miss Hawkesby, whose heart was now ardently set upon having her long-neglected little niece to live with her, would fain have persuaded Joanna to leave the care of Mrs. Basil to some more competent person, she received only the solemn answer, "I must live for something." Then Miss Hawkesby entreated Mrs. Stargold to reason with Joanna; but the consequence was, that Mrs. Stargold became Joanna's champion.

"None of you can understand this child as I do," said she—"I, who have just tasted the supreme satisfaction of abjuring my own advantage for the sake of others. Joanna must not be denied a like satisfaction, say I; who can estimate the good it may do her? Joanna must have her way in this." To Mrs. Hendall and Miss Hawkesby she said, privately, "It can last but a little while, and we must so arrange as to relieve the child of all care and responsibility." And so Joanna had her way.

It was arranged, then, upon consultation with Arthur Hendall, who had been sent for in haste, that Mrs. Basil should have a competent attendant and nurse. Then Pamela's son wished to devote some of his unexpected wealth to Joanna's benefit. But in this, young-man-like, he bungled sadly. He owed so much, he said, to the good old judge, that Joanna ought to be willing to let him afford her the means of improving her education; whereupon old Miss Hawkesby took fire, and indignantly declared that her niece should never be indebted to *him* for any such thing; that since Joanna was obstinately bent upon secluding herself at Basilwood, she, her aunt, should see that a fitting governess was installed to watch over the child. "Do not I know everybody?" cried she. "And are there not numbers of impoverished women among our best families who would be thankful to occupy such a place? Leave that to

me, my young friend, and don't concern yourself about matters too high for you. You'll find Anita quite enough to manage."

"Thank you, aunt," said Anita. "You are a wise woman in your predictions; you always said I never should be Mrs. Basil Redmond."

"Well, well," said Miss Hawkesby, "I always knew you must sooner or later acknowledge my wisdom. And so, you'll see, I'll put the right woman in the right place when I engage a governess for our Joanna."

So, Miss Hawkesby, before she returned to the world where she knew everybody, consoled herself for the forfeiture of Joanna, by installing one of those numerous acquaintances as duenna; and Joanna, under this lady's protecting presence, quietly settled down to her new life, not a sad one by any means. For, though Mrs. Basil never left her room again while she lived, she so far recovered as to be able to occupy the wheeled-chair that Arthur sent her, and to prattle mildly about the little interests that Joanna, by dint of birds, flowers, pictures, and fancy-work, contrived to create for her. Her mind had received an irreparable shock; she had no recollection of what had befallen her; but she seemed, in some confused way, to identify Joanna with Arthur, and her only fear was that Miss Hawkesby would come and take away the companion of her solitude.

Mrs. Stargold and her new-found relatives went to a place near by, which they repaired and made their permanent residence. The Ruffners departed precipitately for Westport. If they had wished to ignore Francis Hendall's widow and son, they must have found that the public sentiment of Middleborough, led by Mrs. Carl Tomkins, was too strong for them to resist. It was impossible, while that all-pervading spirit claimed to inspire society in our town, to deny that Mrs. Francis Hendall's remarkable character and extraordinary abilities amply entitled her to Fortune's favors. And this sentiment Mrs. Carl Tomkins took occasion to propagate betimes, as she went from house to house, a few days after the storm, asking contributions to an ice-cream supper to be given in connection with the postponed tableaux, for the purpose of reestablishing the bridge on a sure and firm basis. Such an opportunity for a display of public spirit was not to be neglected by a woman of Mrs. Carl Tomkins's capacity for business.

To this entertainment Joanna went; and she would not have been Joanna if she had not keenly enjoyed the crowd, the excitement, the dazzle, and blaze, and the perfection of her toilet, that Anita herself superintended; but these delights could not shake her purpose to remain with Mrs. Basil. And not even the glory of acting as first bride's-maid to Anita, attired in the white organdie and scarlet geraniums, could make her repent her choice to stay with the grandmamma until she should need her no more. Indeed, nobody could supply her place to Mrs. Basil; and, though Mrs. Francis Hendall or Mrs. Stargold came for a few moments every day, they had many other interests to absorb their time and attention, and Joanna, for the most part, was left alone with her afflicted charge,

who would not endure the presence of Miss Hawkesby's friend the governess.

The waning summer changed to autumn, and autumn gave place to winter, and winter yielded to spring, and spring grew into summer again. And all this time there was little perceptible alteration in the condition of the poor paralytic; but in Joanna what a wondrous change was wrought! What a calm and star-like beauty shone in that thin, brown face of hers, thinner now, and paler, for lack of that freedom of the garden, the one great boon that inspired her gratitude to the grandmamma, who moaned and whimpered when her tender little ministrant left her, and smiled and feebly stretched out her almost useless hands in welcome when she came again. In all this, Joanna found a heavenly joy the garden could never yield, even in the time of apple-blossoms.

And Arthur Hendall, who in the beginning paid short duty-visits at long intervals, came oftener at last, and staid longer, in spite of that watchful dragon, the governess, Miss Hawkesby's friend, who, if the truth be told, entertained rather a motherly weakness for Arthur, and favored him above everybody else. For, if Middleborough gossip may be believed, Joanna was not without abundant temptation to abandon her self-imposed service. Sam Ruffner, learning (from his mother, probably, through Lydia Crane) that Miss Hawkesby regarded this niece with peculiar favor, and that Mrs. Francis Hendall still kept up the insurance on her life, quickly recovered from the depression caused by Anita's marriage, and, under pretense of solicitude for his afflicted relative, came up from Westport to pay his court to Joanna. Also Dr. Garnet, although Dame Rumor had so long devoted him to Aurelia Caruthers, offered to endow the judge's penniless granddaughter with his name and all his worldly possessions; and nervous little Mr. Leasom prayed her to share his quiet life.

Time was when these conquests, inasmuch as they implied no badly-broken hearts, would have filled Joanna's soul with exultation; but now they were more a source of trial than of triumph. "I shall never marry," she declared; but she afterward modified this assertion so far as to say to Arthur, "I shall never marry while the grandmamma lives"—which amendment Arthur did not permit her to forget when Mrs. Basil, in the early autumn, was laid in the grave that so surprised us by its shortness, proving that the stately lady who carried the ivory-headed staff with so grand an air was, after all, a woman of few inches.

"You say you must live for something, Joanna," said he, "and all this time you have been living for my aunt. So, by your own showing, to live for something means simply to live for somebody; and you may as well live for me."

And what did Miss Hawkesby say to this? "Well, Joanna, I suppose I am old, as you reminded me more than a year ago; but I'm not in my dotage, and I'm not going to oppose any young woman so bent on having her own way."

And Mrs. Francis Hendall, a sort of elevated and modified Pamela: "I hope, Jo-

anna, that you will consider the solemnity of the step you are about to take, and not enter the holy estate of matrimony rashly nor from motives of vanity."

"And I shall take care that you are married respectably at home," cries Anita.

THE END.

A FOURTH OF JULY IN SAN MARINO.

ALL Rimini slumbered as we rattled through the town early one dark morning on the Fourth of July. It seemed as if the city had slept for ages. To be sure, its grass-grown streets, terminating in broad fields and richly-cultivated gardens, are rarely disturbed by the rumble of wheels, and even the chief squares and broadest thoroughfares are only alive on the occasion of a country fair or a market-day. Nature seems to be gradually claiming its own, for the green fields creep farther and farther through the tumble-down gates, and the ambitious weeds and grass hide the paving-stones for a long distance cityward. On the water-side the crumbling quays and neglected walls induce the belief that the sea will finally reclaim its share of the heaped-up monuments of pride and wealth that distinguished the town in its days of prosperity, and now mark it as one of the most interesting cities in Northern Italy. Pilgrims find, in the stately old piazza Giulio Cesare, the rostrum from which Caesar harangued the soldiers after crossing the neighboring Rubicon; and the more devout pay homage to the spot where St. Anthony preached to the fishes. So the town has its quota of interesting curiosities, quite in proportion to its size. Comparatively few strangers, however, are drawn thither by this brief list of unique attractions, and the stock sights are not important enough to be generally considered worth "doing." Perhaps the city seemed all the more sleepy on the gray morning of which I write, because of the contrast with the evening previous. The excitement caused by the arrival of two strangers out of season had subsided by ten o'clock in the evening, and before that hour all the town-people, and, I am almost ready to say, all their country relatives besides, were talking about us quietly but earnestly. They spotted us at the railway-station, of course, for didn't we wear garments of the Venetian cut, and wasn't our language, not to speak of the accent, quite as mongrel as two years' residence among the peasants in the different provinces could make it? A promiscuous rabble had followed us up to the hotel, resolved to carry for us, against our will, our hand-bags and umbrellas. But we triumphed, for we fought *commissionnaires* and guides all these seasons, and weren't to be caught in Rimini.

San Marino was to be the end of our pilgrimage, and we spent the first part of the evening in trying to drive a sharp bargain with the army of cabmen who stood ready to take us to the republic at daybreak the next day. The "ring system" was in full operation, notwithstanding the fact that it was

not the season, and after an hour or two of vigorous conversation we retired, disgusted, to the *café*, and put on native airs by stirring our ices into our glasses of water, and smoking the long, shapeless cigars. At last the patience of my friend gave out, and he retired to sleep, leaving me to settle the affair as best I could. This was the question, simple enough too: Given—the fair price, ten francs; the price charged, twenty francs; the upholders of high tariff, the numerous body of voluble *vetturini*; the stickler for a fair recompense and champion of travelers' rights, a simple American citizen, with only a couple of score of oaths at command, and a very limited vocabulary of the dialect of the district. I had served out all my Neapolitan signs, I had exhausted my oaths, and had emphasized them by constant and rapid repetition. The enemy had driven me into the *café*, and it was a drawn game.

Shortly after my friend had retired, a smartly-dressed young fellow sat down at the little table I partly occupied, took up a newspaper, read a little, and soon began to talk. After a few commonplaces exchanged between us, he led off with—

"Is the signore a stranger?"

"He certainly is," I replied.

"Excuse me, but is he a foreigner?" and the questioner assumed a somewhat patronizing air.

"Pardon me, my friend," I said, with as much dignity as I could command, having from the first put my examiner down as a *commissionnaire*, on account of the loudness of his necktie and the cast-off foreign look of his garments; "of course you know I am a foreigner; you have heard me speak. Now, what have you to sell? I don't want to buy anything. Are you a guide? I don't want to engage one—I know this country. Are you an hotel-runner? I have an hotel;" and I answered my own questions in rapid succession.

My chipper friend stroked his green necktie, pulled his coat—English cut—together, glanced at each shoulder, and replied, this time rather humbly, and with a your-servant-sir air:

"But the signore *forestiere* speaks such perfect Italian" (the stock compliment), "that I did not—that is—perhaps his excellency might not be aware that the republic of San Marino is near by, and if his excellency would condescend to take a carriage to visit this great and wonderful place, I might be so bold as to offer him my humble and gratuitous assistance in procuring one;" and, he having here reached the perigee of humility, I was exhausted enough from my evening's work to nibble at the bait he held out in spite of my well-founded distrust of *commissionnaires*.

"What will it cost?"

"Twenty francs and *buona mano*."

"I'll give ten, and no *buona mano*."

"Impossible."

"I'll give ten."

"O signore!"

"I'll give ten and no more."

"Perhaps we might find one for eighteen."

"I'll give ten"—fingers held up in dumb-show.

"Perhaps for sixteen francs, signore."

Dumb-show on my part again, and expression of rigid determination on my face.

"Possibly a very bad carriage for fourteen, signore."

Dumb-show repeated, with exaggerated grimaces on my part.

"A wretched trap for twelve is not impossible, signore."

Another show of hands, and the young man retired with great dismay before the expression of my countenance, expressing as he went the most polite regret at the small success of our bargaining.

As I expected, he returned shortly to offer the carriage again for twelve francs.

"I'll give ten," and once more I added the dumb-show.

A second exit and a second return followed, and, convinced at last that the lowest was reached, I concluded to open negotiations on that basis.

"What commission do you get if I take the carriage?" I asked.

"Not a soldo, your excellency."

"You do this for charity, then?"

"The driver is my brother" (the stock reply).

We settled about the horse, the wagon, the time, and all, not forgetting to stipulate that there should be no *buona mano*, or fee, and I went to bed with a mixed feeling of satisfaction at having concluded a bargain, and of disgust at myself for having employed a go-between. At four A. M. the next day the same smart young fellow, with his hat a bit more on one side, his green necktie in exactly the same folds as on the day before, and his dainty cane twirling in his fingers, came into our room at the hotel, and announced that the team was in readiness. We consulted a moment about the weather, for it was raining; concluded to risk its clearing up at noon; crawled into the damp carriage, bade good-by to our jaunty friend, and rattled off toward San Marino. That is how it happened to be in the streets of Rimini at such an early hour on a rainy Fourth of July.

The country back of Rimini is rolling: the hills, for the most part covered with a profusion of trees and rich vegetation, rise higher and higher as they recede from the coast, until they culminate in the serrated peaks of the Apennines. At occasional intervals a sharp peak, crowned with a town or a ruined castle, rises far above the neighboring round summits, and carries the eye to the hazy mountain-tops in the horizon. The most prominent of all these isolated peaks is a long, irregular bluff, with steep, rocky precipices and three prominent summits. This is the citadel and town of San Marino, a landmark along the coast for many leagues, distinctly visible far beyond Ravenna, and, from its peculiar form and remarkable height, is a noticeable feature of the landscape seen from the sea-shore or the mountain-tops.

As we left the town that rainy morning and wound along between the dripping hedgerows and over the soaked fields, we could see at every turn a great blue wall of rock, a dozen miles away, standing boldly out against the gray sky, its summit veiled by a long bank of dense clouds, and its cold, dark sides

contracting strongly with the hazy distance beyond and the yellow of the ripening harvests at its base. From this distance the path leading to the top was not visible, and the town itself was completely hidden by the rolling vapor. Only a delicate line across the broad fields that lie at the foot of the precipices marked the way we were to take, and this seemed to have no origin, and to lose itself in the accumulation at the base of the great cliffs. After a brisk drive of an hour, we crossed a little stone bridge, and our driver, who was not disposed to be over-communicative, solemnly announced that we were in the republic. We removed our hats, rose in the carriage, and bowed to the landscape and to the bright sun just then struggling through the clouds and dispelling the storm. The mighty, cloud-compelling rock displayed now all its burden of turrets and spires and roofs, and the flakes of broken clouds trailed slowly along the flanks of the far-off mountains. We saw that the welcome was a glorious one, yet were not too enthusiastic, for we must think, in spite of ourselves, that it was a conventional thing after all, a job put up for the benefit of all travelers who are cursed with bad weather on their way to the republic. It was such an everyday performance on the part of the sun to come out just at the instant! A few moments later, and we halted in the little village of Serravalle, the counterpart of all Italian villages, a single paved street, a dazzling extent of whitewashed walls, a tumble-down inn, a few wine-shops, a *Spaccio di Tabacco e Sale*, and a public well. Our driver disappeared in an instant, and we sought to pass the time in the wine-shop opposite our halting-place. A gray-bearded man stood in the doorway. An impulse to interview seized me, and I began:

"Good-morning, signore cittadino."

He smiled at my choice of titles, and asked me in return if I was also a citizen.

"Yes; of the United States of America."

The republican lifted his hat at the last words with evident respect for the name of the great republic, and his earnestness gave me quite a twinge at the recollection of the somewhat mock reverence we had displayed on our entrance to the tiny country. We needed no further introduction, and from the moment we made known our nationality we were received as friends by the veteran republican and all his family and neighbors, who soon crowded the little wine-shop to listen to the conversation. It could not have been our imagination that invested these Italian republicans with a character at once nobler, broader, and more manly than we found in their neighbors, for our later experience proved to us that the Sammarinese are distinct from the Italian subjects in just the degree and kind of attributes likely to be engendered by their universal pride of country and institutions, by their self-reliance and traditional freedom. Our conversation with the veteran was very entertaining, and we were just beginning to find out that the fact of being a republican in the heart of a monarchy filled the fortunate individual with a sense of his position, when the driver popped his head into the door, announced that the

team was ready, gulped down a tumblerful of water and *mistra*, and we reluctantly followed him.

Our amazement at finding a pair of stout gray oxen hitched in front of our horse may be imagined. We naturally railed at the idea of dragging a light, single-seated carriage with a heavy yoke of oxen and a horse, we chaffed the driver about his animals, and loudly scorned the steepness of the ascent in front of us. But, long before we reached the end of this last league, we found reason to change our tune, for the road winds across the cornfields up, up, and always up—grades so steep that one climbs them with great difficulty; long, tedious hills that flattered us with the impression that on the summit must stand the great rock that was the goal of our pilgrimage. Over an hour of slow climbing, and suddenly we found ourselves nearing the small village called the Borgo Maggiore, at the foot of the great, gray, damp cliffs now glistening in the sunlight. Another moment, and we were in the little, irregular, paved square, with the hotel, the shops, and the market full of farmers bargaining for fish. On our way to the hotel we ran the gantlet of the cherry-sellers and the fish-women, who imagined us an easy prey, but we marched straight on up the picturesque stairway and into the great kitchen with its immense fireplace and its wealth of polished copper utensils. We ordered dinner and started to walk to the top of the cliffs by a broad, newly-constructed roadway, that winds to the summit in an easy ascent.

Fifteen minutes of brisk walking, each turn in the path unfolding new landscapes below us, and widening the magnificent extent of the view, brought us to the cathedral and the post-office, and we began an exploration of the town. The summit of the immense rock is very irregular in form, having a length of perhaps a quarter of a mile, and a mean width of less than half this distance. This is entirely covered with houses, and the narrow, steep streets cross each other at every angle, shoot under arches and over dry bridges, and otherwise accommodate themselves to the rough surfaces of the rock. Less than a thousand people inhabit this perch, about twenty-eight hundred feet above the sea, and nine hundred feet above the village—Borgo Maggiore—below. In the town itself there is little to see. The church is a modern restoration of the fine old structure that once stood there. The museum is interesting from the small number of very simple relics and curiosities it contains; the collection of the celebrated numismatist, Bartolommeo Borghesi, well repays a visit, but there is no structure of any architectural pretensions. The castle is the notable object of interest. It occupies the crest of an arid rock that overlooks the town, and perches with its high towers on the very edge of the overhanging cliffs. From its turrets you may drop a pebble nine hundred feet into the fields below. A narrow pathway leads over the mossy ledges to the great gate-way under a tower, and diligent ringing brings the keeper to open the oaken door. The romance is somewhat clouded

when we learn that the casemates are now used as cells, and that the custodian is the jailer of the republic. There were four prisoners in the cells, two convicted of petty thefts, and the others charged with slight misdemeanors. It seemed very much like play-jail, for the prisoners stuck their heads through the square openings in their cell-doors, smoked their short pipes, and chatted with each other and with the keeper in a very social way. The whole establishment is on a diminutive scale quite in harmony with the extent of the republic. The rambling old castle contains few rooms, and the jailer and family inhabit a central apartment very picturesquely arranged, through which one passes to ascend the bell-tower. We paid our respects to the bells, that the keeper patted with a sort of fatherly tenderness, and, shuddering at the immense elevation at which we found ourselves, forgot it all again in the contemplation of the grand extent of the view before us. The broad sea-line first strikes the eye, then the distant town of Ravenna away to the north. Below and toward the east are the roofs of Rimini, and the single narrow road winds like a trail over the hills. To the south are several city-crowned hills, among them Urbino, the birthplace of Raphael; to the west, the sea of mountain-tops, half-hidden by drifting clouds. Directly below us the fields lay like a many-colored map, and broad, dark shadows of the clouds that hung below us moved majestically to the leeward. The extent and variety of the prospect are most striking, and the foreground is the two isolated towers that cling to the top of seemingly inaccessible peaks to the south of the castle, and the roofs of the town to the north. In these three peaks of the rock is seen the design of the coat of arms of the republic—three isolated towers.

As we were enjoying the grand landscape, the breeze which played around the lofty bell-tower bore suddenly the unmistakable odor of dinner. Without stopping to reason that it might be, after all, the jailer's Sunday meal and not our own, although the hotel was almost directly below us—nine hundred feet, to be sure—we hastily bade good-by to the keeper, shook hands with his pretty daughter, and made our best time to the hotel.

There was quite a little stir among the people at the foot of the hotel-stairs as we approached. The crowd separated to allow us to pass, and all hats were deferentially doffed. It was plain that something was up. However, we did not stop to inquire, but went straight on to the kitchen again. There we found a large table set for us and the innkeeper's family. It dawned upon us now that the driver had been announcing our nationality and the day we celebrated, which accounted for his intimate chatter with the driver of the oxen on the way up—one of the family of the veteran of Serravalle. All around the smoke-stained walls hung branches of cherry-tree laden with rich, ripe fruit; bits of green decorated the mantel-shelf, and there was a freshly-scrubbed look about every bit of furniture and the arsenal of copper pans on the shelves and the dress-

er. The heaped-up dishes on the table sent up clouds of fragrant steam; bouquets of rich flowers mingled their odor with the scent of the tomato and the rosemary, and we sat down to soup and fish, macaroni with tomatoes, *risotto*, beef and various vegetables, the standard salad, and plenty of most excellent wine.

It was after the first tumblerful of wine that the landlord, an intelligent man of forty years, coached us up on the history of the republic, which he seemed to have at his tongue's end; and when he did not find the date or the name he desired he turned to his curly-headed daughter at his side—a girl of perhaps ten years—who supplied the wanting word with school-girl promptitude. And this is the gist of the information our good host imparted, and the source of his knowledge we never suspected until he produced, as a parting gift later in the day, a history of the republic, written by one of its citizens:

According to tradition, in the middle of the fifth century, a rock-cutter named Marino, a native of Arbe di Damatia, came to Rimini, driven from his country by religious persecution, and established himself at the hill where now stands San Marino, then known by the name of the Titan Rock. Little by little he gathered around him a crowd of followers, attracted by the simple earnestness of his life and his apparent holiness. The fame of the exile and his religious zeal attracted the notice of the Bishop of Rimini, who called Marino to that city to assist in the promulgation of the true faith, and then made him a deacon. But, tired of the bustle of the town, the rock-cutter soon returned to his cavern, and passed the remainder of his life in converting and doing good. After his death he was made a saint, and the Titan Rock assumed his name. This little community continued to flourish, hidden away among the hills, unknown to the world, self-governing and self-sustaining, and the next we hear of it is in the middle ages, as supporting a monastery, and furnishing a general asylum for the persecuted. In the beginning, the rector of the monastery was recognized as the head of the community; but, as the families increased in size, they adopted the usual form of government in small societies—a council composed of the heads of families. In the eleventh century, in common with other cities and communities, San Marino was fortified, and at the same time the judicial power was separated from the executive, the people liberated themselves altogether from the authority of the rector of the monastery, and transferred the supreme power from the heads of the families to a general council.

In the obstinate strife of the following century, between the popes and the foreign powers, the commune of San Marino extended its territory by purchase and annexation. The history for centuries after this becomes the record of various attempts on the part of the papal and other powers to get possession of the sturdy little republic. I give only the most prominent events of this very interesting history:

In 1291, Hildebrand, Bishop of Arezzo, demanded taxes of the Sammarinese to support the government of Romagna, of which

he was the rector. The republic refused, and judges were sent by Hildebrand to inquire into the cause of the refusal. The decision was given in favor of the Sammarinese "because they were free, and of some certain superiority and domination." The persecutions of the popes, beginning with Bonifazio VIII., were resisted *vi et armis*, and the republic gained so much territory during the strife that peace was granted them. In the middle of the fifteenth century San Marino was under the protection and in alliance with the princes of Urbino against the Malatesti. Later allied in addition with Alphonse of Aragon, King of Naples, they conquered the Malatesti again. At the end of this century they were in the height of their prosperity, having acquired all the territory they now own, and being friends with the Vatican and the Urbini. In 1503 Cæsar Borgia, having extended his power and conquests as far as Urbino, tried to lay his hands on the republic, now without a protector. A commissioner was sent to Venice to declare their readiness to become subject to the powerful Venetian republic. But their declarations were not listened to, and for a few months, or until they shook off the yoke by a popular uprising, they were under the rule of Cæsar Borgia.

During the pontificate of Paul III., in 1542, they came near losing their liberty from an attack and surprise by the troops under Fabiano da Monte, nephew of the Cardinal del Monte, but the invaders were beaten off. This century was marked also by a series of internal disorders which severely tried the strength of the little republic. Having been for some time protected by the Dukes of Urbino, and the affairs of both parties prospering in consequence of the alliance, the last duke, Francesco Maria II., began to fear, toward the close of his childless life, that at his death the republic would be endangered by the jealousy of adjoining powers. He accordingly encouraged the Sammarinese to send to Pope Clement VIII. to make a treaty with the Santa Sede. The treaty was made and ratified, and, on the extinction of the family of the Dukes of Urbino, the republic came under the protection of the Vatican. Notwithstanding their now well-established position as an independent power, the Sammarinese were at this time continually in trouble among themselves. Various petty factions showed their heads, and personal ambitions of different schemers, encouraged by the ignorant devotion of their followers, frequently threatened to overturn the government. The education of the people could alone effect a cure for this state of affairs, and just at the right moment the state was happily made heir to a property of a certain Giacomo Beluzzi, who, in 1661, willed an estate to the republic to establish a laical college. The enlightening influence of this school struggled long with the general corruption in both private and public stations, a corruption which was the result of the continued misery of the people during their long struggles for liberty, and an element nursed by the great concourse of outlaws who fled the laws of other states.

In 1797 Napoleon paused in his victori-

ous march through Romagna, moved by a great veneration for the antique republic, and sent the illustrious Monge to present, in the name of the French Republic, the most cordial protestations of esteem and respect, and to offer arms and munitions of war, and an extension of territory. The Sammarinese reasoned that an extension of territory was dangerous, and declined to accept this part of the generous offer. They did, however, accept the offer of the cannon, but never received them, through the oversight or forgetfulness of the officers charged to deliver them. The protection of Napoleon was of great assistance to the republic, but, when the Napoleonic power fell, and the old governments were restored, it was proved that the safety of the state lay in its very diminutive extent, and it was enabled to live on unmolested until 1825, when a report was circulated at the papal court of Leo XII. that the republic was irreverent to the ecclesiastical power, and favorable to alliance with the enemies of the Vatican and of monarchical governments. Antonio Onofri, moderator and regulator of state affairs, already distinguished by many services, went to Rome, and succeeded in bringing back renewals of the old conventions, and was in gratitude named by the republic *Padre della Patria*.

In July and August, 1849, the territory of the republic was the theatre of some most exciting events. General Garibaldi, with his legion, was entrapped by the Austrians at the frontiers of San Marino. He, with his troops, sought the protection of the republic. The conditions of capitulation proposed by the Austrians, through the mediation of the republic, were considered by Garibaldi to be too severe, and he, with a few followers, made his escape.

Two years later the Austrian troops, supported by the papal reserves, again made their appearance before the republic, demanding the delivery of certain enemies of the pontifical government who had taken refuge in the territory. The council-general invited the Austrians to enter and take the persons sought. Thirty-two refugees were carried away. Two years after this event the government of Rome endeavored to induce the Tuscan government to take possession of the republic under pretext of establishing order there, but, through the influence of the French ambassador to Rome, nothing came of this attempt. After the war for the Italian independence, the republic, finding itself surrounded by the kingdom of Italy, sent ambassadors to Victor Emmanuel, who concluded a treaty of friendship and commerce, through which the Sammarinese received the solemn recognition of all their old liberty, sovereignty, and independence, and the amelioration of their financial and commercial condition. The money of San Marino now had, by virtue of this treaty, free circulation in the kingdom of Italy. In 1864 the republic coined fourteen thousand francs in copper, and in 1869 thirty thousand; since that time there has been no new coinage, and it is with difficulty, even in the limits of the republic, that a piece of the copper coin can be obtained. The postal convention with the kingdom of Italy was signed in 1865, since

which date the Italian postage-stamps have been in use in the republic. The crowning act of the Sammarinese which deserves chronicling is their refusal, in 1868, to allow the establishment of a casino and gambling-house in the territory. Although generous shares of the profits, a munificent cash bonus, a railway, the annual maintenance of two young men in the universities, and many other advantages, were offered, the honest republicans refused without hesitation all these liberal proposals, and gave this final memorable proof of their uprightness and firm principle.

The territory of the republic at the present day has a circuit of about thirty miles, and has a population of seven thousand six hundred. A council of sixty citizens, chosen for life, one-third selected from the nobles, one-third from the landholders, and one-third from the peasants, has the supreme power. This council chooses every six months two consuls, or *capitani reggenti*, who are invested with the executive power. A council of twelve is also selected by the council-general to judge the criminal and civil cases of the third grade, and to assist in contracts. A body of nine is also selected to attend to the administration of the public expense. The judicial power is intrusted to two foreigners, one for the civil cases, the other for criminal suits. This office is changed every triennial. The military force consists of the body of gendarmes and the guard, numbering some eighty members, destined to be the escort of honor to the *capitani reggenti* on public occasions, and the militia. Besides this force, every citizen between the ages of eighteen and sixty years is enrolled and liable to serve in case of need. The treasury of the state is maintained by the profits of the sale of tobacco and salt—a government monopoly all over Italy—a slight tax on real estate, and a small duty upon bread and provisions. The revenues are about seven thousand dollars a year.

In the course of the long historical discussion, of which the facts above written are but the most concise generalizations, it dawned upon us gradually that the modest *fête* we were enjoying was entirely in honor of us two Americans, of the country we represented, and of the day we were celebrating. The dessert was brought on, and before we were half through with it the preoccupation of the landlord gave us reason to suspect that something was yet to come. He endeavored to conceal his anxiety, but we could see him glance at the door whenever there was a sound in the passage-way. Sure enough, as we rose to touch glasses to the prosperity of both republics, the great smoke-stained door opened, and a servant entered bearing a great, flat bouquet, and followed by two musicians, who tooted with all their might the "March of Garibaldi." The bouquet was deposited on the table with great solemnity, and we saw that it was the shield of the United States done in red and white pinks and bluebells, with the letters "July 4, 18—" in gilt paper. This was a courteous observance of our holiday which we had not counted upon, and the speeches that followed were laden with more gratitude than

good grammar. The *finale* was long, and the farewell at the end of the dinner lasted for a half-hour, and we departed. It might enter the head of one not acquainted with the Italian character to ask if we had scruples about calling for the bill. We certainly had none, and a good, fair account was presented and cheerfully paid, of course. Business is business.

On the way down the hills, after leaving Serravalle, the driver turned round in his seat and said:

"Have your excellencies, *signori repubblicani*, enjoyed the day?"

"Most assuredly," we shouted in stage-chorus.

"Then I hope *signori repubblicani* will give me a franc for *buona mano*." And he pocketed his franc.

At the station our *commissinaire* awaited us, passed the conventional compliments, and then took the driver to one side. After an earnest discussion, we saw the driver pull out the franc we had just given him, and put it in the hand of the *commissinaire*. The latter looked contented.

The driver turned around and deliberately winked at us. So we were all four satisfied—a rare state of affairs to chronicle in the diary of a traveler in Italy.

F. D. MILLET.

THE LATE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

THERE are but few persons who have resided in Paris for any length of time who do not remember the late Duke of Brunswick, that painted, bewigged Lothario, whose follies, eccentricities, and diamonds, made him the talk of all Europe. A small volume, recently published in Paris, gives some strange and new details about this royal oddity, who, the reverse of Jupiter, passed away from this earth, quitting his beloved Geneva in a shower of diamonds.

The duke was born in 1804. He was the first child born to his parents, the Prince Frederick William, son and heir to the reigning Duke of Brunswick, and the Princess Marie Wilhelmina of Baden, sister to the then Empress of Russia and to the Queen of Sweden. A sinister omen marked the rejoicings in honor of his birth. The first cannon-shot fired on that occasion carried off the head of an artillery-man. The duke's youth was a stormy and an adventurous one. His grandfather was killed at the battle of Jena, being blinded by a ball which put out both of his eyes, and he was borne from the field only to die a few days later of his wounds; and the ducal family were driven from their dominions. His father fell at the battle of Waterloo, and the young and throneless duke was consigned to the guardianship of his uncle by marriage, George IV. But the nephew of Queen Caroline was not likely to remain on good terms with that lady's royal husband, and they soon quarreled after the good old fashion of guardians and wards all the world over. The negotiations of Prince Metternich restored our hero to the throne of

his fathers when he was nineteen years old. Two years later he contracted, while in England, a morganatic union with a young English lady of great beauty, Lady Charlotte Colville. The only child of this union, the Countess de Ciny, was that daughter with whom he afterward had such a long and scandalous lawsuit. On the 7th of September, 1830, the revolution broke out, which drove the adventurous prince from his throne, and thereafter began the wandering, eccentric life which ended at Geneva a few years ago.

According to his French biographer, the duke had a great influence in conferring upon France the doubtful blessing of the late empire. One day, while Prince Louis Napoleon was a prisoner at Ham, there came to him a messenger, bringing with him a paper, which he presented to the prince for his signature. The prince signed it, and the man departed, leaving behind him as the price of that signature a package containing eight hundred thousand francs—the golden key which was to unlock for the captive his prison-doors. This man was M. Smith, chief treasurer to the Duke of Brunswick, and the paper was a treaty by which the two crownless exiles pledged themselves, the one to reestablish the duke upon his throne, and to form, if possible, a united Germany, and the other to aid Prince Louis to gain his uncle's crown. After the escape of Louis Napoleon, he had several long interviews with the duke in London, and then and there were their plans for future movements decided upon. But the future emperor only half kept his word. He *did* succeed, much against his will, in forming a united Germany, but he never reinstated the Duke of Brunswick in his paternal dominions.

After the *coup d'état* the duke installed himself permanently in Paris. He purchased, on the Rue Beaujon, near the Arc de Triomphe, the hotel which had formerly belonged to Lola Montez. There he caused to be erected the huge and curious structure which, with its rose-colored walls and profuse gilding, seemed the very realization of a palace in a fairy tale. Into this marvelous building but few persons were allowed to penetrate. To effect a surreptitious entrance was almost an impossibility. The walls surrounding the house were of immense height, and were covered by gilded spikes, with all of which an electric apparatus was so connected that if one of them were touched a chime of electric bells was instantly set in motion. To gain entrance, the would-be visitor must come provided with a pass-word, a letter of introduction, or some potent and unmistakable reason for being admitted. Once within the walls, he was introduced into an elevator lined with blue satin, which bore him gently to the antechamber of the duke's apartments. The bedroom of this eccentric gentleman was made entirely of iron—walls, ceiling, and floor, alike. It was, in fact, an immense iron cage, wherein the ex-sovereign, thanks to a dozen complicated pieces of machinery, could bid defiance to the thieves and assassins, the fear of which poisoned his existence. At one side of this apartment, and only to be opened with its

secret key, was a closet containing the gigantic strong-box, wherein was deposited his marvelous collection of diamonds. This strong-box, in itself a marvel of mechanism, was suspended by four chains in the cavity which it occupied, beneath which was a well dug deep beneath the foundations of the hotel, so that the duke had but to press a spring in order to cause his treasure-chest to disappear from view. Besides which, the closet was so constructed that, had any one unacquainted with the secret of the lock essayed to open it, he would have received the discharge of a number of concealed gun-barrels arranged like a mitrailleuse. In this coffer the duke kept not only his diamonds but his bank-notes, his papers, and his ingots of gold, many of which, to escape from prying eyes and fingers, he had caused to be disguised as cakes of chocolate. In that iron box was inclosed all that life held for him of interest or of love.

He was as much afraid of assassins as he was of thieves, and surrounded his life with as many precautions as he did his wealth. He never employed a cook, never partaking at home of any food, except a cup of chocolate, which he prepared himself by the help of a spirit-lamp. The milk for this chocolate was brought to him directly from the country, in a locked silver can, one key of which never left him, and the other was deposited with the farmer who supplied him, precautions which did not hinder him from insisting that his valet should always taste the first spoonful of the beverage when prepared. He always took his dinner at one of the great restaurants of the Boulevard, preferring usually the *Maison d'Or*. Once, when he was detained in the house by some slight indisposition, the Marquis de Planty, who was then his physician, scolded him for eating nothing but sweets when at home. But he could not persuade the duke to have a steak or a chop prepared for himself in his own house; he was forced to go out, to have the meal cooked himself, and to bring it to his royal patient, who exacted from him a solemn oath that he had never lost sight of the eatables for a moment. Reassured on this point, the duke made short work of his dinner, which he declared to have been the best he had ever eaten. He was, however, nothing of a *gourmand*, eating little, and never drinking wine, which had been forbidden to him in his youth by his physicians, his usual beverage being ordinary beer. He was extravagantly fond, however, of fruits, ices, preserves, and *bonbons*, of which he partook on all occasions without much regard to ceremony. Sometimes his magnificent carriage, with its four splendid horses, would be seen drawn up before the door of a fruiterer's shop, while the proprietor of the equipage, seated therein, was engaged in devouring piles of peaches or of grapes, which were brought to him from the shop. At other times, when taking ices at Tortoni's, he would pay largely for the privilege of going down into the kitchen and eating the ice-cream direct from the freezer. His great delight was to enter a confectioner's shop and to eat as long and as much as he liked from the various piles of *bonbons* and crystallized fruits, leaving behind him on

his departure two or three gold-pieces to pay for his depredations.

He passed nearly his whole time in the house. He remained in bed, where he read, wrote, and received his intimate friends, till about four o'clock in the afternoon, after which his toilet always took up an immense time, so that during a great part of the year he never saw the sun. The excessive care which he took of his person, and the artificial character of his make-up, are matters of public notoriety. He painted his face, or caused it to be painted, with all the minuteness and artistic finish that might be bestowed upon a water-color drawing. His beard, on the culture of which he bestowed much time, was combed, perfumed, and dyed daily. As to his wigs, he possessed them by dozens; and in respect to these wigs and his manner of using them an amusing story is told. A celebrated dame of the *demi-monde*, being presented to the duke at the opera one evening, expressed to him an ardent desire to inspect the wonders of the fairy palace of which she had heard so much. The duke gallantly promised that she should have that pleasure that very evening after the opera. Accordingly, when the performance was over, he escorted her to his hotel, took her upstairs by means of the satin-lined elevator, and introduced her into a dimly-lighted room, where he left her under the pretext of ordering more lamps. The lady waited for some minutes for his return, and, finally, becoming impatient, she began to look about her, to discover where she was. To her amazement, she saw in one corner of the room a head which stared at her with motionless and glassy eyes. She rushed in terror to the door, but found that it was fastened on the outside. A second glance around the dimly-lighted apartment revealed the fact that she was surrounded by heads, not five, or ten, or twenty, but thirty, all of which bore a ghastly likeness to the duke himself. Her piercing shrieks at last brought to her assistance a lackey, who opened the door and released her. She asked where the duke was—he had quitted the house. The adventurous dame was only too glad to find herself outside of such a Bluebeard mansion; so she called a carriage, and returned home as fast as possible, cured of all her curiosity in regard to the Duke of Brunswick's palace. This mysterious apartment was simply the room where the duke kept his wigs, and the heads were wax models of his own countenance, each differing slightly in coloring or in the arrangement of the hair. Each day the duke made choice of the particular wig and style of visage which he wished to assume, and his valet was charged with the task of reproducing the colors of the wax model upon his features.

His dress was always extremely elegant, though sometimes very eccentric. He delighted in embroidered dressing-gowns and in magnificent uniforms. Among his servants was numbered for years a magnificent negro, black as jet, and of colossal stature, who, attired in a Mameluke costume of the very richest materials, covered with embroideries and blazing with diamonds, was always on guard in the antechamber of the duke's pal-

ace, or else waited for him in the vestibule of any house in which he went as a guest. Some one once asked this magnificent attendant concerning the duties of his post.

"I'm for looks, and not for use," he made answer, showing his snowy teeth.

One night at a ball given by Prince Jerome Bonaparte, the duke's carriage was delayed for a few moments. The negro came forward to announce its arrival, and immediately he was surrounded by a number of the guests, who were curious to see this splendid specimen of servitude, whereupon the duke in his impatience cried out: "Selim, clear the way there! Draw your sabre, and cut me down some half a dozen of these impertinent creatures!"

Imagine the effect of this outburst in the midst of a crowd composed of the most elegant ladies and the highest dignitaries of the new empire!

If there was any thing on earth that the duke loved better than diamonds, it was a lawsuit. He would go to law about the merest trifle or the most insignificant sum. Once he sued a washer-woman about a bill of seven francs. A single watch, which he sent to a jeweler to be repaired, and of which the back was formed of a single ruby, was in itself the subject of twelve lawsuits. The erection of his hotel on the Rue Beaunjon furnished occasion for ten more! He said himself, just before he died, that he had squandered millions in that way, and that justice was a lottery.

As to his diamonds, he consecrated fabulous sums to the formation of his collection, which speedily became celebrated throughout Europe. Among the most remarkable of the trinkets which he possessed was a pair of epaulets, formed, not of gold-thread, but of magnificent yellow diamonds from Brazil. They were valued at two hundred thousand dollars each, and were exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1855, watched day and night by four policemen, who took turns in mounting guard over the crystal case which contained this treasure. These epaulets gave rise one evening to a curious and comical scene. It was at a ball given by the Count de Nieuwerkerke. The duke, in the uniform of a Brunswickian general, was blazing with diamonds, and had on the famous epaulets. A lady, passing by, remarked to the person who accompanied her:

"Only look at those epaulets, made of topazes!"

"Topazes, madame!" cried the duke, indignant at the insult offered to his jewels: "they are diamonds—the finest yellow diamonds of Brazil. Look well at them, if you never saw any before."

Thus adjured, the lady, nothing loath, examined minutely the dazzling epaulets; then she passed to the orders that the duke wore, and so prolonged her inspection that she attracted a number of other lady spectators, and the duke was soon surrounded by a crowd of ladies, all admiring his gorgeous gems, and causing him to resemble very much a Palais Royal window with its throng of gazers. Finally, his patience became exhausted, and he cried, suiting his gestures to his words:

"Ah, ladies, if you are so fond of diamonds, I can show you still finer ones—I use them for buttons to my under-garments. Wait a moment—"

But the ladies fled.

He never forgot nor forgave the broken promise of Napoleon III. to reinstate him on his paternal throne. One day, being present at some scientific experiments, shown before that sovereign, on reducing diamonds to vapor, the emperor offered, laughing, to sacrifice all his diamonds to the cause of science if the duke would do as much.

"Ah, sire," made answer the duke, with a meaning glance, "I am only a poor exile, and am forced to be economical. Were I ever to have the happiness of mounting a throne as your majesty has done, I would promise to be more generous—and I keep my promises."

His daughter's conversion to Catholicism seemed to arouse in his breast a terrible enmity against her. Up to that time he had treated her as became his acknowledged child, but afterward whatever heart he possessed seemed closed against her. When she married the Count de Cirrey, though he gave his consent to the alliance, he was only represented at the ceremony by one of his chamberlains. Prayers, entreaties, and, finally, long years of litigation, were exhausted in the effort to make him provide for her and for her children, but in vain. An adverse decision of the French tribunal in this question drove him from his fairy palace on the Rue Beaujon to Geneva. No particle of his immense wealth was bequeathed to the countess. He at first intended to leave his whole fortune to the prince imperial, and a will to that effect was actually drawn up. When the war with Prussia was declared, the duke, then once more installed in Paris, hastened to remind Louis Napoleon of the old compact between them, and claimed from him in advance, as the conqueror of Germany, the fulfillment of his ancient promise. But a few weeks later the duke was forced to fly with his diamonds from before the advancing legions of the Prussians. He took refuge anew in Geneva, and there, in March, 1871, he drew up the new will, which constituted the city of Geneva his sole heir. It is said that he came to this singular decision upon observing in what admirable condition the ancient tombs in the Protestant church of St. Peter, in that city, were preserved. Pausing before the mausoleum erected to the memory of the Duke de Rohan two hundred years before, he remarked: "The Swiss respect the sanctity of the grave. It is not here as it is in France, where the mob fling the ashes of princes into the Seine." Be this as it may, his will contained full directions for a magnificent tomb to be erected above his remains.

The last two years of his life were passed in Geneva, partly at the Hôtel Métropole and partly at the Hôtel Beau-Rivage. An occasional drive or visit to the theatre was his only distraction outside of his apartments. For six months before his death, oppressed by increasing corpulence, he refused to quit the house, notwithstanding the exhortations of his physician. He looked after his affairs,

as usual, with minutest care. Chess and his diamonds formed the great recreations of his life. On the 18th of August, 1873, he was engaged in a game of chess quite late in the afternoon; suddenly he arose, and saying to his adversary, "Do not cheat me" (*ne me volez pas*), he passed into the next room. These were his last words. When his attendants, surprised that he did not return, went to seek him, they found him in the agonies of death, and in a few moments he expired. Thus ended that strange, heartless, eccentric, useless life, whose commencement had been surrounded with such a halo of romance and chivalry.

It was this sudden death that preserved to the city of Geneva the inheritance of the eccentric old voluptuary, who had scandalized its Calvinistic walls by his manners and his mistresses for three years past. Having carelessly thrown some water from a tumbler out of a window, it had drenched a passer-by, who forthwith threatened the duke with legal proceedings. Furious at the threat, he resolved to tear up his will, to return to Paris, and to turn his back on ungrateful Geneva forever. He would restore his rosy Parisian palace, which had been sadly damaged during the Commune; he would go back to the delights of his Parisian life. His lawyer and his steward had been sent for, and preparations for his departure had already been begun. But, before he could make ready, he was summoned to depart on a longer journey, and one which knows no return. His undestroyed will bequeathed his treasures to the city wherein he breathed his last, and Charles, Duke of Brunswick, degenerate descendant of the heroes of Jena and of Waterloo, took his place amid the faded figures of a forgotten past.

MR. BOOTH'S HAMLET.

EACH of us has his ideal of *Hamlet*, but probably no ideal differs from other conceptions in any essential circumstance. We all think of the young prince as a man of fine sensitive organization, as one prone to philosophical contemplation and with a disposition to melancholy, as a spirit upon which is imposed a task too formidable for its brooding casuistry and its cautious introspection. We may differ as to the question of *Hamlet's* sanity, but this is mainly because the word awakens different ideas in different minds; and we may have varying interpretations of certain passages; but before us all looms up a distinct image in which we discern filial piety, warm feeling, impressible imagination, high dreaming, and a lordly disposition. *Hamlet* has his hundred shadings, his almost infinite aspects of thought and feeling, but the central ideal is always the same—a being exquisitely attuned by Nature, struck into discord by unhappy and jarring conditions.

In studying Mr. Booth's impersonation of the Danish prince we need not enter into all the speculations of the critics and the commentators. It is sufficient to ask whether it is a true picture in the leading and essential features of the character—whether it is the

portraiture of a man overcome with grief and distracted by a conflict of emotion and duty, and whether it is a delineation that exhibits a knowledge of the resources of the actor's art. In order to adequately answer these questions we must take up the impersonation point by point.

We all know the picture presented by Mr. Booth in this part. His light and graceful figure, his pale face bordered with dark and clinging hair, his features well chiseled and mobile with expression, his large and handsome eyes—all these personal attractions are commonly known and recognized as fitting him peculiarly for the character of *Hamlet*. But this pleasing image is prone, we think, to charm away the judgment of many people who forget that a work of art must be judged by its mental features, and not by its accidents.

A characteristic of Mr. Booth is that he never seems to be satisfied with his conceptions. His performances are marked by ceaseless change. Of course, this disposition gives opportunity for improvement and development, but unfortunately it is with this actor more frequently manifested in mere details of "business" than in expression of idea. He restlessly changes his entrances, his exits, his poses, his situations, his effects, but these transpositions rarely bring him any nearer a just knowledge of the essential spirit of the part. We fear that he does not change his ideal, because he has no adequate ideal to change. The character is mainly what he can make it by stage situations. His eye is forever on the audience. To do things that will gratify the superficial observation of his auditors is always his aim; but, in these efforts to make a captivating picture to the eye or a telling point for the ear, the real *Hamlet* does not often reveal itself. We will endeavor to make this assertion good.

One of the innovations by Mr. Booth in his recent reappearance in this part is to enter upon the stage in his first scene at a somewhat later moment than has been usual. Ordinarily either *Hamlet* and the court are discovered as the scene opens, or the king and queen, followed by their courtiers, enter upon the stage—*Hamlet* lingering, melancholy and dejected, upon the outskirts of the court party. But Mr. Booth now chooses to stalk rapidly and in a pronounced manner upon the stage just as the cue for his first speech is to be given. The studious and observant spectator is at once a little dashed. Where is the wistful, brooding, melancholy *Hamlet*, whose "veiled lids" seek "for his noble father in the dust?" Why does he tell the queen that

"Nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,"

denotes him truly, when neither fruitful river of the eye nor dejected visage denotes him at all? And, just as there is no melancholy in the manner, there is little sadness in the tones. There are *Hamlets* who exaggerate the melancholy of the unhappy prince in this scene, but Mr. Booth almost wears his grief with a jaunty air. We think of the profound sorrow which "passeth show," and wonder by what signs Mr. Booth imagines that he

portrays it. Absolutely, instead of the "melancholy," the "tender," the weak and musing *Hamlet*, one sees clearly enough that this emphatic, straightforward gentleman would make quick work with whoever opposed him.

Do those who discover so much excellence in Mr. Booth's personation know how the soliloquy that follows this scene ought to be delivered? Should it be a piece of school-boy declamation, or the outpouring of one weighted with grief, and filled with indignation at an outrage upon his father's memory? A soliloquy is the musing of the heart. It is spoken aloud as a dramatic necessity, not as a natural fact. The auditor hears it, but the actor should be unconscious of this, and utter only as he feels—sometimes musingly, sometimes hesitatingly, sometimes as if he brooded over the thought, sometimes with a rush and explosion of feeling. Now, it seems to us that neither in conception of how a soliloquy should be read, nor of what profound agitation is stirring *Hamlet's* heart, nor of the shades of meaning expressed in the language, does Mr. Booth show a master's skill in this speech. From the opening line—

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!"

to the close, there seems to us little more than the hurried movement of a not very well-trained elocutionist. Of course, there are some good points, and the sympathetic auditors applaud. But there is little thought or true feeling. The language is not shaped and chiseled into sharply-defined meaning as if by a master, and the sentiment suffers in proportion. It is simply impossible to explain or describe how at times Mr. Booth gallops over his sentences in a wholesale disregard of those shades of meaning and niceties of expression that make up the charm of good reading. He is very deficient in pause, which, rightly used, adds effect and impressiveness to the thought. He has the habit of throwing his emphasis upon insignificant words in one line, and running over the next in a level monotone that empties it of all its character. Why should he say—

"How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world?"

What has *of* to do with the expression of the idea in this line? Why should he say—

"... with which she followed *my* poor father's body,"

when no other father's body could possibly be under consideration? But Mr. Booth has an amazing fondness for pronouns, and rarely fails to throw his emphasis upon them. He, without an altogether false, but by an imperfect reading, misleads his auditors in the line—

"It is not, nor it cannot *come* to good,"

who, by the accentuation of "come," are perplexed to know why it should be a question of *come* or *go*. What is needed here is, with contrasted inflections, a full antithetical emphasis on "is"—meaning "It *is* not good, and it cannot *come* to good."

We give these few instances of the tendency on the part of this actor to lose possession of his author's meaning, but in many cases this arises not so much because of

false emphasis as of gliding over sentences without those inflections and accentuations, that exquisite management of light and shade, by which the meaning is, as it were, illuminated.

The scene with *Horatio*, *Marcellus*, and *Bernardo*, that follows this soliloquy, is very good. Mr. Booth is always better in dialogue than in soliloquy. Clear, direct, definite, profound thinking is not his *forte*; but the arts of the stage serve him very well indeed in all scenes where there is action and interplay. He reads that sort of test-line—

"My father—methinks I see my father"—

excellently well—it is rarely, if ever, done better; and thoroughly good is that which follows—"In my mind's eye, *Horatio*"—a sentence so often given with a wholly inadequate accent. He turns toward *Horatio* at his excited question—"Where, my lord?"—and, with a surprised but yet explanatory inflection, says that the vision he sees is wholly of mental creation—doing this with a fine emphasis and expression. The response of "Saw who?" to *Horatio's* "I think I saw him yesternight," is wrong. Some actors make an ado here—this also is wrong. *Hamlet* has no conception of *Horatio's* meaning, but he does see that something is meant. Mr. Booth's off-hand, indifferent "Saw who?" is an affectation of realism and is not supported by the context. *Horatio's* remark, if understood rightly, conveys a startling assertion; that he could not understand him rightly was *Hamlet's* prompt surmise, and hence the wondering, perplexed response, "Saw!" That is—"What is it you say?" "Who?" That is—"It cannot be that I heard aright; whom do you mean?"

We dwell here upon these few minor circumstances because they have their significance. We repeat that altogether this interview is well done, exhibiting as a whole an excellent command over the resources of dramatic art.

In the ghost-scene recur similar merits and defects. The wonder is that Mr. Booth cannot "prosperously deliver himself" of a number of successive lines. One may often quarrel with his utterance of single lines, but yet throughout the play his great force lies in these. In the soliloquy the language is commonly turned on as by a faucet. There is, of course, a partial grasp and expression, but never complete mastery—rarely an utterance that shows subjective insight, or that sort of art that subordinates the declamation to the thought.

In his speech at the sight of the ghost there is, it is true, passionate earnestness, yet it is too manufactured and external, as it were—too little as if his heart were bent upon wringing from the spirit before him a response. "Oh, answer me!" in his hands is rather declamation than a cry of appeal. There is, however, effective "business" in the scene, and if the ear craves a better rendition of the lines, the eye is filled with a striking dramatic picture.

The ghost is heard; the ghost departs; and now comes a significant scene—that is, as Shakespeare wrote it, but scarcely as the actors act it. Mr. Booth at one time re-

stored some part of the dialogue excised here in the usual stage versions, but has now returned to the emasculated edition, which casts out just that portion that is of psychological value in the rendition of the scene.

Intense feeling is prone to react toward hysterical mirth. There are agonies that are beyond expression—the heart oppressed to suffocation by the weight of feeling, and the brain crazed by a tumult of thought, find their best vent in some violent and feverish opposite. The words addressed by *Hamlet* to the unseen ghost when calling upon *Horatio* and *Marcellus* to swear to secrecy, are to be explained by this theory. The ribald looseness of

"Art thou there, truepenny?"

Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellarage—"and

"Well said, old mole! canst work i' the ground so fast?"

shocks only those who do not see in these out-breaks signs, not of irreverence, but of an intense reaction against overwhelming horrors. No actor seems to have understood the significance of these passages, and hence they have usually been omitted on the stage. Even when Mr. Booth in former times spoke them he did not seem to feel all that they mean. To our mind the "wild and whirling words" throughout this scene are not assumed, have no deliberate purpose, are not meant by *Hamlet* to confound or confuse his listeners, but are simply the incoherent utterances of a man whose emotions are too profound to be trusted to customary forms of expression.

And here begins that fever of the brain which hangs about the man ever afterward, which some have pronounced insanity and others the assumption solely of an "artistic disposition." This fever, this hysterical wildness, this intense feeling that can only find expression by abnormal methods, and in words wholly foreign to the subject, this phase of emotion has never, we are right in saying if we may judge from the records, been expressed on the stage. The psychological *Hamlet* is yet to arise. And this *Hamlet*, when he comes, will master the character not by analysis but by synthesis. No man can get at this wonderful creation by logical processes. He must know what *Hamlet* is by being *Hamlet*, by subjectively feeling and knowing all his wayward impulses, his imaginative fancies, his philosophical brooding. He may not philosophically know that, not what is called consistency, but what is called inconsistency, is the rule of Nature and human character; but he must instinctively act upon this principle, and interpret by that great inward light whose authority is paramount.

It must be conceded that Mr. Booth acts the interplay with *Horatio*, *Marcellus*, and the ghost, very well indeed, as the stage *Hamlet* goes. We do not know that we have seen it better done. There are good pictures, effective touches, and a satisfaction to the eye, if not a complete one for the mind. We are glad to see that he does not adopt the stage-version of the scene which distinguishes between *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, delivering the lines—

"For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster it as you may!"—

to *Marcellus*, as if it were a matter between himself and *Horatio* that should not be pried into by the other. This wholly unsupported notion is not sustained by Mr. Booth, as it ought not to be sustained by one capable of interpreting a plain matter rightly.

We come now to the second act. Throughout the scenes therein we fail to discern in Mr. Booth the *Hamlet* weighted with a profound mystery, distracted by a whirl of doubts and apprehensions, who finds relief from the burden of his heart by wild and feverish utterances. Few *Hamlets* ever get an "antic disposition" on at all, but Mr. Booth's erratic demeanor is one of mirth simply and purely. He is light-hearted, not wild-brained. He is jovial with *Rosencrantz*, *Guildestern*, and *Polonius*, not fitful with a strange fever. He gives little sign of the weight he carries in his bosom, except at the moments when the text requires him to fall into the mood. There is no show of repressed grief; no unwary sighs escape from him; his comedy is not a mask; he is not *Hamlet*, but a very good comedy gentleman playing pranks upon his friends. We must say that he plays these pranks in a good stage-fashion. He knows how to titillate with bits of effect. His comment, "My uncle is King of Denmark; and those that would make mowes at him while my father lived give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a piece for his picture in little," is prompted by seeing miniatures of the king worn by *Rosencrantz* and *Guildestern*; and this is a good trifle. His notion of addressing as an aside to *Rosencrantz*, "I am but mad north-north-west," is done for the sake of making a good stage-picture, but is not justified by the text, and is wholly wrong. All through this scene we detect the actor who has a thorough command of the stage, but not one who has thorough command of the ideal he is attempting to portray—whose *Hamlet* here is light and childish rather than profound, which rarely seems to be really burdened, shadowed with a great mystery, and seeking to hide the wound in the breast by forced and fantastic mirth.

Really absurd, for which we must hold Mr. Booth accountable, is the idea of *Polonius* addressing to the player, after the "passionate speech," the words, "Look, whether he has not turned his color, and has tears in his eyes!—Pray you, no more," instead of to *Hamlet*, to whom it was obviously made. What possible concern could *Polonius* feel in the fact that the player was effectively simulating the passion of the speech that he was delivering? It is because the prince is so visibly affected by the passion of the player that the garrulous but ever-watchful old man would check it. This view is fully sustained by *Hamlet's* passionate outburst that occurs a few moments later, in which we see how intensely the player's speech had stirred his soul to its depths.

It would really seem as if the significance and matter of this tremulous soliloquy were patent on its face. *Hamlet* is overcome by the simulated passion of the player, and is eager to escape to himself. He hastily but not uncourtously dismisses *Rosencrantz*,

Guildestern, and *Polonius*; he retains the player for a moment to ask a question or two and then dismisses him—and these questions arise from feelings stirred by the address—bids the player follow the rest, and then exclaiming, "Now I am alone," gives the pent-up passions of his heart relief in a torrent of words.

We must pronounce Mr. Booth's utterance of this speech the most signal failure of his personation. He approaches it lightly, with no foreshowing, with no indication of the tumult surging in his heart. He shakes his finger at *Rosencrantz* and *Guildestern*; he is jocose even with the player; he idles; he is amused; he shows here, indeed, as he does on some other occasions, a want of dignity as well as a lack of feeling; and, when at last he speaks, he exhibits very little of the wild passion that the lines so powerfully express.

Look at the language. Recall the scene. Remember what has occurred to work up *Hamlet's* emotions, and hear him exclaim:

"Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so as to his own conceit,"

and so on in like vein:

"... What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have?"

Then he fiercely upbraids himself, bitterly asks if he is a coward; then, with wild vehemence, bursts into a tremendous denunciation of his uncle:

"... Bloody, bawdy, villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless, villain!"

A moment later he partially recovers his self-possession, and denounces himself for "unpacking his heart with words," and "falling a cursing like a very drab."

Unpacking his heart with words! This is the clew to the passionate outbreak. It is the one occasion during the whole play that the overwrought heart finds this vent. Better for *Hamlet* had it been oftener. The heart that forever sits brooding over a wrong is sure to go distraught. But Mr. Booth does not unpack his heart. He does not show us one freighted with feeling that needs must deliver itself through the vehemence of words. This speech can scarcely be uttered with an excess of frenzy. The man's whole volume of grief here rushes into expression. There is no reserve. There is no moderation. There is a tumult that in the actor's hands should be limited only by those laws of art by which effect is not destroyed by extravagance. It is something, indeed, that if rightly done would tax the full measure of an actor's power and of his art, and yet no art could compass it. It is here that genius must reveal itself if the requisite reach of feeling and overpowering passion is to be attained at all.

We have now reached the third act, when arises the perplexed question of *Hamlet's* sanity. But we have already occupied as much space as can be spared in one number of the *JOURNAL* for this subject, and must hence postpone the rest of our remarks until next week.

A TRIP IN CLOUD-LAND.

ABOVE and around us is a vast realm, governed by good old King Nobody, and guarded only by his faithful servant, Sir Attraction-Gravitation—an aged but valiant and still most potent warrior. And, although the birds are always made welcome guests by this unseen monarch, man's overtures have ever been met with suspicion and resisted. So that, since hostilities have been declared, there have been numerous incursions thitherward by the sons of men. Unequal, as these conquests were, the champion and defender of the king and his domains, doughty Sir Attraction—fighting single-handed as he did against organized bands and great odds—came off the victor in so many of the early encounters that (being a pretty good-natured fellow) he was made generous by his success; and, seeing by the persistency and ingenuity of the incursionists that they were exceeding anxious to enjoy the territory, the king and he felt complimented rather than otherwise. The crown-jewels—among them being the famous sunstone and moonstone, both gems of extraordinary brilliancy and purity—were set firmly in the vast dome of the king's palace, far above the reach of any mortal; and having no other belongings of which they were afraid of being robbed, it was mutually agreeable to permit the lordlings of the earth to roam at will in the lower departments of the realm. But to pass beyond the lines fixed by the king was certain death, for Sir Attraction stationed his watchdog Rare Atmosphere to keep an eye on the boundaries, and when some lawless fellows have dared to trespass they have been pounced upon and slain by this beast, and then have been thrown back among their fellows, terrible examples of the fate awaiting all trespassers.

A trip in a balloon! Why, the mere thought of it, even to one who has never been "up," brings a flood of pleasing and ennobling sensations. For who has not envied the eagle his power to skim the tree-tops, to hover above Niagara, to circle mountain-peaks, to poise himself aloft and survey creation, or to mount straight upward and gaze at the sun?

So, considering all these points, the delights of a balloon-voyage appear so various and so complicated in their nature that I hardly know where to begin in the enumeration of them. The best general summary of these delights that I am capable of is this: a sense of triumph, a sense of calm satisfaction with one's self which is far removed from conceit, and a sense of the very best of good-will toward all created things—in short, all that goes to make up what the philosophers call perfect pleasure.

Probably the finest balloon-voyage for pleasure ever made was that when a party of five journalists, representing the principal morning papers of the metropolis, rose from Madison Square, New York, one calm summer afternoon, in the stanch air-ship *Barnum*; captain, Washington H. Donaldson. It was the writer's good fortune to be a member of the party. The course the winds willed we

should take lay over what is acknowledged to be the finest scenery in America, being along the Hudson as far as Fishkill; thence back into the country, striking the river again at Hudson; thence across the Catskills near the Mountain-House, and so on up to Saratoga, where the final landing was made. We were in the air twenty-six hours—a plump night and day.

Never can I forget that summer night. Sailing out over the Hudson a few miles below West Point, we remained above its waters at a height of perhaps two hundred feet more than an hour, slowly coursing to the north. The mellow rays of a full moon lighted up our pathway. Beneath us a boat bearing an excursion-party was breasting the current. It looked to be a fairy craft. The sound of merry voices and laughter, toned down by the distance to a sweet, gentle murmur, was wafted up to us. Every few minutes a string-band aboard the boat rasped out a tune, which to our ears was divinest harmony; for to us then the hoarse din of a battle, or the dull repetitious clang of a boiler-shop, would have had all the charms of a melody. One minute our car would be rubbing against the wens on Anthony's Nose, and the next we would be sailing placidly over the mid-current. Here it was that I felt perfect peace and joy; and with these feelings was curiously combined a sort of intoxication, which, unlike other intoxications, was followed by no painful penalty, except perhaps of sorrow that it had gone.

Strange what a brotherhood sprang up between us! We were total strangers to one another an hour before the starting. We were rough fellows, too, such as the varied life of a reporter on the daily press tends to make men. Yet we were brothers in heart and soul ten minutes after the balloon's leashes were cast off. F—— took a perilous perch on the edge of the basket. McK—— no sooner saw it than, in tones soft as a woman's and earnest with heartfelt solicitude, he begged this friend of an hour to descend to a safer level.

Such a wonderful sunrise as that which burst on us on the morning of the 25th is seldom seen. The balloon had been sailing low in a valley, to the east of a steep hill, whose top towered several hundred feet above us. A little village beneath us, which snuggled cozily in an angle formed by the meeting of two small streams, was dim under the mists of early morning and the shadows of the hills. There were no signs of the approach of day in the sky. It was desirable to rise over the high hill to the east, and ballast was thrown out for the purpose. The balloon shot up like an arrow. The instant we passed the level of the summit, we saw the sun peeping up at us over the shoulder of a distant mountain. It was full and round, and came in sight within the fraction of a second. The phenomenon of sunrise was reversed; we rose on the sun. But this was not a glorious sun that we saw, fresh and rosy as a summer's sun should be. He was heavy and dull—as it were, bleary-eyed—and blurred as if he had spent most of the night in enervating revelry, and had only just been roused from a brief doze un-

der somebody's table, and wanted to drop down again and have the nap out. That he was in a very bad humor about something seemed certain. But none of this proved to be his fault. The enemies that put him in this sorry plight, and came so near destroying our good opinion of him as an industrious, sober fellow, were clouds of vapor that rose from the intervening Hudson and floated in dense masses in front of him. He was not slow to recognize his peril; and, fighting as a wronged man always fights, and using his ardor with great advantage (a thing which few people have the knack of doing), he soon so completely routed his foes that after half an hour no trace of them could be discovered.

And when a few hours thereafter we soared two miles above the Catskills, what a grand sense of freedom came over us and wrapped us as in fine robes and ermine! We were absolute lords of the domain; if not, pray who were? Beyond the reach of all law (not to say that law is a thing for the riddance from which God is to be thanked), we triumphed in knowing that neither man nor any of man's inventions could avail against us. Indeed, there could be no more perfect freedom than was ours, albeit we were confined within the narrow limits of a basket eight feet by three and a half.

Toward nightfall there were thrilling experiences that made the blood leap. A high wind sprang up, and carried the balloon along at prodigious speed. We could not distinguish objects on the earth. The long drag-rope was out, and the end of it became fast around a limb of a tree. The balloon was brought up with a shock that nearly overturned the basket, and it took all our strength to keep from falling. The rope groaned under the strain. The gas-bag was like a huge leviathan in a net. It writhed, twisted, pushed this way and that, gathered into a ball, and sprang fiercely out. The loose cloth around the mouth would suck up, till half the netting hung empty, and then fold after fold would dart out and back with all the angry menace of a serpent's tongue. The rope kept on groaning and grinding against the edge of the basket. There were doubts if the basket would long stand the strain; but it was made of tough willow and bamboo, cunningly interwoven, and gave no signs of breaking.

The struggle was short. The branch that held the rope snapped, and we were free. And how, as a thing of life, the balloon seemed to rejoice in her recovered freedom! First, there was a quick leap forward, that threw us off our feet, and cast the great drag-rope (three hundred feet long) about like a whip-lash. Then came a succession of steady jumps and a pleasant, oscillating motion, until we steadied down to the velocity of the wind.

I enjoyed all this profoundly. Does the reader doubt the truthfulness of this assertion? This is perhaps but natural, yet I solemnly declare that I was not afraid, and gathered pleasure from the scene. Just as a sympathetic man may become so interested in a deadly battle between voracious beasts that, forgetting self, he draws nigher and nigher, until he is himself in danger, so I was

entranced by that contest up there in the clouds.

I find I am unable to do more than glance at the subject. A score of delights remain unmentioned, chief among which, after some other sensations similar to those already described, is the curious appearance which the landscape assumes. The forests, cut into at one point and another by the axe of the woodman, presented to us from our shifting perch in the air all sorts of grotesque figures: in one place we saw a pair of eye-glasses, the glasses represented by two dabs of woodland, and the connecting bridge by a creek running from one to the other; in another, a gigantic boot, shaped by cuttings on a forest, with every curve as true as if it had been fashioned by one of the "anatomical" boot-makers of the period. When seen from a vast height, the earth appeared to be dressed in a robe of dark green, shaded to a deeper hue here and there by cloudlets floating beneath the sun, and garnished all over with bright penciling, sometimes silvery and sometimes golden, of the innumerable rivers and creeks. And as there are said to be no distinctions of class in heaven, so we could discern no difference between the dashing streamlet that has its source in the mountains, with its clean, pebbly bottom and pure waters, and its laggard neighbor, dragging its noisome length between environments of sticky ooze, that hails from the swamps.

There was at no time any feeling of unsteadiness or uncertainty of foothold, like that which comes over one when toiling on the sea in a ship or boat. The basket was as firm as a parlor-floor; and indeed, when running with the wind at a speed of seventy miles an hour, not the slightest motion was perceptible, except when we looked down at the spinning earth.

What a pity these silent, trackless depths are not the highway of passenger traffic. Instead of the roaring, screeching, grimy railway-train, and the boisterous, broiling sea!

EDGAR BRONSON

THE LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN.

THERE'S a chill in the air, a drabin the day,
A sky that is bare, a wood that is gray.

There's a stain on the rock, a crisp in the brake,
A crag for the hawk, a den for the snake;

There is white on the hair, the marmot's abed,
Asleep is the bear, the lizard is dead;

There's a howl on the hill, a moan on the plain,
A film on the rill, a flake on the rain;

There is wealth in the moon, pure gold in the star,
A darkness too soon, a glory too far;

There is death in the day, a treacherous sun,
A season grown gray—an autumn undone!

JOHN VANCE CHERRY.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TERESINA has been among us taking notes. Teresina is the latest version of Madam Trollope, and in all particulars equals her great exemplar in mendacity. Has the reader forgotten the circumstances that brought Teresina into light—the famous marriage-suit and all the scandals that came to the surface? Perhaps the name of Theresa Yelverton (now Viscountess Avonmore) has passed out of his mind; and we must confess it nearly had out of ours. We could not recall all the facts pertaining to this once much-discussed case if we cared to do so. All that at present concerns us is that this notorious woman has been in America, has visited the North, the East, the South, the Far West—traveling, so she declares, twenty thousand miles through the most important districts of the country—and has written a book about us, which she entitles “Teresina in America.” There is not much importance in this fact; books about America are only too abundant; nor have Lady Avonmore’s comments and criticisms the slightest value. But they are often very amusing, and for this reason solely we invite the reader to turn with us over a few of the pages of the volume.

Teresina begins with a doleful description of New York and the woful prostration of all New-Yorkers before that Western Juggernaut called Mammon. “What is the frenzy,” asks this veracious chronicler, “of the most enthusiastic fanatics to the fever which can whirl thousands upon thousands of men and women day after day through years of anxious toil” (“anxious toil” being unknown elsewhere), “which can make work seem pleasure” (wherefore not?); “degradation honor; and ruin, both of mind and body, success?—which can thus fix, on a whole city of a million inhabitants, a stamp so indelible and a character so distinct that the cry, ‘worshippers of money!’ rises instinctively to the lips of every intelligent stranger?”

Teresina finds every thing about us a magnificent sham. Our buildings of splendid seeming are only veneered to the depth of a few inches, and, if an earthquake should strike us, would come tumbling down like a tower of cards; and the silks and velvets that we see dragged with such indifference through the streets are worn by those who will be penniless in a few years.

Superficiality is declared to be the worst system of American life, morally and socially. We in New York are so passionately devoted to “brown-stone fronts” that we would make any sacrifice to live in one, and no lady is considered to have made a good matrimonial alliance unless a brown-stone front is thrown

into the bargain. But within our brown-stone fronts every article is painted and varnished to look like what it is not. That which looks like massive oak carving is only deal; “enormous mirrors reflect one foreshortened in a most singular way;” all is false, veneered, and fantastic shams. Our ladies who go to Europe do so for the sake of seeing the fashions and to bring home something other people have not. We ceaselessly exult over the lavish expenditure of money. “You will find my wife a smart woman,” said a husband, glorifying himself and his better-half; “quite an elegant lady. These sixteen boxes are her equipage. She spent in Europe thirty thousand dollars in dress!”

All our wealthy people, it appears, congregate in cities, and very rarely does an American possess a country-seat. Barnum, the great showman, however, is an exception, he having built himself a country-house, where he retires to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*. Other Americans do not build country-houses, and never enjoy their ease under their own fig-tree. Americans think a great deal more about themselves than about their children, and their motto is, “Sufficient unto the day is the good thereof.” They build railroads so poorly that they barely suffice to carry the train along, and it is not an unfrequent thing for passengers to be compelled to turn out in a body to repair the line before they can proceed.

Our manners are always peculiar, and generally very bad, Teresina goes on to say. We have no means of putting down bad breeding. If a woman wears a good dress at an hotel-table, she is the equal of everybody present; she may eat with her knife, and stretch it afterward into the butter at arm’s length without attracting any sort of notice. Refinement and good-breeding are with us the exception, and not the rule. We are very neglectful of obvious social duties. We do not carry letters of introduction when we go abroad, and pay no attention to them when presented to us. “In America you may have fifty letters of introduction, and not one of them bring you a particle of civility, or sometimes even a returning call.” Teresina forgot to inquire whether certain scandals and singular facts connected with her history did not have something to do with the unwillingness to respond to her letters of introduction.

It seems, according to this excellent observer, that we never visit at a friend’s house for a week or month or so. It is rare to find guests staying at any house; “if you do, be sure they are paying for their board. Even when the guest is a member of the family, and makes no actual payment, a good deal of barter has to be practised to make

things pleasant.” Unsociable people in every particular, we have no Christmas gatherings nor summer junketings. Our meanness is so intense that if a gentleman takes ladies for a day’s outing he will probably ask them to defray expenses some time later, without the slightest idea that he has committed a breach of etiquette and hospitality. In common with many others, we had always supposed that Americans had a foolish tendency to *treat*, and an absurd disposition “to do the handsome thing” in regard to paying for affairs of the kind; but of course we were wrong. Teresina has seen, and instructs us better.

All festive entertainment is absent, it seems, from our social gatherings; there may be singing, music, and card-playing, but no refreshments. The guests may expend as much time and energy as they like in amusing themselves and their “hostess,” but she will expend no money nor provisions on them. Ice-water is the sole beverage that is supplied, and this is served in a pitcher, with invariably two glasses only for the use of the whole company! There is often dancing, but this partakes so much of the *Bal Mabille* style that few English ladies would join, and no French girls be allowed to do so. There is a great deal of mock modesty among our women, who “would appear overwhelmingly shocked (if they did not faint) at the word ‘leg’ used in their presence. You must say ‘limb’ of a fowl, and the word ‘breast’ must be avoided, if possible; yet the same women have freely displayed their own legs, when skating in crinolines and short petticoats.” Really, Teresina ought to be more original—this is stale, and very old. Teresina is entertaining only so long as she invents—when she borrows she is dull.

A marriage in America, we learn, is a considerably drier piece of business than a funeral elsewhere. “The ceremony usually takes place early in the morning—at six or seven o’clock—and bride and bridesmaids go shivering to the altar, in the cold semi-twilight, in what they call their ‘traveling suits,’ and armed with large umbrella, overshoes, water-proofs, and all the disagreeable appurtenances for setting out on a long journey. Their breakfast is a scramble of hot dough, beefsteaks, or some other ‘hunting’ breakfast fare of the time of Queen Elizabeth. After the ceremony there is no feast, no drinking of the bride’s health and groom’s happiness, no blushing bridesmaids, no fun or festivity whatever.” It has been customary for the marriage ceremony to take place in the house, but it is just becoming fashionable to have it performed in a church with veils, bridesmaids, etc.

Gambling, according to Teresina, is one

of the great vices of Americans. Husbands and wives live very much apart in America, and the reason for this is certainly a very peculiar one. It seems that every married woman in this unhallowed land wants to keep a boarding-house. So the wife, we are gravely told, "goes to her mother, and speculates on her own account in a boarding-house, if she can succeed in inducing any gentleman to lend her the money, for the loan of which he takes out his board." This wonderful and inscrutable custom has of course covered the land with boarding-houses, and willfully corrupted the morals of the people.

Newspapers and newspaper editors do not escape our vivacious critic. "Sensational articles, calculated to provoke shooting or whipping, are written as a mere speculation to sell the paper. The writer knows that if he can produce an affray hot enough, he will sell so many more editions of his paper. He takes the risk of being shot or flogged himself, and sits in his office with a loaded revolver near his inkstand. The indignant sufferer from the article walks in—inquires if he is the writer of the obnoxious article. The editor places his pen in his ear, lays his hand on his revolver, and admits he is."

We have only glanced over a few chapters in Teresina's remarkable production, but the rich bits we have gathered may prompt us to return to it at another time. Let us meanwhile remind Teresina, inasmuch as she has given so frankly her opinion of Americans, that there are people here who have certain recollections of Lady Avonmore. Would she like her opinion of an English adventuress?

This book has just been published in England, and is not reprinted here. An early copy of the work has enabled us to lay these refreshing and entertaining extracts before our readers.

THE name of "Lord Darnley" calls up to the mind a certain weak and irresolute young man of royal blood, who lived several centuries ago, and who, it can now scarcely be doubted, was perfidiously done to death by his fair and faithless wife, Mary Queen of the Scots. Of a very different character, evidently, is the nobleman of the same title who graces the present generation with his existence. There is, at least, nothing weak-minded or vacillating in the present Earl of Darnley. He has just emerged from patrician obscurity into a rather uncomfortable light of notoriety. It would appear that the noble lord was not long ago the colonel of the West Kent Yeomanry, a body of mounted militia. In consequence of a quarrel with some of his subordinate officers, he peremptorily requested them to resign. Instead of doing so, they referred the matter, through

one of their number, to the inspector of cavalry. Before his reply came, Lord Darnley suddenly resigned his own command of the regiment. He retired with a special grudge against Captain Nicholson, the officer who had reported to the inspector. In Captain Nicholson's troop were serving several of Lord Darnley's tenants. All of these but one, instigated by their landlord, left the troop in a body. The one exception, a Mr. Lake, was stubborn enough to refuse to espouse a quarrel of Lord Darnley's, merely because that nobleman rented him a farm; whereupon he was notified that at next quarter-day his lease would not be renewed. In short, Mr. Lake, simply because he would not leave the royal service at the nod of Lord Darnley, was deprived of his farm.

No better instance of the feudal notions of some great English proprietors could be given than this. Lord Darnley evidently looks upon his tenants as still his vassals; and he carries his baronial instincts to the extent of rendering himself amenable to a certain awkward law, which forbids "the seducing of any person serving under her majesty's colors from his duty and obedience." Should he be brought to book for his exercise of feudal authority in a court of justice, he will undoubtedly look upon himself as a martyr to the "leveling tendencies of the times." Nor, if we can believe the utterances of English journals, can this instance of lordly despotism be regarded as exceptional.

The *Spectator* confesses that "thousands of great landlords agree with Lord Darnley." A man who hires a farm of one of these magnates, according to their creed, not only is expected to keep it in good order, to pay a certain rent, and to render it up in the same condition as he found it, but to vote for the landlord's candidates, to resent the landlord's quarrels, to attend the landlord's church, and generally to conform to the landlord's wishes in his political, religious, and social conduct. As a provincial paper says: "The earl really does not go far enough to do justice to his own pretensions. He ought to issue a code of regulations, telling his tenants whom they might visit, what they might eat and drink, what recreations they might pursue, and what animosities and friendships they might cultivate." Yet, after the pitiable spectacle presented in the present case by Lord Darnley's tenants, he cannot perhaps be very severely blamed. They so eagerly and gratefully accept their serfdom that they certainly deserve nothing better than to be buffeted about by a lord who believes in his divine right to keep their consciences and dictate their rules of conduct. They address a letter to him, in which they humbly thank him for deigning

to explain his reasons for leaving the regiment, avow themselves only too glad to show their loyalty by following him, express their shocked amazement at the audacious obstinacy of the tenant who dared to remain in service after Lord Darnley had left it, and hasten to disavow any sympathy with that rebellious person. Truly, this picture betrays a state of things in the English rural districts which glib writers will find it difficult to gloss over or apologize for; and herein we discern some reason for that discontent at the condition of the land-laws which is fast growing to formidable proportions.

His holiness the pope has recently given utterance in favor of "hard money." In an interview accorded to some devout French pilgrims, he uttered a few sage reflections upon the material prosperity of France; and took occasion to remark approvingly upon the fact that "sounding money circulates in that country," and to contrast this state of things favorably with that of other countries, where "sounding money disappears, to give place to another currency, which gives no sound save that produced by a great mass of paper thrown violently on to a hard table or on to the pavement." Whether this was spoken *ex cathedra* and is therefore to be taken as infallible, we cannot tell, as the Ecumenical Fathers have not yet definitely decided what *ex cathedra* really means; but it would appear that hard money in France, and her consequent prosperity, have some curious connection with pilgrimages to miraculous shrines, the bountiful outpouring of Peter's pence, and the busy establishing of religious schools. The argument seems to be that the road to specie payments is that bordered by shrines and dotted with the monuments of pious deeds. Pilgrimages are processions not alone toward the heavenly gates, but toward worldly wealth. Then it is not alone the Christian faith, but that special branch of it of which Pio Nono is the infallible interpreter, which carries material prosperity as its attributes and gifts. Unfortunately, however, for the acceptance of the pope as a financial authority, it happens that those nations which are financially the soundest are incorrigibly Protestant or Greek; while those which are most deeply sunk in "the great mass of paper" currency are either Catholic or Mohammedan. We leave our own case out of sight, as, though finance is just now with us a sorely perplexing problem, we cannot suppose ourselves in a permanent condition of "soft-money" currency. But England, Russia, and Germany, are the three soundest and most solvent nations in Europe; next after them come Holland and Denmark. On the other hand, Spain, Italy, and Austria, are in the paper-money state, and

likely to remain so; Turkey is downright bankrupt; while the credit of the South American Catholic countries is at a provokingly low ebb. Religion undoubtedly has a very important though an indirect influence upon human business affairs. It promotes commercial as well as social morality where its influence makes itself vigorously felt; and even the practical economist will not refuse to admit that commercial morality is the soundest basis of commercial prosperity. The pope is shrewd enough to avail himself of an appeal to self-interest to induce schismatics to return to the true fold and the faithful to cleave to their faith; but the French pilgrims, were they not the soberest and most unreasoning of devotees, must have laughed gently to themselves when told that the reason why gold napoleons are plenty in France may be found in the penny contributions to the Holy Father, and the journeys made by the devout to the shrines of Paray and Lourdes.

The book-reviewer of the London *Spectator*, in noticing Mr. Southworth's "Four Thousand Miles of African Travel," is perplexed at the oddly-compounded name of Mr. Gouverneur Morris, Jr., of New York, apparently thinking that *Gouverneur* has some sort of gubernatorial significance. Mr. Julian Hawthorne writes to the *Spectator* to set the reviewer right: explaining that *Gouverneur* is a frequently-recurring family name in New York. But Mr. Hawthorne might have gone a little farther, and reminded the *Spectator* reviewer that the name of a man so well known in American history as Gouverneur Morris—who figured in our Continental Congress, who was our agent in England during the Revolution, who was afterward our ambassador to France, and later a United States Senator, who was actively concerned in many political movements—ought to be known to an educated Englishman. It is true that educated and other Englishmen are prone to disdain all knowledge of what they call our local celebrities; but limitations in these matters quite as often arise from the stubbornness and ignorance of the outside world as from any necessary boundary to the individual's fame.

Who invented the piano-forte? The Florentines, having caught the centennial infection, propose to commemorate, next year, the one-hundredth anniversary of the death of a certain Cristofori, for whom they demand the honor of having given to the world the most elaborate and perfect of musical instruments. But Cristofori's claim is not of the clearest, and is very earnestly disputed. The fact probably is, that to no single inventor do we owe the piano. It gradually

grew out of a number of successive improvements on the ancient stringed instruments. The old lute, and spinnet, and harpsichord, were played upon with the fingers; the piano is also stringed, and the main difference between it and the harp in mechanical principle is the substitution of the "jacks," or hammers, which strike upon the strings instead of twanging them. Who thought of this idea of the jack and the keys by which the hand communicates with it? He, perhaps, has the best right to the credit of the invention; but, whether it was the Bohemian Schroeter, or the French Marius, or the Venetian Cristofori, it seems impossible now to determine. A disputed invention a century old is hard to settle; even the discovery of ether as an anæsthetic agent, made within thirty years, is involved in a maze of contradictory evidence. But, even if Cristofori were the inventor of the piano-forte, Florence can scarcely claim the reflected honor; for he was of scholastic Padua. It is interesting to think that the piano is but little over a century old, and that, while Mozart only lived to see it coming into vogue, Beethoven was almost the first great composer who made use of it for purposes of composition. What an incalculable benefit the piano has been to the later *maestri*!

Literary.

MOST readers, probably, unless warned beforehand, will take up Professor Jevons's "Money and the Mechanism of Exchange" * with the expectation of finding another treatise on currency—perhaps the most bewildering subject in the entire range of the "dismal science." To such the book will bring an agreeable disappointment; for it touches scarcely at all upon abstract or theoretical questions, and is simply, as the author defines it, "a descriptive essay on the past and present monetary systems of the world, the materials employed to make money, the regulations under which coins are struck and issued, the natural laws which govern their circulation, the several modes in which they may be replaced by the use of paper documents, and finally the method in which the use of money is immensely economized by the check and clearing system now being extended and perfected." The subject of money as a whole is a very extensive one, and the literature of it would alone form a great library. Many changes are taking place in the currencies of the world, and important inquiries have been lately instituted concerning the best mode of constituting the circulating medium. The information on the subject stored up in government Blue-books, in the reports of international committees, and in the writings of

* Money and the Mechanism of Exchange. By W. Stanley Jevons, M. A., F. R. S. International Scientific Series. Vol. xviii. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

private individuals, is quite appalling in extent, and for the most part "caviare to the general." The purpose of the present work was to extract from this mass of literature just such facts as seemed likely to prove useful in enabling the public to reach some conclusion upon the many currency questions which press for solution, or at least to understand their principles; and Professor Jevons may have the satisfaction of feeling that, if he has not closed the debate on the Bank Charter Act, or on "intrinsic" and "representative" value, he has made it easier than ever before for the wayfaring man to comprehend the real function of money, and the conditions with which it must comply. And, after all, money is like monogamy: its explanation is to be sought not in metaphysics but in history. Gold and silver have come to be universally accepted as the best circulating medium, not by a process of reasoning or an evolution of consciousness, but by the long experience of the race, extending over thousands of years, and embracing a trial of skins, corn, oxen, leather, wampum, cowries, copper, bronze, iron, and lead, that they most nearly meet the essential requisites of money.

Professor Jevons begins with an amusing story of a French singer who gave a concert in the Society Islands with the understanding that she was to receive a third part of the receipts. When counted, her share was found to consist of three pigs, twenty-three turkeys, forty-four chickens, five thousand cocoa-nuts, besides considerable quantities of bananas, lemons, and oranges, which would have been a very fair return if it could have been converted into cash. Unfortunately, pieces of money were scarce in the Society Islands, and as mademoiselle could not consume any considerable portion of the receipts herself, it became necessary in the mean time to feed the pigs and poultry with the fruit. Homely as this anecdote is, there could hardly be a better illustration at once of the conditions of barter (the primary form of exchange), and of the usefulness of a standard currency; and from this initial point we are led step by step through the early history of money, the substitution of the metals for other materials, the various systems of metallic money, the "battle of the standards," and the growing development of representative money, such as under-weight coins, promissory-notes, bank-notes, checks, bills of exchange, and the various other "credit documents" by which, in modern commerce, the use of actual money is dispensed with. Much attention is given to technical matters relating to coinage, such as alloys, the size and wear of coins, the methods of counting them, and the best plan to prevent counterfeiting. In treating of the materials of coins the professor cites the tradition that Lyncurgus obliged the Lacedæmonians to use iron money, in order that its weight might be a check upon overmuch trading, and remarks that, if this rule were adopted at the present day, a penny (English money) would weigh about a pound, and a ton of iron would represent a five-pound note. On the other hand, gold and silver are very awkward for small currency. A silver penny weighs seven and

a half grains, and a gold one would weigh only half a grain. The octagonal quarter-dollar tokens, circulated in California, weigh less than four grains each, and are so thin that they can almost be blown away. The suitability of gold and silver for the higher values has, however, been recognized everywhere; and the only open question in coinage is as to the best material for fractional currency. Bronze is better than copper, and the alloy of one part of nickel with three of copper that has been adopted for the one-cent pieces of the United States, the smaller coins of Belgium, and the ten and five pfennig pieces of the new German coinage, would be excellent but for the variableness of the price of nickel. If steel could be prevented from rusting, it would be one of the best possible materials; but Professor Jevons thinks it likely that some new and entirely satisfactory material for fractional money will shortly be found—perhaps an alloy of manganese.

Naturally, the largest space is devoted to the English monetary system and to English experience, but the facts marshaled are of universal application. A good deal of attention, moreover, is given to the problem of international coinage—the adoption of which, the author thinks, would be the most important step in the path of progress that the race could take, except the adoption of an international language. Professor Jevons thinks that the decimal system will, in the end, prevail, if only from the hold which it has taken on the world; but he candidly admits its defects, and shows that the duodecimal system is in various ways more simple and convenient. As to the steps necessary to secure an international money, he thinks the most important that could be taken now would be the assimilation of the American dollar to the French five-franc piece—a change which would involve a reduction of less than two grains in the amount of gold which the dollar contains. "There is little doubt," he says, "that the adhesion of the American Government to the proposals of the Congress of 1868 would give the holding turn to the metric system of weights, measures, and moneys. It is quite likely that it might render the dollar the future universal unit. The fact that the dollar is already the monetary unit of many parts of the world, gives it large odds. In becoming assimilated to the French *écu*, American gold would be capable of circulation in Europe, or wherever the French *napoleon* has hitherto been accepted."

In studying a language we begin with the grammar before we attempt to write or read; and there is much to be learned about money before entering upon those abstruse questions which barely admit of decided answers. Professor Jevons's work furnishes an elementary grammar of the subject; and if it could have a circulation proportionate to its merits, that murky atmosphere of ignorance in which visionary financial schemes are enabled to flourish would soon be cleared.

It is plain, from the "Home Pastorals, Ballads, and Lyrics" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.), that Mr. Bayard Taylor, as a poet, considers himself at issue with his fellows;

and the tone of most of the poems is alternately one of remonstrance and defiance. Like the singer of the "Earthly Paradise," he was "born out of his due time;" but he is not, as Morris is, content to dwell apart in a world created and peopled by his own art, but frets under the restraints and limitations of unsympathetic and uncongenial surroundings. The "burden of the day" is heavy upon him because he will not shape himself after the patterns that are wrought "in our common mills of thought;" and his only consolation comes from the hope that, if he wins in his attempt to throw off the burden, those who imposed the restrictions will awaken and thank him because he defied. Now, in a case of this kind, there is always a question whether it is the time or the poet that is out of joint; and it is certainly odd to encounter such a complaint coming from Mr. Taylor. We had always supposed that his poetry took much of its interest, as it certainly takes much of its popularity, from its falling in with the time—from its drawing its inspiration, its subjects, and its sentiments, from the prevailing tastes and feelings of his audience. How else account for the considerable measure of success which he has achieved? And surely Mr. Taylor has no reason to be dissatisfied with the reception accorded his work both by the critics and the public. It seems to us, in truth, that the time has been peculiarly propitious to Mr. Taylor's muse. In a period of lofty dramatic or intensely lyrical poetry—a period favorable to spontaneous, natural singing—he could hardly have hoped to gain a hearing; whereas, now, few American poets are more certain of a wide and admiring audience.

The present collection contains most of the miscellaneous poetry which Mr. Taylor has written since 1864. The first group is entitled "Home Pastorals," and contains five pieces: a proem, an epilogue, and three longer poems entitled, respectively, "May-Time," "August," and "November." These are for the most part descriptive, as pastoral poetry should be, and are written in flowing, leisurely hexameters, a difficult measure, which Mr. Taylor manages extremely well. The tone is pitched very low, and there is little attempt at pictorial embellishment; occasionally, however, we come upon a felicitous bit like the following, descriptive of November's advent:

"Silent are now the flute of spring and the clarion
of summer,
As they had never been blown: the wall of a dull
Miserere
Heavily sweeps the woods, and, stifled, dies in
the valleys."

The second group, entitled "Ballads," comprises six pieces, all of which are good—interesting in subject and spirited in style. "John Reed" is a peculiarly impressive picture of a life unblessed by love, and slowly withering to the root; and "The Old Pennsylvania Farmer" is a striking and lifelike portrait. The instinctive conservatism of old age has seldom been more accurately and amusingly depicted. "Napoleon at Gotha" is a spirited rendering of a well-known historic incident.

Of the "Lyrics," several are deformed by

the fretfulness of which we spoke at the beginning of our notice, and in others the topic is too subtle to find truly lyrical expression. The skill in versification is, perhaps, their most noticeable feature; though "The Two Homes," "The Sleeper," and "Run Wild," are both pleasing and musical. All of these are too long to quote; so we select, instead, the following stanza from "Summer Night"—a good example of the author's easy command of rhythm and rhyme:

"ADAGIO.

"Something came with the falling dusk,
Came, and quickened to soft unrest:
Something floats in the linden's musk,
And throbs in the brook on the meadow's
breast.
Shy Spirit of Love, awake, awake!
All things feel thee,
And all reveal thee:
The night was given for thy sweet sake.
Toll slinks aside, and leaves to thee the land;
The heart beats warmer for the idle hand;
The timid tongue unlearns its wrong,
And speech is turned to song;
The shaded eyes are braver;
And every life, like flowers whose scent is dumb
Till dew and darkness come,
Gives forth a tender savor.
Oh, each so lost in all, who may resist
The plea of lips unkiassed,
Or, hearing such a strain,
Though kissed a thousand times, kiss not again!"

Mr. Taylor's muse seems to need the spur of a great occasion, and the "Odes" undoubtedly present the finest poetry in the volume. "The Gettysburg Ode," in particular, is a very noble poem, and will take a place but little below Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," in the patriotic song of the nation. The fine "Ode to Goethe," read at the memorial dinner, was reproduced at the time in the columns of the JOURNAL, and the echo of its exalted strains can hardly have faded as yet from the minds of our readers.

It was a happy thought on the part of Miss Johnson to adopt the Catskill Mountains as the *locale* of her fairy stories,* for the necromancy of Washington Irving has already rendered them enchanted ground, and nothing is too marvelous for belief concerning the region which Rip Van Winkle has consecrated to mythology. Her fairies, it is true, are not of the familiar goblin brood, and their ancestry could easily be traced back to Robin Goodfellow and his merry elf; but we can readily believe that previous writers have overlooked part of the population of our wonder-land, and Nip, and Puff, and Rapp, and Laurel Queen, and the rest, will find a cheerful welcome to the Catskill Valhalla.

The plan of Miss Johnson's book is like that of the Arabian Nights—a cluster of stories within a story, the wildest flights of the imagination being linked to the homely incidents of every-day life and facts familiar to us all. A little boy, named Job, left alone in a cottage on the mountains while his grandfather went to the village for provisions, is snowed in on Christmas-eve by an unexpected snow-storm; and, as he hovered close to the fire in his solitude, the great clock in the

* The Catskill Fairies. By Virginia W. Johnson. Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. New York: Harper & Brothers.

corner, and the murmuring shell on the mantel-piece, and the Angora cat on the hearth, told him strange stories of adventure by land and sea, while the winter fairies and the summer fairies, the fairies of the water-fall and glen, of oak-tree, laurel, and fir, disclosed their mysteries for his entertainment. On Christmas-day Job was rescued; and, on his hinting to his grandfather the sights he had seen and the stories he had heard, that practical person told him he had been dreaming. Job, however, would not accept this explanation; and no more will the little folks, whom these "Catskill Fairies" are sure to delight.

The book is beautifully printed and bound, and Mr. Fredericks's illustrations are fully as pleasing as the text. If the modern taste for art has extended to fairy-land, Queen Puff will surely appoint him court-artist.

The combination of sound scientific instruction with an exciting and plausible story is not an easy one, and we cannot say that Mr. Trowbridge has been entirely successful in his attempt to make it in "The Young Surveyor" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.). There is plenty of instruction in it, no doubt, lucidly and ingeniously put, and the story is highly interesting; but the two are mingled without being mixed, and we are afraid most boys will skip the explanations of Jack's surveying achievements in their eagerness to reach his encounters with old Peakslow, his adventures with Radcliff, and his gradual reformation of the Betterton boys. They cannot read even these portions of the story, however, without acquiring at least a modicum of useful knowledge; and the tone of the book, which, after all, is the most important point, is thoroughly wholesome and invigorating. Sensible boys will have little reason to complain as long as they have the opportunity, now and then, to add such a book to their collection of well-thumbed literary treasures.

There are many illustrations in the volume, and most of them are good, but the artist's vignette of "Lord Betterton" is an absurdly inappropriate travesty of Mr. Trowbridge's portrait of that backwoods "aristocrat."

MR. JOHNSON concludes his "Little Classics" with a volume of "Authors," containing biographical sketches of all the authors represented in the series. As there are more than a hundred and fifty of these, the sketches are necessarily very brief, and little is attempted in the way of criticism. Addison observes in the opening paper of the *Spectator* that "a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author;" and it is to the furnishing of such particulars, with others of a chronological and bibliographical character, that Mr. Johnson chiefly addresses himself. The sketches are fairly good of their kind, and will prove serviceable to such

as have no cyclopædia or biographical dictionary at hand. A valuable feature of the volume is the general index to the entire series.

THE second volume of the new edition of Hawthorne's works (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.) contains "The House of the Seven Gables," one of the most fascinating romances ever written. We have already spoken of the exquisite style in which this edition is published, but each additional volume affords a new pleasure to the eye. Nothing could exceed its neatness, daintiness, and convenience.

THE witty Charles Monselet—one of the men who know best how to say nothing quite agreeably—has just brought out in Paris his "Années de Galté," a book certified to be full of fun and of good spirits. It is a collection of fanciful stories, in which, notwithstanding all that is fanciful, Parisian existence is sketched from the life; not serious Parisian life, indeed, but such as we see on the Boulevard and in the Bois. Certain of the morsels which compose it contain ideas which would do well on the stage. The *Débats* cites one—a little story, "The Sorrows of a Borrower"—in which one gentleman constitutes himself guardian of another, who on the morrow is to lend him a few hundred pounds, and the would-be borrower goes so far as to fight a duel with some one who had cause of quarrel with the lender, lest the lender himself should, by death, be incapacitated from lending.

THE London *Athenæum* is pleased to commend Miss Alcott's "Eight Cousins" highly. It says that Miss Alcott's stories are thoroughly healthy and full of racy fun and humor, and ends its criticism as follows: "Although there are seven boy cousins, one or two of whom are quite men in their own eyes, and although there is a lovely, fascinating little girl, who grows up to be a charming young lady, there is not one breath of precocious sentiment, and the frank, healthy, cousinly element is not disturbed by a single hint of love or lovers to come hereafter, and this we take to be an example which might be followed with great advantage in many of our own stories for the young, which are neither more nor less than diminutive and diluted novels."

A WRITER in *Temple Bar* assails the poetry of the present era in a very truculent if not discriminating fashion. He says: "If we rid ourselves of a certain glamour which its usually high coloring sheds around its performances, and of a certain amount of unhealthy sympathy with it which a contemporary can hardly resist, we shall find that, substantially, the poetry of the Romantic School, the poetry which essentially breathes the air and expresses the feelings of the nineteenth century, is thin, hazy, unsubstantial, deficient in good sense as well as in definiteness, wanting in sobriety and measured judgment, too fine by half in its dress, morbid, unsatisfactory, and inadequate. It does not satisfy. It excites; at least it excites us. But whether it will excite a future generation is another question. It is ornate, excessive in adornment, outrageous in expression, forced, odd, quaint, spasmodic, and sometimes positively epileptic. It is wanting in backbone, or rather indulges in those painful explosions and contortions which accompany certain forms of spinal disease. It is very glowing, but it gives no light. It dazzles, but does not illuminate. It cannot be said of it, as Cicero says of the true orator,

'Clarescit urendo.' It does not brighten as it burns. It seeks to run through the gamut of the universe, but it has not yet discovered a concord. It is a perfect Chinese concert of sounds. Shelley is its most pronounced type, and by far its greatest ornament; and nine-tenths of Shelley's poetry is a diseased wail and a shapeless cry that does not reach the gods, and does not benefit man."

THE *Saturday Review* characterizes the literature of spiritualism very plainly and pointedly. It says: "The chief thing that must strike any rational mind on taking up the literature of what is called 'spiritism' is its intense and irredeemable dreariness. Weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable as the courses of this world may have been pronounced, none but the veriest lunatic would think to better himself by flying to one the course of which is likely to be such as the mediums have to tell us of. Any thing more stupid than the doings, more vapid than the talk, more pointless than the whole life which goes on in the so-called world of spirits, it is not in the power of man to conceive. No wonder that the heroes in the Elysian Fields had rather, as they told Telemachus, serve as the veriest bondsmen in the world of daylight and the earth than reign over the shades, if the unearthly abode of the blessed corresponded in the slightest degree with the melancholy blank which seems to make up 'mediumistic' existence at its best. Universal and unmitigated imbecility certainly seems to be the state to which what are put forward as the 'higher class of spirits' are one and all reduced. As for the lower orders, the wickedness of their old Adam finds vent in pranks and mystifications too childish to be accused of serious mischief. We never heard, at least, of any thing worse than pulling unbelievers' beards in the dark, or hitting them over the head with a banjo."

A NEW drama in London, by Messrs. Palgrave Simpson and Herman Merivale, entitled "All for Her," must be of a rather composite order, according to the *Athenæum*. The central figure, it tells us, is taken, by permission and with acknowledgment, from Dickens; the sacrifice, which forms the main interest, recalls the "Esmond" of Thackeray; the treatment of the subject is in the manner of the elder Dumas; and the hero, remade, or at least redressed, seems at the outset compounded of equal portions of *Don César de Bazan* and *Le Nèveu du Rameau*. These approximations, however, which can scarcely, except in one instance, be called resemblances, scarcely detract from the originality of a work which is nobly planned and fairly executed. There is freshness of motive enough to set against any amount of unconscious imitation, and the interest begotten during the progress of the story is equally novel and powerful.

DR. ELZE, in his new book on Shakespeare, may be said to have added something to the probability of Shakespeare's having visited Italy. It is indeed difficult to believe that the poet never himself saw those fair blue skies, beneath which so many of his creations move as beneath their native and proper canopy. The very air of Italy seems blowing through many of his scenes. And does any non-Italian work transport us into the bright, star-clear South like the last act of "The Merchant of Venice?"

"M. C.," in the *London Pictorial World*—asserted to be Mortimer Collins—declares Jo-

aquin Miller, Artemus Ward, and Julian Hawthorne—American writers who went to London to use their pens—to be not only not “first-class men,” but that “Tupper is equal to all three of them”!!!

The Arts.

SIX pictures, by Gérôme, Alma-Tadema, Meissonier, Zamacois, Vibert, and Jules Breton, have been on exhibition at Goupil's. These pictures were painted some ten or twelve years ago, and are very interesting examples of the work of artists some of whom did not then by any means enjoy the world-wide reputation they have since justly acquired. It is instructive to look at their work and see in some the half-formed manner that has since developed completely, and in others to note the change of aim that has crept into the purpose of the painter. In neither of these early works is there the same freedom of handling or precision of color which now marks the works of the same artists; and the change in these respects is an encouraging indication for all younger students that improvement constantly goes on where painters earnestly work with the hands and think out difficulties with the imagination.

The painting by Alma-Tadema is called “Teaching Young Gauls the Manly Arts,” and represents two handsome boys (young princes eight or ten years old) in a stately apartment, surrounded by officers of the court, including priests in long, yellow robes, and their mother, a royal woman, who sits somewhat apart attended by her maids. From the composed, self-reliant faces of the young boys, and their level brows and solid features, we should have taken them for the Asiatics or Egyptians Alma-Tadema has since so often represented, were it not for their fair skins and yellow hair. One boy has just flung his little weapon, resembling a small battle-axe, at a target at the end of the room, where it sticks in the wall close to the bull's-eye. This child is now standing still as a statue, while his brother takes his turn at the sport. While Alma-Tadema did not paint so well when this picture was made as he now does, there may be seen in it the same love of composed and statuesque forms and groupings that now marks his pictures; but experience has taught him that Greek or Egyptian types are more in consonance with the lofty composure he loves than those which are less beautiful in line and more nervous in action. It is very interesting to trace technically in this picture the indications of an instinct for color which has more recently unfolded in the strange, subtle lights and shades which dominate his paintings, and now show masses of rich hues put upon the canvas so evenly and with such unerring precision. In the picture of the young Gauls we perceive that Alma-Tadema loved color when he made the massed forms of yellow drapery hanging from the shoulders of the priests; but it was color he had not learned to manage well, and the edges of it are uncertain and dirty, while the shadows do not repeat the hue which shows in the light. This artist has lost somewhat his

love of carefully-anatomized drawing in the last ten years, even if he ever had it, which we much doubt, for examples are extremely rare of painters with so positive an instinct for tones of color and the æsthetic sphere of their subjects as Alma-Tadema is possessed of, who care much for the unimaginative and realistic development of particulars. It is said of Corot that he gives the *sentiment* of a landscape. As truly may we apply this thought to Alma-Tadema that he gives the sentiment of an historical period or the genius of a race—the sentiment as he conceives it, which may or may not be the true conception—and Mr. Ruskin thinks it is not—but it is at any rate a very definite and positive one.

When Alma-Tadema painted his two young Gauls he was somewhat in the position of a student, and his own individuality was less developed than now, in consequence of which we see more clearly here than in any picture we remember by him, that he studied hard when he painted the stalwart legs and carefully-articulated knees of his young barbarians. They are very minutely delineated, and attract the eye more particularly than any other point in the picture. But now, from all his late paintings, we know he does not care for this department of a picture, which Gérôme, on the other hand, has most potently in his thought; his mind has run toward statuesque composition clothed with strange and harmonious tones of color. Disraeli, in “Contarini Fleming,” describes the growth of a poet's mind, but no biography of an artist so representative and individual as Alma-Tadema can so well show the progress of his thoughts and his skill as pictures made by him at different stages.

Meissonier's little painting has great value from somewhat the same cause as the one by Alma-Tadema. In Meissonier's case, however, the motive ever appears to have been to depict, with the most minute realism, each quality in any object from a man to his shoe-string, and to render with absolute fidelity every particular line and shade of color that went to its composition. An analytic, not a synthetic, painter, it is not the general sentiment of a scene or a condition of life that saturates his intelligence, but the brilliant sparkle of a multiplicity of facts. This picture was painted several years ago, and since it was executed the same change and technical progress may be observed in it as in that of the “Young Gauls” by Alma-Tadema. Then as now, Meissonier evidently considered it a duty to use no more canvas than was absolutely necessary for the expression of his ideas, and so we see here a small cabinet picture with a man in it, as minute and as detailed as in the painter's works of last year. But in the nicety with which these details are rendered, time and practice have made a great improvement. In the picture at Goupil's there is the evidence of a freshness of feeling, which has since died out of work that has become somewhat hackneyed, though now more thorough than ever. This fresh interest is shown in the vivacity of the expression of the man's face—an expression more positive and perhaps exaggerated than

Meissonier now depicts; for in those days Meissonier evidently cared very much for his subjects, and, as he did not know so well how to make them good, he threw more of his own thought into them than he now does, when long habit has taught him to the breadth of a hair what sized pencil to use for the exquisite veining of a hand, and the precise shade of blue with which to mark the shadows about the eyelids, or the sunk thinness of the temples. Of old these minutiae were much less precise and more coarse than now, but still they were positive enough to indicate whither the genius of the artist tended.

The other pictures are less significant than the two we have described. Jules Breton has always apparently had the same habits of color, and his group of women in the gray twilight show the same innocent type of French peasantry as in his pictures of today. In this painting of “The Day's Work over,” a woman pure as a nun, and as strongly built as a horse, sits nursing a large, healthy infant, while another child, vigorous and brawny, is stretched out on a hay-cock beside its mother. Two or three more women are grouped about, simply painted and well made, and in the distance their frame cottage appears through the gloaming in the damp evening haze. This painting is quite a large one, but we do not recollect to have seen a picture by Breton that contained so many figures in it, and these figures too are grouped to make a pleasant composition, each of them being as thoroughly drawn and as expressive as if it formed the centre of interest in the picture. Zamacois seems to us to have changed less than either of the artists named, and, though his pictures have less color than in some of his works of a later day, the lady mixing drink for an old brown monk, in her handsome dress and with her two gorgeous male companions, might have been found in one of his paintings of last year.

FREDERICK A. BRIDGMAN's Salon picture, entitled “The Nubian Fortune-Teller—Interior of a Harem,” is now on exhibition in Brooklyn. The scene represents a Moorish interior or apartment, with a lofty, bracketed ceiling, and side-walls richly colored and ornamented with arabesque-work. The sides of the room are furnished with luxuriant divans, and the centre of the tessellated pavement is sunken, where a small fountain plays. On the right, a tawny Arab reclines upon a divan, and his favorite wife is seated on a rug at his feet, and has her arm thrown lovingly around a little child. At the right hand of this group a dark-skinned Nubian woman is seated on the pavement, and is apparently telling the fortunes of those around her in pantomime as well as in words.

Behind this weird figure of the Nubian woman there are scattered figures, some of which are standing and others reclining upon the divans and upon the pavement. The background is in the form of a deep alcove. It has a large, latticed window, in shadow, which scarcely affects the soft light in the recess. The strongest light in the apartment is concentrated on the foreground group, and

the effect is very striking, not only in connection with the figures, but also with the delicate tracery shown upon the walls. Just behind the Arab wall is of a deep-blue tone, and its color is emphasized by a warm brown tint introduced on the right, where there are a number of niches holding vases and other household ornaments. Upon the cornices of the doors and windows, and resting on brackets, are numerous objects of the potter's art; and other evidences of a somewhat rude and uncultivated art-taste are also apparent in the apartment. There is a great variety of colors and textures shown in the costumes, and the arrangement is harmonious. The drawing is excellent. The interest of the picture is concentrated in the foreground group. This concentration of interest around the Nubian woman is one of the most artistic features in the composition; it is not disturbed by the brilliancy of the wall-colors, the enervated figures of the women in the background, or the gorgeous accessories of costume and rich architectural detail. At first sight, such is the repose of the scene, one fails to comprehend its extraordinary beauty. This feeling, however, is soon dispelled, and the picture at once asserts its force and power as a lasting expression of the beautiful, and as such we have no doubt it will be accepted by lovers of art.

MAURICE F. H. DE HAAS is at present engaged upon a large canvas representing the clearing away of a storm at West Hampton, on the ocean-shore of Long Island. There is a brig stranded in the breakers; and a pile of merchandise on the beach, covered with canvas, indicates that the crew, aided by wreckers, have been engaged in taking out her cargo. There is a large number of figures forming scattered groups on the beach, and the brig's deck is yet held by the crew. The sky is covered with drifting storm-clouds, and the effect of the wind can almost be heard, so realistic is the treatment, as it sways the vessel's spars and whistles through the rigging. The force of the wind is also shown on the water, and, as the huge rollers break, it catches the white-caps, and sends the foam swirling in showers over the stranded vessel and landward. In the drawing of the wave-forms and the doomed brig there is much to admire; but to the student the most subtle point of interest in the picture is the painting of the long, conchoidal form of the beach-line, and the atmospheric effect peculiar to it after a rain-storm, and when the sunlight is struggling through the clouds. These features of the work are handled with great breadth and freedom.

HERR WACHTEL has scarcely awakened less interest in his present visit to New York than he did on his first appearance in this country, but his qualities as a singer are probably now measured with more discrimination and accuracy. Wachtel has indisputably many faults. He is a heretic as to the canons of the Italian school of vocalization, admitted to be the most perfect extant. Often, in spite of his magnificent voice, his tones are uncertain, and sometimes rough. He does not hesitate in the high notes, writ-

ten to be sung *mezza voce*, to use the hybrid tone known as *falsetto*. This fault would endanger a hiss in an Italian or London theatre, where the musical public is educated to the point of dilettanteism, and the main measure of merit is extreme finish and purity of vocal style. It is difficult to tell whether this lack of ability in modulation be attributable to a defect in the organ, or want of skill in the use of the voice. Be that as it may, the effect is often unpleasant, and a just subject for criticism. Again, Wachtel takes strange liberties at times with his score, not only adding embellishments *ad libitum* (a caprice shared by most great singers), but perverting the music itself. He seems to consider himself an autocrat for whose convenience the purpose of the composer must be bent and moulded without mercy. A similar vanity is not unseldom witnessed, but in the case of Herr Wachtel it is carried to an extraordinary degree. These are all very grave faults, and critics do well to stamp them as such.

Despite these defects, Wachtel is a marvelous singer. The secret of his power is that his voice and style are full of virile, solid strength, and the magnetism of that strength is well-nigh irresistible. One unconsciously associates with the tenor voice something inconsistent with masculine vigor. But, while possessing a voice of great compass and mellowness, Wachtel is unmistakably manly and strong in the quality and style of his singing. It is not merely in the tempestuous rush of his high notes when he sings *forte* passages, but ingrained in the quality of his vocal *timbre*, even when he sings *falsetto* or head-notes. It is this characteristic that stamps his individuality as an artist, and deservedly fastens the admiration of the public. The ability to sing the upper C with the full natural voice is, of course, a gift which always excites enthusiasm among a people so fond of sensations as Americans. Some have unwisely concluded that this is Wachtel's principal claim on public interest, and that without it he would take but little rank. This gift of compass, not often needed in the opera, though uncommon, is by no means a great phenomenon. Campanini, who was here two years ago, sang a splendid chest C. Mongini, who died in Italy last year, used to walk down the whole depth of the Covent Garden stage in London, pealing it forth with a sustained trumpet-force. Rubini, a great tenor of the last generation, not only emulated the feat, but sang four notes higher so artistically that the most delicate ear could not tell where the head-production of voice was substituted for that from the chest.

But Wachtel's compass is not his greatest claim upon our admiration, for the *ut de poitrine* rather captivates the mass than the cultivated listener. His style has so much dignity, breadth, and force throughout, that, if necessary, we could dispense with an *ad cap-tandum* power. The ordinary ear may be exceptionally pleased with a rendering of the "De' Quella Pira" in "Trovatore," which he sings an octave above the written score; but the cultured lover of high art will take even more delight in the magnificent dash and humor of "The Whip-Song" in "The Postillion," or the splendid passion and despair

shown in the great duet in the last act of "The Huguenots." Here the genius of the singer comes out unmistakably.

In listening to Herr Wachtel as an interpreter of music, one irresistibly recurs to that class of art-associations growing out of the thought of Gluck, Weber, Beethoven, and Wagner, as composers of music. There is nothing feminine, soft, and luxuriant, in the moral atmosphere of such art, but every thing that is sturdy and invigorating. It breathes of the mountain and pine-forest, not of the plain and orange-grove. Surely, to belong to this fellowship in music is loftier and better than to be merely rounded, and moulded, and polished, in accordance with the fastidious requirements of musical dilettanteism, which sometimes threatens to eat like a dry-rot into all that is truest and most inspiring in music. For our part, the pleasure to be derived from this kind of excellence seems far more worthy of preference than that growing out of mere finish of method and liquid sweetness of voice.

Wachtel the actor has the merits of Wachtel the singer. There are fire, freedom, and breadth, in his dramatic manner; he fills the stage by his mingled dignity and passion. The union of power in singing and acting is rare. It gives Wachtel a stamp as an artist which even his great defects can hardly tarnish, and establishes him as one of the most remarkable musical artists of the age.

THE last *British Quarterly Review* has a very sweeping criticism of Mr. Holman Hunt's "Shadow of Death." It denounces the figure of Christ as simply imbecile, expressing neither energy of body nor of mind: "The lower limbs are muscular, and yet the pose and movement are so feeble and devoid of will as to suggest paralysis. The slender arms are not in action, but are spreading heedlessly in space, without intention or control. The face is equally devoid of energy, intelligence, and human sympathy. Never were mental weakness and the absolute deficiency of moral power more ably shown. Fallen humanity could have little hope from such a delicate and dainty personage. The forty days and forty nights of wandering in the wilderness, and the effective power of will and limb experienced by the money-changers, are entirely inconsistent with this feeble presence. This, then, is not the Christ. The eyes of all would never have been fastened on an aspect such as this. Here is no possibility of any Saviour of the world. No one would put his trust in such a paragon of imbecility. The whole figure is the very opposite of the historic Christ. The Saviour could have been no pretty weakling; but, as a man destined to sorrow, he would be firm of countenance, with majesty, and power, and gentleness, united in his aspect. His eyes would not be soft and weak, and full of self-complacency, but bright, beaming with active sympathy for human nature, and capable of insight into power as well as into weakness. His mouth and lips, 'taught by the wisdom of his heart,' would be finely moulded for the utterance of 'gracious words' or of most bitter scorn. His frame and constitution must have been exceptionally strong, and his arms muscular, for he was known as an efficient workman, not a make-believe." Severe as this criticism is, it seems to us scarcely beyond the facts. The picture seemed to us to illustrate nothing more than its utter failure to

present an ideal of Christ such as the world could accept. The *Review* goes on to condemn the prominence of the accessories as wholly false to right principles of art, and which, instead of being "realism," as has been said, destroy genuine reality in the painting: "It must be evident that the pictorial prominence and the importance given to the tools destroy reality. No one in presence of humanity and life would, were his mind at ease, have casual instruments of handicraft impressed so strongly on his mind that their strict portraiture should be essential to the memory and recognition of the scene. All these details do not produce artistic realism; they are only curiosities, pictorial toys, which rank in art with little models of mechanical contrivances that charm small children. They are an object-lesson, or a diagram, with no ideal or imaginative art. But art, when truly realistic, is not abjectly mechanical. The imagination is employed to regulate the scene, to give each object its due relative importance, and to bring some character and sentiment into the picture. But this shadow-picture has no character or sentiment at all. Some petty babyish contrivances make it understood that there is something meant by all the show. Without these aids, the idea that these two inconsistent figures are the Christ and Mary is the last that would occur to the spectator's mind."

A COMMITTEE of selection for the art-exhibition at the Centennial will, we learn, visit the different cities in order to prevent the needless transportation to Philadelphia of works of art not up to the standard of admission. A United States vessel, by direction of the Secretary of the Navy, will call at Southampton, Havre, Bremen, and Leghorn, next spring, in order to collect and transport to the exhibition the works of American artists resident in Europe. The exhibition will include, in addition to the works of contemporary artists, representative productions of the past century of American art—those, for instance, of Stuart, Copley, Trumbull, West, Allston, Sully, Neagle, Elliot, Kensett, Cole.

GENERAL DI CESNOLA, American consul at Cyprus, has made, we learn from the *Academy*, an interesting discovery at Episkopi, the ancient Curium, where, in opening an old grave near the port of Limassol, he has found various articles of highly-wrought metal. Among these there is a golden sceptre, a golden necklace of great beauty, and a couple of gold bracelets inscribed in characters which appear to be ancient Cyprian. It is understood that General di Cesnola intends to send the whole of his valuable "find" to America.

THE mutilated "St. Anthony" of Murillo having been successfully restored to its old position in the church at Seville, great rejoicings ensued. The portion containing the figure of the saint which had been cut out by the audacious thieves, but was fortunately recovered, has been most skillfully replaced, so that the damage, it is said, shows very little.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

October 26, 1876.

WHO was it that said Offenbach had written himself out? Certes, it seemed so in the sad days when he brought out one *opéra-bouffe* after another, each one more stupid and

less melodious than the last—as witness "Les Georgiennes" and others of that ilk. But "Madame l'Archiduc," last year, and "La Boulangère à des Ecus," of this (the first actual "hit," by-the-way, of the present theatrical season in Paris), show no falling off either in gayety, *entrain*, fertility of invention, or freshness of melody. "La Boulangère" is, moreover, for Offenbach, an excursion into a new domain. It is not an *opéra-bouffe*, but partakes more of the characteristics of a comic opera, one that recalls the good old times at the Opéra Comique when that institution was in its palmy days, and did not disdain operas with a spice of fun in their librettos and of frolic in their melodies.

The plot soars boldly into the region of the historic drama. For background we have a conspiracy under the Regency—a conspiracy of which *Madame la Duchesse du Maine* is the prime instigator, and in which her hair-dresser *Bernadille* has somehow got mixed up the conspiracy of "M. de Cellamare;" and to hear Dupuis, who personates *Bernadille*, pronounce these words, which he does on all occasions, is worth about three times the price of admission. Of course, the conspiracy fails, and the police get after poor *Bernadille*, who takes refuge with his lady-love, a little tavern-hostess named *Toinon*. He is on the point of being discovered there, when *Margot*, the rich bakeress, who has made a large fortune by speculating under the auspices of *M. Law*, comes by in her sedan-chair, preceded by a magnificent Swiss, gorgeous beyond measure in satin and gold-lace and plumes. She disguises *Bernadille* in the attire of this splendid menial, and carries him off in triumph to her bakery, where he assumes the long, loose shirt and floury functions of a baker. *Margot* falls in love with her protégé, but he, being summoned to choose between her love and that of *Toinon*, decides in favor of the latter, and the enraged *Boulangère* at once denounces him to the police, relenting, womanlike, and exploring vainly for his release as soon as he is fairly in their clutches. The last act is taken up with his prison-adventures and efforts to escape. *Margot* bribes his guards, and *Toinon* at last brings his pardon *en règle*, whereupon he announces his intention of espousing *Toinon*, and *Margot* gives her hand to her faithful Swiss. On this fabric, ingeniously woven by MM. Meilhac and Halévy, Offenbach has embroidered some of the freshest and brightest flowers of his melodious fancy. He understands his own capabilities and the sources of his popularity too well to abandon wholly his own peculiar style, the strongly-accentuated rhythms and marked melodies which characterize his music. But he has abandoned in this work the field of exaggeration and burlesque for the fairer and more graceful path of a not unrefined gayety. The *partition* fairly sparkles with mirthful melodies that will be on every lip and every piano and inside of every barrel-organ in Paris before the world is a month older. After one hearing it would be impossible to give a detailed account of the important pieces; suffice it, therefore, to mention a charming duet between *Toinon* and *Margot* (Paola Marié and Aimée), the *finale* to the first act, and an exceedingly comic song, sung by Léonce and Berthelier as the two police-agents—the song of "The Millers and the Cabmen"—which has achieved an immediate and immense popularity. Dupuis is simply delightful as *Bernadille*, the conspiring coiffeur. Paola Marié is an exquisite little *Toinon*, and Mademoiselle Aimée a sparkling and captivating *Boulangère*, while Léonce and Pradeau, Berthelier and Baron, lend impor-

tance to comparatively unimportant rôles, and contribute largely to the general success. The costumes are fresh and handsome, those of Mademoiselle Aimée in particular being extremely elegant and costly. And, *a propos* of Aimée, the following *bon-mot* has been attributed to Mademoiselle Schneider, who, as may be remembered, was to have created the part of *La Boulangère*, but gave it up because the rôle assigned to Paola Marié was not sufficiently insignificant. She announced her intention of being present at the first representation.

"What!" said the person to whom she spoke, "do you mean to forgive M. Bertrand who has treated you so badly?"

"Mon cher," made answer *La Grands-Duchesse*, "I cannot go against Scripture—*il lui sera beaucoup pardonné parce qu'il a Aimée!*"

Of course, one specimen of French wit recalls another, and here is the reply made by Francisque Sarcey, the celebrated dramatic critic of the *Temps*, to an impertinent young fellow who indulged in some joking remarks respecting the large size of the great critic's ears:

"My ears," made answer M. Sarcey, "may be of unusual size for a man, but you must confess, sir, that yours are extremely small for an ass!"

There seems to be a mania among Parisian celebrities for tumbling down and bumping their fertile brains just now. First we heard of Gounod's fall down-stairs, then a well-known Parisian organist tried the same experiment, and now M. Octave Feuillet has come near putting an end to himself in a similar manner. He was staying at the country-seat of a friend not far from Paris, when, the cords of his window-curtains becoming entangled one day, he undertook to disengage them, piled two or three pieces of furniture together, and climbed on the top of the whole to effect his purpose. Unfortunately, he made a mistake, and down came the whole superstructure and the brilliant author as well, striking his head in his descent against a corner of the marble mantel-piece. He was thoroughly stunned and considerably bruised, but escaped without serious injury. Hence an occasion for another *bon-mot*. His host said, on hearing of his accident: "As you never have any *chutes* in public, my dear friend, you were probably desirous of trying one in private, to see what it was like." Now, *chute*, in Parisian parlance, means a theatrical failure as well as a fall, so that the gentleman made the accident the occasion of a neat little compliment to the invariably successful dramatist.

Rossi's *Hamlet* drew crowded houses at the Salle Ventadour all last week. He plays *King Lear* to-night, for the first time. It is said to be his greatest character. I am told that Ambroise Thomas was strolling through the lobby of the Grand Opera-House one evening when he heard two gentlemen, who were strangers to him, discussing the merits of "Hamlet." Naturally supposing that they were talking of his opera, he paused a moment, only to hear one of them remark, vehemently: "And to think that there exists a man conceited enough and foolish enough to imagine that he could set the world's dramatic *chef-d'œuvre* to a series of tunes!" Whereupon M. Thomas departed more swiftly than he had come.

Rossi was present at the fourth representation of "La Boulangère." He laughed heartily at all the jokes, applauded all the good points in the acting, rumbled up his hair the wrong way, got into a great state of hilarious enthusiasm, and, in fine, enjoyed the performance with the naïves, hearty enjoyment of a boy. He is a splendid-looking man off the

stage, just in the prime of life, a very son of Anak for height and breadth of chest, with blue eyes, chestnut hair just dashed with gray, a complexion fair and fresh-colored as that of a girl, and small, well-formed hands and feet.

The second series of the "Actes et Paroles" of Victor Hugo, entitled "Pendant l'Exil—1851-1870," is to be published on the 28th of this month, as well as a second edition of the first series ("Avant l'Exil"), with various additions and corrections. Michel Lévy is the publisher thereof, as well as of the "Dianas and Venuses" of M. Arsène Houssaye, which work turns out to be, not a naughty novel, as its title might indicate, but a dissertation on those two feminine types, Diana and Venus, in the art of the old masters. J. Baudry has issued "Remains of National Art in Belgium and Holland," by J. Collinet, illustrated with forty plates. Victor Bouton, of No. 11 Rue de l'Escaulier, Brussels, and No. 16 Rue St.-Martin, Paris, has just put forth the prospectus of a work which will have great attractions for the amateurs of the heraldic art and the lovers of fine illustrated works as well. It is a reproduction in facsimile of the "Wapenboek" of Getre, herald-at-arms, preserved in the Royal Library at Brussels. This precious manuscript dates from the fourteenth century, and "contains the names and armorial bearings of the Christian princes, both spiritual and secular, followed by their feudatories, according to the constitution of Europe, and especially that of the German Empire, in conformity with the Edict of 1856, called the Golden Bull, preceded by heraldic poetry." The description which the enthusiastic publisher gives of this remarkable reproduction is entirely too long to quote entire. Suffice it to say that there are to be two hundred plates carefully colored by hand, and that the whole work will be issued in a series of fifty numbers at forty francs (eight dollars) each. Only forty-eight copies are to be offered to the trade, and the whole issue is not to exceed sixty-one copies. There is a chance for some of the wealthy and aspiring book-collectors on our shores. Among other works to be issued in numbers, the "Tour de France," a national publication, is announced; it is to comprise descriptions and illustrations of the sites, views, monuments, peasantry, etc., of France. It will comprise two volumes a year, divided into weekly parts. The first part will contain "La Cité de Limes," by Alexandre Dumas. A. Lacroix & Co. are to commence in November the publication in numbers of an illustrated edition of Michelet's "History of France." E. Dentu has just issued "Le Colonel Chamberlain," a new novel by Hector Malot, and also "Le Roman de Bestrix," by an unknown author, Robert Halk. The Librairie de l'Eau-Forte has lately published two series of ten etchings each, by Henry Guérard, illustrating, one "Les Châtiments" of Victor Hugo, and the other that author's "Napoléon le Petit."

The theatrical season has fairly opened, and we are deluged with novelties at the rate of three or four first representations per week. Besides "La Boulangère," which I have just noticed, we have had, during the past week, "Le Panache," by M. Gondinet, at the Palais Royal; "Le Baron de Valjoli" at the Gymnase, and "La Filleule du Roi" at the Renaissance. The first-named is very amusing, and was a great success. It treats of the absurdities of a would-be politician, who fancies that he has been made a prefect. One of the *bon-mots* of this character (delightfully personated by Geffroy) has already become proverbial. When studying up the

affairs of his department, he finds that it contains an extinct volcano. "Just like these provincials," he exclaims, "they had a volcano, and they let it go out!" The other two pieces were failures, and immediate and decisive ones at that. Yet the "Baron de Valjoli" was, it is said, received at the Comédie Française, and was only yielded to the Gymnase with deep regret. It was well cast and well played, and was, moreover, soundly hissed. The plot, which turns on the efforts of a father and son to ruin a little strolling player, and which ends by the marriage of the son to the young girl in question, was considered disgusting, as indeed it was. The Gymnase seems to have gotten into a run of ill-luck lately, scarcely inferior to that which pursued all the efforts of the Vaudeville last season. It has lost from its company Blanche Pierson, Alice Lody, the great beauty Made-moiselle Angelo, and the elegant comedian Andrieu; and, of all the plays that were produced there last season, there was not one that achieved more than a half success. And now it leads off its season of 1875-'76 with a total failure. "La Filleule du Roi," the music of which is by M. Vogel, turns out to be very poor. The Renaissance must rest on its laurels till the production of Lecocq's new operetta of "The Little Bride." A grand dramatic enterprise, having for its aim the encouragement of the highest form of dramatic writing in France, has been started by M. Laforêt, the theatrical critic of *La Liberté*. The new organization will take possession of the Salle Ventadour, and will play on alternate nights with Rossi, who only performs three nights a week. Among the new plays promised are "Madame de Maintenon," by François Coppée; "Les Mères Ennemies," by Catulle Mendès; and possibly a new one-act piece in verse entitled "Le Glaive," by no less a personage than Victor Hugo himself. Nearly thirty-three years have elapsed since the great poet last gave a new drama to the French stage, "Les Burgraves," produced at the Comédie Française early in 1848, being the work in question. It is whispered that Victor Hugo is arranging his "Cromwell" for the stage, with a view of having Rossi enact the principal part. In its present form "Cromwell" fills a good-sized volume, and never was presented on any stage, notwithstanding the assertion of the *Athenæum*, in its number of October 28d, that "Cromwell" was the play which over forty years ago inaugurated the romantic drama."

M. Henri Houssaye, the son of M. Arsène Houssaye, is to espouse to-morrow a young Californian belle, Miss Ritter, at the church of St.-Philippe du Roule. The young lady is said to be a very beautiful blonde. Readers of the *Tribune* may perhaps recall the romantic story, as set forth by M. Arsène Houssaye in the pages of that journal about a year ago, of his son's betrothal to a lovely Italian princess—a love-affair quite à la *mode américaine*—love at first sight and all the rest of it. Is the bridegroom of to-morrow the late fiancé of the Italian princess, or only his brother? Who can tell us? LUCY H. HOOVER.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

IN the course of our recent review of Dr. Lawson's paper on the relative weights of sound and unsound brains, it will be remembered that the author took the ground that often a slight taint of insanity might prove a gain rather than loss. Having the points of

his argument still in mind, our readers may find it of interest to learn of some of the signs by which the presence of cranial weakness, or rather unsoundness, may be determined. These we find given in an extended review of Dr. Wynter's recent work, entitled the "Borderlands of Insanity," from which we condense as follows: It not unfrequently happens that unsoundness of brain is known or recognized only by the possessor, who often finds himself at war with certain promptings which seem leading him to act against his own positive convictions of right and duty. As illustrative of this phase of insanity, the following letter from a patient to his adviser is given: "I am not conscious of the decay or suspension of any of the powers of the mind. I am as well as ever I was to attend to my business. My family suppose me in health, yet the horrors of a mad-house are staring me in the face. I am a martyr to a species of persecution from within which is becoming intolerable. I am urged to say the most shocking blasphemies. Thank God that I have been able to resist, but I often think I must yield at last and be forever disgraced and ruined." In this instance, we have an exaggerated case brought forward to illustrate what may not be an unusual experience; should it be recognized by any reader, let him take comfort in the fact that the chief danger lies in the present condition, and that, so far as insanity prevails, it is that of the present to be controlled rather than any more serious development to be feared. The famous Bishop Butler is said to have been engaged in such a conflict all his life.

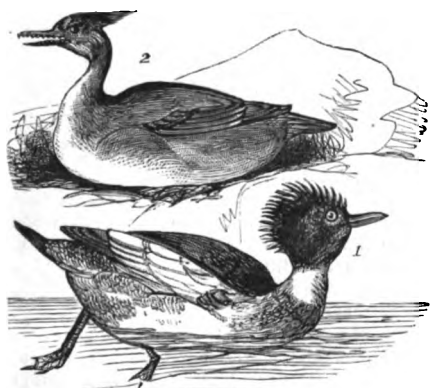
A less serious though equally discomfiting phase of this weakness is that which induces us to act or speak in inappropriate or uncalled-for ways, as when Charles Lamb burst out laughing at a funeral. Allied to this are the two failings now classified as diseases under the names "kleptomania" and "dipsomania," evidence of which is shown by an uncontrollable desire for the property of others, and for the gratification of a passion for drink.

With the acts of kleptomaniacs we are all familiar, and it is said that victims of dipsomania have been known to drink shoe-blackening, turpentine, and hair-wash. Sometimes, we are told, these two forms of mania are seen coexistent in the same person under very odd circumstances, as of one man who, when drunk, always stole Bibles, another spades, and a third who invariably purloined a tub. Of a more general and prevalent character are such signs of mental disorder as the following: an undue exaltation of the senses, as of the patient who could hear the least sound in a distant part of the house, or tell the hour by his watch at a distance at which he could not ordinarily see the hands. Still more common are such symptoms as loss of memory, deterioration in handwriting, the use of wrong words in conversation—which Mr. Grant White calls "heterophemy"—and the failure to remember certain numbers, or particular letters, or the termination of words of which the initial letter is well known. If the writer be justified in classing these peculiarities as among the symptoms of mental unsoundness, the reader will not find it hard to admit his own weakness, and the plea for "universal insanity" will command a more willing acceptance.

Advancing still further, we are given many interesting and very curious examples of special peculiarities. Thus, in a case of yellow fever, the patient, a master of three languages, spoke with a different tongue at different stages of the attack. As one instance, from many in which the sufferer from brain-lesion after a long period of forgetfulness took up the recol-

lection of an action at the point where he left off, the following story is told: During the battle of the Nile, a captain was struck on the head while he was in the act of giving the order which was interrupted by the blow. After fifteen months of unconsciousness, he was successfully trappaned, when, rising up in bed, in a loud voice he finished the order begun so long before. Many instances of this character might be cited, but we pass them by, and refer to but one more class of kindred phenomena. To this class belong cases where an apparent injury to the brain has resulted in an improved mental condition. One of three brothers, all idiots, after receiving a severe injury in the head, gained his senses and became a clever barrister, and a stable-boy had his wits greatly improved by a kick from a horse. Even a pope, Clement VI., had his memory improved by a concussion on the brain; while one man, who lost half his brain through suppuration of the skull, preserved his intellectual faculties till the day of his death. It would be hard to point a safe moral from these facts, and yet, if there is any comfort to be found in the consciousness that we do not suffer alone, then any reader whose symptoms we have portrayed is welcome to it, and may take courage.

In our article of last week on "Birds with Teeth," reference was made to the *Merganser serrator*. As it is possible that our readers may deem the subject of sufficient interest to justify a brief return to it, we would state regarding this bird that it belonged to the *Merganser* or saw-bill-duck family. The species to which we alluded is known as the red-breast *Merganser* or sheldrake. In lieu of an extended description we present an illustration of male and female. These birds are distributed over



Red-breasted Merganser (*Mergus serrator*).
1. Male; 2. Female.

the whole of North America and Europe. The serrations, as described in the former article, are not teeth proper, but serve a kindred purpose in aiding the bird in securing the fish upon which it feeds. The male bird, which is two feet and a half in length, has a bill over two inches long. The head and upper neck are dark-green, and the throat reddish-brown with dark streaks. The special feature, however, is the serrated bill, the structure of which was fully illustrated in the paper to which we have alluded.

THE increase in the number and extent of submarine electric cables, and specially the recent completion of a new one connecting America with England, will cause the following description of the manner in which messages are sent and received to be read with in-

terest. The account, which is commendably clear and concise, is given in a contemporary, and reads as follows:

"He (the ocean-telegraph operator) taps the 'key,' as in a land-telegraph, only it is a double key. It has two levers and knobs instead of one. The alphabet used is like the Morse alphabet—that is, the different letters are represented by a combination of dashes and dots. For instance, you want to write the word 'boy.' It would read like this: '— — — — —' B is one dash and three dots; o, three dashes; and y, one dash, one dot, and three dashes. Now, in the land-telegraph, the dashes and dots would appear on a strip of paper at the other end of the line, which is unwound from a cylinder and perforated by a pin at the end of the bar or armature. If the operator could read by sound, we would dispense with the strip of paper, and read the message by the 'click' of the armature as it is pulled down and let go by the electro-magnet.

"The cable-operator, however, has neither of these advantages. There is no paper to perforate, no 'click' of the armature, no armature to 'click.' The message is read by means of a moving flash of light upon a polished scale produced by the 'deflection' of a very small mirror, which is placed within a 'mirror galvanometer,' which is a small brass cylinder two or three inches in diameter, shaped like a spool or bobbin, composed of several hundred turns of small wire wound with silk to keep the metal from coming in contact. It is wound or coiled exactly like a new rope, a small hole being left in the middle about the size of a common wooden pencil. In the centre of this is suspended a very thin, delicate mirror about as large as a kernel of corn, with a correspondingly small magnet rigidly attached to the back of it. The whole weighs but a little more than a grain, and is suspended by a single fibre of silk, much smaller than a human hair, and almost invisible. A narrow horizontal scale is placed within a darkened box two or three feet in front of the mirror, a narrow slit being cut in the centre of the scale to allow a ray of light to shine upon the mirror from a lamp placed behind the scale, the little mirror in turn reflecting the light back upon the scale. This spot of light upon the scale is the index by which all messages are read. The angle through which the ray moves is double that traversed by the mirror itself; and it is therefore really equivalent to an index four or six feet in length without weight.

"To the casual observer there is nothing but a thin ray of light, darting to the right and left with irregular rapidity; but to the trained eye of the operator every flash is replete with intelligence. Thus the word 'boy,' already alluded to, would be read in this way: One flash to the right and three to the left is b; three flashes to the right is o; one to the right, one to the left, and two more to the right, is y, and so on. Long and constant practice makes the operators wonderfully expert in their profession, and enables them to read from the mirror as readily and accurately as from a newspaper."

THE American farmer's boy who has made it a part of his holiday service to hunt for humble-bee's nests, and, at the risk of a swollen eye, possess himself of the sweets there contained, may be induced to resist his robber propensities when he learns what service these bees render to his father's clover-fields. We learn from *Nature* that two nests of English humble-bees were recently sent to New Zealand by Mr. Frank Buckland, for the Canterbury Acclimatization Society. These insects are specially desired in New Zealand for the purpose of fertilizing the common clover; the proboscis of the common bee is not sufficiently long to reach down to the pollen of the clover-flower, while the humble-bee is enabled to do so. In this way the insect is expected to do great service to the agriculturist by largely extending the growth of the clover. The bees were packed in their own nests in two boxes, and will be under the charge of a

member of the New Zealand Council, who is provided with every necessary for their welfare during their voyage. They are expected to arrive about the middle of January—mid-summer at the antipodes.

CERTAIN interesting experiments on the growth of seeds have been conducted by M. Uloth. These were undertaken with a view to determine whether seeds could be made to germinate in ice, and the process may be described as follows: Seeds of various species were placed in grooves made in ice-cakes, and over the grooved surface other plates of ice were laid, and the whole removed to a cool cellar in January, and there remained till the following May. An examination then made disclosed the fact that many of the seeds had actually germinated, the roots penetrating into the ice. It is but natural that facts of this startling character should give rise to controversy, and so we are not surprised to learn that opposite views are entertained as to whence the heat needed for the process of growth was obtained. In the opinion of the experimenter, it was obtained, or rather liberated, in the growth of the roots while forcing themselves into the ice.

DURING a late official investigation into the cause of one of the many recent English railway accidents it was stated that, owing to the presence of continuous brakes, the engineer had at his command the means of stopping a train going at the rate of fifty miles an hour within four hundred yards. The official character of this testimony induced a special trial to be made, with the following results: A regular train was made up, fitted with continuous brakes, and run at the rate above mentioned. At a given signal, the brakes were put on, the engine reversed, and when the train had stopped the distance was measured. This was found to be eight hundred yards, or nearly half a mile; and, as the trial was a fair one, the result may be taken as final, and will serve to set at rest the oft-repeated assertion that a train going at full speed may be stopped within its own length.

A KENTISH gardener has taken up the novel rôle of natural photographer, and by the aid of negatives in the form of leaves has been enabled to add to the beauty of his orchard-fruit. In order to give a pleasing variety of color to the surface of certain choice peaches, he allowed them to be protected in places by leaves. Beneath these shaded portions the surface remained green, and thus the purple bloom of the unshaded parts was greatly heightened. In certain instances the form of the leaf appeared sharply photographed on the fruit, which effect added greatly to their beauty, and secured for the grower more favorable prices, since beauty of appearance ranks with delicacy of flavor among a certain class of purchasers.

WE learn from *Nature* that it is proposed to hold an electrical exhibition in Paris in 1877. It will be held in the Palais de l'Industrie, the object being to illustrate all the applications of electricity to the arts, to industry, and to domestic purposes. This project, which was initiated by Count Halex d'Arros, has been received with general favor both by the scientific and industrial worlds, and the necessary funds have been already guaranteed. An organizing committee is being formed, and the provisional offices of the exhibition have been established at 86 Rue de la Victoire.

In a recent note it was stated that the decomposition or decay of eggs might be greatly retarded by the use of a coating of paraffine. A second application of this substance has recently been made, with favorable results. A number of American peaches which had been coated with melted paraffine and packed in hay recently arrived in London in a fresh state, and were eaten after a lapse of more than twenty days. This application of paraffine is protected by letters-patent granted to Mr. R. Loomis, of this city, and includes the preservation of eggs, fruit, and vegetables.

THE French town of Nérac is about to be lighted by gas made from cork-waste and cuttings. These are distilled in a close vessel or retort, and the gas obtained is said to be brighter and whiter than that of coal. The blue or non-luminous zone is smaller, and the gas itself has a greater density than that from ordinary coal.

Miscellanea.

WE give below the last of our budget of "Wedding-Anecdotes."

Sometimes the united services of clergymen of differing persuasions make the marriage-ceremony a trifle difficult. A Methodist minister, who was about to marry an Episcopal lady, called upon her minister to secure his services, and to ask that a friend, who was a presiding elder in his church, might assist in the office of marrying. The Episcopal brother, who was a High Anglican, replied:

"I would like to oblige you, sir, in your wish, but I fear I cannot, as I do not recognize the validity of your orders!"

"My orders not valid, sir?" exclaimed the indignant Wesleyan. "I tell you, it's a purer ministry that has come down from John Wesley than a ministry that has come down by your apostolic succession through all their dirty popes!"

As a general rule, ministers find, on the principle that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," that it is always better to take the fee at the time of the wedding than to wait for any after-judgment of the matter. A certain clergyman to this day bears a grudge against New Jersey because a Jerseyman, after his wedding, asked if he should pay at the time or settle when he came for the certificate. The modest minister said, "Oh, when you come for the certificate." And that man has never come yet!

There seems to be a strange atmosphere of mistakes about the wedding-service. Even the printers join in this. An English edition of the "Prayer-Book" came out some time ago with the following misplacement of a single letter: "Wilt thou love, honor, and cherish," etc., etc., "and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her as long as ye both shall *like*,"—a change from "live" to "like," well suited to the changing habits of present matrimonial life!

Another very common mistake among ignorant people, who want the Episcopal service, is in the alliterative sentence, "To have and to hold from this day forward." I know a clergyman who assures me he very frequently has it rendered, "To have and to behold from this day forward."

The nervousness of the parties to be married very often accounts for some of these mistakes. A pretty-well frightened groom on one occasion, feeling that he must be brave and speak up well when the officiating clergy-

man asked any question, boldly replied to the question addressed to the father of the bride, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" "My sponsors in baptism!"

Another frightened youth, remembering in the presence of some beautiful bridesmaids the answer to one of the questions in the order of baptism, replied to the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" "I renounce them all, and, by God's help, will endeavor not to follow nor be led by them!"

Readers of Thomas Hardy's story, "Far from the Madding Crowd," will remember the scene in which Bathsheba, on taking charge of the farm, inquires how it came to pass that Mrs. Ball ever consented to name her son "Cain." Joseph Poorgran and the others explain that the "pore" woman was flustered at the time of the christening, and got the Bible brothers mixed up in her mind, and thought at the moment "as how it was Abel what killed Cain, and not t'other way; however, they tried to soften it down a bit by calling him 'Cainey.'"

On the same principle in England, at a wholesale parish wedding, where some dozen couples were to be united *en masse* on a Sunday, a shy sort of man got crowded in the wrong place, next to a strong, bustling woman, who had likewise missed her man, and, before they knew it, they were married, as was also the odd couple number two. Hereupon the shy man made so bold as to tell the minister of the mistake, and, while he was debating in his own mind what was to be done, the old woman exclaimed, "Sure, and let it be; isn't it fair all round, after all, and isn't one man as good as the other? the devil a bit's the difference, says Bridget McShane!"

We select from *All the Year Round* a second batch of "Notifications Extraordinary," being wholly on matters matrimonial:

A Leavenworth official proclaimed his happiness and warned off all aspirants to the hand of the woman whose affections he had secured as follows: "Engaged: Miss Anne Gould, to John Caudal, city marshal, both of Leavenworth, Kansas. From this time henceforth and forever, until Miss Anne Gould becomes a widow, all young men are requested to withdraw their particular attentions." If Kansas lovers are given to publishing their little arrangements in this way, a Kansas newspaper must be almost as lively reading as the *Cherokee Times*, which, recording the marriage of Mr. Sariah Pratt and Miss Mary Foote, says: "Sariah is one of the best boys Cherokee ever had, and, now that he will Foote it the rest of his journey, we wish both him and his handsome young wife a happy wedded life, with a good round number of Pratt-ling responsibilities to cheer the way and make life truly blest." The Cherokee editor's playfulness would hardly have been appreciated a quarter of a century ago, when the following specimen was thought a neat thing in marriage notices: "Married simultaneously, on the 24th ult., by the Rev. J. W. Wallace, J. H. Burrill, Esq., of Connecticut, to Miss Ann W. Watson; and Mr. Augustus Wood, to Miss Sarah Wair, Columbia County, Georgia. The ceremony was conducted under the most engaging forms of decency, and was ministered with sober and impressive dignity. The subsequent hilarity was rendered doubly entertaining by the most pleasing urbanity and decorum of the guests; the convivial board exhibited an elegant profusion of all that fancy

could mingle, or the most splendid liberality collect; nor did the nuptial evening afford a banquet less grateful to the intellectual senses. The mind was regaled with all that is captivating in colloquial fruition, and transported with all that is divine in the union of congenial spirits:

'While hovering seraphs lingered near,
And dropped their harps, so charmed to hear!'"

In the happy coming-time, when the sexes shall stand upon a footing of perfect equality, the dupes of fair flirts will, doubtless, find twelve good women and true ready to make defaulting damsels pay for promise-breaking. A jilted lover will not need to take his revenge in an irregular way, like the gentleman who advertised in the *General Advertiser*: "Whereas, on Sunday, April 12, 1750, there was seen in Cheapside, between the hours of four and five in the afternoon, a young gentleman, dressed in a light-colored coat, with a blue waistcoat trimmed with silver lace, along with a young lady in mourning, going toward St. Martin's near Aldersgate. This is, therefore, to acquaint the said gentleman (as a friend) to be as expeditious as possible in the affair, lest otherwise he should unhappily meet with the same disappointment at last, by another stepping in in the mean time, as a young gentleman has been lately served by the aforesaid young lady, who, after a courtship of these four months last past, and that with her approbation, and in the most public manner possible, and with the utmost honor as could possibly become a gentleman. Take this, sir, only as a friendly hint." Far less courteous, under similar provocation, was the discarded suitor who proclaimed: "Whereas, Parmelia B— did promise to marry me on the 19th instant, but, instead of doing so, did flunk and run off, I brand her as a liar and a person of bad character generally." Possibly the fickle Parmelia had very good reasons for changing her mind; at any rate, the rejected groom might have vented his wrath in milder terms. Mary Dodd, of Livingston County, Kentucky, was fully justified in denouncing a gay deceiver as she did, in the *Kentucky Reporter*, of the 5th of September, 1817: "Take notice, and beware of the swindler Jesse Dougherty, who married me in November last, and some time after marriage informed me that he had another wife alive, and before I recovered the villain left me, and took one of my best horses. One of my neighbors was so good as to follow him and take the horse from him, and bring him back. The said Dougherty is about forty years of age, five feet ten inches high, round-shouldered, thick lips, complexion and hair dark, gray eyes, remarkably ugly and ill-natured, very fond of ardent spirits, and by profession a notorious liar. This is, therefore, to warn all widows to beware of the swindler, as all he wants is their property, and he cares not where they go after he gets that. The said Dougherty has a number of wives living, perhaps eight or ten (the number not positively known), and will, no doubt, if he can get them, have eight or ten more. I believe that is the way he makes his living.—MARY DODD."

A WRITER in *Chambers's Journal*, from whom we have formerly quoted, thinks that Americans are very fond of using the word "institution":

Institution, originally a political word, has been given a very wide meaning. Besides speaking of the "institutions of the country," American writers mention the buzzards of Charleston as one of the institutions of that

city, and inform us that a taste for driving is one of the institutions of New York. Writing from China to the *New York Times*, Mr. Seward described a typhoon as "an Eastern institution, which, though doubtless entertaining as a topic for future narrative, is seldom amusing as an experience."

He gives also instances of some of the quaint phrases arising from our political life:

Some of these strange phrases are derived from the habits of animals. A party is said to *make* when it follows an underhand policy; if a politician proves false to his pledges, the papers announce that he has "*crawfished* awfully," an allusion to the retrograde motions of the crawfish. When a group of members support a bill in which they have no direct interest, in order to secure the help of its promoters for a bill of their own, they are said to be "*log-rolling*," a term taken from the backwoods, where a man who has cut down a big tree gets his neighbors to help him in rolling it away, and in return helps them with their logs. To "*gas*" is to talk only for the purpose of prolonging a debate. A man who can be depended upon by his party is said to be "*sound on the goose*." On the other hand, a doubtful supporter is spoken of as "*weak in the knees*." Determination is backbone. "*Backbone*," says a leader in the *Republic of New York*, "is the material that makes an upright man." A party that always votes together is said to "*vote solid*." A party conference is a "*caucus*," its programme is a "*platform*," and these two words, we may remark *en passant*, are being too freely used in some quarters even among ourselves. A member of Congress does not make a speech, he "*orates*," if he can embarrass his adversary, he rejoices at having "*cornered* him;" if his speech is a good one, it is a "*rouser*;" if it fails, it is a "*fizzle*," so called from the hiss of the priming in a gun that misses fire.

He is of opinion, however, that with us trade has even more cant words than politics, and gives the following instances:

Money has forty or fifty different names—such singular terms as dye-stuffs, spondulics, shadscals, and charms, figuring in the list. Insolvent banks are called wild-cat banks, and their notes are wild-cats. The smallest cobbler's shop is a "*boot-store*;" a draper's is a "*dry-goods store*;" and to "*run a store*" is to keep a shop. A figure of speech derived from the last expression is "*to run your face*," which means to go upon credit. "*To make a pile*" is to make money; to be "*dead broke*" is to become bankrupt. These commercial phrases penetrate into every-day life. "*What's to pay?*" means simply what's the matter? "*A drive in these hills pays*," says a writer in an American magazine; "*it is pure enjoyment*." Another Americanism, "*to be well posted up*" in a subject, originally derived from the posting up of a ledger, has been adopted by some English writers. Similarly there are nautical words which are used on all possible occasions. Where an English railway-guard calls out before starting his train, "*Take your places!*" the American train-conductor shouts, "*Get aboard, get aboard!*" and then signals the driver to "*go ahead*." A pushing, active man is said to be "*goaheaditive*," and from this adjective a barbarous substantive has in due course been developed; and on the declaration of war between France and Prussia, in 1870, the *New York Times* strove to impress its readers with

the fact that, "in this complication of European difficulties, a favorable opportunity was afforded to *American goaheaditiveness*."

THE subjoined, from the London *Daily News*, on the first fire of the season, is very good, but we wish the writer would understand that not every American is devoted to the stove. In the South the open fire is the rule, and it is far from being uncommon in the North and West:

The first fire makes an epoch like the first snow-fall of the new winter: it brings back memories of old enjoyments suited to the season; it almost makes us forget to look forward to the long, inevitable season of cold and of sunless days. Certainly this is an advantage we possess over our kinsmen of the Teutonic race who use stoves—over the German, the American, as also over the Russian. Montaigne mentions how he was once amused by hearing a German gentleman defend stoves on exactly the same grounds as Frenchmen usually spoke up for fires. Surely the patriotic Teuton would scarcely have said that much of the *religio foci* clings to the stove. Warm that device may be, and capable when scientifically adapted of giving perpetual summer within the house. But as the stove is used in Continental cities merely to heat the air which is in the house without circulating or changing it, stuffiness is its first-born and drowsiness its next of kin. "Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is," Shelley says, and certainly no stove-using race of men can know by daily experience. It was the most natural thing that the domestic religions of the ancient world should cling about the hearth, where the lovely, mysterious element plays, making light and warmth in his sport. No wonder the Lares, the spirits of dead ancestors, liked to hover there, and forget their gray Elysium. No wonder that the city hearth was a holy thing, where the fire was never to fade. But fancy a vestal virgin tending a sacred stove! The idea is absurd on the face of it. Far better for the poetry if not for the comfort of the thing even a French fire, like that of the marshal on which our correspondent has moralized; far better the pine-cones with their fragrance, the logs that burn capriciously, the heat that goes up the wide chimney, than the practical stove of Germany. It is well that a man should be able to say, "Ha, ha! I have seen the fire," even if he can scarcely add in conscience that he has been very thoroughly warmed, which it must be confessed he rarely is in really cold weather. It is a pleasant custom that has come in of burning old drift-wood in London fireplaces. The salt timber crackles very cheerfully; a hundred delicate shades of yellow and violet and blue and green and purple flames shine out, and the cavernous wood-fire presents more pictures to the imaginative than

the fire of coals can offer. Every one in that magic world sees what he brings the power of seeing. Few people are tempted with crowns of faery, few but children, to whom fire is still magical, and the pictures of fire-land as real almost as the scenes of daylight life. We lose this constructive imagination as we grow older, and "look before and after," as we sit by the fire, instead of watching the wonderful pictures of a world outside space and time.

THE revival of "*Macbeth*" at the Lyceum (says the *Full Mall Gazette*) has stirred up the spirit of Shakespearean criticism to give forth some very astounding utterances. Perhaps the wildest of all are to be found in certain letters which have been published by Dr. Charles Mackay in the *Athenaeum*. A Celtic scholar is still a *rara avis* among us; and perhaps it is well that it is so, since it seems impossible for a knowledge of Gaelic and a spirit of impartiality to exist in the same brain. Of the philological blindness induced by Celtic studies, Dr. Mackay is a brilliant example. Not long ago, in a little book about English literature, he gravely set forth that "*quick*"—a good English word if ever there was one—with its cognate "*queck*," still passing current on the main-land to vouch for its Teutonic pedigree, was derived from the Gaelic *og*, five, by some occult symbolism about the five senses. And he now tries to make out by a deal more of the same sort of fanciful rodomontade that all the obsolete or obscure words used by Shakespeare are Celtic; nay, that the poet himself was a Celt, both on the father's and the mother's side. As to the mother, her family took their name of Arden from the forest in which they lived, and to try to found a pedigree from the poet's father writing his name "*Chaksper*" is simply ridiculous, as it is extremely doubtful whether he could write his name at all; and if he wrote it in any such form, it is clear he could not spell, as the earliest bearer of the name, who was somehow or other connected with the Port of Youghal, in the time of Edward III., wrote it *Shaksper*. The meaning, one would think, is as evident as the meaning of *Brakespeare*, or any other compound of the sort. But Dr. Mackay cannot see it, and tries to make out that the word is the Celtic "*shac*, or *seac*, dry, and *speir*, shanks, as we have in our day the Saxon names of Sheepshank and Cruikshank, suggested by a personal malformation or deformity in days when surnames were not common, and applied as a nickname to some early ancestor of the family." The obvious answer to this is, that in days when people called each other "*Sheepshanks*" or "*Crookshanks*" they were perfectly capable of putting together the simple compound "*Dry-shanks*," if they had wished to make any personal remark about the poet's ancestor, without taking the trouble to flak up two Gaelic words, of which probably they had never heard, to express their contempt for his shanks.

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"THE LAND OF THE SKY;"

OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER IX.

"It seemed some mountain, rent and riven,
A channel for the stream had given,
So high the cliffs of limestone gray
Hung o'er the torrent's way."

"I THINK," says Sylvia, deliberately, "that I should like to climb that height." She points as she speaks, and we all look

round. Immediately behind the Paint Rock, on which we are gathered, stands an abrupt and rugged hill, towering several hundred feet higher, and showing an almost precipitous side.

"I wonder what you will propose to do next?" I say. "Who do you fancy will risk his neck by climbing that mountain with you?"

"The view from there must be very fine," she remarks, "a great deal finer than this—which I don't consider at all remarkable.—Mr. Lanier"—she turns with her sweetest smile to that gentleman—"will you go with me?"

Mr. Lanier hesitates. Pity him, all prudent people who dislike unnecessary exertion and avoid useless risks! He is comfortably seated under a pine-tree, fanning the young lady who proposes this feat, and, being as averse to it as a man could be, he looks at the mountain in troubled silence for an instant. Then he says:

"You have no idea what you are proposing. It is quite impossible for you to ascend that hill. There is no path, and the side is terribly steep—it would be dangerous to attempt such a thing."

"Dangerous!" Her lip curls. "Every thing is dangerous, except walking on level ground—and even then one might fall in the river. I know I can climb up there—and I mean to do it!"

"Bravo, Miss Norwood!" cries an unexpected voice—the voice of a gay young widow, who has been devoting her fascinations to Eric. "If you succeed, I'll follow you."

"Had you not better come with me, Mrs. Cardigan?" says Sylvia. "Perhaps, after we have made the ascent, some of the gentlemen may feel it safe to follow."

"More likely we shall be obliged to go below and gather up your frag-

ments," says one of the gentlemen, composedly.

"Yes, I believe I will go with you," says Mrs. Cardigan. "It is very stupid to do no more than hundreds of other people have done."

"That sentiment has been the cause of more foolish risks than could be reckoned," says Eric, "but, if you are in earnest about climbing the hill—and are not afraid of a sunstroke—I'll take you up."

"Thank you," says Mrs. Cardigan, graciously. "People never have sunstrokes in the mountains, I believe.—Well, Miss Norwood, are you ready?"

Yes, Sylvia says she is ready, and she rises without a glance at her companion. But that unhappy man rises also, with an heroic attempt to look cheerful.

"I haven't an idea that you can reach the top—and I'm sure you'll be sorry that you made the attempt," he says; "but of course I'll do my best to take you up."

"Pray don't come on my account," says Sylvia. "I need very little assistance in climbing."

This is not very gracious encouragement to overheat himself in the most unpleasant manner, besides risking his neck; but Mr. Lanier feels that he is put upon his mettle, and he will not recede.

"Lead the way, Markhan," he says. "You understand this business of scrambling over rocks and swinging to bushes better than I do."

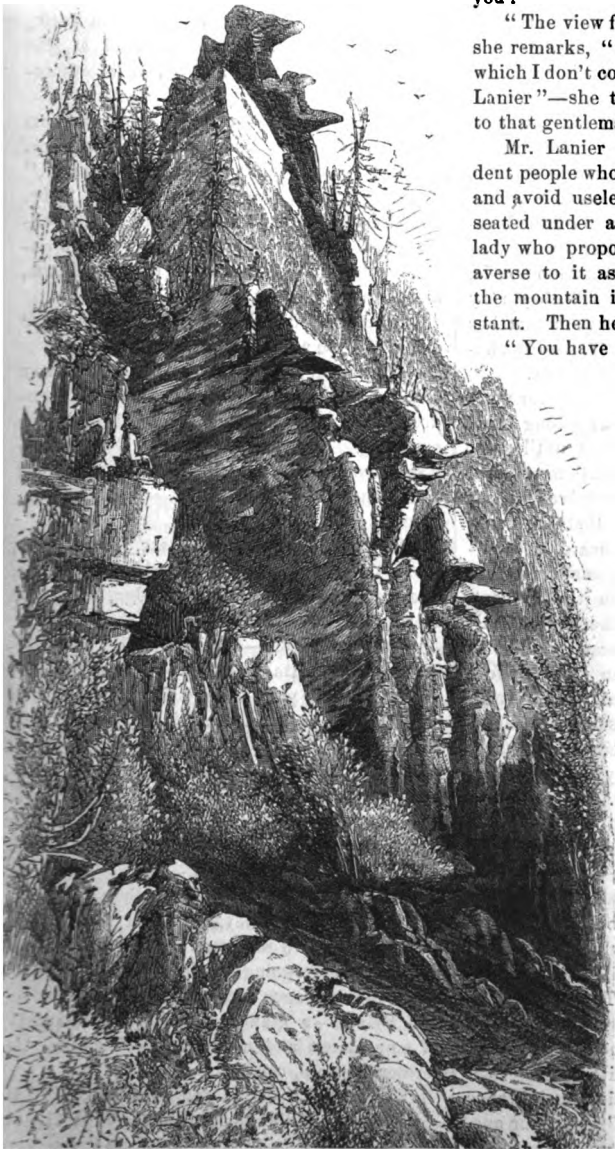
"Eric shall not lead the way!" cries Sylvia, springing forward. "I made the proposal, and I insist upon going first."

Poor Mr. Lanier! It is impossible not to laugh at the glance with which he regards the height before him as he follows the young lady, who—with her riding-skirt looped to her ankles—takes her way along the neck of land which connects the rock with the mountain.

"How much energy Miss Norwood has!" says Miss Hollis, with a little shudder. "I do not think I should like to be her escort—on a mountain."

"She certainly puts Lanier through a course of exercise which he would not be likely to undertake of himself," says a sympathetic gentleman. "I'm sorry for the fellow, and I shouldn't be surprised if she broke his neck and her own too."

"There's not the least danger of her



PAINT ROCK.

breaking her own neck," puts in Charley's quiet voice. "She climbs like a deer, and her head is as cool as—as an iceberg. But



"Once we see Sylvia mounted on a large rock, waving her handkerchief."

I wouldn't insure Lanier's neck," the speaker ends, calmly.

The ascent of the hill is slow and very difficult. Sylvia was correct in saying that

hand, and planting her alpenstock with the other. Eric and Mrs. Cardigan take a slightly different route, and the two couples keep tolerably well abreast of each other. Now and then they pause to rest, and once we see Sylvia mounted on a large rock, waving her handkerchief to us in an ecstatic manner, while Mr. Lanier leans exhausted against it.

"What hot work it must be!" say the lookers-on.

"I am as devoted to Nature as anybody," remarks Miss Hollis, "but I must say that I think such an exertion as this *foolish*—don't you, Mr. Kenyon?"

"I am opposed on principle to all unnecessary exertion," answers Mr. Kenyon, "and just now I am so well satisfied to be under this tree—with you—that the finest view in the world could not tempt me away."

As the adventurous climbers mount higher and yet higher, it makes one giddy to look at them, hanging by such precarious foothold on the precipitous hill. Several times we prophesy that they will be forced to return without gaining the summit, but they go on undauntedly, sending showers of loose stones down the mountain at every step. Occasionally we lose sight of them among the rocks and bushes, but again they are in full view, and we can see them, for they have joined forces, dragging each other up some particularly steep ascent. At last, a faint, prolonged shout tells us that they have reached the top, and we recognize Mrs. Cardigan in the figure that waves a handkerchief on an alpenstock exultantly.

"The question now is, how long will they stay there?" says a member of the party, who is anxious for his dinner.

They remain for what seems to us a long time, and it is not until most of the gentlemen have made themselves hoarse by shouts that are probably not heard, and certainly not answered, that they begin the descent. This is almost as difficult as the ascent, and it is still some time before they appear on the rock, with faces flushed scarlet, dresses torn, and an utter insolvency in the matter of breath. Sylvia speaks first.

"Look at my gloves!" she says, extending her hands.

We look, and appreciate fifty per cent. higher the difficulties of the ascent. The gloves are dog-skin gauntlets, and the entire palms are peeled off white.

"You should keep those in remembrance of the Paint Rock Mountain," says some one.

"She has plenty of mementos," says Mr. Lanier. "Look here!"

We look and laugh. He is very much of a dandy in the matter of dress, this hapless gentleman, and to see all his coat-pockets bulging with stones, and crammed with ferns and mosses, is a sight which might move the gravest to mirth, and the most insensible to compassion.

"She wanted to fill my hat, too," he says, "but I humbly submitted that I had no way to carry it except on my head, and it would have been inconvenient to have had several pounds of stones and moss in it."

"Not to such an enthusiast as yourself, I should think," remarks one of the amused by-standers.

Eric on his part is laden with a fragment of rock so large that no pocket which was ever made would contain it, and how he has managed to bring it down the mountain—not to speak of bringing Mrs. Cardigan also—we are unable to imagine.

"He seemed to have no difficulty about it," says that lady; "but, if an emergency had arisen, I am sure he would have let me go and kept the rock."

"I should have been more excusable in such a case than you think," he answers. "I have several specimens of the Paint Rock, but none so perfect as this. Look at the streaks of color on it—why, it is admirable!"

"And unique, I suppose; while women are easy enough to find," she says, laughing.—"But I hope nobody thinks me in earnest," she goes on, turning to the others. "Mr. Markham is the most capable and careful escort, and when he needed both hands to assist me he laid his specimen tenderly down, and then went back for it."

"But what did you see to repay you for all this?" we ask.

"See!" replied Sylvia; "why, twenty times at least as much as you see here. Hundreds of mountains in that direction"—a sweeping motion toward North Carolina—"and the whole State of Tennessee as far as the Cumberland Mountains. — Didn't we, Eric?"

"Not exactly the whole State," says Eric. "but the Cumberland Mountains certainly. We were on the top of the ridge, and the view was very fine."

Soon after this—the day having considerably passed its meridian—we scramble down the steep path at the side of the rock, and take our way to the carriages. Standing there in the cool shade of the trees that fringe the river, we look up at the great cliff and are struck afresh by its majesty. Its rugged escarpments stand out boldly, for no shrub grows on the broken and irregular face of the precipice.

When we are about to start, Eric says:

"By-the-by, Charley, since you found the ford so good, we might as well cross there, instead of undergoing the delay of the ferry."

A quick glance passes between Charley and Sylvia—a glance compounded equally of amusement and consternation—then the former answers, coolly:

"I wouldn't advise you to do so. The ford is—well, rather deep. We crossed there, but we decided to try the ferry-boat on our return."



"Look at my gloves!"

she requires little assistance—which is fortunate, since it is evidently quite as much as her escort can do to assist himself. She leads the way, grasping the bushes with one

"Ah!" says Eric. He makes no further remark until we are in the carriage; then he says: "I knew all the time that scamp was telling what was not true when he said the ford was safe. It is certainly dangerous, and he carried Sylvia through it."

"How rash!" says Mrs. Cardigan. "And Mr. Kenyon is the last person I should suspect of rashness."

"Charley is an impostor," says Eric. "When he throws off his indolence—which is half affectation—he is not only energetic, but daring to recklessness."

"And Sylvia is as rash as he is," I say. "They should *never* be allowed to go out together."

"Sometimes they don't ask permission—this morning, for instance, they did not," says Mrs. Cardigan, with a laugh.

We reach the Springs in time for a late dinner, and indemnify ourselves for the fatigue of the morning by an afternoon *siesta* of unusual length. It is nearly sunset when we gather on the lawn near the river-bank. All the tide of watering-place life is astir. People are sitting or walking under the shade of the large trees; across a stretch of green-sward stands the hotel with a tide of well-dressed humanity flowing up and down its long piazzas; over the river the last rays of sunlight are shining on the crests of the hills at the base of which the stream flows.

We are idly enjoying this picture, and Aunt Markham is telling the latest items of gossip afloat during the day, when Mrs. Cardigan comes up. She is very handsome, this fast young widow—a brunette of the richest type, with a degree of style that would mark even a plain woman.

"Who will walk to Lover's Leap to see the sunset?" she asks. "Surely you are not all exhausted by our Paint Rock expedition?—Miss Norwood, I find that by climbing that mountain we have enrolled ourselves on the list of heroines—did you know it?"

"Reputation must be easily made in this part of the world," says Sylvia, laughing.

The stroll to Lover's Leap is a short one, and the ascent of the cliff comparatively easy. We soon find ourselves on top, with the narrow road winding like a thread below, and the turbulent river chafing over its rocks.

"If I were one of the class of lovers who make leaps," says Charley, meditatively, "I should prefer this place for the purpose to any other that I have ever seen. It has several advantages. In the first place, the height is good; in the second place, one could spring without difficulty into the water."

"And then swim out, if one liked," says Mrs. Cardigan, laughing. "But you are right—it is the best Lover's Leap I have ever seen. And I think we have the best view of the Springs from here."

It is a very good view, indeed. We overlook the green valley, with the hotel in the foreground, and a beautiful stretch of varying landscape behind. Blue, wooded hills inclose it like the walls of an amphitheatre, and we see beyond still bluer heights, with the pomp of the sunset-sky spread above. It is a pomp which is dazzling in its glory. Fantastically-shaped clouds of crimson and rose color are shot with luminous splendor, and

their edges are gilded with a radiance at which we can scarcely look.

"What royal magnificence!" says Sylvia. "Sometimes the sun dies like a sovereign."

"Rather too much magnificence!" says Eric. "At least there are too many clouds; I fear we shall have bad weather again."

"That will be a pity," I observe, "since Aunt Markham has consented to start back to Asheville to-morrow."

"What!" cries Mrs. Cardigan, with an expression of the most sincere dismay, "are you going to leave the Springs? Oh, how sorry I am! I hoped we should climb a great many more mountains together.—O Mr. Markham! how can you be so faithless? You know you promised to take me up *this* mountain"—and she points to the one behind the cliff on which we are seated.

"I am at your service," says Eric. "Shall we climb it now?"

"You know that is nonsense; how can we climb it with the sun gone and twilight about to fall? But, if you leave to-morrow, I shall consider that you have broken your plighted faith, and perhaps I shall throw myself from this rock like the hapless and ubiquitous Indian maiden who was afflicted with suicidal mania a hundred years or so ago."

"In that case we can't think of leaving you behind," says Sylvia. "Why should you not come with us? The gorge of the French Broad from this point to Asheville is a great deal better worth seeing than any thing you can find here."

"It would be a good idea," Mrs. Cardigan answers. "If I return by Wolf Creek—as I came—I shall fail to see the finest scenery on the river—shall I not?"

"You will have seen none at all," says Eric. "The grandeur of the gorge is all above here."

"Then I must see it!" she says. "I have only waited for a good opportunity to do so, and I am sure I could not find a better one than this."

So the matter seems to be settled. I suggest aside to Charley that he had better invite Miss Hollis to join our party also; but he does not receive the idea with favor.

"I think we are best as we are," he says. "I would rather vote for decreasing than increasing our number."

We linger on the summit of the cliff until the sunset-tints have melted into dusk and the clouds have lost their splendor. Even then it is hard to turn and go—not knowing when we shall look on so fair a scene again. The great hills stand around, wrapped in their everlasting silence; the river surges along its stormy way below; soft evening shadows have fallen over the valley; purple shades are gathering on all the mountain-sides; a faint yet lovely glow of color still lingers in the west; the air is delicious in its freshness.

"Why cannot one grasp such hours as this, and make them last?" says Sylvia, with a sigh.

"Here comes the Asheville stage," says Mr. Lanier, leaning over the edge of the cliff.

Mrs. Cardigan looks over also, and drops a flower on the head of an outside passenger, who glances up with a start.

"Heavens! how ugly he is!" she says. "If he were young and handsome, now, what an opening for a romance!"

"I am sure he would be young and handsome if possible," says Charley; "but I beg to observe that ugly men are by no means insensible to openings for romance. I belong to that class myself, so I know whereof I speak."

"Charley, such remarks are never in good taste," says Sylvia. "Don't try to extort compliments, but help me down this cliff."

"I thought you never required help in climbing," says Mr. Lanier, watching with some jealousy the hands which surrender themselves to Charley.

"This is not climbing—it is descending," replies the young lady, coolly, "and I don't want to fall. It is *much* easier to mount than to go down."

I do not think that Mr. Lanier is altogether convinced by this positive statement—or perhaps he remembers how often his assistance was declined during the descent of the morning. At all events, he walks by my side as we return to the hotel—a fact which does not seem to damp Sylvia's spirits, for we hear her voice chatting gayly to Charley as they stroll in front.

The next morning we prepare to leave the Springs, but, despite the conversation on Lover's Leap the evening before, most of us are surprised when Mrs. Cardigan appears in traveling-dress, and announces that she has taken a seat in the stage.

"I only regret that I shall be separated from you all," she says, "and that I can't go on the top of the coach. One can see so little inside—but one does not like to mount on the top without a gentleman."

At this we all look at Eric, who, after a moment's hesitation, does what is expected of him with tolerable grace.

"If you will allow me," he says, "I will take a seat with you on the top of the coach. You can see nothing at all inside, and you need some one who is familiar with the river to point out the noted places to you."

"Oh, how delightful that would be!" cries Mrs. Cardigan, rapturously. "But I cannot be selfish enough to consent to such a thing! You must not leave your charming carriage to mount on that jolting stage—don't tempt me, please! Good-by."

She waves her hand and turns away. Eric shrugs his shoulders slightly and follows. There is a moment or two of laughing dispute at the door of the coach, then she suffers herself to be elevated to the deck-seat, and he follows.

"Please don't blame me, Mrs. Markham!" she cries. "He *will* go!"

"Don't drive the horses hard, John," says Eric. "Take the day leisurely. We will stop at Alexander's."

With this the coach drives off—Mrs. Cardigan's blue veil fluttering like a pennon of victory in the breeze, while Eric holds an umbrella over her. We all laugh at the sight. It is something altogether novel to see Eric playing the part of cavalier.

"What a *taking* way some women—widows, especially—have!" says Charley. "If Eric is not taken for good by the time he

reaches Alexander's, it will not be the lady's fault."

The stage has been gone probably an hour when we start. Though it is not much later than nine o'clock, the heat is already sultry, and there are clouds on the mountains which betoken rain. We agree that there will probably be a storm later in the day, but we enjoy the sunshine while it lasts. At Mountain Island Sylvia insists on halting; and we go out as far as possible on the ledge of rock over which the current pours in foaming rapids. Standing here, we look up at the island, which rises fifty or sixty feet above us—a bold hill in the midst of the raging stream.

"I should like to go there," says Sylvia, wistfully. But, with the best intentions, neither of her attendants can devise any means of transporting her over the whirling fall which intervenes between our standpoint and the island.

"If one had a boat, one could cross at the lower end and mount to the headland," says Mr. Lanier.

This suggestion is not of much value, however, since we have no boat, so we are forced to content ourselves with gazing. The sides of the hill are covered with a growth of ferns, which literally carpet it, but the trees have been burned, and now stand black and bare, disfiguring the beautiful picture.

"What odious barbarian was guilty of that outrage?" asks Sylvia, in a tone of indignant scorn.

"Some hunting barbarian, I believe," answers Charley. "I have been told that the trees were burned because the deer, when hard pressed by the dogs, would swim the river and take refuge there."

"Oh, the wretches!" says Sylvia—which complimentary epithet is evidently not meant to apply either to the deer or the dogs.

Presently John appears on the bank, charged with a message: "Mistis say you better come on, Mass Charley—she wants to git over Laurel 'fore the rain comes up."

"A fig for the rain!" says Charley—but we turn reluctantly from the stormy rapids, the towering island, the whole wild, lovely scene, and continue our journey. The rain does not come up before we reach Laurel, and that river is found to be in a very satisfactory state. Aunt Markham stops at Wash's cabin and makes solicitous inquiries.

"Do you think it would be safer if I crossed in the canoe?" she asks.

Wash grins a little.

"I'm willin' to take you over if you like, ma'am," he answers, "but the river's down low enough for fordin' now."

"Go on, then, John," she says, tremulously.

At all times Laurel is deep fording; and the current is very swift and strong, but we accomplish the passage safely—John being the best of drivers, and the horses true as steel.

"Good-by to Laurel!" says Sylvia, as she rides out of the clear water on the farther side. "I shall never, never forget it."

"I sha'n't nuther," says John, "fur it's the only place I ever heard of takin' a car-

riage to pieces and carryin' it over on a canoe."

We have not left this famous stream—and Laurel has fame of more kinds than one—half a mile behind, when the expected rain comes—a white, hard shower, which all in a second, as it were, sweeps over the mountains and pours upon us.

"Of course it begins again as soon as we start," says Aunt Markham, who plainly thinks that there is strong evidence of *malice prepense* on the part of the clouds.

We draw on our water-proofs, raise the carriage-top, and resign ourselves to our fate. The masculine portion of the party put on their overcoats and pull down their hats.

"Greatest country for rain ever I see!" says John, as we plod along the narrow road, hemmed by towering cliffs and turbulent river, with the rain pouring in a white sheet far as our vision extends.

Before long the violence of the storm abates, the clouds pass as quickly as they came, the sun breaks forth—Nature is drenched, but how beautiful! Rocks, trees, ferns, and mosses—all are dripping with moisture which the sunlight turns to diamonds. We throw off our wraps and put back the top, careless that the drooping boughs under which we pass rain down absolute showers upon us as the breeze stirs them. We wind around a rocky curve, and a magnificent river-view is before us—the stream plunging and whirling against the boulders that bar its way, and tossing in white-capped waves over the ledges, the great overshadowing hills wearing a faint-blue tint as the vista recedes, and mists like white smoke rising from the gorges. The rain has swollen all the short mountain-streams, which come leaping down the hill-sides in white cascades. One narrow creek, into which we plunge without due consideration, is so high that the water runs into the car-



A WET FORD.

riage, wetting our feet and invading our lunch-basket. Aunt Markham's face as she sits with her feet elevated on the front seat,

while the horses struggle through the turbid torrent—which three or four feet lower pours over a ledge of rock into the river—is a study of mingled expressions. "O John, how frightful!" she says, when we have gained the steep bank and are safe.

"Yes'm—it was a considerable risk," says John. "If these horses wasn't the gamest I ever drove, we'd a-gone into the river certain. I was of the 'pinion for about a minute that we *was* goin'."

"There's no good in frightening one's self over past danger," I say. "We didn't go—that's enough.—Jump out, aunty. The carriage is full of water, and my feet are as wet as if I had waded."

Varied by such adventures as these—for two or three more clouds discharge themselves upon us—we travel up the gorge, pausing now and then when the weather chances to be propitious. There are rocks—like those at the Devil's Slip Gap—to be climbed; flowers, ferns, and mountain-geraniums, to be gathered; muscadines to be eaten; finally, luncheon to be taken in a green river-nook, with the half-obscured sunshine lying on the breast of the current as it sweeps by.

"How glad I am that we have left the Springs behind!" says Sylvia. "How delightful it is to be traveling again! Would it not be pleasant to prolong this gypsy life indefinitely?"

"Very pleasant," says Charley. "There might be worse things than to 'ride, ride, forever ride,' as the crazy lover in Browning's poem wanted to do. There might also be worse things than resting on the rocks in the shade, with sandwiches to eat and claret to drink."

"And the French Broom before one's eyes!"

The pleasant hour ends, as all pleasant hours do, however. We start again, and traveling leisurely, reach Alexander's at sunset. This place looks pastoral in its loveliness as we approach—the embowered house lying in the arms of encircling hills, the glassy river in front painted with sunset hues, two figures on the bridge, and a riding-party winding along the road.

We discover, when we approach, that the figures on the bridge are those of Mrs. Cardigan and Eric. They cross the road as we draw up before the gate.

"You are late," says the latter. "What has delayed you?"

"Oh—every thing!" replies Aunt Markham. "Storms, floods, torrents running into the carriage and nearly sweeping it away—Eric, you need never ask me to come to this country again, until there is a railroad."

"You may be sure that I never will," says Eric, laughing.

We spend three or four days at Alexander's—delightful days in which we walk and ride, climb the hills, and go out boating on the river. Gray rocks, rushing water, green boughs drooping—these things, in varied combinations, frame the idle, golden hours. The sound of the stream becomes like the voice of a familiar friend in our ears—we are almost sorry when the day arrives for us to gather together what Eric calls our "traps," and set forth on our travels again.

THE HEIRS OF THE BODLEY ESTATE.

A STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.

CHAPTER II.

THE HEIRS AND THE LAWYER

THE long recital had apparently wearied Mr. Bodley, for, after a few words more, he quietly dropped asleep in his corner—so quietly, indeed, that I was in the midst of some slight reminiscence of my grandfather Bodley before I discovered that Fear was my only hearer. Since the entire conversation thus far had been upon our family, notwithstanding we who were present had to travel a long way before our lines merged, a degree of familiar acquaintance had been established. Lydia, and Thomas, and Governor Bodley, had, as it were, given me letters of introduction to my kinsfolk that had secured me a cordial reception. It struck me afterward that family ties, however remote, do hold more strongly than any other, and that the pleasure which friends feel when they unexpectedly discover that their respective family lines, though widely separate now, were once coincident, is, in our more refined civilization, a mild form of the deathless zeal which animates each of a savage tribe to defend and avenge his fellow-members. In my own case, independent as I professed to be of ordinary ties—having, at no great cost of pain, severed for a while the ties which bound me to kindred at home—I nevertheless was conscious of a twitch at my affections and kindly interest caused by this discovery of kinship, although the thread which was pulled made many twists and turns before its tension could be transmitted to me; this, indeed, apart from the common feeling of attraction which would be excited by the couple. As I looked on the serene face of the old man, who leaned back in his corner, gently overcome by sleep, I could not help being touched by its childishness; the restless eye, which betrayed a mind searching vainly for some lost light, was closed, and I felt a relief that for a time at least he would be subject to none of those harassing fears which I had seen send shadows across his face as he spoke of the many years which he had spent in making good his right to the estate. Doubtless some such feeling crossed the mind of his daughter also, for she stopped her work and looked compassionately on the face, but with a deeper reverence and a more tender affection, for she had grown up with her father, while I was but a chance visitor.

"Miss Bodley," I whispered, "I think your father has fulfilled the Psalmist's prophecy that a child shall live to be a hundred years old. I think I never saw an old man with so pure and guileless a face. While he was talking to me this afternoon in the street, the people turned and looked upon him as on a beautiful picture."

She went to the secretary and brought me a miniature painted on ivory. It was the head of a young man, noble in beauty, with

rich, brown hair clustering around it; there was a fire in the eye which even the softness of the ivory could not conceal. I looked with admiration upon it, and discovered some resemblance in it to my companion, though there was one great difference—the mouth was vacillating, while hers was noticeable for its firmness.

"Can it be your father?" I asked, in surprise.

"Yes," said she, sadly, "as he was at thirty."

"It is as free from all purpose of evil as the other face," said I, "and yet I wish that I might see the pictures that would come between, for, I cannot tell you why, but these two faces affect me like sweet music—I am never merry when I see them."

"There never were any other pictures," said she; "but, as my life has been spent with my father, I have tried to supply the missing portraits. They may interest you by what they attempt to tell."

With this she brought a portfolio, and took from it three pictures, executed in water-colors, which she laid side by side. They did tell me much, even though they could tell no facts. They told of change produced by terrible crises; so much, at least, I thought I could see. The first was marked "Forty-nine years." I placed it beside the miniature taken twenty years before. Plainly, they had been twenty years of care, doubtless of deepening anxiety, that was evident in the aging of the face, but there was more in the picture, for it seemed as if I could almost see the trace of some agony of tears which had not been so much wiped away as suffered to sink into the very flesh of the face; there was, moreover, a token of helplessness in the half-uplifted eyes that filled me with pity. I could almost have wept as I gazed on it, but, when I turned to the next, I was shocked into a startled exclamation, for the same face was shown on fire with a tremendous anger, while the hands were uplifted, not in entreaty, but as if registering some oath, or calling down some terrible vengeance. And yet I fancied that in the mouth, which had in the others betrayed weakness, there was now still more marked a consciousness of utter inability to perform the very oath that was registering, if it were an oath, or to be an agent in inflicting vengeance, if that were the purport of the uplifted hands.

"It is a reminiscence," said the girl, suddenly taking it from me and substituting a third, "and this I have lately finished." I involuntarily turned and compared it with the face of the sleeper.

"It was taken in sleep, was it not?" I whispered, and she nodded affirmatively. At that instant there broke over the old man's features the same sadly beautiful smile which had been transferred to the painting, as if he would testify to its accuracy by assuming the counterpart of its expression. But the smile died away again, and gave place to a look of trouble, as if, no doubt truly, good and evil dreams were flitting across his mind, the evil, by some subtle genesis, growing out of and supplanting the good. I looked again at the drawings, and now was struck with the power displayed in their conception. There

was not so much finish in the first as in this last, but both were characterized by a sort of rude force, as if the conceiving thought had been sudden, and the first execution equally impulsive. I was astonished at their artistic value, and forgot all about Mr. Bodley and any history of his life which they might contain.

"Let me see the second again," said I, reaching my hand for the one which Fear had withdrawn, and now held.

"No," said she, "I did wrong to show it, or any of these. It was a sudden impulse, and I do not wish to show them to you any longer."

I laughed a little at her apparent artist-bashfulness, and made a playful movement to possess the one which she held, at the same time putting the others behind me out of her reach. In an instant her whole manner changed.

"Sir!" said she, "this is my father. How dare you? What right have you to see these? I was a fool to forget myself!"

"It is I who have forgotten myself," said I, giving up the pictures. "I ask your pardon"—and I must have looked very penitent, indeed, for though she put away the portraits in the portfolio, she dismissed her angry manner, sat down again at the table, and took up her sewing. For my part, I was beyond measure provoked with myself for being betrayed into such an exhibition. I also sat down and held my tongue in vexation. Then, the whole occasion which had brought about this state of things recurring to my mind, and the oddity as well as the vexation of the situation coming over me—here we were acting as if we had a right to quarrel—I plunged into a candor of speech as the best method of extricating myself from my embarrassment.

"Miss Bodley," said I, "do not set me down at once as an impertinent fellow for presuming so on your good-will. You ought to know how strange this evening seems to me, to judge me fairly. It is really the first time for months that I have been inside of a home, and the singular way in which I seem to have been introduced into this has quite upset my good behavior. It was only this afternoon that I had worked myself into a wretched state of feeling because I had willfully shut myself out from any thing like familiar society, and now, just when I needed it and wanted it most, I had no means of getting it. I had no right to demand it when I had refused it so often, and yet, just see the coincidence! I am miserably alone with a troop of old home recollections rushing in on me to make me more unhappy, when up steps your father like a very angel of deliverance, and takes me by the hand to lead me out of the prison of selfish solitude into this new air. I declare, my only wonder is that, when I found myself actually sitting at a Christian tea-table, I did not rush into some dreadfully extravagant act, perhaps break one of your little thin tencups, which I know cannot be replaced."

"Indeed, they cannot," said she, laughing.

"And so," I went on, "as I sat here and thought of the desolate wilderness of Lon-

don by its contrast with this little garden, is it any wonder that I should make out the benevolent gardener and his daughter to be suddenly old friends, and to forget that I was not necessary to them as they to me?"

"Well," said she, "the gardener's daughter must confess that she was won by your evident friendliness to show you some particularly valuable flowers, forgetting that the value was not in themselves but in what they were to her. But, Mr. Penhallow," she added, more seriously, laying down her work, "I must take the consequences of my imprudence. I shall have to ask you not to speak of these pictures to any one, not to my father, nor to any one else," and her color rose at these last words; "I yielded to a sudden impulse, and now must pay the penalty."

"I assure you," said I, eagerly, "no harm shall follow. I will not speak of them again to you, if that is necessary." But she paid no heed to these last words, for her look had turned anxiously to her father. I looked around also, and at that moment he started violently from his sleep, and before his consciousness returned had thrown up his arms in the very manner which I had seen so terribly pictured. The reality brought into even bolder expression the conflicting, fiery anger and woful weakness. He stretched his quivering fingers toward heaven, and then sank bewildered and weak into the arms of his daughter, who had at the instant placed herself by his side, to be ready with her soothing presence when his feeble mind should seek some sweet reality to believe in. It was but the experience of a short minute, and I was so surprised by it that I could only stand and look at the couple, at Mr. Bodley trembling and clinging to his daughter, who maintained perfect composure, gently stroking his gray hair, and removing it from his eyes where it had fallen, as if she would make him see more clearly. They neither seemed to notice me, and when my wits came back, I moved to take my hat and coat, thinking to withdraw unobserved. But as I started, the door opened and a gentleman entered with an apologetic air.

"Miss Fear," said he, "I knocked twice, but got no answer, and, as I had a package for your father, I came in."

"Will you take a seat, Mr. Tyrel?" said she.—"Mr. Penhallow, Mr. Tyrel—a distant connection of the family. Mr. Tyrel is our lawyer, Mr. Penhallow."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Bodley, getting up and speaking with some confusion. "I am glad you have come in, Mr. Tyrel. This is our cousin, Mr. Eustace Penhallow, from America. He has lately arrived—you must know him—he is in the family."

"I am happy to see the gentleman," said the lawyer, "and to make the acquaintance of one of the great Bodley family.—I trust, however, Mr. Penhallow" (here he partly closed his eyes and threw his mouth open with a half laugh), "that you are aware of the uselessness of entering any claim to the estate. It is quite in our hands, sir, quite," and he rubbed his hands together as if he was grinding the estate between them.

"I am not a claimant, sir," said I, "except for the good-will of the present head of the family. I congratulate him most heartily upon the triumph of his cause, and you too on sharing the triumph with him." We were all standing, and Fear was tapping the back of a chair with a slight impatience at our ceremonious bowing. Mr. Tyrel saw it first, and turned to her, saying:

"Miss Fear, do not let me keep you standing. You must be tired this evening." I gave Mr. Bodley a seat, and now felt that I must leave, but he held my arm and said:

"Not this minute; there is something I have forgotten." I sat down again awkwardly, feeling exceedingly in the way. Mr. Tyrel had laid his hat down, as it chanced, near the print by Blake which I had bought that afternoon and had entirely forgotten. He took it up and the loose paper fell off.

"Ah," said he, "this is some of your work, Miss Fear—is it not? Very extraordinary, certainly!"

"I do not know," said she, anxiously; "let me see it."

"It is mine," said I, stepping forward. "I had quite forgotten it. I found it this afternoon."

"It is by Blake," exclaimed Miss Bodley, with sudden enthusiasm. "It is a leaf from his 'Jerusalem,' some of the prophetic verses with illustrative figures."

"Why," said I, looking over her shoulder, "this is odd enough. I never saw this side before." And, in truth, I had been so struck by the plague-scene that I had not thought to turn the leaf when I bought it. This reverse, which we were now looking at, contained eighteen lines, extending nearly to the middle of the page, and seemingly written on clouds, with tiny birds darting about between the lines; while the characters themselves, after Blake's fashion, were half instinct with life, and sent out little tendrils, or ended in darts, and quivers, and flashes. It is quite impossible to explain to one who has not seen such a page the peculiar *aliveness* which it possesses, as if Blake in penning it had thus given expression to the very starts of his soul under the influence of the prophetic mood. At the right hand, and filling the lower half, were four figures moving in light through the dark atmosphere; one above seemed to have escaped and to be speeding upward in terrified flight; below a demoniacal figure was thrusting a struggling one downward, and descending also himself, with the other arm tightly encircling the fourth figure. The face of the demon wore a savage delight, while those of the two whom he was impelling were in an agony of suffering. The execution of the whole was wild and full of barbarism, indeed, and so rude that it was not easy to disentangle the forms. I read aloud the lines, and copy them here, since they are a fair enough example of Blake's incoherency, although it would be unfair to deny them any meaning whatever, simply because they are detached from their rightful surroundings. Some very respectable poetry, to my knowledge, would fare quite as hardly if treated so roughly:

"Unwilling I look up to heaven! unwilling count the stars!
Sitting in fathomless abyss of my immortal shrine.
I seize their burning power
And bring forth howling terrors, all-devouring fiery kings.

"Devouring and devoured roaming on dark and desolate mountains,
In forests of eternal death, shrieking in hollow trees.

Ah, Mother Entharmon!
Stamp not with solid form this mighty progeny of fires.

"I bring forth from my teeming bosom myriads of flames,
And thou dost stamp them with a signet; then they roam abroad
And leave me void as death.
Ah! I am drowned in shady woe and visionary joy.

"And who shall bind the infinite with an eternal band?
To compass it with swaddling-bands? and who shall cherish it
With milk and honey?
I see it smile and I coil inward, and my voice is past.

"She ceased and rolled her shady clouds
Into the secret place."

"Do you understand it, Miss Bodley," I asked, "with all the help of these tumbling figures?"

"No," said she, "I do not; but I do not doubt that I should in time. It is always the way with Blake. I am continually coming up with him. Some time something will happen, or I shall read something which will remind me of this, and then the meaning will flash on me. Blake is wonderful; he made some strangely true guesses."

"For my part," said the lawyer, with scarcely-concealed contempt, "I should like to have this fellow up in a court and cross-examine him; if he did mean any thing, which I very much doubt, I would get it out of him."

"I do not believe your way is so sure as mine, Mr. Tyrel," said Fear. "You would try to force him to explain himself, and he would probably reply, 'You have no ears to hear,' while I would listen when he chose to speak, and, when the meaning did come, it would be something worth while. You might be ever so much determined to have your own way, Mr. Tyrel, but Blake would have his first, and I should not be surprised if he were to flash out something of a sudden which would show that he knew more about you by looking at you than you did of him by all your cross-questioning.—Did you ever hear, Mr. Penhallow, of a story of his childhood which Allan Cunningham tells, that shows his wonderful insight? He went with his father in search of a painter to whom he could be apprenticed. They tried Ryland; but, when they came out, Blake said, 'Father, I do not like that man; he looks as if he would be hanged some day;' and, sure enough, hanged he was till he was dead, dead, dead!" and Fear looked around with enthusiastic triumph.

"Did Blake hang him to make good his prophecy?" asked Tyrel, with his half laugh. "You should not frighten us so, Miss Fear. Look at your father," he whispered.

We both looked suddenly at Mr. Bodley, who was sitting apart.

"Fear," said he, in a trembling voice, "my dear child, come here."

It would seem that he had nothing definite to ask of her, but that, oppressed by some sudden fear, perhaps some undetached fragment of his last dream, he instinctively turned to her for the help which she seemed to keep in store for him. She went at once to his side, and I turned to the lawyer un- easily.

"I was surprised, Mr. Tyrel," said I, "to see this page, for, as I said, I did not notice it when I bought the leaf this afternoon. It was the other side that caught my notice, and it is at least more intelligible." I showed him the other side, and he looked at it steadily.

"Bah!" said he, carelessly pushing the picture away, "what is the use of such horrors? They make nobody better; they teach no one. Good Heavens!" he added, with an irritated tone, "is there no beauty in the world to feast ourselves on, but we must look at such things?"

"Well, beauty sometimes comes to this," said I, rising to go, and the thought came over me, "It is a pity I had not gone before pleasure began to be disturbed." Miss Bodley came forward, and, unrolling the picture, I showed her the plague-scene, and began remarking on it. She looked at it hastily and thrust it from her.

"I don't wish to see it—put it up," said she, almost petulantly, and I obeyed, beginning to feel rather angry at everybody in the room, myself included. But Mr. Bodley, who was leaning on his daughter's shoulder, and was once more as gentle and simple as when I first saw him, reached out his hand to me.

"Mr. Penhallow, I am an old man, and you must pardon me if I speak unadvisedly. You heard me say that I was to have a few of our family here to-morrow at dinner. I will tell you frankly they are persons who have, some at least, rubbed rather hardly against the world, and it was for that reason that I asked them. But if—if you would not take it hard to be classed with them—"

"Indeed, Mr. Bodley," said I, "I shall only be too happy to accept. I am not sure but I belong in the very class of those who have been rubbing hardly. I know I felt sore this afternoon when you found me."

"Ah! did you?" said he, with a pleased smile. "Then come, come by all means. Mr. Tyrel will be here, so that you will have company whom you have met."

"I will give Mr. Penhallow my company now, if he pleases," said the lawyer. "I merely came to leave with you the papers of which I spoke yesterday, and to ask if I could be of any service for to-morrow."

"Thank you," said Miss Bodley, somewhat curtly, I thought; "there is nothing.—We shall dine at four, Mr. Penhallow. I hope you will bring a Christmas spirit with you."

"I shall find it here if I do not bring it," said I, gayly, as I went off with a light heart. The door closed behind as I jumped with a swing of my arms into the dingy court. I felt an unnatural exhilaration, as if the fresh air I had been breathing after confinement to my own exhausted oxygen had intoxicated me. My companion was twenty years my

senior, I should guess, and yet, in my fit of hilarity, I danced with a school-boy skip to his side and familiarly thrust my hand through his bended arm as he buttoned his overcoat. It was plain that he neither had my spirits nor appreciated this exhibition of them, for he dropped his arm at once, and crooked it behind him. I was vexed at my motion, and determined to be so polite that he would discover I was not a very impertinent and very young man.

"Do our ways lead together, Mr. Tyrel?" I asked. "My lodgings are in Fountain Court, off the Strand."

"I am in the Temple," said he.

"Permit me to walk with you, then, as far as my court," said I; "I wish I could say I was going to the Temple also. I almost made up my mind at one time to pass an examination that I might be admitted there as a member, for the sake of living in that historic inclosure. I don't know but it was the formidable dinners I was to eat according to law that deterred me."

"You can lodge there without being a member," said he, shortly.

"I know it, but I should feel like a stranger within the gates only. I should wish to be naturalized, so that legally at any rate I might be fairly entitled to all the memories that pertain to the spot. Besides, I should hardly be contented unless I were using the very room made famous by some worthy—by Goldsmith or Lamb, say. But, then, I suppose there have been so many incrustations of life in every chamber, that I should stand as good a chance of inheriting some villainous ghost as of getting under the guardianship of a more genial spirit."

"You would end by making love to some old hag of a bed-maker," said he, with a coarse sneer. I was silent a moment, and then tried him on another subject.

"By-the-way, Mr. Tyrel, there was once a gentleman of your name who visited our country on business connected with the Bodley estate. I did not see him—I was but a lad then—though some of my family saw him. Am I right in thinking it was you?"

"No, you're not; and let me advise you as a friend not to say too much about the Bodley estate to-morrow, or at any other time when you meet me and the family."

"Well, said I, "I bear no grudge against the estate for making me acquainted with our friends."

"Our friends!" snapped the lawyer. "One would think you a very young man to be setting up such claims after an evening's acquaintance with—" And here he checked himself.

"With whom?" I demanded, indignantly. "Do you mean with yourself or with these two who have shown such genuine kindness to a stranger?" Tyrel laughed again that odious, short jump of a laugh.

"Come, come! keep cool," said he, with an assumption of lofty imperturbability. "That genuine kindness, it seems to me, will think itself rather misspent on such a hot-headed young fellow. By-the-by, where did the old gentleman fish you up?" I was silent, trying to collect my resources of prudence and temper. I felt that I was at a dis-

advantage, and I did not want my companion to tyrannize over me by playing with my impetuosity. Before I was ready to answer, the lawyer continued:

"Let me repeat my advice to you, young man. You perceive that this matter of the Bodley estate is one that concerns Mr. Bodley and no one else. Now, I have known the old gentleman for a number of years, and, from continual intercourse with him, have learned his peculiarities. He is quick to take offense, and he takes it where his interest lies most. It is all very well for him to show some attention to you, because you are distantly connected with the family, and I have no doubt he has talked of the estate with you—he always does with new-comers—and no doubt you have talked back, very likely telling pretty stories about your ancestors, and all that. Now, then, let me as a friend give you a little warning. I have seen just such cases as yours. You go on and talk about these matters, thinking the old gentleman will be pleased, and the first thing you know you will find him dead against you. He will set you down as a claimant on the estate, and then let me see you ever sitting in his house again!"

"But I have protested that I put in no claims; and, besides, he tells me, and so do you, that the matter is virtually settled."

"Very good. If you meant to put in a claim, do you suppose you would tell the old gentleman so, or would you keep on getting all out of him that you could, and then setting up for yourself with this information?"

"I am no sneaking pettifogger," said I, with warmth.

"Oh, oh! by no means, by no means," said the lawyer, with his laugh. "But I want you to see the character that the old gentleman would see. You must remember that this matter of an inheritance gives a color to every thing that Mr. Bodley looks on. It does not take long to construe an interest in him into an interest in the estate, and an interest in that into self-interest. So, if you fall out as others have before you, don't lay it at my door, but recollect my injunction—keep clear of conversation about the Bodley family and estate, even if at first it seems to vex the old gentleman."

The lawyer had dropped his supercilious tone, and though he uttered these last words as composedly as the rest, I thought I could detect a rough sort of kindness about them, and at once said:

"Thank you, Mr. Tyrel. If what you say is correct, I certainly shall be cautious, for I have no wish to break off now so pleasant an acquaintance. But tell me, will the estate soon come into his hands?"

The man burst into a laugh.

"Why, I thought you were keen enough to see," said he. "He has been on the point of getting it any time these dozen years. He's mad, mad as a March hare, if it was the March hare that thought he could beat the tortoise. Suppose the estate really had been in chancery all this time, do you imagine any thing would be left of it? The case was cleared long ago, and the present heir is enjoying the property."

"I certainly did think Mr. Bodley a little

out of his head in the matter," said I, "but I supposed there was such a case still hanging on."

"Out of his head!" laughed the lawyer. "Yes, and he'll never get into it again. You should see him some time when he jumps out of it a good distance. I'll be bound he's tearing about now."

I was repelled by the man's apparent heartlessness, but I wished to know more, and I went on:

"But how is he left ignorant, and, may I ask, was there any ground for hope when he first entertained the matter?"

"Oh, that's easily explained," said Tyrel, carelessly. "I manage the matter. He came to me at the first, and I thought there was a chance, and told him so. We kept at it, and when the chance was gone, I could not bear to tell him, and pushed the matter off, and so I've been pushing it off ever since. It costs me no labor now. I make a little show of business now and then when he gets uneasy, and that quiets him. If I were to tell him now, it would be all up with the poor man."

"But surely this must have been, and be now, a tax upon your money and time," said I, with the beginning of a new feeling of respect toward this man.

"So that is your high-toned American notion, is it?" laughed he, harshly. "Do you think we do every thing for pay? that we humor a light-headed old man in order to rob his pockets? The less of such comments you make in his ears or mine, the better."

I was silent from sheer perplexity how I could state the matter over again to remove an uncalled-for interpretation. Finally I gave it up, and asked further:

"Does Miss Bodley understand all this?"

We had just reached Fountain Court, and I was slackening my pace. He stopped, placed his hand on my shoulder, much as I suppose an officer might clap his hand on a man he meant to arrest, held it a moment, and said:

"Yes, she does understand it—we both understand it, and if you understand me, you will hold your tongue about the whole business, if you ever see Miss Bodley again."

He released me, and with no further words strode off. I retreated down the rat-hole sort of entrance to my court, an entrance so undistinguishable that I should fancy a new-comer might have to put up some landmark outside, lest he should go away from his home in the morning and never be able to find it again; for my part, I always had first to discover the linen-draper's shop next door before I could be sure of my port. I am almost ashamed to confess that the sole reason why I was living in Number Three of that shabby, dingy court was one of pure sentiment. There, in that dirty precinct, Blake saw his visions, and there finally was overtaken by Death, whom he had so far outrun that he seemed to have traversed a goodly portion of the new country before actually transferred to it by the last enemy. Mere contact certainly brought me no share in those strange apparitions. The host of wise men, of kings, and of shadowy substances, known only in the realm of Blake's

imagination, all disappeared with him, scarcely delaying, I fear, to comfort the forlorn widow, even though she had, in her husband's lifetime, been admitted as a partial witness of the spectacle. But in my then romantic enthusiasm for Blake's genius, of which I am not a whit ashamed, though now a little amused at it, I seized upon the most trivial occasions for identifying myself with his memory; and indeed I had so worked some of his conceptions into my brain that, whether I would or not, they inevitably affected my judgment even upon matters very remote apparently from their province. Thus it was that this evening, sitting down in my lodging, I went over the singular experience of the past few hours, unconsciously applying to it the touch-stone of Blake's nature.

I remembered among the "Proverbs of Hell," contained in Blake's "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," an enigmatical one which ran—"The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship," and I had conceived it as hinting at the uses to which men variously put friendship, some making of it a soft and pleasant shelter, some a trap for the unwary. I had myself so long been without friends that in the first glad surprise I had flown to them, as a bird to its long hidden and lost nest; but now the old skeptical feelings, engendered by pertinacious solitude, returned upon me, and I wondered whether I might not be a foolish fly rushing to a silly death. "I must act with circumspection, with prudence," said I to myself, as I recalled Tyrel's words and my own heedlessness that evening; and then I laughed as another of Blake's proverbs was suggested by the word—"Prudence is a rich, ugly old maid courted by Incapacity." Was Blake my good spirit whispering these little warnings into my willing ears? I looked around the room: it was the rear room, the one used by him as kitchen, studio, living- and bedroom, and answered one or two of these purposes for me now. I fancied again the little, noble-headed man bending over his table, while the faithful Kate stirred the pot at the fire. The domestic life of Blake always had interested me, little as I knew about it, but I had thought of his wife as absorbed gradually into himself, until she came to live only at his motion; and now, looking at this picture, the figure by the fire dissolved into that of the brownish maid whom I had in the evening seen engaged in her simple preparation for tea-making. I saw her profile again, and then I recollected that I had forgotten to ask her if it were really she whom I had seen copying at the museum. "Well, I will ask her to-morrow," I said to myself, and, in a more Christmas frame of mind than I had ventured to hope for that afternoon, I went to bed.

THE FLOWER OF SABLE ISLAND.

FEW know, and perhaps fewer care to know, much about so dreary a spot as Sable Island; probably fewer still would choose to make it their place of habitation. Swept by the winds of the Atlantic, barren of vege-

tation, scorched by the summer sun, and exposed to all the fury of the winter storms, it is, as it were, excluded from all the civilization to which it lies so near. The fierce blasts of autumn pile the sand—of which it is principally composed, and from which it takes its name—into shapeless heaps, which, settled and congealed by the frosts and snows of winter, become small hills, among which lie sheltered valleys where the sun shines warm. The coast is jagged with rocks, and dangerous with breakers, and is dreaded by all who go down into that sea in ships. The desolate, sandy shore is scooped by the action of the winds and waves into caverns where, long after the sun has warmed the valleys, the ice glitters and the snow lies white. In all the place there is not soil enough to bear a tree; but in the sheltered nooks earth sufficient may be gathered to form a garden, where in the summer the inhabitants may rest their sand-wearied eyes with the sight of herbs and flowers.

The inhabitants? Yes, even in Sable Island human life is possible. Even there human hearts beat joyously, and eyes weep tears of sorrow.

Some years ago—never mind how many—there dwelt there an elderly Frenchman of the name of André Duroche. What had first induced him to select it as his place of residence was not then, and will never now be, known. He was poor certainly, but in a civilized community he might have earned a far better livelihood than he made by attending to the light-house which was his charge. He appeared to be a man of some education and cultivation, had traveled much, and possessed considerable knowledge of men and books; and yet he had lived for fifteen years in this desolate and deserted spot by his own choice and without seeking change. While the subject was new, those who cared to speculate upon it had decided that either some great wrong-doing or some great grief had driven him from the haunts of men: but, his harmless life being taken into consideration, the first theory was soon abandoned. The last remained possible, and some bold spirits had even ventured to sound André in the hope of solving the mystery, but they were met either by baffling evasions or a direct refusal to impart any information; and, long before the time of which I speak, all speculation had ceased, and André pursued his own way unquestioned and unmolested.

It was a very quiet way. His household consisted of his only child, a daughter, who, French as was her father, possessed an English fairness and purity of feature and complexion, and spoke English as her mother-tongue; the old woman, Scotch by nation and a fisherman's widow, who had accompanied him to the island as her nurse; and the lad, a native of a New England village, who helped him tend the light. This singularly-composed family did not, as is usually the case, live in the light-house. The latter stood on the point of a high ledge of rock, and was easily and safely reached at all times, even at high water and in storms; but it was necessarily much exposed, and André had provided a dwelling for private life secure from

winds and waves. Even in this desert spot it had been possible to give it, after years of toil and care, a look of home; it was protected by high sand-banks from the winter storms, and open to the southern sun; in summer a few hardy creepers trailed their green vines and displayed their blossoms up to the low eaves, and bright flowers made the little garden gay; and even in winter the carefully-tended plants in the window, and the canary with his cheerful song, reminded one in the midst of present desolation of both past and future joys.

Their life was simple. Old Nancy superintended household matters, and had been successively nurse and governess, and was now companion, to her young charge; she had performed the rough labor, and assisted in the work of the light-house; André's occupations were in the summer to cultivate the garden, to fish, and to lay in the stores for their long winter captivity; and in the short winter days to educate his daughter, which, as she had now reached woman's estate, was a task nearly at an end. At night, summer and winter, there was always the care of the light.

Virginie Duroche was eighteen years old. She was, if not exactly beautiful, possessed of that charm which youth, health, and innocence combined must always give, and to the father who idolized and the nurse who worshipped her she was of course simply perfect. In infancy her merry voice and thoughtless happiness had made the gloomy dwelling cheerful; as she grew older, and sense and wit awoke, her bright sallies and artless endeavors had won her father back to smiles; and now the whole charm of graceful womanhood was shed over her home.

It was no doubt a somewhat dull and secluded life for one so young and naturally so gay; but Virginie never thought of complaint—she knew no other. As a child she assisted (or hindered) in Nancy's household work, she played her solitary games among the sand-hills, and learned faithfully the lessons set her by her father as soon as under Nancy's guidance she had mounted the first painful steps in the ladder of knowledge. Her grand delight was to accompany her father when he went to the light-house on his nightly duty. She loved to see the lamps trimmed and the reflectors burnished; to look out over the heaving sea (invisible from her home) and think of the safety the friendly light afforded to those upon its treacherous depths; to listen to the wind which, however calm it might be inland, always sounded in that exposed spot; to put in order the few books and papers which employed her father during his lonely watch, and arrange for him the couch on which he took his rest; or to sit for a few minutes on the outer balcony while the darkness fell, and the solemn hush of night came down over land and sea. But she was never permitted to remain long. Her father always took her home, and left her with a kiss and a blessing in Nancy's care; while he returned to watch the beacon till morning paled its friendly rays.

Virginie's life was somewhat different now. She had, of late particularly, con-

ceived a dread of the sea, and employed and amused herself as much as possible out of its sight and sound. She learned from Nancy, for private reasons of her own, all the arts of house-keeping which the latter could impart; she had mysterious tasks of needle-work, over which she bent with blushes and soft, happy smiles; her books, her birds, and her flowers, were to her both occupation and delight. I claim for her no wonderful loveliness, no extraordinary mental exaltation; she was neither a grace nor a muse, but a sweet and simple maiden. No rude toil had ever fatigued her, no rough contact with the world had damped the joyous nature or chilled the loving heart. Her own carnations were no brighter than her blushes, her bird's songs were not gayer than her own. Few beyond her home ever saw or knew her; but, to the fishermen who sometimes visited them, and to those inhabitants of the island with whom the long summer days permitted occasional intercourse, her bright smile and sweet voice were as paintings and music. The name by which she was known—given her by an old sailor, and readily adopted by others—was the Flower of Sable Island.

Perhaps Virginie might not have been so contented in her lonely life had she not had her own romance to occupy her mind and heart. The visitor, almost as hard to exclude as death from human homes, had found Virginie in her seclusion; and she not only loved and was beloved, but was betrothed. Two years before, the sole survivor from a wreck had been a young sailor, washed ashore near the light-house, and found by André insensible and apparently dead. His restoration was long and tedious, and perhaps, when Virginie became his nurse, he was not desirous to hasten a recovery which must necessitate his departure. He was young and impressible, Virginie was soft and fair, and became known to him while fulfilling for him those offices of womanly care and kindness which are of themselves quite sufficient to excite gratitude and almost enough to kindle love. The result could not long be doubtful. Human nature and the human heart are the same everywhere, however different the surroundings; and the world-old drama was enacted, and the world-old story told over again, in the wastes of Sable Island.

André Duroche made no objection. He learned to like Floyd Lossing, as the young man was called, and was perhaps not averse to his child's securing an efficient protector by whom she could be cared for and beloved. So, on ascertaining that the account Floyd gave of himself was true, and on being assured that his daughter's young affections were irrevocably fixed, he gave his consent, and Floyd and Virginie were solemnly betrothed.

But Floyd could not marry at once, even if André would have allowed it while Virginie was still so young. His small savings had been invested in the wrecked vessel, and were lost, and he must begin the world again. That, with youth, hope, and love on his side, was not much; but the separation it must entail on the young people was a great deal. Yet it could not be helped. Floyd could not make the means to support a wife on Sable

Island, and Virginie could not become his wife until he had done so; so, as the surest way to a final meeting, they resolved to part, and did so with many kisses, protestations, and, on Virginie's side, some tears, and, for sole comfort, the hope of the future, and Floyd's assurance that they should meet as often as could be.

That was two years ago, and three times Floyd had redeemed his promise and visited his betrothed. On the first two occasions the wished-for fulfillment of their hopes seemed no nearer than before; but the third time he left Virginie with a fluttering heart, a blushing cheek, and downcast eyes. He had a sure prospect of permanent employment on shore; he had saved sufficient to establish a home for his bride, and perhaps before winter, certainly in the succeeding spring, he would return and claim her. Here was the secret of Virginie's trembling happiness and shy bloom; here was the impulse that led her to cultivate housewifely arts, the object of the work that occupied her delicate fingers with an industry unknown before. It was all for Floyd—that she might be a good and useful as well as a loving wife to him.

Floyd had left her in May, and, as the summer waned and the autumn drew on, Virginie's anxiety and unexpressed excitement grew more and more intense—unexpressed but not unobserved. Old Nancy, who watched her nursing with devoted interest and care, would sometimes, sore against her inclination, warn her of the instability of all human happiness. "Ye think too much of him, honey," she would say in her homely speech, while the soft look and tone, and the tender touch of the rough hand on the bright hair, contradicted the words. "There's no' a man in all the world that's deserving of all thought ye give him. Dinna build too much on it, darling of my heart. God knows I pray night and day for his safety and your happiness; but the sea's treacherous and may be his grave yet, and the heart of man is deceitful and he may forget ye still."

"The sea's treacherous, I know, Nancy," Virginie would reply, with her head upon her nurse's knee, as they sat before the winter fire or in the soft spring sunshine at the door. "The sea is strong, but God is stronger than the sea, and will hear my prayers; and, as for forgetting—" the happy, trustful face supplied the unuttered words.

But the time was too near now for any more of Nancy's warnings. She would not for the world have dashed her darling's hopes by look or word. August came and went; September passed, with all its autumn glory of sea and sky; October, veiled in cloud-wreaths, joined the long procession, and also vanished in the past. The hope deferred calmed Virginie's fever of expectation, but no shadow of fear or doubt found entrance to her mind. If ever Nancy wondered why Floyd had not yet appeared, "He will come when he is ready," Virginie would reply; "he said it might be spring." And when October had departed, when the last vestiges of autumn were gone and undisguised winter had set in, she resigned herself to wait again. Waiting is women's work:

they know it, and they do not find it hard. "I shall not see him now till the spring," said Virginie. "He will come for me when he has made my home. I would not have him come through the rocks and the surf in the winter. He will come in the spring."

It is daily expectation that wears the mind. It is daily disappointment that harasses and makes life a burden to be borne. It is a definite time in the future, however distant, and patience is easy. When Virginie had settled to the satisfaction of her own mind that Floyd could not come in the present, she could calmly and contentedly wait for the future. She felt no doubt and no fear; and the Flower of Sable Island had bloomed no more brightly under the June sunshine than in November's blasts and snows.

November is never, at the best of times, a cheerful season, and this year it was especially bleak and wild. Masses of dark, snow-laden clouds trailed their heavy folds across the sky; the fierce northeast wind hurried over the island, bearing with it sheets of sleet and sand, and the roar of the breakers was never silent. The frost-king wears a grim aspect sometimes, and he had assumed his darkest frown this year on Sable Island.

One dark and gloomy day toward the end of the month was drawing to its close, and André Duroche was preparing for his night's watch. He had been restless all day; a nervousness he was unable to control appeared to have taken possession of him; his words were few and hasty, and his face was haggard and worn. The evening meal had been prepared, but he had tasted nothing; and, when he rose to go to the light-house, it was in the manner of a man who dreads what he is about to do.

"What ails you, father?" asked Virginie, when he came in for the third time after an examination of the sky. "The wind is high and the clouds are threatening, but we have had such nights before."

"Nothing, my child, nothing," he answered, quickly. Then he hesitated, turned again to the door, and again drew back. "There'll be a storm to-night such as we seldom see," he said, slowly, and as if against his will. "Did you see the yellow stain in the south as the sun went down?" Nancy nodded, and as she looked at him a strange expression came over her face, and she put down her work and gazed fixedly.

"Is it snowing, father?" asked Virginie. "Your sleeve is white."

He shivered.

"Ay, it's as thick as a blanket already, and the snow's driving fast."

"Ye must make the lamps do their duty, and burn their best," said Nancy. "Ye'll maybe never know the good they do this night. And, see ye, keep Rody with ye till the morn; we hae nae need of him here."

André again took up his lantern and turned away. Then, apparently by a sudden and painful effort, and with a strange light in his eyes, he glanced back and beckoned to Nancy. She instantly and eagerly obeyed his summons, and they went out together into the snow.

"What ails ye, André Duroche? This night, of all nights in the year?"

"You remember the night, then?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Ay, I remember. Is it like the 24th of November would pass over and I forget? Do you forget? But what ails ye? I've never seen ye this way—"

"Nancy," he interrupted, "will you watch the lamps for me to-night? It may save my soul. I am a lost man else—"

"The saints between us and harm! What do ye mean?"

"Nancy, I was warned last night. I saw her."

"That I may never sin! Tell me how. Did ye dream it?"

"No, Nancy, it was no dream, all the worse for me. I had been asleep, an uneasy sleep of a few moments, and when I opened my eyes she stood before me, as plain as I see you now."

"She is dead, then," said Nancy, solemnly. "The heavens be her bed! I hope 'tis no sin to say it, for say it I must and will! I believe she was as sinless as the darling child within there."

"Bless you for that, Nancy; but—O my God!" he suddenly exclaimed, as he dropped the light and lifted his clasped hands—"to have striven with temptation so long, and to yield now! to have baffled Satan for so many years, only to fall his prey at last! In this last corner of the habitable globe hast thou found me, O mine enemy!"

"André Duroche, the night is falling fast. Be still, and tell me what ye want and what ye mean."

"She stood before me, Nancy, as though she had risen from the grave." The woman crossed herself. "I could not speak or stir, but she spoke to me; I heard her words as clear as I hear yours now: 'André Duroche, you did me foul wrong. I sinned a little, but I suffered much; and who made you my judge? I am at peace now; but I come to remind you of your oath. He has crossed your path at last; let the light out to-morrow night, and I shall be avenged!' That was all, Nancy; but the horror of it has been on me ever since; I see and hear her now."

"Ye dreamed it. If she is dead (rest her soul!), she is in peace too great to trouble herself with this world and its revenges. Let it be."

"I did not dream. To-night he will be in my power. Am I to forget my oath—forego my righteous vengeance, and let him go?"

"For him I say nothing. He brewed his ain cup, and it fits that he sud drink it—and in God's time so he will. But revenge is an awfu' thing, André; do not ye take it in your ain hand."

The man did not seem to hear her. His gaze was fixed on the leaden sky, now fast darkening, from which the snow was falling soft and thick.

"It would be so easy," he said, musingly and as if speaking to himself. "I have but to put out the light, and the ship—"

Nancy saw his meaning at last. Her eyes dilated with horror, but her old, spare form grew erect with dignity, and her voice took the majesty of stern rebuke.

"Are ye mad, André? God grant ye be, and that ye do not in your sober senses contemplate so frightfu' a crime. Give me the lantern; ye shall not go nigh the lamps this night. Stay and guard the darlin', and before ye sleep ask pardon, whether ye meant it or not, for the awfu' thought ye have harbored in your mind."

He made no answer, but suffered her to take the light from his hand, turned away, and entered the house. She noticed that he moved in a dull, heavy, stupid way, and followed him, to inform Virginie herself of the change of plan. It was nothing but the truth to say that André was not quite himself, and that she thought it better to take the watch; on one or two rare occasions of illness the same change had been made, and Virginie was quite satisfied. She undertook to cheer her father out of his gloomy mood, and Nancy was soon on her way, accompanied by Rody, to the light-house.

The room in which André kept watch was just as usual. His perturbation had not interfered with the discharge of his daily duty. The lamps were all in order, and, with the boy's assistance, Nancy had soon kindled the glow which was at once a warning and an assurance of safety. When the coals in the brazier were lighted and the room had grown warm, she took the Bible from the table and began to read, while the boy Rody sat in one of the windows and watched the snow-flakes falling in the gleam outside.

But Nancy could not rest. André's strange delusion, as she tried to believe it, dwelt on her mind, and she repented having left him in his present state alone with Virginie. There was no help, so far as she was concerned; the lamps must be watched, and as certainly André must not on this night be allowed to approach them; but she could perform the easy task alone, and, however lonely she might be, she resolved to do so. She dismissed Rody; she went with him to the lower door, impressing on him to be very careful of his young mistress, and warning him that it might be well to keep an eye on his master if he could do so unobserved. The lad promised fidelity and departed, and Nancy returned to the upper room alone.

It is a lonesome thing to sit alone in a lighted room, whose black, uncurtained windows stare at you from all sides, while the snow falls and the wind wails without. Darkness falls early in the end of November; the hands of the little clock on the shelf had barely reached five when Nancy had lit the lamps, and by the time they pointed to nine she felt convinced the night would never come to an end. She read her Bible devoutly, but, alas! the sacred words soon swam before her eyes; she plied her knitting-needles nervously, but their industrious click only served to soothe her into a more drowsy state than before. She paced the room, and listened to the wind; it was not high—André's prognostications of storm had not been verified, and she trusted that the remainder of his dreams would prove equally untrue. "After all, why sud not I rest a wee?" she thought. "I shall never wake all night; the lamps are all safe, and I may as well close my eyes now as later on."

She went the round of the lamps to see that they really were safe—she descended the stairs and carefully locked the outer door—and returning she disposed herself, not on the couch where André was accustomed to take his rest, but, in order that she might not sleep too well or too long, in a most uneasy posture, with her arms upon the table and her head upon her arms.

It was a little past nine when Nancy's eyes closed in heavy sleep. The timepiece traveled its round once, twice, and Nancy had not awakened. The third hour was nearly ended, the hands of the dial pointed almost to midnight, when cramped, and stiff, and dizzy, she came back from her dreams to the knowledge of the things of this world.

Where was she? What had happened? She had closed her eyes on an atmosphere of warmth, and on a glow of light; she opened them in black darkness, and full upon her poured a chill blast of the winter, midnight wind.

She rubbed her eyes. Was she dreaming? Alas! it was no dream. No gleam enlightened her from the extinguished lamps, but by the faint gleam of the dying embers in the brazier she discerned the form of André Duroche opposite to her on the other side of the table. His presence explained all—the darkness, the open window, and the blast which had aroused her, and suggested what might be the awful consequences of her fatal sleep. Was he madman or demon? He might have been either, as he sat before her, beating the table with his restless fingers, and with the triumphant malice of gratified vengeance in his face. Nancy saw at a glance the uselessness of speech, and rose, sick at heart, to return to her neglected duty; but André stayed her for a moment. "They have winked long enough," he said, "and you may light them when you will; but listen—I have heard it twice already—when the third time comes I shall know that I have fulfilled my oath." He raised his hand, and, horror-stricken as she was, Nancy could not but obey his command.

And it came, and Nancy heard and understood it but too well. The wind had died away, and through the open window came a long, despairing cry, more like the shriek of lost spirits than the utterance of any thing on earth. The roar of the distant breakers, and the dash of the waves at the foot of the tower, stifled the wren of splitting timbers and the crash of falling spars; but they could not drown that piercing cry of human agony—the wail that went up from the pitiless midnight sea to the relentless midnight heavens, from the doomed and dying crew.

The woman fell upon her knees.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" God forgive you and me, André Duroche, the blood of those we have sent this night to their marriage-bed in the sea!"

Spring comes, even to Sable Island, and there as elsewhere in her genial smiles the gloomy cruelty of Winter is all forgotten. April breezes, May sunshine and showers, work their will everywhere, and bring buoyancy to drooping hearts, smiles to sombre

faces, and brightness to faded eyes. Virginie Duroche, who was neither faded nor drooping, and to whom this spring was to be the most eventful and the happiest season of her life, welcomed each day with a fresh hope and a brighter bloom.

André, gloomy as was his wont, showed but little the influence of the cheering season; but even Nancy shook off to some extent the oppression that had hung over her like a cloud through the winter, much to Virginie's wonderment and distress. For many a long week, indeed, after that terrible November night, had the remembrance of it haunted the old woman like a phantom horror never to be shaken off: day after day had she feared to approach the sea, lest it should cast at her feet the ghastly tokens of the wreck: night after night had she trembled to close her eyes, dreading to live again those awful moments in her dreams. But time passed and brought no sign. No fragment, not the smallest, ever came to shore to tell that a goodly vessel had been swallowed by the waves. Home was as peaceful as ever; Virginie smiled her gay smiles and trilled her gay songs; the bird warbled and the flowers bloomed; till at last Nancy was tempted to think, and tried hard to believe, that the fearful cry which was the only evidence of the consequences of her sin (for so she deemed her almost involuntary slumber) had been but the invention of her fancy, or the wail of the winter wind.

It was far on in May before Virginie, glad as she was to escape from her winter bondage, ventured to extend her walks far from home. Indeed, she rarely left home now, for every day brought nearer the chance of Floyd's coming, and suppose she were away when he arrived! She sometimes climbed the sand-hills to gaze out over the sea; but more frequently she busied herself in some employment that would be either pleasurable or profitable to Floyd. Floyd—nothing but Floyd now—filled her thoughts and her heart.

She came one day to Nancy dressed for a walk.

"I am going down on the shore, *ma bonne*," she said. "Something tells me I shall see him to-day—but I am restless—I cannot wait at home. I want the foam on my cheek and the breeze in my hair. Kiss me—I am going down on the shore where the north wind blows."

Nancy watched the lithe figure disappear over the nearest hill. "God grant he may come!" she said; "but the time grows long. My mind misgives me—he sud hae been here before."

The day wore on, and the sun shone and the wind blew; but no Floyd came, and no Virginie returned. The mid-day meal was over, the sun was already sinking, the shadows of the sand-hills grew long and dark, and at last Nancy became alarmed and summoned André.

"Ye'll have to gae seek the child, André," she told him. "She's been gone since morn, and no sign. She'll hae lost her way among the rocks, ere now."

"No fear, Nancy. She knows them as well as you or I."

"She went north, and the caves are deep

and dark along the shore. If ye dinna gae, I'll gae myself!" 'Tis late enough now."

André prepared to start, his own face assuming a look of anxiety when he heard how long Virginie had been absent; and Nancy, who, once alarmed, felt her fears gather fresh force by expression, resolved to accompany him. It was a walk of some length to the north shore. They knew all Virginie's favorite haunts and searched them, but Virginie was not there. They called, they examined every sheltered nook, André ascended the highest point he could find and gazed eagerly round, Nancy wrung her hands and made the rocks resound with hoarse cries for her darling, but all in vain. No answering call reached their listening ears, no flutter of her garments met their watchful eyes.

"We must search the caves one by one, Nancy; she has most likely fallen asleep in one of the caves."

Nancy strove to agree, but she could not utter the words. She felt in her heart how unlikely was the supposition.

And by this time the sun was low, and the caves were growing dim. In and out, among the rocks, through the sand-hills, and among the water-worn caverns, went the seekers, with hearts growing heavier and hopes growing fainter each moment that flew. They separated, they met again, they searched apart and together, till they thought they had examined every inch of ground.

"Is it best to look here, Nancy?" They had stopped before a narrow aperture in the rocks, almost drifted up with sand. "Is there room for her to have passed in, do you think? Shall we search here?"

"What sud take her into that hole?" demanded Nancy, who spoke roughly to conceal the indefinable dread that had crept over her. "But, maybe, 'tis as well to look. Hae ye a light wi' ye?"

"Yes," he answered, and passed in, she following close upon his steps. The cave was quite dark, for, though the entrance admitted them, they in entering excluded the faint daylight that yet remained. André struck a light, but his hand shook, and he dropped the feeble spark upon the ground. "Call, Nancy," he whispered. "I thought I saw some one there."

She called, "Virginie!" but no answer came. "The cave's empty," she said, "but strike another light." Then, as she felt him tremble, she took it from him, and in her firmer fingers its blaze illuminated the cavern with a faint glow, and the seekers saw that their search was ended. The cave was not empty—it contained two figures. Before them, where the winter waves had cast him, and the winter winds had drifted his tomb around him, Floyd lay stretched, stiff and silent; and beside him lay Virginie, where she had fallen senseless, clasping his cold hand. His promise and her presentiment were both fulfilled—they had met in the spring!

Did Virginie die? No. Did she go mad? No. To soft and gentle natures such as hers, resignation comes more naturally than rebellion, and youth and health are hard to kill. She never knew that to the

hand of her own father she in all human probability owed her lover's death and the desolation of her life. She never knew that Floyd's anxiety to be with her had led him, in the fatal winter season, into the fated ship supposed by her father to contain his mortal foe. She never knew that all those winter months, when she with gay songs and happy heart, was preparing for the life they were to share together, he had lain so near her, ice-bound, stiff, and silent, with the wind singing his requiem and the sand for his shroud. Nancy guessed it all; the terrible mystery was clear to her; but she kept the secret, as the winds and waves had done.

But the Flower of Sable Island drooped and faded; her day was ended ere it had well begun. Smiles and songs were laid aside with the marriage-garments she was never to wear, and her life henceforth knew but one task—the tendance of the poor, foolish father, who never, from the moment that he saw the destruction which his hand had wrought, recovered sense again. Virginie believed it was grief for her alone that had so afflicted him, and Nancy never undeceived her; her one duty was the cure of him, her one mournful pleasure the rearing of flowers with which to deck Floyd's grave.

Nancy still inhabits the cottage, but the light-house is in other hands. She stays, she says, in the hope that dragging out her life in the haunted scene of her sin and sorrow may expiate the past. She is alone; and in the sheltered nook where Floyd was buried there are now three graves instead of one.

THE PERUVIAN AMAZON AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.*

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL OF TRAVEL.

IV.

June 1st.—To-day reached the mouth of a small, rapid river, entering into the Pachitea, on the right side of the latter. This, one of our old *poperos* told us, was called "Yuyu Pichis," or "False Pichis," from the fact that it had once been mistaken for the river Pichis by a priest, who was traveling up the Pachitea. There was a fine sand-bank here for a camping-ground, and it had certainly been used as such by some padre on a former occasion, as he had stuck out a few plantain-trees for the benefit of himself and crew on some return-day. This old *popero*, as well as several other Indians among our canoe-crews, belongs to one of the missionary stations on the Ucayali; and, on a former occasion, when some of the padres had passed from the Ucayali to Ocopa in the Andes Mountains, had accompanied them up the Pachitea and Palcazu to the mouth of the Mayo. For this reason they were procured to accompany our expedition. The remarkable manner in which Indians recollect landmarks and measure distances would, at first, before reflecting that they have little else with which to charge their memories, strike one with wonder. And, as these long miles had been wearily toiled over before, and measured by

the falling of many a *dis-honest* drop of sweat, it was not strange that they now remembered every gravel-bed and turn in the river. We endeavor always to stop for the night on a sand-spit, or on an island, so that the view will be unobstructed for at least a few yards around us. These suitable camping-points occur at long intervals on the Pachitea; but our old Indian recollects them every one, and so regulates the speed of the canoes that we almost invariably reach one in time to prepare for the night.

Our manner of asking for and receiving information from these ancient mariners is very interesting. One of our party is of rather a restless disposition, and at least a dozen times a day inquires of the *popero* in his canoe, in bad Spanish and worse Inca, how far we have to go before coming to the next stopping-place. The old "aborigine" looks at him for a while in silence, and then, if deigning any reply at all, does it by majestically extending his bony arm in the direction we are going up the river, and then, slowly waving his hand back and forth an interminable number of times, makes a downward swoop toward his feet—all of which signifies that we will change our direction as many times as he has waved his hand—and then make a straight pull for the camping-ground.

A few days since we met with a serious misfortune in the upsetting of the pilot's boat, causing the loss of his gun and fishing-tackle. This man is a Brazilian Indian, but the regular pilot of one of the Peruvian steamers, and is accompanying us on this expedition in order to become acquainted with this river, so as to bring his boat up. In addition to his knowledge of sand-banks, currents, etc., he is one of the most magnificent hunters I ever saw, and, up to the time of his loss, kept us supplied with an abundance of fine game. Of course, the variety of animal life differs with the country through which we are passing. For a considerable distance after entering the Pachitea the banks were steep, and the country elevated, as a general thing; and in the space of three days this Indian gave us at least fifteen varieties of game, all delicious eating. Now, we are dependent upon our salt-fish and rice, with an occasional meal of canned meat, helped out by such large animals as can be struck by a ball from an army-carbine shot from a canoe; or such game as can be killed along the bank by one of the commission who fortunately possesses a breech-loading shot-gun. So far, there do not seem to be many turtles in this river. There is, however, one reptile, highly prized as food in this country, the *iguana*. In the last few days we have seen a good many of them, but have not succeeded in capturing any. It is an immense green lizard, with a notched back and a pouch under the throat, and from nose to tip of tail measures from six to seven feet. The other day, while ascending some rapids, we shot one on an overhanging tree. We could not stop; and, although the blood was trickling from it, it held on until the last canoe had passed, and then dropped into the water. The Indians, when they catch the *iguana*, frequently secure it by making a loop in the tail and hanging it over a stake.

Strange to say, we never find any fruit fit

to eat growing wild in the forest. The only approximation to an edible fruit which I have seen since entering the Pachitea is a variety of the palm-nut, known as the vegetable ivory, and which, in its soft state, tastes like a piece of slippery-elm bark, and is about as tempting. As our time is limited in consequence of not being able to take many supplies, and as we can form no idea as to the distance we may have to traverse, every minute has to be devoted to the legitimate duty of pushing the survey as rapidly as possible up the river; and, therefore, we cannot enter the forest for any distance from the river-bank. Consequently, my remarks embrace only a narrow belt of country on both sides of the river, and about a mile each in width. But, from the position of the mountains and the character of the banks, I should think that there was a similarity in the country far back from both banks, a great deal of high land, never overflowed, and suitable on the Pachitea for farming and grazing.

June 4th.—This morning, at eleven a. m., we arrived at the confluence of the Palcazu and Pichis Rivers, which form the Pachitea. The Pichis is a fine, deep-looking stream; and, as soon as we obtain observations at this point, we will commence its explorations. As it is an entirely unknown and unexplored river, we look forward to it with great interest. Since our experience at "Chonta Isla," we have tried no more flat-top houses, always stopping for the night in time to allow the Indians to build a sharp-roofed one. They erect it in an incredibly short time. Each Indian carries a big knife at his waist; and saplings for framework, palm-leaves for thatch, and bark to supply the use of nails, are all close at hand. In fifteen minutes they would put up a shelter large enough to accommodate the whole commission, and proof against a hard shower. As we might have to remain for several days, we constructed quite a substantial shelter at this point, with the hope of finding a good preservation upon our return down the river.

June 6th.—Mouth of river Pichis—latitude 9° 54' 9" south; longitude 74° 58' 45" west of Greenwich; distance from Brazilian frontier, twelve hundred and fifty-six miles; elevation above sea, 188,365 metres. After having remained here for two days, for the purpose of determining the position of the mouth of the river, at 10.50 a. m. we entered the Rio Pichis, and took up the line of sail for its head-waters. Here, our Peruvian doctor, after having taken charge of our letters for the United States, with many protestations of friendship and good wishes for our brilliant success, left us. His destination was Lima, by way of the city of Huanuco; and which in order to reach he had to go thirty miles up the river Palcazu in canoes, and then take the trail kept open by the padres in their annual visits from the stations on the Ucayali to and from the College of Ocopa, the headquarters of the Franciscan Order, in Peru. The water of the Pichis is, at this particular time of the year, quite clear; and the current, and the appearance of the banks, indicate a bold stream flowing through a pampa country. The indications of animal life

* Continued from JOURNAL, No. 347.

have certainly increased, both banks being covered with enormous tracks, while the woods seem to be alive with monkeys. One variety, a large, ugly, black monkey, seems to be very abundant. They are considered a great delicacy, and are much sought after by our Indians as an article of food. They usually kill them during the interval between our stopping for the night and dark. The crew of my canoe were particularly good hunters; and after they had feasted all night on monkey, there were generally three or four of our ancestors with singed skins, and agonized and distorted countenances, scattered about in the bottom of the canoe for lunch next day. They had, moreover, been cooked woodcock-fashion. The water is so clear that we can see the fish three or four feet below the surface, and our Indians are constantly punching and hitting at them with their poles and paddles. One fish, called the *vaza*, we find very common in shallow water close to sand-banks and islands. It furnishes a good target for a fishing-spear, and, when landed into a canoe, creates quite a commotion until its tail is chopped off. The Indians report the sting of this fish to be extremely painful. In appearance it is something like a beef's liver when spread out. It belongs to the species known as *ray*.

At about four o'clock P. M. we stopped for the evening on a smooth, hard sand-spit, running out into the water from the vertical forest-wall, and commenced the erection of our shelters for the night. For, from the frequency of showers, now that we had reached the hills, and as a protection against the dew also, we found these to be indispensable. I don't think any of our party experienced that glorious sensation said to be produced by standing where the foot of white man has never trod; and, after posting our guard, with rather more careful instructions than usual, we were soon wrapped in slumber. About midnight I was awakened by hearing some one run rapidly by my head, and was immediately brought to consciousness by hearing the sergeant report that a canoe and Indians were absent. We were soon all fully aroused, and, upon the rolls being called, found that eight of our Indians had deserted. But what we were most concerned about was to ascertain what quantity of our small stock of provisions they had taken with them. Upon examination, we found that they had taken the smallest canoe, stocked it with supplies necessary to take them down to the mouth of the Pachitea River, and had carried off some knives and axes. In many respects this was a most unfortunate occurrence for us, from the fact that it took away not only our lightest-draught canoe, but that we lost some of our oldest and most experienced boatmen also; and its demoralizing effect upon the other Indians was very great. They deserted through fear of the Campa Indians, who, report said, inhabited the shore of this river. This desertion necessitated our leaving still another canoe, in order to have crews sufficient for those we carried; for the increasing swiftness of the current compels us to strengthen each boat's crew. After this some of our party remained awake until

morning. Then we held a council of war, and determined to rely no more upon our Indians and soldiers, except for propelling the canoes and for building shelters. Even these duties we expected to force from them only by keeping constantly before them the fear of being thrashed or shot. At present our situation is this: six gentlemen are penetrating a country of which nothing is known, except that it is inhabited by the most powerful and warlike tribe in Peru, which, for the last seventy years, has killed all persons who have attempted to come among them; that our only mode of entrance or retreat is in canoes, these canoes being manned by half-breeds and Indians, who are seeking an opportunity to run away with them and our provisions; thus leaving us two hundred miles within the territory of a cannibal tribe, and with no supplies. In other words, we have a foe within the camp as well as one without. So, from this time forth, until we return, there will be a regular watch kept by the younger members of the commission.

June 10th.—The river is holding its own splendidly. It is a deep, clear stream, and the banks are becoming higher and better defined. There are numerous *playas* of white pebbles and quantities of fish. The scenery is beautiful, numerous blue and dark-green mountain spurs and ranges being visible in the distance. There is not much change in the vegetation. The forest-trees are possibly a little taller and of harder fibre than those lower down the river. The woods are filled with turkeys and *roncosos*. The turkeys are not timid, and we kill quite a number of them some days without its interfering with our progress.

The *roncosos* are sleepy-looking beasts, and we often catch them napping close to the water's edge. Even when you can approach within a few feet, it is almost impossible to kill them, so great is the amount of vitality that they possess. I have often seen them, with several large army-bullets in their bodies, jump into the river, dive out of sight, and swim a long distance, and, when attempting to crawl up the opposite bank, fall back dead.

To-day, when we stopped for dinner, there was a herd of eight feeding on a *playa*, the largest weighing some two hundred pounds. They had never seen the face of a white man, or had heard the report of a gun; but instinct seemed to warn them of danger, and they all ran away before we could get within range.

On account of the serious illness of one of our party, we had to lie over to-day; and to-night experienced the furies of a tropical thunder-storm, accompanied with some wind. For a considerable time we were kept in a state of uneasiness from fear of the falling of some immense trees standing around us, for along the river's course, both above and below, there was constantly borne to us the resounding crash of some huge forest-king as he fell and was buried in the soft alluvium. After the storm had passed, and quietness reigned in the camp, we were visited by a huge *roncoso* that, in snuffing around, put his cold snout into a man's face, and immediately the whole camp was aroused by two

shots from a double-barreled gun. The animal took to the water, but, that being very shallow at this point, we succeeded in capturing it.

To-day we found the first traces of man on this river—a log, evidently cut with some sharp instrument.

June 11th.—At an early hour we got under way. We saw a great deal of game to-day, and tested most satisfactorily the superiority of breech-loading arms and fowling-pieces. Passed a hut and several signs of Campa Indians, and stopped for the night on a gravel island with a few stunted bushes in the centre. This, at first, appeared to be a *mal paso*; but, upon examination, we found a sufficiency of water on one side of it. Here we found a small red-deer, but he swam the river, and disappeared into the forest before we could get a shot.

We found some handsome specimens of agate and jasper, and the Indians said that there was gold in the sand; but we saw none. Although the current has increased, we find that we make the same number of miles each day, owing to the fact that the men in each crew are becoming more accustomed to working together. Ten miles is about an average day's traveling up-stream. The men are becoming more and more frightened every day; and we know that at the fall of the first arrows among them they will all attempt to go overboard.

June 13th.—The current has increased considerably, and the banks in some places are quite rocky. We are now among the hills, and the mountains appear not far distant. One at first sight would not be struck with any very great difference in the vegetation of the mountains and lowlands.

To-day we saw two large snakes, one of which we killed. Early in the day we seemed to get into a thickly-inhabited region, passing several Campa huts, one *chacra*, and five *balsas*. The *balsas* are nicely made, and apparently with knives or axes. Along the banks are very fresh footprints of Indians and the remains of fires but recently abandoned.

About three P. M. we heard the Campas in the woods, beating on their tambours; and their huts and *balsas* increased in number as we advanced. Our Indians were here seized with more than an ordinary panic, and things generally had a squally look. At six P. M. we stopped for the night at some deserted huts on a small *playa*. A large tributary empties into the Pichis here; and, as we expected, we found that we were near the head of canoe-navigation. We named this tributary Herrera-yacu, in honor of a Peruvian major who accompanied the expedition, and we determined its mouth, which was six miles above the head of steam-navigation on the Pichis, to be in latitude 10° 20' 8" south; longitude 74° 54' west of Greenwich; distance from the Brazilian frontier, thirteen hundred and thirty miles.

The place where we heard the tambour is only two miles distant. It seems to be a kind of outpost or headquarters for their fishing-parties when they come down from the hills, as there are signs of a path and a kind of yard for building *balsas*. These *bal-*

as are each built of the same number of logs, and are of a uniform size. They are each composed of five logs, about twelve or fifteen feet long, neatly skinned, and with the ends pointed. These are then laid side by side, and kept in position by cross-pieces fastened to them by pins made of chonta-wood almost as hard as iron. Our canoes are drawn up and all ready for any emergency, and we will sleep on our arms to-night.

June 14th.—At six A. M. we started up the Herrera-yacu, leaving in the huts we had occupied some little presents for any Campas that might visit them in our absence. After ascending the river for a few miles, it became unnavigable for canoes, and we returned to its mouth, and started up the left branch, or main river. At six P. M. we stopped for the night on a sand *playa*. Last night our camp was admirably situated for our being surprised by Indians, the bushes and cane growing right up close to our heads as we lay asleep, and we accordingly kept a good lookout. About midnight, being on watch, and while talking to the major, who could not sleep, we heard three distinct whistles, and a second or two afterward three others in reply, a little farther within the jungle. He jumped up, and we both made the rounds with cocked revolvers, but, after creeping and listening for half an hour, could discover nothing. We then called up some of our Indians, who also had heard the noise; and one old man expressed the opinion that it might be a bird called the "papa-mamma," by the Indians, and *alma perdida* by the Peruvians. We were neither of us inclined to sleep, so, after my watch was over, the major brought out some cigarettes and *ca-chapa*, and we took seats on the edge of a canoe, and sat for a long time talking. He told me the story of this bird, and moreover much concerning the Campas. This is the legend about the bird: "According to an Indian tradition, there was once an Indian whose family consisted of a wife and one beautiful little child, about three years old. On one occasion, the father having gone hunting, and not returning at the accustomed time, the wife became uneasy, and went in search of him. After seeking him for a long time, she, at last, found him, he having lost his way, and rejoicing they returned together. But, when they reached home, and found their child missing, their joy was turned into grief. For days and nights they hunted and hunted, and called and called, being enticed farther and farther into the forest by the wailing cry of 'Papa-mamma! papa-mamma!' However, after vainly searching for a long time, they finally gave up in despair. But, every night after this, they were visited by a bird, that sat near the hut and uttered this low, clear cry, 'Papa-mamma! Papa-mamma!' and which they supposed to be the soul of their lost child, or, as the Peruvians have it, *alma perdida*—'lost soul.' The bird certainly has the talent of imitating more than one sound, or else we heard the lost soul of some old Campa Indian. It is a strange fact that the children of these savages, born and reared amid the wild animals of this immense jungle, should address their parents as "papa-mamma," and this, too, in

a tone as tender and with the same accent as that of any pampered little brat of enlightened and refined parents. We account for it by the fact that it is, of all other sounds, the simplest and the most easily uttered by the human lips.

The Campa Indians inhabit the hills and spurs of the eastern Cordilleras, among which the tributaries of the Ucayali and Pachitea take their rise. As a general rule, these Indians never come down to the river except when on the war-path, or during the low-water season, when they make expeditions for turtle and fish. Like all other nations that inhabit a mountainous country, they are fiercer, harder, and more powerful, than their neighbors of the lowlands, who hold them in the greatest dread. In the year 1712, a priest of the order of St. Francis established a college at the village of Ocopa, in the Andes Mountains, and a short distance from Jauxa. From this station, and through a great part of this Campa country, there went forth priests and the teachings of the Catholic Church, so that, in 1742, there had been established, near the Cero de la Sal, and in the Pajonal, ten towns; and it is said that there were ten thousand converts. But, in this year, an Indian, who had been converted and baptized as Juan Santos, and who had been educated as a priest, arrived among his people, and told them that he was a prophet, and that the other priests were deceiving them. The result was, the immediate death of all priests and white persons in their territory; and, from that time to this, no whites have been able either to establish themselves in that country, or to hold safe communication with them. Many times since, priests, with strong bodies of Christianized Indians, and in some instances escorts of regular soldiers, have endeavored to penetrate into their country, but in every case they have been attacked, and very few have escaped to tell the tale. The government of Peru is set at defiance by this powerful tribe; and at the fort of San Ramon, a frontier fort on the river Chanchamayo, where there is a large garrison of Peruvian soldiers, these soldiers are allowed to bathe or not, just as it suits the fancy of the Indians who hold the opposite bank of the little stream on which the fort is situated. Only a short time ago, a priest, who was on a visit to this fort, was invited to baptize some children, but he had no sooner gotten out into the shallow water, with the child in his arms, than he was fired upon by the Indians; and, although he was badly wounded, and dragged himself back under cover, the troops were afraid to retaliate. Although the sworn enemy of the white man, they communicate with him sufficiently through other tribes, and in indirect ways, to enable them to procure knives and axes—the only things, indeed, that the Indians of this country really care for.

HIGH COMEDY OF LIFE.

ORESTES and I happened to be visiting at the same country-house, when I observed that he was growing very good-natured. Now, this is fatal to Orestes, who is

nothing if not captious. He is like the red-pepper, utterly useless if not intensely biting. So, as I felt it to be the duty of every guest to try and enliven the circle, I determined to say something to rouse his ire.

"I have been reading a French novel—a delightful French novel—lately."

This was my first gun. I knew it would wake the echoes, if nothing more.

"Yes, I dare say you have," answered the enemy, "fifteen of them at least, and each one worse than the last."

"I admit the number, but hesitate at the classification: the last one was a great deal better than any of the rest of them."

"And that was not saying much, I will be bound. False sentiment, false morality, and ingenious excuses for breaking one's marriage-vows, finding anybody else's husband or wife more agreeable than your own—I despise the whole set of them."

"But they will do you no harm, for you have no marriage-vows to break."

"I do not intend to read works on the profession of burglary, simply because I do not intend to be a burglar—that negative reason would not make the literature of the 'jimmy' or the picklock interesting to me—nor do I as at present advised wish to read the false sentiment of the French school. It does not amuse me."

"Don't you enjoy the wit, vivacity, absorbing interest, and intense knowledge of human nature, which the French story-tellers show?"

"Oh, yes; I like the ingenuity of the French mind, but their 'intense knowledge of human nature,' as you say, I hate. It means diving with the dissecting knife into the morbid and diseased portions of the poor, imperfect thing we call human nature, and rouses in us at the best a regret that we have such a corrupt side to us; or it does worse—it rouses in us a tendency to indulge in the passions, and particularly the passion of talking about our own emotions. The French novel is full of that temptation."

"What do you mean by temptation? Of all the vocabulary of the undetermined emotions, I consider the word 'temptation' as the least explained."

"Oh, you must go to the doctors of the law and language for your definitions. I am not going to be balked of my attack on French novels. I think they have done great harm to the world, particularly the American world. I think they have brought about this imbecile notion of the *femme incomprise*. Our grandmothers had no such notions. They were glad to have a roof over their heads, and to be allowed to help build up the family honor, and to regard home as sacred, and to rear their families in decency and purity. They had no time to be 'incomprised.'"

"Poor grandmothers! I always think of that excellent witticism, that 'the Puritan mothers had to endure all that the Puritan fathers did—and the Puritan fathers, too!' Don't you think the Puritan fathers must have been a trifle dull sometimes?"

"No; excellent, good, truthful, square-toed gentlemen."

"I suppose you think they went out and

squeezed poor old Giles Cory to death between two stones, or hung a witch or two, and came in to their dinners in a very amiable frame of mind, don't you, Orestes?"

"Yes. No doubt these amusements quieted the natural man. They worked off original sin in that way, and came home in a frame of mind the most amiable and loving."

"Well, you see husbands nowadays have none of these resources. Instead of squeezing old Giles Cory to death, they are pressed to death in Wall Street or elsewhere themselves, and they are obliged to bring home rather incomplete tempers. I have read of two suicides, in to-day's paper, of unhappy wives, and two cases of women who have been kicked to death."

"Yes," said Orestes, "as the Western humorist remarked, 'the season for sitting on circular saws has opened,' referring to the periodicity with which that unique, or seemingly unique, excitement passes over the American mind—so the season has now arrived for wife-murder and suicide. The child-stealing mania has been nipped in the bud by the publicity of the poor Charley Ross case; but if Charley Ross had been found, we should have had all the dear little four-year-olds captured by prowling monsters. However, to return to the French novels, I think they have led to the frequency of divorce. The French cannot be divorced because of their church. We can, and are, instead of compromising the thing."

"I do not agree with you that divorces are frequent, or the domestic morality of our society light. We hear very much of divorce, which proves that it is a rare thing and a terrible thing. I claim that there are more happy homes, more congenial marriages, in our country than any other, except perhaps England, from which we derive our ideas. Human nature is imperfect, and tempers do not always agree, so that people must sometimes separate. But it is wonderful to me to see how many live together happily."

"Yes," said Orestes, "when you consider what very uninteresting, fractious, extravagant, proud, discontented creatures American women are! For my part, I want to go back and marry Madame du Deffand. Since you are so fond of French heroines, won't you condescend to read me Horace Walpole's description of her—or perhaps you do not read English?"

"Orestes," said I, "you are insufferable! However, since you have never succeeded in making one of those uninteresting, fractious, extravagant, proud, discontented creatures consent to the horrible tyranny of the marriage relation with you, I will consent to read you the description."

"Well, read it slowly and distinctly; so few of you women can read aloud decently—an accomplishment worth far more than your piano-playing or your very poor singing—worth more than your water-colors or your attempts at oils." Thus Orestes!

"By all means, let us have Horace Walpole, however poorly read, rather than Orestes in his present mood!" So I began: "She was easy and volatile, yet judicious and acute, sometimes profound, and some-

times superficial; she had a wit, playful, abundant, and *well-toned* (delightful expression!), 'an admirable conception of the ridiculous, and great skill in exposing it; a turn for satire, which she indulged, not always in the best-natured manner, yet with irresistible effect; powers of expression, varied, appropriate, flowing from the source; and curious without research; a refined taste for letters, and a judgment both of men and books; in a high degree enlightened and accurate. As her parts had been happily thrown together by Nature, they were no less happy in the circumstances which attended their progress and development. They were refined, not by a course of solitary study, but by desultory reading, and chiefly by a living intercourse with the brightest geniuses of her age.'"

"Oh, the charming, brilliant, feminine creature!" interrupted Orestes; "no blue-stocking, with theories, you see, but *receptive*, taking all that was good out of every mind she came near, by force of sympathy, and rejecting all that was crass, coarse, and poor; not learned, and yet to have known *her* was a liberal education."

"Now you are praising her for her opportunities, not her natural qualities. *She* had the advantage of 'knowing all the brightest geniuses of her age;' we of the present age haven't any Horace Walpoles to know. That is just like your unfairness."

"Don't you think you had better return to Horace Walpole?"

I knew Orestes would think so if I attempted to say any thing, so I resumed reading:

"Thus trained, her faculties acquired a pliability of movement, which gave to all their exertions a bewitching air of freedom and negligence, and made even their least efforts seem only the exuberance or flowerings of a mind *capable* of higher excellence, but *unambitious* to attain them."

"Ah, that is sweet!" said Orestes. "I like that land of promise, it flows with milk and honey. However, read on."

"On whatever topic she touched, trivial or severe, it was alike *en badinant*, but in the midst of this sportiveness her genius poured itself forth in a thousand delightful fancies, and scattered new graces and ornaments on every object within its sphere. In its wanderings from the trifles of the day to grave questions of morals or philosophy, it carelessly struck out, and as carelessly abandoned the most profound truths, and, while it aimed only to amuse, suddenly astonished and electrified by rapid traits of illumination, *which opened the depths of difficult subjects*, and roused the researches of more systematic reasoners."

"Capital!" said Orestes; "there is a description of a woman of genius by a man of genius! How a woman's bright mind does or should 'open the depths of difficult subjects!' If you will find me such a woman, I will marry her to-morrow."

"And you think she would marry you? That would 'rouse the researches of more systematic reasoners,' I think," said I, infuriated.

"Ah! go on; don't force upon me the

dreadful comparison of your inferiority to Madame du Deffand."

"Well, as Horace finally got to call her 'that blind old debauchee of wit,' I will." So I resumed my reading: "To these qualifications were added an independence in forming opinions, and a boldness in avowing them, which wore at least the semblance of honesty, a perfect knowledge of the world, and that facility of manners which, in the commerce of society, supplies the place of benevolence."

"Yes, a little of Horace Walpole's cynical unbelief at the end," said Orestes. "He never could wholly praise anybody. 'A *semblance* of honesty?' why, Madame du Deffand was the perfection of honesty. She acknowledged that she was an infidel, and yet she was dreadfully afraid to die."

"Those imperfections and inconsistencies make her very real, very human, and very lovable, I think. I do not blame Horace Walpole for emphasizing them. The portrait becomes so much more perfect—like Cromwell's insisting on his moles being painted in. The thing is characteristic and intense."

"Madame du Deffand," said Orestes, solemnly, "had one quality which you women are very deficient in generally. She had *humor*. Do you notice how lightly and prettily Horace records that? 'On whatever topic she touched, trivial or severe, it was alike *en badinant*.' Now, I think American women are very deficient in that quality; they want graceful lightness of wit and humor. All women want it. They are either very silly, and laugh loudly and without meaning at nothing, or they are ponderous and pretentious, or, worse still, complaining and ill-tempered. They have not that faculty which Lord Houghton describes in his 'Monographs, Personal and Social,' in speaking of Lady Ashburton, 'of making high comedy out of daily life.' Do you remember the description?"

"Yes," said I, taking the book from the table and turning to it, "here it is, too good to be half quoted: 'I do not know how I can better describe this faculty than as the fullest and freest exercise of an intellectual gaiety, that presented the most agreeable and amusing pictures in few and varied words, making high comedy out of daily life, and relieving sound sense and serious observation with imaginative contrasts and delicate surprises.'"

"Do you know any woman of whom that can be said?" asked Orestes.

"Yes, I do. I have a great admiration for my own countrywomen. I think them the most sparkling women in the world. They labor under immense disadvantages, which Englishwomen do not, particularly those in the position of Harriet Lady Ashburton, for whom life and its accidents had been conquered for a thousand years. A woman born in a garden, and invited to walk into the most beautiful of houses, and to use a large fortune, and to adorn a distinguished ancestry, and to fill gracefully a position of extreme luxury and distinction, is in rather a different position from one who is born on Plymouth Rock, grows up in a climate which always makes her ill and nervous, has to fight

with narrow circumstances, or, what perhaps is worse, a new and rapidly accumulated prosperity, and who is politely requested by society to be always very agreeable, and to make the wilderness blossom like the rose. Such has been the position of American women, only I have not sketched half the hardships or half the requirements. Nothing but the intense chivalry of the American man has enabled the weaker vessel to swim at all. She ought, in nine cases out of ten, to have sunk beneath the wave, to have been wrecked entirely. That she has made the voyage, or, to quit the awkward metaphor, that she has succeeded in doing as well as she has, is wonderful. That she may have failed of possessing the wit of Madame du Deffand, or the 'rapidity of movement and dexterity of fence' of Lady Ashburton, is not surprising; but I do not agree with you that she always has."

"It strikes me, as I look about our large cities, that this daughter of the Puritans, this hard-worked and abused creature whom you describe, has conquered her lot, and looks very blooming; she certainly wears very good clothes, and I should call her any thing but oppressed."

"Well, Orestes, I do not call her oppressed, and I agree with you that she is blooming, nay, more, she is beautiful, and she does wear very good clothes. I am talking of the different conditions under which this fair flower has been reared, and how improbable it is that in one or two generations she should, as a *production*, we will say, of Nature and art, reach the two developments we have been considering; yet I am always struck, and I think foreigners are as a rule, with the cleverness and the culture of American women."

"Yes, I think I have heard them called 'smart'—that delightful word!—but I do not think they do half enough to oil the wheels of life, that lubricating of the machinery of life which a sense of humor brings about; I think they are fretful often, and talk too much about their health, and their servants, and their annoyances. I don't want to hear about any of those things. I want to hear about books and pictures, and the last play, and the new opera, and fashion, and some good-natured gossip."

"I should think almost any woman I know could gratify your requirements to that extent."

"No, they always tell me their ailments. Now, I am not the family physician, nor am I, again, the intelligence-office. I do not want to hear about John or Thomas, or Bridget or Hannah. I want a woman to make 'high comedy' of her annoyances!"

"Yes, that would be desirable. I hope all your female friends will have the strength to do it for you! But you must remember that some women are born Lady Macbeths, and can only make 'high tragedy' out of life."

"So it is high enough, very well. I love a Rachel—a high-stepping, dark-eyed, tragic creature, with a passionate temper, an emotional nature, her tears very near her smiles, who adores me one minute and hates me the next, but always winds up by adoring me, and whose tears never make her nose red, but

who gives me all the fascination of her attractive and interesting character, and changes so often that I am reminded of the old song—

'Phyllis is my only joy,
Changeful as the winds of morning,
Sometimes willing, sometimes coy'—

you know the rest."

"And you would chain such a creature to the grocer's book; expect her to 'keep house'; submit to all your humors, and to the horrors of the intelligence-office; have the neuralgia in her face, try to keep up with the advanced spirit of the times (that is the phrase, isn't it?), be beautifully dressed on nothing at all; read, write, and cipher; play the piano, dance exquisitely, look prettily, and still have a 'sense of humor,' and make 'high comedy or high tragedy of life!' Why, Orestes, you make me faint!"

"Yes, I want her to manage the grocer's book, but never to let it appear. Let her keep all her annoyances *sub rosa*, show the world that a woman can keep a secret (she can do it well enough when she wishes to). I wish her to consume her own smoke like the new railway-engines. I do not wish any pandering to lethargic ease, any mornings spent reading French novels on sofas (I never do that). I do not wish her to sit communing with herself, and imagining herself abused. That is very poor business; she had better be attending to the chimneys, and see that they are properly cleaned—"

"This is the tragic one, or the comic one. Who is to see to the chimneys?"

"We will put the comic one at that; I think there is a sense of humor connected with the old idea of the chimney-sweep, don't you think so? And I fear my tragic beauty would pout, and—"

"And put you up the chimney? Yes, I hope she would. It is very easy to be virtuous for other people, and very easy not to commit other people's sins. What do you intend to do in the mean time, while Mrs. Orestes is doing all these things so well?"

"As Woodcock says in his 'little game,' I think I should smoke a cigar!"

"Yes, you and the chimneys would need sweeping out together, no doubt. You remind me of an epigrammatic line in a recent lecture, 'All the mortal sins of a man are venial, all the venial sins of a woman are mortal.'"

"We pay you a great compliment; we know you can be better than we are, and we demand that you should live up to your highest ideal."

"And yet you began this conversation by abusing us, and saying that French novels had injured us; and I think I heard something about 'uninteresting, fractious, extravagant, proud, discontented creatures,' without a 'sense of humor.'"

"Those are the exceptions which prove the rule," replied Orestes. Logical and truthful man!

"Don't you think you have been to see the play of 'Led Astray' lately? That always amuses me, as such a condensed essence of the just way in which the sins of man and of woman are judged by the world. The woman writes a verse of poetry on a book, and rather imagines that she would

like to know the author. She sits there, utterly neglected by her husband, who is having a great flirtation with her intimate friend, and who makes her parlor the ground on which he carries it on, and she has a little sentimental dream of love, of what a reciprocated friendship might be. For that she is disgraced, scolded, and has to submit to my lord's displeasure. He meantime carries on his little affair with *Miss Susan O'Hara*, and no one minds it in the least. He is the only one who does any thing wrong in the play, and he reaps the reward of virtue, and looks down on her verse of poetry with lofty disdain."

"The play has great merit; it is true to life," said Orestes. "Ladies mustn't dream."

"Did it ever occur to you that you might improve?"

"Never," said Orestes—"never; our vices are only our virtues carried to an extreme. Men never do any thing wrong; they cannot."

"I know it is always so refreshing when you hear of the weakness, the folly, the wickedness of woman, to reflect that men are so good."

"Yes, it gives you hope for the future, a belief in the possibility of the perfection of the race," said Orestes.

"And it is very pleasant to have something to look forward to that has not yet arrived."

"Certainly; you cannot look forward to any thing that *has* arrived."

"Then we *may* look forward to the perfection of the masculine character? How kind of you!"

"Oh, yes, I am as kind as I can be."

"You always remind me, Orestes, of one of Arsène Houssaye's speeches. Do you remember the marchioness who hung her head with all the 'ingenuousness of fourscore?'"

"Yes, perhaps I *am* ingenuous, among my other virtues. Was she the same marchioness (one of your good French ones) who said: 'I entered the world through marriage—a bad enough entrance, is it not? At the end of two years and a half the marquis, my husband, died; I clung to this new misfortune for fear of a worse. My regrets were not very lively, for the marquis had taken the trouble to come into the world and to go out of it again—that was all! I moistened his will with my tears, and veiled my face with solemn-looking crape, which yet did not hide the cheerful horizon of widowhood?'"

"Yes, the same dear, witty marchioness. You see there is some danger in having women too witty. Who knows but that if Mrs. Orestes, now, should happen to be witty, she might smile when she heard or thought of the 'cheerful horizon of widowhood?'"

"Ah! no, I told you—or at least I wished to confide to you—that I preferred the tragic one."

"No; you have promised to marry Madame du Deffand, if I can find her."

"Supposing that we split the difference, and I will describe exactly what will suit me. I wish her to be noble, true, generous, and sincere, charitable in the highest sense, not only with her money and her time, but in her judgments. I wish her to be very severe

toward herself, excessively lenient toward others. I wish her to have a joyous temperament, a festive disposition, and yet to feel quite capable of tears when I consider them proper. There are moments when I love a pensive beauty. Thalia is all very well, but I like a little of Melpomene occasionally—in fact, she must be the shadow of my mood. She must have that 'fine tone' which Horace Walpole describes; her key-note must be high. Then I wish her to be stamped with a special distinction—nothing common, nothing like anybody else. She must have the noblest and truest purpose in every thing she does, and yet be so entirely without conceit that she does not suspect herself of having any excellence whatever. I shall be careful never to tell her that she has any for fear that she might grow conceited. Then she must be witty without propensity to satire; full of agreeable talk, without saying aught that is disagreeable of any one. She must be religious without bigotry or narrowness; she must be very prudent, but not the least prudish. She must never be grotesque; she must remember that fine saying that she 'belongs to a sex who cannot afford to be grotesque,' therefore she must avoid even the exercise of the talent for imitation, if that should lead her to be grotesque. She must be very sensible of my merits, and very indifferent to her own. She may be as learned as she pleases, if she will only conceal it; and, above all, she must make high comedy of life!"

"When you find her, will you be so good as to invite me to the wedding?"

"Certainly; you shall have cards."

M. E. W. S.

MR. BOOTH'S HAMLET.

II.

OUR previous paper brought us to the end of the second act.

We now enter upon the most stirring and important of all the acts of this great drama.

At one time it was thought that the capability of an actor in this part was shown by his reading of the famous soliloquy, beginning "To be or not to be"—probably the best-known passage in Shakespeare, which every one with a taste for elocution is fond of repeating, and every one with a philosophical bent is prone to study. Mr. Booth begins this soliloquy with a great deal of feeling. He enters upon the stage in a mood profoundly meditative. His bearing, the expression of his countenance, and his whole manner, indicate the dreamy abstraction of one who is speculating upon a profound problem. But these outward forms soon disappear. As he talks, the meditative mood escapes from him, and presently there is little more than rapid and characterless declamation. We have already pointed out Mr. Booth's deficiency in the use of pause. In this soliloquy it is imperatively needed; but here, after the first few lines, Mr. Booth's tendency to hasty, half-considered utterance asserts itself. The dreamer who meditates

in the manner of this soliloquy thinks, hesitates, halts, mentally questions, broods, shows flashes of feeling, falls away into dreamy speculation; but Mr. Booth, as soon as he is fairly under way, dashes along as if the whole business were to deliver a certain number of words within a given time. The lines—

"For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

When he himself might his quietus make

With a bare bodkin?"—

are all flung off at a heat, as if learned by rote, not as if coming meditatively thought on thought. Nor are they expressed with all their shades of meaning, with those touches that give life and color to language. Every person who has really studied this famous soliloquy knows that half the time Mr. Booth is quite at sea as to its artistic sense. We say artistic sense advisedly. Everybody knows the drift of the argument, but only the student is aware of all the suggestions and the half-hidden thoughts which the passage contains, and which it is the province of the reader to shape and body forth. We have heard actors who have thrown many lights over Shakespearean passages, who have brought out hidden meanings, who have revealed unthought-of ideas; but we assert with confidence that Mr. Booth far oftener covers up and obscures meaning than he reveals it.

After the soliloquy comes the perplexing scene with *Ophelia*, and here, more forcibly than elsewhere, arises the question of *Hamlet's* sanity. The literature evolved in the dispute of this issue is compendious, profound, and searching; nevertheless, we cannot do full justice to Mr. Booth's personation without giving the question a brief consideration.

It is an error to draw a sharp line of demarcation between the sane and the insane, inasmuch as the two classes fade into each other. Between the extremes the gulf is great, but the intermediate gradations are infinite. Many astute physicians have declared that no person is wholly sane on every point. A man may be of sound judgment on nine questions, but exhibit marked disorder on the tenth; it is, indeed, certain that he will not be equally sane, balanced, and judicial, on every subject. All imaginative persons seem a little crazed to those of cool blood; the poetical temperament, ever since poets have flourished, has been suspected of being at least remotely allied to madness. There may be ebullitions and disorders in minds that commonly are peculiarly clear and regulated; and hence, in view of these facts, it is unphilosophical to make a sharp issue as to whether *Hamlet* is sane or insane. *Hamlet* is sane in many things; but to say that he is sane in all is to misunderstand the meaning of the word. A sensitive, introspective nature, so burdened with sorrow and tossed between conflicting duties and fears, would be sure to do unaccountable things, and exhibit strange perturbations of spirit. That *Hamlet* should fall away into dreams, explode in self-upbraidings, break into feverish mirth, show wild and unsettled conduct,

is only natural under all the circumstances—a great sorrow, an appalling secret, distracting fears, a lost love, and a revelation from the grave! It is true that he tells us of his intention to put on an "antic disposition," but we can only suspect that this assumption is largely prompted by the "fever at the core;" he gives us to understand that he is to enact madness for a purpose, but we apprehend that this very purpose is as wild and turbulent as the strange disposition which is supposed to cover it up. Let us look at a few of the facts.

Hamlet assumes madness under cover of which to mature his purposes in relation to the usurping king, and to conceal "the heart of his mystery." But by so doing he does not in the least further his designs, and only excites the apprehensions of the whole court that something must be wrong. "Prompted to his revenge by heaven and hell," he plans nothing, projects nothing, apparently intends nothing except at some good time or other to fulfill the commands of his father's spirit; and in all this the assumption of madness seems to be quite as motiveless as the rest of his conduct. Throughout he seems to lack the balance, directness, and reason of perfect sanity.

In the midst of his halting uncertainty he seizes upon the chances of the presence of a company of players to produce a play before the court, the story of which so much resembles the taking off of his own father that he hopes, by watching its effect upon the king, to confirm the story of the ghost. The play does confirm these suspicions; in truth, it renders the guilt of the king beyond question; and yet, no sooner has *Hamlet* established this fact than he at once surrenders all his designs, foregoes the advantage of this complete verification of the ghost's story, and goes off to England at the command of the king. Assuredly a purpose so infirm and easily diverted as this is very far from being a sane one.

Hamlet's whole conduct toward *Polonius* betokens uncertain temper and an aimless caprice that has no logical defense. The violent death, by his own hand, of the father of the woman he loves, causes no remorse or grief—never once awakens in him sorrow even on *Ophelia's* behalf; it was caused in an explosion of frenzy, and so distraught is the unhappy creature's mind that never once does he apprehend the significance of the act, or understand the blow he has struck at *Ophelia's* peace.

Perfect sanity moves steadily forward to its purposes; it is calm; it foresees; it is not disturbed by every idle whiff; it is serene amid conflict, opposition, and danger. That is not sanity which drifts hither and thither; which would, and yet would not; which permits the imagination to run away with the reason; that obeys the behest of every impulse; which knows no helm or guidance for its turbulent disorders.

It is only by understanding this duplex nature of *Hamlet's* condition that we can at all comprehend his conduct toward *Ophelia*. We must enter into the soul of that sensitive, high-strung, overwrought nature, and realize how the touch of certain chords awakens all

the tumult of his heart. He encounters *Ophelia* in one of his most despondent moods; he has been musing gloomily on death and the hereafter, but he greets her with courtesy; when straightway she offers to him remembrances she had "longed long to redeliver." In an instant there rushes upon him all the past: his love for her; her denial of his access to her presence; the apparent falsehood of all the world, and of one he loved most in the world. He is deeply stirred, profoundly agitated; wild and hysteric sentences break from his lips; he gives the rein to his feverish fancy; he riots, partly by unrestrainable impulse and partly by a forced assumption, in a whirl of words and bitter oburgations.

It is customary now on the stage to explain this scene by bringing the king and *Polonius* on as eaves-droppers, causing *Hamlet* to detect their presence. The fact that he is overheard, that he discovers how *Ophelia* has been set upon him to learn his secret, is made the reason for *Hamlet's* conduct toward her. There is evidence to support this view of the case. We know that *Ophelia* is but obeying the behests of her father; we know that the king and *Polonius* are listening; and there is one line in the text, "Where is your father?" which may be interpreted as evidence that *Hamlet* had detected the fact of the hidden listeners. But, while this situation would be certain to lead *Hamlet* into some kind of erratic conduct, it gives no explanation of the form his wildness here takes. It is more consonant to the complex nature of his tried heart to believe that his conduct has no such simple and cheap explanation. Explanation! This is the thing so many commentators are wrecked upon. There are some things that cannot be explained, and this supreme fact is often conclusive evidence of their truthfulness. To force explanations upon us of *Hamlet's* conduct is to destroy its mystery, its illusive, fascinating undertouch—if we may so express it—its profound agitations that ascend from depths of feeling and suffering, which, while they perplex, are still recognized as genuine. There are many strange things in the philosophy of life that we must believe without hoping to explain.

Mr. Booth attempts in this scene to force the language into meanings not intended. He is resolved that *Hamlet* shall not be brutal toward *Ophelia*, that he shall evince tenderness, love, feeling, sympathy, with only enough wildness to mislead his covert listeners. "Go to a nunnery" is not with him a frenzied command, but tender, tearful advice. Where others storm, he remonstrates. "Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?" is urgent and affectionate solicitation for *Ophelia* to forego her hopes of marriage. "I am myself indifferent honest," and what follows, is an earnest desire to convince her that he and all men are unworthy of a woman's love. In acting out this view of the scene, Mr. Booth is compelled to gallop over many sentences with a total disregard of their meaning; but it must be conceded that he makes an effective scene, and succeeds in moving the sensibilities of his auditors. But he is rather the tender lover taking a last farewell of his mistress than *Hamlet*, with

his wild brain, his torn heart, his terrible mystery, who, in pursuance of his vengeful purpose, has sworn to wipe all "fond records" from the tablet of his memory.

We like Mr. Booth's management of the play-scene. Whether because of his lame arm, or from deliberate choice, we do not know, but instead of the old business of crawling up to the feet of the seated king in order to watch his countenance—a movement that would have excited the suspicions of the king and the surprise of the whole court—Mr. Booth now remains in his place by the side of *Ophelia*, and thence launches his bitter sarcasms at his "uncle-father." The scene is well done, and so is the wild burst of hysteric mirth that escapes from him as the king, in guilty confusion, rushes from the stage. The outburst of convulsive feeling that occurs here is rarely sufficiently marked by *Hamlets*. It shows not only a rebound from *Hamlet's* strained tension, but is another proof that his wildness is not always assumed. This explosion has no witness but *Horatio*, is wholly without motive, and can only be understood as an impulsive outburst of uncontrollable feeling. Note the sudden rush from the whole scene, and the call for music—a wonderfully natural touch in a character like *Hamlet's* under a great strain; but how is it to be explained by those who will have explanation for every thing, and yet insist that "*Hamlet* is the sanest man about the court?"

The scene with *Rosencrans* and *Guildestern*, and that with *Polonius*, which follows, exhibit a great deal of the actor's skill. There are actors who, in these scenes, lose all remembrance of the great revelation just made, and *Hamlet's* intense exultation at the success of his scheme; but with Mr. Booth clouds of the high-wrought passion drift across it, and one feels the lingering presence of the great event. It is perhaps a question, however, whether Mr. Booth's interpretation of the situation is the right one. He exhibits anger, intense impatience. He can tolerate no longer the persecuting attention of the two spies, and resents their interference with bitterness; and toward *Polonius* he abandons himself to even more than his wonted sarcasm and disdainful mirth. Might it not be supposed, rather, that *Hamlet*, in the exultation of success, feels no anger, but with flushed spirit gives vent to a kind of riotous impatience? They fool him to the top of his bent, and he plays with them to the extent of his impulse. He takes a fierce delight in perplexing, embarrassing, disconcerting them; he observes toward *Rosencrans* and *Guildestern* almost all his former show of courtesy; and he is determined that not even *Polonius* shall make aught of him in that moment of triumph.

The great scene with the queen is one that a skillful actor could scarcely go far wrong in, but Mr. Booth at the close of it manages to force a situation that completely reverses the meaning of the text. Altogether, we cannot complain of the acting of the scene, nor do we recall any signal error. For our part, we are never satisfied with any of the longer speeches delivered by Mr. Booth; as already explained, they seem to us to lack

light and shade, and commonly to be uttered in an off-hand dash that ignores all the shades of meaning. These defects mark the "Look here upon this picture, and on this," as they do other of his deliverances. The intense exultation he exhibits when, in slaying *Polonius*, he thinks he has killed the king, is painful in suggesting a too great willingness on *Hamlet's* part to accomplish the death of *Claudius* by accident, and without personal risk; and the indifference manifested at the discovery that *Polonius* is the victim of his rash plunge behind the arras is fairly heartless. *Hamlet* scarcely killed men with the coolness of a bravado.

It is to be wished that in this scene the practice of bringing on the ghost were abandoned. The voice of the spirit floating in the air, coming none could tell whence, would be far more awful and impressive. This play would, moreover, meet one difficulty. *Hamlet* sees his father in "his habit as he lived," but the ghost always comes in, as in the first scene, in armor. The ghost dressed so as to fail of recognition by the audience would be hurtful to the effect of the scene, and therefore the plain contradiction between the text and the fact is permitted. Let the ghost's voice be heard, his form visible only to *Hamlet's* distracted but preternatural mental vision, and the effect of the scene would be enhanced.

The words addressed to the ghost here overflow with tenderness. In the hands of a great actor, *Hamlet* should melt every listener into tears:

" . . . Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones.
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood."
Does Mr. Booth read these lines with the profound feeling they require? We think not. But in truth we do not know any *Hamlet* that does.

Mr. Booth makes a good point later in the scene when the queen extends her hand over his kneeling figure to bless him. He leaps up, catches her hands, saying—

"When you are desirous to be blessed,
I'll blessing beg of you;"

but he fails to convey the idea in *Hamlet's* mind, which is that when the queen shall have confessed herself to Heaven, and be shown by her acts her desire to be blessed, then, and not until then, can he accept a blessing from her. *Hamlet*, refusing her maternal benediction, also rejects all proffers of affection from the now heart-broken woman. "Good-night," he says, and turns away claiming—

"I must be cruel, only to be kind."

But Mr. Booth is not cruel. He declines the blessing, but he folds his mother in his arms, weeps over her, utters the most tender "good-nights," and upon this picture the curtain falls, leaving all to wonder where *Hamlet's* cruelty exists. In attempting a new line of "business" here, Mr. Booth does unmistakably done violence to the meaning of the text.

After closely watching a performance of "Hamlet" through three acts, very little remains to be commented upon, and nothing likely to throw any further light upon the subject. The actor has very little to do in the fourth act, and this little Mr. Booth does with an adequate mastery of the situation. Whether *Hamlet* here is really distraught, or only assuming madness, can scarcely affect the actor's rendition, for the seeming is as patent as reality. How merely assumed insanity could so readily fall into the purposes of the king is to us wholly inexplicable. It is true that *Hamlet* imagines that he comprehends the situation, and promises that the "engineer shall be hoist with his own petard;" but this is all wild talk; he has no plans in contemplation; and the fact that, after having fully fastened upon the king the guilt of his father's murder, he should at once abandon the field and hie away to England, seems to us proof conclusive of a disordered mind.

In the grave-scene, at the opening of the fifth act, Mr. Booth appears to advantage. His dress is picturesque; he looks more than at any other time the melancholy prince. There is too often in his personation a certain lack of dignity. We do not ask for a *Hamlet* that struts and carries his nose in the air, but sometimes Mr. Booth seems to us lacking somewhat in the presence and carriage that becomes a great prince. In the grave-scene the gravity, dignity, presence, and manner, are all good. The encounter with *Laertes* is well managed, and the bit of rant—

"And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart!"—

was uttered simply as rant, with unimpeachable discretion.

The fifth act, in fact, goes along prosperously until the last scene, when occurs the fencing-bout with *Laertes*. Here Mr. Booth seems to us wholly at fault. He introduces a deal of fantastic nonsense in the fencing business, and seems to forget that he is both a prince and *Hamlet*, about whose heart still clings an oppressive sadness. The childish play introduced here can hardly be witnessed with patience. So unbecoming is it to the character of *Hamlet*, that we must urge Mr. Booth to conduct the encounter with *Laertes* in some sort of accordance with likelihood and reason.

It must be conceded that Mr. Booth has vanished from his personation almost all traces of rant and false theatrical methods. If he could free himself from that inflexible and unintelligent level delivery that he so frequently falls into, and which we have repeatedly mentioned, his style would be quite ure. Occasionally he permits his desire for naturalness to seduce him into undignified and familiar colloquialisms, but this fault may be forgiven in one who has done so much to aid his style of the strut, pomp, and sound-declamation of the traditional stage.

One element in his performance occasionally reveals itself that is difficult to catch and difficult to describe. We think that he does not illuminate or throw fresh and suggestive meaning into the language, but there are mo-

ments when something like an inward light gleams through his face, and for an instant the true *Hamlet* stands transfigured before us. These flashes of feeling and expression are momentary, and they do not commonly come when the eager listener longs to see him break through a hard and uninspired delivery. These instances are all we can discern of that magnetism which so many people find in Mr. Booth's acting—people who assert that his voice thrills and his passion completely dominates them. As a rule, we for our part feel no such fire; we catch from him but little inspiration, and are subdued by no divine rage.

And yet, with all the defects and deficiencies of Mr. Booth's *Hamlet* that we can enumerate, we must acknowledge that at present it is the best on the American if not on the whole English-speaking stage.

LORD HOUGHTON.

WHEN, about a month ago, the Boston newspapers announced that Lord Houghton was the guest of Mr. Charles Eliot Norton in Cambridge, few persons seemed to be aware that Barop Houghton was the title of Richard Monckton Milnes;* and fewer still that Richard Monckton Milnes was one of the most delicate and humanly philosophical of England's poets. It is scarcely a solution of this enigma to say that Lord Houghton has written but little verse for the last dozen years or so, because we are at once confronted with the fact that, even at the date of his fullest poetic production, he was little known in this country. And yet there are lines of his that are familiar to most readers of poetry. That most exquisite rendering of an almost universal belief in the value of love above every thing, which has been often quoted and has so familiar a ring that when we hear it we cannot remember the time when it first greeted us, is his:

"He who for Love has undergone
The worst that can befall,
Is happier thousand-fold than one
Who never loved at all;
A grace within his soul has reigned
Which nothing else can bring—
Thank God for all that I have gained
By that high offering!"

And, familiarly as this rings, I have never met but a few students of poetry who could give the author, when the lines were quoted. Perhaps it is too much to say that this verse is often quoted. It would fit the fact better to say that its *sentiment* is often quoted, with no real knowledge of its complete source. And this points to the special peculiarity of Monckton Milnes's verse. It leaves the haunting impression constantly that it is really a part of our own thought, which peculiarity is, according to so high an authority as Mr. Emerson, one of the proofs of genius. Such philo-

* It seems to us that our contributor underrates public intelligence in this matter. There are, it is true, an immense number of people who are never aware of any thing; but of those who are acquainted with the poetry of Richard Monckton Milnes are there any who do not know the poet's recent rank and title as Lord Houghton?—ED. JOURNAL.

sophical writers as W. R. Greg quote largely and with the familiarity of old acquaintance from Milnes, which shows that in England the poet is known and appreciated in the right direction. In Greg's "Enigmas of Life" we find Milnes well represented in the fine regions of speculative philosophy in such lines as these:

"Happy the man to whom life displays
Only the flaunting of its tulip-flower;
Whose minds have never bent to scrutinize
Into the maddening riddle of the root,
Shell within shell, dream folded over dream.

Then, again, Mr. Greg quotes this strong verse from Milnes's "Combat of Life:"

"Yet there are some to whom a strength is given,
A will, a self-constraining energy,
A faith that feeds upon no earthly hope,
Which never thinks of victory, combating
Because it ought to combat,
And, conscious that to find in martyrdom
The stamp and signet of most perfect life
Is all the science that mankind can reach,
Rejoicing fights, and still rejoicing falls."

This is enough to show how valuable the poet is to the philosophers, and in what strain his mind is set. But there is also another side—a side so sympathetically human that we might well wonder that he was not accounted by "the people" as their special singer, if we did not know that it is only the cultivated person who can thoroughly appreciate the healthy balance of expression, which is the medium through which the educated mind makes itself heard. And to the uncultivated this balance seems coldness, however sympathetic it may really be. Yet it is such thinkers as Richard Monckton Milnes who are the real friends of the poor and suffering. Let us look a moment at this great peer's history up to the present time, and see what claims he has, by something more than poetic expression, to be called a friend of humanity. "Born in the purple" as he was, he became at once, upon entering Parliament, an active worker and sympathizer with all the just and liberal measures of his day, often distancing his colleagues in these sympathies, and at one time hazarding his seat by the unflinching integrity of his purpose. The reform of England's penal institutions was one of the earliest objects of his interest and endeavor. In this he did great and praiseworthy service. He also, through these large human interests and sympathies, worked to such effect that he brought in the first bill for the establishment of juvenile reformatories, and is himself the president of the great reformatory establishment of that kind at Red Hill. It was amid such occupations that he learned to write poems, which contained such lines as these:

"... but when
The tortures of any brother men,
The famine of gray hairs,
The sick-beds of the poor,
Life's daily, stinging cares,
That crowd the proudest door,
The tombs of the long-loved,
The slowly broken heart,
Self-gloated power unmoved
By pity's tenderest art,
Come thronging thick about me,
Close in the world without me—
How should I not respond?"

In a poem called "The Curse of Life," we find with what pain this earnest spirit fed all

his sympathies. How little he shirked the darker paths of life, whose own path, by birthright, lay on the sunny uplands, he shows very clearly when he says—

"Knowledge worn by sadness
Grows too faint to rise—
Anguish fathers madness—
Labor brutifies:
If high feelings live, the man a martyr dies."

The tenderness and faith in his poem of "Sorrow," beginning—

"Sister Sorrow! sit beside me,
Or, if I must wander, guide me"—

is only another indication of his temper of thought. And in such verses as—

"In the green bud's bosom
There is secret grain;
Bees to the same blossom
Come not back again—
Waters weep that seem to sing a happy strain"—

there is that haunting ring, both in thought and expression, I have spoken of before, and which marks his deep-veined humanity and sympathetic sense. So also in—

"A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet;
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet;
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh desire."

There is a certain Wordsworthian simplicity in some of these forms of expression, and, in comparison with Matthew Arnold's air of cold distinction, and the passionate fervor and grace of some other of our modern poets, they might seem at times commonplace. But, without going into the range of real criticism here, it will be enough to say that Monckton Milnes *cultivates* simplicity, and, with his natural tendencies in that direction, if he sometimes sacrifice grace and fervor, it is with no lack of knowledge or appreciation, or, in fact, of inherent poetic fire, but a matter of choice and taste, which chooses even severity of style to redundancy.

Lord Houghton's latest book is a prose collection of reminiscences of famous people, called "Monographs, Personal and Social." This is much better known in this country than his poems, though of course it is mainly valuable for the accounts it gives of distinguished persons, as with great reserve and modesty the author keeps himself entirely in the background—so entirely that we perceive at once that the monographs are of less interest for that very reason. The almost affectionate appreciation with which he tells the story of Suleiman Pasha's life shows how warm was his friendship for that most interesting of men, and how much we lose by the reserve which omits all personal history. And so, of Walter Savage Landor, we get such truthful glimpses in such even and just estimates that we regret there could not have been fuller revelation. The friend of Landor, of Sydney Smith, of Heinrich Heine, and Suleiman Pasha, Lord Houghton in these recollections of them evinces in what he has left unsaid the same peculiar delicacy and deference of mind which is perceivable in his verse. Our estimate of and respect for this deferential narrator are, of course, heightened by this, while at the same time we acknowledge

disappointment in the incompleteness of his story.

Lord Houghton is now sixty-six years of age, though those who saw the small, active man who was strolling about Cambridge a few weeks ago, with Longfellow and others of that circle, would not have guessed that he was beyond sixty, of the simplest and most unpretending manners and exterior, neither would the ordinary observer have guessed that this small, active man was of any distinction. As one catches a glance, however, from the fine, kindly eyes, which seem to lose nothing, one cannot help recalling Burns's famous line—

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes."

But we need have little fear of the nature of these "notes." The same just spirit which estimated that stormy riddle Landor with such clear accuracy will scarcely fail to do such justice, even in his own mind, as will hardly offend the most touchy and sensitive American. Lord Houghton very evidently comes to see, and not to be seen; but it is a great pity that the few who have known and appreciated his verse here could not more readily come in contact with him. In view of the many Englishmen, however, who have taken advantage of our lyceum field for their own purposes without regard to their own ability in that field, we have need to be grateful for this simple, and friendly, and respectful visit.

NORA PERRY.

COUNTING THE GRAVES.

"HOW many graves are in this world?"
"O child,"

His mother answered, "surely there are two."

Archly he shook his pretty head and smiled:
"I mean in this whole world, you know I do!"

"Well, then, in this whole world, in East and West,
In North and South, in dew and sand and snow,
In all sad places where the dead may rest,
There are two graves—yes, there are two, I know."

"But graves have been here for a thousand years—
Or for ten thousand? Soldiers die, and kings,
And Christians die—sometimes." "My own poor tears
Have never yet been troubled by these things."

"More graves within the hollow ground, in sooth,
Than there are stars in all the pleasant sky!
Where did you ever learn such dreary truth,
Oh, wiser and less selfish far than I!"

"I did not know—I who had light and breath,
Something to touch, to look at, if no more.
Fair earth to live in, who believe in death,
Till, dumb and blind, he lies at their own door!"

"I did not know—I may have heard or read
Of more. But, should I search the wide grass through,
Lift every flower and every thorn," she said,
"From every grave—oh, I should see but two!"

Mrs. S. M. B. PIATT.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A LATE number of the *Academy* contains a communication on the subject of "Painting in America," in which is observable that splenetic determination to misrepresent which is so characteristic of English criticism of American affairs. This article deals mainly with the recent exhibitions of paintings and works of art in Chicago and Cincinnati. It begins by sneering at an American critic because he classified Corot, Coomars, Fortuny, Greuze, Bouguereau, Alma-Tadema, and Zamacois, among the great artists of the world—meaning, obviously, modern artists. If Corot, Fortuny, Alma-Tadema, and Zamacois, do not rank among the great artists of the period, one can but wonder who does. Is the *Academy* critic inflamed because the name of no English artist appears in this list? Or is he simply bound, rightly or wrongly, to imply ignorance to the American writer, and, in order to do so, forces the sentence quoted into a meaning not intended? Had it been claimed that the exhibitions described contained specimens of *all* the modern great artists, there would have been ground for censure. As it is, the sneer of the Englishman was wholly gratuitous.

Our English censor goes on to say that "good art, in spite of the many recent purchases by American gentlemen, is still very rarely seen in America." Now, it is true that we have few examples of the old masters, but our people have opportunities to see a great deal of the best current Continental art. There are not so many specimens here of current English work as we could wish; but every American at all studious in this direction, and not living too far from the great cities, may make himself acquainted with the productions of nearly every great foreign artist of the period, and see besides something of the old art, by means of public collections and such private ones as are made accessible to students. There are not nearly so many pictures in America as in Europe; there is a great deal, indeed, to be seen in the churches and galleries abroad which must be studied by every one desirous of a thorough art-culture; but the extensive purchase abroad of works by modern artists for this country is proof that we are not nearly so much in the dark as is supposed.

But is it certain that we may not have something of good art without depending at all upon foreign productions? The *Academy* critic says it is astonishing how little is known of American art in England. Are we to assume that America is to blame for this? Has England exhibited the slightest interest in American art, or shown any disposition to

do justice to it? It has been pleased to stare with wonder at Bierstadt's huge canvases; but has it cared to enter into the spirit and study the methods of those of our landscapists who in truth are representatives of our genius? Has it given any heed to Inness, to Gifford, to Kensett, to McEntee, to these and others, who have gone reverently into our hills and our valleys, and striven to put themselves at one with Nature, to catch her spirit and reproduce her moods? Our critic declares that no American school of art has yet been formed. This is a mistake. In landscape-art American artists have founded a very great school—the school of Truth. They have learned something that noted schools and academies have to teach; but they have learned to reject the absolute tutelage of any faction, guild, or set, and to obey only the behests of the supreme master, Nature. The earnestness, the fidelity, the simplicity, the severe honesty, that are manifest in the better productions of American landscape-painters—we claim nothing for our art in other directions—are such as to enable our people to see at least a little of good art, and a very pure, truthful, beautiful art it is.

We have the following from a correspondent at Baltimore:

"MR. EDITOR: I am 'one of your readers who smiled' when I read your article on the architectural elevation of the domestic kitchen, a recommendation which may by-and-by be adopted. 'By-and-by' is easily said, and, as you suggest, we will 'wait and see.' Meantime, permit me to explain why I smiled by propounding the following question: What is to become of those aerial gardens which you proposed some time ago should be adopted for the adornment of our house-tops if we are to reflect now upon elevating the culinary department, with Sarah, 'Sarah's young man,' and all, to the prophesied locality of the aerial garden? But, as Johnson tells us in his dictionary that the *garret* is the top room of a house, and that the *cockloft* is the room over the garret, perhaps we can have kitchen and garden on the house-top, and thus have both prophecies fulfilled. We will 'wait and see.'"
"C. H. M."

This correspondent is too hard upon us. He is evidently one of those persons who think consistency a great virtue, and that no right-minded individual could possibly entertain two ideas apparently in conflict. But we, for our part, refuse to be bound down by any such narrow restrictions. If to-day we like the idea of aerial gardens, we mean to be true to our impressions of the moment, and advocate the construction of parterres of flowers on the roof-top; if to-morrow we become enamored of the notion of lifting the kitchen to the topmost story—where may the dishes have a true attic flavor—we shall not be restrained in our admiration of this idea by any thing said before. It is inconsis-

tency that is the true jewel. Inconsistency, so called, gives freedom of soul, largeness of taste and appreciation, breadth of sympathy; it makes one, in fact, catholic and many-sided. Consistency is plodding and dull, while Inconsistency is bright, fanciful, inventive, speculative, courageous, not afraid to say yes to-day because it said no last week.

But, while uttering this defense of inconsistency, we are all the time virtuously conscious of committing no such captivating sin. The people have not taken up our notion of aerial gardens. No one in obedience to our proposal has inclosed his roof-top and converted this vacant space into blooming parterres; no vines cluster about our town-chimneys, nor festoon the cornices of our buildings. Our suggestion fell upon a heedless world. Like many other great thoughts, it was ushered prematurely into being before the taste of the public could aspire so high—ere æsthetic imagination is competent to reach an altitude so lofty. The people, clinging to their dull experience, have refused to believe that one may enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* on the roof-top, amid flowers and under bowers, amid the vine and the pine, where airs are pure and cool, where dust comes not, where the sound of the hand-organ is mellowed to strains of distant sweetness, and the cares and vexations of a wicked world are put under our feet. Refusing to be thus elevated into a region of æsthetic delight, the next thing is to see whether their obstinate natures are insensible to every wise and ennobling suggestion—whether they will consent to remove the kitchen and its odors to the regions above, and convert the desolate premises which their rear-windows now dismally survey, into places of charm and elegance. While it may be true that a householder cannot practically adopt both of our suggestions, he can at least entertain one of them; and no one ought to object because he has the opportunity to choose one of two good things.

MR. BEECHER takes up the question, in the *Christian Union*, whether he is bound "to answer, or not to answer," every idle query that idle persons may choose to ask—whether "a man has no rights which letter-writers are bound to respect, or if his time and ink are at the absolute control of every man or child among forty millions of people who chooses to ask questions, beg favors, seek money, give advice?" Men of note are in truth so pestered with impudent and idle inquiries and requests, that it is practically impossible to respond to them. A man cannot ignore the courtesies of life, but then he has a few rights which foolish people should not be permitted to deprive him of—and among these is the right to his own time

for his duties, and the right to occasions of undisturbed rest. We learn that Mr. Herbert Spencer has been compelled to announce, by a lithographic circular, that he is so deeply engaged in his special studies he can no longer answer inquiries, requests for autographs, and other demands of the kind made upon him. Mr. Beecher would be wise to follow this example; and it would be well if this circular gave a sharp lesson to those who know so little what is due to busy men.

While on this topic we may ask whether postal-cards have not now been long enough in use to admit of an inquiry as to the nature of the courtesies and social laws that do or should pertain to them? It may be asked whether people are under any obligations to respond to an open letter of the nature of a postal-card? Could one acknowledge a postal-card as an "esteemed favor?" If the postal-card be purely on the business of the writer, what notice must the recipient take of the fact that no stamp is inclosed for postage on the reply? One sees some really Napoleonic strokes of meanness as the outcome of the postal-card system. The audacity is sometimes superb. A writer saves a sheet of paper, an envelope, a stamp for postage, and also the usual stamp for return-postage—all by one dexterous postal-card. The spirit of economy could no farther go. But really, what rights in courtesy have letter-writers who do not consider their correspondents of importance enough to give their epistles to them the poor compliment of an inclosure? How is a communication to be entertained when the writer confesses by the postal-card that it isn't worth a sheet of paper and a postage-stamp? That the postal-card is very useful for circular notes, for announcements, for communicating any simple fact that does not call for a response, no one can deny. But we submit that social custom ought to establish that a missive of this kind calling for a response, excepting on business matters concerning the recipient, is an impertinence; and that a postal-card, partaking of the nature of correspondence as ordinarily understood, is entitled to no respect or consideration whatsoever.

It must be confessed that when Turkey repudiates her debts, and at the same time admits her inability to subdue the belligerent discontent of her Christian provinces, the situation in Europe has become grave. There is evidently a vague apprehension of war in the European courts. Mr. Disraeli rather emphasizes than dispels it by his Mansion House speech; while the danger is undoubtedly aggravated by the fact that every great power stands at this moment armed to the teeth, and ready to assume at once, or in a brief time, the full panoply of war. Yet we

cannot think that some of them at least will consent to enter upon a general and horrible conflict in their present situation. The idea of war can be agreeable neither to England, France, Austria, nor Italy. England has been trying for years to extricate herself from any involvement in Continental troubles, and to confine herself to the pursuit of commerce. That she will go to war the moment India is threatened by the attempted possession of Constantinople by Russia is highly probable; but she will first use every art of diplomacy to avert that evil. France does not want war; peace for years to come seems to be her only hope of resuming her former place among the powers. Austria is inveterately weak, for Francis Joseph rules over a polyglot and inharmonious empire, in which there are at least three races whose interests are in conflict—the Germans, the Slaves, and the Magyars. She is only solvent, and no more; and she dreads the power of Prussia with an almost superstitious terror. Italy would only enter upon hostilities under compulsion, nor could she gain from it any thing but an ephemeral alliance which the next crisis might dissolve and leave her helpless. Before there is a war, these powers will, without doubt, use every effort to avert it. Yet, if the military ambition of Russia and Germany insists upon solving the Turkish question in a sense favorable to themselves, it is difficult to see how the other powers can keep out, or how a general war can be prevented. Germany has no direct interest in the suggested partition of Turkey should Turkey collapse; but she is the close ally of Russia, and would be likely to derive from war some advantage in Northern Europe by the annexation of Holland, Belgium, or Denmark, or all three; for upon those countries she looks with covetous eyes.

TOURISTS from time immemorial have been in the habit of grumbling about the number and persistency of Paris beggars; and, indeed, one of the most striking contrasts between the Old World and the New consists in the mendicancy of the former and the absence of it here. That the complaint has considerable basis may be known by the recent report of the Paris Prefect of Police, who, having counted the beggars who defy the Code Napoléon and the *gendarmérie* within his jurisdiction, finds that there are between sixty and seventy thousand of them. Beggary in Paris, too, is not a mere desperate makeshift for sheer existence; it is a craft, a profession, with its apprenticeships, its graduations, and its cunning and enterprising expedients. Only the other day a Paris beggar died at Passy worth a hundred thousand francs. Some years ago an elderly lady with gray curls, attired in silk and diamonds, was pointed out, as she

bowled down the Champs-Élysées in her carriage and span, as one who in her early days was one of the most artful mendicants of the boulevards. Not long since an old beggar was caught *flagrante delicto*, upon whose ragged person was found a memorandum-book, in which were jotted down the days when it was most profitable to apply to certain persons—such as birthdays, rent-days, the occasion of a marriage in the family, the receipt of an unexpected legacy. The pretexts of the Paris beggar are innumerable. He sells matches, he waits on susceptible ladies in threadbare broadcloth, having seen “better days,” or come to penury through disappointed love and consequent dissipation; he sits on curbstones groaning, with bandaged arm or head; while young girls use every art of feminine timidity and beauty to compel the compassionate franc or two-sous piece. Hitherto even the well-executed laws of the Second Empire, followed by those of “the state of siege,” have not even availed to decrease the army of beggarmdom; and we cannot wonder that M. le Préfet is in despair.

ST. PETERSBURG presents many anomalies in regard to its population. It appears by recent returns that the Russian capital has grown more rapidly than any other city in Europe. It is much younger than London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, or Constantinople; has grown up from a little provincial town in Peter the Great's time to be a city of rather more than seven hundred thousand inhabitants in less than two centuries. Singularly enough, the deaths in St. Petersburg exceed the births, which shows conclusively that its growth in population arises from the rapid aggregation of rustic Russians at the capital. Another curiosity of its census is, that the greatest mortality, excepting with young children, occurs at a period of life when there is least mortality in other cities—that is, between the ages of sixteen and thirty-five. St. Petersburg has a trying climate, and it seems to act most violently on adolescence and younger manhood. Otherwise, it is one of the least healthy and comfortable of cities for the poorer classes, who are jumbled together in damp and ill-ventilated houses, while a large proportion actually live in cellars reeking with damp and filth. One-fourth of all the children born in St. Petersburg are illegitimate; and something like one-half of these die in infancy. Thus, though the capital of the czars presents at first view the appearance of prosperity and growth, it is delusive; and, when we come to examine the condition of its population, we find them to be even worse than those of the much and justly derided slums of London, Paris, and Constantinople.

Literary.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S faults as an artist are so flagrant, and lie so near the surface, that it is not surprising that they have obscured his real merit and challenged the attention of the critics. Nevertheless, while the excuse is obvious, we think that Mr. Miller has received less than justice, especially among his own countrymen. For, in spite of all his faults, he possesses some genuine poetic qualities. For one thing, his voice is his own; his themes, thoughts, and illustrations, are not echoes of a library, but are drawn from his own experience and observation; and his verse is no mere structure of rhythm and rhyme, but spontaneous, natural singing. Notwithstanding much that was false in sentiment, tawdry in conception, and crude in style, the “Songs of the Sierras” contained some true poetry, and poetry of an original and vigorous type. The “Songs of the Sun-Lands” displayed the same qualities, and seemed to indicate that culture and wider experience were exercising their proper chastening influence upon the poet's art. We were among those who believed that Mr. Miller's merits were of a kind likely to be developed, and his faults of a kind likely to be outgrown; and we felt tolerably confident that he would in time produce work that would compel recognition. It is with no slight sense of disappointment, therefore, that we confess that his latest book, “The Ship in the Desert” (Boston: Roberts Bros.) is so distinctly inferior as almost to justify whatever has been said in his disparage.

“The Ship in the Desert” sins in nearly every possible way. In the first place, the author proclaims at the start, with a sort of contemptuous candor, that it is not the kind of work he would be at, but was written merely as a concession to “the world,” which, “like a spoiled child, demands a tale.” So anxious is he to have this condescension understood that, after calling attention to it once in his preface, he goes out of his way to weave it into his verse, where it cannot be overlooked:

“The world's cold commerce of to-day
Demands some idle, flippant theme:
And I, your minstrel, must sit by
And harp along the edge of morn,
And sing and celebrate to please
The multitude, the mob, and these
They know not pearls from yellow corn.”

Now, whatever Mr. Miller's real merits as a poet may be, he certainly has not attained a position which entitles him to look down, as from a lofty pedestal, upon a suppliant world craving the bounty of his speech. Waiving this point, however, and conceding that the world is listening, we are certainly entitled to assume that, if it demands a tale, it wants one which should at least be intelligible and interesting. If so, the demand has not yet been supplied. Mr. Miller's present tale reminds us of nothing so much as of the manuscript of a “novel” which once came under our notice. It was written by a mind scarcely more than a child, and, while it contained some really felicitous bits, the young author had quite forgotten that men must

eat, drink, sleep, and rest. From the beginning to the end of the story her characters were kept in a perpetual movement, which would not have given time even for a surreptitious biscuit. And this is literally and truly the case with "The Ship in the Desert." Its subject is the pursuit of one party of men by another across the great deserts of the West, from the Missouri River to far beyond the Rocky Mountains—the flight of the one and the pursuit by the other remaining entirely inexplicable from first to last; and, for all of human interest or incident pertaining to them, they might as well have been a procession of clouds. On and on, day and night and night and day, over withered wilderness, across mighty rivers, up rocky steeples, down precipitous paths, and across trackless deserts, pushes the black cavalcade of Morgan toward the most western West; and, equally released from the limitations of human powers, follows the fierce pursuit of Vasques. Even delicate, fragile Ina knows nothing of hunger, thirst, or fatigue, during an apparently continuous ride of more than three thousand miles. The truth is, Mr. Miller carefully avoids introducing any element of realism into his story, which is a mere thread on which to hang descriptions of natural scenery. It would be a libel on the theatre to describe his personages as "theatric;" for even Pantaloon and Clown are quite plausible creations in comparison with Morgan and Vasques. As to Ina, Mr. Miller has never yet seen a woman with the naked eye.

If the conception is bad, the verse does not redeem it. A single measure is adhered to throughout, and at length becomes monotonous and even wearisome. It would seem, too, at times, as if Mr. Miller had tried to render his style "rugged," and there are many long passages in which, to quote Hazlitt's phrase, "the decomposition of prose is substituted for the composition of poetry." There are fine things in the poem, however, which enable us to hope that "The Ship in the Desert" is simply a mistake of judgment, not an evidence of declining powers. The desolation and solemnity of the desert are described with real force and impressiveness, and with astonishing fertility of expression. In fact, nearly all the purely scenic description is good. Occasionally we come upon a passage of real grandeur and beauty; more rarely upon a peculiarly felicitous bit of imagery. Here is an example of the latter:

"She dreamed, perchance, of island home,
A land of palms ringed round with foam,
Where Summer on her shelly shore
Sits down and rests for evermore."

Nothing could be happier than the couplet we have italicised. Of the more sustained and elevated passages, the following description of the ship and the desert is as quotable as any:

" . . . They pierced at last
The desert's middle depths, and lo!
There loomed from out the desert vast
A lonely ship, well-built and trim,
And perfect all in hull and mast.

"No storm had stained it any whit,
No seasons set their teeth in it.
Her masts were white as ghosts, and tall;
Her decks were as of yesterday.

The rains, the elements, and all
The moving things that bring decay
By fair green lands or fairer seas,
Had touched not here for centuries.

"Lo! Date had lost all reckoning,
And Time had long forgotten all,
In this lost land, and no new thing
Or old could any wise befall,
Or morrows, or a yesterday,
For Time went by the other way.

"The ages have not any course
Across this untracked waste.

The sky
Wears here one blue, unbending hue,
The heavens one unchanging mood.
The far, still stars they filter through
The heavens, falling bright and bold
Against the sands as beams of gold.
The wide, white moon forgets her force;
The very sun rides round and high,
As if to shun this solitude."

One characteristic of all Mr. Miller's poetry is especially conspicuous in the present volume—namely, his fondness for certain epithets that happen to catch his fancy. This time it is "black" and "blowy," and he frequently manages to use one or the other of them two or three times in a single sentence. For instance:

"And only *black* men gathered there,
The old man's slaves, in dull content,
Black, silent, and obedient."

In conclusion, we may say that it is genuine friendliness for Mr. Miller that induces us to hope that he will not give us another such volume as "The Ship in the Desert," even in response to the spoiled child's demand for a tale.

CARL JOHANN ANDERSSON failed to link his name with any great geographical discovery, but it is doubtful if any man, even in the noble army of African explorers, ever devoted himself with more unselfish and indefatigable ardor to the cause of geographical knowledge in all its branches. It is to him almost exclusively that we are indebted for what we know of that portion of South Africa lying north of Cape Colony to the Cunene River and west of Livingstone's transcontinental route; and no section of the African field ever confronted its explorer with more deadly perils and apparently insuperable difficulties. Andersson was a Swede by birth, but, being in London in 1850, he associated himself with Francis Galton in an expedition, the object of which was to penetrate to Lake Ngami, then newly discovered by Livingstone, from some point on the west coast. As is well known, this expedition failed of accomplishing its main object, and Galton returned to Europe; but the "African fever" had taken hold upon Andersson, and he resolved to remain behind and make one more attempt to reach the lake. The attempt, made in 1853, after nearly three years of preparation, was entirely successful, and he not only explored the portion of the lake unvisited by Livingstone, but discovered the Teoge River and ascended it toward Libebe until arrested by the treachery of the natives. Returning then to England, he published an account of his journey in a book entitled "Lake Ngami," one of the most fascinating in the entire literature of African travel. Andersson was a daring sportsman, and his

pages teem with accounts of hair-breadth escapes and dangerous achievements.

While searching for Lake Ngami, Andersson had heard rumors among the natives of a great river (the Kunene or Cunene) lying far to the north; and the discovery of this river was henceforth the main object of his life. Returning to Otjimbingue, in Namaqualand, in 1858, he immediately organized a caravan and struck northward. After incredible dangers and difficulties he reached the banks of a previously-unknown river, the Okavango; but scarcely had he entered upon its exploration when he and five or six of his men were prostrated with fever, and, after waiting an entire month in the vain hope of getting better, he was compelled to turn back as the only means of saving his life. A narrative of this expedition was published in London in 1861, under the title of "The Okavango River," a book scarcely less interesting than the author's first.

The last of these books was published many years ago; but the record of Andersson's life is only now completed from the point where it there left off, by the publication of a work compiled partly from some "Notes of Travel" which he left in an unfinished state, and partly from his "Journals."* From it we learn the details of Andersson's career after his return to Africa as the agent of the Walwich Bay Mining Company, whose establishment he subsequently bought out and converted into a trading-station on his own account, and there remained until his death, which occurred during an expedition in search of the long-sought Cunene River. In this expedition he actually reached the banks of the fatal stream; but the hand of death was even then upon him, and he turned back only to die in the wilderness, with all his plans unaccomplished.

Dealing as they do with a comparatively uneventful period of Andersson's life, the "Notes of Travel" are less exciting than the earlier volumes, though by no means destitute of stirring adventures by flood and field. They contain, for one thing, many vivid incidents in the wars between the native tribes, notable among them being a graphic description of a great battle between the Namaquas and the Damaras, the latter of whom Andersson commanded, in which he was so severely wounded as to be rendered a cripple during the remainder of his life. There are also several valuable chapters on the geography and ethnology of the country, on its natural history, on the missionary system, etc. Even when the record is unnecessarily minute it does not cease to be interesting, for it reveals more of Andersson's real character than any of his finished works. He seems to have been in many respects singularly like Livingstone; both exhibiting in an eminent degree modest simplicity of character combined with generous enthusiasm and an indomitable will.

It is characteristic of Jules Verne's audacity that he should address himself confessedly to the task of furnishing us a new version of "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Swiss Family

* Notes of Travel in Southwestern Africa. By C. J. Andersson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Robinson," which he naively lets us see he regards as an improvement upon the originals; and not less so of his increasing diffuseness of style that the work should expand into a trilogy, which has to be published and read in installments. "Dropped from the Clouds" (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) is the first part of this trilogy, the general title of which is "The Mysterious Island." It narrates the opening adventures of five castaways, who escaped from Richmond in a balloon during the last month of the siege, and were blown by a terrific storm some seven thousand miles in a southeasterly direction, and finally dropped upon an unknown island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. In order to lighten the balloon as much as possible during the last hours of its fearful voyage, when it threatened every moment to plunge them into the sea, they had thrown out every thing except the clothes on their backs, not retaining so much as a pocket-knife; and M. Verne regards the state of utter destitution in which they consequently began their life on the island as a great advance in point of difficulty upon that of the Robinsons, "who had miracles worked in their favor," and that of Crusoe, who obtained so many indispensable articles from the wrecked ship. He overlooks the fact that a group of men comprising Cyrus Harding, who had all the resources of science at his command and could manufacture nitro-glycerine from iron-ore and seal-blubber; young Herbert, well informed in all matters relating to natural history; Gideon Spilett, a skillful sportsman and laborious worker in any field; Pencroft, a sailor proficient in all the practical arts of life; and Neb, an admirably-trained servant-of-all-work, were in reality possessed of advantages to which the few poor weapons and utensils accorded to Crusoe and the Robinsons were as nothing. The axiom that knowledge is power is not less true in a desert island than in the most advanced centre of civilization; and to Cyrus Harding and his companions the solution of M. Verne's problem—"from nothing, to produce every thing"—could require but two factors, work and time.

While it is absurd, however, for M. Verne to place his production beside Defoe's, it is plain, even from this preliminary installment, that "The Mysterious Island" is a highly-interesting and suggestive book. If not quite his best, it is among his best works; at least it is of very different quality from the machine-made stuff with which he has lately been supplying the publishers at the rate of a volume or so a month. The chief drawback to its thorough success is that we never for a moment attain to the slightest faith in the reality of the castaways or their adventures. Character-drawing has never been Verne's strong point; and here Cyrus Harding and the rest are simply the dummies through whose aid a lecturer on science works out striking experiments before the eyes of an admiring audience. Our interest throughout is not as to what will befall the castaways on the morrow, but what new and ingeniously difficult obstacle M. Verne will next set himself to overcome.

Mr. Kingston's translation is far from

good; in fact, it is inexcusably bad. It was perhaps beyond his province as translator to correct M. Verne's mistake in placing Grant's army between Lee and Richmond in the siege of that city; but a similar excuse cannot be found for the obscurities and grammatical blunders with which his text abounds. The American editor, too, might have taken the trouble to eliminate such palpable errors as "Chatanoga" for Chattanooga, and "Paduah" for Paducah.

The illustrations are numerous, and for the most part excellent, though the printing of them is not first rate.

THE conspicuous success of "Little Classics" and the "Bric-à-Brac Series" has given a new impetus to literary gleaning, and we may expect for some time to be confronted with prose and poetical collections more or less novel in design. The "Treasure-Trove Series" (Boston: W. F. Gill & Co.) is quite evidently modeled on the "Little Classics," and it is to be judged by the same standard. Of course, Mr. Johnson's selections did not exhaust the good things stored away in English literature, and Mr. W. S. Walsh, the compiler of "Treasure-Trove," will find no difficulty in filling his ten similar volumes; so that those readers who like to have all their plums picked out for them can take both series without encountering much deterioration in the quality of the pudding. In the three volumes of "Treasure-Trove" already published—"Burlesque," "Travesty," and "Story"—we find, among numerous other papers, Dickens's "Noble Savage" and "Dr. Marigold," Lamb's "Mrs. Battle's Opinion on Cards," Hood's "Parish Revolution," Mark Twain's "Encounter with an Interviewer," Irving's "Golden Age of New York," Thackeray's "George de Barnwell" and "The Painter's Bargain," Macaulay's "Prophetic Account of a Future Epic," Bret Harte's "Mr. John Jenkins," Trollope's "The O'Connors," William Black's "Fight for a Wife," and N. P. Willis's "Widow by Brevet." It is evident from this illustrative list that few of the selections are treasure-trove in the sense of being now for the first time introduced to the reading public; but it may be said that what is new is good and what is already familiar is of a kind which none of us are sorry to re-read.

The style of the series is neat and handy, but the volumes so far are not such dainty specimens of tasteful book-making as were those of the "Little Classics" series.

THAT the countrymen of La Fontaine still retain their faculty of sympathetic insight into animal character is proved very clearly by Michelet's charming books on birds, insects, etc., and not less by M. Emile Achard's "History of my Friends, or Home-Life with Animals," a translation of which has just been published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons (New York). This latter contains the history, or rather the biography, of some animals whom the author considers it an honor to have known in life and who thought him worthy of their friendship—comprising several dogs, cats, and horses, a monkey, an ostrich, a gazelle, a mule, a bear, a rabbit,

a swallow, an American lion (puma), a parrot, and a goat. The stories have the common fault of assigning human motives for animal actions, and some of them are rather sentimental in tone; but they exhibit a genuine love of animals, a keen faculty of observation, and a sly humor which is continually giving opportunity for a smile in the most unexpected connections. They will delight children, for whom they were specially written; but they will also prove hardly less enjoyable to such grown-up readers as really sympathize with studies of animal character. Being French, it is perhaps unnecessary to say that the manner of telling is inimitable, and that they are as different as possible from the common and commonplace anecdotes about animals.

The translation is notably good; and the pictures, of which there are a dozen, are artistic in design and skillfully engraved.

A NEW German romance, entitled "Gekr. Wally," by Wilhelmine von Hillern, has won the approbation of Auerbach, who pronounced it the best short story in modern German literature. *Cornhill* for November gives a long article to the story under the title of "A German Peasant Romance," praising it very highly. "Its subject," says *Cornhill*, "is the development of a girlish nature of singular impetuosity, and of intense self-reliance, reared amid the obdurate circumstances, natural and social, of a Tyrolean valley. The few but terrible energetic impulses which lie at the root of this girl's character are conceived and worked out with a fine imagination and splendid graphic powers. For its half-musical expression of the deepest currents of sorrow this story may be compared with the most exquisite lyric poems. At the same time it displays a power—not too common among Germans—of narrating external incidents, and of depicting the reciprocal actions of men and women, which suggests that the writer might almost as easily have composed a deeply stirring drama. Unless we are greatly mistaken, this romance, with its portraiture of dark, fitful, and almost weird feeling, which is at the same time always genuinely human, its narration of flashing and thrilling events, and its descriptions of the many fancy-stirring phases of Alpine scenery, will permanently hold a high place among the best fiction of the day." A translation of this work has just appeared from the press of D. Appleton & Co.

MR. SWINBURNE has been writing a review of Auguste Vacquerie's new work of political subject-matter, "Aujourd'hui et Demain." The reviewer takes up, in a bantering spirit, the Platonic theme of the incompetence of poets to handle any practical or national question (Vacquerie being himself a powerful dramatic and lyrical poet), and suggests that, if the bad politicians are actually or potentially the good poets, the prospects of poetry at the present day ought to be flourishing indeed.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Athenaeum* writes as follows concerning the use of the word *rather*: "Some critics object to such phrases as 'That is rather a droll remark,' and would have us say, 'That is a rather droll remark.' They are wrong. In the above sentence, *rather* is not attached (adverbially) to the adjective *droll*, but to the verb *is*. *Rather*, of course, means *sooner*, and such a sentence as 'I am rather tired' means, in point of fact, 'I am

rather tired than not tired;' that is, 'I am in such a state that one *would sooner* say that I am tired than that I am not tired;' just as 'That book is rather stupid than mischievous' means 'That book is such that one *would sooner* say that it is stupid than that it is mischievous.' It is easy to see, therefore, that 'That is rather a droll remark' is correct, and that the expanded meaning of the elliptical sentence is, 'One would *sooner* say that that is a droll remark than that it is not a droll remark.'

THE *Academy* thinks well of Mr. Longfellow's new volume, especially the sonnets. Of the two on Chaucer and Keats it says: "It may seem strained praise to say that they affect one with the charm of Keats, but we really can recall no other verse that has a magic so like the magic of that poet."

The Arts.

A TASTE for china has been common to all times, for it is recorded in Chinese annals that centuries ago a bit of antique porcelain sold for as much as it will bring to-day; and we read in the *Spectator* that a century and a half ago the passion for old china was as great in England as it is now. In one of the *Spectator's* essays we read the statement of a correspondent who says: "Every room of my house is furnished with trophies of her" (his wife's) "eloquence; rich cabinets, piles of china, Japan screens, and costly jars; and, if you were to come into my great parlor, you would fancy yourself in an India warehouse." In another paper Addison says that no mansion possessing the least claim to fashion, or even to superiority, was considered furnished without a vast accumulation of china of grotesque appearance, "loves of monsters," and in great measure useless in its form, ranged over doors, windows, etc. And further on in his admirable satire in "The Lover" he writes: "There is no inclination in women that more surprises me than this passion for china. When a woman is visited with it, it generally takes possession of her for life." In a recent visit to Tiffany's we were much interested in many new and fine specimens of pottery and porcelain from the manufactory of Copeland, in Staffordshire, England, in various pieces of splendid Royal Worcester ware, in Minton ware, and in many other miscellaneous articles. English pottery at the present time is a subject of unusual attention, and the novel designs upon it attest from year to year the progress of artistic taste—a taste which has the credit of being developed in a large degree by the South Kensington Museum. But, besides these novel designs, to a person curious in such matters, Copeland's wares have a historical interest in connecting the present manufacture of china with the old and well-known articles of Wedgwood ware, and with Copeland's manufactures, of whom Copeland is the successor.

At Tiffany's porcelain-rooms may be found some articles very beautiful, reproducing patterns famous for many years. Walking along one of the passages between immense piles of china, the eye of the visitor is attracted by a tall pottery-jar covered with

arabesque figures of cobalt blue, green, saffron, and sulphur-yellow, painted in a raised or sunken surface that is highly glazed. The vase stands about four feet high, and is quite large in diameter. On inquiry, we are told that this is from Copeland's factory, and is an excellent copy of the famous "Alhambra Vase," the original of which is somewhere in Spain.

A little farther on and we come to a glass case in which are exhibited cups and saucers, vases and plates. The cups are small and delicate in form, and have a double wall, the inner one being white and smooth, and the outer, with a little space between it and the inner one, is perforated almost with the fineness of lace-work. This perforation, which is imitated from Chinese and Japanese manufactures, is so perfect that the curiosity is excited how so brittle a material could have been so nicely manipulated. It is covered with little rows of slightly-raised spots that closely resemble seed-pearls. Other parts of the cup are covered with rows of small turquoise imitations of that stone, and other imitations of different precious stones and of gold filigree make the name of "jewel china" a fit appellation for this sort of exquisite manufacture.

With the name of Wedgwood is connected blue, sage-green, and light-purple pottery without glaze, ornamented with classical and other designs to look like cameos. By this ware Wedgwood has been most distinguished, and persons unacquainted with the history of pottery are not aware that Wedgwood derived reputation from various other styles of china. About 1760, by experiments of various kinds, he had so far improved on an old kind of yellowish-white, shiny pottery that he presented some specimens of it to Queen Charlotte, who thereupon appointed him her potter, and from that time this white, cream-colored ware was known as "queen's ware." This article of art manufacture has now passed into the hands of Copeland, and among the various kinds of his interesting specimens at Tiffany's is a beautiful square vase, polished as the bass-reliefs of Della Robbia, with a little Cupid at each of the four corners of the vase. These Cupids bear in their hands a garland of various colored flowers, which hangs suspended around the sides of this fine jar. This is an imitation, or rather a continuation, of the "queen's ware," and a person interested in the subject will get at Tiffany's a perfect idea of this old and famous variety of pottery.

Elsewhere the visitor is shown a tea and dinner service, a revival by Copeland of the old "willow" pattern. This pottery—it is too opaque for porcelain—has only been represented in America till now by stray dinner-plates or odd cups in our mother's and grandmother's pantry. Now, however, the fancy for it has revived, and every china-shop in London shows among its stock this dark-blue imitation of Chinese stone-ware. Of the many and exquisite varieties of Minton china at Tiffany's, we shall like to speak in a future number of the *JOURNAL*, as well as of the characteristic representation of Sevres and other French porcelain: suffice it now for us to say that one may see at Tiffany's all the different styles of work, and may trace from

one kind to another, and in the works of different countries, the chain of thought that has made one manufacture act and react upon another. Here are French, German, and English imitations of Chinese or Japanese decoration and material; and these designs are variously reproduced, but not always exactly imitated, by European artists, who recognize the need of slight modifications to satisfy the wants or the tastes of their own people.

MR. C. WOOD PERRY has returned to New York for the winter, bringing with him numerous careful studies made during his summer sojourn. They consist chiefly of interiors of country farm-houses and barns, which afford a good setting for the rural idyls which Mr. Perry is so fond of relating through his paint-brush. A finished painting represents a country girl sitting before an open window of a summer afternoon. Mr. Perry has used in this picture his favorite model of the auburn-haired blonde, who is familiar to the public in several of his works. In the picture before us this plump, blond maiden appears in a blue gown, with its sleeves rolled up above her fair, round arms, which are crossed before her on a carefully-scrubbed deal table. Behind her the open door of the kitchen-closet shows blue delft-ware, shining in the afternoon sunlight. An old open fireplace toward the right of the picture discloses its brickwork, burnt white in some spots, and in others with the edges of the bricks crumbled and broken. A red facing of painted boards surrounds this fireplace, and, to any person familiar with similar interiors, its seamed and worn appearance recalls the scrubbings of thrifty and clean country housewives.

Such is the interior of a room whose every portion is filled with clear and simple daylight, and through which strays a long ray of summer sunshine, that mottles the red boards of the fireplace and brings into relief the face and bust of the farmer's blond daughter. She sits happy and still, and the reason is cleverly suggested by the bluish shadow of a man's head and cap thrown upon the white paling outside the window, the man himself being invisible. But the bright, pleased expression of the young woman, as well as the shadow on the wall, bears out the inference of his being near at hand. Mr. Perry has made a very happy use of this familiar trick of art composition, well known to us in Gérôme's painting of "The Crucifixion," where the three crosses are indicated only by their shadows.

Another painting of the same class shows the same girl mending a month's accumulation of socks and stockings, which are piled in a basket beside her; while in the window-frame near which she is sitting pots of nasturtiums, geraniums, and chrysanthemums, fill up the space with every bright hue. Other pictures of old men talking with each other in their door-yards, old women gossiping over their cups of tea, and a large study in a barn of a child parting with its pet bossy-calf to a butcher, whose wagon-load of calves stands near at hand, form only a portion of the result of Mr. Perry's summer work.

To every painter with any æsthetic sense, we suppose the desire to try to reproduce the strictly regular and beautiful is a constant and ever-living temptation. To such persons the features of our national life, which are merely characteristic or of historical value as showing particular phases of our civilization, have not the attraction for realistic representation that regular-featured Italians, with their fine forms and rich costumes, obviously possess. But, considered in their relations to natural surroundings and to their contrasts of character and appearance among themselves, an imaginative person, with a perception for dramatic composition, finds sharp-elbowed Yankees, with their stern and worn faces, as susceptible of artistic representation in paint as Dickens's or Victor Hugo's characters are of graphic description in literary composition. No one, perhaps, has attracted more commendation of late years than Fortuny, but none of his characters, so far as we are aware, are strictly beautiful from the classical standard. Arms of old black men he makes thin and wizened, and their fingers and big joints rather resemble crows' claws than the hands or limbs of human beings. Even in his little boys or young women he does not aim at depicting conventional beauty, but rather strives to show the peculiar temperament through slender throats and little bony ribs, big joints, and spindling legs. But these queer figures of his are graceful or funny, or have an uncanny ugliness that touches deep down into the principles of life. Fortuny does not use these strange beings by way of contrast with strong and beautiful humanity. But moral or physical peculiarities are brought into antithesis in his paintings with scales of fine line or color, and with natural phenomena of animal or vegetable life, or with intricate light and shade. In art, if we must have ugly or uninteresting humanity, let us by all means contrast it with a fine distribution of lines and subtle ranges of color or light and shade. Painting, more than any of the arts, we think, has great advantage from its numerous ranges of purpose, which consist of the expression of human life, of line, and color, and *chiaro-oscuro*, either of which can be used as a support or contrast to the other. Beautiful forms appear more beautiful by beautiful colors in combination with them, or, on the other hand, they may impress us powerfully by a grotesque mixture of colors; while men and women may be so grouped as to afford fine lines of composition, or, as is so often the case with Fortuny, the grotesque shapes of the individual may be broken and subordinated by subtle effects of daylight or of shadow, so that, whether it be on seeing an old crow or a young child, the beholder is intoxicated with the imaginative perception of an artist skillful to subdue all forms and substance to his uses.

We may seem to have digressed far from the theme of Mr. Perry's pictures, but we think our remarks on Fortuny may serve to show somewhat the high artistic excellence of which such homely subjects as Mr. Perry chooses are susceptible. When we see these pictures of his so nicely adjusted in light and shade, so broad, so simple, and at the same

time so individual, we cannot doubt that he does wisely when he confines his art to this phase of life, and abandons the tempting but somewhat commonplace beauties of Venuses or Roman models.

GEORGE H. STORY, during his summer ramble, painted a large and picturesque landscape-view, with figures, which might be very aptly entitled "Contemplation." The scene represents a lofty point of view, with two young ladies on a jutting rock in silent admiration of a broad valley-landscape which spreads out at their feet. One of the girls, in a dark costume, is seated upon a mossy rock, while her companion, in white, stands near. It is an early-evening scene, and the valley is in shadow, but the sky is yet glowing with a tender and broadly-diffused effect of light; and this brilliant after-glow is strongly felt on the hill-side. The figures are gracefully posed, and the costumes are in harmony with the brown rocks and rich green verdure against which they are drawn. Since Mr. Story's return to his studio, he has retouched the picture and added greatly to its force. The subject is of a poetical tendency, and the sentiment which it embodies is expressed in the most charming manner. Among Mr. Story's small pictures is a study of a kitchen in a farm-house. It has a great open fireplace with a smouldering back-log, and standing with his back to the fire is a little boy. His hands are pressed against his red frock, behind his back, and he appears to be enjoying hugely the genial warmth of the fire. The subject is entitled "A Frosty Morning," and, to indicate the season of frosts, the hat of the boy is gayly decorated with bright-tinted autumn leaves. The subject is prettily composed and cleverly painted; and it tells an interesting story.

ELSEWHERE in this number of the JOURNAL a critical analysis of Mr. Booth's *Hamlet* is concluded. This article was written before Mr. Booth's appearance in the character of *Richard II.*; and the writer of that article, who therein so freely condemns certain features in Mr. Booth's acting, is desirous of saying here that he finds in his new part of *Richard II.* very much to praise and admire. Mr. Booth has recreated this part for the stage of to-day. It has not been acted here for forty years, and of course is unknown except as a closet-play to a great majority of theatre-goers. Edmund Kean acted the part, and so did Macready and the elder Booth, but only occasionally, for the genius of no actor has been enabled to make it a popular acting play. Mr. Edwin Booth never saw it acted; he had for guidance in this revival nothing beyond a few vague and uncertain traditions; and yet, solely by the force of his genius, he has created one of the grandest dramatic pictures the American stage has ever witnessed. It is difficult to see how this could have resulted, in view of the manifold imperfections in this actor's method elsewhere pointed out. It may be that the very fact of being thrown solely on his own resources, freed from traditions and the necessity of seeking after mere novelty, enabled Mr.

Booth to build up a consistent and effective personation; but, whatever the cause, to our mind, *Richard II.* evinces more careful study, a truer dramatic instinct, a firmer grasp, a larger imagination, than we have seen this popular actor show in any thing else. Some of the defects manifest in *Hamlet* and other of his personations exist here, of course—no man under any circumstances can get rid of his limitations and his characteristics; but in *Richard II.* there is a unity of design and domination of dramatic expression that throw faults of detail into the background. The level monotony of delivery and emphasis on unimportant words, to which Mr. Booth is prone, were evident; and yet nothing could be grander or finer than the delivery of some of the sentences. *Richard's* speeches are commonly long, involved, intricate; they shift from one passion to another with great celerity; they reflect in almost infinite variety of expression the infinite moods of this king, who unites lofty poetry with vacillating purpose, royal dignity with fretful passion, high philosophy with weak repining; and hence these variable utterances tax the utmost skill of the actor. But out of these contrasts comes the actor's opportunity, and Mr. Booth showed that he knew how to avail himself of every suggestion of the pregnant text. Space will not now permit an analysis of this performance in detail; the writer can add no more than to say that it seemed to him majestic in form and vital in expression.

THE revival of "Caste" at Wallack's Theatre has been pressed upon public attention by the fact that the part of *Ecdæ* is acted by Mr. Honey, the representative of the character on the first production of the play in London. The judicious spectator will be prompted to ask whether Mr. Honey's personation of this character at Wallack's Theatre accords with that given by him to London audiences under the direction of the author of the play, Mr. Robertson. If so, he can but wonder that, contrary to their usual custom, the London theatre-goers should sanction a personation so lacking in delicacy and moderation. To our mind, Mr. Honey gives a gross and offensively-exaggerated picture of the character. Old *Ecdæ* is undoubtedly a drunken vagabond, but he is not so hopelessly the refuse of the gutter as Mr. Honey depicts him. All the actors we have seen in this character overdo it a little, but Mr. Honey renders this most delightful play almost unendurable by his vulgar antics, and injures the charming effects produced by Miss Dyas, Mr. Montague, and Mr. Stevenson.

LETTERS have been received at Berlin from the eminent anthropologist, Professor A. Bastian, who has been commissioned by the Imperial German Government to visit Central and Southern America, for the purpose of investigating the remains of art belonging to the Aztec period. Professor Bastian, after a short stay in Chili, had advanced into Peru, and prosecuted his investigations at Lima, and in the provinces north of the Liman territory; and when he wrote he was about to push forward to Ecuador and Colombia, intending, however, to devote some time to the careful exploration of the country round the lake of

Titicaca, where he anticipated reaping a rich harvest of ancient Mexican remains.

"FINE-ART loan exhibitions," says the *Academy*, "are really becoming as plentiful as blackberries. If people do not learn some appreciation of art nowadays, even those living in out-of-the-way country places, it is their own fault; for, besides other advantages for acquiring it, undreamed of in former times, these small loan-exhibitions that are continually cropping up in different localities place the sight of good works of art within the reach of all classes, and can scarcely fail to have a sensible effect on the art culture of the neighborhood in which they are held."

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

November 2, 1875.

THE *Revue Littéraire* has recently reproduced, among its "Notes and Impressions," a curious paper discovered among the documents which were seized at the Tuileries after the flight of the empress. It is a list of the literary guests to have been invited to the official entertainment at the palace, drawn up by M. Walewski for the use of the fair and imperial hostess. After giving a list of presentable Academicians, M. Walewski mentions Octave Feuillet, "a distinguished dramatist." M. Joseph Autran is named as "a Provençal poet, a society man, and very wealthy." Without doubt he got an invitation. On the other hand, Louis Bouilhet is described as "a dramatist of much talent, excellent manners, very poor." Arsène Houssaye is described as "very eccentric." Paul de St.-Victor is denounced in no measured terms as "an ill-bred newspaper writer, who lives on very bad terms with his *confrères*." His name was decisively erased. The author of "Picciola" is "very honorable, very estimable, but very old." He was not invited. Gustave Flaubert is recommended as "very brilliant." Théodore Barrière is "a dramatist of much talent, well-bred, but too much of a Bohemian." As to Sardou, he is signalized as "a dramatist, possessing talent, but of an odd character, who leads a very irregular life, and is married to a milliner." In all probability, he got no invitation either.

A very interesting sale of objects from the royal palaces took place the other day in the old stables of the late emperor, near the Pont de l'Alma. Rarely has such a heterogeneous mass of articles been brought together. Side by side with innumerable single bedsteads in painted wood, which had been used for the servants, might be seen elegant arm-chairs in gilt wood elaborately carved, but tarnished and defaced, from which the coverings of Gobelin tapestry had been carefully removed to be placed upon new framework. There were Sedan chairs of the days of Louis XV. and Louis XVI.; huge carved bedsteads dating from the first empire; and a number of fire-screens, one of which, in silk, brocaded with gold, was quite fresh and new, but was pierced with two bayonet-holes. This one had been saved from the Tuileries. One lot consisted of an enormous mass of broken china, for which the manufactory at Sèvres offered three hundred francs (sixty dollars), merely for the purpose of extracting the gilding. Another lot comprised what at first glance appeared to be a mountain of old iron—broken, bent, twisted, and contorted into all possible shapes—the relics of the conflagrations of the

Tuileries and the Palais Royal. A close observer might detect amid this seemingly shapeless mass the remains of candelabra, of girandoles, of candlesticks, and of statues in bronze, of wonderful beauty and artistic finish. Among them was visible a small statue of Cupid, the head of which was lacking, but which was of extreme elegance. Twenty thousand francs (four thousand dollars) was offered for the lot. Among the oddest articles disposed of were the huge escutcheons, painted with *fleurs-de-lis*, that were used at St.-Denis for the funeral obsequies of Louis XVIII. They were purchased by a vender of seltzer-water.

Plon & Co. have just published a "Sketch of the Franco-German War," by Colonel Fahe, illustrated with thirteen strategical maps. They announce a work entitled "Cardinal de Bérulle and Cardinal de Richelieu," by the Abbé Houssaye. Hetzel & Co. have just issued the third part of "The Mysterious Island," by Jules Verne, entitled "The Secret of the Island;" and announce that a new work by the same author, called "The Courier of the Czar," will be begun in the January number of their *Magazine of Education and of Recreation*. Victor Hugo's "Pendant l'Exil" has just been issued by Michel Lévy Bros. The same house announces reprints of several of Michelet's works, including his "History of the Nineteenth Century," and his "The Priest, the Wife, and the Family." A new edition of the complete works of Beaumarchais, containing some hitherto unpublished political documents, and preceded by a preface from the pen of Edouard Fournier, has been published by Laplace Sanchez & Co. The first number of the "Tour de France," containing "La Cité de Limes," by Alexandre Dumas, which I mentioned in my last, is to appear next Thursday. The scope and aim of the work are described by its editors as follows: "The 'Tour de France' will be for our country what the 'Tour du Monde,' so brilliantly directed by M. Edouard Charton, is for the entire universe. The 'Tour de France' will prove that our country, the most favorably situated of all the countries of Europe, enjoying all climates, a great fertility, an infinite diversity of aspect, including a wise and intelligent population, as varied in its sources as united in its tendencies, merits now and ever the appellation of the Great Nation." Which is a pretty good specimen of Chauvinism for a literary prospectus. We are promised in future numbers such important papers as "The Shores of France," by Victor Hugo; "Corcassonne," by Viollet-le-Duc; "Corsica," by Alphonse Daudet; "Bougival," by Francisque Sarcey; and other articles by Gustave Flaubert, Paul Féval, Ernest Legouvé, Elisée Reclus, and others. The illustrations are to be very numerous, and by celebrated artists. A life of the deceased sculptor Carpeaux, by Jules Claretie, has been published by the Librairie Illustrée. A volume of romantic poetry, with the singular title of "The Winged Semiramis," by M. Léon de Labassade, preceded by a letter from Victor Hugo, has been issued by MM. Mouveau and Levesque. And, *à propos* of Victor Hugo, the veteran poet officiated as one of the witnesses at the marriage of Miss Ritter to M. Henri Houssaye last week, the other witness being M. Paul de St.-Victor. Among the literary curiosities of the week may be signalized a work just issued by Tresse, entitled "Terpsichore," by a subscriber to the opera, with a preface (the rage is for prefaces nowadays) by Mademoiselle Rita Sangalli, *première danseuse* of the Grand

Opéra, and formerly the leading star of the "Black Crook," when that celebrated literary production first saw light on the stage of Niblo's Garden. If the lady manages her pen as gracefully as she does her feet, she will doubtless achieve a great literary success.

Five months only are to elapse before the period fixed for artists to send in their pictures for the Salon arrives, and yet an important question, which was left in abeyance last year, has not yet been settled by the Commission of Fine Arts. The subject under discussion is the number of works which each artist shall be allowed to exhibit. Shall it be three, as has been customary up to the present time, or only two, or simply one? Last year the provisional decision was in favor of three, but the matter has not yet been definitely settled. As most of the artists who intend to exhibit at the Salon next spring already have their pictures under consideration, if not actually under way, this uncertainty is perplexing, and the delay is at once unaccountable and inexcusable.

Yesterday was All Saints' Day, an anniversary which might be called the Decoration Day of France, as it is the day on which all French people visit the tombs of their friends and relatives to deposit flowers thereon. The crowd at the different cemeteries was immense. Seventy-five thousand people visited Père-la-Chaise, and all the routes leading to that celebrated cemetery were blocked with carriages. The Cemetery of Montparnasse received thirty thousand guests, and the other graveyards in proportion. Owing to the pleasant weather this custom was so generally observed that the streets of Paris wore literally a deserted air. The shops were all closed, as it was a *fête* day, and the comparative absence of promenaders and carriages gave the long stretch of the boulevards a singular appearance of desolation. It was not till late at night that the principal thoroughfares resumed their busy and crowded aspect, and the boulevards were gayer at midnight than they had been at any other period during the entire day. Several of the principal tombs at Père-la-Chaise were almost hidden from view beneath their floral decorations. Edgar Quinet, Théophile Gautier, and Henri Murger, were among the literary men that were the most favored. The modest tomb of Aimée Desolée disappeared entirely under the mass of wreaths and bouquets wherewith it was covered. On the monument of M. Duval, the founder of the celebrated soup-restaurants of Paris, was suspended a superb crown of roses, with the inscription "To M. Duval, from his employés." He must have been a kind master to be remembered so long, for he has been dead for several years. The memory of Marie Duplessis, *La Dame aux Camélias*, is still living, thanks to the genius of the younger Dumas. Twenty-three years have elapsed since her death, and yet her grave was richly decorated yesterday with garlands of her favorite flower. The monument of General Cavaignac received a degree of homage that was generally understood to have a political source. The graves of the four sergeants of La Rochelle were also much visited for a similar reason.

The Industrial Exhibition at the Palais d'Industrie is shortly to close, the committees being now busied on awarding the prizes. We are then to have an exhibition of the products of the porcelain factories at Sèvres, which will doubtless be very beautiful and well worth a visit. It is proposed to arrange a chronological display of the works of the various epochs in the history of this celebrated factory, and it is said that certain well-known porcelain

collectors have offered to lend their choicest specimens to add to the completeness and attractiveness of the exhibition. We are also to have an exhibition of the works of Barye, one of those of Carpeaux, and one of the paintings and drawings of Tessaert, the unfortunate artist who committed suicide some two years ago from sheer want and despair. This last exhibition has been organized by Alexandre Dumas, who had a great admiration for the talent of the unhappy painter.

The theatres are all in a preternatural state of activity just now, with the exception of the Comédie Française, which goes tranquilly on its way, dividing its evenings between its classic *répertoire* and "La Fille de Roland." Just now *opéra-bouffe* and spectacular pieces appear to have it all their own way among the first representations. "Le Voyage dans la Lune," at the Gaité, has been the novelty of the past week, and a very disappointing, not to say wearisome, novelty it has proved to be. It is a cross between a fairy spectacle and an *opéra-bouffe*, an attempt to unite the two after the successful fashion of "Orphée aux Enfers," but the experiment has not proved a successful one in this instance. The piece, which treats of adventures of a certain *King Vlan* and his son *Prince Caprice*, who take a trip to the moon by being blown out of a monster cannon, is mortally stupid. Some of the music is extremely pretty, especially the "Charlatan's Song," given with immense dash and spirit by Zulma Bouffar, who plays *Prince Caprice*, and a charming romance in a waltz-measure, which the same lady sings with much grace and expression. There is also a "Ballet of Snow flakes," which is artistic and poetical, and in which the leading *danseuse*, Mademoiselle Fontabell, gives proof of amazing lightness and agility, but these attractive points are mere oases in a desert of dullness. The humors of Christian, who plays *King Vlan*, the dash and vivacity of Zulma Bouffar (who, next to Schneider, has the most "go" in her of any actress on the Parisian stage), the beauty of the ballet, the richness of the costumes and scenery, nay, even the music of Offenbach himself, are impotent to do away with the heavy stupidity of the libretto. The piece lasts from a quarter-past seven till a quarter-past twelve—five long, mortal hours, and all that is worth seeing in it might be seen in one hour. There is a heavy loss looming in the background for somebody, for these costly show-pieces, if not immensely successful, become immediately ruinous.

At the Grand Opéra the new ballet of "Sylvia" is in active rehearsal. I hear from outside sources that M. Halanzier is sorely in want of prima donnas, the talent of Madame Krauss being peculiarly restricted, and none of his lady *débutantes*, with the exception of Mademoiselle de Reszké, having proved successful. In fact, all his hopes for the future are said to rest upon that fair and full-voiced Hungarian, who, though she has as yet appeared in but two parts, *Ophelia* and *Mathilde* in "William Tell," has given proof of possessing that rare union of physical, vocal, and intellectual powers that goes to make up a great singer, and no inconsiderable share of personal beauty as well.

Rossi assumed the character of *King Lear* last Tuesday, and performed it all through the week. To say that he was great in it, is simply to say that he was himself, or rather not himself, but *Lear*. His recognition of *Cordelia* was something beyond the powers of description. The dazed, vacant gaze, then the sudden gleam of recognition, the trembling hopelessness, the swift, overwhelming

rush of parental love and remorse for past unkindness, and, finally, the pathetic fondness wherewith he clasped and fondled and murmured over his restored treasure—

"My tears began to take his part so much,
They marred my "

criticism. The *Lear* of Rossi is not a personation to be analyzed or even applauded; it sinks too deep into the heart to be coldly taken possession of by the judgment. The best tribute that we can give it was proffered by the eyes of half the audience the other night—a passion of unrestrainable tears.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

LONGEVITY OF BRAIN-WORKERS.

IN the course of a recent review of Dr. Wilks's paper on "Overwork," we gave expression to the confident belief that, "so far as honest brain-work goes, the more we do of it the better, and if, owing to a reckless disregard of recognized hygienic and sanitary laws, an occasional student finds an early grave, let the blame be placed where it belongs, and not credited to the worthy intellectual zeal that some call overwork." The reader will remember that, in support of this opinion as then expressed, attention was mainly directed to the physiological questions involved, little regard having been paid to actual facts or statistics. It is to the consideration of these facts, which are without question more potent than arguments, that attention is now directed, and in this necessarily brief consideration of the subject we shall frequently refer to a recent paper read before the American Public Health Association, by George M. Beard, M. D.

The question, to the contradiction of which Dr. Beard devotes himself in this paper, is that suggested by Thomas Hughes, M. P., in a statement contained in his "Life of Alfred the Great," that "the world's hardest workers and noblest benefactors have rarely been long-lived." Before entering upon a review of the actual facts, as obtained from registration and other reports, the writer suggests the need of his paper, since there is no question that the mischievous theory which it combats has been held for centuries. "On the basis of this theory, intellectual and promising youth have been dissuaded from entering brain-working professions, and thus much of the choicest genius has been lost to the world. Students in college have abandoned plans of life to which their tastes inclined, and gone to the farm or workshop. Authors, scientists, and investigators in the several professions, have thrown away the accumulated experience of the best half of their lives, and retired to pursuits as uncongenial as they were profitless." Viewing the subject from this enlightened stand-point, it is not surprising that an author armed with an invincible array of facts should advance boldly to the attack, with the following broad propositions, which he ably substantiates and defends: "1. That the brain-working classes, clergymen, lawyers, physicians, merchants, and men of science and letters, live very much longer than

the muscle-working classes. 2. That those who follow occupations that call both muscle and brain into exercise are longer-lived than those engaged in occupations that are purely manual. 3. That the greatest and hardest brain-workers of history have lived longer on the average than brain-workers of ordinary ability and industry."

In support of these and several kindred propositions, the writer brings the indisputable records of registration reports. Consulting these, and aided by the yearly necrology lists, he has been able to ascertain the longevity of five hundred of the greatest men in history, which list includes a large proportion of the most eminent names in all the departments of thought and activity. It was also prepared with absolute impartiality, including the names of Byron, Raphael, Pascal, Mozart, Keats, and others, who died young. The average longevity, as deduced from this list, was found to be sixty-four and one-fifth years, while the average age of those of all classes who live over twenty years is about fifty years. A second list of one hundred, chosen from the most distinguished of the workers included above, gave an average of over seventy years. In view of the positive and indisputable character of this evidence, there seems little more to be said as regards the facts in the case. Hence the writer enters upon the second and equally significant portions of his address, and reviews at greater length the "Causes of the Great Longevity of Brain-Workers."

We wish it were possible for every parent who hesitates in dedicating his child to the service of mind to have placed before him the arguments that are actually in favor of such a service. The writer whose work is under review hardly does more than classify these claims, and to this classification we must with even greater brevity allude. First: brain-work is inherently and essentially healthful. Recent investigations in cerebral physiology seem to indicate that the centres of thought in the anterior region of the brain are also the centres of muscular motion. Be this as it may, it is certain that the exercise of any healthy organ tends to the vigor and preservation of that organ and of the body to which that organ belongs. A second argument—and this we believe to be the most powerful and convincing of all pleas in favor of brain-service—is that "brain-workers have less worry and more comfort and happiness than muscle-workers." The truth of this proposition cannot be denied. The service of the muscle-worker is essentially time-service. He works that he may rest; he earns his food that he may subsequently devour it; with the brain-worker all is changed. The work itself is pleasure, or, as the writer puts it: "To the happy brain-worker life is a long vacation. Men of science, physicians, lawyers, clergymen, orators, statesmen, *literati*, and merchants when successful, are happy in their work without reference to the reward, and continue to work in their special callings long after the necessity has ceased." Were additional evidence needed in support of this view that brain-work is *per se* a pleasure, it could be found in the experience of many who, though often

entering upon some special effort, tired and disheartened, have found the very work itself a relief and a rest. Thirdly: "Brain-workers live under better sanitary conditions than muscle-workers." In seeking reasons for this we find them to be twofold: first, brain-work makes men wise, and the wise man respects the claims of law, sanitary as well as civil. Again, brain-workers are more likely to be less embarrassed pecuniarily than other laborers. We know it is the fashion for editors and publishers to discourage the youthful aspirants with the statement that they have more now of such kind of service than they can advantageously employ; and yet the mild emphasis laid on the words *such service* proves that there is a class of service for which they would gladly pay and pay well. It is no later than yesterday that the writer heard the editor of a well-known journal deploring the lack of active, trained, and efficient literary workers; and to-day, of our own knowledge, there is an active though unmet demand for this class of laborers. Lest it be understood, however, that the literary world is crying out for manuscript regardless of its quality, we should add that the same editor to whom we have alluded has always a well-filled waste-basket, and on the theory of chances we would venture to predict that nine out of ten of this order of brain-efforts find their way to this "tomb of genius." When, therefore, we speak of brain-labor we mean labor worthy of men's brain, the intellectual organ which, while ever hungry, is always fastidious, and which, while it pays well for nourishing food, rejects with equal vehemence all other.

With an apology for this seeming digression, we would direct attention to another efficient cause of longevity in brain-workers: "Brain-workers can adapt their labor to their moods, and hours, and periods of greatest capacity for labor, better than muscle-workers." The significance and value of this independence will be recognized by both orders. With the exception of the special editor of some one department, the brain-workers, as a class, are allowed a broader-range of service; and even in the special departments there may be found a relief from one order of work by a service in which either the theme or the style of its treatment may be changed or modified to suit the mood. It is a trite saying that if you would ask a favor of a man call just after he has dined well. In a word, take him when he is in a good mood. With the muscle-worker, be his mood what it may, the work is the same, and it is this irksome contest between what we would do and what we must that brings with it worry and physical depression. We have sometimes thought that, were all who read the works of others themselves workers in the same service, they would then learn to cherish a greater affection for or repugnance to those mystical mental conditions we call moods, and yet it is this very privilege accorded to brain-workers of humoring their minds which contributes much to their physical health. "Forced labor," we are wisely told, "is always as expensive as it is unsatisfactory," and we might add that all labor which is conducted in an ad-

verse and unsympathetic mood is forced and irksome.

But we have devoted so extended a space to the consideration of these conditions of longevity as to compel a more brief review of the "Causes of *Exceptional* Longevity of Great Brain-Workers." Here it will be noticed that the words *exceptional* and *great* are emphasized, since Dr. Beard regards the explanation of the surprising longevity of great brain-workers as quite complex. These causes he classifies under five distinct heads, and we must be content to merely state them, leaving the reader to consider their merits and possible significance: "1. Great men usually come from healthy, long-lived ancestors. 2. A good constitution usually accompanies a good brain. 3. Great men who are permanently successful have correspondingly greater wills than common men, and force of will is a potent element in determining longevity. 4. Great men work more easily than ordinary men." With the promise of long life, thus assured by undeniable statistics, and with the assurance of constant and congenial employment, making labor itself a rest and life a holiday, surely the army of brain-workers need not be in any fear of depletion, either from death or desertion.

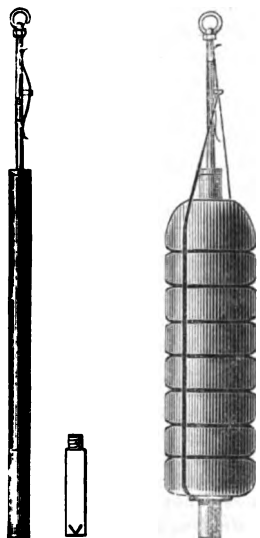
In a recent report, Daniel Draper, Director of the New York Meteorological Observatory, considers the question, "Do any American storms cross the Atlantic to Europe?" and, by means of the carefully-prepared records of American and European observations, answers it in the affirmative. In view of the rapid advance which meteorological science has made within the last decade, and especially in consideration of the high rank which this science has taken in America, the conclusions of so distinguished a student and observer are worthy of marked attention. In a late address before the Royal Society, Sir G. B. Airy, the astronomer-royal of England, stated that "Daniel Draper, Esq., has traced the courses of rectilinear waves of cold and of storm across the United States, and has also shown that wind-storms are propagated from the shores of the United States to the shores of Britain, and that in eighty-six predictions of storms to occur on the British coasts only three were failures." In acknowledgment of this distinguished indorsement of his services, Mr. Draper enters upon a detailed report of his methods of observation and the theory upon which they were based. The general rule given for predicting the arrival of a storm from America in Europe is as follows: "If a low barometer with an easterly wind be prevailing here, the mean travel of this wind per day for twenty-four hours before and twenty-four hours after the time of the low barometer is to be divided into 4,200; this will give the number of days that it would require for the storm to cross." In order to fairly test the value of this formula, the logs of vessels crossing from Europe to America should be examined, and, where several of these storms occur at short intervals, it should be noted at what points on the ocean-highway these eastward-bound storms were encountered by the westward-bound vessels. Such an examination, it appears, has been made, the results being favorable to the prediction. At this point in the report is introduced a chart constructed in accordance with the logs of the steamships Palmyra and Austrian. The Palmyra left Queenstown January 12, 1870,

arriving in New York January 24th. In that interval there were seven storms that left New York, and all of these were encountered near the predicted times and places. A further confirmation of these predictions is furnished by the log of the steamship Austrian, which left nine days after the Palmyra, and also encountered all of the storms which had not reached England at the time of her departure, and two additional ones which left America after the arrival of the Palmyra. To an extended tracing of these nine storms and their history, as given in the meteorological records and the logs of these ships, Mr. Draper gives his attention in the remainder of his valuable report. We shall notice but one of these, however, as it will serve to illustrate the value of the formula above given, and the method of its use: The registers of the Central Park Observatory for December 26, 1870, indicated a disturbance having all the characteristics of one which would cross the Atlantic. The reading of the barometer was then 50,004 inches, though on the day previous it was 50,520 inches. Consulting the wind-gauge, it was found that, for the twenty-four hours before this time of low barometer, the travel was 226 miles, and, for the twenty-four hours after, 143 miles—the mean of these two numbers being 184. In accordance with the formula above given, we divide 4,200 by 184, and obtain as a quotient 22. Starting at 9 p. m., December 26th, adding 22 days, we reach January 17th, and a reference to the British quarterly weather-report proves the prediction to have been well founded, since on that day the barometer had fallen about two-tenths of an inch. In further confirmation, the log of the Palmyra shows that that vessel crossed the line of this storm January 15th, her third day out. In addition to the scientific interest attached to these results, their value to ship-masters can readily be demonstrated. Let it be supposed that on Thursday of any week there are discovered, at the Central Park Observatory in this city, signs of decided if not violent barometric changes. This information is at once telegraphed to Europe and put in the hands of the several captains of steamers about to sail—usually on Saturday. With this knowledge and the accompanying data, and by the aid of the formula, they can then be aware as to when they may expect to encounter the storms whose departure from our coasts had been announced to them. Thus it appears that the observations, which at first might seem to be of little practical value, are in fact of the greatest importance, since they enable those who go down to the sea in ships to anticipate and prepare for the tempest that otherwise might overwhelm them.

The American Journal of Microscopy and Popular Science is the title of a monthly magazine, the first number of which is before us, bearing date December, 1875. As it is not improbable, judging from the attractive nature of this the first number, that our readers will often have their attention directed to the papers on microscopic science that may first appear in this its special organ, we take great pleasure in directing attention to it. Professor Phin, under whose editorial direction the *Journal of Microscopy* appears, is one whose long experience and labors in this field warrant the indorsement in advance of this new undertaking. An examination of the first number proves its claims, as set forth in the following prospectus, to be well founded: "The object of the *Journal of Microscopy* is to diffuse a knowledge of the best methods of using the microscope, of all valuable improvements in

the instrument and its accessories, of all new methods of microscopical investigation, and of the most recent results of microscopical research. The *Journal* does not address itself to those who have long pursued certain special lines of research, and whose wants can be supplied only by elaborate papers, which, from their thoroughness, are entitled to be called monographs rather than mere articles. It is intended rather to meet the wants of those who use the microscope for purposes of general instruction, and even amusement, and who desire, in addition to the information afforded by text-books, such a knowledge of what others are doing as can be derived only from a periodical. With this object in view, therefore, the publishers propose to make the *Journal* so simple, practical, and trustworthy, that it will prove to the advantage of every one owning even a pocket-magnifier to take it." The subscription price is but fifty cents a year.

MANY a reader who has followed the reports from the exploring-ship Challenger has doubtless been content to read that, when off the Virgin Islands, the hydra showed three thousand eight hundred and seventy-five fathoms, or, when off the coast of New Guinea, sank to four thousand four hundred and fifty fathoms, without stopping to compute this distance, or even inquire as to the form of the mysterious messenger called the hydra, which had traversed it. The last distance, let it be then said, marks the deepest sea-sounding ever made, extending in direct perpendicular line five miles. In order to send a weight or lead down this distance, not only must it be of great weight, but it should be so constructed as to act as a dredge, and thus enable a portion of the sea-bottom to be drawn up and examined. Another feature of these deep-sea sounders is that the main weight may become detached the moment the bottom is touched, else the resistance in drawing up would, in almost every instance, cause the sounding-wire to part. In the accompanying illustration we have figures of the hydra, or deep-sea sounder, used on the Challenger, and of its sections.



This is made up of a central tube, as shown on the right, a section at the bottom of which can be unscrewed. The bottom of this section is fitted with butterfly valves, as shown in the figure. Over this tube, eight cast-iron disks, each weighing fifty pounds, are slid, and held

in place by a wire loop, as shown. When the whole reaches the bottom, the tube, striking first, penetrates the earth, the valves opening upward and admitting a portion of it. The upward pressure on the tube acts on a spring above, which detaches the loop, and the disks, being then free, slide or fall off, thus leaving the tube lighter by four hundred pounds. As soon as the "hauling in" begins, the valves fall by their own gravity, and the inclosed earth, representing the sea-bottom at a depth of five miles, is raised safely to the surface.

It is natural that every item of information regarding the new metal *gallium* should be eagerly welcomed by the student; and, though as yet it has not been isolated, the following incidents of its discovery will be of interest: Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon of August 27, 1875, M. Lecoq, an amateur French chemist, was examining, by the aid of the spectroscope, a specimen of zinc-blende from Pietraflta, Spain. While engaged in this work, he noticed a hitherto unrecognized violet line in the spectrum. Further observation determined its place as 417 on the scale of wave-lengths. Another fainter line of the same color appeared at 404. Thus was the new member added to the list of elements. The name it has received was suggested to the patriotic chemist by the ancient name of his country, Gallia. Notwithstanding the zeal shown by Americans in all branches of scientific research, and their success as geographical and astronomical explorers, the honor of having discovered and added to the list a new chemical element has not been attained. A contemporary stands ready with a name wherewith to christen the new-comer—*columbium*—and, in order to make it doubly appropriate, suggests, with honest confidence in its possibility, that the discovery be made before or during the coming centennial year.

As befits an American exhibition in the nineteenth century—the century of invention—the United States Centennial Commission have made special efforts to secure a full representation of American and foreign machinery and inventions. Already one thousand American exhibitors have applied for space in Machinery Hall. To these may be added one hundred and fifty applications from England, and as many more from other European countries, thus being far in advance of those entered at the Vienna machinery exhibition. Power in Machinery Hall will be chiefly supplied by a pair of monster Corliss engines. Each cylinder of these engines is to be forty inches in diameter, with a stroke of ten feet. The fly-wheels will be thirty-one feet in diameter, weighing fifty-five tons, and they will have a combined horse-power of fourteen hundred. This power will be applied along about one mile of shafting.

It is announced that the trial shaft for the Channel Tunnel will be commenced, so far as the French side is concerned, some time this week. The members of the commission and the engineers and other practical men engaged are so satisfied with the results of the soundings that they are convinced the expense is the only obstacle in the way of a submarine tunnel between France and England. So far as can at present be judged, the expense will not be so great as was anticipated, while there is less likelihood of so much danger from leakage as was at first supposed. The shaft is to be sunk near Calais to a depth of about four hundred feet.

Miscellanea.

THE November *Fraser* resumes Countess von Bothmer's series of papers entitled "German Home-Life," the subject now being "Women." The countess has much to say of interest on this exhaustless theme, but we can find room only for her comments on the education of her sex in Germany:

Now, in Germany learning is the characteristic honor of the nation; and it is the proud boast, and the just one, too, of German women, that they alone, of all the modern feminities of the earth, are absolutely well educated. The same professors that lecture to their brothers and cousins within the university halls and college class-rooms come down from those greater altitudes to teach the children and young girls in their day-schools. They are taught regularly, systematically, patiently, lovingly. A German girl must be dull indeed who is not well-read. Every thing is taught, and every thing is taught well. But, after all, a building is not made of brick only, nor a ship of mere wood; and there are a score of diverse influences and social conditions working on the outer and inner systems of female education in Germany quite beyond the reach of any professors however eminent, or any pedagogues however profound.

Besides education, there is such a thing as self-education. A woman may be very well up to the general mark, nay, high above it in all matters of ordinary education; yet, if she strive not to teach herself somewhat of those things that make life lovely, she will learn before long that all her knowledge is but a sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, and that the wisdom of her professors has been spent on her in vain. In the moral and social education of a German girl, even in her physical education, precisely the contrary doctrine prevails. She is taught that to be womanly she must be helpless, to be feminine she must be feeble, to endear herself she must be dependent, to charm she must cling. She is not brought up to be, she does not desire to be, the companion, the comrade, the equal, is "all that not hurts distinctive womanhood," of the men around her. She is thrown back upon herself and other women for society and amusements; a life that revolves in a narrow, circumscribed round of inanities is considered good enough for her. To be herself is to be nothing—less, worse, than nothing. To be as like everybody else as she can; to copy her friend's clothes, phraseology, and manners; to worship the platitudes of precedent, to conform to the dead level that custom has prescribed, to keep carefully to the sheep-walk, to applaud in concert and condemn in chorus, is the only behavior that can be tolerated. If she does these things she fulfills all the law and the prophets, and it shall be well with her; but if she do them not, she will be viewed askance by her sisters, eyed with dislike and suspicion; it will be whispered that she is a *Blaustrumpf*, or a *Freigeist*; it will be proclaimed that she is a *Pflichtlose*, or an *emanzipirtes Frauenzimmer*; she will be stigmatized as *überspannt*, revolutionary, dangerous, objectionable.

Allowances are made by these gentle ladies for the eccentricities of French, English, and American women, on account of the unfortunate accident of their birth; but they

are inexorable toward one of their own circle who would dare to assert any originality of character, or independence of action. Woe would certainly betide the folly of that virgin who would venture to shake off the "wounding cords that bind and strain," and make an existence for herself independent of the cackling of the *Kaffees* and the weariness of infinite boredom based upon everlasting babble. . . .

They have one bugbear and one object of idolatry, these monotonous ladies—a fetish which they worship under the name of *Modes*; a monster between public opinion and Mrs. Grundy. To say that a thing "is not *Modes* here" is to condemn it as if by all the laws of Media and Persia. It is not her centre, but the system of her social education, that renders the German woman so hopelessly provincial. Recent great events might have led us to expect greater results in this direction. The last advices from Berlin show that petty personal spite, small envyings, backbitings, and jealousies, are as rife in the imperial city as in the much-despised little Residenz-towns. Nor can any change for the better be hoped until men and women are allowed, or will allow themselves and each other, to mix on terms of greater personal equality and dignity.

An article in *Temple Bar*, entitled "O'Connelliana," gives a graphic picture of the great Liberator:

The secret of O'Connell's power with his countrymen was his consummate knowledge of their idiosyncrasies, and his natural capacity for reflecting on a glorified scale their aspirations, their vanity, their follies, their conceits. He was an epitome of all that is most brilliant in the Irish character; and as such his fascination and his influence for an Irish crowd never failed. He knew when to flatter and to wheedle, when to cajole and to coax, when to terrify and alarm, when to rouse to indignation, and when to quell to submission. He made his hearers feel that they had only to gaze upon his person and to hear his words to witness an apotheosis of all those qualities and characteristics which were the chief ground of their patriotic pride. "Nobody," said one who knew him well, and who hated him as well as he knew him, "can deny to him the praise of inimitable dexterity, versatility, and even prudence, in the employment of the means which he makes conducive to his ends. He is thoroughly acquainted with the audiences which he addresses and the people upon whom he practises, and he operates upon their passions with the precision of a dexterous anatomist, who knows the direction of every muscle and every fibre of the human frame." And in miscellaneous society, in London as well as in Dublin, the Liberator could make himself highly agreeable. He was a visitor at Holland House, and it would not be too much to assume that the recognition extended to him had something to do with his temporary abandonment of repeal. When Mr. Greville met him at William Ponsonby's in 1829, the year of emancipation, he said: "There is nothing remarkable in his manner, appearance, or conversation, but he seems lively, well-bred, and at his ease." In the House of Commons O'Connell was a failure, as every man must be who has lived the best years of his life, and has grown incapable of readily adapting himself to a new and a peculiar atmosphere. He could never quite catch its tone, and therefore he could never for long hold its ear. His quotations and his adaptations of poetry were sometimes exceedingly happy. Nothing could

be better than his parody on Colonels Sibthorp, Percival, and Verney:

"Three colonels in three distant counties born,
Lincoln, Armagh, and Sligo, did adorn;
The first in matchless impudence surpassed,
The next in bigotry; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go—
To beard the third, she shaved the other two."

Of these gentlemen, two were *imberbis* and the third *intonsus*. He was also decidedly happy when, on being called to order by the Speaker for having characterized the interruptions with which he was assailed on all sides of the House as "beastly bellowings," he retracted the obnoxious epithet, but added that he had never heard of any bellowings that were not beastly. "Perhaps," writes his friend Mr. Phillips, "personality was his most besetting sin. He had a nickname for every one who presumed to thwart him—curt, stinging, and vulgar, suiting the rabble taste, and easily retained in the rabble memory." The personally aggressive instinct, which in the House of Commons found its gratification in such a *jeu d'esprit* as that just quoted *à propos* of the three colonels, assumed a far more vehement aspect on popular platforms. "A man," writes Mr. Lecky, the staunch admirer of O'Connell, "who did not hesitate to describe the Duke of Wellington as 'a stunted corporal,' and who applied to other opponents such terms as 'a mighty big liar,' or 'a lineal descendant of the impenitent thief,' or 'a contumelious cur,' or 'a scorpion' (as he called the late Lord Derby), place him beyond the pale of courtesy." But there were force, point, and sting, in O'Connell's vituperative phrases. They stood the test of all excellence—they stuck. His description of Peel's smile, that it was "like the silver plate on a coffin," has only been of late forgotten; and his characterization of the *Times*, "it lies like a false-numbered mile-stone, which cannot by any possibility tell the truth," is said to have amused no one more than the then editor of the *Times*—Barnes.

A PAPER in *Leisure Hour*, on "Caricature and Caricaturists," has the subjoined in reference to the ever-admired and lamented John Leech:

His pencil wanted the venom that poisoned the shafts of the old school of satirists, and, though it was sufficiently personal, it was never coarsely or aggressively so, and was sure to mingle some touches of harmless humor and gentlemanly feeling with its castigations. His favorite method of treating official persons—statesmen, senators, and public characters in general—was to represent them as children, as naughty boys, or good boys, or boys with lessons to learn, and school-work to get through. Some of the very best of the political cartoons of the day were these juvenile personations of Leech's. Thus, when Sir Robert Peel resigned in 1846, he drew that inimitable design of Lord John in the character of "Buttons" applying for the vacant situation, and the queen replying, "I fear, John, you are not strong enough for the place." Another cartoon represents that boy Ben, and the pedagogue asking him what he is prepared to do next "half"—Ben replying, with a saucy air, that he had "made arrangements to smash every thing." Again, in 1851, after Lord John's ineffectual skirmish with the Roman Catholic party, the noble lord is humorously depicted as the naughty little boy who had chalked "No popery" on the wall, and then ran away. Earl Russell has himself,

in his "Recollections," spoken of this satire as a "fair hit." These, and such as these, are typical examples of the guileless mirth and fun that for the most part qualified the artist's satire. On the other hand, when satire was not demanded, but social or national wrong called for grave censure, Leech knew how to administer it, not only without giving unnecessary offense, but in the way best calculated to bring about reform and redress. When incendiarianism was rife in the sister isle, he treated it rightly as a symptom, not of anarchy, but of despair. He drew the wretched cottier in his miserable hovel—the wife and mother, hunger-slain, lying dead on the bare pallet, and the famished babes crying to the bereaved father for bread—he sees them not, his gaze is fixed on the poor dead mother, but he sees in his bewildered brain the fire-fled waving his torch, and beckoning him to vengeance on his oppressors. This picture alone, which appeared in the year 1845, should have given the artist a reputation.

But it was not the political, much less was it the tragic aspect of society, to which John Leech was to devote his talents. He was essentially a humorist, and as essentially a genial, frank-hearted gentleman. He found his proper vocation in depicting the social circles he frequented and the sports he loved, and, it must be added, in portraying the singular, grotesque, and mirth-exciting phases of low-class life, with all the strange predicaments of which his observation and experience had made him intimately acquainted. "There is hardly any class of London society, unless it be that which constitutes the upper ten thousand, which he has not comically reproduced. The medical student, the artist, the fast man and spendthrift, the well-to-do comfortable "cit," the corporation magnate, the police, the cab-driver and his waterman, the carman, the coster, the poacher—all figure by turns in his pictures, and a hundred queer characters besides, whom to enumerate were to weary the reader.

In reference to the much-discussed question of the restoration of the drama to an Elizabethan prosperity, the *London Daily News* has a good suggestion to offer:

Why does not the theatre enter so much as it once did into our social life, say in the Elizabethan or Restoration times? One hears this question often put, and the trite answer is that no great dramatists now flourish. The stage, it is said, must be improved before the theatre regains its pristine popularity. Improving the stage is, no doubt, much to be recommended; but we wonder whether improving the pit and the stalls, and, in fact, all the accommodation, might not work wonders almost equally great. Besides, it is by far the more practicable reform of the two. Another line of great dramatists is, unfortunately, not to be commanded by the most enterprising manager. The breath of dramatic genius blows where it lists, and there is no calling it forth by earthly means. It is not in the market at any price. But what is within the power of money and skill is to surround the audience, not with the accessories of luxury, but with those of comfort, and to invite or permit them to enter into a fit mood for enjoying good acting.

Few of us, when we take our amusements, are so completely independent of bodily comfort as is perhaps imagined by managers. There must be a happy combination of physical and mental pleasure before most men are

satisfied. Witty dialogue is all very well; but what does one care even for the wittiest of Molière's characters if, while the "Ecole des Femmes" is being played, one is being crushed or squeezed? Spectacular effects will for a time stir a jaded soul; but all the powers of lime-lights will at length cease to move an unhappy spectator who longs for a little oxygen. The bustle and the noise which ensue when anybody moves, the bad atmosphere and the close smells, require a great deal of hiatric genius in order to be counteracted. Our managers, with a courage worthy of a better cause, set before themselves the arduous task of pleasing an audience more or less uncomfortable physically. They often, we know, succeed; but how much greater or easier the success if they had begun by doing all they could to make the hearers comfortable! This, as we have said, is not purely a theatrical failing. In our exhibitions, and concerts also, we act on this questionable principle of first putting people ill at ease and then endeavoring to rectify the error. Go to a picture-exhibition, where one must crane over the heads of an admiring crowd in order to get the chance of being pleased or satisfied. At a concert or oratorio there will be inevitably some physical discomfort, seriously diminishing the capacity of all present to appreciate or delight in the music. Everywhere this physical side to amusement is ignored or insufficiently recognized; but perhaps in the theatre we miss most the application of this truth.

THE *Liberal Review* discourses of affectation and false pretenses in modern society:

Affectation is one of the most glaring evils of the day, permeating, as it does, society generally and middle-class society particularly from top to bottom. It is hydra-headed and many-sided, and thus it is found tainting people's actions, thoughts, speech, and manners, and fostering false morality, sham piety, and a host of noxious evils. Yet it is much cherished by those whom it afflicts. Parents who have allowed it to carry them so far that they have become caricatures of humanity, do not hesitate to teach their children that to be thoroughly natural and transparent on all occasions is simply to disgrace one's self, and wherever people are seen they are found pretending to be what they are not, and avowing a love for what they positively dislike. Nor do they only, at its instance, sacrifice their comfort and forfeit their self-respect, but they also destroy their own comfort. Many a family of moderate means, who might live decently and easily if they would only consent to do so, are in a state of chronic uneasiness and discomfort because they will persist in trying to appear before their neighbors as other than what they are. If you go to their homes unexpectedly they will hurriedly throw aside such occupations as they may have been engaged in when your arrival was announced. Mamma will put away the stockings which she has been darning, and take in their place some pieces of fancy work, as if it were disgraceful to do what is useful, but highly meritorious to do what is of little service except in an ornamental point of view; the daughters will smuggle their novels out of sight, and make weak attempts to look as if they were caught in the act of doing something; the sons will be ordered away, with instructions to make themselves neat; papa will helplessly go with the swim; and there will be a general dusting, and tidying, and putting of unsightly and plebeian objects out of sight. The traces of all that has been done are painfully apparent

when you come upon the scene—perhaps you may, for instance, detect mamma's stockings peeping from their hiding-place behind her chair, or perhaps you may see a novel lurking in an out-of-the-way corner, or perhaps you may hear the scuttering of feet and smothered but suggestive ejaculations. Nevertheless, you are let to understand that you are made no stranger of, that, in a word, you are one of the blessed select few who are permitted to find the family as they are.

THE subjoined statistics, showing the comparative proportion in different countries of the priesthood to the people, are of interest:

In England and Wales there is one clergyman or minister to each 718 of the population; in the United States there is one to each 879. Now it would seem that there should be no talk of spiritual destitution when there is a shepherd for every 879 sheep and lambs; a minister of the old school, at least, would not have considered himself overburdened by the charge of a congregation consisting of 200 families. But, as regards this matter, the truth probably is that, while in both countries there is a superabundance of religious guides for certain classes, there is a dearth of them among other sections of the community. Neither England nor the United States, however, are nearly so well supplied with priests and parsons as are certain other countries. In Russia there is a priest to each 323 of the population, which is only another way of saying that the clerical army of the czar numbers 253,081 men. In France there is one priest, monk, pastor, or minister, to each 285 of the population, or 153,629 in all; in Italy there is one to each 148 of the people, or about 190,000 in all; and in Spain—most blessed of all lands!—there is a priest for each 54 of the population, or 315,777 in all. In Russia, France, Italy, and Spain, however, the men in religious orders of all grades are included in these numbers. The whole number of clergymen and ministers of every kind in England and Wales is 81,932; and in the United States it is 43,862.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON's new book on America, entitled "The White Conquest" (not yet reprinted here), has the following anecdote of a "heathen Chinese":

"You can form no notion of the impudence of these rascals," says a San Francisco magazine, denouncing the Chinese. "Only the other day, in our rainy season, when the mud was fifteen inches deep in Montgomery Street, a yellow chap, in fur tippet and purple satin gown, was crossing over the road by a plank, when one of our worthy citizens, seeing how nicely he was dressed, more like a lady than

a tradesman, ran on the plank to meet him, and, when the fellow stopped and stared, just gave him a little jerk, and whisked him, with a waggyish laugh, into the bed of slush. Ha! ha! You should have seen the crowd of people mocking the impudent heathen Chinese as he picked himself up in his soiled tippet and satingown!"—"Did any one in the crowd stand drinks all round?"—"Well, no; that heathen Chinese rather turned the laugh aside."—"Ay; how was that?"—"No white man can conceive the impudence of these Chinese. Moon-see picked himself up, shook off a little of the mire, and, looking mildly at our worthy citizen, courtseyed like a girl, saying to him, in a voice that every one standing round could hear: 'You Christian; me heathen; good-by.'"

THE philosophy of breakfast seems to be a perplexing one. According to some theories it is best to take a light nip just after waking, and sit down to a substantial meal after a lapse of two or three hours. The *Sanitary Record* (English) sanctions our American custom of a substantial meal soon after rising:

Let a healthy man really "break" his "fast" with a substantial meal, and not break his breakfast with irritating little nips or slops beforehand. After the stomach has at its leisure emptied itself, during sleep, of its contents, and sent them to repair the worn tissues and exhausted nerve-force, and the blood has been ventilated and purified by washing and dressing with the window open, then is the time when the most perfect of all nutritive articles, farinaceous food, can be consumed in largest quantities with advantage. Butter also, and fat and sugar, troublesome customers to weak digestions, are then easily coped with, and contribute their invaluable aid to performing the duties of the day. For example, many persons can drink milk to a fair and useful amount at breakfast, with whom it disagrees at other hours. And the widely-advertised "breakfast bacon" by its name warns the consumer against indulgence later on in the day. *Café au lait* and sweet, creamy tea are to many men poisonous in the afternoon, though in the prime of the morning they are a wholesome beverage to the same individuals.

Let the vigor, good-humor, and refreshment, then felt by a healthy man, be utilized without delay in eating a hearty meal immediately after he is dressed, and not frittered away in the frivolities of other occupations. Let not reading, writing, or business—mucous, political, or economical—exhaust the nervous system. The newspaper and letters should not be opened, preferably not delivered, till the appetite is thoroughly appeased.

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[VOL. XIV.

A FIRE IN THE FOREST.



THE DASH FOR THE LAKE.

I.
OUT from the village and into the pineries,
Galloped we horsemen, galloping fast,
Through the first clearings just shouting,
"Come out of it—
Back to the village!" while hurrying past

II.
Into the close woods that stand like a barrier,
Miles and long miles of fat pines that the fire
Loves to get into for maddest of revelings,
Rolling the strong flames up higher and
higher

III.
Into the sky, till the lake feels the red-
dening,
Ships in the night sail as well as by day
In the glare, and their decks are all whitened
with ashes that
Come from the shore forty long miles
away—

IV.
Yet seem to drop straight from the heavens
above them,
So vast the great flame that ascends with a
roar

To the stars, and curves over the waves in a
hollowing,
Arms o'er the mid-lake and foot on the
shore.

V.
Shall we yet save them with all our mad hur-
rying?
Gallop! ye horses, the fire is behind;
Their camp far within in the heart of the
pinery—
We told them—we told them—but naught
would they mind.

VI.

Lumbermen strong, and they laughed at our prophecies;
The stream was a good one to bring their logs down
To the shore, and swift runs are but scarce on old Michigan,
Sluggish her creeks for the work; so the brown

VII.

Casper he laughed, and old Dick, and young Benjamin,
Sweet-singing Benjie, the youngest by far
In the camps—but a boy; and they shouldered their axes and
Started away with a ringing hurrah

VIII.

To the woods, down that trail that leads farther than any one
E'er made a camp yet; it was only a trail
For the Indians to hunt through. They took no precautions,
I'll wager—no clearing; but, clearings would fail

IX.

So deep in the pinery 'less they'd a mile of it.
Over the fire leaps and licks up the ground
Of small clearings like red tongues! I've seen it—I mind how it
Roars as it goes with a terrible sound

X.

Like nothing on earth, for the thunder we know it is
Far, but this roaring is near, and its breath
Hot at our backs, and the birds fly before it like
Leaves, while the poor beasts crouch facing their death

XI.

With a whining we hear for long miles, and the crying of
Wild-cats is like that of children. What! go
Back by this road? Are you crazy? The fire will be
Here in a sheet before long. But you know

XII.

Their boat's at the mouth of the creek; if we reach them in
Time, we can launch it together, sail out
On the lake—yes, the horses will swim. Oh, we're nearing them;
Try all together now—give a long shout

XIII.

To tell them we're coming—they may have gone gathering
Berries, it's dinner-time. What was that, say?
Benjie's a-singing as sure's I'm a sinner, and
Singing a love-song too! That is his way

XIV.

Always, the silly! Yet isn't it singular
Sweet, that lad's voice? Just listen and hear—
"No one to love"—why, what rubbish! when
Kitty and
Molly—no matter. But isn't it clear

XV.

Sweet as a—Hark! there is something else echoing
Far through the pines—'tis the fire! It has swept

On like the whirlwind, a mile to the minute since
We left the village! If only they've kept

XVI.

Together so time won't be lost—yes, I see them all
Round the camp-fire. Now, then, boys, take one each
Quick up behind you; don't stop; it's hard galloping
(There comes the roar) if the lake we're to reach

XVII.

Alive.—Ho, there, Casper! Fire in the pine-ry!
Quick up behind, and we'll try for the boat—
Come, Benjie; don't stop for your traps, men, but listen and—
Ah, you *do* hear it! Say, is she afloat

XVIII.

Or drawn up? What, afloat? Hurrah! that's good news for us;
Had her out yesterday! There, there it comes,
The glare through the trees! Throw off those great boots of yours,
Boys, for the horses are panting. — It hums—

XIX.

Hums like ten million of bees. Oh, the breath of it!
There, did you catch it, as hot it rushed by?
It has gained all at once on us—yes, must have certainly
Jumped that last clearing I counted on. Try

XX.

To favor the horses, sit light, give the reins to them;
Turn your head, Benjie, and breathe to the west.
It's crossed our path, boys; we must gallop right through it—a
Chance for a singeing; but then it's the best

XXI.

We can do; and, indeed, it's the only way left to us.
The flame's but a thin one, just bushes and such,
The trees have not caught yet. Now, shut your eyes, Benjie.—
One breath, men, and then—spur it through! Well, the touch

XXII.

Wasn't pleasant; it's singed all our beards and eyelashes;
But, we are through! What, another? Now spur—
Spur for your lives, men!—That last was a close one; and
Benjie is gasping; my eyes see a blur

XXIII.

Of yellow and red—if's the smoke that is blinding them!—
Say, can you breathe, boys?—Ha, there's the lake!
The fire is between us; but, never mind, ride for it—
Ride for it—ride for it! Oh, for the sake

XXIV.

Of our wives who are pious, our mothers who pray for us,
Maybe the saints will decide to fall to

And help us this once; they must come, if they're coming, for
Now is the time to show what they can do,

XXV.

And not when we're burned past all hoping; I'd rather not
Be a burned miracle; but, no complaints I'll make. There now, here it comes—spur! Hey, how close it was!
Boys, do you know that I think our best saints

XXVI.

Are the horses who've galloped so swift and so knowingly,
Maddened with fear though they were! There's the boat;
Set the sail!—Yes, the horses will swim along-shore when the
Fire comes too near them. Hurrah! we're afloat!

XXVII.

Sing, Benjie, sing that there's "no one to love" you, lad;
Ah, you young rascal!—Well, take us entire,
We're a gay-looking crowd—all singed and half choking; but,
Never mind, boys, we are out of the fire.

CONSTANCE FENTIMORE WOOLSON.

THE HEIRS OF THE BODLEY ESTATE.

A STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.

CHAPTER III.

THE HEIRS IN COUNCIL.

I WENT to Northumberland Court the next day a little earlier than very strict laws of etiquette demanded, because I wished to begin at the very beginning, and to take a preliminary taste of Mr. and Miss Bodley's company before I should be called on to face the rest of the guests: one, however, was before me. I found him sitting with Mr. Bodley, who introduced him as Mr. Giles Umbelow.

"Mr. Umbelow," said Mr. Bodley, "is not quite so near a connection as yourself, Mr. Penhallow. He belongs to the Simon Bodley stock. Simon was the member of the family who brought some apparent confusion into the genealogy—no offense to you, Mr. Umbelow; you have yourself smiled at Simon Bodley's curious family relations."

"Yes," said Mr. Umbelow, who spoke somewhat cautiously and with a blank look, as if he had once, under great provocation, smiled, "Simon Bodley seems to have done all he could to confuse the succession. It was, however, an only daughter that married George Umbelow, my great-grandfather."

"Just so," said Mr. Bodley. "The line is perfect on which you descend.—But you see, Mr. Penhallow, what you may yourself have noticed in the tables which I showed you last night, that Simon Bodley, who was the youngest of twelve sons, was himself married three times. The first time he married the Widow Mendip, who had three daughters by two previous husbands—I will not now give their names—and by the Widow Mendip he had two sons. The five children,

three families, you observe, all lived with their parent, and Simon was equally attached to them all, I judge, for on his wife's death they continued to live with him, and did after his second marriage with the Widow Garden, who had three sons, and brought him two more; but the Widow Garden's three sons were of two families, and so that made, let me see, ten children, six families. The Widow Garden died—of course Mrs. Bodley at the time of her death. She was an estimable lady. I have her epitaph in my collection, and Simon, who was still young, married a third time, the Widow Lankester being his choice. She added four children, the fruit of a previous marriage, and by her he had a daughter and a son. The son died in infancy, and the daughter married George Umbelow. Now, that made—three and two are five, and three are eight, and two are ten, and four are fourteen, and two are sixteen, children; and two and two are four, and one is five, and three are eight—eight families. A curious gathering, was it not? And, what complicated matters somewhat, Henry Garden married Phoebe Mendip, and Robert Garden married Hetty Lankester."

"I should think they might have concocted a companion to the old riddle—

'Brothers and sisters have I none,
Yet this man's father is my father's son,'"

said I.

"Never heard that riddle," said Mr. Umbelow. "Please repeat it, sir."

I did so, and, after repeating it to himself, he became so absorbed in the solution that I turned to Mr. Bodley and said:

"Pray tell me, sir, whom I may expect to see here to-day, for you remember I did not get my invitation in the same way as others, and so have not seen those who are to come."

"I was governed by various considerations in my selection," said he. "I formed no special test other than real relationship. I don't know, but I am a little afraid that I made a mistake regarding one of my invitations. However, I think, with Mr. Tyrel's exception, we are all of the family. There is a fellow-countryman of yours, Mr. Increase Byles, and his wife. They came together yesterday, and he seemed more desirous of talking over a project of his with me than of the matter in hand. He is a descendant pretty direct from Governor Bodley; the Byleses and the Penhalls are equally removed from the governor, and the families diverge in the next generation. So you are not very nearly related to him. His wife seems rather despondent, and it was chiefly on her account that I invited them. I think their loss of the estate touched her more than it did him. Then there is Mr. Henry Pecker, lately from Madras, where he has been for a number of years past making collections in natural history. He shows the effects of the climate, although I do not think his appearance is wholly owing to the heat. I should think he might have suffered from stooping too much to pick up shells and the like. But he is a pleasing man, and is in some trouble about his collection. He never had put in very strong claims to the estate, but his mother's name having been Bodley he applied, and I

found him descended from the excellent Sir Thomas Bodley, whose name is honored in the annals of our family. Mr. Pecker consents to come, and seems quite—indeed to be quite—without a home in England. Another of our guests is one whom I have before occasionally met, Miss Persis Northumberland, who has been more urgent in asserting her claim to the estate than some others. I did not like to ruin her hopes entirely, Mr. Penhallow, and I have been as gentle as would consist with firmness. I regret that she is not yet wholly convinced, but she does not object to sitting at a family dinner."

"It will at any rate be pleasant to your daughter," said I, "to have Miss Northumberland's company."

"Yes, Miss Northumberland is a lady who has well preserved the grace of old English manners. I am sorry that she should be so positive respecting the weight of her claims. Perhaps, though, it is well that she should not be too roughly shaken in her confidence. There is another gentleman whom you may perhaps regard as a fellow-countryman, M. Felix Bodelet, of San Antonio de Bexar, Texas. The gentleman belongs to our family, though his name has undergone a transformation. It seems that his mother was French, but his father a Bodley; and, the latter dying, Madame Bodley was in the habit of writing her name more in accordance with her national orthography. M. Bodelet, as he wishes to be called, noticed my advertisement, and, though he knew nothing of the estate, having but recently arrived in London, he seemed interested, and, as a stranger, had a claim upon my hospitality."

"Well, Mr. Bodley," said I, "some of your guests, I fancy, will, like me, have to thank your generosity for saving them from a solitary Christmas-dinner. All of these names which you have mentioned are only names to me, but it is pleasant to think that, widely separated in interests and associations, we can yet find shelter under the common name and at the table of the head of the family. I must confess that I already feel drawn toward these different guests." Mr. Bodley looked pleased, and I continued: "It would be singular, would it not, if, being all of one family, we should each be, until to-day, unacquainted with one another? Do you know if these guests have ever met each other?"

"Never, so far as I can learn," said Mr. Bodley. "It was a part of my plan to bring together those who have been especially solitary. The Byleses have only recently come to London from Paris. Mr. Pecker, as I said, is just from Madras, and M. Bodelet from Texas."

"M. Bodelet and I can claim common interests in part," said I, "for my brother once made a visit to San Antonio.—But, Mr. Umbelow"—and I turned to that gentleman, who was standing apart, wholly oblivious to our conversation—"Mr. Umbelow, we have been noticing the remote places from which Mr. Bodley's guests to-day come: pray, where is your home?"

"My home? I was born of American parents at Kawaiki, in the Hawaiian Islands, and near there my father's family still re-

sides; and yet"—and here his rather blank face was lighted with an expressive smile—"my birthplace would be hard to mark exactly, for I was really born in a fishing-boat, off the coast. I lay to this fact the destiny of my life, which has been to wander over many lands. Notwithstanding a strong liking for a permanent and quiet residence, I have been traveling in England, looking up the graves of my ancestors, who are, as Mr. Bodley has told you, Bodleys."

"Mr. Umbelow saw my advertisement," said the old gentleman, "and called upon me. I explained to him that he had no title to the estate, and he was pleased to disown any strong expectations."

"I had none at all," said Mr. Umbelow, "although it would have been pleasant, certainly, to drop into the line of an old English family, and find myself, without great derangement, moving along in the sluggish current of such a family. I could have adapted myself, even when coming from so brand new a country as the Hawaiian Islands, to the old establishment."

I thought I saw an uneasy look in Mr. Bodley's eye, and, remembering Tyrel's injunction, I tried to steer the conversation clear of the reef.

"It is singular," I said, "to see how we Americans fumble after the cord that binds us to the old mother-country. Perhaps it is more noticeable in New England men. We seem to be always coming back here after something we left behind when we moved over in the seventeenth century. The Mayflower was not quite large enough to bring all the household gods, and we have been fetching away old chips and relics of the homestead ever since. Did you not have a strange familiarity with scenes and names here, as if you were visiting a place left in childhood? I recollect very well my first experience. I came over in a ship to London, and, on landing, went to my bankers to look for letters. Twisting about among the streets, and reading the familiar names, I happened all at once to look up, and there was St. Paul's towering above me! It took me by surprise, and the England of my dreams rushed upon me, obliterating for a moment the England I landed on."

"Yes, I know all about that," said Mr. Umbelow; "but the effect was less forcible on me, because I had already passed through the same experience in New York. You may smile, but New York and Boston, to an American born at Kawaiki, are the London of an American born on the Atlantic coast. I landed at the Battery, and I felt as if I were in a dream. I walked up Broadway, and could hardly believe my senses."

I laughed, and said:

"Distance must have great power of enchantment if it can throw an air of romance over New York; but I am afraid one must look eastward to see it. From this shore our western country seems very sharply defined, and so extremely new and clean-cut that no moss has grown over it yet. I came here to escape from newness."

"Antiquity is the product of our recollection multiplied by the objects about us," said Mr. Umbelow, somewhat oracularly. "I can

generally produce it wherever I am, but it will have more sway over my mind as I have less occasion to shut my eyes. The world grows older every day, and the accumulation of the centuries constitutes our antiquity. Yesterday is antique to us; day before yesterday less so, because it needed its own particle of incrustation to add to the general sum. That is antiquity of time, and is one factor. I call it the multiplicand because, while an absolute quantity, it is capable of being multiplied by place—a multiplier which varies with the number of social and political sponges which have rubbed over it." Mr. Umbelow hesitated here, perceiving that he was getting too deep for himself, and felt about for a rock to recover his breath on. "That is the reason, Mr. Bodley," he said, with his one smile, which appeared to spread over his face only when there was a splashing about very far below the surface—"that is the reason why I had hoped I might possess the estate. It would have been pleasant to put myself in the position of an English gentleman for a season, and read Nature and humanity by the help afforded in such a station."

"I may not precisely enter into your meaning," said Mr. Bodley, with a gentle apology for his dullness; "but you are quite right in supposing that no place affords a better position for looking out upon the world, and I trust that I may have the pleasure and honor of entertaining you very often at Bodley Hall."

"That is well," said Mr. Umbelow, in his deliberating manner, as if weighing all matters as they were presented to him in the delicate scales of his nice judgment; "but there is an essential difference between mere residence and possession. My object would not be attained without actual ownership of the Bodley estate."

"But that is quite impossible—quite impossible," said Mr. Bodley, with firmness.

"Still," said Mr. Umbelow, apparently talking most to himself, "I do not see how else one could perfectly identify himself with the spirit of historic England."

"Mr. Umbelow," said I, anxious to avoid an outbreak from Mr. Bodley, who I thought was exercising great self-control, "I once knew a gentleman from the Hawaiian Islands. I wonder if you ever chanced to meet him? He was a land-agent when I knew him, though formerly he had been an auctioneer—Mr. Silas Kennicut."

"I knew him," said he—"I knew him well. He married my sister. He killed himself finally."

"Killed himself!" cried Mr. Bodley. "Oh, how dreadful—how dreadful, Mr. Umbelow! Tell me, what made him do it—what made him do it? Was his body found?"

He uttered this so excitedly, repeating each phrase, that I was startled, and Mr. Umbelow looked blunter than ever. The change from quietness to confusion in Mr. Bodley was so swift that I could think of nothing else than the similar scene when he started from his sleep the night before. Now, as then, he found himself soothed, for his daughter came quickly into the room, and, without regarding us, sat beside her father,

and stilled his agitation with her presence, affording, it seemed to me, a shelter to which the trembling animal could run and hide there securely. My companion and I sat in awkward silence, and I felt a guilty confusion embarrassing me as if I had been party to some infamous attempt on my host's happiness. Miss Bodley turned to me presently, and said:

"So, Mr. Penhallow, have you brought your Christmas spirit with you?"

I might have thought the words ironical had I not seen her face, and heard, too, a peculiar tenderness in her voice which I knew, though unconsciously given to me, was really meant for her father's jarred ear. I felt my own voice grow gentler as I said:

"If peace and good-will make up the spirit. Last evening you quite exorcised the evil spirit that was in me. I hardly think I should have been fit to come to-day otherwise. One needs a sort of private Christmas sometimes to qualify him for taking part in the general rejoicing. But if you find me extremely melancholy, pray remember that 'excess of joy weeps, excess of sorrow laughs.'"

"Ah," said she, and her face lit up with an animated smile, "Blake taught you that."

Here Mr. Umbelow, as if neither of us had been speaking, went on with the conversation which had been interrupted by Mr. Bodley's nervous exclamation:

"I was telling Mr. Penhallow about a common friend of ours, Miss Bodley, when you came in—"

"Is it not singular," said I, rudely tripping up his speech, "that Mr. Umbelow and I, who never met before, should within a few minutes discover a friend in common? I have always had a notion that any two civilized persons coming together, and chancing upon the right line of talk, will discover not merely that they have tastes in common, but that they have friends in common, or are joined by some personal thread, even though they may be very widely removed in position and circumstance. I am ready to wager that I shall be able to establish some such connection with the next guest that arrives."

"You will have an opportunity to test your theory now," she said, "for I hear some one in the passage."

"Mr. Umbelow, too," said I, hurriedly. "He will discover at least the acquaintance of an acquaintance."

The door opened, and Mr. Bodley and his daughter rose to receive the guest, who was presented as Mr. Henry Pecker, from Madras. He was a little, bald-headed man, pinched in every part as if he had been an apple hung in an Indian sun, and yet with a merry sort of squeak of a voice which intimated that the juices were by no means dried up in him.

"Mr. Umbelow," said Fear, mischievously, "is, I believe, not so well known to you, Mr. Pecker; but Mr. Penhallow here is an old acquaintance, I think."

I knit my eyebrows deprecatingly, for I did not want my search to be obstructed by any untimely advertisement of it.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Pecker, looking inquiringly at me through his glasses, and yet with an eager expression as if he would be

delighted only to recognize me. He shook my hand fervently, but was obliged to say, reluctantly: "I am afraid you will think poorly—very poorly of my memory, Mr. Penhallow; but I have been a dozen years away from home. Could I have met you in Madras?"

"Oh, no," said I, coloring. "Miss Bodley is probably referring to our connection as members of the widely-scattered Bodley family."

"Ah! quite so," said he, relieved. "Yes, blood is thicker than water. I have been so long away, and lived so much alone, that it is a great pleasure, a very great pleasure, to find myself on my return at once in the midst of my own relations.—Mr. Bodley, my dear sir," and he grasped his hand again, "I must thank you once more for this hospitable—this very hospitable reception." Mr. Pecker emphasized his hearty shake of Mr. Bodley's hand with another light quaver of a shake afterward, just as he was perpetually going behind his adjectives and giving them a push with some expletive.

Mr. Umbelow, meanwhile, maintained a blank composure—his face being a high stone-wall behind which all sorts of important operations might be going on unknown to the careless observer. For myself, I was wondering how I should establish my connection, for I never had known a soul who had been in Madras, so far as I could tell, and this Mr. Pecker had been an exile for twenty years. I could only bide my time.

"You are heartily welcome," said old Paul Bodley, with as cordial a manner, "and I hope often to have the pleasure of receiving you at Bodley Hall. I trust this is but the beginning of our family gatherings." I could not smile as I looked at him, nor, I saw, did his daughter, for the position which he took, so perfectly fitting if he had really been the head of the family and in the ancestral hall, carried such a touch of melancholy to my mind, since I knew it to be an hallucination, that I felt strong compassion for him, and an unwillingness that his nature should be laid bare to those who might be unsympathizing. Mr. Pecker, I felt, could be relied on, but I distrusted Umbelow, and I wondered how the rest would turn out. The whole occasion for the first time appeared to me such a painful mockery, and so liable to some disastrous conclusion, that I felt an instinctive apprehension that it could not be carried through. Indeed, the unreality of the foundation on which the whole gathering rested gave me the sense of acting a part, assisting at some ghostly banquet, where each guest was aware of the illusiveness of the scene, and aware, too, that the rest were equally cognizant of it, while yet none whispered his secret to his neighbor. I resolved for my part that I would do my best to keep the word Bodley out of the conversation, and to make the dinner as little as possible like a supposed family gathering. How vain the resolution!

"Did you ever see Bodley Hall?" asked Mr. Pecker, turning to me.

"No," I replied; "I have traveled but very little in the English country. My home is in America. Have you ever visited my

country, Mr. Pecker? I think Mr. Bodley told me you were a naturalist. You would find a great field for exploration there. We have hardly begun to scratch the earth."

"I have wished much, very much, to travel in America," said he, "especially now since I have resolved not to return to India. But, unless I had such a possession as Bodley Hall, I should almost think it wrong, unpardonably wrong, to begin my collecting again."

"I assure you," I said, not quite understanding his objection, "our naturalists lead a very simple life."

"Ob, quite so," said the naturalist, smiling cheerfully; "no simpler though than I, I warrant. But you see my difficulty. Here I arrive in London with a ship-load—a large ship-load, I may say—of specimens in alcohol, and, bless you, I have no place to put them! I saw Mr. Bodley's advertisement yesterday; I knew my mother was a Bodley, and I thought, 'Why, if here is Bodley Hall vacant, it is just the place, the very place, for my collection.' I did not have hopes, but I called. To be sure, our good host here told me that my chance for that was gone, but at least I've got a Christmas-dinner, a jolly Christmas-dinner, by being a Bodley." And he rubbed his hands.

"Mr. Pecker," said Mr. Umbelow, at this point, "did I understand you to say that you had been collecting in India?"

"Just so, sir. I suppose there is not a creeping thing, a lovely creeping thing, that I have not a specimen of. They are all packed in tins of alcohol. It would do you good to see them. Are you interested in reptiles or insects?"

"And were you at Námkal in April, 1840?" pursued Mr. Umbelow, looking straight before him, as if his thoughts were not to be turned to the right or left.

"April, 1840?—to be sure. I got a magnificent, a truly magnificent *Phyllium siccifolium*. I remember."

"In the inclosure of the old Hyder Ali fortress on the high rock," said Umbelow, "I saw you."

"What! what!" said the naturalist. "You don't mean—To be sure! I see it all now. I remember you perfectly. You were copying that griffin on the doorway. Dear me! this is singular. And, I suppose, we were cousins all the time, and I never have seen you since!"

"I did not know your name," said Umbelow, "but I have recalled your face since you came in."

"So you and Mr. Umbelow have met before?" said Mr. Bodley, and I really thought he looked a trifle disappointed.

"Only for a half-hour, a delightful half-hour," said Mr. Pecker, getting up and shaking Umbelow's hand, which he had to pick up and shake for himself, it hung so passive.

"This is too funny," said Fear, aside to me. "I begin to believe you will make your point." I said nothing, but my heart misgave me. Once more the door was opened, and two new-comers were presented. "Fellow-countrymen of yours, Mr. Penhallow," said Mr. Bodley, on introducing us, and his daughter added:

"Are not Mr. and Mrs. Byles neighbors of yours, or at least neighbors of your neighbors?"

"We're New England people, sir," said Mr. Byles, half jerking his reluctant wife forward on his arm. "Yankees of pure blood. I was raised in New Hampshire; my wife here was a Bodley, descended from old Governor Bodley, and lived in Massachusetts, down in Scituate."

"Well," said I, "Mrs. Byles's home is not far from mine. I live at Roxbury, near Boston, and I once spent a summer in Scituate."

"You don't say so!" said Mr. Byles, with animation. "I haven't seen a neighbor this long while. Penhallow?—I don't remember the name. I knew a man by the name of Penniman, near where I lived at Plymouth."

I was not over-anxious to discover a very close connection with Mr. Byles, who seemed rather disagreeable at first sight, being, to use an expressive Americanism, so 'slicked up' that I felt there was an unpleasant nature which would show itself palpably through his 'slicking,' and, withal, so wiry and fidgety was he that I began to catch some of his uneasy workings assert themselves in my own nerves. But, feeling my chance with Mr. Pecker to be rather slight, as it seemed hardly fair to assert a connection on the ground that I knew Silas Kennicut, and he married the sister of a man who spent half an hour with Mr. Pecker in a ruined fortress in India, though, at a pinch, this would answer—I was disposed to take some small credit out of this new-comer; so I turned to Fear and said, with a twinkle:

"Is it not singular, Miss Bodley, that Mr. Byles and I should have discovered so soon a common acquaintance, for I find that he knows a Mr. Penniman, who, I have no doubt, is the very person with whom I spent a summer once in the White Mountains.—Mr. Byles, is your friend Mr. Penniman, Mr. Job Penniman, who had a farm at Campton?"

"No, sir, his name was not Job. I don't know anybody by the name of Penniman in Campton. I don't know anybody in Campton at all. Where is Campton?"

"Why," said I, rather disconcerted, "not far from Plymouth, in New Hampshire, where you said you lived."

"Ob, dear, no! I was raised away up at Colebrooke, but I lived down in Plymouth, Massachusetts, where the Pilgrims landed. Don't you know the place? I taught school there."

Miss Bodley was laughing behind her hand, and I was almost resolved to know a Penniman in Plymouth, but I feared the sharp tongue of Mr. Byles. He turned, however, to Mr. Bodley, while his wife answered Miss Bodley's questions, and, as Messrs. Pecker and Umbelow were engaged in a corner, I had leisure to notice the groups while listening to Mr. Byles. The pairs were oddly consorted, as if each one had chanced upon his or her opposite pole. Mrs. Byles, for instance, was so frightened, so anxious and weary-looking, sending stray glances toward her husband, as if she feared him, and yet feared he might run away from her; she answered in such a confused manner, that she brought into stronger relief the quiet, self-

confidence, gentleness, and tact of her *vis-à-vis*; nor was the personal contrast less striking, for Mrs. Byles was angular and worn out in appearance, looking, if so far-fetched an illustration may be permitted, like a dust-cloth that once had been an ornamental apron; and naturally, since I learned afterward that she had descended by degrees from the place of a household pet to that of a poor woman leading a hard life, put by her husband to uses for which she never had been made. Mr. Pecker, also in the corner, keeping his bald head excitedly nodding, and his hands rubbing over Mr. Umbelow's talk, and occasionally enlivening his own by taking little liberties with Mr. Umbelow's knees, patting them with his palm, tapping them with his knuckles, or bearing down on them with the point of his forefinger, was so very animated that Mr. Umbelow's blank gravity and stolid composure seemed a sort of target, at which he was practising.

But perhaps the two by whom I sat were most markedly opposed. Mr. Bodley was the listener mainly, and an amiable deference, born of native courtesy, was so blended with a certain dignity of manner that I could not help thinking the worse of Mr. Byles, that he could sit directly opposite to him and be so little impressed with his nature; few, surely, would fail to be won into some show of respect, but Mr. Byles addressed him exactly as he did me, with a manner which was insolent from its undeviating self-assertion. He was a tall, coarse, ungainly man, with the largest hands I ever measured with my eye, and he seemed to plant himself immovably upon the rock of his own selfish purpose. And yet Mr. Byles, if you took him at his word, was a man of broad views and grand schemes. He was laying one down at this time to Mr. Bodley and myself—it was the great purpose, he assured us, of his life, and for the sake of it, he told us very soon, he had consented to join this Christmas company. It was through science, he declared, that the great development of the world was to come about; he had just begun to collect the facts, and out of the facts were to be obtained the great laws of life, and these laws again were to be redistributed, through the intelligent appreciation of man, in their influence on the human race, but in a more equitable manner than at present. Our age was one of experiment, of fact-gathering, and he was a humble (but he uttered the word *humble*, as it were, with the shake of a fist) laborer in the field. He was collecting the facts concerning MAN. "Yes," he added, raising his voice, "he was intending to collect MAN himself."

"Mr. Bodley," said he, at this point, pausing and fastening him with his eye until I saw that the old gentleman began to feel uneasy, "I am prepared to give you an opportunity to share in this great work. You have it in your power to make the name of Bodley the most noble in the world's history, and I will tell you how. My mission is, as I just said, to collect the facts concerning man. We must get the differentia of mankind. But man is scattered; he is found under various influences, some more, some less advantageous to him. We must bring him together.

We must bring him into one place, and permit him to have the same advantages and the same conditions of growth. If I may express myself, not in scientific but in figurative terms, man is now dismembered. The wild Indian of the Western world, and the savage generally, is the legs; the American settler is the arms, Catholic Christendom is the body, and Protestant Christendom is the head; bring these scattered members together, and we shall begin to get an idea of MAN. My plan is not a mere dream, it is a practical scheme. I will collect specimens of mankind from all the great races for the foundation; next I will gather specimens of man as a worker, and will show the first steps in human improvement; then I will obtain examples of man as a poet; and, finally, crown the whole with a few choice illustrations of the philosopher. I will obtain each by appeals to the appropriate desires; my race-men, being pure specimens, will be enticed through their appetites; my workers will form an exhibition of the arts; my poets will contend for a prize, as in the ancient games; and my philosophers—they shall be a congress to discuss the subjects which will be so readily prompted by the occasion, the whole forming a glorious pyramid, at the top of which will sit this small and select body. The result will be man, man as he is, and man as an egg, out of which shall come something even more wonderful! Mr. Bodley, there is a place waiting for this gathering, a place raised up, I may say, for this end, and there is a meaning in this acquaintance which I have accidentally formed with you. Here am I with my thought, which has only begun to open in all its relations, and here are you with Bodley Hall and its fair expanse of field and flood to complete my thought by making it an act."

Mr. Byles paused. The conversation of the rest had gradually been driven out by his voice, and he found himself the orator of this small assembly. I looked at the others. Mrs. Byles seemed disturbed and unhappy. Mr. Pecker was listening with an astonishment which found no sympathy, apparently, in Mr. Umbelow, who was immovable. Old Mr. Bodley was restive under Mr. Byles's eye, and turned hesitatingly toward his daughter. She answered, composedly, for him:

"Your plan, Mr. Byles, is one of genius, certainly. Have you any specimens ready to set up in this living museum?"

"I have merely been surveying the field as yet," he replied, "and have my eye on a few good localities. I shall travel, and I propose to establish a central agency here in London, to which I can forward my specimens. But we have devoted our life and means to this end, and we shall not be backward to make sacrifices. Mrs. Byles and myself will form a part of the convention. She will illustrate woman as house-keeper, and I, besides my necessary duties as general manager, shall occasionally take my place in the congress of philosophers, to discuss the various facts and problems presented."

We were all staring now, and Miss Bodley was getting very red between her indignation in behalf of Mrs. Byles and her sense

of the absurdity, when happily two more guests were announced, and an elderly, precisely-dressed gentlewoman entered, who was introduced as Miss Northumberland, and after her came the lawyer Tyrel. The latter quite surprised me by the change in his appearance, for he was decidedly the best dressed of the company, and carried himself so haughtily that I waited quite timidly for a second introduction. Indeed, we all rather gave way before him, except Mr. Byles, who seemed incapable of being subdued by any thing or anybody. The disturbance of introduction over, we settled into a deoprous and awkward silence. I found myself next to Mrs. Byles, while her husband had attached himself to Tyrel, and I could hear the word MAN occasionally coming in, in loud capitals.

"Your husband seems very much absorbed in his schemes," I said, politely, to my neighbor.

"Oh, very, very," said she, fanning herself hurriedly. "I don't quite understand them all. But, tell me, this estate—I don't know much about it, but is it a house in the country?"

She spoke in a whisper, and I answered in like manner, as if we were telling confidences to each other:

"I really cannot say precisely. I believe there is a Bodley Hall."

"But I suppose Mr. Bodley and his daughter will move there in the summer?"

"I really cannot say," said I, again; "but perhaps Miss Bodley could tell you."

"Oh, don't!" said she—"don't ask her. I suppose she will, and I was thinking, if Mr. Byles should have to travel, he might like to have me stay somewhere there, and—and you know I might do some house-keeping, though I have a great deal to learn. I think I could learn in the country."

"Was the country your home?" I asked.

"Oh, I remember; your husband told us you lived in Scituate."

"Hush!" she whispered, lower still. "Won't you move a little round, sir? the light hurts my eyes."

"Mr. Byles is her sun, then," I thought, as I obeyed her gesture, which placed me as a sort of shield from him.

Then she looked at me with a simpering glance, which appeared on her worn face like a poor remnant of some happier days, and said:

"Don't you remember Maria Wetherel, Mr. Eustace?"

The smile and the name brought back to me a dim recollection. I had not scanned her face before for a reminiscence, but now I did recall the person of one whom I had not seen since the summer which I had spent, when a boy, a dozen years back, in the little village of Scituate. We had staid at the Wetherels', a farmer-family with five or six daughters, the youngest of whom was ten years my senior; but, like every boy, I had noticed traits of character, and had set down this Maria Wetherel as a very silly girl, because she wore long curls and turned up her eyes, and made doleful music with a singular musical instrument, a melodeon without legs, as I suppose it might be called, which the

player placed on her knees, working the bellows in an ungainly fashion with her elbows while performing. My parents had said she was spoiled by flattery, and that her mother was acting very foolishly in letting her grow up idle; but then all parents were not so wise as mine. I had laughed at her then, and refused to be petted by her as she wished. And here she was, blown by so singular a wind across the water to my side in this chance gathering! Certainly it was she; and yet what a transformation she had undergone from that giggling, simpering girl, ignorant of labor or care, to this weary, forlorn, and faded woman, chained to Mr. Byles's warchariot, and evidently quite at his mercy, if he had that attribute!

"So you do not recollect me?" said she, petulantly, as I looked half wondering at her. "I knew you as soon as I came into the room, but I didn't show it;" and she looked at me with a half-cunning look.

"Yes, I do," said I; "but you must not think it strange that I should hesitate a moment; it was so long ago that I was at your house, and so wholly out of my mind that I should meet you here. But how long have you been married? I had not heard of it."

"Ten years," said she, with a sigh, looking at me in a languishing manner which covered a real weariness, and yet was absurdly affected. "Two summers after your pa was at our house."

I felt an instinctive dread lest she should make me her confidant, and hurried to change the subject:

"And your sisters—are they married?"

"No, not one of them," said she, "and I was the youngest." Poor, silly thing! She was just going to tell me her trials, and now a flutter of the old vanity blew them away. "Mr. Byles is very learned," she went on, fanning herself in a stately manner, "and is in correspondence with a great many distinguished men. He came to Scituate one summer and stopped at Mr. Vassal's, but he spent most of his time at our house, talking with pa at first."

"Maria!" sounded Mr. Byles's harsh voice, and the poor thing dropped her fan and answered hurriedly—

"Well, Mr. Byles."

"I want to introduce you to my friend Mr. Tyrel."

I thought this rather an unusual manner of proceeding, but Mrs. Byles arose and moved toward the men. Her husband did not even rise, but turned to the lawyer and said:

"This is my wife, Mr. Tyrel. Mrs. Byles was a Bodley."

Tyrel stood up in all his magnificence and made a low bow to Mrs. Byles, handing her a chair with great *empressment*. I moved toward Miss Bodley, who was sitting with her father and Miss Northumberland, but both groups were near me. Mrs. Byles, I saw, was thrown into a divided confusion, half timid next to her husband, and half flattered by Tyrel's unnecessarily courteous manner. Fear had seen the introduction, and our eyes met. She was vexed at herself for that, I was sure; but she saw in my face a response to her own opinion of our neighbor's conduct. She

turned away quickly and listened to Miss Northumberland. Mr. Byles was haranguing on his one theme with its variations.

"Now, my wife, Mr. Tyrel, will do what her sex can in promoting this enterprise. I propose that she shall illustrate certain functions of womankind."

"And very gracefully she will do it," said Tyrel, looking at the simpering wife.

"Well, sir, it is not so much grace that will be required," rejoined Mr. Byles. "She will perform the various domestic labors which fall to woman's share, and display, in this particular, man as a worker, or, as I sometimes call him, man as a bee."

"Pray, Mr. Byles," said Tyrel, "why not make a collection of women by themselves, and illustrate woman, all the way up from the Hottentot to the graceful American, say? That would draw a good crowd." He arched his brow for a private signal to me. Mr. Byles, who only caught at one seeming sneer, and lost the whole, looked a little angry, and said:

"Mr. Tyrel, I think I told you, sir, that I am not a worker in the confined sense of the word. My business has to do with thought, and I shall take my place among the philosophers, as I explained."

"Please to accept my humble services as chamberlain," said Tyrel, deferentially; "and Mr. Penhallow here would, I am sure, make an admirable representative of man as an intimate friend."

"My plan does not propose to classify the virtues," said Mr. Byles, looking suspiciously at me, as if I had been guilty of chaffing him.

"Then leave out the lawyer," said I, turning about and joining the other group, looking, I know, very red. Miss Bodley saw there was something disagreeable going on, and, turning to her father, asked if they should wait for M. Bodelet.

"I hardly like to wait," he said, to us three. "But there is one guest yet to arrive, and I am afraid he might be somewhat hurt if he were to find us at dinner; and yet—you are quite sure, Fear, that he will come?"

"He certainly was very positive, yesterday," said she.

The matter was set at rest by the appearance now of the last of the guests, M. Felix Bodelet, who came in upon our little room full of company, to the eye much as if a Huguenot had stepped bodily from a picture-frame, to my thinking indeed, or rather to my instinct, with the old ducal power which constantly reasserts itself in politics and society; that is to say, I saw before me a man, quiet and determined, born to rule whatever principality might rightly fall to his share. He became at once the centre of the circle. It was for him that we had waited, without knowing it, and now that he had come we were ready. For my part I felt at once a sense of relief. There had been an undefined and uncomfortable feeling lest in this discordant gathering it might fall to my lot to act as master in charge, but now I recognized at a glance my leader, and knew that he would prove equal to the emergency.

WELBEKOMER.

A TALE OF THE WEST INDIES.

"WELBEKOMER," said the Danish lawyer after dinner, as he pressed the hand of the young American officer, on taking leave of him.

"And what does that mean?" said the lieutenant-commander.

"Ah! it means 'May it go well with you,' may your dinner agree with you, may you enjoy life, live to grow old, marry the woman you love; have 'good luck'—as you Americans say. It is a sort of universal blessing!"

"Then I may return it, Counselor Federstahl, and say 'Welbekomer' to you, may I not?"

"Certainly, Captain Belnap, certainly. It is our Danish custom after dinner, and not a bad one; we shake hands, and invoke good wishes on our guests. It may make up for the poorness of our cooks, the deficiency of our *entourage*. It at least is better than the old Italian custom of poisoning people."

"Decidedly! Then, counselor, I may rely on your help; may trust that you will act for me, and with me, in this matter which has brought me to St. Thomas?"

"Yes, Captain Belnap, you have my word to that effect.—Good-night."

And the young naval officer walked away into the stillness of the tropical night toward the famous French Hotel, which then accommodated the heterogeneous visitors to the little town of Charlotte Amalie, which crowned the conical hill of St. Thomas, Danish West Indies.

Captain Belnap, in his interview with Counselor Federstahl, had put him in possession of some facts which it was difficult for the young man to narrate, but which he was obliged, by the counselor's demand, to give him.

"You must remember, my dear young friend," said the sagacious lawyer, "that there must be perfect confidence between client and counselor. You must tell me your motives, even, or I cannot attempt to help you in this complicated affair."

"Well, then, my dear sir, since you say so, I will tell you all," said Belnap.

"There came under my mother's care some years ago, in a mysterious manner, a young girl, a very young girl, who we have reason to suppose has relatives and property in these islands. There was a cloud hanging over her mother, and the records are very much disturbed by the fact that just before her death she (the mother) burned a quantity of papers. Only a few letters remain: one pointing to certain people in Cuba as possessing facts of considerable importance; another recalling the name and relationship borne by her to *Captain Charles Walsingham*.

"This young lady, whose name, to save further complications, is Julia Sinclair, has become to my mother as a daughter; nay, more, she would have her a *real* daughter, and make her my wife. I have received her promise to become so if I can find out her real history, reestablish her mother's reputa-

tion, and gain her her place in society. This I have undertaken, and, as you say I must tell you *all*, even my motives, I will add that I do it with the more zest because I am afraid I do not love Miss Sinclair as I ought to love my wife. If I can serve her, perhaps I shall love her better. If I gain for her a name, a fortune, and a lineage, I may then honorably retire from a connection which has been brought about by circumstance rather than by choice; by filial duty rather than by the instincts of the heart."

"Does the young lady love you?" said Counselor Federstahl.

"I am afraid she does," said the poor captain, blushing beneath his bronze.

"A complicated case—truly a complicated case," said the lawyer.

The counselor's house was situated high, and commanded a splendid view. Seldom, in all his wandering life, had the young sailor seen any thing so superb as this unlimited reach of ocean, this calm, splendid, brilliantly-illuminated heaven. Each star seemed to be detached from the sky, and to hang down by an invisible thread. Each planet glowed with pale, intense fire; and, although there was no moon, the earth was filled with their radiance. He walked sturdily down the steep descent, casting one glance at his ship, the *Calypso*, as she lay grandly at rest in the beautiful harbor. All was well with *her*. Discipline reigned on that fine vessel. Was it as well with *him*? Could he pipe all hands to their duty in his own nature? Could he rule Captain Belnap as he did his crew? He looked up at the sky, and saw Venus—loveliest planet of them all—and a smile crept over his face.

"All very well but for you, my lady," said he, addressing himself to the serene goddess.

When he reached the hotel he crept up to his room, rather than join the group of travelers on the piazza; but he noticed, as he passed them, the figure of a monk, in the dress of his order—some South American brother, no doubt, on his way to Europe. He had a brown robe with the conventional cowl, and a rope tied round his waist—the very lowest and humblest dress, yet there was something so pronounced about his head and face that the young man turned again to look at him; as he did so, he saw that the monk was looking at him—earnestly and curiously.

However, he went to his apartment, and was soon sleeping the sound, healthy sleep of early manhood. Toward morning he began to dream of the monk in the brown robe, finally getting into so much trouble with him that he awoke, saying rather impatiently to himself:

"I would rather dream of the 'Nun with the Brown Rosary.'"

Just then the slightest, most delicate tap was heard at his door. Thinking it was the colored servant with a jug of water, or his early coffee and roll, he called out loudly, "Come in!"—when there entered the monk.

"A thousand pardons, Captain Belnap," said the holy brother, with the ease and elegance of a man of the world—"ten thousand pardons for disturbing you so early, but I

have a letter for you, from your Secretary of State, introducing my humble self, through the Lord Bishop of Baltimore. I must ask of you to read it, and to give me your answer, as I am now called away to confess a dying person. Nothing else would have persuaded me to so early a call."

Captain Belknap sat up in bed, pulled his mosquito-net aside, and took the letter. It was indeed from Washington, and official. It requested (in terms which were politely a command) that he should take Father Ambrosius, of the Carmelite Monastery at Lima, on board his vessel as a guest, for his West Indian and South American cruise.

So he was to have this infernal monk, of whom he had been dreaming, as a daily companion, was he? Captain Belknap felt blasphemous.

However, he was a gentleman, and he swallowed his wrath, and spoke gently:

"I must be here a week or ten days; then we shall start, and I shall be most happy to receive your reverence on board."

Father Ambrosius smiled, bowed, and raised his three fingers to give the captain his blessing. The captain bowed from behind the mosquito-net, and with satisfaction saw him shut the door. "He might have spared me the blessing," said he. "I liked Counselor Federstahl's better—what was that word? Wellbeknown, Welcome—you—*Welbekomer*—now, I have it! Well, I don't say *Welbekomer* to Father Ambrosius, any way."

After Captain Belknap had breakfasted, and had visited his ship, he received a visit from Counselor Federstahl, who promised him a ride on the little Spanish jennets, for which St. Thomas was famous. No carriage can obtain on that sugar-loaf, but these dear little pacing ponies give the Thomasians an afternoon ride. The captain had a sailor's inaptitude for horseback, but owned that the Spanish jennet was nearest to being a rocking-chair of any thing he had ever tried.

When Counselor Federstahl had shown him the splendid view, when they had talked out Sir Francis Drake and Captain Kidd, the Danish lawyer took up the subject of Captain Belknap's business.

"So the lady's father was a naval officer, and was here in 1814," said he; "well, that is a long time ago. We are now in the year 1850. The only person in the islands who will be apt to remember him is a Mrs. Castleton, whom we shall see at Santa Cruz. Fortunately, I have an invitation to dine with her on Christmas-day, and to bring two friends; one of them shall be yourself. Have you any intimate friend on your ship who shall be the other?"

Captain Belknap, not yet accustomed to insular hospitality, was for refusing this superb offer, but finding the counselor to insist, he said:

"If I might be so bold, I would like to bring my first officer, Horace Heywood—a very handsome fellow. If there are ladies, Horace will make himself agreeable at once. As for me, I am not much of a lady's man," and the honest brown face was covered with blushes.

The kindly, pale, elderly man looked round with a smile. He evidently thought

Captain Belknap was not wanting in personal attraction. The bronzed, manly face was not handsome, but it was better, it was strong, concentrated, and honest. The compact figure was symmetrical and straight, and the height, six feet and an inch, gave it majesty.

"Christmas-day is the day after to-morrow," said the counselor. "If you and your friend will be here at the hotel to-morrow, we will go over early in the morning on a little schooner, so that we can attend the service in the morning of Christmas-day, pay a visit to the governor and some dignitaries, take our drive, and make our toilets for a seven-o'clock dinner."

When the counselor saw the captain and his friend, he did not wonder that Belknap had mentioned the beauty of his first officer. Heywood was one of those rare and unusual masculine beauties who have appeared now and then upon the earth—once under the name of Byron, once under the name of Cæsar Borgia, farther back under the name of Alcibiades, farther still under that of Absalom, and so on up and down the stream of time—men who were not only handsome but beautiful. He was dark, of the Byronic type, with most lustrous eyes, clear and perfect complexion, most radiant smile, most regular features. As he stepped forward to clasp the hand of Counselor Federstahl, such was his grace, cordiality, and beaming beauty, that the Danish lawyer almost uttered an exclamation. He had the added charm of unconsciousness. Horace had been so long accustomed to his own beauty that he was not troubled by it. Nature had done every thing for this creature, in a fit of madness. She had chiseled his features, toned his coloring, and perfected his voice, which was sweeter than harp or dulcimer.

"This fellow is handsome—Belknap was right! The Santa Cruz ladies will admire him," thought Counselor Federstahl.

When the three gentlemen entered the long, low drawing-room of Mrs. Castleton on the Christmas-evening, they made a decided sensation. Two American officers in full uniform were a rarity on the island, and Counselor Federstahl was a very distinguished person.

Mrs. Castleton, an elderly widow in cap and crape, received them with the sweetest dignity. She was a lady of high degree, and her manners had the majesty of a by-gone day. She presented them to her son and her guests, then to her daughter Miss May Castleton, finally to Miss Lingenbrod, Miss Stridiron, Miss Feddersen—Danish beauties. But it was on the fair face of May Castleton that Belknap's eyes rested. Here was a gentle, blue-eyed blonde of the most perfect type.

The dinner was a large one and most excellent. Illuminated by innumerable wax-candles, in long glass globes which defended the flickering light from draughts and from insects; the table loaded with flowers and fruit, with heavy, old-fashioned silver-plate and china, which had been curious and valuable a hundred years ago; and, what was of more importance to the gentlemen, rare and excellent wines—Madeira, which had traveled far; Tinto, which had ripened surely; claret, as good as when it left France; and

Burgundy, a trifle better—such was Mrs. Castleton's dinner.

Horace was happy with a Danish beauty on either side, nor was he ignorant of the fact that May Castleton's eyes were seeking him out, although she had been taken in to dinner by Belknap.

"How do you amuse yourself here?" said the captain to his fair companion.

"Oh, we rise early, go to ride on horseback, come back to an eleven-o'clock breakfast, then take a *siesta*, or read, or do our embroidery. Then we lunch at two, take another *siesta*, drive at four to get the ocean-breeze, and dine at seven. A lazy, uninteresting, sleepy life, Captain Belknap."

"Ah!" said Miss Lingenbrod. "May has just come home from boarding-school in Europe; she has all her original energy hanging about her yet. When she has been home as long as we have, she will become contented as we are. This climate saps the ambition in a year or two."

The young officers, who were simply melting in their formal uniforms and high, embroidered coat-collars, thought as much—the thermometer (although it was Christmas and nine o'clock in the evening) was up among the nineties.

The hour of toasts arrived, and the company drank "To the roof!" "To our absent friends; God bless them!"—a toast always drunk with much emotion in these islands—"Good health and good wealth!" "His majesty the king!" "Our friendly allies—England and America" (rather patronizing!); then, rising, each shook hands with the other, and said, "*Welbekomer!*" when the ladies retired.

The gentlemen over their cigars, rum-and-water, brandy, and cordials, heard the sound of music from the parlor, and the younger men sighed to get to the performance and the performers. The Danish ladies all play beautifully on the piano, most of the men touch the piano with grace and skill, so that music is a very great resource in these remote communities.

The host finally giving the word to move, Captain Belknap and Lieutenant Heywood found themselves entering the parlor as Miss Lingenbrod was finishing a superb sonata, and then May Castleton took her place by her side to sing.

It was a contralto voice, exceedingly rich and powerful, of limited compass, but very thrilling. She sang some English and Scotch ballads, going from one to the other, winding up with "Lochaber no more"—that most heart-breaking melody which made the Scottish soldiers in India die of homesickness.

She was singing to a roomful of different nationalities—Danes, Americans, English, and Scotch—and she sang to everybody's heart. They all entreated for their own national air. She refused everybody's request but Captain Belknap's when he asked her to sing "The Star-spangled Banner." She looked at her mother, who nodded assent; and she sang it, looking full at the captain with eyes as blue as the "azure robe of night," in which Drake's poetry has set the stars of glory forever.

This completed the gallant sailor's con-

quest. Female beauty was his Capua, and he felt with a pang that he was being dialoed to another to whom his fealty was due.

Before parting for the night, the young ladies invited the officers to join their riding-party at six o'clock the next morning.

"We will take you up to see our astronomer, an accomplished old Scotch gentleman," said May Castleton, "one who lives with Orion and the Pleiades, and who has had to mount all his telescopes on fragments of iron implements, like old ploughs and broken bits of sugar-boilers, because the ants have eaten up the wood which sustained them."

"The ants eaten up the wood?" said Heywood, incredulously.

"Oh, yes!" said Mrs. Castleton. "I can show you pieces of furniture which have been hollowed out by them, and frequently we see a colony of them appear, deliberately strip off their wings, and then disappear into the wooden paneling, or the sturdy leg of a mahogany table. Oh! we are living on the outside of things down here, I assure you."

The next morning, happily released from their uniforms, by the command of the ladies, the young officers joined them at Mrs. Castleton's.

The fair equestriennes in white habits, or cool, gray linen, as befitted the climate, were mounted on the pretty Spanish jennets. Mr. Castleton and two or three Danish officers were already in attendance. Two horses stood ready for the sailors.

May Castleton's bloom bore the early morning light better than the creamy complexion of the Danes. Miss Lingenbrod had fine black eyes to help her along, but the others had the pale-blue orbs of their race. Horace Heywood looked as he always did, as if he had been especially prinked by Apollo and Venus for the destruction of Hebe and the minor goddesses; and Captain Belknap looked tall and brown and strong—if anybody looked at him.

The morning was glorious, as tropical mornings always are, and the little cavalcade began a fast movement along a palm avenue, and then more slowly ascended the hill which led to Sir Matthew Macdonald's.

They found the old Scotch laird at his observations already, noting barometers, thermometers, and observing Nature accurately.

When the young American officers were presented to him he showed great interest, asked the name of their ship, and, turning to a big, musty folio, recorded all the facts they told him about the Calypso, her guns, her tonnage, etc. "This I have done for fifty years," said the patient old man; "my interest in this world is bounded by what comes into these seas, which lie under my eyes, Nature, which lies all about me, and the heavens above me; I care not for society, for politics, for the performance of men on the theatre of the world. So long as men see fit to come here to me, I am interested in them, but no further. It may be a selfish existence, but it is a happy one, and hurts no one."

Captain Belknap asked permission to examine this curious old volume.

"Fifty years, did you say, sir?" he asked;

"then that covers the year 1814; may I look back so far?"

"Certainly, certainly. I will find it for you," and the old man, delighted to find some one interested in his hobbies, turned the yellow leaves for him.

There, amid many entries of all nations, for it was a busy year, Captain Belknap read: "Ship Miranda, Captain Charles Walsingham, arrived at St. Thomas, June 12, 1814." Other particulars followed, and Captain Belknap thus accidentally seized one of the threads which he wanted, for Sir Matthew Macdonald's knowledge did not stop here; he knew much more of the strange story which Belknap was to unravel, and became an important though an unwilling actor, through this case, in that troubled world from which he had so long persistently escaped. Circumstance is too strong for us always.

May Castleton gave the order to return, and, after taking coffee with Lady Macdonald, they left the ruined, forlorn old residence, where not only the ants, but other purloiners of freshness and comfort, had been at work for long years. There are many such houses in the West Indies, monuments of past prosperity, where poverty is bravely, silently borne. It would be well were they all illuminated by learning and refinement, as was this one. Riding home she selected Belknap for her cavalier, much to his delight.

"Old Sir Matthew is a great favorite of mamma's," said she; "they have been friends for so many years. We tell them that they have some dramatic secrets, for they are always whispering. You see, I am the youngest of a very large family; my brother, you observe, is almost old enough to be my father, and I am left out of the family councils: they treat me like a baby, which I am not!"

Certainly, if she was, she was very well grown, robust, and beautiful, the captain thought.

Mrs. Castleton awaited them with a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, for which they were quite ready. It was served in a shaded veranda which looked into the garden. Any inclosed spot is a garden in these fortunate islands, but Mrs. Castleton, always rich, always tasteful, an old resident, had the most beautiful garden on the island: long avenues, shaded thickly by the polished-leaved orange-trees, the fragrant olive, and the innumerable blossoming trees of the island, radiated fan-shaped from the house; along one alley, scarlet blossoms lighted up the green; in another, yellow tassels hung gracefully; in another, pink; in another, white flowers shone against the leaves like stars. The banana, the pineapple, the guava, and the orange, were planted at intervals, while on the porch hung the heavy blossoms of the passion-flower, which bears the curious, pear-shaped fruit they call the "pawpaw."

After breakfast, Mrs. Castleton had arranged a surprise for her guests. The negroes from the plantations always come in during Christmas-week to dance and sing for their masters, who live in the town. So, as the last course was disappearing, a wild, monotonous drumming was heard, and, looking into the garden, the young men saw the negroes, men and women, advancing, singing

and dancing, while two in front were playing with their thumbs on an improvised drum, a skin stretched over a barrel-hoop.

It was a melancholy, minor strain—all enslaved and sad people pitch their music on a minor chord; and as they danced and sang, unhappy Africa with her burdens came before the listener. Soon the barbaric got the better of them; they wildly threw their arms in the air, seized each other by the waist, danced as if the tarantula had bitten them; then they sobered down, advanced in slow movements, not without majesty, toward the house, made deep courtesies and obeisance, and sang some rude rhymes to their monotonous chant, blessing their mistress, the roof, the family, and gave an especial blessing for "our youngest child—darling Miss May."

May went out to throw them some money and to speak to the older ones. A fine, athletic negro stepped forward and addressed her; he had the brand of the slave-ship on his brow; his hair was white; he might have sat to Tintoretto as a model for the slave in the "Miracle of St. Mark."

"Manuel, an African prince," said Mr. Castleton. "Once very troublesome, supposed to have committed a murder, but now one of our best hands. When emancipation came about, he refused to leave us, and he has the care of our best sugar-plantation."

As May bent over from the veranda to put a present in his hand, the negro took hers and pressed it to his forehead. Her old nurse and several of the other negroes came forward and performed the same Oriental homage. Mrs. Castleton and her son came in also for some respectful ceremonies; then the dusky serenaders disappeared down the alleys, and this closed a characteristic West Indian scene.

"Manuel is unhappy about his son," said May. "He wants to go to Cuba very much to see him. The poor boy is in some trouble there."

"The revolutionary spirit of the family broken out, I suppose," said Mr. Castleton.

The time came for Captain Belknap and his ship to depart from the hospitable dinners and the beautiful drives under the palms of Santa Cruz. As a slight return for Mrs. Castleton's many hospitalities, he offered to take Manuel to Cuba—an offer gratefully accepted. They were of the kind-hearted class of masters, and, although virtual emancipation had then taken place on the Danish islands, it had not freed the negro and master from those ties of almost paternal interest which had held them together. Captain Belknap took Manuel for his own body-servant, and promised him as such protection and help in that cruel island of Cuba where the black man has no rights.

Horace Heywood had made the best use of his eyes and opportunities, and, when he left the island, the Danish beauties suffered inexpressible heart-breaks. Poor Belknap could not tell whether May Castleton's blush was for him or for his first-officer, as together they bade her good-by.

"I feel like Ulysses when he said, 'My dear comrades called on me by name, and spake once more of home,'" said the light-

hearted Horace, as he paced the deck of the Calypso with Belknap, as they gallantly steamed out of the harbor of St. Thomas, on their way through the Caribbean Sea toward Cuba.

"And I feel that our ship is appropriately named," said Belknap.

"Calypso was not a woman, she was a goddess," said a soft voice near them.

Both young men started, and observed Father Ambrosius, who had joined them at St. Thomas, and who was now walking gently by their side.

Father Ambrosius, like most of his order, was an accomplished scholar, a man of the world, a person of infinite tact, and sure to make himself agreeable if he chose to do so. He had joined the two young men, and had broken in upon a *tête-à-tête* , two things unendurable to men generally, but he had struck the key-note of their talk and their thought. He proceeded with his walk and talk in such an unpriestly and in so agreeable a manner, that they were both won, in spite of themselves. Not that Father Ambrosius ever descended into light conversation that unbecame his character as a consecrated and an elderly man, but he knew the classics, he knew human nature, he had taste and intelligence, he talked of those passions which agitate the world, not wholly to condemn them, but to sympathize with those who struggled. He was, also, a capital judge of wines, and a *gourmand* when not fasting.

On his fast-days, a salad sufficed for his dinner, but his talk was as wise and witty as ever. He soon overcame all Belknap's prejudice. The frank, warm-hearted sailor was ashamed of the presentiment which had assailed him when he first saw the holy brother.

One moonlit night, as they sailed on the smooth Caribbean Sea, and watched for the Southern Cross, then dimly visible, Father Ambrosius opened to Captain Belknap the most interesting and valuable discovery.

"You will forgive me," said he, in his soft, low tones, "if I have concealed from you that I know your business in these islands, and that I have some important information for you. I did not connect you with this story until a conversation with Counselor Federstahl accidentally revealed it to me, but I can and will try to recompense you for your politeness in taking me from St. Thomas to Cuba on your ship by putting in your hands the confession of Julia Sinclair's mother, which was given to us with her permission to use it, at our discretion, for the advantage of her daughter when the proper time should come. You will find it here, with the indorsement of the Lord Bishop of Baltimore. You know that Mrs. Sinclair died a dutiful daughter of our Church, and I have but been waiting to get this clew to her. One single obligation remains on your side before giving this up. I must receive from you the name of the Spanish resident in Cuba to whom you are now going, as a proof demanded by these documents, that you know Julia Sinclair's history up to a certain point, and that you will help me also to discover a certain person involved in the net, who has not only wronged Miss Sinclair, but

our holy mother Church, by the appropriation of large sums of money."

The revelations which followed were of the utmost importance to Captain Belknap. They supplied many a missing link, and wholly removed the doubts which had hung about the legality of the marriage of Julia Sinclair's mother.

"And the name of your Cuban?" said Father Ambrosius.

"Don Pedro de Santillo," said Belknap. A gleam of satisfaction passed over the dark face of the monk, which suddenly recalled to Belknap the feeling of suspicion with which he had regarded him at first. Discretion, that better part of valor, was not a part of the brave sailor's character. It suddenly occurred to him that he had done an indiscreet thing, but the reflection came after the deed. However, the monk had certainly given him a *quid pro quo*, and by his graceful and ingenuous talk soon quieted the captain's fears.

As for Horace Heywood, he gave himself up to "soft air tints and delightful dreams." He recalled, as he walked the deck, the black-eyes of Miss Lingenbrod, and, as he took the morning watch, he saw in the sky the blue eyes of May Castleton. No place is so perfectly fitted for the lover's dream as the deck of a ship. The silent stars are good confidants; they never tell. And those tropical seas and lustrous stars, those trade-winds, on whose soft wings fly delicate thoughts and gentle fancies, are all conducive to tender dreams. Father Ambrosius, sufficiently human to be touched by the beauty of the young officer, came and talked with him, as he walked, of Provençal poetry, of Clémence Isaure and her violet, of old Spanish romance, of French sentiment. The rusty old monk had all Petrarch's sonnets on his tongue's end, and quoted them beautifully for the benefit of Horace.

When the Calypso had arrived at Havana, and had properly saluted, and received from the great Morro Castle her quota of guns, Captain Belknap and his first-officer made the formal call on the governor-general, attended by an appropriate suite, and by Manuel, who was carefully dressed in the navy blue of the ship, with "Calypso" embroidered on his cap.

They did not love the United States at that moment in Cuba. Captain William Walker, whom some one has called the "gray-eyed nuisance of destiny," was fresh in his exploits of filibusterdom, and no American was allowed to visit the Morro Castle. Several Americans had lately been imprisoned, notoriously one editor, whose case will be fresh in the minds of many.

But the uniform of our gallant navy, and the guns of the Calypso, and our broad pennon floating from the topmast, were a protection of the proudest. The captain, however, mindful of his humble charge (the negro Manuel), provided him with a special paper from the governor-general, which gave him liberty to walk about the city of Havana, and which would protect him, in case of difficulty or danger, from arrest.

Then, going up to the agreeable hotel of Mrs. Almy, where Americans most do congregate, the young men gave themselves

up for a few days to the fascinations of the gayest city of the Antilles, and one of the most peculiar and beautiful of all the cities of the world—Havana, a city unlike any other, and well worth seeing once in a lifetime. Father Ambrosius had quietly bidden them good-morning, and had disappeared as soon as the first boat from the Calypso touched the shore. There are many priests, holy brothers, friars, monks, and so on, in Havana, and often Captain Belknap thought he saw him, but he would find only another brown robe, another cowl, another shaven head, but *not* Father Ambrosius.

At length he found the time had come to go in search of Don Pedro de Santillo, a wealthy planter, who lived up in the country beyond Matanzas. He told Horace of his plans, put him temporarily in charge of the Calypso, and took with him Manuel, who hoped, at Matanzas, to find his son, a slave on one of the coffee-plantations.

And from that moment Captain Belknap (who, for the comfort of the thing, had divested himself of his uniform, and wore simply the linen clothes of the island) was lost for many months to the ship he commanded, the friends he loved, the people whose object and duty it was to search for him.

When the time came for him to return to his ship, Horace of course watched for him anxiously. When a day, several days, a week, had passed, then the search began in good earnest. The Spanish Government were not anxious to be held responsible for the loss of a naval officer—one of high rank, and commanding a ship-of-war in their port—but Captain Belknap had disappeared, and no one could find him. To do them justice, the Spanish officials worked hard, but fruitlessly. Poor Manuel—whose fate no one cared for particularly—and his temporary friend and master had disappeared from the face of the earth. There was no telegraph, as now, to the United States; so Horace Heywood, in the absence of his superior, took command of the Calypso, and went on with his cruise. Don Pedro de Santillo, a fine, patriarchal old planter, had received the visit of Captain Belknap, had put him in possession of valuable papers, and had noticed his servant, a fine old white-haired African, but had seen them all depart from his house with an English gentleman, who was also his guest, and who he said had struck up quite an acquaintance with Captain Belknap.

This was all Horace could learn. Some foul play had been done the party between the plantation of Don Pedro de Santillo and Matanzas, but nothing more could be learned.

There was diplomatic correspondence enough to liberate ten thousand officers. Ships-of-war were sent hither and thither, but Captain Belknap was not found.

It is now proper to return to the fate of poor Belknap, who had, through his unlucky confidence in Father Ambrosius, thrown himself entirely into the hands of a powerful organization, who had the most intense reason for finding him out, and for suppressing him—that of gaining for Mother Church a very large fortune, the fortune of Julia Sinclair. It was for this that Father Ambrosius had laid in wait at St. Thomas; it was for this

that he had accompanied the unsuspecting Belknap, and had wormed from him the valuable information he had gained; it was for this that he caused him to be waylaid and decoyed until he got him into the Morro Castle.

For Belknap, after gaining from Don Pedro all the information he needed, had been very much fascinated with the conversation of an English gentleman, Mr. St. John, who talked to him of the extent, majesty, and worth of Havana's great fortification, the Morro Castle. It was, as we have said, forbidden to Americans to visit that extensive work—one of the many of which the story is told that Charles V. asked if they were being built of silver—and Belknap felt a great desire to see it. Mr. St. John went on expatiating, and finally proposed that Captain Belknap should change his name, and, remaining one night *perdu* at his lodgings in Havana, should go with him, under his pass as an Englishman, to visit the Morro.

Belknap, with his singular want of discretion, consented, and, on a certain Tuesday, Mr. St. John and Mr. Brown visited the Morro Castle. Mr. St. John came out, but Mr. Brown did not.

All this conversation had passed as they drove from the plantation to Matanzas, in the presence of Manuel, who was to be left there to find his unhappy son—who had been condemned to the chain-gang. By what mysterious telegraph or letter these poor people communicate with each other no one knows, but that they do so is well known. Manuel, who could neither read nor write, had heard in Santa Cruz of his son's trouble, and he had some mysterious intention of helping him—no one knew how or wherefore.

With intuitive cunning and a slave's instinct—that instinct immortalized in the classic statue of the "Rémoleur," who listens, as he grinds his knife, to the story of conspiracy—Manuel listened to Mr. St. John and his young master, and heard every word of their talk. He did not like to be left at Matanzas, for he felt evil in the air; but, on Captain Belknap's telling him that it was his last opportunity to see his son, he consented.

With that regard, too, for a written paper which all ignorant persons possess, Manuel had twisted the governor's protecting pass into a small wisp, and had braided it in his thick, woolly white hair. Some one has wittily said that no one has so much regard for a printed book as one who cannot read. To Manuel a written paper was cabalistic.

It was well for him that he had taken the precaution, for that night, after a day spent watching his unhappy son, as, with a cannon-ball chained to an already sore and festering limb, he walked his heavy round as one of the chain-gang (slaves are condemned to this punishment for an attempt to revolt), he, Manuel, was sleeping on a mat before the wretched prison-door which held the culprits at night, when he was set upon by four armed men. He was a powerful negro, and armed with a sailor's cutlass. In the effort to defend himself he wounded one of the men severely. He was overpowered, his navy-clothes and cap torn from him, and he was carried off to a wretched prison. From that

the next morning he was borne, heavily chained, to the interior of the island—he knew not where.

In the horrors of a sugar-boiling house, where the slaves are worked, in Cuba, eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, Manuel passed the next three months—occasionally feeling for the paper hidden in his hair. That was safe, but the time to use it had not come.

Meantime Captain Belknap and Mr. St. John had gone to Havana, passed the night at Mr. St. John's lodgings, where the unsuspecting American left his name, his belongings, even his papers, lest some search should be made at the Morro, and proceeded to inspect the castle. Polite officials received them, passed them from casemate to casemate, showed them the acres of stone-wall which defend Cuba, and, finally, arriving at a wicket, they were temporarily stopped and asked their names. They recorded them: "Henry St. John, Charles Brown, London, England." They then penetrated farther into the secrets of the Morro. At this point Mr. St. John went off to speak to a Spanish officer, and Belknap stopped to look at his own ship, the Calypso, which he saw proudly riding at anchor in the beautiful harbor below him. Then, wandering a little farther, he entered a large stone room, looked around for St. John, heard an iron door shut behind him, and realized in a moment of time, but in an eternity of anguish, that he was entrapped—a prisoner!

Yes, a moment before he had seen through a window his own ship; now, a nameless man, with no proof of his identity or his nationality, he was a prisoner, caught in the most carefully-prepared trap. Could such a transition be possible?

For he had shut off all hope. As an American officer, he had no right in the Morro Castle; as Mr. Brown, he had no hope—for who was Mr. Brown?

He realized it all, and bitterly cursed the day when he had first seen Father Ambrosius.

For the next three months he was as carefully watched as the Man in the Iron Mask. He could not communicate at all with the outer world. He was fed and treated well enough, even allowed some books; but, as these were devotional, and in the Spanish language, he did not derive much comfort from them. He went through the ordinary despair and madness of a prisoner, then sank into a torpor, and commenced cultivating the spiders in his window.

Horace Heywood, meantime, had performed his South American journey, and started for the United States. When the Calypso had entered New York Harbor, he went immediately to see Belknap's poor mother and her adopted daughter, Miss Sinclair. He found a beautiful young woman, who reminded him immediately of May Castleton.

"And you are sure every thing was done to prosecute the search for poor James?" said she, in those same sweet contralto tones which he remembered at Santa Cruz.

"Oh, yes; money is being spent freely by our government now to follow up every clew. I fear the poor fellow was murdered. You see he had, through the generosity of his dis-

position, taken a negro from Santa Cruz to Cuba—a most imprudent thing to do—and my theory is, that Manuel got into some trouble, and that poor Belknap in defending him was murdered and put out of the way."

Of course Horace, as the nearest friend of Belknap, was very important and interesting to these two poor ladies, who hung upon his every word.

Meantime, Father Ambrosius was not idle. By his profound and well-laid plot, his amiable and accomplished tool Mr. St. John, and by Belknap's unlucky complaisance, he had gained every thing he wanted, even Belknap's papers. Belknap's disappearance, and the noise made about it, did not trouble him at all. He knew that the American Government would not find him, and that after a little squabbling in Congress the matter would be dropped, and poor Belknap forgotten. He was in the country where his Church is most favored, and he had that great power on his side.

But he had forgotten the fable of the lion and the mouse. The humblest element in this mixed story was to prove the deliverer. Manuel was the mouse who was to gnaw the net, and to upset Father Ambrosius and all his cunning.

We must now return to Santa Cruz and to May Castleton, who sat at her window looking into her garden, one tropical morning—on just such a morning as that when with Captain Belknap she had talked of the poor slave who wanted to go to Cuba. Months and seasons make no difference in Santa Cruz, and June is like December. She was thinking of Belknap, wondering that she had not heard of him or of Manuel, for no word had reached her of the disappearance of the captain. Horace had not known of the consultations with Counselor Federstahl or of the suggestions which had made Miss Castleton an important link in Captain Belknap's discoveries. Therefore he had not written, and news comes slowly to Santa Cruz.

May could hardly tell whether it was reality, or only a part of her dreaming, as she saw Manuel, wasted, old, and decrepit, coming toward her. He crept up one of the garden-avenues, and beckoned to her. She went to him; he fell on his face at her feet.

Through unexampled hardships and perils he had run away from the sugar-plantation, had reached Havana, and then, using the governor's pass, had tried to find an American ship in the harbor. Unfortunately, there was none at the moment. He had in his search run against Father Ambrosius, whom he recognized, and, with true instinct regarding him as the cause of all his woes, he had hastily retreated, and left Havana on one of the steamers coming back to Santa Cruz, where, working his passage, he reached St. Thomas and home easily.

His hardships, and troubles, and fears, had told severely on him; for he was an old man, but he managed to give a very correct account of the conversation between Captain Belknap and St. John, and of his fears of foul play.

May wrote a note immediately to Counselor Federstahl, detailing Manuel's strange story.

The counselor, after consulting with Captain Belknap at Christmas-time and seeing him off for Havana, had himself taken ship for Denmark.

He was a Norseman, and loved the sea; so, instead of traveling by steam, he loved better to trust himself to Æolus and Neptune, and went home in a sailing-vessel. This, going and coming, had taken him two months on the water. When at Copenhagen, he had not seen newspapers which would reveal the story of the Calypso or the loss of her captain. Therefore he was ignorant of both events. His first thought, then, in reading May's note, was to look back through files of American and English papers, where he found the story of Captain Belknap's disappearance.

He then remembered the visit Father Ambrosius had paid him, the questions he had asked, and the interest he had shown in the fortunes of Julia Sinclair.

He next paid a visit to Sir Matthew Macdonald, and they together drove to see Mrs. Castleton.

From this consultation May was excluded, much to her distress, and it did not make life more agreeable to her that it left Mrs. Castleton in a very agitated and preoccupied state of mind, from which she sank into a slow fever.

Meantime Counselor Federstahl and Sir Matthew Macdonald declared their intention of going to Havana; for the latter, it was as remarkable a move as if one of his favorite constellations had changed its place in the heavens. He looked over his old papers, selected a few from the musty, yellow files that filled his alcoves, and departed.

Poor May Castleton! the bronze face of Captain Belknap had remained clearly defined on her memory. She was profoundly interested in all that concerned him, but she was allowed to remain in ignorance of the unwonted activity and agitation which her note to Counselor Federstahl had invoked.

Don Pedro de Santillo sat in his broad piazza, looking out upon his sugar-canes, when the two gentlemen from Santa Cruz were announced to him. He was a grand old Spaniard, courtly and hospitable. The fate of Captain Belknap, lost—murdered, perhaps—had afflicted him deeply, for a Spaniard's sense of hospitality is Oriental, and he was in a measure responsible, so he said to himself, for the unhappy gentleman's fate. Therefore, when Counselor Federstahl announced the object of their visit, and the light thrown by Manuel's story on the probable detention of the captain, he was immediately aroused to action and to a determination to find and free the unlucky man.

"But," said he, after an hour's talk, "I have already paid half of Mrs. Sinclair's fortune to Father Ambrosius."

"Then that is irretrievably gone," said the counselor; "enough if we can release the young man, and gain for her daughter the other half."

Sir Matthew Macdonald had been in the English army in his youth, and had served in Spain; he knew the language, and he had with him a man who knew all languages. What language cannot a Dane speak? So

that with the mingled shrewdness of his native land, and his acquired learning and accomplishment, the old secluded star-gazer made the most admirable of ambassadors. He and Counselor Federstahl unlocked the doors of poor Belknap's prison, and brought him back to life and light, where all the zeal, money, and influence of the United States had failed.

It was in the hospitable house of Don Pedro that Belknap heard for the first time the romantic story whose elucidation had brought him such perilous consequences. Sir Matthew was the narrator, and he shall tell it here:

"When Captain Charles Walsingham came to Santa Cruz, he fell in love, as everybody had done before him, with May Penell, the sweetest girl on the island, and the greatest beirress, and, after a flirtation of three weeks, he induced her to run away with him, to the great sorrow and anger of her father, who died almost immediately after.

"The captain was married to May Penell on the deck of the *Miranda* by the navy chaplain, and of that marriage, I am, with one exception, the only living witness. May Penell was only sixteen years of age at the time. After three years' absence Mrs. Walsingham returned to Santa Cruz without her husband, and it was reported that he was dead. She lived in great seclusion with her widowed mother, and time went on, burying her early flight and imprudent marriage in obscurity and forgetfulness.

"At twenty-two years of age she married Mr. Castleton, an English gentleman who had but just then arrived on the island, and emerged from her seclusion.

"Every thing went happily with them until a dreadful moment arrived, of which I was apprised one night by a hurried note from Mrs. Castleton, saying that Manuel had had a contest with an unknown man, who was watching her window, late at night—had severely wounded him, and on her going to visit the unconscious sufferer, she had recognized the features of her first husband, Charles Walsingham. I went immediately to her, found her of course in a dreadful state of agitation, and on going to the pavilion where the wounded man lay, I too recognized the features of my early friend, her husband.

"What were we to do? He died that night without recognizing me, in fact without regaining consciousness. Here was a trusting husband living, a woman guiltless of any intentional crime, and two or three innocent children. The secret was hers and mine alone. Charles Walsingham had ill-treated her, had deserted her, and had given her every reason to believe him dead. She had married in good faith another man. I took the guilt of secrecy on my own soul, and advised her to conceal the dreadful truth. She lost her health, grew melancholy. Mr. Castleton took her to Europe; she lived, returned, has passed the honored and respected life you have seen—she and I alone knowing the horrible tragedy which had hung over her. But in those first years of her marriage to Walsingham, a daughter was born to her.

"Born here in this island of Cuba, which Walsingham had brought her, it was his first act of cruelty to her to take away this daughter and to put her in the care of his own mother, a Roman Catholic lady, living in Havana. For the difference of their faith was the first cause of separation between the husband and the wife. Walsingham was a bigoted Catholic, and he, after quarreling with his wife and deserting her, declared, by his will, that he never had been married to her, and that his daughter was illegitimate. This his mother believed, and, after a few years of care of the poor girl, sent her to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, where she spent her entire youth, to emerge at seventeen, and, like her mother, to marry at that early age. She married a young Englishman named Sinclair.

"She had one friend, this otherwise friendless girl. It was our hospitable host, Don Pedro de Santillo, who had married her aunt, Mrs. Walsingham's only daughter. Don Pedro had never believed the story of the false marriage, and when, through his wife, he inherited the fortune of Mrs. Walsingham, he became the careful custodian of the rights of Mrs. Sinclair. She, too, had made an unhappy marriage, and, following the fortunes of a disreputable and careless husband, herself ignorant of her rights, and finally becoming a devotee, she died in New York, leaving, as you now know, one daughter, Julia Sinclair, who is the granddaughter of Mrs. Castleton, the youthful niece of a youthful aunt, May Castleton.

"It was to some curious instinct of affection, some desire to see the woman whom he had so cruelly betrayed, deserted, and wronged, that Charles Walsingham owed his death. Had he lived, we cannot tell what misery he might have caused. Let us thank Heaven that Mrs. Castleton was spared it."

"She must now, however painful to her feelings, admit the claims of her granddaughter to honorable descent," said Counselor Federstahl.

"Yes," said Sir Matthew, sighing, "her time has come." The gentlemen then bade adieu to Don Pedro de Santillo, the honorable old Castilian, who only had to regret that, reading what purported to be the last will and testament of Mrs. Sinclair, he had paid over a large sum of money to Father Ambrosius.

With what feelings Captain Belknap retraced his course through the Caribbean Sea can better be imagined than told. He had learned in the terrible solitude of his imprisonment that he loved May Castleton so well that he could never redeem his pledges to Julia Sinclair. He wrote her a manly letter and told her the whole truth, sending her, at the same time, the proofs of her mother's legitimacy and of her own handsome fortune.

And then, what position was he to take toward May Castleton? Did he not, in proving Julia's rights, take away from May what would be dearer than life? Why had Fate placed him in such a peculiar and most embarrassing situation toward the woman he loved?

Yet, as he thought of these things, and as the feeling came over him that perhaps May did not love him, but perhaps had pre-

ferred the beauty of Horace Heywood, he would look up to the flag which floated over his head, and he would remember how May had sung to him, and with what starry eyes she had sought him out as, amid the tropical odors of that lovely Christmas-night, she sang to him our national hymn.

Then a thought of deep regret would come over him as he remembered the sorrow he must bring to Mrs. Castleton, the eloquent old lady who had been so kind to him; but here he was spared all awkwardness and all ingratitude; for, when the ship reached St. Thomas, they heard that Mrs. Castleton was dead. She had been dead several days, and Miss Castleton would see no one but Sir Matthew Macdonald.

She had told her daughter her story, and had left her written statement for her granddaughter. Of course, May Castleton had no legal rights if Julia Sinclair chose to deprive her of them, for she, and she alone, was the lawful heir to Mrs. Castleton's property. Mr. Castleton, May's brother, was, of course, deeply interested in this question.

So poor Captain Belknap, who seemed to have become a sort of male Evangeline, always approaching his love and never reaching her, had but one course to pursue. It was to go back to New York, see Julia Sinclair, gain her release of the Castleton estate, and return again. He had the lover's privilege of writing a letter, and that he did. Horace Heywood met him at the dock as the steamer from Havana landed the captain again on his own shores, and relieved his mind with these words:

"I have a secret to tell you, Belknap. I hope it will not be disagreeable to you. Julia has consented to be mine! Your letter releasing her arrived just in time to prevent my writing out to you to ask it. Now she is waiting to embrace you as the dearest of brothers!"

Julia did indeed throw herself into the arms of the man who had done so much for her. She knew very well now that, even if she had been a little in love with him, it was nothing to be ashamed of, for he was very worthy of it; and, since she had her handsome Horace to absorb the best and most romantic feelings of her heart, she was very proud of this more than brother, who had so chivalrously fought her battle. It was difficult to restrain her from giving all she possessed to the Castletons, it was so sweet to the lovely girl to think that some one lived in whose veins ran kindred blood to her own.

So, with Mr. and Mrs. Horace Heywood, Belknap started once more for the Danish West Indies. His letter had not remained unanswered, and as a happy lover he again encountered the soft greeting of the trade-winds. Strangely enough, he found himself at St. Thomas on the 25th of December, the anniversary of his first visit. As he walked up the hill to see Counselor Federstahl, the curious events of the past year floated through his mind. There was Venus hanging over his head, as she had done a year before; he looked up and blessed her!

He dined with the counselor, after spending an hour in transacting the necessary busi-

ness, by which the fortunes of the two ladies and Mr. Castleton were arranged, and then, shaking hands, uttered again the now well-remembered word, "Welbekomer."

The little schooner was waiting for him to take him over to Santa Cruz; he trembled as he put his foot on deck, thinking of the strange, disastrous fortunes which had come between him and his love in the past year, but no more awaited him; soft breezes wafted him over, and he arrived at the well-remembered garden-spot just as the day was breaking, for he and May had arranged that they should meet in the early morning, in memory of that first ride together to Sir Matthew Macdonald's.

She came down to him, his dear young love—she whom he had seen so little, but whom he had remembered so fondly, "radiant as the rosy-fingered Morning when she chose Orion."

They met on that shady veranda which looked into the garden, and it seemed to poor Belknap as if the gates of paradise had been opened to him. Even the deep mourning which she wore for her mother could not make her other than radiant to him. Those were the garments of the past, for him would be the blue of hope, the rose-color of love. Then they told all their hopes, doubts, fears, and they both owned, as lovers always do, that they had loved each other from the very first.

At their quiet wedding, where only a few very intimate friends assisted, Horace again met his Danish beauties, and presented to them his wife. Miss Lingenbrod gave him one reproachful look out of her black eyes, then left him to the repentance and ignominy of matrimony; a married beauty and flirt has many such stabs.

Captain Belknap had no such flattering farewells from the blue orbs of Miss Stridiron or Miss Feddersen. He was one of the men whom few women love, but whom one woman worships.

The negroes, headed by Manuel, came trooping down the garden-walks singing a wild hymn of rejoicing; mingled in with it was a wail for "poor dead mistress," which brought the tears down all their cheeks. Fearing for the effect on May, Counselor Federstahl got up to make a speech, and recounted the story of Captain Belknap's first dinner with him, and his giving him the usual Danish salutation, "Welbekomer!" and his fear that from the singular ill-fortune which had followed it it might have lost its power, but, since he had heard from Captain Belknap that it had subsequently been crossed by the sinister benediction of Father Ambrosius, he was convinced that the dear old word had not lost its power. He therefore now gave them all his own blessing, and with the feeling that but for the accidents which led to his bringing Captain Belknap to dine at Mrs. Castleton's on Christmas-day, none of "this strange, eventful history" would have transpired, he believed that he had indeed uttered a prophetic word.

He proposed, as a proof of their gratitude to Manuel for the faithful service he had done them in unraveling the net which had surrounded the captain, that he should be brought in and his health drunk.

This was done, and, as the white hand of the bride fell on the dusky brow of the old slave, the whole company uttered the talismanic word, "Welbekomer!"

M. E. W. S.

PROFESSIONAL BLUNDERS.

THERE are certain phenomena in public life which surprise us by their evenness and the regularity of their movements. When these regular events are broken in upon, and are disturbed, we are quick to notice the impelling cause, but we fail to be impressed with the wide field there is for more interruptions. We are quick enough to pass judgment upon railway officials whenever accidents occur, but the great wonder is, with our immense country and our traveling public, that bridges do not break, and locomotives run away, and steamboats explode, more frequently than they do. And this is just as true of public and of social life.

It is a marvel that there are not more mistakes made in the presence of a miscellaneous audience, when once we realize how easy a matter it is to spoil a lecture or concert or service by the irrelevant introduction of some ludicrous element.

It is a great wonder, too, when we remember their power, that little children when in company do not create more awkward scenes by lugging in of contraband subjects of conversation.

A story is told of a celebrated American preacher who was reproved by a friend because he got off so many funny things from the pulpit.

"Really, now, my dear brother," said the friend, "I cannot come to hear you any more until you promise me not to joke so!"

"Well, my dear friend," replied the preacher, "if you only knew how many such things came up to the surface which I didn't get off, you would give me credit for the few which do slip out!"

If, as it has been said, there is something sad in the sight of a large audience, there are times when it impresses the speaker rather with a sense of the ludicrous. People in listening to a speaker try to put on their cleverest look, as if they understood it all, and when the speaker himself has lost his subject, nominative and verb, and feels that he is talking nonsense for the moment, the unabashed attention and wise looks of his hearers are food for a side train of amusing reflections.

"What did you think of my sermon?" asked a clergyman of an intimate friend. "Did you notice any thing singular about it when I was about half-way through, yesterday afternoon?"

He had lost all idea of his third point in an extemporaneous address, and was floundering about like Milton's Satan in the chaotic bog, trying to get on solid ground again.

"Well," answered the friend, "I thought something was wrong, but, as I was sure you could not lose yourself, I concluded I must have fallen asleep for a moment, and thus have lost the thread of the discourse."

The subject of "Professional Blunders"

came up at a clerical dinner-company some time ago, and the question went round to each as follows: "Were you ever so placed in public in the performance of a service as to lose all sense of the solemnity of the occasion and be compelled to laugh in spite of your more serious self?"

The following are some of the answers, as revealing the hidden but unforgotten experiences of ministerial accidents. Case number one was as follows:

"I was holding a prayer-meeting in a Western town in the early days of my ministry, and, as there was no one to raise the tune, I tried myself to do it. The hymn began—

'With hyssop purge thy servant, Lord,
And so I clean shall be.'

My first attempt was a failure; when I tried tune number two I found it was a long metre; tune number three was another long metre, and as I had come to the end of my stock, I stood still for a few moments looking at the page. Thereupon an old woman stood up by the door and spoke out in a shrill, piping voice: 'You don't seem to get on very well with hyssop; suppose now you try some other *yarb*!' What could I do but burst out with the all-conquering laugh, or die if I suppressed it?"

Here was case number two:

"I was conducting the funeral of a parishioner, and, supposing that the choir was present, gave out a hymn. No response came. As there was no one to raise the tune, I boldly essayed to do it. But, to my horror, I found it was too short for the words; no one could follow me in my lengthening-out process, so I had it all my own way, and sang it as a solo. When I came to verse number two, I thought for a long time, and then, feeling sure that I was right this time, pitched the tune, but it was so high I could not pretend to follow it, and left it for two or three volunteer ladies to carry on as best they could. But, to my dismay, I found that even this would not do: it was a long-metre tune to a common-metre hymn, and it came to an ignominious close at the end of the second line. The words were solemn, the occasion was solemn, I felt for the mourners, I felt for myself, but, wanting to be brave and prevail over the difficulty, I stood a moment and then struck up again. This time I was down in the very depths in my effort not to pitch it too high, and again I was on a long metre, which I could not make short enough for the hymn. Do what I would, I could not tuck it in, and the hymn—

'Hear what the voice from Heaven declares!—

is forever ruined for me. No wonder that family never wanted to have Dr. — at the funeral of any of their friends."

Case No. 3 was that of a very solemn clergyman and his assistant, who were disturbed in their chancel by a miserable-looking street-cat, which had come in in some unknown way, and was rubbing itself up against their legs, me-ow-ing piteously. The rector beckoned to the assistant to put the cat out, which he did, but in a few moments she was back again. Upon this the very solemn rector placed the poor creature under

one of the heavy box-stools in the chancel, and, placing his foot on this improvised kennel, gave out the hymn beginning—

"A charge to keep I have."

The fourth case mentioned was that of a Western missionary who was holding service for the first time in a frontier town. A large congregation had gathered in the primitive court-room, and the young itinerant was just about to announce his text, when a tall man, who had been playing the melodeon for the extemporized choir, pitched back his chair on its hind-legs on the clerk's stand, immediately in front of the judge's bench, and, putting his hands in his pockets, fell backward, and went completely over. As he was directly in front of the preacher, his long legs, in going over, knocked down the cushion which had been placed on the preacher's stand, and scattered the loose notes in every direction. The congregation broke out in one roar of laughter, mingled with whistles and cat-calls, and cries of "Go it, William!" "Heigh-ho, tumble-bug!" "Tumbler-pigeon!" "Set them up again!" "Double score!" and other such terms never before heard in a house of worship. The house got into one of those convulsive spasms of laughter which are remittent in their nature, and come on again at successive intervals. Every few moments the thought of the performance would come back again, and there would be a new outburst.

All this time the disconcerted young minister stood with his back to the audience, looking out of a window, and, like the dying dolphin, turning all shades of color, and going through an assortment of experiences—ashamed, provoked, amused, and disgusted, each in turn. Finally he said, "Now we have all had our laugh out, let us sing a hymn, and then go on with the sermon," and the crowd, like a tired child, sleepy and ready for a lullaby, was at last quiet once more.

A venerable professor who was present at this "experience meeting" related his ordeal of humor as follows: "Rev. Dr. — was invited to preach before the young in the central meeting-house of the town. Two of the young ladies' boarding-schools, and the boys of the academy, were present. It was an audience ready for any thing to amuse them.

"Just as the preacher announced his text a fluttering was heard in the window, and in walked a large black hen. With that peculiar hen-like walk, in which the stretched-out head and neck keep time to the movement of the feet, she advanced to the side of the minister, and, unmindful of the audience, peered over the open pulpit-platform down on to the pews below. Unabashed by that sea of faces, she seemed to be looking about for some place in which to lay an egg. The preacher looked at her; the boys and girls, dying to seize the opportunity, and make a scene in church, cast their eyes upon her longingly. The entire church was still when the Rev. Dr. — said to me, as I was sitting in the front pew, 'Professor P—, will you remove that bird?'

"If he had asked me to storm a battery, I would have been as willing as I was then

to risk the failure of catching that hen. But, with a solemn face and stately step, as if I was about to give out the alms-boxes, I walked up to the 'bird,' and in an instant of silence, the like of which I never experienced before, I caught the hen and disappeared into the vestry-room. But to this day I ask myself the question of the other side of the issue, 'Suppose you had failed to catch that hen, what would you have done?'

The last experience mentioned was that of a clergyman at his first baptism of infants. He was then very young in years, and had never before held a baby that he could remember of, much less hold a baby and a book in the presence of a church full of people. The first infant given into his arms was a big, squirming boy of thirteen months, who immediately began to corkscrew his way through clothes and wrappings. The minister held on bravely, but in a few moments the child's face disappeared in the wraps, and his dangling legs beneath were worming their way to the floor. Seized with the horrible impression that the child was tunneling his way through his clothes, and would soon be on the floor in a state of nature, he clutched the clothes violently by the sash-band, and, straddling the child upon the chancel-rail, said to the mother, "If you don't hold that baby he will certainly be through his clothes, and I shall have nothing left but the dress to baptize."

There are many causes for these professional blunders, though sometimes they come out of an apparently clear sky. Absent-mindedness is one of these causes.

A lady in a certain church not long ago destroyed the devotion of a portion of the congregation by sitting in a front pew in summer-time with a child's doll stuffed in her skirts in the place of the conventional bustle. There were the head and arms appealing to the congregation for deliverance, and the lady, all the while, was singing like an unconscious angel.

An instance of clerical absent-mindedness which we know to be true is as follows: An Irish minister was invited to baptize a friend's child, which he did, omitting altogether, however, to place any water upon its head. The parent took the bowl and presented it to the minister, but he declined it. Thereupon the father took the water a second time, and insisted upon his taking it. The bewildered clergyman held the bowl for a moment, and then said: "I had a glass of water before I came into church, but, so long as you insist on my drinking this, I will do it, though I assure you I am not at all thirsty." And he actually drank the water from the baptismal bowl!

Ignorance of the true situation is another cause of professional mistakes. It is a safe rule in traveling to expect everybody, to do as other people do, and to take nothing for granted until first we find out definitely the simple facts of the case for ourselves. And there are good rules in other matters. Some time ago, in a large Roman Catholic church, a funeral was appointed to be held at one o'clock. It was a grave-digger and assistant sexton, who had fallen into drinking-habits, who was to be buried. The priest who was

to conduct this particular funeral was half an hour late, and, on arriving at the church and seeing the funeral-procession waiting for him, went on at once with the service. As there were supposed to be many of the old grave-digger's friends present, the priest thought it a good opportunity to speak kindly of the deceased, and point a moral from his sad ending. So he began as follows:

"This man, my friends, whom we are about to bury, though addicted to a great and common vice, was in every other respect a true man."

"Father Melaylee," whispered an Irishman, "let me spake a word to ye's."

"No," replied the priest, "I will not be interrupted. I know this poor man's faults before me, but he was a true man in spite of his failing."

"O Father Melaylee," groaned out two of the pall-bearers, "just listen to us; *please*, Father Melaylee, only a word, your riverence!"

"No," said the indignant priest, "I will not yield for one moment. As I was saying, this poor man before me was a—"

"Father Melaylee," cried out the irrepressible mourner, "the t'other priest has buried the grave-digger half an hour ago; this one's a woman we're burying, sure, and it's Tim Lanagan's wife we've got here!"

Professional blunders are also quite a wonder. When we come to think about them it is passing strange there are so few of them in a community which is generally lying in ebullient mischief. Every college has its Talmud full of past traditions and wonderful reminiscences of the naughty patriarchs of the old college-world upon whom the floods of administrative discipline came and swept them all away.

Every college-man has his measuring-line filled with the feet and inches of a past experience, which, under the impulse of memory and the company of old classmates, can be unrolled to any length. Therefore, upon this common field we will not enter.

But the side-schools which lead into the various professions are not so well known, and perhaps a string of theological mistakes are as striking a bundle of queer fish as we can find in any other line. It is a great mistake to imagine that, because theology is a solemn study and the ministry a grave work, there are no opportunities afforded for the sheet-lightning of humor. On the contrary, the very seriousness of the work itself offers a striking background for the ludicrous element to be conspicuous in.

In a certain divinity-school in this country a professor was trying to get a student to define the Sabellian conception of the Trinity. The man was new to the ways of the professor, and was a little flustered by the presence of some clerical magnates who had come to witness the examination.

"Now, Mr. —," said the professor, "let us try to understand this matter. Suppose, in some town, an individual was major of a battalion, cashier of a bank, and elder in a church. When you thought of him in his military capacity, you would say Mr. Jones, the major; when you thought and spoke of him in business matters, you would say Mr.

Jones, the cashier; and when you had reference to his church-relationship, you would say Elder Jones. Now, does this illustration help us to understand the doctrine of the Trinity, or is it wrong in any particular?"

"It is exactly right, professor," replied the delighted student. "Nothing could make plainer the abstruse doctrine of the nature of the Trinity than such an illustration. It makes this otherwise mysterious subject as clear as the daylight, and answers every difficulty contained in it!"

"Well, sir," answered the professor, "this settles the matter as far as you are concerned. These gentlemen present, of course, cannot consent to sign your papers while you are a professed Sabellian in your theology. I warn you, sir, against your erroneous views, which are leading you into the direst error! The next candidate may explain this subject."

Another student, upon a similar occasion, defined "semi-Pelagianism" as "that delightful mean between the immature Pelagius and the over-developed Augustine."

The scenes at theological examinations are sometimes rendered ludicrous by the assumed air of technical exactness on the part of examiners. Frequently, very pious but unlearned clerical examiners have been noticed with their Hebrew Bible upside down, and their finger wisely placed on the last chapter of Malachi, which, in their mistake, they have imagined to be the first book of Genesis!

One of these gentlemen, at last, after having his place found for him, was invited to ask the student under examination some questions in Hebrew. Forgetting every thing he had ever learned, with the exception of a few of the names of the vowel-points, the following conversation ensued:

"You observe the sixth line?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you notice the fourth word in that line?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. Now, sir, do you observe the third letter in that fourth word of the sixth line?"

"Yes, sir."

"You do observe it, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well indeed, sir. Now, can you tell me the name of that small dot in the middle of that third letter in the fourth word of the sixth line?"

"Yes, sir; it is called *Dageah forte*."

"That is very satisfactory," said the clergyman. "After so thorough an examination, I have nothing more to add."

And that student was dying to turn the guns on his questioner, and ask him something in return that would have shown he had been firing a blank-cartridge.

The sheerest case of incompetence in the matter of linguistic examination that well could happen before a board was the following:

A converted German Jew was seeking admission to the ministry of a Protestant church, and was examined in Hebrew by a trio of clergymen who had forgotten their seminary days, and with them their little

stock of the Oriental languages. They had come to the same conclusion the poet had in mind when he said that

"... Hebrew roots are found
To flourish best in barren ground."

One of the examiners asked the candidate to read the sixth psalm.

Being something of a wag, the whilom Jew recited very rapidly in the Hebrew the supposed portion.

"That is very correct," said one of the examiners; "that will do for the Hebrew."

"Nonsense!" answered the Jew; "I have been repeating the one hundred and thirty-sixth psalm, and none of you knew it."

But we remember a case which is even equal to this one in its outside grandeur and its inward plainness.

It is a striking instance of the simple way in which professional thunder is made when once you are familiar with the doings behind the scenes:

A young gentleman who was studying for the ministry had never completed his college course, and, before his final examination, it was necessary that two clergymen should examine him on mental and moral philosophy and on physics. This examination was designed to take the place of a college diploma. The examining ministers were appointed, and, as they were well-known friends of the candidate, and the day was very hot, form was dispensed with, coats were taken off, pipes were lighted, and the following scene occurred:

Examiner No. 1. "Well, Harry, now for this examination. First comes mental philosophy. What do you understand by mental philosophy?"

Harry. "The philosophy of the mind and its workings."

Examiner No. 1. "Very good.—Brother B." (this to the other examiner), "have you any questions to ask?"

Brother B. "No, I think not."

Examiner No. 1. "Well, this will do for mental philosophy. Now, Brother B., you must conduct the examination on moral philosophy."

Brother B. "Very well.—Harry, what do you consider as the root of all Christian morals?"

Harry. "I suppose it is the revealed will of God."

Brother B. "Yes. That is very good.—Brother C." (this to Examiner No. 1), "have you any other questions to ask?"

Examiner No. 1. "No."

Brother B. "Well, then, we come to physics. I will let you conduct this."

Examiner No. 1. "By physics we mean the philosophy of the physical world. We have only time to go into one department. We will take up the subject of hydraulics.—Well, Harry, what is a pump?"

Harry. "An instrument for drawing water."

Examiner No. 1. "Quite right; but how does it work?"

Harry. "You push the handle down, you know."

Examiner No. 1. "Yes; you push the handle down, and then you lift it, and then

you push it down again. But how does that make the water come?"

Harry. "It draws the water up by suction."

Examiner No. 1. "Yes; by suction. Can you give any Latin motto to show how the water rushes in to fill the empty place left by the water?"

Harry. "'Natura abhorrui vacuum.'"

Examiner No. 1. "Yes. Now translate this Latin expression."

Harry. "'Nature abhors a vacuum.'"

Examiner No. 1. "Very good.—Brother B, have you any further questions to ask?"

Brother B. "No, I think not."

Examiner No. 1. "Very well, then.—Now, Harry, consider that you stand on the same footing with those who have a college diploma, since you have passed this examination in mental, moral, and physical philosophy. That will do for to-day." [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Perhaps, too, this will do for the present for us, and perhaps we may return again to this subject of Professional Blunders.

THE OMNIPOTENT SHILLING.

OUR Anglo-Saxon kinsmen beyond the sea are very fond of harping on the American passion for the almighty dollar; unmindful or unconscious that it is quite equaled, if not exceeded, by their love of the omnipotent shilling. They who have spent any time in England must have learned that the shilling is much more of a power there than the dollar is here. It will accomplish on the other side what a dollar, though four times its value, will not begin to accomplish on this. A stranger is apt to think that there are few classes in England so exalted as to be beyond the acceptance of a shilling; and, when he has ceased to be a stranger, he is almost sure of it.

In the United States, persons that take *douceurs* or gratuities are usually in a servile capacity, and nearly always foreigners; the native having a pride that will seldom allow him to receive money for discharging his duty or rendering a courtesy. In England, no such nicety is observed. If you find any one over there who refuses to have his palm crossed with silver—a circumstance altogether improbable—ten to one, he is not to the manor born. In willingness to take money, wherever, whenever, or by whomsoever offered, the average Englishman is, in spirit at least, uniformly a servant. He is not only willing, he is anxious, energetic, resolute, to take it; he expects it; he counts on it; he feels aggrieved if he fails to get it, although he has done nothing to earn or entitle him to it. Where the line is drawn in England it is impossible to say. I once put the question to one of my countrymen who had passed much of his life there, and he frankly confessed his inability to answer. "I have discovered a few individuals," he added, "but I have never found a class that were not on the lookout for fees."

Here you may be confident that any decently-dressed American, or any foreigner,

not of the menial sort, will reject a gratuity; the former almost certainly with something like resentment.

I remember a Londoner's telling me that, on coming to this country, he had several times offended Americans by his desire to "tip" them; that they nearly threw the money in his face, and assured him they were gentlemen. "And they weren't any thing of the sort, either, you know," he continued, "for they were very seedy, and I dare say hadn't a guinea to bless themselves with. You Americans are an awfully funny lot, now, aren't you, though?"

To my remark that we thought the poorer we were the more right we had to be proud, he looked perplexed, and murmured: "Yes, yes; Americans are deucedly rum."

No doubt it is as difficult for our cisatlantic cousins to understand why we shouldn't take money as for us to understand why they should take it on the slightest or even without pretext of service. The reason is plain enough; but the thing at issue is a comparison between the almighty dollar and the omnipotent shilling. They are so voluble about the former that we may well be excused for reference to the latter.

Tipping, as it is called over there, has become so much a habit that everybody falls in with it. The English, as a rule, do this or that thing because other Englishmen do it. They follow established custom blindly, unquestioningly; believing that custom rests on some divine right, like that of a king to a crown, or of a man to be a fool, if he so chooses. A good number of Britons, especially just now, are opposed to this perpetual and causeless tipping; for it has so increased of late as to be a serious annoyance to all, and a grievous expense to many. Comparatively few Americans have any adequate idea of its extent, and depth, and strength. They must stay on British soil a while to learn how firmly it has taken root.

Very recently I was told, in England, that the present Duke of Wellington, having accepted an invitation of the queen to spend a few days at Windsor Castle, offered, on his departure, a sovereign to each of the servants who had waited on him during his visit. The royal flunkies elevated their insolent proboscides, and said, "We don't take gold;" meaning thereby that, as the Bank of England issues no notes of a denomination less than five pounds, that was the smallest amount they would condescend to accept; whereupon the duke, it is said, went home and placed in each of his guest-chambers a printed notice that none of his guests should, under any circumstances, fee his servants, and that if they did so they would incur his serious displeasure.

This may sound strangely to persons unaware that, from time immemorial, it has been the custom in Britain for guests to fee the domestics of the gentleman or lady whose hospitality they enjoy. This would be a breach of etiquette that would hardly be pardoned here; for it would be an intimation that the servants of your host were not properly paid. In England, the breach of etiquette consists, or has consisted, in not recognizing the claims of every visible flunky to liberal

compensation for his kindness in doing his master or mistress's bidding. If you accept an invitation of a friend to breakfast or dinner in Manchester, Liverpool, or London, John Thomas will think extremely ill of you unless you give him a crown or half-crown at your departure, by way of showing your appreciation of what he has not done for you. What the queen—by court etiquette the first lady of the land—tolerates, and even sanctions, the nobility and gentry, and even the plainest citizens, must subscribe to. Hence tipping the servants of your host is not only the habit, but the fashion; and the combination is irresistible.

One would think that the effort of the Duke of Wellington (not because of the name he bears, but of his rank) to break up this custom might succeed. I gravely doubt if it will. I hear, indeed, that it has had no perceptible effect. Tipping would seem to be a part of the British Constitution, were not the Constitution in a chronic state of imminent peril, according to the politicians, while tipping is in no danger of disturbance whatever. Certainly it shows no symptom of yielding a jot, nor will it, in all probability, for the very reason that it ought to have been extinguished long since.

The sturdiest endeavors to suppress tipping have heretofore been made in England without the smallest result. A few years ago all the railways combined to crush it. The managers and directors held meetings, and determined that they would discharge every and all of their employes who should, on any pretense or for any reason, accept a gratuity from a passenger. It was believed at first that the coöperation of these vast corporations to that end would abate the nuisance. For a while it was mitigated; but ere long it was as bad as ever, and for two or three years past it has been steadily increasing. You still see notices in the railway-stations that the servants of the companies are forbidden to receive gratuities; and yet your own eyes tell you that travelers regularly pay the porters, guards, everybody they come into contact with, capable of adding to their convenience or comfort. The porter's duty is to handle luggage; he is hired for that purpose alone; but he hardly ever performs his duty without pay from the passenger to whom the luggage belongs. The fee is not large—a few pence, often a shilling—but it amounts to a good deal, because it is given every time the baggage is touched. You do not pay one man only—you pay him who takes your wraps, bundles, or trunks, from the carriage; you pay him who has the baggage weighed, and you pay him who puts it in the van and assumes to look after it. This involves an expenditure of one shilling and sixpence to three shillings, and is to be undergone, even though your journey be but a few miles. I have known passengers going from Liverpool to London—a distance of two hundred miles—and stopping *en route*, to pay nearly a pound to the railway-employes for doing what the company expressly hired them to do.

It is common to say that on English railways a judicious use of the shilling will secure every thing that is to be secured, and

the saying is substantially true. If two persons are traveling together, and wish to have a coach to themselves, they have merely to intimate as much to the guard and put a piece of silver in his hand, and the thing is accomplished. If you are going from London to Edinburgh, or intend to take any other night-ride, you can have a coach alone by paying the proper fee. In this way you can enter a second-class compartment, which has no divisions of seat, stretch out at full length, wrap yourself in rug and shawl, and get a good night's rest. Before sleeping-coaches were introduced into Europe, all experienced travelers chose such method.

I understand matters have gone so far that persons often buy second, even third-class tickets, and obtain first-class accommodations by bribing the guard of the train. The bribe is much less than the regular tariff, hence its economy and liberal employment.

Railway-attachés seldom if ever ask for gratuities openly. But they do negatively, and in a manner difficult to resist. Positive demand is wellnigh superfluous, so well settled is the custom, so fixed the price, so perfect the silent understanding between the patron and the client. This methodic, wholesale tipping has not been introduced by foreigners or strangers, who in the beginning are wholly unacquainted with it, but by the native and resident population, and is sustained and strengthened by them. Why do they practise it? Do they like to pay twice for the same thing? Not at all. They practise it partially because they deem it essential to convenience and comfort, but mainly because others practise it. As true Englishmen they must follow in the lead of their fellows: they have not the moral courage to depart from popular usage. They all acknowledge it to be wrong in principle; that it is a serious tax on the purse; that a great many feel obliged to pay fees when they can't afford to; and still they continue the habit, defending themselves by asking, "How are we to get rid of it?" It ought to be broken up, they admit; but nobody is willing to make a move to that end.

The charge of service in European hotels was originally made to prevent servants from importuning travelers; in other words, to deprive them of any excuse for begging for fees after the regular bill had been paid. To a certain extent this has been effective on the Continent, though it is wholly inoperative in Britain. In England, especially servants expect fees, and ask for them with their whole expression, quite as much as before service was a regular charge. If questioned, they say—no doubt truly—that they do not get the service, and by a queer logic reason that, because the inn-keeper deceives or imposes upon his patrons, the patrons should in turn be imposed upon by his servants. Nearly all Englishmen pay the proprietor for service, and pay it over again to the servants. They declare it a licensed extortion; but then everybody does it, you know, and they hate to be odd—another way of saying they fear to be thought mean. They have fully as great timidity on this subject as we financially-sensitive Americans ourselves. In London and other large English cities service has crept

into the restaurants. At breakfast, or luncheon, or dinner, you pay sixpence for service in the bill, and sixpence—frequently a shilling—to the waiter who brings you the bill!

In the United States we think the obligation, if any, is on the side of the person receiving money. The English seem to think the obligation rests with him who pays. Thousands of gratuities are given every day in England for no better reason than because the English find somebody kind enough to take their shillings. They often tip a flunky who has done absolutely nothing; whom, indeed, they have not seen until he condescends to accept their cash. Not infrequently they pay service three times—I confess my own guilt in this—by giving it at the inn where they may not take their meals (service is always charged without any reference to its renderings); by giving it to the restaurant where they eat; and by giving it to the waiter who has served them. The nuisance is growing so rapidly that the time may not be distant when all respectable persons will be expected to pay six times for one service.

Marvelous is the potency of a shilling, or its multiplication, everywhere in England. You need have no apprehension of offending any Briton by the presentation of silver. Some may not take silver; but they will take gold, and, if not gold, they must be perversive to bank-notes. Occasionally you may blunder, as an American is reputed to have done when the wife of his Oxford friend kissed him on his departure for the Continent, and he rewarded her with a glittering sovereign. This, however, lacks confirmation.

People in the street, policemen at the corners, ushers at the theatres, tradesmen, custodians of all sorts, subordinates, and superintendents—men, women, and children—scan your face for a shilling, and are uneasy until they clutch it. The British are a sterling people in more than one sense. They may not care for their pound of flesh; but they insist on the pound that is composed of twenty shillings of silver.

The English policeman is generally obliging, but how much of his obligingness is due to his scent of remuneration it is needless to inquire. He rarely asks in words for money, but he will receive it with amazing alacrity. He is always prepared to take any thing, from a sixpence to a sovereign, ever so many times duplicated. Entrance to more than half the places in London, where an order is supposed to be indispensable for admission, can easily be had by "tipping a bobby." To the House of Peers, for example, where nothing less than the autograph of one of the lords, spiritual or temporal, is said to secure ingress, half a crown to a policeman has been for years the regulated price. The same or less will serve for closed palaces, historic houses, art-galleries, or curious collections. When in England, never be intimidated by shut doors and flaring notices of inaccessibility. Seek a policeman and produce your shilling. These will prove your "open sesame." If you see a vast crowd before you anywhere, and you fancy you are not going to get in, appeal to a policeman with silver, and straightway you will have precedence.

Never despair of any thing in England

while you can call a policeman and command a shilling.

Show-places like Eton Hall, Blenheim, Warwick Castle, Chatsworth, can be seen for a pecuniary consideration. The opulent noblemen who own them are very kind to open them to the public, but visitors must fee the servants. The noblemen are not rich enough to render the gratuity unnecessary. No Englishman could be so rich as that. Such affluence is not to be measured by British money.

I remember, years ago, when I first visited the Bodleian Library. After I had been through it, notwithstanding a well-dressed, intelligent man, who had opened two or three doors, kept suspiciously near me, I hesitated to offer him any thing. I thought books refine the mind; the very presence of immortal works softens, broadens, spiritualizes. Men privileged to breathe this atmosphere must be lifted above pecuniary consideration. Still, the fellow was at my elbow, and his every feature resembled a financial point of interrogation. Waveringly I placed a shilling in his hand. He glanced at it, and seemed surprised. I turned crimson, and begged his pardon. I blushed again—the second time for him—as he said, "Couldn't you make it half a crown, sir?"

Since then I have learned England and the English better.

The persuasive power of the shilling in England has its advantages, particularly for strangers and tourists whose time is limited. It unlocks doors, removes difficulties, cuts red tape, reduces friction. But it has its disadvantages, also, notably for the English themselves. Willingness to take money for aught but honest work is a bad sign. It mars manliness, impairs independence, dulls sensibility, integrity, honor. It is one of the many inconsistencies of British character; contradicts much of its sterling worth. We frankly confess that we pursue the almighty dollar too ardently. It is the mote in the American eye. But until the English have cast the beam of the omnipotent shilling from their own, they should extend to us the charity of silence.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

THE PERUVIAN AMAZON AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL OF TRAVEL.

V.

June 15th.—Before daylight this morning we got under way, the Indians all manifesting great dissatisfaction, and protesting against going farther. They discover, very suddenly, that they have ailments of various kinds, pleading sore hands and feet from exposure to sun and water, though they have known nothing else all their lives. One old fellow is pitiable to see. He is in such terror of the Campas that you can actually see him trembling as he stands out in bold relief as *poporo* of one of the canoes. Many years ago he was one of a party under the leadership of a priest, who attempted to re-enter the Campa country. They were at-

tacked by the Indians; and this old fellow and one other were the only ones so fortunate as to escape alive, he bringing away a Campa arrow in his body, the scar of which is now plainly visible.

At ten A. M. we arrived at the head of canoe-navigation on the Pichis, in latitude $10^{\circ} 22' 55''$ south; longitude, $74^{\circ} 49'$ west of Greenwich; elevation above sea-level, 213,359 metres; distance from the Brazilian frontier at the mouth of the river Yavari, thirteen hundred and fifty-six miles, and from the mouth of the Amazon (following the course of the river), thirty-five hundred miles; and, in a direct line, only one hundred and ninety miles from the Pacific coast. The river here was so rapid and shallow that it was necessary for the men to get out and haul the canoes up over the rocks. Among these rocks we found numerous specimens of coral and sea-shell; and just ahead of us loomed up the eastern spurs of the Andes. As the canoes could float no farther, this terminated our exploration of this river. We named this point Port Tucker, in honor of the chief of the expedition, and determined to remain here until the next day, before starting on our downward voyage. The average current of the river Pichis we determined to be two and one-fifth miles per hour. This average seems to be small for a rapid stream; but the difficulty in ascending arose from the fact that there were beds of round stones and gravel at intervals of every two or three miles, over which flowed a very rapid current, and between which a comparatively slow one intervened, thus making the above average.

June 16th.—When we awoke this morning we could hardly recognize our Indians. During the night they had all painted; some to protect themselves from the effects of the sun and water, and some to protect themselves from the Campas. The manner of painting to keep off the Campas was very simple. It consisted in a streak of blue vegetable paint, passing through the mouth and terminating at the ears, thus giving the wearer the appearance of having a bridle-bit in his mouth. I do not know wherein consisted the charm, but it was firmly believed by those who had thus painted themselves that they could not be struck by a Campa arrow. At half-past seven A. M. we embarked, and, much to the joy of our Indians, commenced the descent of the river.

In a short time we were borne by the swift current down to the confluence of the Herrera-yacu, where we stopped to breakfast and to verify observations. We found the presents, which we had left here for the Indians, untouched; and this our Indians regarded as rather a bad sign. Here we cleared for action, and made every thing ready, as we had to pass the outpost settlement. The current was strong, and we went at the rate of four or five knots per hour. When we neared the point where we expected the Indians, we heard a tambour in the woods, and knew that they were astir. Here there were rapids in the river, and the foremost canoe went aground. It was impossible to stop, and one by one each canoe shot past like an arrow. The Indians of the grounded canoe knew that their salvation depended upon

getting her off; so, in a second, they were overboard and at work. They got it off, however, so as to come in just behind the rear-guard canoe. We continued our voyage, nothing more of interest occurring; and in one day, going down-stream, we accomplished what it had taken three days to do in ascending. Why we were not attacked we cannot understand. We heard the Indians in the bushes, saw their tracks, and saw where their *bakas* had been moored within the last day or two. We supposed, however, that it was because we did not remain long enough for them to collect in sufficient numbers; for numerically we made quite a show.

June 18th.—At two P. M., yesterday, we reached the mouth of the river Trinidad, a tributary of the Pichis, and which we had passed on Trinity Sunday on our ascent, and which we intended to explore as we went back. When the order was given to turn up into this river, there was almost open mutiny among our Indians. At four P. M. we stopped for the night, the current being so strong that we had made only four miles in that time.

Under the cover of darkness five Indians deserted, thinking it better to try to navigate two hundred miles on a raft through the country of the Cashibos, and trusting to the fish that they might catch for subsistence, than to again run the gantlet of the Campas. Our numbers were so reduced by this last desertion, and the remaining Indians so worn out, that it was impossible to get the boats up higher, and so the exploration of this river had to be abandoned, and all our energies directed to regaining our old camp at the confluence of the Pichis and Palcazu. This we reached at five P. M., to find that our old ranches had been washed away by a rise of water. Thus ended the exploration of the Pichis proper. The vegetation along the banks is almost identical with that of the Ucayali and Pachitea, the trees being only remarkable for their general worthlessness as fuel for steamers and for timber. On all these upper rivers we have met with only three or four varieties of trees that serve as fuel for steamers, and these varieties are not very numerous close to the banks. For a mile or so back from each bank, the trees are not so tall, so large, or so close together, as in our virgin forests in the United States, and resemble enormous weeds more than any thing else I have ever seen. I have seen a tree three feet in diameter and eighty feet high exactly resembling a stalk of purslane, or, as it is commonly called, pursley. For the most part the undergrowth consists of varieties of palms, with creepers and weeds. There were many signs of animal life on the Pichis, but few varieties. We saw innumerable tracks of tapirs and *ronsoos*. We saw several large snakes also, but none resembling the boa. Two varieties of turkey and two of duck were the only fowl we saw fit for eating. After leaving the hills the river runs through a low basin, and I suppose that, for a large portion of every year, the banks for miles and miles back are under water, thus rendering it impossible for other animals than those mentioned to exist. There

were no mosquitoes or sand-flies; and there is an old Indian proverb that where the mosquitoes will not live the country is unhealthy. This proved to be so, all of us getting chills or some sickness, the result of malaria, that clung to us as long as we remained in South America.

June 19th.—There is one point, the position of which we are anxious to establish—Port Prado, on the river Palcazu; and this morning a call was made for volunteers from among our Indians. At ten A. M., with two canoes manned by the most unwilling set of volunteers I ever saw, we set off; and by nightfall accomplished ten miles. The Palcazu only differs from the Pichis in having higher banks and a stronger current.

Port Prado, June 21st.—Last night we arrived within a few hundred yards of this place; but it was so dark we were afraid to attempt a passage of the rapids. These are formed by the pouring in of the waters of the river Pozuzo at right angles to the direction of the Palcazu; and so all hands slept on a *playa* of round rocks not four inches out of the water, and the river slightly rising. Some of our men waded to the nearest bank to collect firewood for the night, and reported having stirred up a jaguar.

Port Prado, in latitude $9^{\circ} 55' 22''$ south, longitude $75^{\circ} 17' 45''$ west of Greenwich, is at the head of navigation for light-draught steamers on the Palcazu. It is the point to which the people of Huanoco and all the interior mountain-country have been for so long a time looking as the terminus of a railroad that would connect them with the ocean and furnish a market for their many valuable products.

It is just at the mouth of the river Mayo and half a mile from the mouth of the Pozuzo. Judging from their mouths, these are bold mountain-streams, their high, abrupt banks being strewn with immense boulders brought down from the Andes, and their courses obstructed by numerous rapids. For several months during the year, on account of the boulders and *débbris*, washed down from the mountains, the Palcazu itself, even after its volume has been increased by the two afore-mentioned streams, is unnavigable for light-draught steamers. Every few miles the stream spreads out, and ripples over immense beds of round stones and gravel; and over these inclines we had, at this stage of the water, great difficulty in drawing our canoes. Along the banks, however, the marks on the trees indicate the water as having been, during the rainy season, at least twenty feet higher than at present.

As in the Pichis, there is, between these gravelly beds, but little current, the average being three and a half miles per hour. Port Prado is distant from the Brazilian frontier, at the mouth of the Yavari River, thirteen hundred and seven and a half miles; its elevation above sea-level is 242,315 metres.

The general characteristics of the scenery are boldness and ruggedness, and from the port are visible many mountain-spurs and tall peaks. One of these, a very lofty and beautiful mountain, seemed to be recognized by our Indians as a landmark, and was called by them "El Miradero," or "the Watch-tower." This

is the point at which the *padres*, in their visits to Ocopa, abandon their canoes and strike out into the forest. For the maintenance of their Indian crews that have to remain here until their return, they have set out some plantains and other fruits; but these before they are ripe are generally stolen by a small, weak, wandering tribe called the Lorenzos.

We found here a party of Christianized Indians waiting for the return of a priest from Ocopa. We noticed also an enormous old canoe, with the name "Pio IX." burnt on its side. This canoe must assuredly have made the lengthy voyage, and have gotten over the *mal-pasos* by a miracle only. Many of these Indians were suffering with *tertiana*—chills and fevers—and were completely prostrated by it.

June 22d.—At an early hour we got under way, and at three p. m. joined our companions and sick men whom we had left at the mouth of the Pichis. To-morrow we start for the steamers. This morning, before setting out, when breakfast was announced, we were all struck with a savory smell; and, with more than usual alacrity, formed a circle around the pot into which the sergeant was scooping. For a long time rations had been scarce, and the idea of something fresh was very pleasant. One by one we received our plates of stew, and one by one each person, after taking a few mouthfuls, seemed to lose his relish for it, until finally about two-thirds of the plates were put down only partially emptied.

About this time, however, it occurred to some one to ask the old major, who was the caterer, what kind of meat he had been fortunate enough to procure. His reply was, "Moño, señor!" ("Monkey, sir!"). Those who were eating at the time seemed suddenly satisfied, and without a word the ring around the pot was broken, and each person, apparently wrapped in the deepest reflection, strolled off by himself.

On this trip our Indians have reveled in young alligators and monkeys; but most of our party have not become sufficiently Indianized to consider such things delicacies.

June 27th.—Started this morning for the steamers. Our return down-stream is very monotonous. We now accomplish, in one day, the distance it took us three to make, when going up, although our Indians work very lazily, and had to be called up last night and threatened with a flogging should they not do better on the morrow.

We were paddling along to-day down-stream, keeping out in the middle of the river, so as to get the full benefit of the current, and making about four or five knots an hour, when we discovered four canoes crawling along the right bank, and almost hidden by the overhanging brushwood. They proved to be a party of Conibo Indians on the war-path, their women accompanying them. They had a supply of fresh fish and plantains, a portion of which they sold us, much to our joy.

According to their custom, they saluted us by bringing out *masato* in enormous calabashes, which they passed round from mouth to mouth, and were much surprised at our not drinking. However, our Indian crews swigged it, to the satisfaction of all parties.

We made them some small presents, and learned their mission and plans. They were the advance-guard of the Conibos of the Ucayali, and were going against the Cashibos, to steal their women and children. Three or four times during every year, these parties are organized, and make expeditions for this purpose. But this was on a larger scale than usual. This advance-guard consisted of fifteen or twenty men, with their wives. Not allowing themselves to be seen, they were to proceed well up into the country of the Cashibos, pull their canoes out of the water, and hide them away; then take a position in the woods, and live for weeks, and probably months, trying to spy out, and find where the Cashibos were best situated for attack. As soon as all was ready, they would communicate with the main body, which was collecting from all directions at the mouth of the Pachitea.

The mode of capturing their brother-savages is this: The Cashibos, during low-water season, come down from the hills and back country to collect turtle and fish on the *playas*. As soon as they have assembled in a kind of encampment on the bank, the Conibo spies send word to the main body. This steals up, traveling by night, and in the darkness a circle of Conibo warriors is formed around the Cashibo encampment, and, at a given signal, begins to contract toward the centre. The Conibo women are waiting, with the canoes all ready in some secluded spot, to embark the warriors, in case of defeat. But the Conibos, their bows and arrows being better, having the advantage of being the surprising party, and always taking care to attack in superior numbers, are seldom defeated. If the surprise is a success, all old men and old women are put to death, and all young women and children kept, the best-looking women for wives for themselves, the ugly ones and children to be sold to the occasional merchants, who come up the Ucayali to trade with them. At a Conibo village, where I staid for several weeks, fully one-third of the inhabitants were Cashibos, and slaves of the Conibo braves. These little cannibals are very much sought after by the whites of the low country, as slaves; and their price varies from ten to fifty *soles* apiece. Recently, a steamer, having on board almost a dozen of these little *infieles* (as the good *padres* call them), of both sexes, arrived in Yquitos. They were locked up in a room on board the boat, and some show made of keeping it secret, as it is against the laws of the country, although the trade is openly carried on by the highest officials on this side of the Andes. I suppose there are some thirty or forty of these little savages in Yquitos, and, as their owners know that they will run away as soon as they get big enough, they get the most they can out of them now. One, a little boy, about ten years old, is very intelligent. He has learned to speak Spanish; and says he remembers traveling through the woods once with his father and mother, and some other Indians. They were attacked by Conibos, and his father and all the men killed. He, his mother, and all the other women, were taken prisoners. He knows no more, and cannot remember how

he got to Yquitos. He shows that he was bred in the forest of South America, for, if he sees a rat eating any thing, he will creep up behind it, and, before it knows what is the matter, catch it by the tail, and jerk it hard enough against the ground to kill it.

Among some of the interior tribes human heads are another article of traffic, in opposition to law. They are those of captives taken in war, and afterward put to death. By some process, known only to themselves, the heads are shrunk, leaving the features perfect, and the hair of the usual length and color. The skin becomes dry and hard, like parchment, though looking perfectly natural. It is said that pins are driven through the lips, to prevent their talking while undergoing torture, and also to enable the head to be hung erect. This custom of preserving the heads is still practised, though they cannot be induced to divulge the secret. The tradition, however, is this: the bones are taken out, and the cavity thus formed is filled with hot stones, which are shaken about until the drying and shrinking process is completed.

June 28th.—After a canoe-voyage of forty-one days, at twelve m. to-day we reached the steamers, and found them anchored just within the mouth of the Pachitea. Our descent of the river was, as a general thing, of not much interest—the only things worth mentioning which I have not recorded being an attack on the rear canoe by the Cashibos, resulting in the wounding of one of the latter; the grounding of a canoe in shooting some rapids, throwing some of us overboard and far out into the water; and the ascension of Inca Rock, which resulted in no new discoveries, except that the Cashibos were about there. One thing rather interesting that we observed was the total destruction of one of their *chacaras* by the Cashibos, because, in going up, we had taken a few plantains from it. Day after to-morrow we start back to Yquitos.

Physically the Indians of the Ucayali and Pachitea are not so large nor so strong as the white men of North America or Europe. Of their minds there is no good way of judging, but they certainly evince great ingenuity and skill in the manufacture of weapons for war, canoes, and household and cooking utensils. Those who are friendly and have business relations with the white man are in some instances honest, and have great regard for their word. They are very superstitious and cruel. They believe firmly in an evil spirit or devil, but whether or not they believe in a good one is not certain. Their laws with regard to chastity are very severe. Among the Conibos, if a woman bears her husband twins, both of the children are killed, because one is the child of the devil, and it is impossible to discover which. Among the Cashibos the same custom prevails, with the additional enormity that both are buried alive. The Cashibos are, I believe, the only known tribe living on the tributaries of the Ucayali that are cannibals, and, besides being cannibals, they eat even their dead. Their weapons consist in the bow and war-club. Their arrows, from the greater size, have not the same range as those of our North American

Indians. Their principal articles of food are fish, turtle, and game from the woods. The first two are obtained with the bow and spear, the latter with the blow-gun. Also they have sometimes attached to their huts little patches of bananas, *yuca* (something resembling the potato), maize, cotton, and sugar-cane.

N. B. NOLAND.

SAM AND JOE.

MY heart is strangely sad to-night;
The past hangs o'er me like a dream;
And as a bark with fresh-trimmed sails,
My thoughts are gliding down the stream.
Ah, those were jocund days, my friend,
The old, old days of long ago,
Though sometimes shadowed by a cloud,
When you were "Sam," and I was "Joe."

I see our homesteads side by side
Gleam white amid the leafy shade;
I hear the brawling of the brook,
I smell the perfumes through the glade;
I feel the dear ones all around—
And some have crossed death's stream, you know,
But sorrows lightly touched our hearts,
For you were "Sam," and I am "Joe."

Our tutor's form appears again—
His clear, calm eyes, his frosty hair;
His cheeks all seamed like withered fruit;
His lips on which a smile was rare:
Those truthful lips—but time, to him,
Was cruel in its ebb and flow;
Yet little recked we of his griefs,
For you were "Sam," and I was "Joe."

Of discipline we ill approved,
And ill approved of Latin verse;
With classic Greek held bad commune,
Of Hebrew text our hate was worse;
And physics' laws we held in scorn;
And mathematics too, was slow;
And he would sigh, and we would laugh—
But you were "Sam," and I was "Joe."

And then our college years come up,
So filled with sportive pranks and wiles;
The nights so often glad with mirth,
The days all dimpled o'er with smiles;
More luckless wights than then were we,
The college records did not know;
But glad we put dull care to flight,
And you were "Sam," and I was "Joe."

Our early loves?—You mind them well?—
The months which flitted by like hours?—
The walks, the talks?—the rides, the drives?—
The bows that bound the bunch of flowers?—

The ringing of that old church-bell
One morn, which made earth heaven below?

For we had each a treasure found,
Though you be "Sam," and I was "Joe."

And we were men! And manhood's cares
Have thickly crowded on our path;
Our children cluster round our boards,
And we have felt affliction's soath;
Yet would we not with manhood's joys
Return to days of long ago,
Though bright the beaker to our lips,
When you were "Sam," and I was "Joe."

For manhood's joys are richer far

Than backward glance to boyhood sees;
Than youth, with all our youthful hopes;
We now drink wine upon the lees.

Yet we to each must always be
The same as then, come weal or woe;
Though you are Fame's, the laurel mine,
You still are "Sam," and I am "Joe!"

SALLIE A. BROOK.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A GREAT deal is said at the present day upon the question of crime, and some uncertainty appears to exist as to whether offenders against the law have increased or decreased. A recent address by Lord Aberdare before the British Social Science Association takes a very favorable view of the present condition of things in this particular, as compared with those of half a century ago. At that period pauperism, the greatest curse of the poorer classes, and the fertile mother of crime, was directly fostered by the laws and by the spirit with which they were administered. The police was inefficient, the prisons dens of moral corruption and physical disease; reformatories and ragged-schools were unknown; English laws were so extravagantly severe as to insure their lax and uncertain application; punishments were so devised as neither to deter nor to reform, and to be as expensive as they were ineffectual. So that, in commenting on English prisons and penal settlements, a thoughtful writer of the last generation (James Mill) could say, without exaggeration: "In regard to the reformation of the offender there is but one testimony—that New South Wales, of all places on the face of the earth, except, perhaps, a British prison, is the place where there is the least chance for the reformation of an offender; the greatest chance of his being improved and perfected in every species of wickedness." The natural result of this state of things was an enormous increase in crime of every kind in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, to the terrible extent of a sixfold greater ratio than the increase of population. In one decade, from 1834 to 1843, not fewer than 39,844 criminals—an average of nearly 4,000 a year—were transported to Australia. The means taken for the repression of crime were most ineffectual, and transportation, which had gradually superseded the extreme penalty of death, was proved to have failed in every object which should be sought for in a penal system.

In 1857 this latter system was universally replaced by the present system of penal servitude, and a steady and progressive decrease in crime has followed. In the year 1843, when the population of the United Kingdom was estimated at 16,332,000, the numbers sentenced to transportation were 4,488. Thirty

years later, when the population had increased to 23,104,000, or by 6,772,000, the numbers sentenced to the substituted and equivalent punishment of penal servitude were 1,493. Therefore, while the population had increased by 41.46 per cent., the most serious offense, that of murder, had decreased by 66.73 per cent. Lord Aberdare says that the oldest judge now on the bench of English judges never knew a calendar so light in respect of number of prisoners as that of 1874, with the gratifying exception of the two years preceding it. Categorically, almost every class of indictable offense had decreased, with the sad and solitary exception of murder, which maintains a striking uniformity in regard to the number of persons capitally sentenced for the crime. The proportion of murders to the population has not greatly varied in the United Kingdom in the last fifty years. On the other hand, as a small compensating measure of comfort, it is on record that the numbers of the criminal classes of the United Kingdom at large and known to the police, including known thieves and depredators, receivers of stolen goods, and suspected persons, have fallen from 66,731 in 1864 to 43,555 in 1874. These results, Lord Aberdare says, have been secured—1. By an efficient system of police; 2. By the deterrent and reformatory nature of the punishment now awarded for crimes; 3. By reformatory schools specially adapted for the correction and reformation of the more hardened youthful offenders, but possessing none of the characteristics of the jail except the enforced confinement within the house and the fields attached to it; 4. By the coöperation of discharged prisoners' aid societies. The progress of education and the decrease of crime, Lord Aberdare holds, will march together, and one of the strongest influences which can be brought to bear against the fostering of a criminal population in overcrowded cities is attention to sanitary regulations.

While it is impossible not to respect so high an authority as that of Lord Aberdare, who has studied this question with great closeness, we can but look upon some of his statements with caution. It is always necessary to scrutinize social statistics with care if we would not be misled thereby. We suspect that public records are not altogether trustworthy guides to the moral condition of a people, nor safe indexes to the absolute prevalence of crime in comparing one period with another. As civilization advances, the police becomes a greater force in society, and takes cognizance of a larger class of offenses; and it also acts as an intimidating power, preventing the commission of crime by its ubiquitous presence, and the certainty of discovery and arrest. In the last century

the police were powerless in the face of innumerable acts of violence; to-day any form of disorderly conduct, brings the offender promptly to a police-station. Hilarious young gentlemen cannot now capture door-knockers, carry off sign-boards, imprison night-watchmen in their boxes, or play similar pranks, without finding their misdeeds appearing in the police-reports. House-breaking as a lost criminal art is not due to the repression of criminal instincts, but to the efficiency of the police, which has rendered that sort of pastime altogether too dangerous to be indulged in. It is said that density of crime and population go together. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that density of population and police arrests go together. These facts and instances show how the criminal records may be increased without a real increase of crime. On the other hand, the thoroughness of the modern police organization prevents accessions to the criminal ranks, and is the indirect means of keeping some young people to the paths of rectitude; but it is principally potent in driving many persons from the commission of crimes that fall under police jurisdiction, to arts and tricks not amenable to law. While certain crimes decrease, dishonesty may increase. While the law may render life and property more secure from direct attacks, we may all the time be the more extensively victimized by the dishonest devices of those who live by their wits. The criminal class are forced to find out how to be criminal in such a way as to keep out of the hands of the law. Ingenious scoundrels do not now resort to house-breaking; they get a contract. They do not take to the highway; they go to Wall Street. However, it is well if we can begin by driving crime out of the more open courses; perhaps by-and-by we can reach it in its hidden places and under its plausible devices.

It is repeatedly said that the age is unpoetic and unheroic. Such is the recent complaint of a writer in a contemporary journal. Is it true? Poetry and heroism change some of their aspects from age to age, and it may be that those who lament their decadence are simply failing to discern those virtues under their new guise. It may, moreover, be suspected that the very fact of lamenting the growth or the decay of certain qualities is almost proof that they still flourish among us. Those who admire poetry enough to feel a deficiency of poetic feeling show by this very fact their poetic sympathies; and those who under their suffrage of praise to the heroic are quite certain to find their quiet opportunity for enacting some form of true, unobtrusive heroism.

The age is really neither unpoetic nor unheroic, but it is manifold and many-sided;

and hence people are prone in seeing one or even several of its manifestations to overlook or forget some other of its outcomes. It is unmistakably a pushing, energetic, money-making age; it is distinctly an age where practical and utilitarian things have a very high place in the schemes and purposes of the people; but let us see whether poetry and heroism are not also great existing social and moral forces.

Notwithstanding all the great practical activities of the age, the people are eager readers of imaginative literature. They listen not only attentively to the poets and singers of the time, but they are manifesting a marked disposition to go back and study periods of the past. There are signs of a revival of classic taste, and the early productions of English literature have now their hosts of students and admirers. While on one hand we see that realism is cultivated, we also note that higher forms of imaginative thought lead captive the whole rank of readers. Sentimentalism, such as marked the literature of the *Minerva* press, is honestly and vigorously detested; and, although the age has its affectations, yet elevation of thought and fidelity to one's own convictions are imperatively demanded of every leader of song.

There have been more brilliant eras of dramatic and even of lyric literature, but none in which the poets have enjoyed so large a concourse of readers, none in which they have been permitted so freely to follow their individual poetic instincts, or have more effectually stirred the popular heart. Those who look may see evidence of the truth of these assertions on every hand. The interest felt in every new production by Tennyson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Morris, Swinburne; the endless essays upon poetry and the poets in all the magazines—these are substantiating facts. We might also cite the subjective nature of most of our prose writings to prove the poetical under-moods of our people, but we can do no more now than mention the fact.

Art also is inspired with both realistic truth and imaginative force. Mere storytelling by pictures has declined, but the expression of poetic feeling and sentiment by color and form has taken a lofty place. We do not deny that there have been greater art-epochs, but there is now a marked passion for studying those epochs; there is an eagerness to be at home with their spirit and to master their teachings. Mere imitations of ancient methods are not tolerated, but originality, passion, individual sentiment, inventive power, are quickly recognized and applauded. This so-called unpoetic age is completing in some instances and restoring in others the great poetical architecture of

earlier ages; it is searching amid the ruins of buried cities for precious art-memorials of the past, and placing the discovered treasures in places of honor; it is bringing into practical use ancient suggestions in decorative and ornamental art; it is, in fact, full of reverence for the great achievements of the imagination that have come down to it, and is instinct with pleasure in the stimulating and often daring productions of to-day. The literature about art is swelling ceaselessly; teachers who instruct what and how to admire are eagerly listened to; and everywhere are the evidences of how large a place this form of poetic feeling holds with us. It is distinctly a poetic and not an unpoetic age that evinces in so many ways its catholic and large-hearted sympathy for all the periods of imaginative creation in the various arts.

Heroism no less than poetry takes its place in this many-sided era. The loud proclamation and noisy defiance of some of the earlier forms of heroism do not exist; men now believe it incumbent upon them to seek no opportunity for the mere display of their gallantry, but also to shrink from no occasion that exacts fortitude or involves self-sacrifice. That is emphatically not an unheroic age that with such zeal dares the wilderness of ice in the arctic seas and the wilderness of forest and swamp in the heart of Africa—that delights in conquering hitherto-inaccessible mountain-peaks—that penetrates everywhere, explores everywhere, and knows no such word as "fail" in its multitude of splendid enterprises. Recent wars showed no decline of that physical courage which in earlier ages was so worshiped; and in all the ordinary exigencies of life, fortitude, endurance, the courage to do and to suffer, evince no lack of the true spirit of heroism.

We have been enabled to glance only at a topic large enough to admit of an extended essay. Our readers, however, will readily supplement many arguments and facts to those we have advanced, and will see that the age has neither lost imaginative sympathy, which is the essential spirit of poetry, nor the fibre of genuine heroism.

In a very quiet way—so quiet that even the English people seem to have scarcely noted it—the whole judicial system of England has just undergone a change. Of a sudden, all those ancient and historic courts which have so long clustered around Westminster, Guildhall, and Lincoln's Inn, have dissolved into one august tribunal. The courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas, of Admiralty and Probate, of Arches and Chancery, have ceased to exist—or, at least, instead of being separate and independent

branches, they each constitute but a division, a section, of the High Court of Justice. Sir Alexander Cockburn is the last of the Lord Chief-Justices of England, and is already spoken of by the London papers as the "late Lord Chief-Justice." He is now more elaborately but less augustly termed "the President of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice." In similar manner, the other presiding judges have come to be chairmen of judicial committees, detailed to a particular place for special duties.

This revolutionary change, strange to say, has been effected without any strenuous opposition from any high legal quarter. Sir Alexander Cockburn has consented to be leg-islated out of his historic dignity without a murmur; and Tories as well as Liberals have acquiesced in the sudden metamorphosis. We hear of no protest from the gentlemen of the gown—albeit the legal profession in England is as obstinately conservative of old traditions, and as interested in opposing any change in the old order of things, as the Bench of Bishops itself. The change, however, is unquestionably one for the better. Not only are the several courts dissolved into one, but the powers of all are acquired by each. The Queen's Bench Division will have equity powers added to those of common law; the Chancery Division will apply common law as well as equity. Thus the suitor, to whatever division he resorts for redress, will be able to obtain complete justice in a single trial. It has long been a matter of complaint that, in many cases, a person had to go to chancery for an injunction, and to the common-law courts for compensation; that not seldom a suitor seeking justice would be forced to the expense of proceeding first in one court and then in another. It is, therefore, no nominal reform which unites in each tribunal all the powers requisite to develop all the rights and wrongs of a case, and to send the suitor from its doors satisfied that full justice has been done.

One by one our great men pass away. In little more than a decade, so large a number of those conspicuous by their public position or their high abilities have been marshaled into the ranks of departed spirits, that authority, party leadership, and political guidance, have passed in this brief period into almost wholly different hands. Lincoln, Seward, Chase, Sumner, Stevens, Johnson, Wilson, is a list that includes nearly all the political leaders identified with the antislavery movement. The victory had been but little more than won ere the great captains laid down their *batons*. Some few who were conspicuous in forming public opinion still survive, but those who really fought out the bat-

tle, those whose leadership achieved the victory, are all dead. The last of the group, who is just deceased, reflects honor upon our country, not so much by his political convictions as by his political integrity; and he illustrates the soundness of the political theory that permits the humblest citizen to aspire to the highest office by proving that one from the ranks may acquire place without the sacrifice of honor, may be ambitious for himself, and yet be faithful to the principles he has embraced, may, even from the shoemaker's bench, carry into politics personal dignity and high-breeding. HENRY WILSON will be remembered mainly because of his connection with the antislavery struggle. He is not identified with other public measures; he did not exhibit a knowledge of statecraft; nor did he display conspicuous gifts as an orator or a writer. His virtues were many; his rise from his lowly birth remarkable. If his talents were not of a brilliant order, he showed great persistency, marvelous industry, and a practical talent for leadership.

THE future historian of these times may be induced to cite, as a striking instance of the "commercial spirit of the age," the invention and sale of spurious university degrees. It has long been customary in Italy, and perhaps in other countries, to sell titles of nobility; but it has been reserved to some American speculators to create phantom colleges and dispose of degrees supposed to proceed from them for a matter of five dollars. The honors so easily acquired do not, to be sure, entitle the purchaser to the peculiar privileges which, as we are informed, are enjoyed by the Oxford Masters of Arts, who, in virtue of that dignity, are permitted to smoke in the high-street, to drive a dog-cart without the written sanction of a provost, to dine at the Mitre, and to vote in convocation. Yet, while the mass of people are still inclined to respect the scholastic initials of honor, and to take them as testimonials of capacity and character in practical matters of life, it is well that some effort should be made to confine them to a *bona-fide* source. A real master of arts has, and should have, a better chance in procuring the headship of a school, than one who cannot show that credential of a full and liberal education; so, too, a doctor of medicine, who has won his certificate by long and successful study, has a right to be preferred to one who cannot call himself "doctor" by reason of not having won it. But if every quack is able to procure this outward symbol of proficiency by a small money payment, and thus impose upon the public by an arrant imposture, it is time that the law should interpose, and punish the practice as it does all other forms of swindling.

Literary.

WHATEVER his subject, any thing that Mr. W. R. Greg may have to say is always worth listening to, and, indeed, is very likely to force itself upon the attention. Few contemporary writers upon political and social topics have his breadth of culture and comprehensiveness of knowledge, and none wield a more incisive and vigorous pen. He does not always convince, and his peculiarly uncompromising and aggressive style is very likely to awaken a sentiment of antagonism in those who do not entirely agree with him; but we may pick up any fragment of his writings with the absolute certainty of finding something that will set one to thinking. As Swinburne says of John Ford, you cannot merely shake hands with Mr. Greg or tip him a nod and pass on; if you encounter him at all, it is not easy to escape, and before parting he is very likely to shake one out of any little self-complacent intellectual jugglery in which he may have been indulging. No book with which we are acquainted is better adapted than his "Enigmas of Life" to compel the reader to examine into the basis of his social, political, and religious creeds. As we have said, we may not always accept his arguments, but it is absolutely impossible to ignore them.

His latest work, "Rocks Ahead,"* is of less general interest than the one just mentioned, inasmuch as it deals with matters of an almost exclusively local character; but, though addressed particularly to the author's countrymen, it is worth the attention of all who are interested in the study of scientific politics. For the problems which present themselves for solution in England to-day are, with slightly-changed conditions, the problems which sooner or later must confront nearly every civilized nation of the world, and the "solidarity of mankind" is sufficiently true to render the experience of one great nation full of valuable lessons for all others.

The object which Mr. Greg had in view in taking upon himself the unpopular rôle of Cassandra was to signalize "three especial dangers hanging over the future of England—three 'rocks ahead' on which the dignity and well-being of the country and the happiness of its citizens may not improbably be wrecked." These three national dangers are: 1. The political supremacy of the lower classes; 2. The approaching industrial decline of England; 3. The divorce of the intelligence of the country from its religion. None of these has as yet fully developed itself; but all are potential, and the first has already had its path cleared of nearly all logical obstacles. The Reform Bill of 1867 effected a "transformation in the political constitution of these islands so complete and thorough that few revolutions in modern times have been more sweeping," the essence of the revolution consisting in this, that it took the command of the representation out of the hands of the propertied classes, and put

* Rocks Ahead; or, the Warnings of Cassandra. By W. R. Greg. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

it into the hands of the wage-receiving classes—transfers the electoral supremacy from capital to labor. When household suffrage has been extended to the counties, as it soon will be, there will be *five* million poor electors against *two* million well-to-do electors; and each vote of one class counts for just as much as each vote of the other. "It is idle," says Mr. Greg, "to argue that the working-classes will not pull together, nor the poor be thus in a mass arrayed against the rich—probably not yet; possibly not as a rule; almost certainly not except on class questions of a social character. But sometimes they will, and at any time they may; and the broad, indisputable fact remains that the lower class of voters are far the most numerous; are, or may be, preponderant in the proportion of five to two or five to three; and that, in consequence, when they are all registered, and whenever they choose to draw together, they will be despotic at the poll, and have the command of the representation in the House of Commons. And the House of Commons, as we all know, is all but omnipotent." The special danger which menaces England from this state of things lies in the probability that the non-propertied or wage-receiving classes will use their electoral power to achieve those objects which they have most at heart. "Now, what are the objects which the wage-receiving classes have notoriously and inevitably most at heart—must have most at heart—cannot for a moment be blamed for having most at heart? Clearly, higher wages, shorter hours, more power of dictating conditions of work, and less strictness in the interpretation of contracts; and all these things more or less directly through the instrumentality of legislation. They wish for two other things besides—relief from all taxation which in any way increases the cost of living, and increase in those sorts of public expenditure which create a demand for their labor." The inevitable result of such legislation would be to enhance the cost of production, thus placing British industry at a disadvantage with that of other countries where similar interferences are not permitted, and ultimately destroying that commercial supremacy upon which the national prosperity, and probably the national existence, depend.

Closely connected with the preceding is the second or *economic* "rock"—the approaching industrial decline of England. This decline Mr. Greg regards as wholly inevitable, the sole question being as to how long it may be postponed, though any legislation increasing the cost of labor or diminishing its productivity would greatly precipitate its advent. The reason why such a decline is inevitable is that the cheap coal which, combined with cheap labor, has made England the workshop of the world, *must* in time be exhausted, or at least drawn upon to such an extent that it will no longer be cheap as compared with that of other countries. Ominous indications of the near approach of this period are already visible, and its sure result will be that England will cease to manufacture for the rest of the world, even if she find it profitable to continue to manufacture for herself—will, in fact, cease to be a manu-

facturing and become an agricultural community. Now the population of England is already much larger than agriculture alone would support, and is increasing at a rapid rate; and, unless the crisis be sagaciously prepared for long beforehand, it will bring such distress and suffering as have rarely been witnessed in modern times.

The third or *religious* "rock" is of a different nature, but may readily combine with the other two to produce a national catastrophe. "I allege," says Mr. Greg, "that in England the highest intelligence of the nation is not only not in harmony with the nation's creed, but is distinctly at issue with it; does not accept it; largely, indeed, repudiates it in the distinctest manner, or, for peace and prudence' sake, discountenances it by silence, even where it does not demur to it in words." Now, sooner or later the thinkers of a people must inoculate and inter-penetrates that people with their thought; and when skepticism has extended to the lower classes, Christianity will have lost its *police* influence, and the poor of this world will no longer be content to trust to a future life for righting the wrongs and inequalities of this. On the contrary, he will soon reach the conviction that "if he is to rest, to be happy, to enjoy his fair share of the sunshine and the warmth of life, *he must do it now, at once, without a day's delay*;" and with this there will come "a fierce resentment at the flagrant inequalities around him, the comparative (often positive) wretchedness in which he has hitherto remained, and the fables which he has been told to pacify him—till he will hate as well as envy those above him, and learn to regard their spoliation as an act of righteous restitution."

Such are the "rocks" which Mr. Greg signals to his countrymen; and it cannot be denied that the outlook which he offers them is a gloomy one. True, he is no mere prophet of evil, but believes that the worst dangers may be averted by dealing with them wisely and in time. It is evident, however, that he has more faith in the reality of the dangers than in the probability of there being wisdom enough to cope with them; and, while he points out the antidote, he has little hope that the patient will realize his position until the poison has done its work upon his system.

In a somewhat lengthy preface, Mr. Greg plays havoc with one or two of his "critics and objectors;" and the appendix contains an article in which Americans may have the pleasure of contemplating themselves in the rôle of political Helot.

MR. CRANCH would hardly claim for himself a very high place in the choir of poets; yet his poems* are evidently the expression of a mind sensitive to all forms of beauty, whether in the natural or moral world, catholic in its sympathies, keen of insight, reflective, and apt to seek satisfaction rather in ratiocinative processes than in moods and feeling. His verse, indeed, is the offspring of thought rather than emotion, and in many

of his poems he seems to be arguing instead of singing; yet the thought is illumined by imagination, and its expression is nearly always musical. "The Bird and the Bell," which he places first, and which is, on the whole, the best piece in the volume, is evidently the kind of poetry in which he feels most at home. It touches upon religion and politics, denounces the Roman Catholic Church, wishes Italy God-speed in her struggle for freedom (the poem was written before the "War of Liberation"), and prophesies the final triumph of the spirit of progress. The amount of feeling with which parts of it are imbued would seem to belie what we have just said of Mr. Cranch's most characteristic verse; but the feeling is the fervent indignation of a thinker at the wrongs which have forced themselves upon his contemplation. So many of the allusions are to events which have already lost their interest, and so many of the prophecies have been either fulfilled or rendered impossible of fulfillment, that the poem has lost something of its first freshness; but, as the author says, "the thoughts and principles here embodied can never cease to interest all who care for liberty of thought and speech," while the verse will always retain much of its original charm. The tone is, on the whole, remarkably even and well sustained, but now and then a stanza rises above the general level and lodges itself in the memory. Here is an example:

"The music of the soul can ne'er be mute.
What though the brazen clang of antique form
Stop for a hundred years the angel's lute,
The angel smiles, and when the deafening storm
Has peeled along the ages, with the warm
Touch the immortals own, he sings again,
Clearer and sweeter, like the sunshine after rain."

There are nearly a hundred poems in the collection, presenting specimens of nearly all the familiar measures, and exhibiting considerable mastery of the art of versification. Most of them are short, few being more than three or four pages long, and they were apparently thrown off at varying intervals during a period extending from 1848 to the present time—the last ten years being the most prolific. There are war-poems, breathing a loftier and more generous spirit than most of the verse having that origin; there are the usual *vers d'occasion*, of which the ode to Margaret Fuller Ossoli, the poem on "Music," and the one on "Michael Angelo Buonarroti," are exceptionally good; there are sonnets—a species of verse to which Mr. Cranch does not take very readily; and there is a fine classical fragment, "*Iapies*," suggested by a passage from Virgil, which would seem to point very distinctly to the appropriate work of the future translator of the "*Æneid*." Of course, we can do no more in going through such a list than mention a few that are specially worth notice. Among these, the poems descriptive of Nature are perhaps the most pleasing. "The Changing Year," "The Evening Primrose," "December," and "October," are full of observation and sympathy; "The Bobolinks" and "Bird Language" are as nearly humorous as Mr. Cranch ever becomes, and are genuine, spontaneous singing; and "Shelling Peas" is a pastoral in the style of Lowell's "Courtin'." "By

* The Bird and the Bell, with other Poems. By Christopher Pearse Cranch. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

the Shore of the River" is a tenderly beautiful retrospect, written in extremely melodious verse, whose easy rhythm and swiftly-recurring rhymes make melancholy music in the mind; and "A Day of Memories" is a companion-piece, though here memory is less strongly tintured with regret. Some of these we should be glad to quote, but no one of them is quite so characteristic as the following:

"IN A CHURCH.

I.

"The organ breathed in harmonies so sweet,
That paradise, with sons of light and air,
And daughters of the morn, seemed floating round:
Rich modulations, vaulting fugues that bear
The heart a captive; as when Ganymede,
Borne by Jove's eagle to the Olympian feast,
Sees the earth fade, and all the sky becomes
Before his gaze one wide auroral east.

II.

"The sunshine, flashing through the flying cloud,
Struck on the many-tinted window-panes,
And dashed a chord of colors on the wall,
Now strong, now fading like the dying strains;
A prismy gush of hues that slid oblique
Down the gray columns, like a glowing truth
Whose white light tinted in a poet's brain
Breaks in a thousand rhymes of love and youth.

III.

"The hour was framed for silent thought and prayer,
The place should seem a heavenly shepherd's fold.
We waited for a voice that might sustain
Our spirits' flight, nor let the air grow cold
About our wings, but bear us higher still,
Till, touched by faith and love and wisdom pure,
We felt the power that lifted man to God—
The central truths no dogmas could obscure.

IV.

"And yet the priest, discordant 'mid accords,
With waste of words, half truth, half error mixed,
Thin homilies and theologic prayers,
He only jarred the music, spread betwixt
Nature and God a cloud that dimmed the sun,
And made the inspiring church a vaulted tomb;
And not till once again we trod the street
Vanished that shadow of imagined doom."

THE method of M. Taine in philosophizing on art, literature, or national character, is already familiar even to those who have not made a study of the works of this brilliant and fascinating writer. Given, the antecedents of a people, and its national character is an effect as easily deducible as any other natural phenomenon whose causes are known; and given, national character with its circumstances or surroundings—its *milieu*—and the art or literature of any period is a purely natural and therefore inevitable outcome. In fact, the most magnificent and apparently abnormal achievements of human genius are in reality subject to laws as fixed and unalterable as any in the domain of physics. Of course, in dealing with these phenomena as presented in any past epoch, their laws or philosophy are to be sought in history; and hence M. Taine's lectures on the philosophy of art can be much more accurately described as historical disquisitions than as art-criticism. His latest work, for example, "The Philosophy of Art in Italy" (New York: Henry Holt & Co.), touches scarcely at all upon matters pertaining distinctively and exclusively to art, while it gives an exceedingly graphic and vivid picture of Italy at the epoch of the

Renaissance—that "glorious epoch which comprises, along with the last quarter of the fifteenth century, the first thirty or forty years of the sixteenth," and within whose narrow limits the most accomplished artists flourished—Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Andrea del Sarto, Fra Bartolomeo, Giorgione, Titian, Sebastian del Piombo, and Correggio. The history, indeed, is viewed throughout from the standpoint of art; but the reader finds himself invited, not to consider abstract principles, but to survey the wide field of Italian politics, religion, culture, and manners.

According to M. Taine's theory, the first factor which demands our attention in the *milieu* of the Renaissance is the race of men among whom it arose: "In its kingdom, which is that of form, this race is sovereign; the spirit of other races, compared to it, is coarse and brutal; it alone has discovered and manifested the natural order of ideas and images." The second factor is the comparative intelligence and refinement of Italy at that period. While, throughout the rest of Europe, "the régime is still feudal, and men, like powerful savage brutes, think of but little besides eating, drinking, and physical activity, . . . Italy, on the contrary, is almost a modern country." Literature flourishes and is honored, and the arts of refined society are cultivated to a point probably never since attained. At the same time, this culture had not, as in our day, become over-culture; the brain was not oppressed with ideas to the exclusion of images. "To make the arts of design flourish demands a soil which is not uncultivated, but, at the same time, which is not over-cultivated. . . . To have grand, simple forms fixed on canvas by the hand of a Titian or a Raphael, requires a natural production of these in the minds of the men around them; and to have them naturally produced in men's minds it is necessary that *images* be not smothered nor mutilated by *ideas*." There must also be picturesque surroundings to life, and a genuine and general love of picturesqueness; and both these were marked characteristics of the Italians at the period under notice. But in order that the art of the Renaissance should attain its preëminence it was necessary that the artists should select the human form for the principal subject of their picturesque talent; and that they should do this was the inevitable effect of a period in which physical prowess was essential to safety and physical beauty the most assured passport to favor. Wherever they turned, "healthy, powerful, energetic figures, which subsequent ages have only been able to find or to copy traditionally," met their eyes; and to reproduce these was the surest way to satisfy the art-instincts of the people. To sum up:

"A picturesque state of mind—that is to say, midway between pure ideas and pure images—energetic characters and passionate habits suited to giving a knowledge of and taste for beautiful physical forms, constitute the temporary circumstances which, added to the innate aptitudes of the race, produced in Italy the great and perfect painting of the human form. . . . It is not, as with us, a school production, an occupation of the critics, a pastime for the curious, an amateur's mania, an arti-

ficial plant cultivated at great cost, withering in spite of the compost heaped about it, foreign to the soil and painfully supported in an atmosphere made for maintaining the sciences, literatures, manufactures, policemen, and dragoons; it forms a portion of a whole; the cities which cover their town-halls and their churches with painted figures, gather around it countless *tableaux vivants* more transiently more imposing; it is only a summary of these. The men of this day are amateurs of painting, not for an hour, for a single moment in their life, but throughout their life, in their religious ceremonies, in their national festivities, in their public receptions, in their avocations, and in their amusements."

Never was the temperature requisite for the growth of the arts of design so favorable: never have a similar moment and similar surroundings been seen. "Analogous customs, but of their kind a little less perfect produced, in establishing itself in Spain, in Flanders, and even in France, an analogous art, although altered or perverted by the original dispositions of the races among whom it was transplanted; and we may come to this conclusion with certainty, that, to bring a similar art afresh on the world's stage, there must be a lapse of centuries, which will first establish here a similar *milieu*."

The book is published in two styles—it itself in a small volume, and together with "Art in Greece" and "Art in the Netherlands," as the second series of "Lectures on Art" in the uniform library edition of Taine's works.

DICKENS was never a very severe critic of his own work, and it is probable that many of his writings which he was willing to let drop into oblivion were scarcely worth the preservation. This inference is certainly true of the "Sketches of Young Ladies, Young Gentlemen, and Young Couples," an American edition of which is now for the first time published (New York: E. J. Has & Son). The origin of the sketches is as narrated in the editor's "Advertisement": "The first series, 'Sketches of Young Ladies,' was written by a young collegian under the nom de plume of 'Quiz,' and issued in a small volume shortly before its author's death. The great favor with which it was received, led the publishers—by whom 'Pickwick,' just then completed, had been issued in monthly numbers—to prevail upon Mr. Dickens to supplement it with two additional volumes, one devoted to 'Young Gentlemen' and the other to 'Young Couples.'" It will be seen from this that their chronological position is contemporaneous with "Oliver Twist," and between "Pickwick" and "Nicholas Nickleby"—the period when Dickens was doing some of his best work; but it is also evident that they are mere hack-work, the pattern of which had been cut out by another hand, and to which the author declined to put his name. They have a certain interest, of course, as the production of a great author; but they show simply that even after "Pickwick" had made him famous, Dickens was ready to put his hand to anything that would turn him an honest penny. Here and there in the volume, it is true, there are happy touches, but, on the

whole, they display surprisingly little trace of that rollicking humor and keen portrayal of character which are so conspicuous in the somewhat similar "Sketches by Boz." Perhaps the best thing in the volume are the illustrations by "Phiz." These are much nearer the average level of Browne's work than are the sketches to that of Dickens.

INTEREST has been excited by the discovery of a remarkable coincidence between the well-known passage in Byron's "Childe Harold," beginning—

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll;
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,"

and certain stanzas in an "Ode to the Sea," by Chénédollé, a French poet, which are as follows:

Dread ocean, burst upon me with thy shores,
Fling wide thy waters when the storms bear sway;

Thy bosom opens to a thousand prores,
Yet fleets with idle daring breast thy spray,
Ripple with arrow's track thy closing plain,
And graze the surface of thy deep domain.

Man dares not tread thy liquid way,
Thou spurn'st that despot of a day,
Tossed like a snow-flake on the spray,
From storm-gulfs to the skies;
He breathes and reigns on solid land;
And ruins mark his tyrant hand;
Thou bidst him in that circle stand—
Thy reign his rage defies.

Or, should he force his passage there,
Thou risest, mocking his despair;
The shipwreck humbles all his pride;
He sinks within the darksome tide—
The surge's vast unfathomed gloom
His catacomb—
Without a name, without a tomb.

The banks are kingdoms, where the shrine, the throne,
The pomp of human things are changed and past.

The people, they are phantoms, they are flown,
Time has avenged thee on their strength at last.
Thy billows idly rest on Sidon's shore,
And her bold pilots wound thy pride no more.

Rome, Athens, Carthage! what are they?
Spoiled heritage, successive prey;
New nations force their onward way,
And grasp disputed reign;
Thou changest not, thy waters pour
The same wild waves against the shore,
Where Liberty had breathed before,
And Slavery hugs his chain.

States bow; Time's sceptre presses still
On Apennine's subsiding hill;
No trace of Time is left on thee,
Unchanging sea,
Created thus, and still to be.

Sea! of Almightiness itself the immense
And glorious mirror! how thy azure face
Renews the heavens in their magnificence!
What awful grandeur rounds thy heaving space!
Two worlds thy surge, eternal warring, sweeps,
And God's throne rests on thy majestic deeps!"

Chénédollé's ode may be found in Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe," from which the above translation is derived. Some doubt exists as to who was the plagiarist in this case, any plagiarism there is. The fourth canto "Childe Harold," in which Byron's famous ode to the sea appeared, was published in 1818; Chénédollé was born in 1769. In 1807 he produced "The Genius of Man," a poem greatly admired; in 1820 he published a collection of his early odes, with some new ones. It is uncertain when the ode from which the tract above is given first appeared.

The Arts.

MR. AVERY has lately returned from his usual summer trip to Europe, and has brought home with him several dozen fine works, collected from the French Salon of the last season, from England, Munich, Berlin, and Belgium. A very pleasant and instructive hour can be spent at his charming rooms (No. 88 Fifth Avenue) looking at the paintings, and hearing his intelligent analyses of their qualities. Fortuny is represented by three or four sketches, and one elaborate painting; Blaise Desgoffe by two, one of which is from the Salon of this year. There are also an excellent Zamacois, two George H. Boughtons, a Jules Breton, a Delort, two or three charming paintings by Charnay, a young artist who has won great credit lately in France; a Schreyer, and a Gabriel Max. Knaus, whose works rarely find their way across the ocean, so greedily are they sought for abroad, is represented by a crayon-sketch of an old man. Mr. Avery has also a charming Diaz. A fine specimen by Merle of a girl of the middle ages can also be seen here, besides a Boldini, and paintings by other well-known artists.

Among the more interesting of these pictures, where all are good, is the warm-hued painting by Gabriel Max. Munich is now taking such a prominent place in the art-world, and combines so much of the peculiar excellence of French study with the rich color of the Roman-Spanish school, and the elaborate detail of outline that has been the distinction of the German method, besides the Belgian specialty of *chiaro-oscuro*, that an artist of talent who paints in Munich subject to all these influences is sure to do very satisfactory work. The picture of Max to which we refer is one that, painted in France, would have been simply a costume-picture, while in Rome it might have been a bit of fine color; but in Munich it combines both qualities with a charming and delicate sentiment, and a delightful variety of texture in the various divisions of the picture; and all these are united under a melodious general light and shadow. The scene is an ordinary one of a blond lady in a velvet mantle, edged with gray fur, and with an olive-colored dress, standing in a room curtained with old tapestry, and bending over a carved oaken chair to contemplate a lute with a broken string, on the end of which a wreath of evergreen has been thrown; and by it, on the table, lies a pale-white rose. The empty chair, as well as the other incidents in the picture, suggests a death, but this fact is so little prominent as not to disturb the æsthetic conditions of the picture as a composition, while yet affording a sentiment sufficiently marked to give an apparent reason why the picture should have been made. As a painting, it is full of fine tones of olive-color, which hue plays over the half-drawn figures in the rich tapestry of the wall, dim with distance, and partially lighted by a golden filtering of yellow sunlight. The olive shade becomes greenish on a magnificent table-covering of heavy velvet—velvet which is as unmistakably such

as the gray fur around the lady's mantle is furry, or the pale hair and the tender flesh of the throat are like to their own kind. Max is still a young man, but his pictures have long been highly esteemed in Europe for their excellence in the respects we have mentioned, and also because each of them is possessed of marked peculiarity of its own. One of these pictures, as different as possible from "The Broken Lute," represents a young blind girl sitting at the entrance to the Catacombs, just within the portals. She holds in her hand a lamp, with its lighted taper, and a group of these lamps are beside her. To every stranger who enters she presents a lighted lamp, that when he descends into the mystic chambers of the dead he may find his way. At her feet are branches of palms to strew upon the graves, and around her, in the dimly-lighted chamber, are the distinctive features of these peculiar structures. Another picture that attracted great attention abroad is of Juliet when she lies in her trance on the morning in which her marriage should have been. A heaviness and pallor, almost of death, is in her form crushing back the pillows, and a pall-like gloom hovers in the misty darkness of the velvet draperies of her dim chamber, forming a great contrast to which is the view through her lattice window of the gay crowd drawn together for the wedding that might never be.

The American art-loving public are familiar with certain well-known foreign names, but to possess any adequate idea of the development of modern painting abroad, it is desirable to observe talent as it develops under different conditions and in various countries. Within a few years the relative importance of French art has undoubtedly changed, and Americans should no longer be content to number in their list of painters abroad only the students of the French school. Fortuny is well known here, and he is one of a very few who dispute with Gérôme, Merle, Bouguereau, and Meissonier, a preëminence which he in turn is likely to share with the Munich painters and with Belgian artists. Mr. Avery has been uncommonly successful in bringing out with him perhaps the most excellent Fortuny that has been seen in New York. It is often said by art-people unfamiliar with his best pictures, that Fortuny tells as much in his etchings as he can ever tell in paint. Some of the sketches, and certainly the few of his pictures that have been brought to New York, would give this impression. Subtle and interesting *lines* are very prominent in these etchings, but subtle and intricate tones of paint suitable to go with these lines do not usually appear. Mr. Avery has a little and very elaborate painting of two old men dressed in the French costume of a hundred and fifty years ago. Both are in satin coats, one pink and the other white, and in powdered wigs. The men themselves, it is needless to say, are full of life and expression, but their dresses are something excellent. A pink rose, with its petals crushed, its inner lining turned out to the light, and its outer leaves faded and purple or dried, could scarcely exhibit a greater range of lovely colors than this pink-satin

coat stretched upon the portly form of the old French courtier. The pockets, too, of this wonderful coat are elaborate and crisp in touch, and as strangely beautiful as are the tight sleeves or the high collar of the pink garment. Green embroidery, rich and varied as the leaves of a rose-bush, around these pockets, vary in color with bits of yellow-green rose-buds and the brownish stalk. The old, red-faced, wrinkled wearer of this fairy garment is by no means himself a rose, but he is a most amusing contrast to one. We wish that this picture by Fortuny might be exhibited in some more public place, that the lovers of this master might have the opportunity to learn that his marvelous grace of line is by no means combined with a dull and coarse use of the tints of the palette.

MR. JULIAN SCOTT has lately completed two cabinet pictures: one of which is an army scene, representing officers in their tent reading dispatches; the other depicts the duel between Burr and Hamilton. The "Reading of Dispatches" shows a group of four men. The senior officer is sitting with his legs resting on a brass-clamped army-trunk, and in his hands is spread out a large sheet of paper, while numerous letters are scattered about him on the floor. Half in shadow at his side a youth, with a bugle in his hand, is listening to the news, and the two other members of the party are close to him in front. The figure of the senior officer is very excellent in its easy attitude, and is better in this respect than in any picture of Mr. Scott's that we remember. The accessories of his dress, too, are painted with very careful elaboration, and the order on his breast and the epaulets on his shoulders are made out with great care. The composition and grouping of the picture are good, and its color is rich and mellow-toned. The picture which represents the duel between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton is on a larger canvas than the first, and shows in the gray light an opening in the woods. Pale grass, that looks dank beneath the dark trees, fades off into a sickly distance. In the foreground is the figure of Burr, accompanied by the surgeon, and a few rods behind this pair Hamilton is indistinctly seen lying on the grass, with Pendleton, his second, near him. Burr is a portrait, but the faces of the men in the distance are too vague to appear. This painting is valuable as showing an historical event of importance, but scarcely so much interest attaches to it as to the "Reading of the Dispatches," with which class of scenes Mr. Scott's army experience made him personally familiar. Each of Mr. Scott's new pictures shows a precision and force superior to his former productions, and in the army-scene the composition stamps the artist as well developed in that most difficult branch of art.

CHARLES H. MILLER's latest picture gives a view of "A Long Island Mill-Pond," drawn at mid-day, and in the summer-time. Like all of Mr. Miller's pictures of Long Island scenery, this subject has no picturesque features, but depends for its success solely upon its simplicity and truthful treatment as a

study from Nature. The old mill-pond spreads out in the foreground, fringed with willows and other shrubbery which thrive in marshy places, and its surface dotted with lily-pads and clumps of cats'-tails. The sky is flecked with transparent cloud-cumuli, and is in quiet harmony with the landscape which it shadows. There is an entire absence of the sensational in the delineation of this scene, and for this reason it is worthy of the highest commendation. Many artists, instead of resting satisfied with a subject so quiet and so poetical withal, would have introduced a boat with figures, or some other disturbing element, for the sake of obtaining the applause of the multitude; but, fortunately, Mr. Miller is not one of that class. He is satisfied with Nature as he finds it, and few lovers of art will deny that he is not, in feeling and sentiment, fully in accord with its most poetical phases. This work is noticeable as an example of perspective drawing, as its purity of tone and exquisite mastery of the details of local color and atmosphere make it a lasting expression of the beautiful.

"An important technical work," says the *Academy*, "entitled 'Einfache Möbel im Charakter der Renaissance' ('Simple Furniture in the Style of the Renaissance'), is being brought out in parts in Germany under the superintendence of the Austrian Minister for Trade. It has been prepared by Professor Joseph Storck, and offers valuable help to teachers in art and industrial schools, as well as practical instruction to cabinet-makers and those engaged in the decoration and furnishing of our modern dwellings. The first number is devoted to the furniture of the dining-room, with its dining-table, seats, and buffets. The examples given are not merely of articles only suited for palaces, as is so often the case in works of this sort, but are generally simple pieces of furniture, suitable for moderate-sized houses, that might easily be obtained by any person desirous of furnishing his house according to the principles of Renaissance art."

THE women artists of London have organized a series of meetings designed for mutual improvement, where a qualified painter is to offer criticisms. "It is proposed," says the *Athenæum*, "that pictures which are in progress for exhibition, by female painters, should be brought together, and their qualities, shortcomings, and, we presume, merits, pointed out, and advice for the remedying of errors proffered to the artists. It seems a capital idea to offer these facilities to tyros, who can hardly be expected to see their own mistakes until it is too late. Advanced artists may be thankful for candid criticism."

THE London *Athenæum*, upon the reappearance of Mr. Jefferson as *Rip Van Winkle*, at the Princess's Theatre, gives this actor very high praise. It says: "No representation of the class during ten years has stirred equally an English audience. Yet none of the means to which the modern actor resorts is employed. There is no preposterous attire to win a laugh, no extravagance of gesture, no noise, no rant, no effort. Every thing moves as easily and as noiselessly as machinery, and the required effect is produced. It is a source of saddening reflection that we have scarcely a second instance of the kind to advance. Highly creditable performances are seen upon our stage, some of which have long held possession of

it. In no other case, however, in which lasting popularity is won, and a one-part piece has run for years, can the actor escape the charge of pandering to the tastes of the less educated portion of his audience, or venturing upon ground outside the domain of art."

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

November 9, 1871.

BY order of the Minister of Public Instruction, the directors of the different public libraries of Paris have recently published authentic statements of the books, manuscripts, etc., contained in each. We learn, therefore, that the Bibliothèque Nationale heads the list with 1,700,000 printed volumes, 80,000 manuscripts, 1,000,000 prints, maps, and engravings, and 120,000 medals. The Library of the Arsenal, which is under the charge of M. de Borel, the author of "La Fille de Roland," contains 200,000 volumes and 8,000 manuscripts. The Mazarin Library numbers 200,000 volumes, 4,000 manuscripts, and 80 models, executed in relief, and representing the Pelasgic monuments of Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor. The Ste.-Geneviève Library possesses 160,000 printed works and 350,000 manuscripts. The Library of the Sorbonne contains 80,000 volumes, and that of the Medical School 35,000. Total, 2,875,000 printed volumes, 442,000 manuscripts, and 1,120,000 prints, medals, etc.

There is talk of organizing an exhibition in Paris, which would be of great interest to book-collectors; namely, one of rare books and artistic bindings. It is to be hoped the project will not be suffered to end in talk, as the exhibition would be a very curious and instructive one in many respects. The *Journal Officiel* consecrated lately an interesting article to book-binding, considered in its artistic aspects. The writer says: "The history of book-binding has never yet been written. The art took its birth in the middle ages, as did so many others by which we profit to-day, in the cloisters of the monastic orders. Each monastery possessed a library called the *scriptorium*, wherein the copyists and binders worked. These last were almost real artists, and called to their aid the architect, the lapidary and the goldsmith. One of them, named Herman, followed William the Conqueror to England, and became Bishop of Salisbury. Among the celebrated bindings of that epoch, we may cite a Greek copy of the Evangelists, given to the Basilica of Monza by Theodelinde, Queen of the Lombards, with a covering formed of two plates of gold enriched with colored stones and antique cameos; and above all the 'Livre d'Heures' written in letters of gold upon purple parchment, and bound in red velvet, which was presented by Charlemagne to the city of Toulouse. This marvel belonged to the library of the Louvre, and was destroyed in the conflagration of that edifice under the Commune."

"In the eleventh and twelfth centuries bindings were executed in enameled copper. The Musée de Cluny possesses two magnificent specimens of this work."

"Finally, the Arabs, at the period of the Crusades, taught to the Occidentals the art of using leather, stamped with gold or silver, for book-binding, and it is solely from this epoch that we date our modern bindings. The sixteenth century was the epoch when the art reached its apogee; it offers, so far

speak, to our admiration, nothing but *chefs-d'œuvre*. Among these are the 'Livres d'Heures' of Marguerite of Savoy; the books of Francis I., adorned with his device, a salamander; those of Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers, with crescents and ciphers of a rare elegance; and, finally, those of Henri III., which bear a death's-head as emblem.

"In the seventeenth century the art remained stationary, and declined, only to revive with incomparable *éclat* in the following one. Under the Empire and the Restoration it fell into a profound decadence, but in our own day was revived, thanks to the efforts of Thourénin, the elder and younger Simier, Keller, and of our contemporary artists. Thourénin, who was the most celebrated of all, was binder to Louis Philippe; his principal works may be found in the magnificent collection of the Duke d'Aumale.

"Besides the professional binders, there have existed in all ages amateurs, passionate book-lovers who had a taste for binding. Among the best known may be cited De Tune, of the Hague; the Abbé de Marolles; the Duke de Caumont, who established himself as a binder in London during the Revolution; and King Louis XVIII., who was very fond of trying his hand at the art, though his attempts in that line were never successful."

E. Plon & Co. announce the first volume of the "Military Correspondence of Napoleon I., extracted from the General Correspondence, and published by Order of the Minister of War;" also a work entitled "The Truth respecting Foundlings," by Dr. Brochard, and a translation from the Dutch of Madame Bosboom Toussaint, called "Major Frans—Scenes of Netherlandish Life," by Albert Reville. Challamel has just published an interesting novelty for those who like such things, in the shape of a "Dictionnaire Français-Cambodgien," by E. Aymonier. Hachette has just issued "Public Law and Modern Europe," by the Vicomte de la Guéronnière. Lacroix & Co. announce a work with the piquant title of "Parisian Statues and Statuettes," which is to include sketches of Patti, Nilsson, Schneider, Theo, and other fair theatrical celebrities of the day. It is by Charles Diguët. Michel Lévy Bros. promise for this week the "History of the Nineteenth Century," by J. Michelet, in three volumes, of which the last two have never been before published. These volumes are entitled respectively "The Origin of the Bonapartes," "Until the 18th Brumaire," and "Until Waterloo." Victor Hugo's "Pendant l'Exil," announced by the same firm, has not yet been published. The preface is to be issued separately under the title "Ce que c'est que l'Exil" (What Exile really is). *L'Événement* is now publishing, as a *feuilleton*, a very curious novel (from an American point of view), entitled "Les Chevaliers de la Patrie." The scene is laid in the United States during our Civil War, and John Wilkes Booth, whose theatrical career the author evidently confounds with that of his brother Edwin, is the hero thereof. The same paper has commenced the publication of an admirable series of articles "On Alsace and Lorraine in 1875," by Jules Claretie. They open with a spirited description of the journey from Paris to Strasburg, beginning with the little frontier village of Avricourt, of which our traveler says:

"This little village of Avricourt was, a few years ago, nothing more than a station on the Eastern Railway. It is to-day cut in two. It is there that our frontier ends. Certain soldiers and engineers sat down one day before a table on which lay a map; they traced

coldly and simply, and while conversing, some little red and blue lines on the paper, and hence it has arisen that certain human beings have become Germans and others have remained French, merely because they lived on one side or the other of the little blue lines. Fatherland, thou art then but a vain word, if the right of force may suppress or tolerate thee at will!

"By the treaty of Frankfort there exists, therefore, a French Avricourt and an Avricourt-Deutsch" (such is the name that has been given to the station wherein is situated the German custom-house). "The village of Avricourt itself has remained almost entirely French, with the exception of some few houses which, by ill-luck, happened to be on the wrong side of the ink-line. Unfortunately, it has happened that the butcher was annexed, and it can readily be imagined how much trouble that fact has given to the inhabitants of Avricourt. They are obliged to cross the frontier to supply themselves with meat, and when they return they are forced to pass through the French custom-house, the officials of which, in accordance with their usual habit, are very disagreeable to the poor dwellers on the frontier. And those peasants who have remained French witnessed a strange and ironical spectacle; the people of the German Avricourt can obtain their groceries at a lower price than can those of French Avricourt, sugar and salt, for instance, being much cheaper."

He then gives a description of the new and splendid railway-station erected by the Germans on their side of the frontier, and sketches the following picture with a few telling strokes of his incisive pen:

"In a corner of the station, distinguished from the rest of the rough crowd by their boulevardian manners, are a young man and a young woman, thin, yellow, fatigued, used up, and very well dressed, who are going (so a chance-word overheard by me informs me) to Baden-Baden. They are French—Parisians—some idler and some girl. They are going to Baden, as in times past, to amuse themselves and to laugh. Yet, they look half ashamed, if the truth be told. They scarcely speak. They are bored. So must they have felt at Brussels while men were fighting on the Loire, dying amid the snows in the defiles of the Jura, and living on bread made of sand, in Paris. They are going to Baden because they used to go there. Habit is more than a second nature, it is a second fatherland. Yet, he and she are both young. They are at the age of love, of confidence, and of illusions. I look at her—she is yawning. He drums, on the window-panes, an air from some *opéra bouffe*. When the German officials come to announce that the train is about to start, the man picks up his Russia-leather traveling-bag, and says, smiling, to her who follows him, like a man that has just uttered some brilliant witticism, 'To horse, gentlemen, to horse!' She shrugs her shoulders, stifles another yawn, casts around her, with a wearied air, a vague glance, the dull glance of a ruminating animal, and then follows her companion, trailing behind her her sullied skirt and the soiled laces of her petticoats.

"And I saw them go away, get into the railway-carriage, and disappear, as if I had had before me two personages of the past, lost in a new world, as though that woman and that man, those loveless lovers, had been the spectre of that thing which had slowly, surely, energetically, diminished the fatherland; of that *demi-monde* which has made the *demi-France*."

I shall return to this interesting series of papers in some future letter. Meanwhile, I will close with a curious fact from the article on Strasburg:

"On the Faubourg de Pierre a rich citizen of Strasburg has avenged himself as best he could on the authors of the war. When he rebuilt his house, which had been destroyed by the shells during the siege, he caused to be sculptured on the façade of his dwelling, grimacing and comic in the guise of grotesque masks, the faces of Napoleon III., of Bazaine, and of two other generals."

The dramatic events of the past week have been the production of Offenbach's new opera of "The Creole," at the Bouffes Parisiens, his third and last novelty for the season, and that of Adolphe Belot's drama of the "Venus de Gordes," at the Ambigu. The bright little operetta was a complete success, thanks to the absurdity of the libretto, the freshness and sparkle of the music, and also a good deal to the witchery of the dark-eyed Judic, who made on that occasion her *rentrée* for the season. A young *débutante*, Mademoiselle Luce Couturier, in a minor rôle, gave much satisfaction and was warmly applauded. She is only seventeen years of age. The male characters were well filled by Daubray and Cooper—this last a transfer from the Variétés. As to the drama of Belot, the less said about it the better. It is simply a horror from a moral point of view, though written with much misdirected talent and vigor. The essentially unclean though powerful pen of Belot fairly reveled in the atrocities of his chosen subject. The piece is a tissue of murder and adultery, painted in the coarsest manner and with the most glaring colors. The *Venus de Gordes*, the beautiful *Margot*, is a married woman. She has a lover named *Furbice*, who is a married man. They conspire together to murder the unfortunate husband, *Pascoul*. At first they treat him to small doses of poison. Next *Furbice* tries to smother him with a pillow. Neither poisonings nor smotherings succeeding, the ferocious *Furbice* finally shoots him. Then the murderer throws an old beggar-woman, who was a witness of his crime, over a precipice, and he is shot himself by the police just as he is going to set fire to the farm. The fair *Margot* poisons herself; and, everybody being killed off, the piece naturally comes to an end. This tissue of abominations was remarkably well acted by Laferrière, Paul Deshayes, and Mademoiselle Constance Meyer, and so escaped immediate condemnation from the audience. There was a good deal of hissing on the first night, and several of the incidents met with a decidedly stormy reception. The scene of the drama is laid in Provence, and the representations of Provençal scenery, customs, costumes, etc., were very fine. The management even went so far as to engage a real Provençal, Mademoiselle Meyer, to personate the heroine. She is handsome and talented, and plays the part with all due energy and ferocity. It remains to be seen whether the Parisian public will set the stamp of their approbation on this last atrocity from the pen of the author of "Mademoiselle Giraud, ma Femme."

There are rumors afloat to the effect that Faure has totally lost his voice. It is certain that the date of his reappearance at the Grand Opéra has not yet been announced. Rossi is to appear in "Kean," a drama by the elder Dumas, to-night for the first time. It is whispered that his engagement here, though an immense artistic success, has not proved a financial one.

LUCK H. HOOVER.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

WHO INVENTED "THE LIFE-CAR?"

IN the JOURNAL of April 3, 1875, we closed an extended illustrated description of the "American Life-Car" and its services as fol-

that life-boats are of no avail. Upon representations made by Governor Newell, of the State of New Jersey, when a member of Congress in 1848, of the terrible loss of life by shipwreck near the shores of that State, Congress appropriated ten thousand dollars to establish "life-saving stations" between Sandy Hook and Little Egg Harbor, and the Secretary of the Treasury designated me to devise

er, also under my individual and specific directions. He was not the architect, but the operator. He was employed by me, and was entirely ignorant of the manner in which my invention was to be used. This appears in the sworn testimony of Mr. Samuel Metcalf, of Erie, Pennsylvania, a manly Christian, who, when examining the life-car in the boat-shop, was told by Mr. Joseph Francis that he did not know what Captain Ottinger was going to do with the thing he was then making for him, and that he (Francis) could not understand it. Captain John McGowan, United States Revenue Marine Service, who succeeded me as superintendent in building and equipping life-saving stations, says: "I was often in the boat-shop of Mr. Francis, who built the same kind of surf-boats and life-cars for the stations I equipped as Captain Ottinger had made for the original stations, but on all occasions he (Francis) spoke of the life-car as Captain Ottinger's contrivance."

The testimony of Mr. Penfield, of New York, is also on file at the Patent-Office, and agrees with that of Mr. Metcalf. The fact that I am on record at the Patent-Office as the inventor of the "Life or Surf Car," ought to be sufficient to guard persons, who would take pains to investigate, against the misrepresentations of any unscrupulous individual. In addition to the certificate from the Patent-Office, Congress acknowledged me as the inventor of the "Life or Surf Car," and in consideration of its efficiency in rescuing not only men, but women and children, from wrecked vessels, appropriated to me, for producing it, ten thousand dollars. Not only the Patent-Office, but the committee of the House of Representatives, and the committee of the Senate of the United States, were entirely satisfied with the proof laid before them that I was the sole inventor of the life-car. Almost every one knows that committees of Congress scan personal claims with much care.

This car, and also an invention which I devised for overcoming the inertia of a rope when jerked suddenly from rest by a cannon-ball, to be carried from land to a wrecked ship, had continued as I placed them at the life-saving stations for nearly two years, when they were used for the first time as a last re-

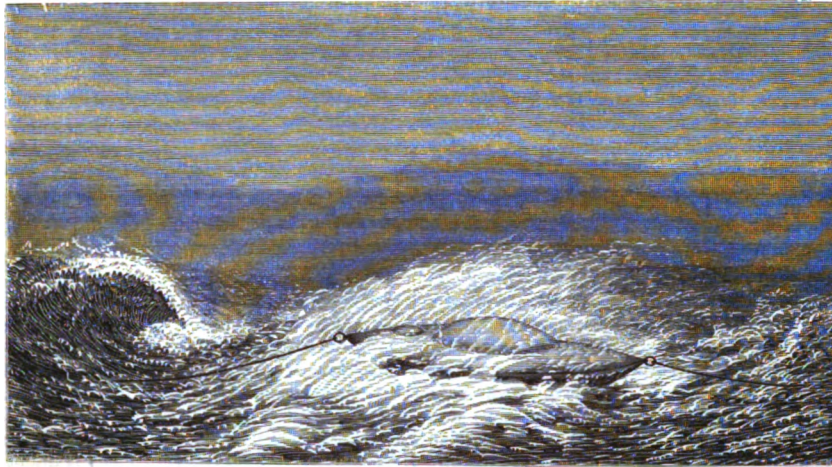


Fig. 1.—THE LIFE OR SURF CAR,

Which conveys its passengers safely through the breakers of the sea when life-boats are of no avail. It gave safe transit, in winter tempest on our coast, from the ships *Ayrshire*, 101; *Georgia*, 271; *Cornelius Grinnell*, 234; *Chauncy Jerome*, 70; and from other vessels, in all nearly 4,000 people. This picture shows the Life-Car on its first errand to save the shipwrecked when beyond the reach of any other aid. Invented by Captain Douglass Ottinger, U. S. R. Marine. (This invention is not patented, but left free to be used everywhere.)

lows: "The car that performed this service was at once retired with honors, and was one of the objects to which the inventor, Mr. Francis, pointed with pride when strangers visited his metallic life-boat factory in this city." The service to which we referred, the reader may remember, was the rescuing of two hundred or more souls from the wreck of the ship *Ayrshire* off Long Branch, and this account of special service was prefaced by a description of the life-car, its form, and method of use. Although at the time we were induced, from the nature of the testimony then at hand, to give the sole credit of this humane invention to Mr. Francis, evidence since obtained prompts us to again open the question in order that another claimant may be heard. As it is probable that we shall again hear from the other side in rebuttal, comment on this new evidence will be withheld, though we confess to a decided leaning toward the claims of Captain Douglass Ottinger of the United States Revenue Marine, by whom we have been furnished with the photographic illustrations from which the accompanying engravings have been made, and whose letter in defense of his claims is herewith published:

To the Editor of *Appleton's Journal*.

SIR: I notice, in your JOURNAL for the 3d of April, 1875, an illustrated article upon the American "Life or Surf Car," in which you credit the invention to one Joseph Francis. Believing it is the intention of journalists to do good and promulgate truth, rather than do wrong by publishing what is not true, I ask you to print in your JOURNAL the following:

The life or surf car is the most effective contrivance for rescuing people from vessels wrecked near land when the storm is so fierce

and put into methodical working condition such means as in my judgment would be best adapted to the desired end.

While on that service, I employed Joseph Francis to make a boat of corrugated iron for each of the eight life-saving stations. A full-sized model of the kind required was constructed at my request by a committee of intelligent "surf-men," whom I called together for that purpose, and one of them superintended the building of the boat at Mr. Francis's boat-shop, where the iron was put in place and

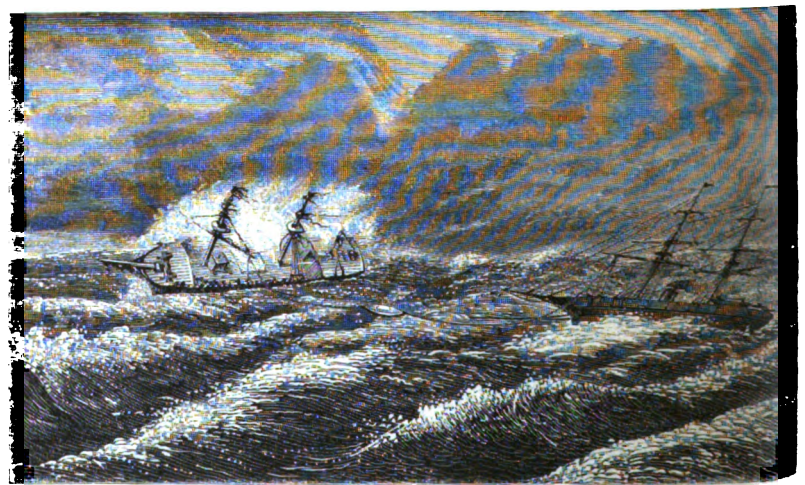


Fig. 2.—A cannon-ball, with a rope attached, thrown across a water-logged or sinking ship during a gale so fierce for a life-boat to be used; the relief-vessel making a breakwater of the wreck, rides by a heavy sea, while the Life-Car is kept in transit to save the people in peril.

fastened together by Mr. Francis, but he did not in any wise design the shape of the boat.

It was while on that duty that I invented the "life-car," and Mr. Francis put it togeth-

er, and rescued the passengers in mid-winter from the wreck of the ship *Ayrshire*. That event proved the value of the invention, and stimulated the belief that pecuniary gain

might result to a patentee, and so Joseph Francis made haste to put in his false claim for a patent; but it was refused by the Government because I had abandoned the invention to the public, and it had been about two years in use at the United States life-saving stations.

The accompanying illustration (Fig. 1) shows the life-car in its original adaptation to the great purpose for which it was invented. It is so complete in its simplicity that

the three hundred sturdy Norwegians drowned in that terrible shipwreck could have been saved.

There is but little, if any, doubt that these propositions would have been practicable in the cases above referred to; but, as they were at that time unknown, the loss of life was inevitable. It often occurs that crippled and sinking vessels are passed by at sea, and the people on board left without hope, on account of the great hazard attending at attempt at

forward again brings the sharp rear edges of the needle-eye against the threads, cutting all at once. This is repeated until the darn is finished, and beautifully finished it is. The inventor is Mr. O. S. Hosmer, of Boston, and we predict for him the blessings of the entire feminine community. The cost of the machine is but ten dollars."

THE constantly-increasing demand for paper, induced by its use in departments where wood has hitherto been solely employed, has led to a varied series of experiments with crude materials. We recently gave a long list of substances from which paper of differing qualities might be made, and would now direct attention to bamboo, from which material much of the fine, tough papers of Japan and China are made, but which has as yet been little in demand in England or America. As there seems to be no doubt that the fibrous stalks of the bamboo can be made to furnish a fine quality of paper-pulp, the question becomes one of supply merely, and this may be favorably answered when the rapid growth of the bamboo is considered. It is said that certain of these plants in the gardens of the Khédive of Egypt have been known to grow nine inches in a single night, and a plant (*Bambusa vulgaris*) at the gardens at Kew, England, is recorded as growing in favorable seasons at the rate of eighteen inches a day! In view of these facts, and considering the feasibility of cultivating in their native countries plantations of bamboo, which could be gathered in season and shipped to England or America, the question arises, if the bamboo is of such established value for this use, why could not the American cane be made to serve a like purpose? If so, it is possible that the movement in favor of the bamboo may result in the establishment of a new and active home-industry.

THE Italian African Exploring Expedition bids fair to soon start on its journeys. The Italian Geographical Society has already raised over fifteen thousand dollars, and this sum, it is hoped, will be increased to twenty thousand through the efforts of its president, Prince Humbert. It is the present purpose to divide the expedition into two parties: the course of one party will be from the Gulf of Aden to Tajurra or Berbera, or some other port on the eastern coast, entering the unexplored regions by the way of Shoa and Kaffa; the other party start from Khartoum and explore the region lying between Monbuttoo and the Victoria N'yanza, including, if possible, a survey of the great valley of Lualaba. The first party will be commanded by Marquis Antinori, and the second by Ademoli. The former of these leaders is an old traveler, who has already spent many years in Central Africa, and is distinguished as an ornithologist. He is at present one of the vice-presidents of the society. The second leader, Ademoli, is described as a young, brave, and strong man, an enthusiast in the work of discovery, being also familiar with the regions he is about to reënter. In addition to the interest which the expedition has to science, its success is to be desired in the hope that it may result in securing for the cause of popular enlightenment the services of a nation which has been too long a mere looker-on, but which will, it is hoped, under its more enlightened and liberal government, again assume the aggressive in matters that pertain to the world's progress.

A new substitute for leather has made its appearance in England, and, as it met with



Fig. 3.—A REVENUE RELIEF-CRUISER

Anchored seaward of a vessel that has struck the ground on the sea-coast in a storm, too far off shore to be aided from land, a rope having been thrown by a cannon-ball across the vessel in distress. The Life-Car is seen on its way to rescue the shipwrecked people.

nothing in the shape of an "improvement" can be added without detracting from its effectiveness. An attempt was once made to fasten something of the kind upon it, as may be seen from a woodcut in *Harper's Magazine*, volume of 1852. But that attempt only demonstrated the fact that the "improvement" man, Joseph Francis, had no understanding whatever of the resistance the life-car had to overcome in passing through the surf; for the most notable feature of his "improvement" was an opposing surface against which the waves would constantly break with a force which science demonstrated would have more than twelve thousand pounds' resistance—a resistance fatal to the people on board a wrecked ship trying to drag the car, with his improvement attached, to their rescue.

If the mode of operating the car, as explained in the picture (Fig. 2—first proposition), had been known to the captain of the foundering steamship *Central America*, and to the captains of the vessels that came in her lee and took the women and children out of her boat, it is not a departure from practical seamanship to say that the four hundred men who sank with her could and would have been rescued. And so in the case of the wrecked and helpless steamer *San Francisco*. Her passengers and crew could have been taken off at once, without the great hazard they had to encounter from being compelled to remain on the wreck for more than two days after the means of relief were at hand, on account of the terrible sea, in which no boat could be launched. By an application of the first proposition they could have been taken off at once in safety. And if the second proposition (Fig. 3) had been understood and put in practice when the ship *Powhatan* was wrecked on the coast of New Jersey, it is more than probable that many if not all of

rescue in a storm, even with the best life-boats with which our ships are now supplied.

DOUGLASS OTTINGER,
Captain U. S. Revenue Marine.

We have chosen to give with the illustrations the full descriptive titles, as by that means the text of Captain Ottinger's letter may be the more clearly understood, since they embody the "propositions" to which he refers.

AFTER the sewing and knitting machine, the patent washer and wringer, the apple-parer and potato-peeler, and a score or more of devices for bringing rest to the industrious American housewife, comes the "stocking-darn," and, according to the *Scientific American*, it repairs the hugest darn in much less time than the operation can be described, and how soon that is can be calculated from the following description of the machine which does it: "Two small plates, one stationary and the other movable, are placed one above the other. The faces are corrugated, and between them the 'holy' portion of the stocking is laid. Twelve long, eye-pointed needles are arranged side by side in a frame, which last is carried forward so that the needles penetrate opposite edges of the hole, passing in the corrugations between the plates. Mingled just in front of the plate is an upright bar, and on this is a cross-piece carrying twelve knobs. The yarn is secured to an end-knob, and then, with a bit of flat wire, pushed through the needle-eyes. Then the loop between each needle is caught by the hand and hooked over the opposite knob, so that each needle carries really two threads. Now the needles are carried back to their first position, and, in so doing, they draw the threads, which slip off the knobs through the edges of the fabric. A little push

favor at the recent Maritime Exhibition in Paris, a brief description of the process of its manufacture may be of interest. From an extended description of this product, we learn the following regarding its composition and uses: Simple sheets of thin cork are painted over with a solution of India-rubber on one side, and when the coating has dried, a second is applied over the first. A piece of japanned cloth canvas, thin leather, or other material possessing similar qualities, is then dressed with two coats of the India-rubber solution on one side, and the cooled surfaces of the fabric and the cloth are then pressed together. The uncoated surface of the cork is now dressed with two applications of the India-rubber solution, and a piece of linen, cotton, or other fabric, is similarly treated. When the solution on the cork and piece of fabric is thoroughly dry, the two surfaces are brought together, and the compound sheet is submitted to great pressure between rollers under a stamper or press. The result is a perfect blending of the several sheets, which thus form a new mixed fabric of great strength, and yet flexible and easily worked. Thus prepared, it can be made into bags, harnesses, boots, etc.; indeed, it can be substituted in almost every case where leather is now used. Being thoroughly water-proof, it may also be used in the manufacture of buckets and other vessels designed to contain water.

In a recent "note" it was announced that the Swedish Arctic Expedition had returned to Hammerfest, having left Professor Nordenskiöld and party to make their way home by land from the mouth of the Yenisei River. This company has now arrived at Ekaterinburg, on the eastern slope of the Ural Mountains, and the report of their journey is such as is said "to have caused quite a sensation in Russia." From the meagre information at hand, we learn that the voyage up the Yenisei was performed in a Nordland boat—thus proving the practicability of opening Siberia to the sea—and it is this information which has been received with such rejoicing in Russia, since it will not only give a new impetus to Siberian exploration, but will open a new road to commerce. At a meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of Commerce and Industry, M. Sidorof said that "the journey was to be ranked in importance with the discovery of a new world, as it would, in all probability, lead to the establishment of a regular line of communication between Northern Europe and Siberia, and the vast resources of the latter country would thus at last find an outlet along her great fluvial highways."

Among the recent novel American inventions is one which is described as consisting of a telescopic arrangement of tubes projecting from the front of a locomotive-engine, and so arranged that when pushed in by contact with any object—a cow on the track, for instance—a valve is opened, and a series of projectiles are thrown out, which quickly remove the obstruction. The *Engineer*, commenting on this product of American genius, suggests as an improvement that the tubes be replaced by a projecting spar, to the end of which a torpedo might be attached, which may be exploded by electricity under the beast, and so accelerate its movement!

A MINIATURE steam-engine has recently been exhibited in San Francisco which is described as a triumph of mechanical skill. The whole thing will stand on a gold dollar, and can be covered by a number-six thimble. It is of the vertical type, and is but three-quar-

ters of an inch in height. The cylinder is one-eighth of an inch bore, and three-sixteenths of an inch stroke. The valve moves one thirty-second of an inch. The materials of which it is made are gold, silver, and steel. A special miniature lathe was made to turn out its several parts.

It has been proposed to construct a ship-canal from Bayonne, in the bay of Biscay, through Toulouse, to Agde, on the Mediterranean. This, it is said, would open an almost straight line from Plymouth to Malta, and would save the whole distance of the coast of Portugal, and the south of Spain. The length of the canal would be about two hundred miles.

In addition to a section of one of the "great trees" of California, which will be one of the features of the Centennial Exhibition, an Oregon mill-owner proposes to furnish for exhibition a fir-plank, twelve feet wide and one hundred feet long; a spruce-plank eight feet wide; a cedar seven feet; a larch seven feet; and a hemlock five feet.

Miscellanea.

WE gave, two weeks since, a few extracts from "Teresina in America," which were amusing enough to warrant a few more gleanings from the vivacious and very veracious volumes. Teresina is, of course, very much shocked at love and marriage making in America. She says:

Girls, as I have mentioned, make their own marriages—and unmake them also. They go about with their lovers at all times and places—to concerts, theatres, balls, *like-a-life* suppers, moonlight sleigh-riding, buggy-driving, and any other pleasure in vogue. Indeed, in many parts of New England the "keeping company" is such a recognized institution that a room is set apart for the betrothed to receive alone the visits of her lover in the evening, and the delightful *like-a-life* is often prolonged beyond midnight without any remark from the lady's family beyond, "I guess they'll not make a long spell of this courting, and they are 'sitting up together.'" And this sage prediction turns out true enough: the lover hates to leave the warm fireside of his *fanée* at one or two in the morning, and thinks he had better transplant her to his own.

O ye *mères de France* and matrons of England, think of this atrocity! A brightly glowing fire, sofa drawn up close, room made snug, your daughter and her lover as happy as angels in heaven! It is the manner and custom of the country—the course of love running smoothly, and they enjoying it—and if the girl were wise she would prolong the enjoyment as much as possible.

In America a woman is supposed to be able to take care of herself, and, as a general rule, it must be confessed she is competent to the task. A man does not believe in a woman's virtue any more than his own. Inclination is the only power he acknowledges. There are no distracted lovers, heart-broken damsels or wives.

"If you love me, why don't you take me?" says the impatient admirer.

The lady gives a pertinent reason such as, "her parents are not willing" (which he

scorns utterly), or, "she has a husband already!"

"Well, get rid of him. What's the good of a man a thousand miles away—and you don't care if he keeps that distance?"

"But he is my husband."

"He need not be long. Go to Indiana."

"Then there are the children."

"How many?"

"Let him provide for one half, and I'll take the other. Come, fix it any hour you like to."

Such conversations may often be heard; indeed, what conversation may *not* be heard in America? The partitions are so thin, the bedrooms so small, and plentiful ventilation, the doors so badly hung, so universal the voice—so high-pitched—that one would need to wear corks in the ears not to overhear one's neighbor's conversations.

Teresina goes South, and relates the following instance of the ignorance of negro legislators:

A negro was a member of committee in Louisiana Legislature, where a scheme for a canal was under discussion. "Gen'l'men," said this darkey, probably not understanding either the words "scheme" or "canal," "hold hard a bit. Wouldn't it be better to wait until *de machine* come on from New York, den we be better able to decide about it?" Evidently he had confounded "scheme" and "machine," and thought them one and the same thing.

The following anecdote is given to illustrate the profound ignorance of the negro class:

One of the most practical and intelligent negro servants I have met was cook and house-keeper to some friends to whom I was paying a visit. She could read, write, and sew, and studied her Bible every Sunday. She became very much interested in my travels, wishing to know the names of the various places to which I had been—all of them "Greek" to her. Finding that she read her Bible, I thought she might feel interested to hear about Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs. "Missie been there?" she exclaimed, "her eyes glittering with wonder and delight; 'I reckon now missie been everywhere, pretty near.'" Then, as if a sudden thought had struck her, "I 'spects missie's been as far as heaven now, and seen all de angels, and tel all 'bout it!" Rather nonplussed, I remained silent, and she continued: "Warn't de singing beautiful, and warn't de angels' wings all golden? I 'spects missie knows all about it." On relating this story to her mistress, she laughed, and remarked that, like the rest, she could never grasp an immaterial idea; but that, as far as every-day life went, she was nevertheless the best negro she had ever had, and far more intelligent than most of them.

One of our queer customs is as follows:

I can safely say that out of the hundreds of calls made by strangers upon me in this country, very few occurred at a private house, when I had been fortunate enough to get into one. It would almost appear as though the inhabitants of a city thought it their duty to sustain the proprietor of the principal hotel, by calling upon any guests of distinction he may have, and telling them, as they always do, of the merits of the establishment. They congratulate you on being "well located;" "Very fine house, the Tremont House," is

their exclamation. "Very elegant gentleman, the proprietor;" "You will find the clerk a most accommodating gentleman;" "Table supplied with every thing the market affords," and they might add, "all served up in greasy water." Prudence, economy, even honesty, seem to be old-fashioned virtues, quite out of date in the country. No one asks or cares *where* you get your money, if you get it; no one cares whose money you spend, so that you spend it. It would be nearly as prudent to admit yourself a pickpocket, as penniless. If a man adroitly cheats his neighbor, he acquires reputation and respect as a "smart man." "Mean," "shabby," "cheat," are obsolete words, or not used as terms of disparagement; "mean" and "shabby" denoting only poverty.

Our friends in Florida will be amused at the following in regard to Tallahassee:

There is not a house to be seen that would rent for a hundred a year in England. There is no appearance of style, of luxury, or even of comfort. With a heat almost tropical, there are few or no appliances for keeping one's self cool. The windows are without Venetian blinds and, for the most part, require a prop to keep them open; the houses, too, are without verandas. You see the everlasting hot and dusty American pattern carpets covering the floors, instead of the polished-wood or tiles of other countries. No cooling drinks or tempting dishes; even ice-water did not enter into the hospitality of this country. The leaving at your hotel of a soiled bit of card-board with the name of your visitor written thereon in pencil is the climax of courtesy in Tallahassee, so far as a stranger may be permitted to speak from experience.

We have a mania for peaches:

The Northerners, especially New-Yorkers, have a sort of mania for peaches. They are almost as devoted to peaches as to ice-cream and ice-water. If peaches are attainable at any price, no Northern belle has the smallest scruple in requiring them at the hands of her devoted admirer. Every lady who professes to give any entertainment must have peaches—fresh if procurable; canned if *hors de saison*; but peaches at any rate. If a lady takes any fruit she must take peaches. Peaches and cream are considered "food for the gods."

Teresina does not neglect to give examples of the way American children are spoiled:

American boys and girls do not amuse themselves with toys and games like children in England; they prefer lounging about, lying on sofas, or rocking themselves in chairs. Numbers of children, both girls and boys, lie down on their beds after dinner, and take their *siesta* like any old fogies. No doubt the indigestible food they indulge in makes this lazy habit as essential for them as for adults. But such habits of indolence contracted at that early age must become almost ineradicable in after-life. The duty of self-sacrifice or self-restraint is the last thing impressed on their minds, while to any unpalatable suggestion the unruly offspring generally replies, "Ma, I won't!" Nowhere else in the world, that I am aware of, is it recognized as a settled thing that no effort should be made to correct or improve unruly and vicious children. If a girl of nine or ten chooses to use powder and cosmetics, making a carnival-mask of her face, the mother or teacher has no authority to prevent it. "I am bound to have it," she announces; and, accordingly,

she has it. If a boy of the same age wishes to smoke or "chaw," he gives—if, perchance, rebuked—the same reasons, and continues the habit.

Mothers in general exercise *some* sort of surveillance over the health of their children; but not much of that with an American mother. If a child should choose to eat green plums, buttermilk, and pickled mackerel, she would merely remonstrate, but would not prevent him. If she saw him standing on the brink of a well or precipice, she might wrangle the point with him, but, having no authority to restrain him, would remark, "I guess he will stand there." Tops, hoops, skipping-ropes, foot-ball, hockey, skittles, are little known to or appreciated by the young folk of America. They lack the energy which such games need, or, if they have any, display it in a more old-fashioned way. Many will cultivate vegetables or fruit, and sell them at a large profit; in fact, they begin to trade and make money as soon as they can understand any thing.

We are the only people who do not offer refreshments to our guests:

Every nation, almost tribe, of the four quarters of the globe, has its distinctive mode of showing hospitality; but the only people I know of who offer their guests a *glass of cold water* only as a mark of their friendship and respect for them, are the Americans. In *very stylish houses*, a handsome silver jug filled with water is placed on the table, and from this guests may freely help themselves *sans gêne*, for the big jug will be replenished when it is empty. Hospitality outdoes itself in the water line. Some ladies give what they call "receptions," and they are neither more nor less than receptions. The lady of the house receives her guests, and expresses her pleasure at seeing them, after which they are at liberty to return home or to stay, as they feel disposed. This is the whole of the entertainment, unless they choose to examine each other's toilets. Balls, too, are not unfrequently given, at which ladies dance from nine o'clock in the evening till three or four in the morning, without any refreshment but iced water. Is it surprising that young girls who indulge in this violent exercise, fasting so long, should at so early an age become cadaverous, lean, and unhealthy? The water-jug is conspicuous even at full-dress weddings, which generally take place in the evening, and are followed by a ball. They do not even regard it as unscriptural to bid you to a wedding-feast when the wines are wanting, so completely have they emancipated themselves from forms and ceremonies which would trench on their pockets.

An article in *Temple Bar* on "Richelieu" sums up with an eloquent passage, which we quote. The utterance in the first sentence about a "superficial age" manifests a sentiment which seems to be chronic with the writers for *Temple Bar*:

Judged by the petty canons of a superficial age, of which the littleness of soul is surpassed only by its inflated vanity, the grand, antique figure of this mighty statesman is that of a tyrant and wholesale murderer. But it is by the canons of his own time, and by the broad principles taught by universal history, not by those of milkop humanitarians, that Armand Richelieu and his deeds must be

judged. It was a vast task he imposed upon himself—out of the anarchy into which his age had fallen to create order. His order, truly, was absolutism; but, nevertheless, it was the first link in the chain which led to liberty. Spite of our nineteenth-century ideas, social and political advancement cannot be accomplished by leaps; it is the slowest and most tedious of all progress, and its motto should be, "Festina lente." Feudalism, although admirably adapted for the middle ages, would have kept nations in eternal bondage; until that inelastic yoke was removed, the people could never expand. Both in France and England the rise of the middle class dates from the establishment of absolute monarchy, as the rise of the great body of the people dates from the French Revolution. To assert that Richelieu's policy aimed at ultimate freedom would be to assert a fallacy; nevertheless, it did much to bring it about. De Retz has said that "his care for the state did not extend beyond his own life," but that manual of statecraft, the "Testament Politique," which he left behind, would seem to refute that theory. The work he did for France was a grand legacy to posterity; he put a termination to the terrible religious wars which had desolated the country during more than a century, and, while granting free toleration to its worship, he forever destroyed Protestantism as a political power; he annexed Lorraine and the greater part of Alsace, and conquered the enemies of France, whether English, Spaniards, or Austrians; he reformed both army and navy, and swept away numberless ancient corruptions and abuses. The days for social advancement, for the rise and encouragement of trade and manufactures, had not yet come; that was a work reserved for a future minister, a great man, but a much smaller than he. It had not come because the middle class had not risen to sufficient consideration in the state, but Richelieu cut down the barriers which barred their progress; he was Colbert's pioneer. He reformed with axe and sword. The forest must be cleared, the wild beasts slaughtered, before the settler can build his hut, and sow his corn, and live in peace. He was a tyrant only to the great, his vengeance seldom descended on less than a noble. He would have all equal before the king, all equally amenable to the law; in that he was the first abolitionist of privilege; he was the first great liberator of his nation. He was merciless, since the men he resolved to crush could be intimidated only by measures of the extremest rigor. But in war his clemency was far in advance of his age, and his victories were never stained by massacre or cruelty. Of the sacredness of individual life he had no feeling. "I never undertake any thing," he said, "without thorough consideration. But, when once my resolution is taken, I go straight to my object; I overthrow all, I mow down all, I cover all with my red cassock." And the terrible purpose once resolved upon, no prayer could pierce him, no considerations of gratitude or humanity soften. Once, when in great danger from his enemies, Montmorency offered to shelter and protect him; such generosity should never have been forgotten. But, when the brave maréchal lay under sentence of death, he was reminded of the incident, but without effect. He was as much the fox as the lion; the dwarf as the giant; he could even cringe and play the sycophant unto abasement. He was as vindictive as he was ungrateful, and never forgave either slight or injury. His vanity descended to the absurd and undignified. Fontenelle tells us that, at the representation of his tragedy, "Mirame,"

"I have heard say that the applause which was given to the play, or rather to him who was known to be so interested in it, transported the cardinal so beyond himself that sometimes he rose and leaned half out of his box to show himself to the assembly; at other times he imposed silence, in order that passages yet fiercer might be well heard."

He before whose frown the haughtiest nobles and even the royalty of France trembled, he who held at his will the lives of millions, was transported with delight by the hand-clapping of a few toadies and groundlings!

Such was Armand Richelieu, statesman, churchman, soldier, *littérateur*, and *précieux*; he was endowed with many of the meanest and worst qualities of humanity; but he was possessed of a genius for governing men which appears only once in many generations.

ACCORDING to the author of "German Home-Life" (Countess von Bothmer), there is no country-life in Germany, as country-life is understood in England:

In Germany there are no smiling villages, where squire and parson and lord of the manor meet on terms of friendly equality; no big, red-brick houses, with paddocks and shrubberies and brilliant gardens; no trim villas with closely-shaven lawns, geometrical flower-beds, and "a man and a maid" to keep things going. Germany is a thinly-populated country: the scattered villages are mere assemblages of huts, dimly huddled together. The *Pächter*, or tenant-farmers, may have a smart, trim abode, and the *Bauer* (not, as is often supposed, the patient, plodding "peasant," but a sort of yeoman farmer, tilling his own little plot) has doubtless gold and silver and linen *galore* cunningly secreted in chests and presses after the manner of his kind in other countries. And there, too, is the parson; but neither he nor any one else thinks of model cottages, draining, window-gardening, or the like. In short, *there is no one to think of it*. The farmer is usually a greedy, grasping, extortionate man; the *Bauer* much the same; the parson, a farmer like the rest, is very like the rest, as we shall see elsewhere, in other matters. The lord of the soil is a great noble; the estate is twenty, thirty, forty miles in circumference, and his well-tilled acres bring him in a vast revenue. He comes occasionally for the shooting, and his stewards and bailiffs transact the necessary business of the estate with him. . . . From the foregoing it will be readily understood why it is that German women can know nothing of the charm of country-life. There is no such thing as country-life, as we understand it, in Germany; no cozy sociability, smiling amiguess, pleasant bounties and hospitalities; and, above all, for the young folk, no freedom, flirtation, boatings, sketchings, high teas, scamperings, and merriments generally. Society in small towns is necessarily very restricted; commercial people (these have hitherto been generally Jews) visiting among each other; professors and professional men's families forming another circle; while "society" proper, consisting of officers' families, of those "placed" about the court, of the higher civil functionaries, with a scattering of the *noblesse* unattached, who prefer living in town, or have retired from active service, regard all outside their own exclusive circle with supreme indifference, not to say contempt.

Marriages are arranged as follows: first, there is the knotty point of the "caution" to be settled. A "caution" in its transatlantic sense must not here be presupposed; a "cau-

tion" in the Teuto-technical sense is the sum of fifteen thousand thalers (more or less, according to the grade of the intending Benedict), to be deposited, if the lover be, as he is almost sure to be, a military man, in government funds, by the contracting parties, so that, should the husband be killed in the service of his country, or die an inglorious death at home, the widow may have a sufficiency upon which to live "*standesgemäss*," or in a manner befitting her position. There are, however, not very many young couples who can deposit this sum, so that, what with money difficulties and the scarcity of suitors, the young lady has a somewhat uncertain time of it until fate and the "caution" smile propitious. The betrothed couple are, however, not much nearer than they were before: they are never allowed to be alone together. They put on their best clothes and go about paying visits, and the poor old *Frau Mama* toddles paunting after them, always keeping the young folks well in view. This may, perhaps, account for the singular manners and customs of lovers in Germany; their demonstrative familiarities being quite calculated to terrify a shy person into apoplexy. The betrothal is, on the whole, a more important affair than the wedding. The evening before the marriage—the *Pöbelerabend*, as it is called—a singular ceremony takes place: all the friends of the bride's family go to her house, unlimited coffee and cakes and *Boule* are consumed; people arrive in costume, place is made for them, and they repeat appropriate and inappropriate verses, original or borrowed, while they present their gifts. Clatter and confusion reign; it is a relief if dancing vary the scene, which generally closes with speechifying, toasting, and rather indiscriminate allusions of the pointedly personal character.

The *Saturday Review* thinks that the postal-card is likely to confer one favor, at least, and that is in simplifying forms of address:

The use of a postage-card enables us to dispense with those old-fashioned appendages of "my dear" and "yours faithfully," which are now mere survivals from an obsolete order of things. Why, when I write to a gentleman to make an appointment for business or pleasure, should I be called upon to round off my observations with a ceremonial observance which might just as well be taken for granted? The practice is really as much an anachronism as would be the use of full-bottom wigs and the scrapings and bowings of the old school. The truest politeness, some people say, is in perfect simplicity. That is a large question; but at any rate we have generally made up our

mind to discard the more elaborate paraphernalia of formalities in manner and dress, which were once thought obligatory. It will be some gain to be allowed to carry out the same principle in letter-writing.

THE *Quarterly Review* eloquently defends angling as a humanizing pursuit:

A brook that abounds in trout within thirty miles of London is now worth as much to its fortunate owner as was a salmon-river in Scotland not so many years ago; and, if fish might be credited with powers of divination, they might well tremble on summer bank-holidays, when from every suburban station that leads to the Thames, or, for the matter of that, to any piece of free water near London, issue crowds of fishermen, from the adept equipped with Farlow's choicest tackle, who aspires to deceive a burly Thames trout, to the apprentice whose ambition soars no higher than the capture of a bleak the length of his finger. The moralist, however, hails the sight with pleasure. It is a proof that contentment and a love of simple rustic joys are spreading among the masses—that the national character, in short, is softening—when so many people thus fly for recreation to angling. Indeed, it would be treason to the gentle art itself, and to its many eminent disciples in past days, to suppose that this devotion did not ameliorate men's disposition; for the fairest jewels in the crown of angling are the lessons of patience and good-will which it inculcates. An angler to be cruel, revengeful, revolutionary! As well might we look for urbane manners and unaffected kindly natures at an international cock-fight.

An occasional contributor writes to us as follows:

In a recent (date of November 20th) number of APPLETONS' JOURNAL, your Paris correspondent asks if young Houssaye, the fiancé of an Italian princess, is the same person who has just married a rich Californian. He is. The elder Houssaye gave in the *Tribune*, last year, a glowing description of the grand *fête* in Paris at which the public betrothal occurred, but he did not state in the next letter that the marriage never took place, the young lovers having discovered, before it was too late, that each labored under a delusion in supposing the other to be rich, and the engagement was accordingly calmly broken off, the entire satisfaction of the parties chiefly concerned. Any thing more thoroughly French than this little affair, has never fallen under my notice.

Notices.

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[VOL. XIV.

"THE LAND OF THE SKY;" OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS. BY CHRISTIAN REID.



"Let us see if they can find us."

CHAPTER X.

"What now to me the jars of life,
Its petty cares, its harder throes?
The hills are free from toil and strife,
And clasp me in their deep repose."

"NOW," says Eric, "who is ready for the ascent of the Black Mountain?"

This question is addressed to the assembled party the day after our return to Asheville. The drive from Alexander's was very pleasant, and the next day is brilliantly clear—so clear that Eric says:

"If we were only on the Black, what a view we should have!"

"How far is it to the Black?" asks Aunt Markham, with a sigh. "Can we go and return in a day?"

"My dear mother, what are you thinking of?" says Eric. "It is a day's journey from here to the foot of the mountain. Then it takes the best part of the next day to ascend it; and when you are once on top you are very willing to spend the night there."

"Spend the night!—where?"

"In a cave."

"Eric!"

"I am not joking, I assure you—Charley will tell you that I am not. It is a very good shelter, and balsam-boughs make a capital bed."

"A cave!—balsam-boughs!" Aunt Markham looks so sincerely and utterly overwhelmed that the most of us cannot restrain a laugh. "It can't be possible, Eric," she says, majestically, "that you expect *me* to go on such an expedition as that?"

"Honestly, I don't think you would be likely to enjoy it," replies Eric, candidly. "You had better stay here, perhaps, while the rest of us go."

This proposal is not received so easily as it is made. Aunt Markham looks still more majestic. "You forget that there ought to be a chaperon in such a party," she says.

"I'm chaperon enough," answers Eric, coolly. "Haven't I been taking care of Alice and Sylvia all their lives, and can't I take care of them on the Black Mountain? But, if it will set your mind at rest on the propriety question, Mrs. Cardigan talks of accompanying us."

"I disapprove of Mrs. Cardigan," is on the tip of Aunt Markham's tongue, but she does not utter the words. The propriety question must, she thinks, be considered, and even the shadow of a chaperon is sometimes better than none.

"I suppose you invited her to join our party?" says Charley to Eric.

"On the contrary, she invited herself," he answers, quietly. "It was fortunate, perhaps, since I suppose she will do for a chaperon—eh, mother?"

"I think she stands very much in need of one herself," says Aunt Markham, severely.

Notwithstanding this unfavorable opinion, the matter is settled as Eric suggested. The idea of ascending a mountain on horseback, and spending the night in a cave, is more than Aunt Markham's philosophy is able to endure.

"Twenty-five years ago I might have done such a thing," she says, "but now—"

"I'd like of all things to see mother mounted on a horse," remarks Rupert, with a burst of laughter.

"You are an undutiful boy to wish to make game of your own mother—and you will never be gratified," says Aunt Markham.

Later in the day Mrs. Cardigan joins us, and we discuss the details of the expedition.

"The first essentials," says Eric, "are to provide ourselves with plenty to eat and plenty to wear. Unless we are careful on those points, we shall suffer with hunger and cold."

"Not a doubt of that!" says Charley. "The Black Mountain is the most famous place I know for becoming ravenously hungry and uncomfortably cold."

"But there is no reason why it should be so," says Mr. Lanier. "Surely it is possible for a party to take with them all that they are likely to need in the way of food and clothing."

"Not so possible as you might think. The air up there gives people appetites such as they never had before in their lives; and the nights are often so cold that no amount of clothing will keep you warm."

"But you make fires, do you not?" asks Mrs. Cardigan.

"We try to do so; but the balsam is the only wood to be had, and it is the hardest wood in the world out of which to make a fire. If you relax your attention to it for five minutes, it quietly subsides into a charred mass of black logs."

"What a prospect!" says Mrs. Cardigan, laughingly. "We are to be starved and to be frozen; and what is to repay us for all this?"

"The view," says Sylvia, "and the proud consciousness of standing on the highest point of land east of the Rocky Mountains."

"But it is extremely likely that you will not have the view," says Charley. "The rule on the Black is *not* to have it. People who live near the mountain will tell you that you might count on your fingers the days in the year when its summit is not wrapped in clouds."

"I think Mr. Kenyon must be endeavoring to dissuade us from making the ascent," says Mrs. Cardigan.

"It is certainly very kind of him to raise our spirits with such pleasant accounts of all that we are likely to encounter," says Sylvia. "But, in spite of hunger, cold, and clouds, we mean to go."

"I never doubted that for a moment," says Charley.

"With such an able commanding officer as Mr. Markham, I am sure there is no reason to apprehend any misadventures," says Mrs. Cardigan, turning her bright, brunette face toward Eric.

"An officer should not be complimented before his ability has been tested," he answers. "If it is settled that we start tomorrow, I must go and make arrangements for a supply of provisions."

He goes—rather glad, I think, to escape from the fair widow's bewitching glances. This lady is never at a loss for a subject, however. All men, from seventeen to seventy, she esteems her lawful prey, and, failing one, she falls back, with easy grace, upon another. She steps now out of the room in which we are sitting upon a balcony, and calls Mr. Lanier to admire the view of the mountains that lie in blue waves along the southern horizon.

"I am so glad that you advised me to

come to this place," we hear her say. "Down at the Springs one was so shut in by hills, that it was almost equivalent to being in an oven; but here we have these lovely distant views, and such a stimulating atmosphere. If I was so fortunate as to be like yourself, one of a pleasant party, how I should delight in scampering all over the country! But it is so depressing to be alone."

"I am sure there is no reason save your own choice, why you should ever be alone," says Mr. Lanier, gallantly.

"Mark my words, Sylvia," I say, aside, "Mrs. Cardigan has invited herself to accompany us to the Black—she will invite herself to accompany us still farther if we do not take care."

"Well, why not?" asks Sylvia, carelessly. "She is rather entertaining. Are you afraid for Eric's peace of mind?"

"Are you not afraid for Ralph Lanier's allegiance?"

She laughs.

"Not I. More attractive women than Mrs. Cardigan have tried to shake that—and failed."

I make no remark on this confident statement, but I think that there is a limit to the perseverance of most men, and that a man so persistently snubbed as Ralph Lanier might be excused for finding a balm for his feelings in the attentions of so charming a woman as Mrs. Cardigan.

The next morning we start on our expedition. The day is bright with the golden brightness of September, and has that serene charm of atmosphere which, in this great altitude, makes the autumn a season of delight. Obedient to orders, we load ourselves with wraps of all kinds, but we cannot imagine that we shall find need for half of them. Neither can we imagine that under any possible circumstances our appetites will grow large enough to consume the amount of provisions with which Eric fills the wagon.

"I think Mr. Markham must be preparing for a more extensive trip than we know of," says Mrs. Cardigan, with a laugh.

"Eric, do you mean to drive the phaeton?" I ask.

"Oh, pray do, Mr. Markham!" cries Mrs. Cardigan, eagerly. "I am so fond of sitting on the front seat, where I can watch the horses—and so fond of driving, too, when there is a gentleman by to take the reins if any thing should happen."

"That won't do!" says Eric, and he smiles as he looks at the speaker, who stands on the steps in her becoming costume and coquettish hat. "If you take the reins, you must be prepared to take the consequences also."

"I'll take any thing whatever, if you will only let me drive those beautiful horses," she says, gayly.

Sylvia rides, as usual; but Mr. Lanier's horse is unluckily lame, so he is obliged to leave it behind, and accept a seat in the phaeton. This necessity depresses his spirits, but Charley's are correspondingly high, and he canters off by Sylvia's side with an air not calculated to remove his rival's depression.

With many last injunctions from Aunt

Markham not to break our necks, and to be sure and come back on the third day, we finally drive off. Our way out of Asheville lies toward the Swannanoa, and when we reach that stream we follow the stage-road immediately along its bank. The valley spreads fair and green around us, morning lights and shades are on the hills, a tender yet radiant haze drapes the far blue mountains, the river flows swiftly by, full of glancing brightness.

"This is the road which leads to Swannanoa Gap," says Ralph Lanier. "Do we follow it far?"

"For about twelve miles," Eric answers. "As far as Alexander's."

"I thought we left Alexander's on the French Broad," says Mrs. Cardigan, who is driving, and does it—as she does every thing—with grace and skill.

"This is another Alexander's—and a very different one," says Eric.

The road which for twelve miles leads directly up the valley of the Swannanoa, is uniformly good. We ford the river several times, and see it in all phases of its capricious loveliness, and with every possible background—now level farm-lands and purple hills, then a beautiful pass dark with overhanging shade, again a picturesque mill with the water flashing over its dam in a sheet of silver, or mountains rising behind mountains with patches of shadow on their deep gorges and wooded sides. Through all these varying scenes the river takes its way with sweet impetuosity, swirling in rapids, flowing still and deep between its banks, or rippling gayly over stony shallows.

"Swannanoa! well they named thee
In the mellow Indian tongue,
"Beautiful" thou art most truly,
And right worthy to be sung,"

says Mr. Lanier, who has found this verse on the back of a photograph.

"It is tame here, compared to what it is as it comes down the Black Mountain," says Eric. "Some glens on the stream there I have never seen surpassed for wildness and beauty."

"Shall we see them?" asks Mrs. Cardigan.

"If you like, and if you are not afraid of rattlesnakes, which abound in such places. Our course lies directly to the head-waters of the river."

"Great place for trout-fishing, isn't it?" asks Mr. Lanier.

"Splendid place," responds Eric. "You would suspect me of exaggeration if I were to say how many speckled trout I have caught there in a day."

"Oh, how delightful!" cries Mrs. Cardigan. "Can't I catch some, too, please? I am devoted to fishing."

Both gentlemen laugh at this.

"Are you prepared to go into the stream and wade?" they ask. "That is the way to fish for mountain-trout. The growth along the banks is so dense that no other mode answers."

"If you had given me warning, I should have brought a wading-costume along," she says; "but at present I am not provided for any thing of that kind."

On we go, bowling lightly and easily over the road along which the heavy stage jolts and bumps.

"This is the perfection of traveling!" cries Mrs. Cardigan.

The spirited horses, which are the pride and delight of Eric's heart, do not need a touch of the whip as they move forward in that long, swinging trot which seems pleasure instead of labor to thoroughbreds. All around us lies the brightness of the mellow day, and the varied glory of the mountain-landscape. Great hills stand bathed in sunshine or dappled with shade, while at their feet are coves in which the broad, low farm-houses stand, with sunny meadows and fields of waving corn.

At noon we reach Alexander's, where we stop for dinner, and rest two or three hours during the heat of the day.

"There is no need of haste in getting to Patton's," says Eric, with a shrug. "You will have quite enough of it, for we can't ascend the mountain until to-morrow."

This seems to us a provoking delay, but we are too well drilled to think of murmuring.

"Eric knows," says Sylvia to Mrs. Cardigan, who is bold enough to express some disapproval. "He has spent every summer since he was a boy in this country, and he is so enamored of it that I think he will end by living here altogether."

When we set forth again, the afternoon has little heat in its soft glory. After leaving Alexander's, we turn abruptly from the stage-road straight toward the dark mountains that stand like giants before us. As we advance, these great heights, which make others seem like pigmy hills, inclose us on all sides, wearing every tint of dark purple and blue. Their majestic loneliness, their wild grandeur, strike one with a sense of absolute awe. We look at them, in the everlasting fixity of their repose, and realize—as perhaps it has never chanced to us to realize before—the brevity and insignificance of our existence.

"I don't wonder that mountaineers, as a rule, are melancholy," says Sylvia, who is riding behind the phaeton. "If I lived always in the shadow of these mountains, I should feel their solemnity in every act of my life; I should never be able to throw it off."

"You think so because you never have lived in their shadow," says Eric. "If you did, you would soon discover that their solemnity, which strikes you so much now, would affect you very little."

"They emblem that eternal rest
We cannot compass in our speech,"

she says, in a low voice, looking at the splendid masses as they tower against the sky, wrapped in eternal silence and motionless calm.

As we penetrate deeper into the mountains, our road leads up a narrow valley, along which a stream—clearer than crystal, if such a thing can be—takes its course, and crosses our road again and again.

"Is this the Swannanoa?" some one asks.

"It is Swannanoa Creek," Eric answers; "the branch of the stream which comes down from the Black."

The sun has dropped behind the hills that hem us in, and a few broken masses of gorgeous clouds are floating above the dark-blue peaks of Craggy, when we reach the house where we are to spend the night—Patton's, at the foot of the mountain. It is a rough place, poorly kept—hotels for tourists have not yet risen in these fastnesses—but the people, here as elsewhere, are civil, obliging, and ready to give us their best. Mrs. Cardigan grimaces a little over the room into which we are ushered; but it has at least the merit of cleanliness, which Sylvia points out.

"Will you want supper?" asks a gaunt woman, coming to the door while we are shaking off the dust of travel.

We reply emphatically that we will want supper, and probably manifest a little surprise at the question, for she goes on to explain it.

"I see you have your own purvisions," she says, "and I thought you might mean to make your supper off 'en 'em. Some folks does."

"That is the reason why some folks nearly starve on the top of the mountain," says Sylvia, with the air of one who knows all about such matters. "We don't mean to touch those provisions until we are on the highest peak of the Black."

"Here is something that we can touch, however," says Mrs. Cardigan, opening a basket of grapes, "and now let us go out for a walk."

The entire sky is flushed with a radiance which shows that the hidden sunset must be of unusual glory, when we leave the house, and, crossing the neglected yard, take our way to the stream that sings over its rocks not more than twenty yards distant. We enter a forest-road arched with shade, but, although we are not more than two steps from



"Mrs. Cardigan suggests snakes."

the creek, we can only obtain glimpses of its flashing beauty, so dense is the growth along its banks. At length we hear such a tumult

of falling water, that we feel sure something specially worth seeing is hidden from our sight, and, nerved to desperation, plunge recklessly into the thicket. Only Mrs. Cardigan holds back and suggests snakes—but Sylvia laughs.

"You are quite as likely to meet a snake where you are as here," she says. "You can't possibly guard against them, so the best thing to do is to go where you like without thinking of them."

Encouraged by this philosophical view of things, Mrs. Cardigan follows, and we find ourselves in one of those glens of which Eric has spoken. Large boulders strew the channel of the stream, over and around which, in foaming rapids and cascades, the limpid water frets and whirls. A wilderness of ivy and rhododendron, interspersed with tapering pines and stately firs, makes a wall of green along the banks, and, as we spring from rock to rock until we find ourselves in the middle of the current, we agree that, for wild and romantic loveliness, we have scarcely seen this surpassed.

"Is it not strange," says Sylvia, "that the higher one goes in these mountains, the more luxuriant the forest-growth becomes? Look at that hill-side! It is like a tropical jungle."

"Oh, to be here when the rhododendron is in bloom!" cries Mrs. Cardigan, clasping her hands; and indeed everywhere that one turns, the broad, polished leaves of this "victor-wreath" of the mountains meets the glance.

We sit on the rocks, enthroned like mermaids, with the brawling stream around us, the rich, green hill-side towering in front, the absolute solitude of virgin Nature in every sight and sound. We do not observe that the sunset radiance fades from the patch of sky immediately over our heads, and the soft gray tints of twilight begin to steal over the scene, until steps and voices on the hidden road rouse us to a realization that our companions are in search of us.

"Hush! not a word!" whispers Mrs. Cardigan. "Let us see if they can find us."

"Here!" says Eric's voice. "Don't you see that they have broken through here? We'll find them out in the stream there."

"I see some figures—dryads and naiads, perhaps—on the rocks," says Charley, forcing his way through the dense *chaparral* of ivy and laurel.

The dryads and naiads answer with a laugh.

"Here is an excellent place if you would like another plunge-bath, Charley," I say, pointing to a crystal pool just below the rock on which I am seated.

"I wonder you ladies were not afraid of snakes," remarks Mr. Lanier, glancing round apprehensively as he makes his appearance through the bushes and over the trailing vines.

When we stroll slowly back, the cool, clear dusk has fallen. On our right the mighty peaks of the Black stand dark against the sky; immediately in front are the fantastic outlines of Craggy; overhead the moon is shining from a deep-blue sky, and the air has a freshness that is suggestive of frost.

"What a different atmosphere from that of Asheville!" says Sylvia; "and if it is so cool here to-night, what will it be on the mountain to-morrow night?"

"Cold enough to need all your wraps—and more besides," answers Eric.

We find a fire very pleasant when we return to the house. We gather round it after supper, and, with no other light than the ruddy, flickering blaze, talk until late bedtime. Eric and Charley try each to "top" the other's stories of adventures, and, if they do not succeed in this, they at least interest and amuse their audience, while Rupert sits by drinking in every detail with absorbed attention.

"What a feast is in store for you!" says Eric, suddenly laying his hand on the boy's shoulder. "I luckily encountered an old acquaintance of mine this afternoon, who will be our guide to-morrow. His name is Dan Burnet, and he is one of the most famous hunters of this region. He will tell you bear-stories by the dozen."

"He shall tell them around the camp-fire to-morrow night," says Mrs. Cardigan. "How delightful and picturesque!"

"Since I have had no adventures with which the present party are not familiar, I shall make a diversion in the order of entertainment, and tell a ghost-story," says Sylvia. "Attention, Rupert! I know you are almost as fond of ghosts as of bears."

We can all follow this lead, so half a dozen indifferent ghost-stories are told, and provoke more laughter than terror. Then we say good-night, and separate. We find the atmosphere of our large, unwarmed chamber very chilly, but Sylvia stoutly declines to stop up a broken window-pane.

"We had better accustom ourselves to the climate," she says. "To-morrow night we shall be much colder, without any window-panes at all."

The house has been given up to our occupation—the family retiring to a smaller one across the yard—and the lights are scarcely out and things grown quiet, before a strange noise (apparently caused by the shuffling of many feet) is heard on the piazza upon which our door opens.

"What is that?" asks Mrs. Cardigan.

"Ghosts, perhaps—or bandits," answers Sylvia.

"Bears," I suggest. "This is a bear-country."

"But I never heard that bears invaded houses—in platoons, too," says Mrs. Cardigan. "Listen! the noise is immediately by our door. Upon my word, I don't like this! If the door was locked it would be a different matter; but to have nothing but a chair between us and—we don't know what!"

"It is certainly dreadful," says Sylvia, with a laugh in her voice. "It is queer. Somebody, or several somebodies, seem to be pulling something down. I tell you what"—a light spring to the floor—"I can see through the window what is going on. It is moonlight, you know."

Her bare feet trip noiselessly across the room, she pulls the curtain back from the window, looks cautiously out, and then bursts into a laugh.

"Hounds," she says. "There are several of them, and they are doing their best to get into our provisions."

"Hounds!" repeats Mrs. Cardigan, and she, too, springs to the floor. "Drive them away, for mercy's sake! If they devour our provisions, we shall have to go back to Asheville."

The window is raised forthwith, and two voices in energetic chorus bid the hounds depart—which they do immediately. Then, having routed the enemy, they are about to return to bed, when I suggest that it will be inconvenient to repeat this performance all night.

"You have repelled one attack," I say; "but those dogs will make another in ten minutes. Don't you think it might be well to bring the provisions in?"

"Impossible," says Mrs. Cardigan; "it would be an hour's work. Mr. Markham has food for a regiment there."

"We had better bring them in," says Sylvia. "As Alice says, it will never answer to leave them there, unless we appoint a watchman."

"It was shamefully careless of the boys to leave them," I say—from the force of old habit we still speak of Eric and Charley as "the boys." "They ought to be waked, to take them in."

"But who is to wake them?" asks Mrs. Cardigan.

"They sleep like the seven sleepers," says Sylvia. "We might thump on their door for an hour without rousing them. Come, let us do it ourselves."

So we do it ourselves. Perhaps the



"Three spectral, white-robed figures."

hounds, if they have any sense of humor, and are not too hungry, enjoy the scene from a distance—three spectral, white-robed figures engaged in conveying into safe quarters various baskets and packages of edibles.

"There," says Sylvia, when we bring the last within the door, which is fastened again with a chair; "now we will let those careful

gentlemen wonder where their provisions are to-morrow morning."

This kindly intention is carried into effect. We are awakened early by a thump at our door, and Rupert's voice shouts, "Time to be up!" Then this young gentleman proceeds to the end of the piazza where a tin basin is placed for the use of the public. Hardly a minute elapses before we hear an exclamation. "Thunder!" he says. "Brother Eric, O Brother Eric, where are the provisions?"

"Where are what?" asks Eric, coming out on the piazza. "Did you ask about the provisions? Why, where are they? Did anybody take them into the house last night?—Charley, did you?"

"Not I," answers Charley's voice. "Have they disappeared? No doubt somebody put them away—Harrison, most likely."

"No, sir, I didn't," says Harrison, appearing on the scene; "but there's hounds here, and they may have carried 'em off."

"By Jove!" says another voice—the dismayed voice of Mr. Lanier. "But hounds would have devoured the food where they found it."

"It's all gone, anyway," says Rupert. "Harrison, look about. The baskets must be somewhere. I know they were left here, for I saw them just before I went to bed."

"And might have thought of bringing them in," says Eric.

"We ought to tell them—really we ought!" says Sylvia, with a laugh.

"Don't do any thing of the kind," says Mrs. Cardigan. "Let them look and wonder."

We hear a great deal of searching, and such exclamations as, "Very mysterious, by George!" "What the deuce could have gone with the things?" and preserve, I regret to state, a profound silence, until there comes another thump on our door.

"I say"—it is Rupert's voice again—"do you happen to have the provisions in there?"

"The provisions!" answers Sylvia, in a tone of innocent surprise. "Pray, what should we be doing with the provisions?"

"Well, they have disappeared—" Rupert begins, when I interpose with the truth.

"They are here, Rupert," I say. "We brought them in last night to keep them from the dogs. But you deserve to have had them eaten, for your carelessness."

"They've got 'em!" we hear Rupert repeat a minute later, "and we owe them a good turn for not saying a word all this time."

There is so much preparation necessary for our departure that it is some time after breakfast before we start. About eight o'clock the guide arrives—a stalwart, broad-shouldered man of thirty-six or eight, with a frank, sunburned face, and a suggestion of the soldier as well as the hunter in his appearance.

"What a study for a picture!" says Sylvia. "What a thorough type of the mountaineer! If he only wore a Tyrolean hat, now—"

"Like a brigand in an opera!" says Charley. "What ideas women have, to be sure! Why, if you looked at it from the right point of view, that old felt is as much more picturesque as it is more comfortable."

"I suppose you flatter yourself that *you're* is picturesque," she says.

"Not quite so much so as Lanier's Eng-



The Guide.

lish hat, perhaps, but sufficiently so for my taste.—Hallo, Burnet!—which is the pack-horse?"

"This one," answers Mr. Burnet. He has brought with him three horses and a mule. One is led up to the piazza and loaded with a number of shawls, several quilts—which Eric insists upon borrowing from Mrs. Patton—and the provisions, which have been packed pell-mell into an enormous bag. Side-saddles are placed on the others, and loud are Sylvia's remonstrances when she finds she is not to be allowed to ride Bonnibelle."

"I can't permit you to put your neck in jeopardy by riding a horse not accustomed to climbing," says Eric, authoritatively. "These animals have been reared on the mountains, and are as sure-footed as goats."

"They are quite as ugly," remarks the young lady, ungratefully. Then she glances from their tall, raw-boned proportions to the small, round mule which stands by, composedly switching its tail. "If I can't ride Bonnibelle, I will ride *that*," she says.

"A very good choice," observes Mr. Lanier. "Mules are not handsome, but they are better on mountains—because more sure-footed—than horses."

"They are only slightly inclined to prefer their own way," says Charley, "and two of a trade never agree."

Sylvia does not condescend to notice this remark. She mounts the mule—disregarding the laughter which we cannot restrain—and announces that she is ready. Mrs. Cardigan and myself are elevated on the tall mountain-steeds; the gentlemen mount the lowland horses, on which they do not hesitate to risk their necks; the guide, with his axe on his shoulder, leads the pack-horse in front—and so we start.

THE HEIRS OF THE BODLEY ESTATE.

A STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY HORACE E. SOUDDER.

CHAPTER IV.

DINNER AND DESSERT.

DINNER was announced shortly, and Mr. Bodley escorted Miss Northumberland, Mr. Tyrel gave his arm to Miss Bodley, Mrs. Byles fell to M. Bodelet's share, while Mr. Byles, Mr. Umbelow, Mr. Pecker, and myself, followed the others. In the arrangement of guests, Miss Northumberland and Miss Bodley were on either side of the host; Mr. Umbelow had a seat next to Miss Northumberland; while my place was between that gentleman and Mr. Pecker. But the table was round, and ten people seated at it were none of them far apart. I could not help observing the new-comer, who sat between Mr. and Mrs. Byles. Mr. Byles pounced upon him as soon as dinner began, and it seemed as if M. Bodelet could scarcely be even civil to Mrs. Byles; but in a few moments he was talking courteously to her, whose face was wreathed in smiles, while Mr. Byles had attacked Mr. Pecker on his left. How was it done? Simply, so to speak, by a single gesture and word, with which he released himself and paid no further attention to the husband. Mr. Pecker, however, was bound hand and foot by his relentless neighbor.

"Bodley Hall," said Mr. Byles, "will unquestionably be the place for my convention. The claims of humanity in council are paramount. All minor considerations must give way."

"But, my dear sir," said Mr. Pecker, politely interrupting him, "my own collections are not to be despised, not at all. They represent the result of years of toil, and will prove of great value to the man of science—of very great value. Now, when I was in Canton—"

"Bring your collection, Mr. Pecker, if you want to," said Mr. Byles, loftily, "reptiles and all. There will be room for you. Man as a scientific investigator shall have a place in the convention, but not the highest place. He will be graded according to the object of his research, but mind will dominate mere matter."

"Mere matter!" exclaimed Mr. Pecker, getting excited, and laying down his knife and fork. "Did you ever see a cobra? Say, did you ever find a cobra in your shoe?"

I interposed hurriedly.

"Mr. Pecker," said I, and he turned sharply on me, but with an odd, apologetic expression, "I understood you to say you had been in Canton. Now, I suppose the English and American colonies are not very considerable there. Did you ever happen to meet with a Mr. Townshend, a young American, there, in the house of Cumberland & Co.?" I caught Miss Bodley's eye at this moment, and found her looking with amusement at me.

"Townshend!" said Mr. Pecker. "Why, bless my soul, do you know Townshend?"

I was triumphant. My first shot had brought Mr. Pecker down.

"Indeed I do," said I, "he was an old schoolmate of mine."

"I know Townshend," said the grave voice of Mr. Umbelow, at my side. "He spent a few weeks at the islands while his vessel was undergoing repairs."

Miss Bodley burst into a laugh.

"Mr. Penhallow, you have drawn a prize at the first turn of the wheel. I think you will establish your theory."

"Theory? What theory?" demanded Mr. Byles, while the whole table now stopped its talk to listen. I was a little confused by this concentration of interest on me, but answered his question, though my eyes rather fell on his neighbor, M. Bodelet.

"I ventured the assertion to Miss Bodley that, given an accidental company like this, of persons who are in the main introduced to each other for the first time, if only the right questions are asked and the right clew followed, it will turn out that they all have some mutual acquaintance, some personal connection—have something in common, in fact, of a personal nature; that there is an invisible thread connecting each which a sudden pull will sometimes discover."

"I deny it," said Mr. Byles, loudly.

"Well," said I, "as an illustration, it turns out that Mrs. Byles and I have already discovered that we met one another a dozen years ago. Mr. Umbelow, here, and I, have found that I knew his brother-in-law; and now it seems that he knew my old schoolmate, Jack Townshend, whom Mr. Pecker also knew. My theory has so far worked well, and, if I fail to substantiate it in every case, I shall think the fault lies in my method of investigation. I don't ask the right questions."

"Now, look here," began Mr. Byles; but M. Bodelet laid his hand on his arm.

"Pardon me, Mr. Byles. I am a little curious to test Mr. Penhallow's theory myself.—Did I not meet you at the cave in Mission Hill, near Neu-Braunfels, in Texas, two or three years since? My memory of faces is not always so true as my memory of voices, and yours I recall."

"Near enough!" said I, delighted. "Pray tell me, did I have two boys with me?"

"Yes, two lads, to whom you told me you were tutor."

"Well, Miss Bodley," said I, "I am well content to find a gentleman here who met my brother Winthrop, who was traveling as tutor to two lads in Texas, and spent several weeks in Neu-Braunfels."

"I am completely convinced," said she, "and have no doubt that we met before last night in some stage of existence."

"Yes," said I, triumphantly, "in the print-room of the British Museum."

"The meeting was on one side, then," said she, and returned to a conversation with Tyrel. I was aware at this point of a movement on my left, and, turning, found that Mr. Umbelow was cautiously making notes under the table, meanwhile looking as blank as a tombstone. He was deep in conversation with Miss Northumberland, who sat primly between him and Mr. Bodley, and seemed

hardly to know what to make of her neighbor's questioning.

"Miss Northumberland has been giving me some account," he said to Mr. Bodley, "of the mode of life in English country-houses. I am of the opinion that, to an American, there is no life so seductive as that which falls to the share of the owner of an English manor-house. If I were now occupying Bodley Hall, I fancy I should find a certain mental contentment which is not to be despised."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Bodley, with a gentle impatience, "and, as I said before, I shall be glad to extend an invitation to you when I am fairly settled there."

"No," said Mr. Umbelow, calmly, "possession is essential. A mere guest, I should fail to find what I wish. I must go as the lineal descendant and rightful heir.—You are acquainted with the family pedigree, I believe, Mr. Tyrel?"

"Yes, sir, I am. Mr. Bodley here is the only heir in direct line."

"I should be glad to look at the papers to-morrow," said Mr. Umbelow, with the same stolid composure.

"An American never can inherit the estate," said Miss Northumberland, severely. "Never! They have lost their rights by their unfilial conduct;" and she sat erect, as if she were Britannia herself rebuking her disobedient colonies. "Besides, it is a howling wilderness," she added, somewhat illogically, but with equal tartness.

"I don't know about that, ma'am," twanged forth Mr. Byles. "I rather think Americans have a right to come back and pick up a few things they left when they went off two centuries ago. John Paul Jones thought so, and, if the cause of the science of humanity demands it, there is a way to bring about a good many things. A good deal has to give way before that, ma'am."

"Well," said Mr. Pecker, good-naturedly, "man wants but little here below, very little, and I only ask a place to arrange my collections in. I must say I had rather set my heart on Bodley Hall."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said M. Bodelet, rising, "I give you a toast: Long life and health to our honored host, Paul Bodley, of Bodley Hall."

We all rose to our feet, Mr. Byles last of all.

Mr. Bodley looked over the little group before him, and waved us to our places again. He moved the articles before him nervously back and forth, but his voice presently found itself, and he said, as nearly as I can remember:

"My friends and kinsfolk, you honor me much by your presence here. This poor table is a very faint sign of the hospitality which in my heart I would offer you all. I look forward to the day, not far distant"—and he bowed to Tyrel—"when I may hope to gather you and others under the ancestral roof of Bodley Hall. I am but a poor representative of the family, but I hold that the first duty of an English squire is to set an abundant table, and make his house the true *hospitium* for all who may call him neighbor. I do not look to this inheritance to which I

am called as a means for enriching myself, but I feel the honor of bearing the standard of a true English name, of making one more centre of English domestic life, of carrying forward my country's glory in the old, true, honorable way. I am a poor man, my friends, but I am a good Englishman, and I am proud of the Bodley family, because it is a good old English family, with an honorable bearing. There is an end to each one of us, separately, but there ought never to be an end to our country, our church, and our family. I give you a toast, 'The Bodleys, wherever found,' and I will call upon M. Bodelet to respond."

We all clapped, and M. Bodelet rose and bowed, and said a very few words.

"I am, indeed, a stranger," said he. "Another nationality divides me in part from you, but I have noticed that, the world over, like finds like, and there are common hopes and common endeavors which join us quickly and make us know one another. I am not myself over-quick at making friends, but, when I find one whose face is luminous with honesty and honor, I would sacrifice much to know and be permitted to venerate him."

"Good, good!" said Mr. Pecker, jumping up. "I will offer my toast: The ladies, God bless 'em! Their faces always make us at home."

Mr. Tyrel rose with most suave manner.

"Permit me to respond," said he, "to this very worthy toast. We lawyers have to make our way through a great many tortuous channels. The course of true love, as the poet says, does not always run smooth, but the longest lane has a turning; and, when there's a lady at the other end, any lane seems short. I find myself in an embarrassing position—a bachelor, on the sunny side, though—ladies about me, fair and—and attractive. We are all like moths, and we keep coming back to the candle, nevertheless."

He sat down, but his gallantry somehow had a depressing effect upon the company. It was not long before the ladies rose, and Tyrel with many bows opened the door for them.

Miss Bodley hesitated—I could almost fancy she would stay—then in a constrained way she said to Tyrel in a low tone:

"You will not stay long."

"I cannot," he replied, impressively.

"I was thinking of my father," said she, simply, and passed out.

Tyrel returned to his place, and we took our seats again. He began to pass the wine, emptying his own glass with a swagger and an offensive air of familiarity toward Mr. Bodley.

I saw that M. Bodelet, disengaged from the groups of talkers, sat quietly observing the rest of us. Tyrel had thrown himself back in his chair, and was lording it over the gentle Mr. Bodley. Byles and Mr. Pecker were engaged in a conversation growing more and more animated, Mr. Byles spreading his great hand upon the table with emphasis, while poor Mr. Pecker was energetically nodding and interrupting him with thrusts of his forefinger. Mr. Umbelow turned to me.

"You may have noticed that I keep a note-book. I find it very instructive to take down characteristic remarks of English people. They serve as foundation for generaliza-

tions. Now, these people here, and the ladies who have left us, constitute together a piece of English society."

"Pardon me," said L. "Is it not straining a point to set down this company as English, when half at least come from outside England?"

"It is English because it is created by the eccentricity of an old Englishman. Nowhere else could there be found one acting upon such irrational grounds."

"It is hardly the place," I replied, in a low tone, "to take up the cudgels for our host, but I prefer to call this the act of a thorough, true-hearted, noble man."

"Mere eccentricity—mere eccentricity, harmless, irrational," said Umbelow, serenely, jotting down the words, apparently, in his note-book beneath the table.

"I say, Mr. Bodley," at this point sounded Mr. Byles's strident voice, "this is a good time for hearing all about the estate. I move Mr. Tyrel give us a succinct account of the condition of things, a sort of budget you call it here in England," and he settled back in his chair expectantly.

"It's nobody's business," said Tyrel, sharply, "but Mr. Bodley's and mine. Dinner's dinner. We're not in chancery here anyway."

"I don't know about that," retorted Mr. Byles. "I'm mighty curious to know if you are the same Mr. Tyrel who came over to America several years ago and set all the Bodleys there agog, promising 'em the estate and I don't know what else."

"No!" said Mr. Tyrel, with an oath.

"My wife says you look amazingly like that man."

"When a gentleman makes an assertion," said Tyrel, with a snarl, "he intends to be believed," and he turned again to Mr. Bodley.

"I'm glad he wasn't you," said Mr. Byles. "That Tyrel—the one that came to America—ran away with somebody's daughter, and when he went back to England forgot to take her with him. She was a Bodley, too, I heard; hunted up some of my wife's folks—Cynthia was her name, I remember. Ha!"

We all started up in sudden horror. Mr. Bodley was on his feet, and suddenly transformed into the image of King Lear. The picture which I saw the night before was reproduced here to the life—the face was on fire with a tremendous anger, the hands were uplifted, and he looked as if he were about to bring down some terrible blow of a curse upon the head of Tyrel, who stood near him, perfectly quiet apparently, but with a quick breathing and a nervous grip of his hand upon the chair in which he had been seated. In a moment, as we all stood stunned, M. Bodelet walked quickly forward, and with a gesture turned Tyrel aside, stood between him and Mr. Bodley, and took the old man's hand, which was falling in a helpless way to his side. I was starting to call Miss Bodley, but he arrested me with a shake of his head.

"Sorry I raised such a row," said Mr. Byles, awkwardly, but he too was stopped. M. Bodelet had indeed taken the old man in his own arms and was gently smoothing his head. It was while he was thus engaged, and

we were standing dumb and uncomfortable, that the door opened and Miss Bodley reappeared. There had been no noise. It was, I am persuaded, a kind of filial instinct which had brought her back. She saw her father in M. Bodelet's arms, she saw his quiet, firm, and gentle demeanor, and to my surprise she burst into tears. Tyrel stepped forward. She recoiled from him quickly. M. Bodelet spoke.

"Have no fears, Miss Bodley. It was only a momentary agitation. If these gentlemen will join the ladies, I think Mr. Bodley will soon recover."

We all started for the door, glad, I am sure, of any chance at getting away from so uncomfortable a scene. We found Miss Northumberland fanning herself in a stately way, while Mrs. Byles was eying her curiously as if she were some strange domestic animal that she would like to touch just for once. In a few minutes M. Bodelet joined us. He turned to Miss Northumberland and said:

"Miss Northumberland, Miss Bodley begs to send her profound regrets. Mr. Bodley has been taken ill and requires her close attention. She fears that she may not be able to return to the company."

"Then I will send my sincere respects to Miss Bodley," said the lady, folding her fan, and rising, "and trust that her honored father may recover speedily. I will send my maid in the morning to inquire concerning his health," and she courtesied gravely and left the room. The rest turned to M. Bodelet as to the host.

"Oh, is he very ill?" asked Mrs. Byles, plaintively.

"It is impossible to tell now," said he.

"Come, Maria," said Mr. Byles. "We won't stand talking here. Get your things on. I've got a meetin' I want to attend," and he went out with her.

"I've seen just such strokes, just such strokes," said Mr. Pecker, impressively. "I think I heard once of a remedy," and he plunged his fingers into his pockets as if he hoped, by some hocus-pocus, to produce it. "Well," he added, cheerfully, "good-by; you'll bring him round, quite round," and he bowed himself out. Mr. Umbelow had been standing, in a sort of dazed way, but now said:

"I should like to inquire into the character of these attacks. They might solve some problems."

"You forget," said M. Bodelet, "that I am quite as much a stranger to Mr. Bodley as yourself. Mr. Tyrel probably can answer your question better."

"He has them twice a day on the average," said Tyrel. "I never saw him quite so violent before, and he seems to have selected me to show himself off on this time."

"How long do these attacks last?" asked Mr. Umbelow, who seemed to be fumbling for his note-book.

"He won't get over this before you go," said Tyrel, snappishly.

"Then I'll go," said he, buttoning his coat slowly, and backing out of the room.

"Mr. Tyrel," said M. Bodelet, "do you know of a good surgeon in the neighbor-

hood? Miss Bodley tells me that she never has had occasion to call any one in."

"There's no occasion now," said he, seating himself as if he meant to stay. "It'll be over presently."

"This time it is different," said M. Bodelet; "and you will do Mr. Bodley a great favor if you will find a surgeon. Perhaps Mr. Penhallow will do the errand for you if you will put him in the way of it."

"Gladly!" cried I.

Tyrel hesitated a moment; but a certain resolution in the Texan's eye and manner got the better of him, and he rose and went out with me, leaving M. Bodelet in the room alone.

"Well, of all the pieces of cool impudence," said the lawyer, angrily, as we stepped into the court, "this is the coolest. Look here, young man, you're all a pack of adventurers setting on the old gentleman. A nice mess you've made of it. Do you know your way about here? There's a surgeon in Adams Street off the Strand—Rossiter. Look him up; but you'd better not tell him what a poor fool he'll find. He's like the rest of you—will want all the old man's money. But he won't find any. It will come out of my pocket in the end, of course."

With that he turned on his heel.

I made my way to Adams Street, found Mr. Rossiter, and walked back with him to Mr. Bodley's house; but I would not go in. I waited outside. It was an hour before the surgeon reappeared.

"How is Mr. Bodley?" I asked.

"He has had a shock of paralysis which has affected one side. It is impossible yet to tell what the result will be. But he is well attended. There is a young man there who seems to understand himself."

I went to my solitary rooms in Fountain Court. How hard I found it to people them with their former occupants! The living who had entered into my life crowded those out.

CHAPTER V

THE TRUE HEIRS—THE REAL ESTATE.

I WENT the next morning to Northumberland Court with the purpose of inquiring after Mr. Bodley's health, yet with a reluctance to entering the house which I did not try to explain to myself. Just as I entered the court I encountered M. Bodelet coming from it.

"Ah!" said I, "I am very glad to meet you. I was just going to inquire concerning Mr. Bodley this morning. Perhaps you can tell me. I do not want to disturb the family."

"I have just come from the house," he said. "Mr. Bodley remains the same as when I left him last night, I am told. Beyond a doubt, he is paralyzed; and it is impossible to say what the immediate result will be." We had turned, and were walking slowly toward the city. "Tell me about your brother," said he, suddenly, taking my arm in a friendly fashion. "I had a slight acquaintance with him in Texas, as I told you. In fact, I am so much of a stranger here in London that I am almost ready to

believe I knew him very well, for the sake of claiming you as an acquaintance by one remove." He laughed lightly.

"Well," said I, "I am quite willing to use my brother as an 'instrument of association,' as the political economists say. He was in Texas just after he left college. Now he has been admitted to the bar, and has begun practice in Boston. I wish he were here now. I should like to set him to looking into the Bodley estate business."

"Do you, then, regard the matter as a serious one?" and my companion looked at me attentively with his clear, gray eyes.

"I know nothing about the estate," I said. "It was an old family joke with us, and I suppose at one time there must have been some foundation for all the noise made about it. What I should like to know," I continued, with some hesitation, "is just what part Mr. Tyrel is playing."

"Mr. Penhallow," said he, "I am frank to say that I share your distrust; but, in my judgment, a clear understanding would not be reached by a simple knowledge of the present condition of this case, if there is any case in court. That is one thing, and it might throw some light; but I am confident that Mr. Tyrel must be, in this matter, something else than a mere legal adviser. Perhaps it is none of our business to speculate about this thing. We are not likely, either of us, to put in any claims—"

"But I think," said I, interrupting him with the words which I was sure he would use, and in which I wanted to anticipate him, "that we have both a right and duty to prevent, if we can, any thing like fraud or evil design."

"Exactly," said he; "only let us be quite clear that we are not persuaded that there is evil design simply because we have conceived a prejudice against the agent."

"I would not set up my instinct alone," said I; "but it is very plain to me that Miss Bodley has an antipathy to him."

"Yet she allows him to manage matters," said M. Bodelet, thoughtfully. "If he were an evil man, she has both the intuition to perceive it, and quite complete power with her father."

"I do not know enough of their history," said I, "to explain it, but I think there is an explanation. Tyrel himself intimated very plainly to me that there was no case at all, and that he was simply leading Mr. Bodley along to save him from the disaster of a disappointment," and I repeated the conversation we had held the night before Christmas.

"I am not quite so sure of that," said M. Bodelet. "I am not prepared to believe Tyrel's explanation of his own conduct. At all events, and with all Mr. Bodley's hallucination on the subject, I am disposed to think that both he and his daughter would have the courage to face the truth. But it cannot be very difficult to ascertain if there actually is a case. Come and dine with me to-night. I am at the Tavistock; and, meanwhile, I will see if I can find out this single fact."

M. Bodelet was right. As we sat at dinner that evening he gave me an account of his investigations, with the result. There was a

case involving the inheritance. It had been in chancery for several years, and might last several years longer. It was one of those interminable disputes which the law seems to relegate to the region of abstract reasoning, with the concomitant effect of abstracting all the property involved, and devoting it to lawyers' fees. Tyrel was engaged in the case, but beyond that M. Bodelet could learn nothing.

"In fine," said he, "there is a case, as I supposed. Precisely what Mr. Tyrel's interest in it is, we do not know."

We remained silent, each thinking his own thoughts. I know what mine were. They accounted for Tyrel's interest by the supposition that he was in love with Fear Bodley. It was not hard for me thus to reason. It seemed sufficient ground for his action. I cannot say that it disturbed me much. I myself was young, and I was confident that he was, if not repulsive to her, yet certainly not attractive. My companion smoked in silence, but with a certain energy which seemed to indicate that he was driving thoughts with the same vehemence.

"Come," said he, at last, "I think we are in duty bound to see if we can serve Mr. Bodley in any way. Shall we go to Northumberland Court?"

"Yes," said I; "I will go with you."

There was something about the man which made me already feel as if he were my leader. He scarcely spoke as we walked; only once, when he had suddenly pressed my arm.

"What was it?" said I.

"It was Tyrel," said he, presently. "There is no good in that man. He is corrupt. No man can be the companion of harridans and be a man of honor. He is not playing his part with Mr. Bodley from any honorable motive."

When we reached Mr. Bodley's house we were shown into the room where I had taken my tea the first evening, and we found Miss Bodley seated at a table, with her drawing-materials by her side. She greeted us quietly.

"It is kind in you to come," she said, "but I can give you no further news. My father lies helpless still." I must have glanced at her work. "I should be with him now," she added, "but Mr. Rossiter forbids it."

"May I see your drawing, Miss Bodley?" asked my companion.

She gave it to him, and we all three looked at it together.

"Blake again!" I exclaimed; "but I do not know from what book it is."

"It is not Blake's," said she, coloring a little. "Or, rather, it is; for the suggestion came from him, and I presume that constant working among his books has made me instinctively catch something from him."

"Who is Blake?" asked M. Bodelet. "I have not had many opportunities for seeing pictures, and I look at them only as a child. But I do not need to be told the interpretation of this picture."

"Tell it to us," said I.

The design was of a gate-way, half of the portal open, and disclosing within, whence came dazzling light, a radiant figure clad in

white, passing over an emerald plain. Upon the open gate, whose inner side was turned toward some kneeling figure in the dusky shade of the other gate, was a sculptured scene of a child springing from the arms of its mother. Reflected light from this surface faintly disclosed a group upon the outer wall of the other gate, which I made out to be a solitary form stretched beneath a tree.

"It is redemption," said he, reverently. "I see through the open gate the figure of the Son of God; he enters the dark world as an infant springing to its deliverance; he returns by the way of the tree, the tree which covered him in Gethsemane and bore him on Calvary."

We were silent a moment.

"Mr. Penhallow," said Miss Bodley, "will recall the lines by Blake:

'He doth give his joy to all:
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.'

They suggested to me the design. But I could find no other type for a design so perfect as what M. Bodelet has just given." She put the drawing away, and would say nothing more of it, but, though our talk passed to indifferent matters, being mainly carried on between her and myself, I could not fail to see her glance stealing shyly toward M. Bodelet, and a strange light in her eye which suffused it as with tears. Indeed, I had reason enough to see it. My own eyes were tortured with light. Many years have passed, yet I keep still the sense of pain which smote me that evening, as I looked from the girl to the strangely-powerful man, whose power was in a word, a look, a gesture, and back to the girl, whose self-reliance, that had so impressed me at the first, seemed to give way at his presence. I am telling a simple story, with no wish to mislead the reader, and I should not tell it at all if I were not willing to confess my own weakness and disappointment.

We walked away together and toward my lodging, with only broken and desultory conversation, but as we stopped under the light of the lantern that hung over the entrance to Fountain Court to say "Good-night," my companion suddenly seized my hand and looked me straight in the eye. It was a loving, a pitying, a searching look.

"I am glad to know you," he said; "you are an honest man—I am glad to know you. I have made few friends in my life, and I shall be honored if I may keep you." I was a little confused by what I suppose I may call his "declaration" of friendship. A sudden pang also shot through me. Why would he not leave me alone, or let me even count him as an enemy? I could not reply. I turned from him and went to my dismal rooms.

The friendly foothold which I had gained in Northumberland Court I kept, though tormented and tempted by the devil to cast it off. I made pretense of inquiring for Mr. Bodley, but was satisfied with the society of his daughter. He remained unchanged. I sometimes ventured to carry her flowers. I showed her treasures of books or prints which I found in London or out-of-the-way shops.

She received my flowers kindly. She looked at my books and pictures. I gave her pleasure. That was much. It was all. I heard little of the other guests of the dinner-party. They had each called once, expressed their sympathy and interest in their several ways. M. Bodelet I saw often, not only at the house, but elsewhere, in my own lodgings and at his. Strange as it may seem, I came to love him, yet it was not strange, for he was of the kind that compels love. I should have despised myself had I not loved him.

Tyrel I met once more—may I never meet him again! It was several weeks after the visit of which I have spoken that, going to the house, I found M. Bodelet there reading to Fear, as she sat at her work. I knew now that her work was not pastime, but partial support of herself and her father. The book was laid aside, and we were talking of I know not what, when Tyrel entered. He greeted Fear with elaborate politeness, but acknowledged our presence with scarcely a nod apiece, and began at once to talk with Fear, as if we were not in the room at all. I saw M. Bodelet change color when Tyrel entered, and that he put himself under restraint as the conversation went on. But presently Miss Bodley turned to him and said:

"M. Bodelet, Mr. Tyrel tells me that he has been to see Mr. Rossiter, who speaks more favorably to him of my father's condition than he does to me." M. Bodelet bowed. "You have a good opinion of Mr. Rossiter's ability, have you not?"

"I have, Miss Fear," said Tyrel, to whom the question was not addressed. "I have known him a long time, and consider him every way competent."

"He seems to me," said M. Bodelet, "to understand your father. He gives it as his opinion that the attack from which he suffered arose from some sudden, excessive emotion."

"You and I know," said Tyrel, addressing himself to Fear, "how liable your father has been to sudden — transitions, I may call them. They have given us great uneasiness, but by constant watching I think we have lessened their frequency." At this moment, Fear was called out of the room. Scarcely had she gone before Bodelet, who I saw was clenching his chair, turned and said:

"You, Tyrel, did you ever observe the special occasions when Mr. Bodley was thus affected? did you ever connect them with any event in his life? did you ever think that your presence had any thing to do with it? did you ever mention to him the name of Mary Hewson, of Cynthia Bodley, of Cynthia Bodley Tyrel?" He spoke rapidly and with vehemence, and at the last sprang to his feet. I never saw such fiery indignation compressed into tone and look and gesture. Tyrel was speechless, speechless with rage.

"You, Tyrel!" he went on; "you dare to come to this place and defile it! I know you. Miss Bodley has not yet returned. Go out into the blackness of darkness!" Tyrel hesitated for a moment, but he could not face the blazing eye of this self-appointed, or, I say rather, God-appointed, minister of justice, and, affecting a swagger as soon

as his back was turned, left the room, left the house, and I never saw him more. May I never see him again! Fear returned, and was told that Tyrel had cut short his call. I was agitated and confused, while the blaze of my companion's anger had turned into a glow of feeling which he seemed scarcely able to repress, and that showed itself in his speech and manner. Tender and courteous as he always was to her, I looked and listened with wonder while he talked eloquently, and even passionately, of some scenes in his frontier life. He rarely spoke of himself, but this evening he seemed carried beyond the ocean and into the heart of that strange Texan country, to us then a land of contrasted rich Nature and outlaw society. He dwelt upon the broad smile of happy life that spread over the country, of the pure waters of the Comal and the undulations of those swelling plains; of the sudden stumbling upon the ruins of Spanish missions, and the beginnings of new life which he believed surely were to make that country a great and prosperous state. He was a man of hope and courage, and as he talked London and Europe seemed to flee away, and all the dingy streets and lanes to issue into fair fields and wander beside clear streams. Bookish as I was, and always trying to plunge deeper into the mysteries of an old civilization, I could not resist the charm of his talk, and almost felt that I could cast aside my life and enter under such a leader upon the new future of that new land. As for Fear, there was no longer any work for her that night. She simply sat with folded hands, and slipped down this shining stream.

It was late when we rose to go. When the door had closed behind us, and we passed into the chill night, there rushed back upon me the early evening, and I turned quickly to my companion.

"Tell me," I began.

"Yes," said he, "I will tell you. It is only to-day that I found the last connecting link. May God forgive him! Twelve years ago that beast lured Mr. Bodley's daughter away from him. Mr. Bodley, acting under his advice, furnished him with money wherewith to visit America in order to seek this daughter, who, Tyrel persuaded him, had eloped thither. This old man, this righteous man, wished only to send forgiveness to his daughter, and he gave money to this lawyer, this evil, unholy person who had stolen his daughter, had hid her in London, and now with the money sailed with her to America. There he played a double game, using his knowledge of the Bodley estate to fill his pockets again, and there he left that poor girl to die in the public hospital. God forgive him, I say, for man cannot! Old Mr. Bodley only knew that his daughter left him one night, and, simple, guileless man that he was, he went to the robber, and this robber took his gold as he had taken his daughter, pretended he had this clew, sailed with her to America, left her to die, and came back with his heart fuller than ever of lies and foulness."

"And who was Mary Hewson?" I interrupted.

"She was his accomplice—Cynthia Bod-

ley's maid. It was to-day only that I found her."

He was silent, and my own mind was too busy for words. At length I said:

"How much of this does Miss Bodley know?"

"Not any thing, not any thing beyond the fact that her sister disappeared. She herself was but six years old at the time. She has guessed something, but nothing of this depth of iniquity. And he—he has come there year after year, and has seen this fair fruit upon the bough. Penhallow, I have seen much, have been witness to many deeds of shame, but I tell you that I never drew so nigh to the pit of infamy as when I sat by Mary Hewson's bed to-day—never, and it is a nightmare to me now. It is too horrible. I long for the smiling prairies of Texas."

We walked on in silence then. I dared even then to say to myself, "Then this man by my side has been moved by tender pity and by vengeance, and I may dream my dream of happiness again. Tyrel gone, Bodelet returned—" It was a weak hope, but I, who am no hero, could only hold by that, so little else remained to me by which to hold. We parted, even without saying "Good-night," so abstracted was he, so blurred in my mind by a new hope was I. Another of Blake's proverbs rang in my ears:

"If a fool would persist in his folly, he would become wise."

The spring had come even in London. I lingered there still, though it seemed to me that, with the breaking up of winter, there would come to me the end of all pleasantness. I was in that mood that rejects sunshine and courts cloudiness. I went often to the Bodleys. When Fear was kind to me I was filled with a sort of despair, torturing myself with the thought that it was the kindness of pity; when she seemed cold and abstracted I was piqued to see if I could not drive her from that position. I worked still at the British Museum, and went there, indeed, oftener than I should have cared to, hoping for the chance of seeing her, of nodding to her, and then suffering her to gather her materials together and go away, making no attempt to follow her. Indeed, it was I who tortured myself. She was innocent of such cruelty.

With M. Bodelet my friendship continued. Somehow he ignored all my petty variations of temper, and I could not insult him by obtruding my complaints. Gentle and high-minded, he held a serene composure, which made my egotism seem to me the foolish thing it was. But it was a miserable life I led. I say it frankly, seeing him take his place beside Fear and hold it quietly without assurance, kindling in her presence, yet always letting his fire burn with a radiance that spread over all who might be near her. Thus the days went on; thus evenings passed. That was years ago. The thought comes to me, if there could have been an unbroken succession of years from then till now, I could have borne the pain for the sweet contentment which kept pace with it.

But it was not to be. One morning I had been in Covent-Garden Market, and bought a nosegay which I thought to carry to Fear.

It was a lovely morning, and my heart somehow was in a yielding mood that led me willingly into ways of quiet and pleasantness. I lingered on my walk, watching the busy life, and stood long leaning on the stone balustrade in front of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, looking out on the moving scene below me. I recalled the Christmas-eve that I stood there before, and remembered the venerable figure that came to me—the precursor of so many happy days, and of so much disquiet also. Below there in Northumberland Court he lay motionless upon his bed—he who had thought himself the head of a great family, the inheritor of a great estate. There was no bitterness in the thought, but rather profound respect for a sincere, pure-minded, unselfish man. I smiled over his vagary, but there in the heart of London was a true knight, whose thought was for the poor and wretched, who would bind himself to Old England that he might be one to bring in the new England, to restore the truth which seemed to have gone out of her. "After all," I said to myself, "while such gentle-hearted knights live, there is hope for any country. I know not what broken lives there may have been in the Bodley family, but methinks a new race might spring out of the loins of such a family chief."

I walked slowly toward Northumberland Court, drawing now and then the fragrance of my nosegay, and thinking of these things. Coming into the noisy Strand, the familiar signs of poverty and misery assailed me, only half seen from the height above. I passed under the archway and knocked at the door of Mr. Bodley's house. It was opened by the maid, who laid her finger upon her mouth to enjoin silence. I divined her meaning at once. She led me into a room where the old man lay, sleeping his last sleep, his hands folded, his weariness gone, and almost a look of pleasant smiling in its place. I stood looking upon him, then took my few flowers and laid them reverently at his feet. I turned to go, and then saw Fear and M. Bodelet standing near. They had entered unobserved by me, and had seen my act. Fear's eyes filled again with tears as she held out her hand to me. I lifted it to my lips. "Farewell," I whispered in my heart, "farewell." She did not withdraw her hand from mine for a moment, then she laid it wistfully upon M. Bodelet's arm. "Felix," she said. He placed his hand on my shoulder and looked at my face with his clear, gray eye.

"Eustace," he said, "our father recovered his speech for a short time before his death, and he spoke affectionately of you. 'He was a worthy Bodley,' he said. That went for much with him, for every thing. He scarcely knew me," he added, with a touch of sadness in his voice.

"Good-by," I said, irresolutely. Yet they did not retain me. I turned as I went out of the room. They were bending together over the old man. Yes, they were the true heirs of the Bodley estate. There it lay before them. All the nobleness of character, purity of life, unselfishness of aim, which had made up this old man, belonged to them by

inheritance. Bodley Hall and its acres was a poor, dim sign of the family life. They could forget it and brush it all aside, who had this greater inheritance.

The Bodley estate! If it be in chancery still, I know not. The claimants, who seemed to have issued mysteriously from London fog and returned again into the same fog, are names only to me. The scoundrel—but I will not think of him. The heirs—they have gone to that new land of hope in the Southwest. I hear from them now and then; they urge me to visit them. It is a long journey, and I turn back to my books and pictures, my daily walk, my little round of occupations. It was a part of my life in London nearly thirty years since; it is a part of my life still. I have dared to tell it, and now I can go on again with my prosaic and not very heroic existence. I too have an inheritance—it is not what at one time I hoped to receive; yet it is mine, and I have parted with but little of it in this sketch. I am but a remote heir of the Bodley estate; yet I am an heir.

THE END.

SUSANNE GERVAZ;

A MAID OF THE GEVAUDAN.*

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE inn of La Coucourde, at the village of Fontanes, in the south of France, had an old dead bough for a sign, which waved in the wind, and a long, low apartment with smoky rafters, a dirty table, and a few rickety chairs and benches. Here, on the 27th of November, 1825, the friends of Simon Vernon had assembled in the evening to welcome him.

Simon Vernon was a young countryman of the region, who had seen service in Spain, and returned with the rank of sergeant and a pocketful of money. Another circumstance gave him the highest importance in the eyes of his friends. He had just bought an inclosed piece of land in the mountain between Chadelbos and Lespervelouse—poor in quality, but of some size—and had paid very little for it. The place had, in fact, a bad name. It was called the "Clos du Capelan," or "Priest's Inclosure," the tradition of the country being that a priest had been killed and buried here in the religious wars. Since that time it was said that the purchasers of the tract had one after another met with misfortune. Thus, when Simon Vernon bought it, the circumstance attracted general attention, and he was otherwise a subject of interest to his old friends. He wore braid on his sleeves, had a military air, was rich, and had defied local superstition in order to make a good bargain. On this even-

* The singular narrative here presented is condensed from "Les Corbeaux du Gévaudan," by the eminent French critic and novelist, M. A. de Pontmartin, who states that it is founded on a remarkable criminal trial in the Cevennes, where the incidents nearly as they are here related really took place.

ing at the Coucourde Inn he was putting the cap-stone to his popularity by giving a free entertainment to his neighbors. The table was covered with pots of beer, bottles of brandy, and glasses. All was joy, uproar, and congratulation.

"Here's a boy who knows how to do things," said the village wheelwright. "He has bought the Priest's Inclosure for a crumb of bread!"

"And I'll lay you any amount," said a popular farmer, "that sunrise to-morrow will see him digging up his land."

"Yes; and only think," said Chaquignon, the saddler, "that the money he paid for the Inclosure is not a twentieth part of the amount he carries in that belt he wears!"

The wheelwright shook his head.

"One man's luck is another's undoing. Simon's good fortune is a bad thing for poor Jacques Boucard, Susanne Gervaz's lover."

Vernon, splendid with his braid, his hat on one side of his head, the bright leather belt around his waist, and his blue pantaloons, affected pity.

"Jacques, the water-drinker?" sneered a courtier friend. "You have come, Simon, and Susanne belongs to you!"

"But Susanne loves Jacques," said a timid young man in an aside, "and she will not be dazzled by Simon Vernon or bullied by André Gervaz, her father."

"You don't know the old man. He's a miser, and as obstinate as a mule. He would rather be cut in pieces than let Susanne marry a poor fellow like Jacques. You'll soon see that Simon will marry her."

"Well, I tell you," said the other, in a low voice, "before Simon marries her, you'll find—you'll find—that—"

The speaker did not finish his sentence. Jacques Boucard, a young man of about twenty, with a face revealing strong passions but full of sadness, had just entered the tavern. The majority of the company set down their glasses, and were silent as though they expected some tragic scene. But the newcomer went and took his seat in a corner without speaking to any one. All at once Vernon rose, glass in hand.

"Come here and drink with us, Jacques," he said; "water is unwholesome, or the devil take it! I pay for all. No old grudges—it's not my fault if you are poor and I am—"

As he spoke he struck his belt, which gave out a metallic sound like that of gold-pieces rattling together. Jacques seemed to hesitate. He rose and took a step forward, all eyes fixed upon him; for these simple people knew that if he sat at the table with Simon and drank the glass offered him any act of violence would be impossible. Suddenly he turned away with a gloomy air, and pushed aside the glass roughly. It fell and broke to pieces. Everybody started, as at a sinister augury; but Vernon, after a moment, cried, laughing:

"Just as you choose! What I said to you was from pure charity.—Mother Coucourde, some drink.—Friends, fill up, and forget this spoil-sport!"

Boucard had returned to his place in the corner, from which he looked at his hap-

py rival with eyes full of hatred and menace.

Near him sat two men who had taken no part in the general gayety. One seemed about forty, and had a base, forbidding countenance. His name was Anselme Costerousse, and he had a farm in the neighborhood. The other was a man of thirty, a certain Matteo Perondi. He was a wandering Piedmontese, of the class we so often find mixed up with the police. His hair was thick and curly, his complexion swarthy, his lips gross and sensual, and his eyes reckless and full of passion.

Costerousse leaned toward Perondi and said:

"Did you see?"

"Yes," said Perondi.

"Did you hear?"

"Yes."

"And—do you see *him* there?" pointing to Jacques, in the shadow.

"Yes."

"And now—if it so happened—that—Simon Vernon—"

"Yes," said the Piedmontese, with a gesture which completed his meaning.

On the next morning at dawn Simon Vernon, with the eagerness of a peasant who has become a landed proprietor, set out, spade over shoulder, for the "Priest's Inclosure." The sky was gray and lowering; from the mountain blew a humid wind; day had nearly driven away the fogs and clouds of night. If Vernon's military training had not made him superior to popular superstition, the country he was passing through would have excited in him a vague terror. As far as the eye could see stretched a naked and sterile landscape, bristling with volcanic rocks. It was a desert with its sadness, but without its grandeur. The "Priest's Inclosure" was as bare as the rest. A rustic wall surrounded it, built of stone, and high enough for a man to lean upon. Above it drooped some almond-trees and cypresses. It resembled a graveyard.

Vernon put down his spade, stamped his feet to warm them, and whistled a camp-tune to keep up his courage. All at once he saw two figures approaching through the fog—two men whom he recognized.

"Good-morning, Simon," said one of them. "We were going down yonder to work at the green oaks, and stopped to say good-day."

"Thank you."

"What! already at work, my boy? Ah, life in the regiment has not made an idler of you. It's all the more to your credit, as you are rich; and you are going, too, to marry your pretty Susanne?"

"I hope so."

The man watched Simon out of the corners of his eyes. His companion seemed to be waiting for some signal agreed upon. The speaker resumed:

"A little late for getting in a crop—the grain ought to be up before the first frost."

"Bah! I'll catch up by working hard," was the reply of Simon, who, sticking his spade into the ground, with his back turned to the two men, set to work.

He had no sooner done so than the assassins threw themselves upon him. One dealt him a heavy blow on the back of the neck with a pick-axe, and the other caught him by the throat and threw him down. All this took but an instant. Vernon, mortally wounded by the blow of the pick, writhed in the death-agony.

"Your knife—your knife!" cried the elder assassin; "one cut will finish him!"

The knife was passed to him by the younger, but it was unnecessary for him to employ it. With a single convulsive movement the victim's head fell back, he tore the ground with his nails, and then expired.

The younger of the murderers rose up, breathing heavily.

"Now for the belt!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse voice.

"Yes! yes!" was the reply of the elder, "and then for—Boucard's house."

"Boucard's!"

"Dullard! don't you understand? It is not Anselme Costerousse and Matteo Perondi who have committed this crime, it is Simon Vernon's rival—Jacques Boucard!"

He stooped quickly and tore off the belt, whose glittering contents he emptied into a small bag which he drew from beneath his vest. Then, making a sign to his companion, he hastened away in the direction of the small house occupied by Jacques Boucard. He was the game-keeper of M. d'Estérac, a gentleman of the neighborhood, and lived in a forest-lodge, half buried in trees, between the moor of Lespervelouee and the woods of Mercoire.

The murderers supposed that they would find the lodge empty, but they approached it with great precaution, walking lightly and holding their breath. Having reached it, they concealed themselves in a clump of pines and hazel-bushes, and listened attentively. Two voices were heard within—the voice of a man and a woman; the man evidently angry, and the woman supplicating. The window was open, and the listeners did not lose a word of the conversation.

"I tell you, Susanne, I'll do something violent."

"Oh, pray, pray, Jacques! If you fight this man, will it do us any good? I shall only be unhappy."

"We are in each other's way—we are one too many! I will die or he shall—and I will kill him. I say I will kill him!"

In their hiding-places, the two assassins looked at each other and smiled. In a voice broken by sobs, the young girl uttered some words which the men did not catch. Jacques replied in a despairing voice:

"And only to think that if this miserable Simon had not come back with that money—the devil sent him—your father might have consented to our marriage!"

"My father? Oh, you don't know him, Jacques. You are too poor. All I can promise is to resist with all my power."

"Well, you don't believe I mean to murder him, I hope? He is a soldier; he is strong and active, and knows how to defend himself. The fight will be a fair one."

"And I—I will die, Jacques!"

"Where did his money come from? He

was as poor as I am when he set out for the army. His pay was not enough to fill that cursed belt and buy that land."

"He pretends that it was a present from a general whose life he saved."

"All lies! The wretch stole it from some convent he robbed in Spain, or from some church where he seized the silver vessels or the gold on the holy Virgin's robe. Susanne, you are honest and proud—will you marry a thief?"

The assassins nudged each other.

"Come, come," said Susanne, "be calm, Jacques. My father will beat me and lock me up. I swear to you I'll never be Simon's wife; and you—you must swear to me that you will not attack him."

Jacques made no reply.

"Come," the young girl added, pointing to the sky where the light of morning began to appear, "it is growing late; the sun is rising, and you must go your rounds. Try to please M. d'Estérac; he may do something for you—for *us*."

A moment afterward Jacques and Susanne came out of the house. They went toward the woods, and the sound of their steps died away.

"Good!" cried one of the murderers, bounding from his hiding-place; "all goes well! The guilty man is Jacques—only Jacques—we are white as the snow!"

They hastened to the open window, and the most active of the two mounted on the other's shoulders, and leaped into the apartment. Glancing quickly around, to be certain that no one saw him, he drew the torn and bloody belt from beneath his blouse, and threw it under a sort of lounge. All this took but a moment. The man descended from the window with the assistance of his accomplice, as he had entered it, and, partly following a small path which lost itself in the woods, they disappeared in the shadow of the thicket.

An hour after the assassination, three woodmen, who were going to cut wood in the mountain, passed by the "Priest's Inclosure." At sight of the body, which was still warm, they recoiled with astonishment and fright. A single cry issued from their lips, and in stupid silence they stood gazing at the dead body of the man whom they had seen a few hours before with his handsome face and gay bearing at the Coucourde Inn. Suddenly all the incidents of that scene returned to their memories. The peasants are instinctively prudent, but the thought which passed through their minds, as rapidly as a flash of lightning, made all three murmur together the name of Jacques Boucard. Then they were seized with a sort of vertigo, and, as though afraid of being suspected, they returned running to the village, and gave the alarm.

Soon the sinister intelligence ran from house to house. Simon Vernon had been popular, and had silenced even his few enemies by wetting their windpipes at the inn. They were proud of him as a fellow-countryman who had made his fortune; Jacques Boucard, on the contrary, was far from popular. He was a new-comer in the neighborhood—that is to say, he was looked upon

with suspicion. He was a game-keeper and bailiff—that is, he was hated. Arriving in the vicinity about six months before this time, he had met with Susanne Gervaz, the daughter of an avaricious old storekeeper of Villefort, and had quickly fallen in love with her. Susanne, who was too beautiful not to attract attention, and too proud to blush for an innocent question, made no concealment of her own feelings. She returned the young man's affections, and, having an old aunt near Mercoire, visited her frequently, and so saw Jacques. The gossips watched her walking with him in open day; and, plying their spinning-wheels, said, "What is going to come of this?" But the arrival of Simon Vernon had suddenly changed every thing. He saw Susanne, was dazzled by her beauty, went to Villefort and asked her in marriage of old André Gervaz, rattled his gold, obtained the miser's consent, and came back triumphant.

The result was, that the gossip of the neighbors redoubled. Would Simon, thus supported by the father, marry the daughter? Would Susanne, loving Jacques, have the strength to resist? Would not the rivals sooner or later exchange blows of the fist or their knives? These grave questions absorbed the attention of the villagers, especially when they heard that André Gervaz had forbidden his daughter even to speak to Jacques, on pain of being beaten and shut up—a circumstance probably explaining Susanne's unceremonious visit to Jacques at so early an hour on the morning of the murder.

Such was the condition of things when this history opened. Public opinion leaned decidedly in favor of the brilliant Simon and against Jacques Boucard. Irritated by obstacles, and naturally reserved, the latter had become stern and rough. He was poor and unsocial; and, in giving him the nickname of the "Water-Drinker," the peasants had meant to express their opinion that he was a poor companion, while Simon had made a friend of every one in the village. After the scene at the Coucourde Inn, gossip had reached the climax. The entrance of Jacques, his lowering glances, his refusal to drink with Simon—these incidents had attracted universal attention, and now come suddenly the startling intelligence—"Simon Vernon is murdered; they have found his body!"

A crowd rushed to the scene of the crime, and exclamations were heard on all sides:

"Poor fellow! he would not listen to *me*!—he *would* buy this cursed property!" "He might have known that the 'Priest's Inclosure' would bring him bad luck!" "And any one could have told him that the old priest *walks* here every 2d of November!"

As to the author of the crime, nobody had the least doubt. If Jacques Boucard had appeared they would have torn him in pieces. No one dared to touch the corpse before the arrival of the chief of police. He came in the evening, and was one of those people who, whenever a crime is committed, begin by asking, "Where is *the woman*?" In this case the woman was only too easy to find. The official, followed by the crowd, went toward the house of Jacques, reached the clump of

pinces where the assassins had concealed themselves, saw the broken boughs and the mark of footprints, and traced them to the window—when Jacques, coming out of the forest, stood before them. At sight of him the crowd shouted, "Here he is!—he killed Simon! Death to the *water-drinker*—death!"

Jacques stood still, as though stupefied. At first, he thought that a murder had been committed near his house, and that they were calling on him to say who was the criminal. His expression exasperated the crowd.

"You make out that you are astonished!" they cried; "but in front of Simon's dead body you will speak, murderer!"

Jacques could find no words to utter, and in the midst of cries of "Death! death!" he was arrested by the *gendarmes* present, and confined in the house under guard, to await the arrival of the judge of instruction, who had been sent for from Mende.

Just at nightfall a sombre spectacle attracted all eyes. On a litter, covered with a black cloth and carried on the shoulders of the crowd, the dead body of Simon Vernon was borne back to Fontanes. The night was cold and starless. The dry heather crackled under the feet of the pall-bearers. From time to time the cry of the owls replied to the melancholy chant of the multitude—and the glimmering lights of the pine-torches resembled wandering souls.

The sight of the corpse, and horror at the murder, had completely carried away this whole population, intoxicated with their wrath. All believed that Jacques was the murderer—every one would have been contented to become his executioner.

On the next day the king's prosecutor, M. Favernay, and the judge of instruction, M. de Ribière, arrived from Mende and repaired to the house of Jacques Boucard. The judge was a man past middle-age, of the highest character, and had lived all his life in the department, where every one respected him. M. Favernay, the public prosecutor, was, on the contrary, a young Parisian, fired with the ambition of distinguishing himself at the bar—a man of the world, an elegant dancer, and a good piano-player, who would sing in the evening a sentimental song, after demanding from a jury the heads of two or three criminals in the morning.

The two officials examined the locality around the house, and especially the footprints. M. de Ribière called attention to the fact that they were of different dimensions, but, after all, this was a slight circumstance—the general conviction of Boucard's guilt was so strong! They entered the house, summoned the accused before them, and the examination began.

Jacques denied every thing. He had passed the whole day, he said, pursuing a poacher in the woods, at a distance from the spot where the crime was committed.

"At what hour did you leave your house?" asked M. de Ribière.

"About eight," said Jacques.

"Very well," interrupted M. Favernay, with a bantering air, and, turning to the health-officer, he said, "M. Duclos, at what hour do you suppose the murder was committed?"

"The wood-cutters found the corpse between seven and eight. As it was still warm, he must have been killed between six and seven."

"What reply do you make?" said M. Favernay, in a brief and stern voice, to Jacques.

The accused was silent. His face was pale, his features were contracted, and his eyes wandered—he was the picture of guilt. In the mean while an examination of the house was going on—a mere matter of form, as it was not supposed that the murderer would have left any traces of his crime. Still the search was made—under the bed, in the straw, in the mattress, under the chest of drawers, under the lounge—when suddenly a cry was heard. The bloody belt was dragged forth. M. de Ribière's head sank; M. Favernay cried, "Summon the witnesses!"

The relations and friends of Simon Vernon crowded into the apartment.

"Do you recognize this belt as the property of Simon Vernon?" asked the judge, ashamed at last of his doubts.

"Yes, sir."

"And did Simon generally wear it?"

"Always."

"And what do you think he carried in it?"

"Oh, thousands and hundreds!—gold, sir!—strange money we never saw before!"

M. Favernay resumed his part in the interrogatory, and said:

"What have you to answer, Jacques Boucard?"

The face of the accused changed, his pallor was like that of a corpse, and he stammered out:

"Mr.—gentlemen—what do you want me to say? I know nothing, I've done nothing, I've seen nothing; there is some devilish mystery under this! I feel I am lost!"

M. de Ribière leaned over and whispered to the prosecutor:

"But this money—where is it?"

"Hidden in the woods, no doubt. Don't we know that he was as poor as Job, and that his poverty prevented his marriage with his sweetheart?"

"But this belt?"

"He had not time to conceal it," said M. Favernay, impatiently. "He thought he had the whole day before him, and he was arrested at once. All night he was under guard—this escaped his calculations."

The public prosecutor had begun to glow at thought of the dramatic incidents of the crime, the public attention it would draw to himself, and the reputation he would achieve. There was the mysterious "Priest's Inclosure," the Spanish gold, the rivalry between two lovers, ending in assassination. Suddenly he thought of the link missing in this romantic drama.

"A woman was mentioned," he said; "a young girl courted by the murderer and his victim both."

"Yes, Susanne Gervaz!" cried a dozen voices.

"Where is she?"

"Ah, not far!" was the malicious reply of the crowd.

"Well, find her, and bring her here."

And in a short time the young girl was brought in, for she had been close at hand. She had left home to see Jacques again, and on the way had heard the news of his arrest for killing Simon.

"In a quarrel? Oh, how unfortunate!" she exclaimed.

"In a *quarrel*?" was the malicious reply. "He was not such a fool as that. He laid in wait for Simon at the Priest's Inclosure, and murdered him."

Instead of overwhelming the girl, this intelligence relieved her. Feeling certain that Jacques could never have committed a vulgar assassination, she was sure that there was a mere misunderstanding; that he would easily prove his innocence. She hastened on, but a bad augury occurred on her way. As she was passing the mean and dilapidated farmhouse of Anselme Costerousse—for he was known to be wretchedly poor—she saw this man and his hired laborer, Matteo Peronci, leaning on the tumble-down fence, and grinning at her.

"Hey!" cried Costerousse, "here's a pretty girl! Where are you going so fast? To see your two sweethearts? Well, go and look for one at the galleys, and for the other in the graveyard."

Susanne made no reply, passing on disdainfully; but, in her feverish state of mind, this meeting made a deep impression upon her, and engraved itself on her memory. She went on, with her head raised proudly, but was soon subjected to a new test. All along the way, hidden in the bushes, were the enemies of Jacques, uttering taunts and insults.

"Come on—you are wanted!"

"Come and swear to your lover's innocence! He's a fine fellow! He puts us in jail for killing a hare, but he murders people who are in his way in his love-affairs!"

From behind the trunk of a tree came a third voice:

"Take care what you swear to! If you lie to save this murderer, we'll rattle tin pans whenever you come out, and the children of the village will throw stones at you!"

Susanne made no reply. She walked on proudly through the insulting crowd, and reached the house just as she was summoned. In the midst of yells and furious threats she was conducted before the officials.

Instead of intimidating her, all these insults had strung her nerves. Erect, proud, her eyes on fire, her nostrils dilated, and with a brilliant color in her cheeks, she was so beautiful that every one gazed at her with astonishment.

"*Diable!*" whispered the *gendarmes*, "what a pair of eyes! They are enough to account for a dozen cuts with a knife!"

M. de Ribière was filled with pity at sight of so much beauty and misfortune. As to M. Favernay, he gazed at the girl with all the admiration of a Parisian connoisseur, and thought, "How she will adorn my triumph!"

Jacques had started, and looked at her with a dazed expression, and then turned away his eyes. Susanne returned this glance with one of the deepest tenderness and confidence, made a slight gesture with her hand, and said:

"Don't be afraid—here I am."

"Silence!" cried M. Favernay, in a severe tone. Then, turning to the witnesses:

"What is this young woman's reputation?" he said.

They hesitated, but truth carried the day, and they all replied:

"Excellent."

"And you think it impossible that she could have been Boucard's accomplice?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well," said M. de Ribière, "taking up the examination. 'Now answer, Susanne Gervaz, you love the accused, people say?'"

"Yes, sir, with all my soul."

"You know what a horrible crime he is charged with. Have you any thing to say?"

"Any thing to say?—Jacques is innocent!"

"Well—any thing more?"

"More?" she went on, with growing excitement. "At what hour, according to the witnesses, was the murder committed?"

"Yesterday morning, between six and seven o'clock."

"Well," said Susanne, in a clear, loud voice, "yesterday morning, between six and seven o'clock, I was with Jacques—here, in this very place where you have met to accuse him. If I lie, take me and throw me into prison with him."

As the girl spoke, it was seen that her lips did not tremble. The blush in her cheeks, the fire of her eyes, the dignity of her attitude, subjugated at once her judges, and the crowd full of hatred for Jacques. No one thought of accusing her of immodesty. She remained so chaste while denouncing herself, and so proud in humiliating herself, that M. Favernay exclaimed, in a low voice, with a smile of satisfaction:

"Superb! Here is a heroine! What an effect she will have on the audience!—and the journals, how they will discuss her!"

M. de Ribière replied to the girl, saying:

"Take care! You have not, perhaps, realized the effect of your statement. Your reputation is said to be good. If you have testified truly, you have dishonored yourself, and made your name a by-word in the country without the certainty of having exculpated the prisoner."

"I know it—I know it!"

"And you persist in your statement?"

"I persist."

Jacques Boucard had listened with astonishment, fright, joy, and admiration mixed with grief, to Susanne's words. M. de Ribière now turned to him and said:

"Jacques Boucard, you have heard what this young girl has said. She declares that yesterday morning, when the crime was committed, she was here, shut up with you. Is this statement true?"

"No," said Jacques, in a low but distinct voice.

M. Favernay rose.

"Mademoiselle," he said to Susanne, "it is a fine thing to devote ourselves to our friends, but not to such an extent as this. You may be compromised—as one guilty of perjury. Not another word! Jacques Boucard has himself contradicted you!"

He turned to the other witnesses.

"Had Simon Vernon any other enemies

in the neighborhood except Jacques Boucard?"

"No, sir."

"Nobody else would have murdered him for his money?"

"Nobody."

"Your daily occupations take you into the fields?"

"Yes."

"You have seen no suspicious characters lately in the country?"

"None, sir."

"All goes well!" said the prosecutor, turning to M. de Ribière.

"Yes, to bring this poor man to the gallows," said the latter.

Jacques Boucard, having destroyed every hope of safety by a single word, fell back into his dull stupor, and seemed resolved to say no more. The discovery of Simon Vernon's belt in his house was attributed by him to magic. He believed that some demon concealed in the fern on the moor of Lesperpervouse had inspired the peasants with their threats and insults—that the public prosecutor, M. Favernay himself, was the victim of supernatural influences. To struggle against such powerful and invincible enemies, seemed utterly impossible to him, and he gave up the contest.

M. de Ribière addressed him in a tone of great feeling, but it was plain that, in spite of all, he believed him to be guilty. The prisoner listened with the air of one addressed by a philanthropist unable to help him—of a dying man whom his physician promises to cure. The judge of instruction, painful as the duty was, found himself obliged to draw up a statement of the case in accordance with the testimony. Jacques was then led away, and taken to prison to await his trial before the court of assizes.

In due time the indictment was drawn up, and Jacques Boucard was formally charged with having committed murder, with malice prepense, on the body of Simon Vernon, at a place called the "Priest's Inclosure," near Fontanes, in the department of Lozère, on the 28th day of November, in the year 1825.

Three months afterward the unfortunate man was arraigned before a jury to be tried for the crime with which he was charged.

CONVULSIVE RELIGION.

I.

IT is a necessity with some men who possess the faculty of glowing speech to employ it often and with the greatest effect. It is a gift universally appreciated, for all are more or less affected by it, especially if the critical faculty of the intellect is allowed to slumber; and nowhere may it be used with greater success than on the subject of religion, for all other questions become pale compared to this one. Thus fear, love, remorse, hope, and veneration, are aroused in a way in which they could not be by the greatest eloquence on any other theme. Here, in a word, is the natural element of the revivalist preacher.

But he does not preach at all times, for

he is periodic; the field must be ripe before he goes into it. Religious revival usually appears after times of public depression, disaster, or long torpor in matters spiritual. It occurs with a certain degree of regularity, and spreads by infection. The spiritual illumination, as it is called, after spasmodic agitation, usually leads to grateful repose. The effect of the excitement has a tendency to lead to a changed and better life, yet the physical disorders—and sometimes mental—which accompany it are of such a grave character that many are led to question its efficacy as a promoter of sound morality.

Its manifestations are most marked in the illiterate, to whom the cerebral impression is communicated more quickly, owing to the absence of the reasoning faculty, and shows itself in a sensation of which the seat is the spinal column, and often results in convulsions and catalepsy. A nervous, cultivated organization, on account of the habit of considering what is discussed before accepting it as truth, is less subject to the revival influence; but, when subject to it, becomes more liable to derangement of the brain-functions, and usually results in fanaticism or hallucination.

The excitement which manifests itself in convulsive movements usually passes into sobbing, laughing, singing, and wailing. The eloquence of a gifted orator sometimes does not produce so great an effect as an illiterate convert on the minds of predisposed lookers-on. His excited face, voice, and gestures, exercise remarkable power; his words may be of the most commonplace description, yet bring forth manifestations denied to the words of an intellectual exhorter.

The emotional nature of the negro especially renders him subject to this influence. The spark that lights the tinder in his nature is sometimes only words, without coherency or sense, the sound and the manner being enough. In the South particularly, senseless vociferation has produced marvelous effects in the emotional nature of the black man. I recollect seeing a black woman there, in an assembly of her race, who, as the preacher pronounced his jumble of nonsense with a loud and sympathetic voice, gradually arose to her feet, and moved forward to the open space in front of the pulpit with a certain measure in her step which seemed to keep time to the lyric speech of the preacher; her eyes turned upward in an ecstasy of joy; reaching the open space, she moved about in it for several minutes, when at length her pent-up emotion burst out in a wild whoop of hallelujah, which rang through the night, and echoed in the neighboring forest. At this point two or three stalwart men, evidently accustomed to their work, seized the woman; she threw them off at first with a strength which came to her from excitement, but they renewed the contest, wrestled with her, and finally overpowered and bore her to a seat, when she suddenly became quiet and flaccid, her eyes open and fixed.

The most common mode of expression for the pleasure experienced by more intellectual people in hearing fine music, oratory, or acting, is that they have "thrills in the back." This is the popular way of referring to the

influence of such things on the brain, communicated to the spinal column, which confers one of the most pleasurable sensations we are susceptible of. This "thrill in the back" is the first stage of the sensation which passes into ecstasy, which in turn often merges into catalepsy; and this was the condition of the black woman referred to as she fell powerless back into her seat under the hands of the men—motionless, senseless, and speechless. People of trained intellect do not often reach this last stage, the sensation not often going beyond the pleasurable one of the spinal column, except in certain organizations, in which it develops hysteria, with its attendant convulsive struggling and exacerbation.

The religious excitement is often such as to render its subject insensible to pain for the time being. The ceremony of the *Doseh* is practised in an open boulevard of Cairo, in which the dervises prostrate themselves on their faces, closely together, and their chief preacher or sheik, mounted on horseback, walks over this living carpet, or rather caracoles over it, the horse led on each side by an Arab walking on a pavement of hands and feet; the prostrate figures, quivering with excitement, shout "Ullah—lah—lah!" as he goes over them, then jump to their feet, some of them foaming at the mouth, all apparently uninjured, and attesting to it if necessary. The reason of this, according to them, is that the horse is upheld by a supernatural agency.

During certain periods of religious revival in France, women subject to hysteria have been crucified at their own urgent request, by fellow-fanatics, the crown of thorns being planted on their temples and the nails driven through the hands and feet, as was done on Calvary, and they uniformly asserted that they did not suffer pain therefrom.

The Convulsionists appeared in France in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The death of a popular preacher gave rise to the name and the thing. When his remains were interred, a report found credence that a cripple, who with others stood about the grave, was seized with a miraculous convulsion, and was made whole. In consequence, great throngs visited the grave, and some with epileptic tendencies were seized with convulsions like the cripple, and made well of whatever disease they were possessed. The grave became a shrine, and a record of the cures was kept. The first convulsions were alleged to be involuntary, but soon they were made to appear whenever the subject desired. Those who produced the convulsions came to be regarded as prophets as well as physicians, and were chiefly composed of women; all of them were illiterate and most of them poor. This continued for two years, and the excitement became so great that the government interfered and closed up the graveyard. But the devotees continued their practices in private, and became more extravagant than ever. They divided themselves into bands for inflicting self-torture. One of the most conspicuous in this kind of work was a woman named Marie Sonnet, who was also called "The Fire-Sister." She was in the habit of

beginning by being scorched with a hot iron, which she submitted to without any exhibition of suffering. Indeed, she was cheerful under it. She next asked those who assisted at these rites for her "stick of candy," which was a sharp pole planted upright in the ground. She placed her back on the sharp point and her head and limbs hung down on each side. She remained in this position for a certain time, and, after it was over, called out for what she designated as her "biscuit," which was a stone weighing fifty pounds, somewhat of the form of a biscuit. The woman extended herself on the floor, and the stone was dropped upon her from the ceiling, to which it was drawn up again, and dropped on the convulsive creature beneath until the lookers-on grew tired of the spectacle. The sect lived for about sixty years, and the fearful tortures to which they subjected themselves are matters of history.

An epidemic mania once broke out in the Netherlands, called Saint John's dance, in which men and women danced in a circle, shrieking wildly, and calling on Saint John the Baptist, and at last fell to the ground, begging by-standers to tread on and walk over them, which they did. They exorcised, and made extraordinary confessions, and increased so rapidly in numbers as to inspire the rest of the inhabitants with dread. One of their morbid fancies was a hatred of the red color, and a rage to destroy it like the animal in the Spanish bull-fights. Another was an aversion to pointed shoes, which grew to such an extent that the civil authorities were obliged to issue a decree forbidding people to wear any thing but square-toed shoes.

Another epidemic something similar appeared in Strasburg, not very long after, where the dancers jumped and turned before the chapel of St. Vitus, erected in memory of a saint martyred in the time of Diocletian. Women possessed of nervous affections, every spring, repaired to this shrine and danced before it from morning to night, when they fell down from exhaustion into an ecstatic state. The general belief was, that by so doing the malady was cured for one year, and that it came from the devil. The physicians could make no headway in its treatment, and it was abandoned to the Church. The monks of a certain order had some reputation for casting out this evil spirit, as it was called.

A revival occurred in the thirteenth century in Italy, which passed thence over Europe. Its devotees were the well-known Flagellants, who, rich and poor, young and old, were seized with fanaticism. They went so far as to walk naked through the streets in procession, without any sense of shame, each with a scourge of leather thongs with which they whipped themselves, with tears and groans, until the blood ran from the stripes thus made. This was at night as well as by day, they appearing in the depths of winter with torches to light up their agony.

There are now pilgrim cripples visiting the Grotto of Lourdes every year, who are so carried away by religious excitement

that they throw away crutches and canes after drinking the water, and announce with enthusiasm that they are cured. The power of this delirium is such that for the time they are really able to dispense with their usual aids in crutches and sticks, of which a great pile is made in the neighborhood of the grotto, to show the virtue of the water—a water for which no medicinal property is claimed other than the spiritual one. After the excitement subsides, they naturally have recourse to their usual mode of assistance.

Once while in Jerusalem I was a witness to the manifestations of fanaticism which take place every year in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at what is called the descent of the Holy Fire, when pilgrims, some of them from far-off countries, assemble in the church to light their tapers from the sacred light. The popular tradition is, that having done this, and bathed in the Jordan at the place where Christ was baptized, they are sure of salvation. On the occasion referred to, the church was crowded with men and women filled with enthusiasm, all pushing to get as near as possible to the tabernacle which covers the tomb in the centre of the building directly under the lofty dome. The dignitary who is popularly supposed to bring down the fire from heaven, and who is called the fire-bishop, was shut up in the tabernacle and invisible to all. I occupied a balcony which commanded the structure that covered the sacred tomb and most of the motley throng.

During the two hours which we waited, the fire-bishop was supposed to be engaged in fervid prayer in order to produce the miracle, while the pilgrims exhibited their impatience and faith in various ways. Yelling and Oriental singing were mingled together, while all eyes, gleaming with a strange light, were turned toward the chapel of the tomb, where a priest stood beside an aperture to receive the fire from the bishop within. Occasionally, wild shrieks from women rose above the confusion of sounds. The multitude surged forward from time to time, until the Turkish soldiers were crowded against the wall. The Mohammedans strove hard to keep the Christian in order, but in vain. The throng became densely packed, and several walked over a flooring of heads and shoulders to get near the point of central interest. A lane was kept open, however, by means of strong ropes from the aperture of the chapel, extending out under the arches of the rotunda to the door. Before the fire appeared, athletic couriers stood, barelegged and stripped to the waist, with lanterns in their hands, ready to carry the sacred fire at the top of their speed to the villages within the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

As soon as the flame was seen, the bells of the church and of the neighboring convents were loudly rung. The desire to obtain the fire was so intense that the torch held out at the aperture was at first extinguished. This added to the general impatience. The men shouted and gesticulated like maniacs, and crowds of Arab women in the galleries, who were Greek converts, uttered a wail which fell and rose from a moan to a shriek.

Shortly after the appearance of the fire at

the aperture, the door of the sacred tomb was thrown open, and the venerable fire-bishop emerged, holding in his hand a bundle of lighted tapers, and made his way toward the Greek altar as fast as zealous priests could push the people out of his way, and at length disappeared behind the screen of the Holy of Holies. The mass of pilgrims rushed around the rotunda, lighting each other's tapers, and some burned themselves on the neck, arms, and face. After this glare of flame had burned for about ten minutes, they began to put out the tapers, to carry them home as sacred relics. None blew them out, some extinguished them with cloths, others with the naked hand, without evincing any sign of pain. The scars left by these burns were ever after the signs of their pilgrimage and holiness.

Among sects given to nervous disorders are the Jerkers, Barkers, Jumpers, and Shakers. The Barkers, as their name indicates, bark like a dog in the practice of their religion. The names of the others sufficiently explain the character of their religious exercises.

In New Haven, a sect of fanatics called Wakemanites submitted to and followed in all her vagaries a prophetess called Rhoda Wakeman, who was believed to be insane. According to her account, she had been raised from the dead, in accordance with a prediction which she had previously made. She removed evil spirits out of the body by exorcism, and even instigated her followers to murder in the cause of religion.

There is, or was, a small body of people in the United States who took the scriptural injunction to be as little children literally, and they gave themselves over to jumping the rope, leap-frog, playing hoop, tumbling about the floor, speaking in an infantile manner, nursing dolls, and other occupations and traits of childhood, with the firm belief that in so doing they were working out their salvation.

What is usually called the "great American revival" began simultaneously in New Haven and New York in 1832, and does not seem to have been set in motion by any particular individual or individuals, but to have been, in a full sense, a popular expression. It was in men's minds and in the atmosphere. It broke out and raged like a fire over a certain portion of the country known by the old inhabitants as the "burnt district." It was especially felt along the shore of Lake Ontario, and in the counties of Madison and Oneida.

The host that marched in this revival movement had many banners, but were without known chieftains. They averred that they did not need a commander, for they had one on high. The corporals and sergeants who marched with the uprising, but did not lead it, were men of mediocrity, and comparatively unknown. These did not make the revival, but it made them, for, as they were a little more conspicuous than the rank and file, their names were noted and their actions talked of. They were of various religious colors, and formed a motley group, gathered from the Wesleyan Methodists, Episcopal Methodists, Evangelicals, Independents, Con-

gregationalists, and Presbyterians. Most of them chafed under the discipline, however lax, that existed in the ranks here named.

The characteristic signs attended this spiritual tempest. Ballrooms were turned into places of prayer, and theatres into churches. Clergymen who reasoned with men logically and preached sound theology were told that they held the sponge of vinegar to the parched lips of sinners, instead of leading them to the brook of life where they might drink to repletion. They were found too conservative for the new demands—too calm, logical, and decorous. They met with the treatment usual in such popular upheavals—they were pushed aside, in many cases, to make way for the new expounders and prophets—ignorant men, full of faith and vociferation, who preached night and day the golden streets of the new Jerusalem, and the wrath to come.

The new preaching presented a strange attraction to some. It was a Dead Sea fruit, beautiful to look upon, containing ashes and bitterness within, as a number of them afterward discovered.

The apple of Sodom which grew out of this religious mania was the Pauline Church, founded on new visions and signs, and what was called the internal movements of the spirit. Its members became like the fanatical and ignorant Greek pilgrims, who, having received the holy fire, and bathed in the Jordan, were assured of heaven. They went a step further than the men of the East—they became incapable of sin!

This was the starting-point of wild vagaries, developing into saints, perfectionists, and other eccentric sects, most of whom, as one of the first signs of their independence and revolutionizing spirit, attacked the institution of marriage. A much-quoted dictum of one of their first spiritual corporals was that, "when a man becomes conscious that his soul is saved, the first thing that he sets about is to find his paradise and his Eve." The leaders of the saints, to whom this doctrine was most agreeable, could not find paradise in their own homes, nor Eves in their own wives, and sought their "affinities" elsewhere. Old ties were given up; the kingdom of heaven was at hand; old rules were no longer binding; and old obligations were set aside. In the prayers and love-feasts it was taught that heaven was so near that the changes that were to take place there might be permitted on earth. Men and women, regardless of marital ties entered into previous to their new professions, selected their celestial companions. At first, such unions were to be of a purely spiritual character, but of course in the end became sexual, for, however much men and women may change, the laws of Nature remain unalterable.

In the beginning they were to be brothers and sisters in the Lord, to whom gentle endearments and holy caresses were permitted in the exercise of spiritual functions. Probably most of them were sincere in the idea of such relations, and their origin seems to have been founded on a vision which appeared to one of their leaders, who saw an immense throng of men and women in heav-

en who sought hither and thither in search of something necessary to their happiness, with an expression of longing depicted in their faces. The men hunted for women to complete their happiness, as women did for men. The spirit of yearning for an incomplete joy was everywhere visible in these great hosts. The seer gave as an interpretation to his vision that men and women were wrongly yoked in marriage on earth, and that this might be remedied by a proper and spiritual union in the terrestrial sphere before the departure for the celestial one. This interpretation of a spiritual affinity between man and woman was received with favor and even enthusiasm. The man who saw the vision set the example by putting his legitimate wife aside and taking to his bosom the comely wife of one of his brethren. Others quickly followed the example, and a number of husbands and wives separated to join their affinities. The union was popularly designated among them as spiritual wedlock.

Before long the spiritual union was found to be incomplete, and it assumed the ordinary character of that which exists between man and woman who live together in close intimacy. Men who lived with the wives of others, and women who lived with the husbands of others, produced a strange confusion, which was attended with heart-burning and litigation. Children were abandoned by their natural protectors.

It resulted in evils still worse. Men and women discovered that they had made a mistake in these spiritual unions, and, after having lived for a certain period together, they separated to make new selections. It soon came to pass that they made new selections in comparatively short periods of time, and the doctrine of spiritual affinity thus inevitably merged into gross licentiousness.

If the facts were not before us, some of these unions would appear incredible. These were what the French would call *ménages à trois*. The lawful husband and the spiritual one lived under the same roof, in some cases, with the one wife, who denied all conjugal rights to the husband in law and accorded them freely to the husband in spirit, and remarkable instances are furnished of the husband submitting to such a state of things as being in accordance with the Divine will. And such examples of degradation, according to the annals of the time, do not appear to have been rare.

This eccentric sect, and several others as eccentric and irregular in their way, were among the results which this revival left behind in the "burnt district." The converts of good judgment and honesty of purpose, it may be presumed, attached themselves to orderly denominations, but all who were possessed of tendencies toward mysticism, or what they called spiritual nature, underwent social revolution, and got lawful rights and duties mixed up with their religious vagaries to a confusion inextricable.

Such was the revival in its moral aspects. It had still a physical and mental side which was worse to contemplate, in the number of deluded people who were placed in the hospitals and insane asylums.

ALBERT S. RHODES.

NEW BONNETS AND FINE DRESSING.

"I HAVE been buying a new bonnet, to-day," said I to Orestes.

"Yes, no doubt. Have you not been buying two new bonnets?"

"Yes, perhaps I have."

"And possibly three?"

"Well, since you insist upon it, I think I did buy *three*. One needs three bonnets, you know. There is the common black felt, for a hack; and then there is a nice and a grave one for church and high-toned amusements; and then the gay and bright one for wedding-receptions and—"

"And such *low-toned* amusements. Now, don't you know that by this bonnet-buying of yours you have exposed the reasons for the national debt, the present unhappy state of our financial affairs, and the cause of all the failures and monetary distresses; all because you women buy *three* bonnets instead of one. Why not buy *one*—a sort of a purple, or a green, or a red bonnet—that would do for all occasions, and save you fifty or a hundred dollars? I am sure you could not look so badly in one bonnet as you contrive to look in three. We might get used to one bonnet; but the horrors of three bonnets—each, I dare say, more eccentric than the last—is too much. I sat behind a lady at the theatre recently, and I never caught a sight of Miss Fanny Davenport, whom I very much admire, because of my neighbor's bonnet. I longed to arrange her with my cane, and say: 'My dear madam, keep your head *there*, or, if you please, *here*; but do not put that mass of plumage, foliage, and gauze veil, between me and Miss Fanny forever! I have paid for my seat, madam, *why* am I to be dooked of my view?' But, no, politeness demands that I should sit still, a humble martyr to a woman's bonnet!"

"All of which is an argument for a number of bonnets. Might not your offending lady, if she had had *three* bonnets, perhaps have selected one that you would have liked—let us say the red one (which is a probable bonnet), that would have been so quiet and nice, you know!"

"No, there is no such thing as a bonnet that pleases me. I have liked no bonnets since the cottage-straw which my mother used to wear, which shaded her dear face, and which I used to peep round and look under in church when I was a little boy."

"Not even the picturesque Rubens hat, which recalls Helen Froment?"

"Well, that is a slight improvement, and yet a woman must be very beautiful and picturesque and modest-looking to bear that exquisite head-dress."

"I grant you," said I, "that bonnets are constructed on the supposition that the face is to be beautiful, youthful, and modest, and, as all faces are not that (the more's the pity!), the effect is to make the face less beautiful, less youthful, and less modest."

"Yes, say brazen at once. I declare to you the effect of the modern bonnet has been

for years to make the female face *brazen*, and I think all this uncovering of the face and hair in the street has had a very pernicious effect on womanly manners."

"Why don't you, Orestes, at once announce yourself as an advocate of an Eastern veil, which covers all but one eye?"

"Ah, there you go again—womanly exaggeration! There was once a perfect medium in the bonnet—worn, say, in 1840. Look back through the fashion-plates, and come to that modest thing which women tied under their chin and then dropped down over their faces—a *lace veil*; that is my idea of a bonnet."

"And mine of a coal-scuttle," said I. "Why, you could not see that loveliest view of the face—a woman's profile. What did you lovers of 1840 do for a view of the face you loved—say, in church or at the theatre? You only saw a profile of straw."

"Ah! we caught glimpses—all the sweeter that we had to watch for one chance to see the flushing face; and then what a protection for the face that was no longer young or pretty—not, as now, exposed to all the adverse criticism of the—"

"Of all the Oresteses of society!"

"However, I do not stop at bonnets. I say that the extravagance of women has brought about all the financial distress of this nation."

"I thought I had heard something about the late war, Western railroads, and over-trading in other things besides silks and satins?"

"All bosh, I assure you. If, after our late war, which was an expensive calamity, no doubt—"

"Yes, I should think so!"

"—all women had economized, had declared that they would wear simple, inexpensive garments, that they would dress on a hundred dollars a year—"

"Hear him! hear him!" said I—

"—would put all their golden ornaments into the treasury, as the German women did, who, after Napoleon's wars, put their gold wedding-rings into the treasury, and received iron ones, with the inscription, 'For our love of country, we gave gold for iron,' then we should have been better off than we are now!"

"When you collect so much duty on our silks and satins, and thus are enabled to pay your interest and keep the government going? I have heard that every lady who bought a French dress and paid the duty on it was a patriot, and helping to pay the national debt."

"Yes; what a noble army of patriots we have, indeed! She is nobler than the lady who buys a French dress, and does *not* pay the duty, that is all!"

"Now, how much more do French dresses cost the nation than brandy and cigars?"

"Oh! brandy and cigars are necessities of life. Men will have them. They are all proper enough; but French dresses make women simply walking fashion-plates, exaggerations always of the *real* French dresses, which are modest, simple, unpretending. Have you not been in a shop in Paris, and been taken round to a distant counter to see the fashions '*pour les Américaines*'?"

"Oh, yes. I remember well in Paris seeing some preposterous collars, and asking the civil shop-woman if they were for fancy dresses. She said no; they were for the New York market. But that is not universal. We can all get pretty French things, if we try; and certainly a French dress in material, construction, and style, is worth ten dresses bought anywhere else."

"A feminine prejudice, I think. However, you women have long since ceased to dress for men. You dress now entirely for each other."

"So I have heard men say, and I deny it. Men feel the effect of beautiful dressing as much as women do, although they could not describe it so well. I walked up Fifth Avenue with a gentleman the other day, and every really well-dressed woman attracted his attention, and every one whom he especially admired had on a French dress."

"Oh, you had given him a hint; you had said, 'There goes a well-dressed woman,' and he had weakly yielded. Now, how much do men know about camel's-hair shawls, real lace, or the *chic* of a Worth dress?"

"They know *chic*—that is exactly what they do know, and real camel's hair and real lace produce *chic*."

"I am sorry I used one of your miserable slang words, for it has given you a temporary advantage."

"No. You fall into the common error of supposing that all dress, to be pleasing to women, must necessarily be expensive. Women regret the expensiveness of dress as much as men do; for even those who have a great deal of money would like to spend it on jewelry, or pictures, or even books—if you will forgive us for being so frivolous—rather than on the perishable dresses which we are forced to buy by the exigencies of fashion. The trouble it gives a woman to dress herself becomingly is another great drawback to the pleasure; for, of course, a love of dress was implanted by Nature in women just as all her other instincts by which she makes herself attractive are. So that a woman of moderate means goes forth in spring and fall to meet the terrible future of dress with any thing but a cheerful heart. The tyranny of dress-makers, who change the fashions perpetually, and that greater tyranny which *Bégénie* introduced, of a profusion of trimmings, make this a very serious business, and if our American women dress tastelessly sometimes it is because in attempting to rival the art of the French masters of costume with inexperienced hands they break down. It is the old story of the Irish cook trying to make a *vol au vent* de *volaille*. Now, the real French is not showy, it is simply elegant and fit."

"You mean 'fit' in the best sense—that is, adapted to the occasion?"

"Yes. You remember the old story of the anger of the politicians when Mr. Webster said that the nomination of General Scott was one '*not fit* to be made!' They thought he meant something very bad, as they say in New England '*not fit* for any thing,' when they wish to be utterly condemnatory. We get the true sense of some English words only when a master uses them. However, to return to our dresses. I think

American women would gladly dress more simply, and with less expense and trouble, if they could."

"Who in the vast universe prevents them?" said Orestes, with a pounding emphasis. "Certainly not the men."

"Yes, the men. No man would admire a woman in a *past fashion*; every man desires, in his heart, to see his wife, daughter, his lady-love, or his sister, in the best, prettiest, most elegant dress in the room."

"Yes, but he and she would never agree as to which was the best, prettiest, and most elegant. I like a plain dress, with no trimmings, one color and one material, no *tie-back* (that horror of horrors!), no immense and grotesque protuberance behind, and no high color."

"Don't you think that would be a little skimpy?" said I.

"Well, skimpy is a good word, and I accept it. I must say I do object to the idea and the thing, but a woman of good figure is never skimpy."

"There, you have reached the core at last. 'A woman of good figure.' Yes, she looks well in the dress you describe, but not one woman in fifty has a good figure. Dress is made measurably to conceal defects and heighten beauties, as moonlight is said to do; so those who are too thin, and those who are too stout, must be made to look well by judicious trimmings. It is really a concession to defects which brings about extraordinary fashions."

"And so the really beautiful figures have no chance, have they?" said Orestes.

"Oh, yes, they have their chance, and assert themselves, if only by grace of movement, but the inferior Venuses come up by the gracious interposition of fashion."

"Gracious interposition of fiddlesticks!" said Orestes, politely. "I hate fashion and all its works. I think it makes our women hideous. I think they have made it a Juggernaut, which they fall down and worship. They let it run over them, and crush them. Instead of being beautiful creatures, in a white muslin, with a rose in the hair, they are masses of silk, gauze, *passementerie*, frills, conflicting colors, and general confusion."

"You remind me of the negro minstrel's joke, who called *passementerie* 'pass 'em on to me.' It seemed to me at the races the other day that you found the best-dressed young ladies very charming, although they were very *much* dressed, and in those very objectionable articles you have named."

"Yes, I was trying to see if there really was an agreeable young woman among those disguised creatures. I felt for their martyrdom, too, poor things!—mounted on high heels, which tortured them, and laced out of all freedom of action; 'tied back' to that degree that they could not go up or down stairs except by extraordinary efforts. I said to myself, 'How are all these gentle hearts able to beat under such distressing circumstances? Why don't they stop? Why don't these poor things die?' That was what I was concerned in conjecturing."

"They have a great deal of vitality; they live even through more severe trials than those you have described," said I.

"How do you account for the enormous increase in the splendor, expense, and importance, of woman's dress within a few years?" said Orestes.

"I think the French Empire had a great deal to do with it. There was a beautiful woman on the throne; she had a number of rich and idle ladies in waiting, and Paris had nothing to do but to dance, flirt, and spend money, for several years. A good dresser, on a throne, can realize her dreams. Eugénie developed Worth and Pinchon, who soon learned how to make money out of female folly, and the stage caught it up. You know the *pièces des robes* became so fashionable and so expensive that the French actresses finally declared that they would not play in them if their salaries were not raised proportionately. They said, as Fanny Davenport said, very admirably, to a reporter the other day, that for dress to be confounded with true art was an insult to art, and that actresses did not wish to be remarked for the splendor of their dresses, but by the grace and fidelity with which they portrayed the passions. Still, no woman can have a success on the modern stage unless she is well dressed."

"I wish you would not use the term well-dressed—say expensively, showily, gaudily dressed."

"I will compromise, and say 'fashionably dressed'—and that includes also, unhappily, 'expensively' dressed. You see we have a powerful party against us, even if we should be strong-minded, and try to return to simplicity. We have the French dress-makers, whose interest it is to increase the sale of the silks and velvets of Lyons; and the thousand and one manufactures of Paris; then we have you men, who secretly like to see us fashionably dressed; then we have the deceitfulness and vanity of our own hearts."

"Yes, quite the latter, but leave out 'us men;' we like you better in *one* bonnet, a very quiet one, and *one* black silk or white muslin, than in all the paraphernalia of Worth."

"Did you know that Worth had a large aviary, and studied the colors of birds to teach him the mysteries of colors?"

"Yes, I think I remember one or two years ago, women looked like parrots, in two shades of yellow green. I wish I could say that the resemblance stopped with the dress."

"Well, birds know how to dress, if anybody does," said I. "Worth is now introducing a black dress with scarlet linings. I know the bird he gets that from; I had him in my garden this summer, the dear, shining, graceful, brilliant creature! I thought he was one of the best-dressed persons I had seen all summer."

"Yes, black and scarlet will do for some brunette, with rather a yellow skin, and white teeth, a delicate figure, such as your bird had, no doubt."

"It is true, my bird had a delicate figure—there was a gray bird, too, with a crimson throat; and also a Baltimore oriole, all flashing with orange and black, a feathered gem; and there were some humming-birds, gotten up in green and bronze. I do not think we could do better than to copy them."

"If judiciously, I should say yes, but some milk-white blonde will choose the Baltimore oriole, and some pale brunette the gray with the crimson throat, while some woman whose naturally sallow tints have been increased by eating hot bread will put on the humming-bird."

"Oh, no, hope for better things, Orestes! There were some distracting bluebirds for the blondes, and some tender doves, all purple, and drab, and brown, for those who have the apple-blossom complexion, for which you must acknowledge your countrywomen are famous."

"Yes, my countrywomen have good complexions, my countrywomen are beautiful, but they have not good taste in dress, they are exaggerated, they are too *voyantes*. You see I have to return to French when I express your faults and foibles. The French proverbs are all of dress, and vanity, and the shop. 'Adieu la vulture! adieu la boutique!' is their way of saying that 'the affair is over,' you know."

"Yes, but they also had Rochefoucauld."

"A Latin, born a thousand years after his time—but we will come back to your three bonnets. This is the text of my discourse—you might have done with one bonnet. Your grandmother did with one, and it lasted her, doubtless, three years."

"My grandmother lived in a different age from mine; she had a much better brocade than I ever shall have."

"Yes, she had *that* advantage over you. What she bought was better woven, better made, it lasted better, but she also had better sense: she knew too much to be the tool of a French dress-maker."

"She wrote out to France, three years before she wanted it, for a 'lute-string slip of pale rose-color, and lace lappets.'"

"And you have the lace lappets yet?"

"Yes, and French slippers with high heels, *à la* Marie Antoinette, and long gloves, and a white hat with enormous plumes, and no end of gimp going round and round in endless circles. That was *one* of her bonnets, and another is still extant with an artificial peony standing straight up from her pretty face. I rather think grandma was a daughter of Eve, and liked French fashions as well as we do."

"Perhaps! but she did not spend half so much money."

"I do not know; she had good solid gold and silver to spend, while we have only greenbacks. I think gold and silver must have been a check on the imagination."

"Yes, paper money has made us all wondrous extravagant, it is so easy to carry about. But since we are on the subject, do you see any diminution of extravagance? is the hardness of the times affecting the prices or the splendor of woman's attire?"

"No, dresses are just as expensive, the *modistes* are run down with custom, the women are as gloriously arrayed as the king's daughter. I see no signs of retrenchment anywhere."

"Are all the ladies of fifty going to dress as if they were fifteen?"

"Not *all*—some of them will."

"That," said Orestes, solemnly, "is the

greatest of all feminine follies and mistakes, and when I say that, I have exhausted myself of my richest Jeremiad. A woman should dress always a little ahead of time; it is the wisest coquetry. But when she dresses behind time, old Father Time takes a most ungentlemanly revenge. He makes her look ten years older than she is."

"You might as well tell the country to resume specie payments; you might as well issue an order that it should snow to-morrow; you might as well try to turn the course of the Mississippi, as to try to influence the fashions, or to make women (most women) confess even to themselves that they have got to the period when they should dress according to their age."

Orestes was appeased by this confession, so he became very good-natured and rather dull.

"I think," said he, "that American women have one delicious charm—they are very neat, the neatest women in the world; that covers a multitude of sins."

"Yes, you have only to travel in foreign countries to find out that our American women have learned that supreme secret of beauty and attractiveness, cleanliness, freshness, good boots, good gloves, and plenty of soap-and-water. Those fresh complexions and clear eyes speak of cold baths and long walks."

"Yes," said Orestes, rather snappishly, recovering his ill-humor, "if they would wear plain gray woolen gowns, instead of flounced, furbelowed, tied-back silks, I should adore them."

"But tobacco and brandy cost more than silks, and are not half so ornamental."

"Pooh! look here, will you?" and Orestes took a paper from his pocket.

So long as I have known Orestes, and it is now many years, I have never met him that he had not a tabular statement somewhere about his person. He is the fiend of statistics.

"Just listen, will you?" said the fiend: "Wine, spirits, and cordials, imported into the United States at the port of New York, ten months ending April, 1875, six million four hundred and sixty-three thousand six hundred and fifty-two dollars; tobacco, five million seven hundred and seventy-three thousand five hundred and sixty-five dollars; silks, twenty-one million eight hundred and sixty-one thousand one hundred and six dollars; jewelry and precious stones, about three million; shawls, about two million; dress-goods of wool, eighteen million. Now, these are from the published statements of the New York custom-house, and you see nearly twenty-two million dollars for silks alone; all unnecessary, and all for you women."

"What is your coat lined with, Orestes?"

"Alpaca, I suppose—no, it is silk—I did not know."

"Then we women do not use *all* the silk; it is used for hangings and furniture-coverings, all the brocatelle things, and for lining the coats of you, the superior sex—don't charge us with all the twenty-two million dollars!"

"A very unfair, womanish argument."

"Besides," said I, "silk dresses are a ne-

cessity; what so pleasant, so appropriate, so useful, so neat, as a silk dress? The worms were invented, the mulberry-tree was planted, for woman; it is one of the few alleviations of her hard destiny that she can wear a silk dress. Why, see what an ungallant attack there is upon us in the *Galaxy*: 'A woman's *wrath* is of no consequence; a woman is of no importance except as she is the wife or mother of some man!' Did you ever hear of such preposterous assumption? You must have written that article, Orestes!"

"No, I did not write it; I only *thought* it!"

"You ought to pay for three of Worth's best silk dresses for your impudence. I do not regret the twenty-two million dollars spent for silks, when I read such a statement as that"—and I pass my hands lovingly over my satin skirt—"besides, your figures always falsify—they *always* deceive."

"Yes, particularly the figure of woman!"

"Now, Orestes, would you like to have Mrs. Orestes badly dressed, out of the fashion, in an unbecoming or inelegant dress?"

"No; but I do not mean to give her three bonnets of a winter."

"I have an idea that Mrs. Orestes will have as many bonnets as she wishes, and will get you to agree that every one of them is necessary, fit, and becoming!"

"No doubt, no doubt, you remember Thackeray's lines:

'And when a woman smiled,
Old Adam was beguiled,' etc.

So we have no hope except in that good sense of the women themselves, and that generosity to which we never appeal in vain. Look at the women in our late war—we did not have to ask them then to drop their fancy-work and take up the knitting of stockings; we did not have to ask them to wear plain dresses, and go nurse in the hospitals. No! they were at the work before we thought of asking them. Now, when the nation is crippled and in debt, and the men staggering under a load of financial embarrassment, will they, *can* they dress so magnificently? Can they be willing to pay out such sums for silks and velvets when men love them better in simpler attire, and when they are really putting on another and another and another load for us to stagger under, by their indulgence in fine clothes? The more I talk with you, the more I see that the reform has got to come from woman herself. Nothing that man can say will ever influence her."

"I declare, Orestes, it is the worst sign of the hard times I have seen yet—you are getting pathetic!"

M. E. W. S.

ADIRONDACK ADVENTURES.

I.

ONCE upon a time, I cannot say how long ago, at a certain place not very far from Lake Champlain, a party of fourteen, mostly Philadelphians, might have been seen stepping out from an hotel, kept by a proverbially kind and obliging host, into three large wagons of a most peculiar build.

The wagons, in fact, were positively queer, but the appearance of the above-mentioned fourteen, as they awaited the arrival of the horses, was more than queer. For these fourteen, who had come away from the hot city to indulge in the pleasures of fishing and hunting, and all the joys of a wild, camping-out life in the woods, very properly decided to leave their good clothes behind them.

So the people of those regions, believing that "dress"

"Makes the man, and want of it the fellow,"

stared at this party in organized squads, and raised their wonder to the Nth power. There stood three men, who can be seen any day on Third Street near Chestnut, where broken most do congregate, and are known as perfect Turveydrops of deportment, men who could tell you all you would want to know about the changes in the gold-market, in knit-jackets and army-shirts, like so many small boys in an orphan asylum. And there, in an old suit of butternut gray that would have done credit to any of the sons of Southern chimney, grasping a double-barreled shot-gun with one hand and a Wesson rifle with the other, while innumerable small boys and *attache* held fishing-rods and flies, stood one who, though he walks quietly down the principal street of the Centennial City every afternoon about five o'clock, was here calling out wildly, like Sempronius, for war to the very knife with all the tribes of deer, fish, and fowl, for miles around, and trusted, like Behemoth, that he could "draw up Jordan," or, in other words, that he would fish the streams all dry. And there was an M. D., whom we have frequently seen driving his two black ponies furiously, like the driving of Jehu, and could tell you every thing from the earliest recorded clinic to the questionable merits of the latest autopsy. He, too, looked as if he meant to enjoy himself as a very Mudjekewis in this Indian life.

Then there were six clergymen and three embryo ones, who all believed in the imposition of hands—at least as far as the mustard-pot and milk-pitcher were concerned—and equally agreed that man was "very far gone from original righteousness" when the deer kept well out of sight, and the sun, too; and when the seventh day of perpetual rain watered the fried pork and soaked the seats and beds, and provoked even these saintly men to use expressions savoring rather of strength than of righteousness. Then there were the guides, ten of them. "Human and various" best describes the entire lot.

That night, after a long ride, these same fourteen heroes, sitting side by side, might have been seen vacantly staring into futurity from the back-piazza of Martini's Hotel at Saranac Lake, justly styled by eminent geographers "the jumping-off place." Here was comfortably quartered Mr. Headley, the historian, and first writer of Adirondack adventures. Here we saw returning parties laden with trophies of their sport in the wilderness, full of strange tales of good luck; parties whose joys were those of retrospect, as ours were joys of anticipation; parties who looked as if they had been through a campaign, and were candidates for some antifebrile treat-

ment. Then, too, we felt that we were through with hotels; that we took our own destiny in our hands, when, like Sherman cutting loose from all base of supplies, we should have to be dependent upon our own exertions. Already our appetites were something fearful. That very noon, while resting at a half-way hotel at Franklin Falls, we had partaken of a good dinner for fifty cents, where the following indication of shrewdness and hunger on the part of guest and feminine intuition on the part of waitress occurred. It happened that I did not eat my triangular allowance of blueberry-pie, whereupon the mild-mannered doctor, who sat next to me, observed:

"Don't you want any pie?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, give me your clean plate and take mine, and in that way I will get more."

So the waitress was called, and, with a bland and smiling face, the doctor said:

"Mary, I think I will take a piece of pie."

But, on the principle Emerson mentions in one of his essays, where he says that a murder is no sooner committed than Nature sends a snow-storm to track the murderer's flying feet, the fatal blue, smeary daub upon the mouth betrayed the hidden deceit, and the girl, faithful to the best interests of her employer, spoke out:

"I rather guess you've had all the pie you'll get to-day. If that there young man wants his'n, he can have it; but we don't go it here *dead-head on pie!*"

But we were through with hotels now, and were to feed, and cook, and wait upon ourselves.

Let me describe our party as we sat on the back-piazza of Martin's, with the rain pouring down in torrents, with the barometer "set" rain for a week, with the guides and the boats ready and paid for, and "bitterly thought of the morrow."

First came the delegation from Massachusetts, which was known as the party of Job and his three friends. We called Rev. Dr. — Job, because he bore so patiently the upbraiding presence of his tormenting guide "Dirty Mart," and because his young theological friends were like Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite, in their sympathetic consolations.

This Dirty Mart used to break in upon his reverend friend's meditations, as they were rowing along the lake with stories and personal reminiscences which were very far from the environment of their lovely surroundings. His highest boast was that he never washed himself. His hat, he said, he had worn for the last eight years, and that in all probability it would last for eight years more. Thus, whenever Job was lifted up to heaven by the beauty and loveliness of the scenery, he was immediately cast down again to the lower earth by this unmoved son of the wilderness.

Then there was a reverend brother from the West. His feet and pantaloons were wet and muddy, and were hardly like the "beautiful feet of those who preach the gospel of peace," of whom the apostle speaks. He

was grievously afflicted with that malady little Miss Pankey had—"the sniffles"—which disease, she was informed, would exclude her from the blessed society of heaven because it was not of such sniffing ones that the kingdom of heaven was composed. This brother was near-sighted, and ate immoderately of maple-molasses, and so he was called the Rev. Wackford Squeers.

Next to Squeers sat a Third Street broker. He was a good fellow, superintendent of a large Sunday-school, and generally the soul of good-humor—but this night he was suffering from the effects of undigested huckleberry-pie, and things went wrong with him. Dave, his guide, said he was "a fellow that didn't care nothin' for nobody," and, though this statement was too general for his daily walk and conversation, it described his condition exactly when in a state of physical ailment.

Then there was another business-man who had never seen a deer before, save at menageries and in the pictures of his natural-history books. But he had a murderous-looking pistol in his belt, and a rifle by his side; his trousers were tucked in his boots, and he had a quantity of straps and buckles over his shoulders. He looked like campaign pictures of John C. Fremont, the path-finder, and he sat by the hour on Martin's piazza, whistling. Some men whistle when they are ashamed, as when they pass by importunate mendicants; and some men whistle when they are afraid, as when they pass by graveyards at night. But this young man was neither ashamed nor afraid. He had just eaten a hearty supper at the time we are describing him, and consequently he was happy. In fact, if his head was as full as his stomach, he was wise as well as happy. However this may be, our young friend was ready for the morrow. His name was Oliver Twist, because, like Dickens's little hero from the "Workus," he was forever asking at meal-time for "more!" And then, too, his round-about peajacket reminded us all of little Oliver. Besides, he was good, but green—with reference to deer-slaughtering.

After Oliver came the Divinity-Student. He was dressed in an old uniform of the University Light Artillery of Philadelphia. In the good old war times, in the famous division of Philadelphia "home-guards"—a set of men of whom it was erroneously reported that they guarded their houses until the Confederates invaded Pennsylvania, and then marched North—this uniform might have been proudly seen in many a brilliant parade. But time, and the moth and rust of disuse, had made of it only the shabby remains of gentility. It was tight for this theological student, and it was tawdry as well as tight, and it was hot, and the blue dye came off, and it smelt of camphor and tobacco-ends, and the gold-lace on it had become very dim, but still this young man, like Asher on the sea-coast, "abode in his bree(a)ches."

Next to this theolog ("heavy-log") sat a reverend gentleman, who didn't expect to do much shooting, but had come for the "delights of camp-life," the "pure air, you know," and the "reinvigorating sleep on the hemlock branches." He had three large volumes

of "Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences," of which, in our six weeks' camping out, he read about thirty pages in volume number one. He was very good at prayers, which we had daily, but bad beyond measure in eating fried pork and hard-tack, and sitting on moist boards around the festal table during the wet, wet days of the August storm. Satan daily tempted him with saying, with unadvised lips, "Confound this weather!" Sometimes, when the other five ministerial brethren were within hearing, he got over this temptation, but if he was alone with the guides, Satan generally had his own way. He was very intense in every thing he did: intense in hating wet hemlock-boughs to sleep on; intense in thinking "what a pity it was we didn't come earlier;" intense in blowing up the guides because they were late with meals. But he used to leave bags and bundles at the last stopping-place all through the lakes, and then would have to go back for them—which made his guide very mad. He wore corduroy trousers, a military hat, with cross-cannons on it, like General Sherman's, and a red shirt. He used to hum a great many airs, sacred and secular. Among these, his favorite air, which he sang like the trained goldfinches in cages, always up to a certain point and never beyond it, was "Garibaldi's Hymn." And so we called him "Garibaldi."

"The Ancient Mariner" was the next hero—a doctor of divinity, and rector of a large city church. He was the author of several books, and was never known to be idle for a moment. His letters and envelopes were all covered over with notes of lectures and addresses. He used to sit by the camp-fire and write, and used to get up with the sun to keep on writing. He had a wicked-looking pistol in his sash, which I believe was never loaded. He wore a gray shirt, which was too tight to be buttoned round the neck. He left it open, therefore, and it had a very loose, rollicking, "wild-frenzy-rolling" effect. He looked as Byron would have looked had he lived to be fifty-five years old.

Then there was the medical doctor, who had to be good with so much divinity around. He had a long, blue, army overcoat, which he used as a night-gown. He also had a shotgun, which he loaded three times consecutively, forgetting on each occasion that he had loaded it before, and that it had never been discharged. So, as it was shotted down to the muzzle, he never fired it off, but simply carried it about for the "feel and the look of it." We called him the Medicine-Man.

The Merchant-Man and the Fireman sat beyond the Medicine-Man, talking about the prospects of their journey. The Divinity-Student and the Merchant-Man were in love with the same young lady. Consequently, they were a little jealous of each other. The Fireman was the "middle-man" of the affair, "the mutual friend" and "go-between," and so he was first thick with one of these gentlemen and then thick with the other. His advice was consulted daily as to what was to be done, and as to how far the other was "in." Being himself the veteran of a hundred love-affairs, his advice was the more

eagerly sought from the fact that he drew largely from precedents in his own experience. He was called the Fireman because he wore a red shirt, but he helped, also, to quench love-flames.

The fourteenth and last of the party was the one great enthusiast for hunting and fishing, whom our expedition was always proud to remember. His name was Nimrod, the mighty hunter. He was always bright and hopeful about the weather. Every new day's rain was a clearing-up shower. Every new lake was "the great place for fish." Every new camping-ground was the promised land of venison.

"Thorough bush,
Thorough brier,
Over lake,
Over fire,
He would wander everywhere,
Lighter than the morning air."

Nimrod always dreaded the Sundays, while the guides rejoiced in them, but not for devotional reasons. At ten o'clock every Sunday all hands would march into the large tent, where a full cathedral service, according to the Episcopal Church, would be held—every one sitting down, however, as there was not room for us to stand up. One Sunday, during the reading of the sermon, Nimrod fell sound asleep, and snored a basso snore, with a full, deep, rhythmical cadence. We smiled all around, preacher and congregation alike, but, as he had been out night-hunting all the previous night, and late into the sacred hours of the Sabbath morning, we wisely and charitably allowed him to slumber serenely on. Suddenly a rifle-shot, from some ungodly Sabbath-breaking party, was heard, apparently very near us, whereupon Nimrod started up from his slumbers, shouting out, "Who fired?" but, finding himself in the environment of Christian worship, at once assumed the attitude of the attentive listener with a sanctimonious suddenness which defies description. But Nimrod could quote Scripture very deftly whenever he wanted to swing the clergy around to his opinions. One very rainy day, when the reverend clergy did not want to go out deer-hunting in the wet, and yet loathed the pork and hard-tack in the way that the stiff-necked Israelites abhorred their surpluse of quails, Nimrod remarked, "We cannot expect the Lord to send us a deer unless we give ourselves up cheerfully to the work, for St. Paul tells us that 'the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.'"

II.

Book number two in Homer's "Iliad," you will remember, contains an enumeration of the forces comprised in that expedition. Chapter number two in this Adirondack adventure, by a strange coincidence, contains ditto—

"Arma virumque cano," likewise the ten guides who represented many different phases of uncultured character. They were "simple children of Nature," unspoiled by the injurious effects of too much civilization. Exactly so! O ye social scientists and political economists of the optimist order, as the poet Thomson says—

"See here thy pictured life!"

Job saw it; Squeers saw it; Garibaldi saw it; and after six weeks of sight believed more thoroughly than ever that, as a rule, human nature lives pretty well up to the doctrine of total depravity.

It was up Saranac Lake that our fleet of ten boats ploughed their way to Corry's, where we halted for the night. Enis, our Indian guide, went first with Bildad and Zophar, two friends of patient Dr. Job. We might add "*So-phar*, so good"—but we are opposed to the habit of punning, and do not intend to spoil the otherwise classical character of this article with poor jokes. We doubt very much, however, if the untutored mind of this Indian was burdened with the sight of God in the clouds, or the hearing of him in the wind according to Alexander Pope's description of the genus Indian. At least we would not have thought of this without the poet's assistance. It was never a basilar trait of this guide to call our attention to clouds or wind as in any way a symbol of the unknowable. Then came Oliver Twist and the Fireman, in a boat rowed by a youth who rejoiced in the prophetic name of Elias. This young man ended and began all important remarks with an appeal to some unknown hero or divinity named *Goll*!

Close upon this party followed the Divinity-Student and the Merchant-Man; they were both good-looking young fellows, but, as I have said before, were both sadly in love with the same young lady, and no doubt tried not to appear jealous of each other as they sat at opposite ends of the boat, and wrote letters to her of the beautiful scenery as it appeared to the one of them from the bow of the boat, and to the other of them from the stern. Occasionally they would stop the Fireman's boat, nominally to get water or a light for their cigars, but in reality to get a quotation right, or to take an *ad captandum* hint. They had a bright-little French boy for their guide, whose name was Oliver. A remarkable feature of this guide was his willingness to pick raspberries for his two men whenever there was nothing else to be done. After these gentlemen came George and Squeers, with a nasal-speaking guide named Dave. Garibaldi came next, in a boat rowed by one "Hanc," a contraction for Henry or Henricus (hence the final letter e). Hanc did more rowing than any of the other guides, and was generally worked up about it, because Garibaldi was so absorbed in the preface to "The History of the Inductive Sciences" (he never got much beyond the preface), that he usually left his bag or shawl bundle at the last stopping-place and then sent Hanc back for them. So Hanc would go back, muttering fearful things over the quiet surface of the lake, his vigorous rowing plainly indicating his disturbed state of mind, while Garibaldi would gather hemlock-branches for his tent and exclaim, "Isn't this delightful?—such pure air, you know!"

Following this party came the Ancient Mariner with Douglas, his guide, generally known as Dug; then came the Medicine-Man with the reticent Bill, who chewed tobacco twenty out of the twenty-four hours in the day, and consequently was denied by this habit the faculty of much talking. Next

followed the patient Job—trying to enjoy the scenery and the *Contemporary Review* in turn, but everlastingly dosed with the peculiar phraseology of Dirty Mart. Then came Nimrod, ever on the alert for deer, ducks, and feathered fowl of every description—rowed by John Grover—a man who took delight in telling of past successes, and in prophesying, Cassandra-like, a dismal and unpropitious future. Last of all came Sammy Dunning, bringing with him the camp equipage and provisions.

Sammy was a very reminiscent character, full of stories, which he shot off one by one in a general blaze of brilliant description, with a Roman-candle-like effect, a stream of colored stories always issuing forth whenever he was started.

He was very severe on Bostonians: thought the modern Athens was a one-horn place, and was merry over his account of a party he had recently from that place, who would go out night-hunting, and shot what they thought was a large deer, but were waited upon in the morning by a farmer with a bill for a fine cow they had shot in the dark!

In this order we moved up Saranac Lake and over to Round Lake to "Corry's," where we pitched our tents for the night. As we landed, we were met by Job and his three friends, who informed us, not being as yet familiar with the camp lingo, that the guides were burning a large *midge* to keep the *smudges* away. Corry's was the scene of one of Job's friend's sickness (it was Eliphaz the Temanite, if we remember rightly).

He had cholera-morbus, and, though he was suffering horribly, still, like Mrs. Mearns, who would never desert her husband, these gentlemen would not desert their homeopathic principles. There slept the old-fashioned Medicine-Man, with good tonics and cordials wrapped up in his blue military cloak; but these gentlemen thought if homeopathy was good enough to live by it was good enough to die by. So, after a council in the dark, they gave their patient two pellets of aconite in a pail of cold water, which dose was to be repeated every two hours; so Eliphaz rubbed and rolled all night, and felt in the morning that the aconite had done him great good and was just the thing. (Happy thought! Good subject for an essay, "Effect of Imagination and Superstition on the Human System.")

III.

Six weeks' camping out, and then home again—this is the rest of our story. Up Saranac River and Long Lake, over Raquette River to Blue Mountain Lake, loveliest of lakes, and back again, shooting and fishing, and having hosts of adventures, comprised the bulk of our doings. Who can forget the night-fires and the roaring, burning pine-trees; the lake ripples by the tents on the shore, the moonlight views, and the glad surprises of success? who can rightly estimate the effect of such an out-door life as this, in its recuperating, invigorating influence upon the tired-out human frame?

Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, in his little tract called "Wear and Tear," shows us very clearly how the worn-out American, by climate and habit of life, paralyzes his

native strength, and must needs seek fresh building-up power by the rugged life of the heathen or the animal.

The Lake Superior country is a great field for wasted energies. And six weeks in the Adirondacks does the work well. If you doubt this, ask any of our party, from Oliver Twist and Squeers to the Ancient Mariner and Nimrod, and they will say with Tom Moore—

"Oh, if there's an elysium on earth,
It is this—it is this!"

Talking of poetry, we too had poetry. Nimrod shot at a loon all one Saturday to no purpose, and the Medicine-Man drew a picture of the scene and wrote as follows:

"This is the loon so laughing and shy,
Which Nimrod's dread rifle did often defy;
Whenever he fired she dove so far under,
To guess where she'd gone to was ever the wonder."

At another time Nimrod fired at a large heron.

"I saw the feathers fly," said his guide, John Grover.

"I told you so," replied Nimrod.

"Yes," answered the imperturbable John, "but they all flew together!"

Whereupon the Medicine-Man made a picture of the scene, and wrote:

"This is the heron all long-necked and ready,
Which Nimrod had shot if she'd only held steady,
But Nimrod was sure there was no need of tether,
For the feathers did fly, though they all flew together."

Oliver Twist and the Fireman, on their way up Saranac Lake to the camping-ground, stopped their boat and fired each with a rifle at a duck and a mud-hen for the greater part of an afternoon. But neither of these birds appeared to mind it at all or to be moved from the immediate duty of the hour. At last Oliver thought it was only a log, and poked at it with his oar, whereupon it flew away.

The next day pictures of the above scenes appeared, with the following lines:

"Behold here the wee little duck
Which the Fireman blazed at in luck;
When he said, 'Are you shot?'
She replied, 'I am not—
I'm not such a fool of a duck.'"

"Here is the curious old mud-hen
Which Oliver Twist thought was wooden,
For he fired away,
But there she did stay,
And nothing could move this old mud-hen."

But where are the adventures?

Well, one of them was on a Sunday at Jangeville, when these fourteen unshaven heroes, in their camping-out costumes, went to church, and never heard or saw the like. Another adventure was when Nimrod chased a "beautiful buck" all night, and heard him whistle as he got away. Thereupon the Merchant-Man and Twist imitated him, and came home, leaving their Jack-o'-lantern behind them, having been frightened by a bear. The next day, Sunday, Oliver fell in the lake, being frightened as he thought of the past night. As we had no clothes to put him in, we wrapped him up in a big hawl, and carried him to the tent where the service was held. As he couldn't get his arms out, he looked like an Egyptian mummy, or the conventional cherub—all head. We would set him up like a bale of cotton-

goods, and feed him with a spoon, while he opened and shut his mouth like a young robin or a toy nut-cracker. Oliver said he would never go night-hunting again if he lived to be as old as Methuselah.

Then one of the party went out on a deer-hunt one day, and came home quickly in his boat, having shot himself in the leg. He thought he was going at once, and we were all frightened. But—who would believe it?—there was the burnt hole in his pantaloons where the shot had gone in, and there was the mark on the leg; but, instead of fainting or carrying on, he quietly waited a while, and then went home—like Mark Tapley, keeping jolly under the circumstances.

As for our adventures, there were hosts of them. Nimrod never came near a wild animal of any kind that there wasn't some wonderful story, like that of the beautiful buck who whistled, no doubt because he was so happy.

It was impossible to put such a company together without every day bringing forth its own peculiar adventures.

But, by-and-by the last day of the vacation came, and, like Hiawatha, saying farewell to the people, and the forests, and the heron and Shu-shu-gah, in their haunts among the fen-lands, we

"parted in the glory,
In the purple mists of evening."

HEMLOCKS.

(TERZA RIMA.)

I KNEW a forest, tranquil and august,
Down whose green deeps my steps would
often stray,
When leisure met my life as dew meets dust!

Proud spacious chestnuts verged each wind-
ing way,
And hickories in whose dry boughs winds
were shrill,
And tremulous white-boled birches. Here,
one day,

Strolling beside the scarce-held steed of will,
I found a beautiful monastic grove
Of old primeval hemlocks, living still!

Round it the forest rustled, flashed and throve,
But here were only silence and much gloom,
As though some sorcerer in dead days had
wove,

With solemn charms and muttered words of
doom,
A cogent spell that said to time "Depart!"
And locked it in the oblivion of a tomb!

Thick was its floor, where scant ferns dared to
start,
With tawny needles, and an old spring lay,
Limpid as crystal in its dusky heart!

Vaguely enough can language ever say
What sombre and fantastic dreams, for me,
Held shadowy revel in my thought that day!

How stern similitudes would dimly be
Of painted braves that grouped about their
king;
Or how in crimson firelight I would see

Some ghostly war-dance, whose weak cries
took wing
Weirdly away beyond the grove's dark
brink;
Or how I seemed to watch, by that old spring,

The timid phantom deer steal up to drink!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SOME one having deplored the lack of a "reputable lounge" in our city for holiday resort, the *Evening Post* responded by saying that we would have places of the kind whenever we wanted them badly enough to support them. "The fact," it goes on to say, "that we have nothing of the sort, while in European cities such establishments are altogether a matter of course, suggests a peculiarity of American character and habit which is a very great credit to us as a people. When freed from the cares of business, we are so well content to remain at home in the enjoyment of domestic pleasures, that not the most enterprising of managers is willing to risk his money in an attempt to win us away from our own firesides by the attractions of any sort of public establishment whatever. We are a domestic, home-loving people, with resources enough within ourselves to make holidays pleasant without the necessity of resorting to public haunts for the purpose of killing time; and it is a hopeful fact in our national character that we are so."

We think it indisputable that the Americans are a domestic, home-loving people, and that places of public resort are not so frequented here as abroad is largely due to that fact. It is often said that the club cannot flourish in American cities as it does in England, and while many reasons for this have been given, we are inclined to think that our domestic proclivities indicate the principal cause. Still there are some points to be made on the other side. It is scarcely right for the *Post* to assume that our public would not gather in picture-galleries and Crystal Palaces on holidays, when we see them thronging in great numbers to the theatres on those occasions. There are those who do not go to the theatre, those who dislike the great crowd that gathers in them on holidays, and these would be gratified if there were some reputable place like the Crystal Palace or the National Gallery of London, where they might spend at least a portion of a holiday. Moreover, the domestic gatherings of Thanksgiving and Christmas do not usually occur until in the afternoon, and there are many persons who, while contemplating with agreeable anticipation the hour of the social meeting, would be very glad for some reputable lounging-place where the intervening time might be pleasantly passed. On holidays the theatres are overcrowded, the galleries of the picture-dealers are closed, the parks are excessively thronged, or else the weather is inclement, and hence on these occasions there are thousands who long for some agreeable, reputable place where a few hours may be profitably passed.

While still believing all that the *Post* says about our national fondness for domestic pleasures, we may yet ask how it is that with foreigners so distinctly a reverse idea of us is entertained? English people who come to this country repeatedly assert that we live in hotels and boarding-houses, and that our women disport themselves continually in public. We have no domestic life, they say. That this assertion is preposterously untrue, that in fact we are peculiarly a domestic people, we all know to be the case; but how is it that this wrong judgment should get abroad? We have already pointed out the fact that the reason why club-life is a feeble exotic with us is because our men are too domestic in their tastes for it. And Mr. Nadal, in his charming sketches of London social life, makes one statement that indicates why clubs are so flourishing in the English metropolis. Few houses, he tells us, are open to visitors, except on set occasions. The freedom of the social evening call is not understood there as it is here—and it is less enjoyed in New York than in other American cities. In America, informal visiting makes every house a sort of small club. No young man need resort to a public place for entertainment; he is sure of finding many parlors open, the piano uncovered, and the ladies in charming toilets prepared to receive all who present themselves. These facts are proof of our domestic inclinations—and hence we must ask again, Why in face of all the evidence are we charged with living almost wholly in public?

We have asked this question frankly because we have no answer to give. We know there is a large public with us living in hotels and boarding-houses, and it is asserted that this class coming soonest to the notice of a stranger he naturally forms the conclusion that our whole people are a boarding-house set. If this is the sole reason for the English opinion of us in this particular, then we can only say that English travelers are simply blind and stubborn fools. All around them are innumerable facts to establish the domestic tendency of the great majority of our people. At best, hotels and boarding-houses are excessive in a few cities only—where the occupants are as often foreigners as natives—while commonly it is the pride and delight of an American to own his own roof-tree; and this, to quote the language of the *Post*, "is a most hopeful fact in our national character."

It is a very general notion that elocution is simply an art of using the voice, of expressing feeling by tones, and hence that it is rather an æsthetic than an intellectual accomplishment. An article in the last *SCIENCE MONTHLY*, entitled "Reading as an Intellectual Process," by Mr. E. O. Vaile, is gen-

erally very just and accurate, the tenor of its argument being that people are not taught to read in such a way as to fully grasp the meaning of the matter written; but, in assuming that elocution or oral reading is nothing more than the power of vocal expression, the writer seems to us wrong. We quote from the article as follows:

"Pupils are drilled almost daily in reading, from the time they are six until they are sixteen, and yet they cannot read. They pass over that which to them is intelligible and that which is not intelligible alike, without discrimination. Words, words merely, are their only currency. Professors of elocution, and teachers of reading, do not impart the power we need. They teach us an accomplishment, but neglect our necessity. They make oral reading a high and important end, while it is simply a means, and should so be used. Our children are taught as though a large portion of their existence were to be spent in reading aloud; whereas, probably not one-fiftieth of all the reading done by people in ordinary circumstances is of that kind. For most of us, it is our intellectual business in life to understand, to receive, to unload, as it were, that which others have put aboard. At least ability in this line is what we need infinitely more than the mere art of conveying thought. The number is comparatively small of those who are called upon to create, to body forth the soul either as orators or writers. The truth is, within the proper and legitimate sphere of school-reading, the cultivation of the organs of speech should be strictly subordinate to the great end of acquiring and retaining thoughts. . . . to acquire the power of obtaining from the printed page, and by means of the eye only, ideas clearly and quickly. This should be the foremost thing with every teacher. Tone, emphasis, inflection, and general expression, are, or should be, only the test-marks to indicate to the teacher whether or not the thought as presented by the printed words is fairly lodged in the mind of the learner. This perfectly subsidiary character of oral reading and the actual comprehension of the thought are almost entirely lost sight of. The subject is taught as a fine art, an art of expression only, the same as music, instead of the art of soul-perceptions, the art of seeing and feeling ideas and sentiments."

These remarks are justified, perhaps, by the sort of elocution that is frequently taught in our schools, but legitimate elocution is the very thing to secure the end desired by Mr. Vaile. Tone and expression are necessary but not primary things in good elocution, the first object being always to discover and express by emphasis and inflection the exact meaning of the author under study.

It is the special function of elocution to shape and body forth the meaning of a sentence, and this is accomplished first by an accurate placing of emphasis, secondly by inflections which shall indicate the shades of thought, and thirdly by tones which shall express the feeling or sentiment. Every competent elocutionist trains himself to look closely and scrutinizingly for the exact

thought of his author, and hence there could be no better method than oral reading of the right kind for teaching pupils to go to the idea, and not to gallop idly and unintelligently over the sentences they are perusing. It is true that in some instances elocution is very little more than sound and expression. A pupil who is studying to read orally Poe's "Bells" is concerned principally with its ventriloquial effects; but one who attempted to read aloud *Hamlet's* soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," would make havoc with it if he did not seize its meaning, and express the exact thought. Mr. Vaile says that "tone, emphasis, and inflection, should be only test-marks to indicate whether the thought is fairly lodged in the mind." This is quite true, and in order that tone, emphasis, etc., may indicate rightly, it is necessary for the reader to discover and comprehend the thought which he must express. Mr. Vaile also says that "the great question with our readers is not, Do we understand others! but, How to make others understand us." Is it not certain that we cannot make others understand us unless we first understand that which we attempt to express? The right sort of oral reading is based on right understanding. It enforces clearness of comprehension, promotes accuracy of analysis, compels the reader to think, and tends to cure the slovenly habit called short-hand reading—merely glancing over sentences—to which many readers are prone.

It not seldom happens that we see with indifference things said in the papers of a public man while he is yet living, which, said on the morrow of his death, would seem to everybody a sort of sacrilege. The epithets, for instance, which might have been culled about the late Vice-President, within a fortnight of his decease, would have produced a general shock, if uttered while his remains were being borne to his native earth. Before, there were unjust rancor and partial taunts; after, extravagant panegyric. As one reads the glowing tributes of praise lavished over the grave of an eminent man gone, the forgetfulness of antagonisms, the impulsive testimony of rivals and opponents to his worth, one cannot but regret that he could not have enjoyed these sweets of praise while living. Death throws a retrospective halo over his career; how often does it occur to us that he was just as good when we thought ill of him, or failed to appreciate him, as he seems to us now that we glance back at him across the mysterious chasm! Yet, as we listen to the funeral orator or the lamenting poet, we have in most cases an uneasy feeling that the indiscriminating panegyric sounds somewhat hollow, constrained, and insincere. We cannot

wholly believe, as they would have us, that the dead were better than are the living; that the only nearly perfect men were they who have died. Seldom is it, indeed, that we can enjoy to the full the sad luxury of unqualified eulogy—when our hearts may freely thrill at the glowing words of praise, and echo, "All this is true, at least, of *this* man." So it has come to pass that eulogy has become cheap and formal, and thereby loses its chief value as spurring to emulation and teaching by example.

The sadly-ludicrous contrast between what is said of a man the day before, and what the day after his death, is double lesson. We are too much in the habit of depreciating the characters, impugning the motives, exaggerating the weaknesses of our opponents. The hostile politician is too prone to charge dishonest ambition; the hostile critic to impute plagiarism and to magnify slips of the pen; the rival artist to suggest charlatanism. Is it not a sort of remorse which impels us, as soon as a man dies, to rush to the other extreme, and burden his memory with "every virtue under heaven?" Yet, for the dead themselves, the reparation comes just too late. They cannot enjoy the sweetness of praises from an enemy. It does them no good—does it the world? Might not the dead be really more appreciated, and their memory held more dear, if it were gently and tenderly hinted that they were mortal, that their virtues outshone faults? Meanwhile, might we not, with justice and right feeling, carry somewhat of our praise and kind expression to the balance kept this side of the grave? There is no nobler emotion than that which prompts a man to utter honest praises of an antagonist; and there are few, we hope, who do not read with pleasure, in a party paper or a sectarian review, a generous tribute to one with whose opinions or aspirations they are at war. Lord Brougham's feigning of death, that he might enjoy the eulogies of his contemporaries, was really a sharp satire alike on the excess of abuse heaped upon the famous living, and the indiscriminating flattery lavished upon the famous dead.

In the article in this week's JOURNAL, discoursing upon new bonnets and fine dresses, occurs the repetition of an assertion very generally current. "French dresses," says the censorious Orestes, who is one of the talkers in an animated conversation, make women simply walking fashion-plates, exaggerations always of the *real* French fashions, which are modest, simple, unpretending. Have you not, in a French shop, been taken round to a distant counter to see the fashions '*pour les Américaines*?' " Hereupon the other speaker confirms this

statement by saying: "Oh, yes. I remember well in Paris seeing some preposterous collars, and asking the civil shopwoman if they were for fancy dresses. She said no; they were for the New York market."

The charge here made is so often repeated, that we suppose it must be true, but it is somewhat singular that in some other things a distinctly reverse action is at work, foreign articles needing modification and simplifying for the American market. We learn that wall-paper manufactured in this country from French designs has to be modified and toned down to suit the American taste. French furniture, with its excess of gilding, has only recently come into use in this country, and so far it remains an exotic, seen in a few pretentious parlors only. Confronting it, and spreading much more rapidly, is the taste for what is called Eastlake furniture, the severe and substantial features of which are much more consonant to our national likings. In fact, it is only those of our people who have lived abroad, or those who are here directly under the influence of European example, that really appreciate the wonderful brocades, the flowered silks, the gay hangings, the satin and gilded sofas, the innumerable articles of household display that come from abroad. The native American taste is too cold rather than too fond of color. It may not be generally known that the white tableware so commonly used here is manufactured abroad expressly for our use, taste there having no liking for chilling table-service. Books in France are usually published in paper covers, and hence we cannot make a comparison between French and American binding; but English book-binding, in those volumes which admit of decorative designs, is much more showy than ours. Even in library books the English have no liking—and no wonder—for the cold, severe sheepskin covering which is so much in use here for the more solid kinds of book. It is so commonly assumed by certain critics that American taste is barbarous and delights in excessive show and noisy contrasts, that it is well to note these facts on the other side. There are no doubt many other things in which our home fashions contradict the current theory.

It is not altogether unnatural that the proposition of Edouard Laboulaye and other Frenchmen of note, to erect in New York Harbor a colossal statue of Liberty, should be received with perplexity and surprise. But assuredly there is no reason why this daring and unique project should encounter derision from our people. It may be true that the idea and plan of this colossal statue, which is to be of bronze a hundred feet high, placed on a pedestal of similar height, are

too visionary, but there is no better way to bring the generous purpose of the distinguished Frenchmen engaged in the enterprise to naught than by laughing at it. We are bound in courtesy to entertain the spirit of the proposal in a generous and cordial manner, even if it should so happen that, like many other great projects, it should prove to be impracticable. Instead of sneering at the proposition, it would be better for us to take hold of it and help it along. Great achievements come only of great designs. It may be thought, perhaps, that if such a statue is to be erected at all, the task should be undertaken by ourselves—and certainly it would be preferable for some reasons that a grand monument of the kind should be a product of our own love of liberty and zeal in art—but as this cannot be the case, let us accept with good grace the noble testimonial of our Gallic friends. The reader who may care to learn further particulars of this project will find a few details of it in the department of "Arts."

WE have the following from a correspondent at Washington. It may not be known that the Union Club of New York transferred its kitchen several months ago from the basement to the attic.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
November 29, 1875.

MR. EDITOR: In view of the fact that your very sensible "odorless-elevated-culinary-department" proposition seems to provoke smiles from certain of your readers, it may be of some satisfaction to you to learn that the plan is actually being carried out in what is to be the finest restaurant in this city. The marble building, familiarly known as the "Marble Saloon," opposite Ford's Opera-House, will shortly open as a restaurant, with its kitchen in the attic-story. Now for the gardens on the Opera-House!

SUBSCRIBER.

Literary.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

ONCE a year, at least, literary criticism becomes literally "the gay science," and the critic's surroundings bloom out into unwonted splendor. In lieu of the piles of sober-colored, close-cut, and repellant-looking volumes which usually confront him, he finds his table spread with books, each of which demands a place by itself, while sundry specially choice volumes, too dainty even for this much of exposure, find their way into drawers and other receptacles which are commonly protected from such intrusion. When he comes to explore the interiors of these volumes he finds himself involuntarily examining his fingers for lurking possibilities of ink-stains; the margins are kept sacred from pencil-marks; and even the liberal fly-leaves fail to betray him into making use of them. All these phenomenal experiences convince him that Christmas is approaching;

and, yielding to the genial influences of the season and the season's offerings, he smooths his scowling brow, corks up his vitriol-bottle, and feels almost reconciled in his heart to the authors and book-makers who constitute his usual prey.

Comparing the present season with the last, the publishers seem to have had less faith in the resources or liberality of buyers, and the new books are both fewer in number and less costly. Nevertheless, there is a fair variety both in styles and prices, and the intending book-giver will be hard to please who cannot find something in our list to meet his requirements.

By far the most sumptuous novelty of the season is an imported book, "India and its Princes," translated from the French of M. Rousselet. M. Rousselet spent nearly six years in India, traveling from point to point, and staying most of the time at the native courts, where he was an honored guest. Probably no other European has ever had better opportunities of observation, and he has used them, as an artist would, to bring before us all that is most striking, or picturesque, or beautiful, or characteristic of life in palaces and cities as yet untouched by English influence. The illustrations of the volume are so numerous and so fine that they naturally attract the attention first. Many of those representative of native architecture have probably never been surpassed in artistic excellence. Speaking of these, the London *Spectator* observes that they will come upon the majority of readers like a revelation. "Are these the people," they will say, as they gaze at the sketches of domed mausoleums, stately palaces, delicious retreats, vast *loggias*—loftier, airier, and with deeper shadows than those of Italy—at gardens studded with graceful monuments, at lakes whose waters are heavy with the shadows of fairy palaces, 'whom we have accounted barbarians, whom we will not trust with engineers' commissions, who can never rise to the control of any public work? Why, they had architects who were poets, who could build like Italians of the Renaissance or Egyptians under the Pharaohs.' . . . Artists have a trick of drawing Indian buildings as if they had no human idea in them, or as if they stood in some atmosphere different from the atmosphere of this world. M. Rousselet draws them as if they were in Italy, until you catch, as in the sketch of the great hall of Aidin at Ajmere (p. 210), the idea of the native architect, the wonderful depth of the stone glades he was endeavoring to create; or, as in the Dewani Khas of Amber, the coolness, impression of space, and grandeur, he was determined to produce; or, as in that of the Dewani Khas at Digh, his luxurious enjoyment of fantastic, superornate, and yet lightsome arches. That must be one of the most marvelous halls in the world, and M. Rousselet shows us that it is marvelous for beauty, and not merely for grotesqueness. He creates the impression, which is quite true, that the Indian architects were architects who built to fulfill a purpose, and were not mere dreamers, sick with a bad mythology, but men who could make a king's house palatial, and a reception-room imposing, and a fortress awful,

and were not always piling up monstrous structures in honor of their gods." The pictures of ceremonials, processions, nautch-dances, hunts, and the like, are scarcely less striking; and even the portraits reveal M. Rousselet's keen sense of the picturesque. The letter-press corresponds with the illustrations. Politics and similar topics are not touched upon at all; but the author describes ruins, architecture, natural scenery, court ceremonials, royal sports and amusements, and the manners and customs of the people, with a vividness only surpassed by the performances of his pencil. There is no lack of adventure and excitement, and, altogether, the book is scarcely less fascinating to read than agreeable to look at.

ANOTHER translation from the French is M. Paul Lacroix's "Eighteenth Century: its Institutions, Customs, and Costumes" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.). This superb work does for the France of the eighteenth century what M. Rousselet does for the native India of to-day, and on a scarcely less splendid scale. It contains twenty-one chromolithographs and three hundred and fifty woodcuts, many of them full-page, after original works of the most famous artists of the period, such as Watteau, Vanloo, Rigaud, Boucher, Vernet, Chardin, Bouchardon, Moreau, Cochin, Debucourt, and Saint-Aubin. The engraving and printing are in the best style of the art, and the entire *ensemble* of the book is in the highest degree tasteful and artistic. The "Eighteenth Century" is one of a series of works in which M. Lacroix aims to present a complete picture of French society from its origin, and that of the monarchy, down to the date of 1789, which ushered in a new order of things. "Omitting the general facts of history, properly so called, and the numerous incidents of war and politics, which would have required a larger scope, the author has confined his labors to the consideration of manners, customs, public and private, costume, arts, sciences, and literature; and this picturesque and descriptive kind of history seems of a nature to satisfy that justifiable curiosity which characterizes the present epoch, bringing before us as it does a past, the study of which, in all its varied phases, will help us to form a judgment of the present." Though belonging to a series, however, the work is complete in itself, and affords a vivid delineation of the most brilliant period in the history of one of the greatest nations of modern times.

Among the books of exclusively American production, "Mabel Martin" (Boston; J. R. Osgood & Co.) is entitled to the first place. The poem is a new and somewhat expanded version of Whittier's "The Witch's Daughter," which was published some years ago in "The Home Ballads." Doubtless, in its original form, it is already familiar to many readers; in the new version the story remains substantially the same, while the picturesque features have been developed and the narrative rendered more effective. The literary element is entirely subordinate, however, being introduced simply as a vehicle for the pictures. The entire volume is evidently modeled on "The Hanging of the Crane,"

which was so popular last season, and, we think, improves upon the model. For one thing, the poem is more picturesque, and consequently, though the same artists were engaged in both instances, there is greater variety in the illustrations. Miss Hallock, who furnishes all the figure-pieces, has improved in *technique*, and has better material to work upon. "Mabel Martin" unquestionably contains the best work she has yet done, and work of real excellence in a difficult field. Her drawing is so seldom at fault that the deformity of Esek Harden's figure in the picture on page fifty is surprising; the left leg looks as if it were stricken with elephantiasis. Mr. Moran's landscape-pieces present the well-known qualities of that artist's work, and many of them are exquisite. The sentiment of Nature could hardly be better conveyed than by the two companion-pictures ("Winter-Days" and "Indian-Summer") on pages forty and forty-one, and, merely as pictures, they are delightful. Hardly less charming are Mr. A. R. Waud's titles and vignettes. As to the engraving, it is enough to say that it was done by Mr. A. V. S. Athony, under whose supervision the book was prepared.

FROM the same publishers we have a volume which, while it is beautiful enough to be classed among "holiday books," has merits of a more solid and permanent character. "Famous Painters and Paintings," by Mrs. Julia A. Shedd, contains brief biographical sketches of the great masters of painting, pointing out the distinguishing characteristics of each as an artist, and giving an account of his principal works. The sketches are chronologically arranged, and embrace the leading names from the twelfth to the nineteenth century, so that the book is almost entitled to be called a dictionary of art-biography. In fact, it is more than this; for appended to the sketches is a catalogue comprising a very large number of the principal works of the painters mentioned, and the places where those works are now to be found. Mrs. Shedd has followed good guides in her compilation, and her critical comments are temperate and judicious. There is no philosophizing and no fine writing; the book sprung from a need experienced by the author herself, and is designed to afford practical help at once to the student of art and to the general public. The volume is illustrated with heliotype engravings after works by Raphael, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Albert Dürer, Guido, Rembrandt, Verel, and others. There are eighteen of these heliotype engravings, and they give one a new idea of the possibilities of the heliotype process.

BESIDES new editions of Hamerton's illustrated books and sundry new juveniles Messrs. Roberts Brothers (Boston) contribute a dainty volume, "The Shepherd Lad," of which Jean Ingelow furnishes the poem, while Arthur Hughes, Miss Hallock, Sol Fytinge, F. O. C. Darley, W. L. Sheppard, G. Perkins, and J. A. Mitchell, furnish the illustrations. The poems are sixteen in number, and "are not included in any collection of Miss Ingelow's poetry." They are most brief, and we cannot say that, as a whole,

they are up to the level of Miss Ingelow's best work; yet several of the pieces are pleasing, and certainly worthy of being brought to the attention of the author's admirers. The best thing in the collection is so brief that we reproduce it here;

"Sweet is childhood—childhood's over,
Kiss and part.
Sweet is youth; but youth's a rover—
So's my heart.
Sweet is rest; but by all showing
Toll is nigh.
We must go. Alas! the going,
Say 'Good-by.'"

The illustrations, twenty in number, are only passable, but the book is beautifully printed and bound.

LITERATURE and art are very happily wedded in "The Insect," by M. Jules Michelet (London and New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons). M. Michelet turns science into poetry, and fascinates the imagination while feeding the mind. The literature of natural history contains no more charming book than his work on "The Bird;" and, if the present companion-volume is inferior in interest, it is only because it deals with a branch of animal life less understood, and therefore less appreciated. The affluent imagination, the nimble fancy, the poetic sensibility, the literary skill, the art of making dull things bright and tedious things entertaining, are equally conspicuous in both; and the reader may be sure that the mysteries of the insect-world will never be revealed to him through a more agreeable medium. The illustrations by Giacomelli are of such exceptional excellence that they fairly compete with Michelet's text in the matter of imparting pleasure. Their mere variety is surprising as the work of a single artist, for it is very rare that the same draughtsman is equally skillful in landscape, floral pieces, sketches of animal life, and those fanciful bits which do duty as vignettes, tail-pieces, and the like. The engraving was done by the best English and French engravers, including Whympier, Sargent, Rouget, Berveiller, Méaulle, Ausseau, and Jonnard, and is beyond all praise. Printing and binding are admirable—and, taken as a whole, the volume is an exceedingly elegant specimen of the art of book-making.

ANOTHER book from the same publishers, and illustrated by the same artists and engravers, is "The History of the Robins," addressed more particularly to children. Mrs. Trimmer furnishes the history, which is highly "moral" and commonplace. The beauty of the book lies in the seventy illustrations by Giacomelli, which, both in design and style of engraving, are greatly superior to those usually found in juveniles. The printing is good, and the binding exceptionally tasteful.

OF Will Carleton's "Farm Legends" (New York: Harper & Brothers) it is enough, perhaps, to say that they are poetry of the type already made familiar by the same author's "Farm Ballads," which may almost be said to have become famous. There is the same local flavor in the topics, the same simplicity of theme, the same directness and objectivity of treatment, the same quaint

homeliness of phrase and expression, and the same picturesque vividness of illustration. If it subserved no other purpose, the present volume would settle the question as to the authorship of the "Ballads;" the same hand is unmistakably recognizable in both. Besides the legends, the book contains about a dozen miscellaneous poems, none of which strike us as markedly good, except "The Burning of Chicago," which, if somewhat turgid in expression, is a graphic and impressive picture. The volume is issued in holiday style, being handsomely printed and bound, and copiously illustrated.

It is easy to recognize the hand of Mr. Horace E. Scudder in "The Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country" (New York: Hurd & Houghton). It was written for the amusement of children, and in such work Mr. Scudder has long ago proved himself a master and a prime favorite with the little ones. "It contains some of the doings of Nathan, Philippa, and Lucy Bodley, their father and mother, the hired man Martin and his brother Hen, Nathan's Cousin Ned, Nathan's pig, the dog Neptune, Lucy's kitten, Lucy's doll, Mr. Bottom, the horse, chickens, mice; and has, besides, stories told to the children by their parents, by Martin, and by each other." There is plenty of fun of a wholesome sort, plenty of frolic and childish adventure; while, through the medium of their fondness for story-telling, the children are introduced to some good literature whose formative influence upon the mind will be permanent. Of this kind are "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "The Ballad of Chevy Chase," and the "Heir of Linne." Besides these, much excellent verse is disinterred from the pages of the *Riverside Magazine*, and a new and wider audience will thus be secured for "The Little Small Rid Hin," "The Battle of Bumble-Bug and Bumble-Bee," "Harry O'Hum," and "Picture Bob and his Wonderful Cob"—all of which, as Mr. Scudder says, are "too good to be buried in the pages of an extinct magazine." The book is profusely and amusingly illustrated, and the binding is both novel and pretty.

MR. FRANK R. STOCKTON'S "Tales out of School" (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) is on the same plan as his admirable "Roundabout Rambles," and would doubtless prove a highly-acceptable gift to any boy or miss from five to fifteen years of age. The plan is the now familiar one of taking a lot of old woodcuts (of which publishers of illustrated books usually have a goodly store) and writing a story or abridging a narrative to suit. Usually the process of construction is apparent on the very face of the work, but Mr. Stockton is so fertile in invention, and so skillful as a *raconteur*, that he fairly deceives even those best acquainted with the sources from which he draws his material. It is amusing, for instance, to notice how closely he has stuck to the text, and yet how fresh-seeming he has rendered the thrice-familiar pictures and adventures of Sir Samuel Baker in the chapter purporting to narrate "Colonel Myles's Adventures in Africa and India." Besides the "conversion" of various books of travel and advent-

ure, including one of Verne's fanciful narratives, the volume contains many curious bits of natural history, descriptions of mechanical processes, fairy-stories, legends, traditions, and several new items from the old Norse mythology. The pictures, of course, are an exceptionally striking feature, and are as numerous and various as those of a scrap-book—though few scrap-book collections would equal this in artistic merit.

THE character of Mr. E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen's latest collection of fairy-stories is very aptly and accurately defined by the author himself in his preface. "In the six stories which it contains," he says, "there are jumbled up together witches, jackdaws, fairies, pigs, mermaids, magistrates, dwarfs, cock-pheasants, and a great variety of other creatures who do not usually consort together, and could only have been brought into the same book by those wondrous powers of magic which confuse and confound the common order of Nature. I have neither the time nor the power to sort them out properly and put each in his own place; and so, having learned what I knew about them from the fairies, who kindly supply me with information upon such subjects, I have written it down as well as I could, and send out the six stories which contain it, under the fitting title and designation of 'Higgledy-Piggledy.'" Few modern writers of fairy-stories have Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen's power of fusing the homely interests and incidents of "the humdrum present," and the supernatural creatures of a poetic and over-credulous past, into a homogeneous and artistic whole. His stories have something of the old-time directness, simplicity, and air of good faith; and, at least, they never attempt to put science and history into elfin or goblin costume. The present collection is addressed to "everybody and everybody's children;" but the very small children will have to enjoy much of them by faith rather than by understanding. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

WE should explain, in conclusion, that the above does not exhaust the list of "holiday books;" but it contains the best of them, and all that we have received at the time of writing this article. Others may be mentioned in subsequent issues, and in making selections for the little folks the reader should not forget Miss Johnson's "Catskill Fairies," noticed in a recent number of the JOURNAL.

THE *Athenaeum* is civil to the Marquis of Lorne in its review of his poem, but reminds him that criticism must be honest or it is nothing; it cannot afford to play the courtier. It then goes on to say that the book "is very prettily got up. The binding, with its sprays of olive, the paper, with its smooth and tinted surface, and its four capital illustrations, all prepossess us in its favor. It is possible even to speak of its graceful and melodious verse. At worst, there is some knowledge of metre, some careful imitation of rather antiquated models, and some traces of fancy and of sentiment. But beyond that, what can we say? The work certainly shows no genius. There is about it no real fire or imagination. It is a poem—we feel tempted to call it a copy of

verses—written by a cultivated man, who writes as if he were writing a prize poem, supposing always that a prize poem admitted of a love-story."

THE first number of *La Vie Littéraire*, a new literary journal just started in Paris, has a letter to its editor from M. Taine, which contains an interesting paragraph about himself. He had been asked by the editor for an article on Stendhal and Sainte-Beuve, and writes: "But the subject is too vast, and my mind, unfortunately, is very restricted (*très-resserré*) and methodical. To do any thing I must give myself to it entirely. I think of nothing else for three months, six months, a year, and more. I am now printing the first volume of my 'Origines de la France Contemporaine,' and blocking out the second. For a long time yet my brain will admit nothing else. I am storing there every thing that relates directly or indirectly to the Revolution, and the interior web is weaving. If I should let in other materials, it would cost me an enormous effort and months of labor to mend the broken web. I have renounced, therefore, all articles or other work foreign to this."

LESLIE STEPHEN, writing upon Cowper, speaks of the poet's singular charm of style. "A poet, for example," he says, "might perhaps tell us, though a prosaic person cannot, what is the secret of the impression made by such a poem as 'The Wreck of the Royal George.' Given an ordinary newspaper paragraph about wreck or battle, turn it into the simplest possible language, do not introduce a single metaphor or figure of speech, indulge in none but the most obvious of all reflections—as, for example, that when a man is once drowned he won't win any more battles—and produce as the result a copy of verses which nobody can ever read without instantly knowing them by heart. How Cowper managed to perform such a feat, and why not one poet even in a hundred can perform it, are questions which might lead to some curious critical speculation."

SWINBURNE has written an appreciative and sympathetic letter about Poe to the director of the Poe Memorial Committee. He refers admiringly to "the special quality of his strong and delicate genius—so sure of aim and faultless of touch in all the better and finer part of work he has left us;" and expresses a "firm conviction that widely as the fame of Poe has already spread, and deeply as it is already rooted, in Europe, it is even now growing wider and striking deeper as time advances; the surest presage that time, the eternal enemy of small and shallow reputations, will prove in this case also the constant and trusty friend and keeper of a true poet's full-grown fame."

The Arts.

TO illustrate the special quality of the great pianist Dr. von Bülow, it will be proper to recall something of the famous Russian performer who preceded him. Rubinstein had superb gifts of execution, a *technique* which could not well be surpassed. But he was essentially the composer, and not the interpreter. The instinct of creation reigned dominant in all of Rubinstein's work. The intense individuality of the man burst all restraint, and colored every phrase of

Beethoven, Schumann, or Chopin, which he delivered from the keys. He seemed to rebel instinctively against the limits set by the genius of others, and seek an outlet through which he could pour himself. Those who remember his rendering of Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata" will recognize the force of this. While it was quaint, poetic, and full of feeling—at times, in fact, inspired with a magnetic dash and fury—it lacked the real Beethoven feeling, passion, and longing—boundless, perhaps, as the sea, but rigidly governed by a conquering will. "The gods approve the depth and not the tumult of the soul," sings Wordsworth. Rubinstein, in failing to bring out this element of the Beethoven music, fell short as the interpreter, because he always overflowed with the consciousness of originating power.

Hans von Bülow is essentially the interpreter. His nature is completely absorbed and lost in the composer whose score he is playing. It is this subtlety of insight and power of identification which, so far as we are now prepared to judge, distinguish him from every other pianist who has ever been in America. The spirit of his style, even the character of his *technique*, seem to change, and one can hardly believe that it is the same artist playing Beethoven, Bach, Schumann, and Chopin. This absolute conscientiousness and sense of fidelity, reverence for the individuality of another, give a peculiar power to Von Bülow's playing. He practically says to his listeners: "I wish you entirely to forget Dr. von Bülow now, and think only of the composer." This, indeed, no one can do; for the enormous power and facility of the pianist challenge attention. But it invests the player with a certain moral dignity which extends to the impression left by his performance.

The piano-forte, unless played on by some exceptionally great artist, has always something suggestive of the mechanical. Both wind and string instruments answer much more subtly and sympathetically to the purposes of the player. No matter how great the executive skill of the player, unless there be a great intelligence and imaginative power in communication with the finger-tips, the sounds evoked from the piano belong to the same æsthetic family as those of the hand-organ. This grand difficulty once overcome, no single instrument can compare with the piano in producing the great variety and complexity of effects for which the orchestra is the perfect expression. Dr. von Bülow is the most distinguished pupil and representative of what is known as the orchestral school of playing founded by Franz Liszt. Before the day of the latter, the piano, even by its greatest masters, was treated like any other single instrument. Piano-compositions were written to display beautiful melodies, elaborately treated, indeed, and with no little intricacy of embroidery. With Liszt's unparalleled power of execution, a new school came into being, and great harmonies became even more essential than the melody itself. Many of the old masterpieces were reset expressly to meet the demands of the *virtuoso*.

Dr. von Bülow's *technique* was educated under the impulse of the Liszt example and

training, and if he does not surpass the teacher, at least he is deemed worthy to perpetuate the fame of one who is probably without a peer in the annals of music as a player. Without this, even the remarkable organization and genius of Bülow as a student and interpreter would not have singled him out as a representative man. With it he has won for himself the foremost position even in an age of fine pianists. The scholarship of this artist is no less evident than his genius; the latter, even, is always under the rigid control of the former. It would be impossible to think of him as ever, even in the hottest glow of musical feeling, doing what Rubinstein frequently did, skipping bunches of chords and missing fine details in a stupendous crash. Even when Dr. von Bülow takes his *tempo* with a fiery swiftness, which taxes the utmost effort of the orchestra to keep pace with, all the minutiae of the score are observed with a crisp, sharp-cut clearness which makes them perfectly distinguishable. This was specially observable in his performance of the great Henselt concerto, probably the most difficult piano-composition ever written, for it was designed expressly to embody all the possible difficulties of piano-forte execution. It literally bristles with technical obstacles nearly insurmountable. To perform it tolerably has been esteemed a signal brevet of excellence. Dr. von Bülow's execution of this *cheval de bataille* in its quiet and unconscious ease seemed to make it a mere plaything. The final movement, taken at race-horse speed, left the listeners nearly breathless. Yet every little trill and run, every one of the chaos of intricate chords, was as clear as the stroke of a bell. Probably this absolute finish of detail is the first characteristic of the artist's style which would strike the listener. The second feature of his playing that would enlist the attention of the average lover of music is that to which we have already alluded—his ability to identify his own individuality with that of the creator whose work is before him. Brilliant, rugged, tender, and profound by turns, he slips from one mood or school into another without effort or trace of transition.

To play the dreamy music of Chopin, the most poetic and imaginative of writers for the piano, demands not so much the power of the great *virtuoso* as the heart and brain of the poet himself. Chopin is to music what Shelley is to poetry. The interpretation of these exquisite tone-poems by Dr. von Bülow has probably furnished more deep and delicious enjoyment to the lovers of music than any thing else in his programme. The deep, sharp-thinking scientific thinker has become the man of dream and reverie, and the clear, crisp masses of tone, which mark the student of Bach, Händel, and Beethoven, lose themselves in the most vague and aerial suggestions of fancy. If we were to single out Dr. von Bülow's special success, we should unquestionably stamp his interpretation of Chopin as the one to be noted. This tribute comes not in virtue of power of execution, for many other composers demand far more; but the subtlety of poetic suggestion, the atmosphere of dream-land, with which these compositions are invested are such as to de-

velop the beautiful conceptions of Chopin in their most perfect form.

For the professional musician, Dr. von Bülow will probably be the most admirable as a player of the Liszt school of music, that which aims to reproduce the wealth of the orchestra on one instrument. His grasp of resource is such as to compel the most unwilling wonder and submission. Such a performance as that of Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise" has rarely, if ever, been equaled for brilliancy and boldness of effects. Yet, for those who love music for its own sake, his rendering of Beethoven, Schumann, and Chopin, is a source of far more enjoyment than the stormy splendor of execution with which he dashes through the measures of the great Hungarian pianist. In the one the hearer is lost in the composer, for the player's style is like a sheet of transparent glass. In the other, one thinks as much or more of the stupendous art of the player than of the composer himself. We have not attempted any detailed analysis of Dr. von Bülow's performance of special pieces, for even musicians care more for the effect produced than the machinery of execution. But there can hardly be any question of this artist's superiority as an interpreter of the piano over any and all who have visited America within the memory of this generation. Without the powerful creative instinct of Rubinstein, from which the latter could never free himself, and which sometimes gave him a magnetism to which Bülow never attains, he has yet such massive scholarship and versatility, combined with so much executive skill, as to place him beyond rivalry as the interpreter of piano-forte music. The precision of the martinet is united with the boldness and fire of the man of genius.

The earlier concerts of Dr. von Bülow were given with full orchestra. The latter ones, with simple quartets of instruments, have been more enjoyable, as they have furnished a richer variety of music, and enabled the player to display his skill to far better advantage. Be the pianist never so great, the impossibility of securing a perfect orchestra and sympathetic leader always lessens the effect. Dr. Damrosch and his musicians, on the whole, did well in their trying work, but the recitals with quartet have been more pleasing.

Mr. SAMUEL COLMAN, who returned from Europe about three months ago, was absent three years and a half, visiting Italy, Egypt, Morocco, and Algeria, besides spending some time in Holland and France. He has brought with him a large and varied collection of pictures and studies.

The largest and most important class of his works were painted in Africa, in which country he penetrated into strange and remote regions, quite apart from the ordinary track of tourists and even of artists. Some of his most interesting paintings are of Moorish ruins of mosques, with their beautiful towers and horseshoe arches, at Tlemsen and Mansoria in Algeria on the borders of Morocco, quite remote from the sea. Mr. Colman from his early life has been remarkable for his pure and rich coloring, which shows

in his delicate and beautiful skies, in the soft meadows of our own country, and in our variegated autumn forests. But then there is no class of his works so well fitted to develop the variety and harmony of his palette as these architectural pictures, where, under a warm and golden atmosphere, brick and mellow-hued stone-work are combined into forms of elegance and strange grace. In one of his pictures, an old arched entrance to a dilapidated mosque shows the building as it now stands after six or seven hundred years' duration. Constructed at nearly the same time as the Alhambra, it was supposed to rival that structure in richness and beauty. Mr. Colman shows it as it now is in its decay. The front of the arch is built of mingled brick and stone, and the entire surface of the ruin is carved into every sort of arabesque device. Not far from this ruin is an elaborate study of another portion of the town, which is still inhabited and in good preservation. Here, illumined by warm sunshine, a square tower rises two hundred feet into the air. A Saracenic dome is in the distance; and Moorish arches, which admit a procession of finely-costumed men and women, and a part of a high city wall, compose a picture of rare beauty. But the tower is the chief feature of this scene, and Mr. Colman has covered it, with almost daguerreotype fidelity of minuteness, with the delicate tiles, whose glazed surface reflects the daylight, with the Arabic written characters, that picturesquely break the monotonous curves and lace-work of the carving; and he has painted, with a delightful feeling of light and shadow, the delicate, arched openings and the projecting cornices, with heavy tooth-cuttings, which give the relief of mingled brightness and dark massing of tints to the otherwise flat character of the structures.

Besides these architectural paintings, Mr. Colman has brought back with him sketches taken on the borders of the desert, whose near white sands and dry mimosas are relieved by a dark atmosphere, charged with dust and heat, which spreads over distant, arid hills, while the sky is almost darker than this distance. Bands of Arabs, with horses, camels, and the usual paraphernalia of the caravan, appear also, painted with a fidelity and with the mature precision of an artist of great experience in the use of color.

Mr. Colman's Italian pictures cover much of the well-known ground, but he has made studies of the Duomo and of Giotto's Campanile at Florence with the same rare and delicate color that shows in his Moorish sketches. In one of these, the Campanile, which Ruskin has made immortal by his description, even if it had not appealed, by its beauty, to the feeling of every one familiar with its multifarious and wonderful ornament, appears at the end of a vista made by one of the streets that diverge from this great centre of Florence. A summer brightness rests upon its summit, towering much above the house-tops, and passing down its carved arched openings, with their fine tracery and lovely columns; and the eye penetrates into the shadow of the street and square below to see the opening filled by people in the gay attire of an Italian *festa*.

A famous poet who is also an artist once said to us, on seeing some Dutch pictures, that he thought *all* skies should be painted with the same atmospheric mistiness as these—an observation which showed more appreciation of the Holland landscape than knowledge of the difference between the skies of a land of canals and dikes, and the drier and clearer heavens of other countries. Mr. Colman, in addition to his studies in southern lands, has brought home with him a number of pictures from Amsterdam, with minutely-painted likenesses of the many-storied warehouses, with their irregularly-shaped gables, that rise from the edge of the "Venice of the North." In the canals, which form the streets of the watery city, Mr. Colman has painted, in rich colors, and with much feeling, the bloated-looking trading-vessels, with their broad beams and blunt, round hulls, that are as much in contrast with the delicate prows of the Venetian gondolas as the heavy warehouses of Amsterdam are with the brilliant and elegant palaces that line the Grand Canal. Mr. Colman's imagination has, apparently, been captivated very positively by the bulky trading-craft we have described, and in one or two sketches we saw fleets of these vessels lumbering slowly along with the tide, with the flat, vapory, ever-green meadows of the Netherlands around them, while overhead was the watery sky, with its fat, billowy clouds, misty and vaporous.

A collection of these pictures, and many more than we have described, will shortly be on exhibition at Snedecor's Gallery in Fifth Avenue, and all our art-loving people will then have the opportunity to enjoy the latest and best studies from one of the most poetical and refined colorists America has yet produced.

WHILE statuary and busts of a very high order of refined modeling are exceedingly rare, now and then some brilliant piece of sculpture appears in the exhibitions of New York that merits attention. The two or three best specimens of this department of art we have lately seen have been at Schaus's Gallery, in Broadway. A few months since a charming female head, supposed to represent music, was in this gallery, and at the present time Mr. Schaus has a striking and expressive white-marble bust, called "The Scoffer." It is by an Antwerp artist named Peeters, and represents a handsome and graceful head, full of mobility and action, yet which shows every feature and line curled and twisted into a look of contempt. The dress of the man, and even his hair in sharp and curved locks, helps to carry out this pervading purpose of the artist.

The ideal tranquillity of classical sculpture, or portraiture which is not caricature, has been settled upon as the legitimate field of the sculptor, but of late some works have appeared here which, from their flexibility of action and vivacious expression, seem rather adapted for painting than marble. From the standard of correct and traditional taste, such works as "The Scoffer" may be esteemed bad art; but when, as in this case, these violent characteristics are combined

with great finish of execution, and action and expression that show much cleverness as well as cultivation in the artist, aside from the actual pleasure they give, they have a value as showing the direction and progress of modern art-thought in connection with sculpture.

AFTER much discussion, litigation, and preparation, "*Rose Michel*" has been produced at the Union Square Theatre. The version of the play given here is reported to be very much changed from the French original, and as being greatly improved by the adapter, Mr. Mackaye. The public are, however, in the dark as to the extent or character of these changes, except as to the fact that the part of *Moulinet* is wholly new. The other improvements could be measured only by an opportunity of comparing the two versions. As *Moulinet* is the only humorous delineation in the play, its introduction was very judicious. Fortunately, this interpolated character falls easily into the action of the play, and, although it does not directly contribute either to the involvement or evolution of the plot, one cannot easily detect by internal evidence that it is not an organic part of the structure. But, although new to this play, it is scarcely an original creation, being manifestly derived from the Barnaby Rudge of Charles Dickens. It is the character of a half-idiot boy, full of great affection, and passionately devoted to his pet dogs and cats—a delineation marked by many fine touches, and well portrayed by Mr. Stuart Robson.

In a measure, "*Rose Michel*" is a disappointment. It is a strong, well-constructed melodrama, and this is all. There is little that is new and nothing to charm in the story; there are no characters to live in the memory as exalted types; there are none of those pictures of life that in some productions delight the fancy and leave there long, pleasant recollections. It is not a drama that the world is better for having, nor is it one to reflect the least art-credit upon the era. It is so intense in action that it is sure to hold the auditor's attention; it affords some excellent opportunities for accomplished actors to show their skill; but it has no good excuse for its existence either as art or literature.

The incidents of the story occur in Paris in the last century. *Rose Michel* is the wife of a sordid, miserly innkeeper; she has a fair young daughter, whom she loves passionately, and who has just been betrothed. *Baron de Bellevie*, a notorious libertine, has been paid a hundred thousand livres by *Count de Varnay* to leave France, and never seek his wife, who is living under the protection of the *Countess de Varnay*. *De Bellevie* comes to the innkeeper's house with all this money upon him. His murder is planned by *Pierre Michel*, the innkeeper; *Rose* discovers her husband in the act; she conceals the crime for the sake of her daughter, whose matrimonial prospects would be ruined by the discovery of the father's crime; but, in secretly restoring the money taken from the baron to the *Count de Varnay's* *escritoire* is the means of fastening suspicion of the murder

upon the count, who is brought to trial, and condemned to death. *Rose* refuses to reveal her knowledge of the true criminal, although being suspected of some knowledge in the matter; is put to the rack in order to extort her confession; but, in the end, just on the eve of the count's execution, *Rose*, exasperated by fresh treachery of the husband, denounces him as the murderer.

This is a brief outline of the story. The construction in the main is good, but the complications grow out of a wholly unlikely incident. *Rose*, in restoring the money taken from the murdered man, takes a step that would have been sure to lead to the detection of her husband, had the money replaced in the *escritoire* been discovered by the count; but, being found there by police officials, it involved an innocent man instead. *Rose*, whose conscience could be so blunt in another direction, would scarcely have felt impelled to restore money to whom it really did not belong, when by so doing the risk of discovery became imminent.

The interest of the story turns upon the complications that fix suspicion upon the count, and the sufferings and struggles of *Rose* between her conscience and her intense maternal affection. But what is it we are called upon to admire? A woman whose devotion to her offspring would consign an innocent man to the block, and that man the son of her benefactress, would give to dishonorable death the hope and pride of a great house, that her own daughter may marry the man she loved! The woman's crime is really monstrous. It is really worse than that of her husband, who slew a villain for his money, while she would deliberately slay an innocent person, to whom she was bound by many obligations, simply that her daughter should be spared a few pangs. We may sympathize with the woman's maternal affection, we may even admire the stubborn obstinacy that the rack cannot subdue; but one's moral perceptions must be greatly blunted if he does not revolt at the moral cowardice and hideous selfishness which *Rose Michel's* conduct exhibits. That the woman would fain avert the doom from the count, and endeavors to effect his escape, are but slight palliations of a wrong so great. The dramatist seems to think his delineation one of moral strength and greatness; he makes it the centre of an admiring group, and confidently expects us to applaud this picture of wrongful heroism. Even the father of the youth to whom *Rose's* daughter is betrothed, who has resolutely required a pure record of the family to which his son may be allied, forgoes all his prejudices, and discerns in *Rose's* resolute attempt to enact the part of murderess something to admire. Obviously, the moral perceptions of French dramatists take strange shapes.

The acting at the Union Square is generally good. Miss Eytinge gives a powerful delineation of *Rose Michel*. In the hands of a really great artist, the character would doubtless take on many shadings and touches that would enhance its effect in some of the scenes, but Miss Eytinge is generally very effective, although at times she mistakes noise for intensity. This lady has undoubtedly

decided talent for melodrama. Mr. Stoddart as *Pierre Michel* exaggerates his costume somewhat, but he acts with force and consistency. Mr. Stuart Robson gives a faithful, half-humorous, half-pathetic picture of the idiot boy. Mr. Thorne as the count and Mr. Parcelle as the prefect are good. Indeed, the performance throughout is smooth and satisfactory, and the play is put on the stage with great care as to every detail, and with some superb scenic effects. The view of Notre-Dame and the Seine at night, in the last act, is a wonder of scenic illusion.

THE colossal statue of Liberty, proposed by the Franco-American Union of Paris, is to be erected on Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor. The statue will be placed on a pedestal of granite one hundred feet high, and will be cast in bronze of the same height as the pedestal; it will consist of a figure of Liberty draped, holding in one hand a tablet inscribed "July 4, 1776," and the other hand, uplifted, will hold a torch. It is designed to have streams of light radiating from its brow at night. The design is by M. Bartholdi, an Alsatian sculptor who carved the Lion of Belfort. At a banquet given by those interested in the enterprise, held at Paris early in November, at which M. Laboulaye presided, and where Mr. Washburne, General Schenck, General Sickles, Edmond About, Emile de Girardin, Alexandre Dumas, and other distinguished persons, were guests, M. Laboulaye made an address, from which we copy the subjoined passage: "We wish to erect a statue the most colossal ever raised, which will rise above that immense plain which covers New York with its millions of inhabitants; Brooklyn, which has four hundred thousand; and Jersey City, which reckons as many. There it will be really in its place. I have seen the colossal statue of Bavaria thrust into a corner outside the gates of their capital, and I often asked myself what the statue was doing there if not to call to mind that Bavaria is but the shadow of herself. The Colossus of Rhodes saw little vessels pass between its legs; but, compared with our statue, the Colossus of Rhodes was but a clock-ornament. The statue which we would cast is not made of cannon taken on the field of battle. Each of his limbs has not cost a thousand men's lives, and has not caused countless widows and orphans to shed tears. It will be cast in virgin metal."

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

November 16, 1851.

CERTAIN pages of the new pamphlet by Victor Hugo, "*Ce que c'est que l'Exil*," the preface to "*Pendant l'Exil*," are extremely interesting as affording glimpses of the life of the illustrious exile during his long expatriation. Thus he speaks of the commencement of those years of literary toil and of banishment:

"In December, 1851, when he who writes these lines arrived in a foreign land, life wore at first a hard aspect. It is in exile, above all, that the *res angusta domi* makes itself felt.

"This summary sketch of what exile really is would not be complete were the material side of the existence of the outlaw left without a passing mention, and one likewise of proper moderation.

"Of all which that exile had possessed, there remained to him seven thousand five hundred francs (fifteen hundred dollars) of annual income. His plays, which had brought him in sixty thousand francs a year, were suppressed. The hasty sale at auction of his furniture had produced something less than thirteen thousand francs (twenty-six hundred dollars). He had nine persons to support.

"He was obliged to furnish means for removals, for journeys, for new installations, for the movements of a group of which he was the centre, for all the unforeseen of an existence henceforward uprooted from the earth and the sport of every wind; an exile is an uprooted tree. He was forced to preserve the dignity of life, and so to act that no one around him should suffer.

"Hence an immediate necessity for work.

"Let us state here that the first abode in exile, Marine Terrace, was rented at the very moderate price of fifteen hundred francs a year.

"The French market was closed against his publications.

"His first Belgian publishers reprinted all his works without rendering him any account, and, among others, the two volumes of the '*Œuvres Oratoires*.' 'Napoléon le Petit' was the sole exception. As to '*Les Châtiments*,' they cost their author twenty-five hundred francs. This sum, confided to the publisher Samuel, has never been repaid. The total product of all the editions of '*Les Châtiments*' has been for eighteen years confiscated by foreign publishers.

"The English royalist newspapers loudly celebrated English hospitality—a hospitality adulterated, as may be remembered, with nocturnal assaults and expulsions, like Belgian hospitality. Wherein English hospitality was complete, was in its tenderness for the books of the exiles. It reprinted those books, and published and sold them with the most cordial *empressment* for the benefit of the English publishers. English law, which forms a part of Britannic hospitality, permits that style of forgetfulness. The duty of a book is to let the author die of hunger, as in the case of Chatterton, and to enrich the publisher. '*Les Châtiments*' in particular have been sold, and are still and always sold in England, solely for the profit of the bookseller Jeffs. The English stage was not less hospitable toward French plays than were English book-shops toward French books. No author's right has ever been paid for '*Ruy Blas*,' which has been played in England over two hundred times.

"Thus it will be seen that it was not without reason that the royalist Bonapartist press of London reproached the exiles with an abuse of English hospitality.

"That press has often called him who writes these lines a miser.

"It called him also an abandoned drinker.

"These details form a part of what exile really is. This exile complains of nothing. He has worked. He has reconstructed his life for himself and for his. All is well."

Here is a brief but vivid sketch of the exile's chosen spot of refuge:

"The archipelago of the Channel is peculiarly attractive: it has no difficulty in resembling France because it is France. Jersey and Guernsey are fragments of Gaul, broken off by the sea in the eighth century. Jersey was more coquettish than was Guernsey; she has thus become prettier and less beautiful. At Jersey, the forest has become a garden; in Guernsey, the rock remains colossal. More peace here, more majesty there. At Jersey, peace is in Normandy; at Guernsey, one is in

Brittany. A bouquet of flowers as large as the city of London—such is Jersey. All there is perfume, sunbeam, smile, which does not hinder the visits of the tempest. He who writes these pages has somewhere called Jersey an idyl in mid-ocean. In pagan times, Jersey was more Roman, and Guernsey more Celtic; at Jersey one perceives Jupiter, and at Guernsey, Teutates. At Guernsey, what was formerly Druidical is now Huguenot; it is no longer Moloch, but it is Calvin; the church services are cold, the landscape is prudish, and religion has the sulks. Taken altogether, both islands are charming; one is lovely and the other harsh.

"One day the Queen of England—nay, more than the Queen of England, the Duchess of Normandy, venerated and feared six days out of seven, paid a visit, with salvos, amoke, uproar, and ceremony, to Guernsey. It was on a Sunday, that sole day of the week that was not her own. The queen, abruptly changed to 'that woman,' violated the repose of the Lord. She disembarked on the quay in the midst of a silent crowd. Not a hat was lifted. One man only saluted her—the exile who now speaks! He saluted not the queen, but the woman! The pious island remained sullen. That Puritanism has its grandeur."

The following details respecting the spy system employed by the Empire toward the exiled patriots are curious:

"Expect all things, you who are in exile. You have been hurled afar, but not let go. The persecutor is curious, and his gaze multiplies itself upon you. A respectable Protestant clergyman seats himself beside your hearth; that Protestantism draws a salary from the strong-box of Tronsin Dumarsan. A foreign prince, who speaks broken French, presents himself; it is Vidocq who comes to see you; is he a real prince? yes; he belongs to a royal race, and also to the police. A grave, doctrinal professor introduces himself to you, and you surprise him reading your papers. All is permitted against you; you are outside the law—that is to say, outside of equity, outside of reason, outside of respect, outside of probability; men will declare themselves authorized by you to publish your conversations, and will take care that they shall be stupid; words will be attributed to you that you never uttered, letters that you never wrote, actions that you never committed. You are approached, so that the place where you shall be stabbed may be better chosen.

"You speak to a visage, and it is a mask that hearkens; your exile is haunted by that spectre, the spy.

"A very mysterious unknown comes to whisper in your ear; he declares to you that if you wish it he will undertake to assassinate the emperor—it is Bonaparte who offers to kill Bonaparte. At your fraternal banquet, some one in the corner will cry, 'Long live Marat! Long live Hebert! Long live the guillotine!' With a little attention, you will recognize the voice of Carlier. Sometimes the spy begs; the emperor asks an alms of you through his Pietri; you give; he laughs—gayety of the hangman. You pay the hotel-bill of that exile, he is a police agent; you pay the traveling-expenses of that fugitive, he is a *shirro*; you pass along the street, you hear some one say, 'There goes the real tyrant!' It is of you that these words are spoken; you turn, who is that man? The answer is, he is an outlaw. Not at all. He is a functionary. He is savage, and paid. It is a republican signed Maupas. Coco disguised as Scævola."

Here are some few of the trenchant, vigorous paragraphs scattered throughout the work:

"He who says justice, says strength."

"The short sight of tyrants deceives them; conspiracy that has succeeded looks to them like victory, but that victory is full of ashes. The criminal believes that his crime is his accomplice. Error; his crime is his punisher. The assassin always cuts himself with his knife; treason always betrays the traitor; culprits, without suspecting it, are held by the collar by their crime—an invisible spectre; a bad action never loses hold of you, and fatally, by an inexorable road ending in pools of blood for glory and abysses of mud for shame, without remission for the guilty, the 18th Brumaire leads the great to Waterloo, and the 2d December drags the little to Sedan."

"A man, so ruined that he has nothing left but his honor, so despoiled that he has nothing left but his conscience, so isolated that he has nothing beside him but justice, so deserted that he has only with him the truth, so cast into the shadows that there remains with him only the sun, such is he who is an exile."

"Calumny sometimes ends by adding lustre. By a silver ribbon upon the rose we recognize that a caterpillar has passed over it."

"Insult is an old habit of humanity; to throw stones delights idle hands; woe to all that rise above the ordinary level; mountain-peaks have the property of attracting thunder-bolts from above, and lapidation from below. It is almost their fault: why are they peaks? They attract the eye, and affront it."

"Glory is a gilded bed wherein there lurks vermin."

"Where Vitellius is a god, Juvenal is flith."

"The prosperity of the empire was a national misfortune. The mirth of orgies is misery. A prosperity which gilds a crime lies and hatches a calamity. The egg of the 2d of December is Sedan."

On the back of the pamphlet from which we have just quoted appears an announcement of two forthcoming works by Victor Hugo—the two concluding volumes of the '*Légende des Siècles*,' and '*The Art of being a Grandfather*.' The book on which M. Thiers has been at work for so long is to bear, it is said, the title of '*Men and Matter*.' It is to be in four volumes, of which it is reported that two are already finished. Furne, Jouvet & Co. have just published the fourth volume of Martin's '*Popular History of France from the Earliest Times to the Present Day*.' This last volume brings the work down to 1804. It is to be completed in one volume more, which will be issued in the course of the ensuing year. The work, when completed, will contain over one thousand illustrations. The same house has also issued the third number of its superb edition of Michaud's '*History of the Crusades*,' illustrated by Gustave Doré. The third volume of the '*Merveilles de l'Industrie*,' by Louis Figuier, has also just appeared. This work, which is a popular description of modern inventions, is to be completed in four or five volumes at the most, and will contain fifteen hundred illustrations. Gladly Bros. have just published '*Coups de Bâton*,' by Louis Verbrughe, and continue to puff violently their long-announced edition of the '*Imitation of Christ*.' Dentu has issued '*A Journey to the Ruins of Golconda and the City of the Dead*,' by Louis Jacolliot, and announces the second series of '*The Women of the Court of Louis XV.*' by Imbert de St.-Amand, and the '*Marquise de Lucillière*,' the second series of '*The Inn of the World*,' by Hector Malot. The Librairie Bachelin Deflorenne announces a su-

perb illustrated work in the style of "L'Ornement Polychrome," and "L'Ornement des Tissus," to be issued in bimonthly parts. It is to be entitled "Les Merveilles de la Curiosité," and is to comprise one hundred plates in gold and colors, representing over a thousand objects, such as miniatures, ivory-carvings, stained glass, tapestry, etc., selected from both public and private collections. The work is to be completed in ten numbers at fifteen francs each. The Bibliothèque Charpentier announces a collected edition of "The Tales and Legends" of J. T. de St.-Germain, and has already published the first volume, containing his pretty tale of "For a Pin," the "Legend of Mignon," and two or three other stories. Paul Ollendorff has just issued the prize-poem crowned by the French Academy for this year, on the subject of the death of Livingstone. The fortunate competitor is named Emile Guiard.

The theatrical news of the week is unimportant. Offenbach's "Creole," at the Bouffes Parisiens completes the triad of his successes of this year, an almost unprecedented feat for a composer to achieve. It is doubtful whether this new work will attain to very wide-spread popularity, however. It lacks fun and *entrain*, and is in fact too much of an *opéra comique*, too much in the style of Auber and of Adam to suit the atmosphere of Les Bouffes. Judic, who does not appear till the second act, sings the lovely music allotted to her very charmingly. At the Grand Opéra a new interest has been imparted to the revival of "Faust" by the appearance of Mademoiselle de Reszké as *Marguerite*. Her youth, grace, and beauty lent an appropriate charm to her personation. She was loudly applauded after the "Jewel Song," and her fine and dramatic voice gave full effect to the grand concluding trio. "Le Pompon," the new *opéra bouffe* by Lecocq, which was produced at the Folies Dramatiques a few nights ago, has proved a failure, or rather what they call here a half-success. The first act is said to be charming, the second stupid, and the third intolerable.

Rossi made his first excursion into the territory of the French drama last week by producing "Kean" by the elder Dumas. The play is great stuff, being stupid, trashy, and ill-constructed, but it contains one great scene where Kean goes mad on the stage while playing Hamlet. In that one scene Rossi was sublime, and fairly drove the audience frantic with enthusiasm. The parquet literally "rose at him," as they once did for the real Kean. Two of the theatrical celebrities of the Paris stage are said to be dying—two old artists who have wellnigh outlived their glory—Frédéric Lemaître and Dejazet. From London comes a rumor that Salvini is about to be married to an English lady of good family and large fortune.

LUCKY H. HOOPER.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE *American Artisan*, under the title of "A Remarkable Patent Suit," gives an account of a trial now going on before Judge Benedict, of the United States Circuit Court, from which we condense as follows: In the year 1861 Colonel Nelson W. Green, of Cortland, New York, having heard it rumored that certain wells in Virginia had been poisoned so as to render them dangerous, conceived the idea that pure water might be obtained for his regiment by having a tube driven in the ground open at the lower end, into which the

water would flow and from which it might be pumped. Could this be accomplished, there would be no need of digging or boring or even removing the earth, as the tube would open its own way to any desired depth. Colonel Green explained this plan to others, and, in spite of their discouragements, put it into execution with perfect success; and it is said that at the present time tens or even hundreds of thousands of these driven wells are in use in the world, as the result of his endeavors. Owing to engagements in the field, the patent for this device was not obtained till 1868, and this after a severe contest with rival claimants. In 1871, the claim, which was originally defective, was reissued in the following form: "The process of constructing wells by driving an instrument into the ground until it is projected into water, without removing the earth upward, as it is in boring," etc. The suit to which we have alluded is brought in support of this claim, the defendants being W. & B. Douglas, the extensive pump-manufacturers of Middletown, Connecticut, who have been furnishing parties engaged in making these wells with the necessary pumps and tubing, at the same time guaranteeing to defend them in case of prosecution. The owners of the patent have been engaged over three years in taking testimony, and over two hundred days have been occupied in obtaining it, which already fills over three thousand closely-printed pages, and was obtained at an expense, exclusive of counsel-fees, of eighty thousand dollars. The need of these efforts becomes apparent when it is stated that the present claim for damages exceeds half a million dollars. In view of these facts, the case may be regarded as among the most important of any in the annals of American patent litigation.

M. TELLIER, the inventor of the ice-machine bearing his name, has undertaken to test on a grand scale the possibility of transporting food preserved by cold. With this end in view, he has purchased a nine-hundred-ton vessel, which he proposes to fit up with improved forms of refrigerators, by this means transforming the hull of the vessel into an immense ice-box. The first trip of the *Frigorifique*—for thus has the ship been christened—will be from some port in France to the river Plate. Her first cargo will consist of wine, beer, butter, cheese, hops, vegetables, etc., which, up to the present time, have been conveyed to the tropics with difficulty. The cargo on the return-voyage will consist of fresh meat, game, fruit, skins, silkworms, eggs, and such other articles as may serve to thoroughly test the value of the new system of refrigeration. In a recent communication to the Académie des Sciences announcing his purpose, M. Tellier promises to afford the members of that body every opportunity to try any experiment which they may deem desirable. From this, it would appear that the oft-repeated trials in the same direction are to be supplemented by one grand and possibly final attempt. Should this prove successful, the result will be one of great value, especially to American fruit-growers.

PROFESSOR JEVONS, in a paper read before the British Association during its meeting in Bristol, presented many interesting facts regarding the possible influence of sun-spots on the grain product of the world. Referring to the tables prepared by the German astronomer Schwabe, he found that the periods of sun-spots were marked by regular intervals of eleven years, and, with this fact as a basis of

comparison, he entered upon an exhaustive examination of trade-reports and the annual prices of grain, as given by Professor Rogers in his "History of Agriculture and Prices in England." This treatise contained an elaborate collection of the prices of corn in all parts of England between the years 1259 and 1400. Passing over the description of the methods by which these results were obtained and compared, we arrive at the conclusion, namely, that the maximum of these prices was reached after regular intervals of from ten to eleven years. Though as yet the writer does not appear to have clearly established the actual coincidence between the years of sun-spots and those of full harvests, yet the agreement as to periods of time would seem to tend toward the establishment of the opinion he advances. He also pointed out that commercial panics occur at regular intervals of 10.8 years, and as this time coincides with that of the solar phenomena under consideration, it may yet be proved that there is an immediate and justifiable relation between the celestial phenomena and these commercial calamities.

WHETHER the felling of forests has any direct influence in decreasing the amount of water in springs, rivers, and water-courses, is a question regarding which there appears to be a decided difference of opinion. In order that this "dispute among the doctors" may be finally set at rest, the Vienna Academy of Sciences have issued a circular and report addressed to the kindred societies in other countries, inviting them to undertake special observation from which a final judgment may be obtained. In this circular attention is called to the fact that of late years there has been a decided diminution in the waters of the Danube and other large rivers, and, as this decrease of water has been identical in time with the felling of forests along their courses, the question of relationship between the two becomes one of special significance. In respect to the thoroughness with which it is proposed to institute these observations, it is stated that the Austrian Engineers and Architects' Union have appointed a hydrostatic commission to collect facts and prepare a report. The Danube, Elbe, and Rhine, have each been assigned to two members, while two others will be occupied with the meteorology of the subject, noting also the influence of the glaciers and Alpine torrents. Though these measures are suggested by a foreign society, it is evident that kindred observations made in this country will be of equal value, and there can be no doubt that the same conditions exist here as in Europe, and, should the question be answered in the affirmative, the demand for measures to protect the forests will be equally emphatic with us as with them.

ONE whose faith in Nature was such as to induce him to seek for arguments in defense of the existence and service of one of her hitherto much-abused children, gives the following interesting facts regarding the habits of the common house-fly: Having noticed that flies on alighting rubbed their feet and wings together, he sought for a cause of this action, and discovered that it was to remove numberless minute animalcula with which the legs and wings had been coated during flight. These small creatures are poisonous in character, and, though the flies eagerly devour them, are of a nature to induce disease when breathed into the human lungs. Leanness in a fly, this observer states, is *prima-facie* evidence of pure air in the house.

while, if these little buzzing pests be fat and hearty, it is because they have been making a meal off of the creatures which would otherwise have brought disease into the household. While we are not prepared to dispute the claims of the house-fly as thus advocated, it must not be forgotten that these same creatures have been caught working untold mischief. As breeders of maggots their presence has too often brought suffering and death, and, as clearly proved by repeated experiments, their sponge-like feet have been made to convey and transplant the germs of many ulcerous diseases. The defense is no doubt an ingenious one, and may be "founded on fact;" still the charge against them is equally positive, and should not yet be fully dismissed.

In a recent "note" attention was directed to an electrical submarine lantern. This was constructed on the general principle of the Geissler tube. The electric current was led down through a wire attached to the lantern, which in turn was made fast to the person of the diver. A more recent application of the same principle is illustrated in a contrivance called "the electrical fish-bait." This consists simply of a platinum wire inserted in a bottle and attached to a battery. A passage of the current along the inclosed wire renders it hot and therefore luminous. The glass of which the bottle is made must be green or black, as this light is said to be the most persuasive. The method of using the bait is to lower it in the sea, and when the proper depth has been reached, cause the wire to be illuminated. By this means the fish are attracted toward the strange light. It is said that experiments recently tried on the coasts of the Cotes du Nord Department were very satisfactory.

HAVING already directed attention to the fact, established by experiment, that certain seeds may germinate in very low temperatures—on the surface of ice, for instance—the following suggestive observations with regard to like growth in high temperatures may be of interest: A lady having given her servants some plum-jam, they were induced to bury the seeds, which in due time sprouted and grew into plants. Observing this, the lady herself entered the field, with a view to verify these results, and by repeating the experiments was equally successful. The temperature to which these seeds were submitted—as any housewife who has made plum-jam well knows—was much above 212° Fahr., the boiling-point of water. Thus it appears that, unwittingly, these English servants and their mistress were furnishing a fresh theme for dispute between the advocates and opponents of the vexed question of spontaneous generation.

THE latest reports from the English Arctic Expedition show that an unusually easy passage was made to within one hundred miles of Smith's Sound, and there were some hopes that the pole might be reached this year. On the 23d of July the Alert met with the first accident, having gone ashore on a small island off Kingitok. A rise in the tide floated her off without serious damage. The expedition is not expected home till the end of 1877.

It will be remembered that Mr. Smee, in his recent campaign against impure milk, as sold in London, brought forth certain evidence tending to prove that cows fed upon sewage-grass and deleterious herbs yielded milk of dangerous quality. Other testimony in support of this opinion now reaches us from Rome.

It appears that several cases of poisoning in that city have been traced to the drinking of goat's-milk. It was furthermore discovered that these animals feed on *Conium maculatum*—what will a goat not eat!—and that the poisonous elements of these and other like herbs found their way to the milk, which in turn was drunk with disastrous results by the peasants and their patrons.

Miscellaneous.

THE *Saturday Review* has an article which it calls "Proposals," meaning proposals for marriage. Some of the various methods of "popping the question" are very good. As an instance of the serious method is the following:

An Irish girl, who was very anxious that her scatterbrained brother should not be refused by the demure young Englishwoman with whom he had fallen desperately in love, implored him to try to propose with the seriousness becoming the occasion. He vowed solemnly that he would behave as if he were acting as chief mourner at his father's funeral. The demure young lady, in imitation of many of her countrywomen, graciously accepted her wild Irish lover. She, however, confided to her bosom-friend that Edmund had proposed in rather an odd way. He had taken her after church to see the family-vault, and had there, in a sepulchral voice, asked her if she would like to lay her bones beside his bones. This he evidently thought was a proper way to fulfill the promise made to his sister of treating the matter with becoming seriousness.

There are the shy and oblique devices:

When a man says to a girl, with whom he has waltzed several times, that, if ever he becomes a Benedict, he hopes his wife will exactly resemble her and dress precisely as she does, if the girl answers, "You must ask papa," there may reasonably be a difference of opinion as to whether the pretty speech can be twisted into a proposal or not. When, however, a shy man, having got his mother to plead his cause, says to the beloved one, with a tremulous gasp, "Won't you do the thing my mother asked you?" there is no doubt that, to all intents and purposes, he has asked her to be his wife. More than one proposal has been made by underscoring the lines in the marriage-service, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" and passing the book and pencil during the sermon to the adored one. It sometimes comes back with a faint but still visible stroke under the "I will."

A bold and audacious method is illustrated by the subjoined:

The officer whose leave had nearly expired without his having been able to bring a pretty little coquette to the point of acknowledging that she cared for him even a little, wee bit, was not unwise to take her, ostensibly for the purpose of sketching, to the top of the church-tower, to look the staircase-door, put the key in his pocket, and vow that, if she did not promise solemnly to marry him within a month, he would throw himself off the parapet before her eyes, key and all.

How to choose time and place is well illustrated by the following:

A young parson traveling in Palestine, and asked to join a pleasant party, among whose

numbers he found a notable heiress of passionate piety, did well to restrain the expression of the ardor of his affection until he found himself lying at her feet on the slopes of the Mount of Olives, looking toward Jerusalem. Scarcely any girl with a spark of religion or poetry in her composition could have said "no" to a white tie and a pair of handsome brown eyes under such well-chosen circumstances.

LADY POLLOCK, in *Temple Bar*, utters some just observations on dramatic readings. Those who pretend that a reading of a play affords them more pleasure than the acting of it, should heed:

In speaking of acted drama, some observations ought to be made upon an offshoot which has sprung from it, and which some persons prefer to it, namely, dramatic reading. It is difficult to conceive any cultivated person wishing to hear a play read aloud rather than acted, for the conditions of dramatic reading are such as to offer incongruities which it is impossible to do away with. If the reader keeps within the limited boundaries of reading without action, he is necessarily dull; the repetition of the names of characters seems to be eternal; the absence of movement where movement is wanted, and the constant sound of one voice where many voices are required, fill the mind of the hearer with a painful sense of monotony; the one voice may be beautiful, and well-modulated, and emotional, but it cannot fill a scene or convey the complete idea of the interchange of speech, and action, and passion, between a variety of persons. Not doing this it falls considerably short of the author's idea, and fatigues the audience; if, on the other hand, the reader, fearing to tire his listeners, gives all his force to the dramatic passion of the scene, and is so swift in his emotions as to be capable of endless shiftings and transitions, then the absence of action will be the more apparent; and if, with this dread before him, he tries to move here and there, to cross his own path, and to be two or three people at once, then he will be palpably absurd.

It is true that a fine artist may make his audience for the time forget many of these defects, but he never can make dramatic reading—that is, the reading of great dramas—a perfect art. Macready, who read with astonishing effect the tragedies of "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet," never would consent to read "Othello," for he said that such quick and complete changes of character and feeling were required between *Othello* and *Iago* that no human reader could ever suggest a just idea of them. And even in his "Hamlet" it must be confessed that his hearers felt the want of *Hamlet's* personal distinction; the other parts seemed comparatively too prominent. The *King* was in himself a perfect work of art; the *Ghost* appalled the imagination, and everybody was important, while the one whose pre-eminence was most desired lost something of his elevation. Macready, aware of all the obstacles inseparable from dramatic reading, more willingly recited Milton than Shakespeare, and with Milton he made his deepest impression, not because he understood Milton better than he understood Shakespeare, as some people used to say, but that Milton's requirements were capable of being wholly fulfilled by a reader, and that Shakespeare's were not.

These remarks are not intended to discourage dramatic readers, but rather to apolo-

gize for shortcomings which are inherent in the art without any fault on the part of the artist. Allowing for inevitable anomalies, dramatic reading may be made very interesting, and by its means a fine performer may suggest ideas of particular scenes or subordinate characters which otherwise could never reach the public; all that is here asserted is the impossibility of the adequate representation of an acting drama by one voice. This is not true of the recitation of poetic narratives; there is no impediment here to a complete artistic beauty, and a sense of entire satisfaction may result from it. But this kind of declamation rarely exalts the mind into the towering state which is induced by the tragedy that goes sweeping by.

A WRITER in *All the Year Round*, discussing various matters pertaining to the theatre, has the following to say about calling authors before the curtain:

The calling for the dramatist of the evening is of foreign origin, as, indeed, are the majority of theatrical honors and compliments. The first dramatist called before the curtain in France was Voltaire, after the production of "Merope;" the second was Marmontel, after the performance of his tragedy of "Dionysius." For some time our English playwrights were content to acknowledge from their private boxes the salutations and congratulations of their audience. What author first stepped from his box to the stage? If his name cannot now be ascertained, at least we have information concerning a dramatist perfectly willing to adopt such a course. To Talfourd, the representation of his dramatic works always afforded intense delight. He would travel almost any distance to see one of his plays upon the boards, no matter how humble the theatre. Macready has left on record curious particulars touching the first representation of "Ion." "Was called for very enthusiastically by the audience, and cheered on my appearance most heartily. . . . Miss Ellen Tree was afterward called forward. Talfourd came into my room and heartily shook hands with me, and thanked me. He said something about Mr. Wallack, the stage-manager, wishing him to go on the stage, as they were calling; but it would not be right. I said, 'On no account in the world.' He shortly left me, and, as I heard, was made to go forward to the front of his box and receive the enthusiastic tribute of the house's grateful delight. How happy he must have been!" In 1838, concerning the first night of Sheridan Knowles's play of "Woman's Wit," Macready writes: "Acted *Walshingham* in a very crude, nervous, unsatisfactory way. Avoided a call by going before the curtain to give out the play; there was very great enthusiasm. Led on Knowles in obedience to the call of the audience." But Knowles was not an author only, he was an actor also—he had trod the boards as his own *Master Walter*, and in other parts, although he was not included in the cast of "Woman's Wit." No doubt, from Macready's point of view, this consideration rendered his case very different from that of Talfourd.

THE *National Food and Fuel Reformer* (English) discovers a host of evils that arise from tea-drinking, among them being deafness, blindness, and even consumption:

It is on women—on the mothers of our race—that the evil effects of tea-drinking fall with the greatest weight. How many women,

who think they cannot "get along" a single day without tea, owe to it their cold feet and hands, their liability to frequent colics, their peculiar difficulties, especially their weakening ones, and their habitual loss of appetite, rendering them a prey to "dinner-pills," or the absurdities termed "strengthening medicines," so long in vogue! No wonder that tea-drinkers are so frequently small eaters, when their tea has gradually destroyed their appetite! But perhaps the worst use to which tea is applied by women is the practice of drinking copiously of strong tea during pregnancy, with the idea that it will render their milk abundant. A most unfounded, absurd, and disastrous practice. It is alike injurious to the mother and her offspring; and it may originate the hereditary diseases of successive generations—far beyond the third and fourth. According to Dr. William Alcott, one cause of a scrofulous constitution, by inheritance, is to be found in the use of tea by ancestors, and he reasons out the matter on sound physiological principles, observing that whatever weakens the nerves—especially those of the stomach—in a mother, is sure to entail a tendency to disease on her offspring, which will not unfrequently prove to be scrofula, or that dismal and universal disease—tuberculous consumption. There is also reason to infer that much of our modern eye-disease and ear-disease is caused by the tea-drinking habit of our populations. The hearing is affected, at least indirectly, by colds—so much more common than among our forefathers before the introduction of tea. This is an absolute necessity; and it cannot be explained by any change in the climate for the worse; anyhow, the fact is certain, and it is equally certain that the sudden heating produced by tea, as rapidly followed by refrigeration or chill, cannot fail to be a perpetual cause of the affection in question—so often the precursor of consumption.

THE *London World* has grave and, let us say, sensible doubts as to the feasibility of the new suggestion of "lady-helps." Under the title of "Sally in Silk," it discourses as follows:

It was a considerable time before it dawned upon us as possible that the letters recommending us to have our grates blackened by ladies of gentle birth, and to make cook and companion convertible terms, were really written in all seriousness. We have believed them flights of fancy, not indeed especially brilliant or amusing, but still gratifying to the vanity

of their authors by enabling them to appear in print. It seems, however, that we were behind the age; that what we smiled at as a harmless absurdity is really in some instances a positive fact, and that we are open to the possibility of a parlor-maid whose blood is as blue as that of the Knight of Calatrava himself. This, at least, is the ideal presented to our awe-struck imaginations; it is true that, when we descend to particulars, and inquire into hard matters of fact, we soon discover that some of the preachers of the new evangel have somewhat singular ideas as to what the status of a lady really is. . . .

Let us imagine for a moment—for we do not believe, except in the realms of imagination, that such a thing is likely to occur—let us imagine a large household consisting of real ladies and gentlemen. Is it possible to conceive any two people more to be pitied than the master and mistress of such an establishment? Their servants—we humbly apologize, assistants—are their equals; how can they be so rude as to find fault? Miss Matilda is, we conceive, hardly more likely to prove herself immaculately perfect as a house-maid than her humbler prototype Molly; but how can her "mistress-friend," which is the favorite euphemism employed, venture to point out cobwebs, or remark on slovenly work? She would, indeed, be a bold woman if she attempted it. It would, we think, be pretty certain to produce a flood of hysterical tears, and a sobbing protest that the culprit had "never been used to be so spoken to." So the cobwebs would remain unmentioned for fear of another outburst, and raw meat, burnt soup, and flavorless puddings, would also be endured in silence. Imagine, too, the utter loss of privacy; all these "helps," being equals of their employers, must, of course, be accepted as companions, and, after Miss Matilda had condescended to dust the china, or had fatigued herself by half-polishing the fire-irons, she would naturally take her repose on the drawing-room sofa with the last new novel or magazine.

It seems that trading in old artificial teeth is a recognized business in London. We give gratuitous insertion to the subjoined from the advertising column of the *London Daily News*:

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Persons having any to sell can apply, or, if sent by post, their value will be sent per return. Messrs. Brownlie, 57 Ebury Street, near Victoria Station, London, and 42a, Ship Street, Brighton. "the only purchaser of old teeth." Established twenty years.

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[VOL. XIV.

"THE LAND OF THE SKY;"

OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.



"I have heard of the obstinacy of mules."

CHAPTER XI.

"Ferry pastures, beetling rock,
Slopes half-islanded by streams,
Glisten in the amber gleams
Of the sunshine—gleams that mock
Shadowed field and cool gray rock.

"Farther up the sobbing pines
Hold their uncontested sway,
Shutting out the smiling day
With their solemn, serried lines,
—Mournful, melancholy pines!"

THE sun is shining brightly, and his golden lances light up the depths of the forest into which we enter—an enchanted world of far-reaching greenness, the stillness of which is only broken by the voice of the streams which come down the gorges of the mountains in leaping cascades. Few things

are more picturesque than the appearance of a cavalcade like ours following in single file the winding path (not road) that leads into the marvelous, mysterious wilderness. When the ascent fairly begins, the path is often like the letter S, and one commands a view of the entire line—of horsemen in slouched hats and gray coats, of ladies in a variety of attire, with water-proof cloaks serving as riding-skirts, and hats garlanded with forest wreaths and grasses. The guide tramps steadily ahead, leading the pack-horse, and we catch a glimpse of his face now and then as he turns to answer some of the numerous questions addressed to him.

"O Mr. Burnet," cries Sylvia, "shall we see a bear?"

"Tain't very likely," answers Mr. Burnet,

glancing round with a smile, "but you'll see the tracks of one or two, p'r'aps. That'll be better than nothin', won't it?"

"Very much better than nothing; but I want desperately to see a bear itself."

"I kin show you a bear-trap after a while, without takin' you very fur from the road," says the hunter.

"Do you catch bears in traps?" asks Sylvia. "Tell me all about it."

It is to be supposed that Mr. Burnet complies with this request—at least we hear his voice mingling with Sylvia's blithe tones as the *cortège* winds deeper and deeper into the still, beautiful forest. Sylvia's mule, as soon as we start, declines on any account to remain in the rear of the party—or indeed anywhere but in the front rank, next the pack-horse. On such an expedition as this people laugh at things that seem very trivial in repetition, and we make the echoes ring with our mirth as this small but determined animal pushes resolutely by every one else, and carries its protesting rider to the van.

"I have heard of the obstinacy of mules," she says, tugging fruitlessly at the rein, "but I *never* realized before what it is! I can make no impression whatever on this creature. He goes exactly where he likes, without the slightest regard to my wishes. Sure-footed? Yes—he picks the best footing, with profound indifference as to whether I am scraped against trees, or pulled off by branches, or any thing else. Has a mule's mouth got no feeling? I'm sure I have pulled on this bit till my arm aches."

"I wish I had a sketch of you, Sylvia!" says Rupert, between his fits of laughter. "By George! you are a comical sight—you and your mule."

"You are very ill-bred," says Sylvia, "and I am going to devote myself to Mr. Burnet."

The ascent is very gradual and very slow. We are mounting all the time, but the zig-zag path spares us any thing very much on the perpendicular order. Now and then we feel inclined to cling to the manes of our horses as we feel the saddles slipping backward at some steep ascent—but on the whole the terrible accounts that we have heard of the way are by no means verified.

"We wind up the side of the mountain like this for several miles," says Eric, "then

we travel along a ridge for some distance, and finally we ascend the peak formerly called the Black Dome, now Mount Mitchell. The whole distance is about twelve miles, and the most of it is steady climbing. We shall not reach the Dome until three o'clock at earliest."

"And shall we have nothing to eat until then?" asks Rupert, dismayed.

"Nothing," is the disheartening answer.

"What a big mountain this must be!" says Mrs. Cardigan.

"It is about twenty miles long," answers Eric, "and contains at least a hundred thousand acres of as dense wilderness as is to be found out of the tropical belt. When we reach Mount Mitchell we shall be in the centre of a region of unbroken forest, without house or road in any direction—except this path and a few trails known only to the hunters—for a radius of ten or twelve miles."

Higher and higher we mount—the horses straining steadily upward with few pauses. The forest around us becomes wilder, greener, more luxuriant, with every step. When we wonder at this, Eric bids us observe the rich, black loam which composes the soil. Such gigantic trees as grow here cannot be matched, I am sure, out of California. The chestnuts, especially, exceed in girth and height any thing we have ever seen. Other trees correspond in size, and the dense undergrowth makes a sea of impenetrable verdure in every direction.

Presently, however, the aspect of our surroundings changes. We leave this varied forest behind, and enter the region of the balsam, from the dark color of which the mountain takes its name. Above a certain line of elevation no trees are found save these beautiful yet sombre firs. They grow to an immense height, and stand so thickly together that one marvels how any animal larger than a cat can thread its way among their stems. Overhead the boughs interlock in a canopy, making perpetual shade beneath. No shrubs of any kind are to be found here—only beds of thick, elastic moss, richer than the richest velvet, and ferns in plummy profusion. Putting aside every thing else, it is worth ascending the Black Mountain to see these mosses and ferns. Description can give no idea of their beauty. As lovely ferns may perhaps be found elsewhere—though this is doubtful, since the rich soil, the perpetual moisture, and perpetual shade, foster their growth to the highest possible degree—but one never sees out of the balsam-forests the peculiar moss which is their glory. It is almost rank in its richness; it is more vivid than emerald in its greenness; and there is a delicate grace about it which no other moss possesses. It is more like a fairy forest of miniature palm-leaves than any thing else to which we can liken it.

"What is this?" we ask, as our horses struggle one by one up a steep ascent, and pause on a small plateau, where a double house of balsam-logs stands. All planking, every thing which made the house habitable, is gone, but the stout logs remain firmly fixed together, and look as if they might defy the hand of Time. "Are we on the summit?"

"On the summit!" Eric laughs. "This

is only the Mountain House, the summer residence, formerly, of Mr. William Patton, who owned the mountain. You are five thousand four hundred and sixty feet above sea-level, however, and have a most extensive view."

We turn—so dense has been the forest through which we ascended that this is our first glimpse of what we have gained—and see the world unrolled like a map below us, with mountain-ranges in azure billows spreading to the farthest verge of the infinitely distant horizon. It is a picture which almost takes away our breath, and dwarfs into insignificance all else that we have seen. What are the hills and rocks on which we have hitherto stood to this grand mountain-height, with the boundless territory which it overlooks? Eric points out the sweeping lines of the two great ranges which inclose on each side this Eden of the sky, as they trend southward to South Carolina and Georgia, and the innumerable transverse ranges and spurs that cover the face of the country. Far, misty, ocean-like, the magnificent expanse spreads, looking like a celestial country instead of a common work-day world.

We could linger here for hours, but are imperatively hurried on. Again we plunge into the dark shade of the dense balsams. The path is no more than a trail, which an eye inexperienced in woodcraft could not detect, and the way grows more and more steep. One moment the horses slip on the rocks up which they clamber; the next instant they sink above their fetlocks in black mud; there is barely room for their passage through the close-growing trees; and every few minutes a cry runs along the line, "Look out for your heads!" and we bend down on their necks to escape being scraped off by some leaning tree or low bough. In every direction stretches the sombre, impenetrable forest, and the only things which break the monotony of its gloom are masses of rock piled together in strange, fantastic shapes, and covered with moss and ferns.

Two miles of this steep climbing brings us to the summit of the undulating ridge along which our way lies for several miles farther. The funereal branches of the balsam still overshadow us, but now and then we emerge from this canopy of shade into small, open spaces, lovely enough for a fairy court. Short, green grass flourishes, one or two graceful, hardy trees make a pleasant contrast to the sombre firs, and flat rocks here and there seem provided specially for seats. We would willingly pause in these charming spots, but our guide calls no halt. He seems insensible to fatigue as he presses steadily onward with his long strides, and we are forced to follow, since this mountain wilderness, abounding in precipices and pitfalls, would be an unfavorable place in which to indulge a fancy for straggling. Twice he points out bear-tracks crossing our path, and once he turns aside from the path to show Sylvia the promised bear-trap—a stout erection of large logs.

"When you find a bear in a place like this," she says, regarding it gravely from the height of her mule, "what do you do to him?"

"Shoots him, generally," answers Mr. Burnet, with a broad smile.

"And you call that hunting!" she says, scornfully. "Why, I should think you would feel like a coward to come and shoot a poor trapped animal."

"Looking at the matter in that light, all hunting is cowardly," says Eric. "But if the bear had been stealing your hogs for several months you would probably be willing to shoot him when you found him in a trap.—Lead on, Dan. I am growing—to put it moderately—rather hungry."

Dan leads on, and presently we emerge on the largest and most beautiful of the little prairies through which we have passed. This stretch of open ground lies at the foot of the highest peak, the abrupt sides of which rise in conical shape before us. We pause, attracted not only by the gentle loveliness of the spot, but by the magnificence of the far-stretching view. Immediately in front of us sweeps westwardly the great range of Craggy, its spurs shutting off Asheville from our view. Beyond, Pisgah lifts its crest, with its surrounding mountains, while behind this range after range melts into illimitable distance, and more than half the counties of the western part of the State lie spread before us. Eric takes his cherished companion—a large field-glass—from its case, and brings it to a proper focus, then he hands it to me.

"Look," he says, "at that cloud-like table-land lying near the South Carolina line—do you see what I mean? That is the upper valley of the French Broad in Transylvania, and it is nearly on a level with the summit of the Blue Ridge."

The glass passes from hand to hand, for we all alight here, since the rest of the ascent can best be made on foot. The saddles are taken from the horses, and they are turned loose to graze until morning.

"Suppose they should run away!" suggests Mr. Lanier, a little agast at this proceeding; but our guide only laughs.

"They'll not run fur," he says.

"If they did, we should have to walk down the mountain," says Sylvia. "That would be capital fun!"

"Fun which I had rather be spared," says Mrs. Cardigan, taking off her water-proof, which has served as a riding-skirt, and throwing it over her arm.

Only the pack-horse is led to the summit of the peak. We follow, glad to be spared the ascent of the steep and rocky way on horseback. The climbing is laborious, but fortunately short. Before long we gain the top, and the first object on which our eyes rest is a grave.

It was a strange fancy which gave to Professor Mitchell, who lost his life on this mountain, so wild and isolated a resting-place! Yet the reason is evident enough. In the warmth of personal friendship, he wished to link his name with this loftiest peak of the Appalachian heights; and they have done so effectually. The dome is not likely to be called by any other name than "Mount Mitchell" so long as the first sight which greets those who ascend it is Mitchell's grave.

Beside the grave, the summit is entirely

bare. A few yards down its sides the balsam-growth begins; but the firs are stunted, and round the crest of the knob half at least of them are dead and look like white spectres of trees. A small cabin stood here a year or two ago, but is now burned down—only its chimney remaining.

"Where is the cave? I don't see any cave," says Mrs. Cardigan, looking blankly round as we seat ourselves in an exhausted condition on the scattered rocks that abound.

"The cave is about fifty yards down the side of the peak," says Eric. "Burnet has taken the pack-horse there to unload. As soon as you are rested sufficiently, we had better follow. We can take dinner, and then return here for the view."

Does any one wonder that we rise with alacrity at the sound of that magic word "dinner?" If so, he or she never made a mountain-ascent of six hours in an atmosphere that sharpens the appetite to that positive hunger which in ordinary life we so seldom feel.

Down a path on the other side of the peak we go, and, about fifty yards from the summit, are led to a large rock, one side of which shelves inward to the depth of ten or twelve feet, forming an excellent shelter.

"This was the royal residence of the king of the bears in the good old times when there were no men on these mountains," says Rupert, as we approach. (He was on his knees, assisting Harrison to unpack the provisions.) "It serves admirably for bears, but is rather low for people."

"For giants like yourself, very likely," says Sylvia. "I can stand upright in it, quite far back, very comfortably—see!"

"And when one sits down it is admirable," says Mrs. Cardigan, suiting the action to the word, and sitting down on a shawl which Mr. Lanier has spread for her.

"Here is a natural cupboard," I say, ex-

piece of black oil-cloth—and dinner begins. How hungry we are! how well the food tastes, and what a quantity of it we devour! For some time no other remarks are heard than those which are strictly necessary. Requests are made for bread-and-butter, for another piece of ham or chicken, for pickles or sardines; beyond this, little is said until we look at each other and laugh. By this time the feast is drawing to its close. Canned fruits, cakes, and jelly, are on the table; Charley is opening a bottle of wine.

"Fate cannot harm us, we have dined to-day," says Sylvia. "Oh, were you ever so hungry before? I only hope we have left enough for breakfast: we cannot afford to eat any supper."

"Can't we?" says Rupert, looking disunayed. "Why, I think there's a plenty left. We'll have some coffee, at any rate. As soon as Burnet comes back—he has taken the pack-horse down to the others—we are going to make a fire."

"If the wind should be in the wrong direction, we shall suffer dreadfully from the smoke," says Mr. Lanier, looking at the great pile of charred logs immediately in front of our rock-house—remnants of the fire of some other party.

"Better suffer from smoke than from cold," says Eric. "You'll be glad of the fire when night falls; and, in order that you may have it, we must go to work and cut wood enough to last till morning."

"Cut wood!" repeats Mr. Lanier, with a gasp. He has plainly not anticipated any thing like this. "You mean that Harrison and the guide will cut it?"

"I mean that it will require several axes to cut as much as we shall need," answers Eric. "The balsam-wood will not burn in small quantities."

Mr. Lanier does not volunteer to take one of these axes; he looks, on the contrary, greatly disgusted.

"And you call this a pleasure-excursion?" he says.

"A pleasure exertion it might better be defined—don't you think so?" asks Mrs. Cardigan, laughing.

"I wondered why you were bringing axes along," says Sylvia, turning to Charley; "and this is what it was for?"

"This is what it was for," he answers. "Now—since we are in a gypsy camp—may I ask leave to light a cigar? 'When Juno ruffles thee, O Jupiter, try the weed'—and, according to my experience, Juno is pretty sure to ruffle one sooner or later; therefore, it is well to be provided with a weed."

"After that, you don't deserve permission to light it," she says, "but I suppose we

can't refuse you the privilege which we are willing to grant the others."

At this, cigars are lighted, and, when the bottle of wine has been emptied, we take our way back to the summit.

There the full glory of all that we have come to see bursts upon us. How can one write of it?—how give the faintest idea of the beauty which lies below us on this Sep-



"Sylvia mounts the chimney, and stands there."

tember day?—how describe the sublimated fairness of the day itself in the rarefied air of this high peak?

"I have never obtained so good a view before!" says Eric. "There are not a dozen days in the year when one can obtain such a view from this mountain."

"What delightful luck that we should have hit one of the dozen!" says Mrs. Cardigan. "Don't you feel as if you overlooked the whole world, and the kingdoms thereof? O Mr. Markham, dear Mr. Markham, tell us what every thing is!"

Dear Mr. Markham proceeds to comply with this moderate request, while Sylvia mounts the chimney, and stands there—field-glass in hand—sweeping the horizon, as he indicates one object after another. Charley sits on the chimney at her feet, swinging his legs meditatively and smoking; Mrs. Cardigan, in her enthusiasm, takes Mr. Lanier's arm.

The view is so immense that one is forced to regard it in sections. Far to the north-east lies Virginia, from which the long waving line of the Blue Ridge comes, and passes directly under the Black, making a point of junction, near which it towers into the steep Pinnacle and stately Graybeard—so called from the white beard which it wears when a frozen cloud has iced its rhododendrons. From our greater eminence we overlook the Blue Ridge entirely, and see the country below spreading into azure distance, with white spots which resolve themselves through the glass into villages, and mountains clearly de-



In the Cave.

aming a ledge of rocks that juts out on one side.

"I doubt if we shall leave any thing to go into it," says Charley. "I am famished!"

"Spread the table quicker, Harrison!" cries Sylvia.—"Eric, carve the ham while I cut some bread."

The table is spread—to wit, a miscellaneous collection of eatables are placed on a

fined. The Linville range—through which the Linville River forces its way in a gorge of wonderful grandeur—is in full view, with a misty cloud lying on the surface of Table Rock, while the peculiar form of the Hawk's Bill stands forth in marked relief. Beyond, blue and limitless as the ocean, the undulating plain of the more level country extends until it melts into the sky.

As the glance leaves this view, and, sweeping back over the Blue Ridge, follows the main ledge of the Black, one begins to appreciate the magnitude of this great mountain. For miles along its dark crest appear a succession of cone-like peaks, while, as it sweeps round westwardly, it divides into two great branches—one of which terminates in the height on which we stand, numerous spurs leading off from its base, while the other stretches southward, forming the splendid chain of Craggy. At our feet lie the elevated counties of Yancey and Mitchell, with their surface so uniformly mountainous that one wonders how men could have been daring enough to think of making their homes amid such wild scenes.

"The richest lands in the mountains are to be found in those counties," says Eric, when we remark something like this:

"Look at the farms—they scarcely seem more than gardens from our point of view—dotted all over the valleys and rolling tablelands, and even on the mountain-sides. Yet Burnsville, the county-seat, is six hundred feet higher than Asheville."

Beyond these counties stretches the chain of the Unaka, running along the line of Tennessee, with the Roan Mountain—famous for its extensive view over seven States—immediately in our front. Through the passes and rugged chasms of this range, we look across the entire valley of East Tennessee to where the blue outlines of the Cumberland Mountains trend toward Kentucky, and we see distinctly a marked depression which Eric says is Cumberland Gap. Turning our gaze due westward, the view is, if possible, still more grand. There the colossal masses of the Great Smoky stand, draped in a mantle of clouds, while through Haywood and Transylvania, to the borders of South Carolina, rise the peaks of the Balsam Mountains, behind which are the Cullowhee and the Nantahala, with the Blue Ridge making a majestic curve toward the point where Georgia touches the Carolinas.

"To understand how much you see," says Eric—"for such a view is bewildering in its magnitude—you must remember that this elevated country called Western North Carolina is two hundred and fifty miles long, with a breadth varying from thirty to sixty miles, and that you overlook all this—with much more besides."

"With very much more besides," says Charley, "especially in the matter of width. Cumberland Gap is fully a hundred miles away, and the view on the other side of the Blue Ridge is even more extensive."

"You are right—it is bewildering," says Sylvia, dropping the glass, "and it is folly to think of seeing such a view in one day or two days. We should remain here for a week at least."

"In that case, we'd have to send for more provisions," says Rupert's voice from the rear.

Then Eric rouses with a start to the consciousness that, while the sun is sloping westward, and the shadows are lengthening over all the marvelous scene, a supply of wood for the night has not been cut. The axes of the guide and Harrison are ringing down among the balsam-trees, but he is too experienced a mountaineer to trust entirely to their efforts.

"Come, Rupert," he says, "a little exercise will do you no harm.—Charley, if we need recruits, I'll call you."

"Very good," says Charley, with resignation.

Deserted thus by our instructor, we cease to ask the names of the mountain-ranges or towering peaks. It is enough to sit and watch the inexpressible beauty of the vast prospect as afternoon slowly wanes into evening. There is a sense of isolation, of solemnity and majesty, in the scene which none of us are likely to forget. So high are we elevated above the world, that the pure vault of ether over our heads seems nearer to us than the blue rolling earth, with its wooded hills and smiling valleys below. No sound comes up to us, no voice of water or note of bird breaks the stillness. We are in the region of that eternal silence which wraps the summits of the "everlasting hills." A repose that is full of awe broods over this lofty peak, which still retains the last rays of the sinking sun, while over the lower world twilight has fallen.

SUSANNE GERVAZ;

A MAID OF THE GÉVAUDAN.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

THE three months which elapsed between the murder of Simon Vernon and the trial of Jacques Boucard, charged with the commission of the crime, had been more than sufficient to incite wide-spread public attention; and from Alais to Mende, from Vigan to Florac, Jacques and Susanne were the constant topics.

Nobody even hazarded the idea that Jacques was innocent: the interesting feature of the affair was that he had committed the murder under the effect of jealousy. What, above all, excited universal attention, was the sublime falsehood of Susanne as to her presence at her lover's on the morning of the murder, and, more than all, her splendid appearance on the occasion of the prisoner's examination—an appearance which M. Favernay had painted in vivid colors in all the drawing-rooms which he frequented.

"If the jury is inflammable, and she fixes her grand eyes on them," he said, smiling, "I'll find all my eloquence thrown away!"

One person alone interested himself in Jacques—M. d'Estézac, his employer, who was the brother-in-law of M. de Ribière, and had been absent in Corsica when the crime was committed. He knew Jacques well, made himself acquainted with all the cir-

cumstances, and the more he reflected the more he doubted the poor fellow's guilt. The young man was passionate, he might kill a rival in a sudden quarrel; but, *assassinat* any one?—it was impossible! As to M. de Ribière, he asked nothing better than to be convinced of the justice of his brother-in-law's views; but M. Favernay laughed at them.

"What," he said, "after putting the police on the track for three months, after exploring the woods of Leaspervelouse, the moor of Chadelbos, and the forest of Mercoire, as if they were hunting a hare or a fox—if, after all this, no traces of any other criminal could be found, are we to believe that Jacques Boucard is not the man? Such a view is contrary to common-sense!"

M. d'Estézac was not convinced. He still believed that Jacques was innocent, and went to visit him in prison on the day before that fixed for his trial. He found him calm and sad.

"You are very kind to come to see a poor fellow in trouble, sir," said Jacques. "If I was not a Christian, I would ask a favor of you."

"What favor?"

"To bring me something that would put an end to me before I am called to take my place on the criminal bench."

"Unhappy man! You are innocent; you believe in God, and you wish to kill yourself!"

"Because I feel I am lost! They tell me if I confess all, my good character may get me a pardon. But how can I say where the money is? Thank God, I do not know! Then, as to Susanne, she will be one of the witnesses. She will say again that she was with me in my house on the 28th of November, from six to eight in the morning; and I mean still to say that her statement is false!"

"Why?"

"Why? Because I ought to think only of her now, not of myself. I am lost—lost in every way—for the whole country believes I am guilty. What would I gain by confessing that Susanne told the truth? People would say that it was a private understanding between me and my sweetheart, and ninety-nine in a hundred would still believe that I murdered Simon Vernon. They called me *Jacques the water-drinker*—they would call me *Jacques the thief and the murderer*! No, I should be dishonored, and Susanne would share my dishonor. You could not keep me as your game-keeper, sir; I should have to beg my bread. If I asked people to employ me, they would say, 'Go dig in the Priest's Inclosure!'"

He fell back on his pallet.

"And Susanne!" he exclaimed; "if she married me, all the world would despise her; and our children—the family of Cain! Could she still continue to love me?"

"Oh, be easy as to that, Jacques; she is yours forever! Happy or unhappy, condemned or declared not guilty, absent or present, living or dead, she will love you still—yes, even if you had committed this crime!"

Jacques seized the speaker's hand, and pressed it to his lips.

"You save me from despair and blasphemy, sir, and from the demons! They have sworn to betray me, whether you believe in them or not! Explain this to me: why is it that, if any one kills a hare or a partridge in the woods of Mercoire, he is discovered in three days; while here a man is killed, and three months afterward there are no traces of the murderer? That is magic; the assassin will not be found.

"Trust in God!" said M. d'Estézac; "and now I must go. Your trial takes place to-morrow; look before you in the court-room, and you will see Susanne and myself, who still remain faithful to you."

"Oh, thanks, sir—thanks!" and Jacques began to sob like a child.

The trial of Jacques Boucard took place on Wednesday, the 17th of February, 1826. A great crowd had assembled from as far as Aigues-Mortes, Beaucaire, and Nîmes, and every class was represented, from the highest to the lowest, ladies and peasant-girls, gentlemen and laboring-men. The women looked with avidity toward the door through which Susanne was to enter, burning to behold this young girl who had accused herself to save her lover, and the young beaux exclaimed in a whisper to their fair companions:

"What a lucky fellow Jacques is! I would take his place willingly if you would love me as much as she does him!"

M. Favernay, the prosecutor, had assumed an expression of melancholy dignity, but had not forgotten that he was from Paris. He wore varnished boots, yellow kid-gloves, cuff-buttons, a black coat, and a white cravat.

"That young man will be attorney-general before he is forty," the president of the tribunal said.

We need not describe the appearance of the court-room—an aristocratic crowd, glittering in full toilet; behind them a great mass of plainer people; the jury in their stall; and the president with his officials seated behind a table covered with a black cloth, on which lay the leathern belt of the murdered man.

Jacques was brought in under guard. He was pale and thin; his hair was in disorder, his eyes were hollow from want of sleep, and from time to time he looked vaguely at his counsel, the judge, or the crowd, where he recognized M. d'Estézac and Susanne. The indictment was then read, and the judge proceeded to examine the prisoner.

"Stand up, accused," he said. "What is your name?"

"Jacques Boucard."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-one."

The examination followed, but resulted in no new facts. The prisoner continued to deny every thing, and the witnesses were introduced. The chief of police stated the circumstances of the young man's arrest, and the discovery of the belt under the lounge in his house; it was passed to the jury, who, one after another, examined it. Then the rivalry between Jacques and Simon was put in evidence, the preference awarded to the latter by André Gervaz, the girl's father, and the scene at the Coucourde Inn, where every-

body had said, "Something unfortunate is going to take place!"

The judge turned to the prisoner.

"Accused," he said, "what have you to reply to the evidence just given?"

"Nothing."

"How do you explain the discovery of the unfortunate Simon's belt at your house a few hours after his murder?"

"I cannot explain it."

A murmur came from the crowd, plainly unfavorable to the prisoner. The wood-cutters who had passed the "Priest's Inclosure" were then called, and it was shown that they had reached the spot between half-past seven and eight. M. Duclos, the health-officer, then repeated his statement that the murder, in all probability, must have been committed about seven. The judge turned to Jacques.

"Where were you at seven on that morning?" he said.

"In my chamber."

"With Susanne Gervaz?"

"No, sir; by myself."

The murmurs redoubled. In the midst of them, M. d'Estézac was called to testify to the prisoner's previous character. His testimony was full of warmth. He had known the prisoner from his childhood, and had never found him guilty of the least discreditable action; that he was capable of murder seemed to him, M. d'Estézac, an utter impossibility. Unfortunately, this evidence had little weight. Jacques was the son of M. d'Estézac's old nurse, and the witness had been absent when the murder was committed. He sat down, and Susanne Gervaz was called.

At this name a stir ran through the crowd, and every eye-glass was directed toward Susanne as she was brought in. She came forward with a mixture of tremulous dignity and grief, which made a deep impression. Her black dress defined the beauty of her figure, and accorded with the sad but proud expression of her countenance. Her sorrow was only betrayed by a black circle around her large eyes, and a slight moisture half veiling their flame. The alteration in her appearance was different from that in Jacques. He was crushed; she was aroused. Either from modesty or the fear of losing her courage, she did not look at Jacques during her whole examination.

The judge said to the prisoner:

"You persist in stating that on Monday, the 28th of November, 1825, at seven in the morning, you were in your chamber?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that you were alone?"

"Yes."

"Very well.—Now, mademoiselle, stand up. What is your name?"

"Susanne Gervaz."

"Your age?"

"Eighteen."

The judge opened the volume containing the Penal Code.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I am about to read to you Article 361 of the Penal Code. It is in these words: 'Whoever shall be guilty of giving false evidence on a criminal trial, either against the accused or in his favor, shall be punished with hard labor at

the discretion of the court.' Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have heard the prisoner's statement?"

"Yes, sir."

"On your first examination you stated that you were at Jacques Boucard's house, from six to eight in the morning, on the 28th of November—thereby proving an *alibi* in his favor, even by dishonoring yourself. The prisoner, however criminal, would not consent to profit by your statement: he has just reasserted that he was alone at that hour. Now, mademoiselle, you are before the jury, and on your oath. Were you present with Jacques Boucard, in the house of Jacques Boucard, on the morning of the 28th of November between the hours of six and eight?"

"No, sir," replied Susanne, in a dull, low voice, but without a moment's hesitation.

There was a general movement of disappointment and contempt. The audience had prepared themselves for a sublime falsehood, and the result was a vulgar truth. The judge leaned back in his chair, and the public prosecutor began his address to the jury—struggling apparently under deep emotion, and carefully arranging a curl of hair on his forehead.

In his vivid and impassioned periods, poor Jacques Boucard came out, trait by trait, as a bloody monster—Simon Vernon as a brave soldier and honest man, who had been foully murdered. A love-rivalry might have caused this bitter animosity resulting in assassination; and the jury had seen that the beautiful Susanne had not at first scrupled to resort to perjury to save her favorite. Now there was no longer any doubt, however, and he called upon the jury to "strike Jacques Boucard without pity, as Jacques Boucard had struck Simon Vernon!" He sank back in his seat, as though exhausted by emotion, and glanced covertly at the audience to see the effect of his oratory.

The counsel for Jacques, an old lawyer of the region, then rose to address the jury—but an unfortunate incident paralyzed all his exertions. Just before the trial he had been seized by a violent cold in the head, and at every attempt which he now made to appeal to the feelings of the jury, he was interrupted by a fit of sneezing so utterly ludicrous that the crowd laughed outright, and even the better-bred portions of the audience hid their faces behind hats and fans. At last he sat down, overwhelmed with despair at the reflection that he had probably injured the accused more than he had benefited him; and the judge gravely summed up the evidence in the case. The jury then retired, and the audience awaited in deep suspense to hear their verdict.

The court-room now presented a singular appearance. Night had fallen, and lights were brought which only half illumined the great room. This pale light, casting long shadows on the black robe of the judge, and the white dresses of the ladies in the audience, made them resemble fantastic apparitions. Behind was seen a confused mass of heads pressed closely together; and among

these, by a strange accident, were seen the brilliantly-illuminated faces of Anselme Costerousse and his man Matteo Perondi.

Susanne remained pale, silent, and collected. A movement in the crowd brought M. d'Estézac near her, and he said, in a stern voice:

"If Jacques is condemned, I will never forgive you!"

She uttered only a vague sound. She was gazing at the faces of Costerousse and Perondi with such fixed attention that they saw the look and precipitately turned away.

In half an hour the jury reappeared—the foreman holding in his hands the verdict. As to the question whether the assassination was committed by Jacques Boucard, the jury said, "Yes," without a dissenting voice.

As to the question whether the crime was premeditated, "No," by a majority.

All was over, and the judge proceeded to pronounce the sentence of the law, hard labor in the galleys at Toulon, for life. As he did so, Susanne, who had mingled with the crowd, kept her eyes fixed upon Anselme Costerousse and Matteo Perondi. On the return of the jury she had seen them grow suddenly pale. When the verdict was read, a quick color had replaced the pallor in their cheeks, and, leaning upon each other, their eyes had flashed with savage joy. They now disappeared in the crowd, and were not again seen.

As Jacques was led away, his eyes met those of Susanne fixed upon him with greater tenderness and devotion than ever before; and he imagined that their expression was also one of mysterious encouragement. The crowd began to disperse, and M. d'Estézac had turned to go when Susanne touched him.

"Can I use your influence to see Jacques, for the last time, in prison?"

"I don't know—perhaps—" was the rough reply.

Susanne said no more. The trial was over.

Five or six days afterward M. d'Estézac sent word to Susanne that he had obtained permission for her to see Jacques in his cell, and would himself take her thither. Old André Gervaz offered no objection. He was quite crushed by the horrible fate of the man he had selected for Susanne, and began to fear that all these horrors would affect her reason, or even her life.

It was early in the morning when M. d'Estézac came in a small spring-wagon to take Susanne to the prison where Jacques was confined. The road ran up and down hill all the way. It was at the end of February now, but the snow still lay upon the ground, and a fresh wind rattled the white boughs of the shrubs, and murmured vaguely through the vales. Both were silent, and scarcely noticed the peasants who passed them, or the shepherds driving their sheep before them. When they reached the suburbs of the town, M. d'Estézac stopped at a small inn, with whose landlord he was acquainted, and, leaving the vehicle, proceeded with Susanne on foot to the prison—his object being to avoid any thing which would attract public attention to the young girl.

During their ride Susanne had been enveloped in a large mantle which nearly concealed her—he had now an opportunity of

scanning her appearance. She was in deep mourning. Her beauty had assumed a singular character, resembling those flitting lights seen sometimes in the dead of night. A mysterious expression of suffering due to her secret thoughts characterized her. Her companion looked at her with admiration mingled with a vague disquiet. All at once she stopped and said to him in a firm voice:

"The other day, at the trial, you thought I was cowardly—did you not? You expected more from me?"

"But—falsehood is wrong—and—perhaps you did well not to persist in it," he said, in some embarrassment.

"Falsehood! Oh, yes, that was it!" was her bitter reply. "You heard the law which the judge read aloud to me?"

"Yes, imprisonment, or even five years of hard labor, if you were convicted of perjury."

"And as Jacques would not confess—as he would not have it said that I was in his chamber at an hour when an honest girl—"

"You would not risk it?"

"I!" she cried, "not risk it? I would be prosecuted, condemned, and punished for the sake of Jacques! But who then would be free to act for him?"

"Free to act for him?"

The girl looked him straight in the face; her large black eyes flashed.

"Ah! you think perhaps that all is over for Jacques!—and God, what has become of him? We deserved to be punished. I disobeyed my father—I loved Jacques too much—I sacrificed my reputation to save him—I braved scandal—and he, too, was wrong. He hated Simon, and hate leads to acts of violence—to murder. We are humbled, broken, crushed—it is all right! But God is yonder," she said, pointing upward, "and I am here!"

She stamped her foot violently as she uttered these words. M. d'Estézac looked sadly at her, murmuring:

"Poor child! She is going crazy!"

But there was no madness in her expression, and he took her hand, saying as he did so:

"Come on! Jacques must see you and hear you. You will give him courage. A man need never despair as long as a woman loves him as you love him."

They hastened on and soon reached the prison, when Susanne was introduced into the cell occupied by the prisoner. M. d'Estézac, from sentiments of delicacy, did not follow her, and passed an hour in conversation with the keeper. At the end of that time the latter drew out his watch, and said that the rules did not permit a longer interview—it was even a kindness not to allow it to continue longer.

"Yes," said M. d'Estézac, "and we must return to-night."

He entered the cell and saw before him a touching spectacle. Jacques, pale and thin, was kneeling before Susanne, holding both her hands in his. His eyes streamed with tears, but a new hope was visible in them. The girl's expression was full of courage and hope.

"Farewell," she said to him; "the rest is my business.—I am ready, M. d'Estézac."

Their parting was a calm and silent one.

Soon afterward Susanne and her friend set out to return home. M. d'Estézac longed to speak to her, but she scarcely seemed aware of his presence. When he uttered some commonplace words she did not answer him. Wrapped in her mantle, with her head drooping upon her breast, and her eyes half closed, she remained motionless in the depths of the vehicle.

Night drew near when they were still at some distance from Villefort, and already a few stars began to twinkle in the frosty sky. At the point at which they had now reached they mounted a steep acclivity overhung by rocks which rose like the steps of an amphitheatre to the crests of the Margeride. M. d'Estézac halted to allow his horse to take breath.

As he did so, Susanne leaped out of the vehicle and ran toward the mountain.

"Where are you going?" he exclaimed, anxiously. "Come back and get in again! We have still a good way to go!"

She turned toward him, looked at him fixedly, and ran away with a sudden burst of laughter. In the twilight he could see in her face the indications of mental alienation.

"Susanne! Susanne!" he cried. "Oh! pray come back!"

She was already twenty paces distant from him, leaping from rock to rock.

"Susanne! you must not leave me thus! I promised your father to bring you back to-night!"

The only reply was to turn round and make him a low courtesy, singing as she did so, in a ringing voice, a well-known song of the Cevennes:

"Aquéles montagnes què tan haofte soum
M'empachofn de veîr mèls amourou soum."

"These mountains where, above the gulf,
The eagle and the vulture hover—
I cannot see beyond the crest—
They will not let me see my lover!"

M. d'Estézac made a last appeal. Susanne had already disappeared in the clumps of junipers and oaks. The song came to him now like an echo or a murmur:

"This mourning-veil I drag along,
My days and nights it shadows over;
I cannot see beyond my pain—
It will not let me see my lover!"

"Ah, poor, poor child! I was afraid of this! I had something like a presentiment. It was more than her reason could bear. She has gone mad!"

And, far in the distance, from beyond the rocks and ferns, came, like the breath of the night-wind or the voice of some fairy, the last verse of the song:

"I hear the ocean in my dreams,
I hear the flowing of the river;
I cannot see beyond the strand—
They will not let me see my lover!" *

* "Ces montagnes où sur l'abîme
On voit planer aigles et vautours,
De l'autre côté de leur cime
M'empêchent de voir mes amours."

"Ce voile de deuil que je traîne
À travers mes nuits et mes jours,
De l'autre côté de ma peine
M'empêche de voir mes amours."

"Cette mer où s'en vont mes rêves,
De nos fleuves suivant le cours,
De l'autre côté de ses grèves
M'empêche de voir mes amours!"

M. d'Estérac gave up in despair all further effort to induce the poor girl to come back, and returned with a heavy heart to the house of old André Gervaz, who, utterly overwhelmed by the intelligence, sank down in his chair, sobbing and exclaiming:

"What a wretched man I am! If I had only known—"

"Yes," replied D'Estérac, severely, "if you had only known, you might then have consented to Susanne's union with the man she loved. But this is no time to be moaning and crying. Your business now is to find her, and cure the poor child if you can!"

As he spoke, a chill wind made the windows rattle. The two men shuddered together at the thought that Susanne was wandering about at such an hour in the mountain—a poor, insane creature, without defense from danger and insult. Suddenly the church-clock struck ten.

"Where is she? What can I do?" stammered old Gervaz, who had completely lost his presence of mind.

"Go to Tacaret, the bailiff, next door, and tell him to get together three or four young fellows, with torches. I will go with them and guide them."

This dialogue had taken place in old André Gervaz's shop, opening on the street. All at once they thought they heard something like a murmur or a sigh. Then they distinguished on the pavement without a light step like the low sound made by a swarm of bees, and an almost inaudible tap on the door. Both hastened to it; the old man opened it. It was Susanne!

In a few hours her face had undergone a sorrowful change. She was as beautiful as ever, but her beauty had assumed a new character, which a poet might have preferred. The energetic expression of her countenance had given way to a sort of dreamy languor, which revealed permanent hallucination rather than real insanity. At rare intervals a sudden jet of flame was kindled in her large eyes, wavered, and was then extinguished, as if the soul had no longer any food with which to nourish itself. You would have said that she was a human being, wrenched out of real life, and plunged into a condition of magnetic abstraction, where a name, an image, a memory, a grief, absorbed the power of her mind, while all the rest was night.

She was cold. Drops of water ran from her cloak down her face, resembling tears. Her lips trembled, her teeth chattered, her cheeks were pale and her hands burning.

"My daughter! my child!" exclaimed old André, clasping her in his arms.

For an instant she seemed to return the embrace, but, suddenly repulsing her father, she said, in a short, broken voice:

"He! he! You are not he!"

"Susanne! Susanne!" cried M. d'Estérac, "do you not know me?"

She looked at them both, turning from one to the other as if she were attempting to recall some idea which had escaped her. Then she stretched out her arm toward the door, and said, with an effort:

"He is—down there—at Toulon!"

"André," said M. d'Estérac, "we must not prolong this sad scene. Try to make

your unhappy girl take a little repose. I must leave you for the moment; there is nothing I can do. But," he added, "remember, from this moment, Susanne must have as many friends and defenders as the neighborhood counts honest people!"

With these words M. d'Estérac took his departure, leaving old André Gervaz wringing his hands in despair. As he left the house, he heard Susanne once more begin to sing snatches of her singular song:

"These mountains—these mountains—they will not let me see my lover!"

"Susanne is insane!"

This intelligence produced deep emotion in the hearts of all; but it was soon ascertained that her insanity was mild and inoffensive; that there was no necessity whatever to place her in confinement. It is not uncommon to meet with these poor creatures in Languedoc, where they are called *fadettes*, *innocentes*, and *hantées*, the popular superstition maintaining that they are in communication with the invisible world of spirits. They pass for *voyantes*, and are believed to be able to cure diseases and foretell events. Susanne gained this reputation, and the tenderest sympathy was felt for her—a sympathy which even produced a reaction in favor of Jacques Boucard.

Spring came at last, and the fields were full of flowers. These became Susanne's passion, and she was often seen wandering in the ferns of Chadelbos, stooping and gathering them. Her face was sweet and sad; her eyes alone contradicted the smile upon her lips. Her insanity only displayed itself in the unmeaning replies she made when any question was asked her. She seemed to live in an invisible world, and to be unable to return from it without leaving behind her reason. The peasants rarely spoke to her, but they worked better, they said, when she was near them, gathering her flowers, and singing her melancholy songs. She brought them good luck, they declared. One sultry day a dozen young men and girls were busy turning over the hay in a field near Fontanes.

"Look! there is Susanne," said one, as she made her appearance; and the laughter suddenly ceased.

"Poor Susanne!" said another; "she does not see us. Her body is here, but her soul is with Jacques!"

Susanne wandered on, looking straight before her, and only stopping to gather some bit of marjoram or gentian. When she was near them, they tried to attract her attention; but, without replying, she pointed with her finger to a minute black spot in the sky above the summit of the Margeride. The laborers understood that she meant to warn them of an approaching storm; and, although the day seemed perfectly clear, and the sweat streamed from their foreheads, they hastened to load the hay on the wagons and get it under shelter. As the wagons reached the barn, a hail-storm burst upon them with such fury that the old farmer exclaimed, "But for Susanne, half my hay would have been ruined, and my cattle would have starved!"

At another time a young fellow named Pierre Vialat made a deep gash in his leg

with his scythe. The blood gushed, and his friends uttered despairing cries, when Susanne suddenly appeared on the scene. She hastened to a little stream near by, gathered three or four different sorts of herbs and flowers, pressed the juice from them on a scrap of linen, which she moistened with cold water, and applied the linen to the cut of the scythe. While she was leaning over him the poor young fellow said:

"Susanne, say a little bit of a prayer for me, and I will be cured!"

She did not seem to understand, but her eyes were raised for an instant toward heaven. Pierre at once grew calm, and a few days afterward he was well.

From that moment Susanne's popularity passed all bounds. The peasants contended who should point out to her or bring her the finest flowers, and it was soon ascertained that she gathered them to sell. The popular explanation of this was that she still remembered Jacques, and aimed at earning thus a little money to send him at the galleys. But time passed, and she sent nothing—the gossiping old post-mistress said she had never written. Then they fell back on the theory that, like a child, she made a plaything of her money—poor, insane creature!

It was even ascertained that her habits were perfectly regular; every Saturday she passed the whole day in the fields gathering her flowers; and a *fleuriste* by profession could not have selected them with greater skill. She knew where the finest myrtles and ivies grew, and was often seen leaping from rock to rock like a fawn to gather some spray of wall-flower or *digitalis*. As she ran thus along some narrow ledge over a deep ravine, she seemed suspended in air, and supported by some invisible power. It gave people below her the vertigo to look at her.

"Ah! look!" one would cry; "if she was in her right mind she would be dashed to pieces!"

"Don't be afraid! the *spirits* watch over her!" would be the reply.

With the flowers thus collected, Susanne formed rustic bouquets, which on Sundays she took to the houses in the neighborhood in a little basket to sell. When she had gathered some rare and splendid specimens from the slopes of the Cevennes, she went as far as Mende to dispose of them. The most elegant ladies would purchase her bouquets, but never could induce her to speak. One day they determined to ascertain the extent of her malady, and discover whether she retained her old likes and dislikes. M. Favernay, the public prosecutor, who had been the main agent in procuring the condemnation of Jacques, was expected; he had grown very unpopular for some reason, was about to remove to the city of Rouen, and his visit was to present his adieux. M. Favernay entered the *salon*—Susanne was standing in the centre of the apartment with her basket of flowers in her hand. As the new-comer approached, she fixed her large black eyes on him, and did not seem to recognize him in the least. A decisive test was then applied. One of the ladies detached a spray of *digitalis* from her bouquet, and, pointing toward M. Favernay, said to Susanne:

"My child, go and place this flower, with your own pretty hands, in that gentleman's button-hole."

Susanne looked at the speaker with an innocent and inquiring expression, but at once took the spray of *digitalis*, and, going to M. Favernay, calmly attached it to his black coat, without the least exhibition of emotion, though he himself was as pale as a ghost.

"There is no longer any doubt!" the ladies murmured; "her reason has left her, and she will never be cured!"

Susanne made a courtesy and left the room, singing as she went down the staircase one of her favorite songs—"O Magali! O Magali!"—and soon afterward it was known everywhere that she had given a final proof of entire alienation of mind. A vague impression had in some manner gotten abroad that Jacques Boucard was not the real murderer of Simon Vernon; and, even if he were guilty, his excellent conduct, it was said, at the galleys, recommended him to pardon. A petition was accordingly drawn up, and signed by persons of all classes; and this petition was brought one day for the signature of a gentleman in whose drawing-room Susanne chanced to be, disposing of her flowers. He read it aloud, and was about to affix his name to it, when Susanne, snatching it from his hand, tore it to pieces, exclaiming violently: "No! I will not have it!—I will not have it!"

After this the most skeptical ceased to doubt her condition; and she was permitted to resume her rambles in the fields without any further attempt to ascertain her state of mind.

One day she was wandering between the Priest's Inclosure and Jacques Boucard's house, when a violent storm burst forth, and she took shelter under a tree. As she did so, she saw Matteo Perondi, Costerousse's man, running toward the farm-house, and at the same moment he caught sight of Susanne. He stopped and came to her side. His lips, writhed into a smile, showed his sharp, white teeth, and his eyes were fixed intently on the girl, who remained cold and silent. The storm had now redoubled its fury, and Perondi proposed that she should take shelter in the farm-house, to which she consented. He gallantly took off a sort of overall which he wore, threw it on her shoulders, and they hastened in the direction of the farm-house, which they soon reached. Perondi quickly made a fire of pine-knots in the great kitchen, brought a stool, which he placed near the blaze, and made a sign to Susanne to take her seat. His attentions did not cease even then. He went to a press in the corner of the kitchen, took out a bottle and a glass, and poured into it two fingers of wine for Susanne, which she drank without ceremony. All this time she was looking with her black eyes, whose expression was singular, at the mean apartment with its poor furniture, indicating the poverty of its occupants.

At this moment Costerousse entered the room. He too had been surprised in the fields by the storm, and, as he came in, the first thing he saw was the erect figure of Su-

sanne—for she had risen—brilliant in the tawny light of the fire. The effect was terrible. He had so little expected to see Susanne Gervaz in his house, beside his fire, that he could not conceal his agitation. Struck by stupor and fright, he remained motionless on the threshold of the room, looking from one to the other—from the girl to Perondi. But he soon recovered himself. His violent and ferocious nature resumed its sway. Furious against both, and against himself as well for having betrayed such agitation, he approached the girl with his fist clinched, and said to her with a mixture of fear and menace:

"What do you want? What are you doing here?"

She made no reply, continuing to look him firmly in the face.

Perondi seemed to have expected this outburst of anger. He advanced quickly between Costerousse and the girl, and, folding his arms in an attitude of defiance, said in an insolent tone:

"Well—what if she is here? I met this young girl in the open field when the storm burst. Was I to leave her exposed to the rain? I brought her here—I built this fire to warm her. What have you to say about it?"

The words, voice, and gestures of the man produced an immediate effect on Costerousse. He suppressed his anger, and muttered in the hoarse tone of a growling dog, soothed or whipped by his master:

"Oh! that's a different matter!—I did not know—you were right."

Perondi leaned over toward Costerousse and whispered to him.

"Besides," he said, "you know she is out of her head."

By this time the rain had ceased, and the storm had passed by. Susanne rose from her stool, made a movement with her hand in the direction of Matteo Perondi, as though to thank him, stammered a few unintelligible words to Costerousse, and turning again toward the two men, with a stupid smile on her lips, left the farm-house.

Thus began the relations between Susanne and the Piedmontese, Perondi. A few days afterward she made her reappearance in the vicinity of the mean farm-house, as if the spot had an inexplicable attraction for her. She scanned with the minute attention of a real-estate assessor, or a landscape-painter, all the surroundings of this wretched house, which no rational individual would have cared to see a second time. She looked carefully at the tumbling fences, the stile, and the clump of bushes growing close up to the miserable kitchen, and the two mean chambers occupied by Perondi and Costerousse. One day she might have been seen concealing herself, with the eccentric caprice of an insane person, in these bushes, during the absence of the two men in the fields.

These visits to the vicinity led to a result which might have been foreseen. She frequently met Perondi, and although she would have nothing to say to Costerousse, she did not shun the Piedmontese. He presented her with flowers, betrayed unmistakable emo-

tion at sight of her, and soon conceived a violent passion for her. One day he saw her passing, in the absence of his master, and called her to come in as he had something to say to her. Looking him straight in the face, with a loud laugh she said:

"No! no! your wine is too sour, your house is too mean, and you are too dirty!"

A flush of anger and shame came to the man's face.

"Is that it?" he exclaimed. "Well, in fifteen days I can have the house cleaned, and good clothes to wear, and good wine to drink!"

"I don't believe it!" she sneered.

"Ah! you don't believe it!" he replied, in a savage tone. "Do you think I cannot get all I want at the fair at Vigan, soon?"

Suddenly he bit his lip till the blood started.

"That is—I mean—I said *the fair at Vigan*, as I would have said the fair at Mende—or Alais—"

He looked keenly at Susanne, but her face was a perfect blank. As far as he could ascertain, her thoughts were a hundred miles off. He had walked on by her side during this conversation—his presence seemed neither agreeable nor disagreeable to her. His face indicated that his love had become the sole idea of his life. As to Susanne, she went along humming a song and arranging a bouquet.

As they reached a turn in the road a shepherd was heard calling to his sheep, and Perondi stopped. Susanne threw a dash toward him, which he picked up and hurried off with; and the young girl continued her way.

Strange caprice of a disordered brain! Of all this interview which might have excited her fears or her disgust, Susanne Gervaz recalled only these insignificant words:

"The fair at Vigan!"

The little city of Vigan is situated on the river Hérane, in a lovely valley of the Cévennes, and resembles a bird half buried in a nest of verdure. A long street traverses it from east to west, and on the square at one end of this street you might see, during the annual fairs, the booths of the jugglers, and hear the deafening music of their bands.

Without the city, on the slope of the mountain, was a large green field, the scene of the cattle-market. If you raised your eyes here you might see descending, like the figures of an opera, the mountaineers of the neighboring parishes, with their wide-brimmed hats, their brown coats on their shoulders, their velvet pantaloons clinging close to the hip, their heavy shoes adorned with iron, and their legs protected by large gaiters of yellow leather. They led horses that came along bounding under the halter, oxen with boughs of trees on their horns, and sheep decked with ribbons and cockades. The spectacle was worthy of the brush of Rosa Bonheur, and it was impossible not to be delighted with these local colors and rustic details.

The fairs of Vigan were famous for the fine horses exposed for sale at them, and the horse-dealers came thither from every quar-

ter—from the Alps to the Pyrenees, from the Rhone to the Garonne, from Spain even—to buy or sell.

Monsieur and Madame de Ribière determined to attend the fair this year, and learning that Susanne, who was a great favorite with them, had the fancy to see the sights, they took the girl with them, and all became the guests of an old relative universally known in the city as "Aunt Sophy."

Soon after their arrival, it was proposed that they should visit the horse-fair on the green field without the city, and they accordingly repaired thither—Susanne offering her arm as a support to Aunt Sophy. They reached the busy scene as the sun was setting, and Susanne and her companion soon became separated from the rest. All at once the young girl stopped, fixing her eyes upon two men who were standing in front of a horse and examining it. One of these men, the eldest of the two, wore the costume of the Spanish Catalans, the other the ordinary dress of the country.

As if yielding to a sudden caprice, Susanne asked Aunt Sophy if she was acquainted with these men; for the old lady had the reputation of knowing everybody.

"I do not know the younger of the two, my dear—the one wearing the dress of our peasants of the Cevennes; but I know the other one—everybody does. His name is Marianno Bedares, and he has attended our fairs regularly for the last fifteen years."

"And what is his business?"

"You may see, my dear—he is a horse-trader. Besides this he is a sort of peddler, he sells images of the saints, amber bracelets, and other articles, and takes back to Spain where he lives our silks, and so on. It is even said that he lends money, or exchanges one sort for another—"

"And where is he lodging?"

"On Main Street, at the White-Horse Tavern," said the old lady, a little surprised at the question.

They then walked on beneath the great chestnut-trees, passing near the two men, who were evidently bargaining for the horse.

"Well, agreed," said the younger, in the peasant's dress; "but you are asking a horrible price!"

"A horrible price? My very best horse!" exclaimed the Spaniard. "Meet me here next year, my friend, and just tell me what you think then."

"Well, all right; to-morrow morning I'll pay you and take the horse away; I must get back to the farm."

Susanne hurried Aunt Sophy away, and they soon left the ground. On the next day the young girl made some excuse for going out, and, leaving the house about noon, went straight to the White-Horse Tavern. Marianno Bedares, the horse-trader, was standing at the door, smoking. He was apparently about sixty, but carried his age well, like all men who lead a life in the open air. Seeing that Susanne wished to speak to him, he came forward and said, gallantly, with his strong Catalan accent:

"Well, my beautiful child, you wish to see me, I think. What can I do to serve you?"

"You can buy my ebony-work," said Susanne, exhibiting some little trinkets which Jacques had carved for her in former times, and presented to her as keepsakes.

The old dealer examined the articles with the wary air of one called on to make a purchase.

"Well, well," he said; "to please you—I shall lose money on these trifles, my dear—I'll give you twenty-five francs for the lot."

"Which will just make up the sum of two hundred francs with what I have already," said the girl.

As she spoke, she drew from her pocket and exhibited to the old horse-trader a large rouleau of silver coins, which, at her request, he counted and found accurate, without understanding in the least what she meant.

"They tell me you exchange different sorts of money," she said. "Will you give me the value of these two hundred francs in Spanish money?"

He looked at her in astonishment.

"Ah! and why such a singular fancy?"

"It is not mine. I am acting for a little girl whose father gives her her Christmas-gifts every year in money of different countries. She saw you yesterday, and said: 'There is Marianno Bedares—if I can get from him a quadruple and some piasters, they will complete my collection of coins.'"

"Well, you come just in time," said the old Catalan. "I have sold a horse this morning to one of your mountain-people who served in Spain. He told me some story or other, and paid me in Spanish gold, taking his change in silver of France. You see, my pretty child, I am able to oblige you."

He went and opened a drawer in his room and took out a wooden bowl full of quadruples, doubloons, pistoles, and piasters, which fairly glittered. For her two hundred francs he gave Susanne four piasters, two doubloons, and a quadruple; and, as he gallantly refused to charge her any exchange, she bought a scarf and two chaplets of him.

On her return, she presented the scarf to Madame de Ribière and the chaplets to Aunt Sophy.

"Poor Susanne!" said the former; "this is what she lays up money for by selling her flowers."

On their return from Vigan, Madame de Ribière said to Susanne:

"My dear child, you are never in a better place than at home or in my house. When you wish to leave your father, come here."

Susanne seemed to recognize the good sense of this advice, and rarely left home. When she did so, it was to pay a visit to old Master Berard, the notary of the town, who lived next to her father. Madame Berard was exceedingly fond of flowers, and Susanne, who brought her beautiful bouquets, went in and out without being noticed. The old notary himself was extremely pleased with her. He loved to see, beneath his spectacles, as he folded up his dusty documents, this young girl whose birth he had been present at, and whom he loved with all his heart.

One day Master Berard met her on the stairs, and said to her:

"My poor child, can you take a message

to your father? Tell him that the debtor whose note he would not consent to renew is ready to pay every thing. Can you remember these words? Do you understand what I say?"

Susanne did not seem to comprehend. She was in one of her fits of absence. Her fine eyes, wandering in space, betrayed her dreamy condition.

"Well, well, I forgot that a verbal message was too much for you, and would never be delivered," said the old notary. "Wait a moment."

He tore a sheet from his note-book, drew out a pencil, and wrote:

"A. C., the debtor, whose note we would not renew, says he is ready to pay both principal and interest when his note falls due, on the 4th of October."

Susanne took the paper; and, when she gained the street, read the few lines written upon it with capricious interest. The initials "A. C." evidently struck her; but she folded the paper again, and delivered it to her father, who was plainly both surprised and gratified at reading its contents.

"Heaven be praised!" he muttered, rubbing his hands. "This unlucky three hundred francs will not give me any more trouble. I intended to sue on the note, but the money is better."

André Gervaz went to the old wardrobe where he kept his ledgers, under his linen and Sunday clothes. He drew out a dirty little note-book, undid the cord around it, and sat down at his table, Susanne leaning on his shoulder as he did so. She saw him make a cross mark opposite an entry in the following words:

"Anselme Costerousse—three hundred francs borrowed October 4, 1821—interest from 1824.—Bad debt—don't renew."

The day after this scene was the 4th of October, 1826. Susanne rose with the sun; and, gathering some late flowers in a field near by, made a bouquet, and took it, about eight, to Madame Berard—the old notary did not begin business until nine. Having entered the house, she stopped in the passageway leading from the kitchen to the staircase—Master Berard's office was on her left, and the reception-room was next to it, separated from it by glass doors, with a green curtain. Just as nine o'clock was sounding, Susanne saw Anselme Costerousse come in and enter the notary's office, and she immediately glided into the darkened saloon, where she could see and hear through the glass door all that was said.

Master Berard was seated at his table, with his back turned to Costerousse, who faced the glass door.

"Come, come, that is well, Costerousse," said the notary. "I see you are punctual. You have brought the money?"

"Here it is," said Costerousse, moodily.

As he spoke, the man placed upon the table three piles of coin, containing one hundred francs each, and then thirty francs for the interest.

"The amount is correct," said Master Berard, after counting the coins. "I will return you your note."

Although the money had been furnished

by old André Gervaz, he had chosen to conceal the fact, and the affair had been arranged in the ordinary form: "On the 4th of October, 1822, pay to the order of — the sum of three hundred and fifteen francs—value received." Thus, Costerousse had always supposed that Master Berard was his creditor. When Master Berard now returned his note, and said, "Neighbor André Gervaz will be glad enough to get this money," Costerousse cried:

"André Gervaz!—was *André Gervaz* my creditor?"

Susanne saw the start which accompanied the words, the sudden pallor of the man's visage, and the livid flash of his eye. The notary, even, observed these evidences of agitation, and said:

"What does it matter? There is your note. Ah! you are glad to get out of old André's claws?"

"Yes," said Costerousse, hoarsely.

"You see," said the old notary, "a note like this—the interest, the cost of renewing, all that—is death to a farmer. When I was clerk to old Monsieur Rancureau—as far back as 1797—I remember his telling me a case in point. There was a farmer in the neighborhood whose crop failed, and he borrowed two hundred francs. It was not much, but when his note fell due he was unable to pay. It ran on, and a few years afterward amounted to eight hundred, then to a thousand francs. He fell into the hands of money-lenders, his debt was trebled, he was worried to death by his creditors, and so what does he do? He joins a band of highway-men, is arrested, tried, found guilty, and executed as a *murderer*."

Costerousse turned as pale as death, and his lips trembled convulsively, but his punishment was not over.

"But I only speak of what happens to farmers in bad years," said the notary; "still, this is one of them.—By-the-by, my friend, how do you get hold of any money? My tenant cannot pay his rent, and your landlord told me, the other day, you were largely in arrears."

"I had on hand my grain of the three last years," stammered Costerousse. "I could not make up my mind to sell at the low price. The market went up lately, and I sold—that's why I can pay my note."

"So much the better, my good man," said Master Berard, tired of the interview; "it's not my business."

A moment afterward Costerousse left the room, and the notary made this entry in his ledger: "Anselme Costerousse paid his note this 4th of October, 1826."

While he was making this entry, Susanne regained the kitchen, passed through a side-door opening on the street, and returned home.

After these scenes, Susanne's wanderings became more regular than before, and no day passed without a shepherd, a wood-cutter, or a hunter, meeting her in the fields. There seemed to be some mysterious attraction for her in the farm-house of Anselme Costerousse. She kept circling round it, but always came back to it, as the needle, after all its oscillations, ends by pointing to the pole.

The result of this proceeding on the young girl's part was an immense amount of scandal. How!—she could ramble around the "Priest's Inclosure," while they shuddered to approach it; she could walk calmly past the house of Jacques Boucard without turning her head; she even did not repulse the evident addresses of Matteo Perondi, the Piedmontese. The dissatisfaction was universal, and one day her admirer, Pierre Vialat, whom she had cured when he cut himself with the scythe, said to her:

"Take care, Susanne. If this beggar of an Italian worries you, there'll be a misfortune in the commune."

"I forbid you to touch him!" said Susanne, imperiously.

This increased Pierre's indignation, and what excited new comment was the change in Perondi's appearance. During the absence of Susanne at the fair of Vigan he had replaced his clodhopper shoes with yellow boots, donned a blue coat and red cravat, bought a chain and two rings, and was a new person altogether. His thin face and feverish glance were alone unaltered. He strutted before her, played the beau, and paid her compliments; it was a savage clad in the dress of a man of Europe. He was plainly desperately enamored of her, and often begged for a private opportunity to press his suit.

"No, no!" she said; "Costerousse frightens me; he would beat me, perhaps."

"Costerousse!" exclaimed Perondi, with a harsh laugh; "I would like to see him! Let him say a single word! let him raise his finger! I—I can—but I did not mean that. What I mean is, that I wish to talk with you without being spied by these peasants, who all hate me. Ah, if you would only understand me! I have so many things on my heart, they suffocate me! In *my* country it is not cold and sad as it is here, and love is the main thing—the whole of life! I will die if you do not have pity on me! This Costerousse hates me and I hate him. I am going to leave him—"

Susanne started, and for the first time seemed affected by the speaker's words.

"Yes, my time is out in a few days—on the 11th of November. I have worked for him for four years, and am going to have a settlement. Then I leave him."

"You will leave him?"

"Yes, this country is hateful to me. My country is a hundred times finer, and I'll have money to enjoy it. I will settle down and live quietly, honestly, Susanne."

"Well?"

"I have had a dream. You are not twenty yet; you are beautiful. Do you mean to wander about in this way forever, thinking of past times? It is this that troubles your reason; you can't take a step or look at a bush without seeing—I! I see it myself sometimes."

His eyes wandered and his voice died away.

"What?" said Susanne, in a low voice.

"Nothing," was the guarded reply. He added: "Only follow me, Susanne—go with me. Near Servenola, where I was born, there is a pretty little home I wanted to buy before I came to France; it is at the end of the vale

of Costa; you do not know how blue the sky is there, how warm the sun is, and how the branches of the trees wave there—not like these vile mountains. Say you will come with me, Susanne, and be my wife. I will buy the pretty house, a cow, and two acres of ground."

"With your wages?" said Susanne.

He could not suppress a start, and looked at the girl as though to assure himself what her meaning had been in uttering these words. But her expression was perfectly careless.

"Yes, with my wages for the four years. Then I have something at home—an old uncle of mine has just left me some money; and you can live there on next to nothing. The house, and cow, and land, will not cost more than twelve hundred francs—come, Susanne; I will marry you, and you will begin a new life."

They had come to a turn in the path. Before them stood Costerousse with a rake on his shoulder. A single glance evidently showed him Perondi's passion, and he became furious. Scowling brutally at Susanne, he exclaimed, violently:

"You again, miserable creature—again in my way! If Perondi is bewitched by you, I am not!"

And, grasping his rake in both hands, he rushed upon Susanne. She did not move an inch. Her haughty face remained calm, and she looked him in the eyes with perfect contempt; but Perondi, drawing a knife, leaped on Costerousse and struck at him, just grazing his arm. The farmer dropped his rake and grew pale. Perondi put up his knife.

"I'm a fool," he said; "it takes less than that to frighten you! You know well that I ordered you not to insult this girl or touch a hair of her head, or I would—come here, I want to speak to you."

They went off together, exchanging angry words, and Susanne continued her way homeward.

CONVULSIVE RELIGION.

II.

SOME physicians have affirmed that no cholera or yellow-fever epidemic has produced so much injury as the convulsive religion called "Millerism," which went over the country some time ago. The delusion was accompanied and followed by insanity, suicide, and many species of folly. After the excitement had passed away, many who had been in the midst of it found to their cost that they had contracted nervous maladies, from which death only could free them, and many of them of a character that were transmitted to offspring. Yet the promoters of the doctrine of "Millerism" were well-meaning people for the most part, who in the conduct of their secular lives were not unreasonable. When attacked by this moral epidemic, they apparently could not talk about it as they did upon any other subject. They were, in a word, monomaniacs. If the notions and predictions of Miller had been published, and not preached to throngs of excited people stimulating each other, they would prob-

bly have fallen upon unheeding ears. As it was, they sowed the seed of madness, disease, and death.

Some preachers, particularly those who have studied medicine before taking holy orders, recognize the connection between morbid physical and religious phenomena. Bishop Beville says that "atheistic thoughts spring up in the fountain of the soul *only* when muddled with fleshly pleasures," and Dr. Barrow remarks that "credulity may spring from an airy complexion; suspiciousness hath its *birth* from an earthly temper of the body." The soul and the body are so intimately united that one is always more or less under the influence of the other. If the body be subject to hypochondriac tempers, the mind is affected thereby, and this furnishes that melancholic nature invested with a certain power of the spirit. This nature sometimes believes itself endowed with the gift of prophecy. The noted Dr. Zimmermann was a man of this temperament, a Christian, and possessed of remarkable penetration. He believed he was a prophet, which, added to the unhealthy condition of his body, had the effect of deepening his melancholy. Although a seer himself, he contended against a sect of the Illuminés, who saw farther than he, and endeavored to inaugurate such a social revolution in Switzerland as has been planted in America by some visionary sects. His peculiar organization saddled on his brain an idea which never left it until death, which was that the Illuminés were constantly endeavoring to take his life. In a word, he became a monomaniac. His case is a striking illustration of the way in which the abnormal condition of the body affects a most intelligent and cultivated mind. As a venerable archbishop said, "Two things are necessary to be done for the cure or removal of religious melancholy, namely, that the persons afflicted with it do take care of their bodies; that they be put into a better state of health and vigor, and freed from all hypochondriac fumes that do oppress them." This ecclesiastic thought the advice of a physician was more important in the treatment of such people than that of the divine, and that, when the bodily indisposition was removed, most of the frights and disturbances about religion would disappear with it. The same authority advised, as a cure for sin, physic, cleanliness, exercise, and good nourishment, as the preliminary steps.

Revivals get into the channel of the supernatural, or run closely alongside of it. If miracles are not performed, events of a wonderful character take place. Not long ago I heard a man tell his "experience," who had seen a big black dog jump out of the ground, and he knew it was the devil who came to tempt him. This was received with a groan of sympathy by the brethren who listened. The man conducted his secular business with ordinary sagacity, and it is improbable that he would have ever offered such a statement in a court of justice, but he was possessed of a mania on the subject of the devil, and, according to his own account, not a day passed that he did not wrestle with him. When he found himself in the midst of a sympathetic element, he gave free rein to his

accounts of the battles with his own particular enemy. He had probably read or heard of Luther's strivings with the same antagonist, and unconsciously imitated him.

The burden of the revivalist's lament has always been the same, and self-suffering is the key-note of it. Although self-torture is much modified to what it was in other times, the man is still held to strike his breast in agony and roll his head in sackcloth and ashes—to avoid the flowers and the sunshine, the good cheer and healthy laughter, the fascination of art in music, dancing, painting, and the drama. The earth is only a vale of tears through which he walks on probation to reach heaven. There is nothing good in it; every thing is of the ashy hue of death. Thus a bountiful Creator has blessed this seeker of suffering with the instincts of appreciation, and made a dwelling for him full of beauty, from which he turns away. He prefers the thorn to the rose. His great Host offers him a banquet, of which he refuses to partake. His Maker has given him an eye, a palate, an ear, and a heart, in vain. The condition of such a one is abnormal, and he is much more in need of prayer than those for whom he prays.

The man who is systematically miserable does not confine his misery to himself. He has a mission to change cheerful people into sorry ones like himself, and in this way becomes a meddler. This act of interference at the outset is full of presumption, for it is based upon the idea that he knows more about the Bible and religion than he whom he addresses. His religion is the only true one, it contains all the excellences, and he as one of its chief members is endowed with them, which makes of him a person especially enlightened. All other religions are wrong and most of them wicked. He does not hesitate to pray for the conversion of a Greek, an Armenian, and a Roman Catholic, without knowing what they believe. A man of this type was sent to convert the orthodox Greeks, but found when he encountered them that he was only a tyro in theology compared to them. He shouted to them, after the revivalistic method, that they were hardened sinners, out of the way of the Lord. They requested him to stop calling names, and reason; when he attempted to do this, he was obliged to give up the field.

The miserable acts by system on the egotistical assumption that he knows better than his neighbors where to draw the line between sin and godliness. He sees sin lurking in places where another would not think of looking for it. He is a persistent hunter thereof, and if he does not find it is disappointed. He seeks for it in harmless amusements and in natural actions. To handle a cue is to hold the devil by the tail, to dance a quadrille is to invite him to one's embrace.

Extraordinary importance is attached to trifles. One man believes the road to heaven lies in eating fish on Friday and abstaining from any other kind of meat; another believes that to cook meat on Sunday is to follow the path of perdition. One thinks that recreation on Sunday is enjoined and permitted by the Bible; another thinks that it is forbidden, and that the practice endangers

the safety of the soul. One sees no harm in dancing on the seventh day, after the performance of spiritual duties; another sees in it the dance of sin and death. One believes that it is wholesome to occupy the mind, even on Sunday, with singing and playing; another believes that a secular song sung on that day is the requiem of a lost soul. From a religious point of view, one man's milk is another man's poison. The man of the West eats pork with the consciousness of performing an ordinary and sinless act of life, and the man of the Orient turns away from it, seeing sin in its fibre and its nourishment. One drinks a glass of wine as he would eat a piece of bread; another looks upon it as poison. When the American and English missionaries appeared in Palestine, the English told the Arab that the Book of Common Prayer would show him the road to heaven, and the Americans that the true sign-board for that destination was Watts's version of the Psalms—which would have bewildered a wiser head than that of the simple Arab.

Blasphemy in one country is sometimes piety in another. The Christian of Europe takes off his hat when he enters the house of worship; not to do so would be regarded by him as sacrilegious. The Mohammedan removes his shoes when he enters his mosque and keeps on his turban; to fail in either respect would also be for him a sacrilege. There are members of religious sects who stand erect when they pray; to the Mohammedans this would be impiety. Thus, piety and sacrilege are to some extent matters of climate and custom.

The extremists in religion always attach much importance to supernatural influences, and their most common mode of communicating with the Almighty is through visions. They are of capricious moods, rising to great heights of enthusiasm and sinking to the depths of despair. Sometimes they sit at the foot of the throne, at others they are at the gates of hell. In their happy moments they pour out their praises as if they were angels in heaven; in their unhappy ones they often cross the line which separates reason from insanity.

These fanatics are generally in especial favor with the Deity, being employed as agents to carry out the divine will. Of such were John Kelsey, who went to Constantinople to convert the sultan, and ended in a lunatic asylum; John Mason, minister of Water-Stratford, who was possessed of the idea that he was the Elias appointed to proclaim the approach of Christ. Brigham Young told Hepworth Dixon that when he went in search of a new home for his people he saw, "in a vision of the night, an angel standing on a conical hill, pointing to a spot of ground on which the temple was to be built." On reaching the neighborhood of Salt Lake he sought for the cone and naturally found it, with a clear, flowing stream at the foot of it.

According to Elder Knapp's own account he was in close and constant relations with the Almighty through dreams, signs, and visions. Whenever his life was threatened, he was saved in a miraculous way through heavenly influences. Whenever he met with or

position, it came from the devil. Wherever he worked was the Lord's vineyard, and whoever opposed him was in the service of the evil one. He was a special interpreter of the divine will, and he told men when they were righteous and the contrary, and judged them accordingly. He called down the divine wrath on those who interfered with his revival work. One night where he was preaching two young men mounted the belfry and took out the clapper of the bell, when he predicted that those who thus attempted to silence the voice of God would end in hell. In his autobiography, he records, with a certain grim satisfaction, that, in "less than a year afterward, they both died, and without hope." On another occasion an infidel went out of his church while the elder was preaching, saying that he would take his wife with him. On reaching home he was taken suddenly ill, and on the second day after he died. Thus, to a certain extent, Elder Knapp was charged by Providence with the punishment of evil-doers on earth.

At one of Knapp's meetings there was a man playing the bass-viol, who, after the meeting was over, was to play the violin at a ball in the neighborhood, which the preacher thought was sinful, and he prayed that "the right arm of the fiddler might be palsied, and that the music might sound like the shrieks and groans of the damned in the vaults of hell." In effect, when the violinist began to play at the ball he "was seized with a tremor, and his arm fell palsied by his side." The ball was broken up, the musician walked over to the building where the revival was going on, and was converted on the spot.

On another occasion, while the elder was preaching, a wicked man drew a caricature of the preacher on the back of a pew, but before he had finished it his hand dropped, seized with palsy.

As the elder was passing through the street, he reproved a rum-seller, who afterward collected some companions and started to the elder's church for the purpose of breaking up the meeting. On his way thither he was taken sick, lingered a short time, and died on the day appointed for his wedding. Thus, Providence made the way clear for the labors of his servant by visiting his antagonists with death.

The revivalist's mode of bringing people within the pale of Christianity is objectionable to some people—based principally on the parade and notoriety involved in the proceeding. They think that this public exhibition of private woe is to some extent made through vanity, of which proof is furnished in relating "experiences," where each narrator endeavors to surpass his neighbor in the account of his former wickedness, and in the marvelousness or peculiarity of his conversion. They believe that a supernatural current is given to these narrations, which is apt to lead to superstition and bigotry. To reflecting, self-respecting men, there is a point beyond which their sense of manhood will not permit them to go. To modest women there must be a limit in the parade of individual grief. To both, the fittest place to prostrate themselves before their Maker and

ask forgiveness of sins is in the silence and privacy of their own closet.

The auctioneer-like appeal for "a lost soul weighed down with sin and shame," is an extravagant way of describing an honest, cleanly man, at peace with his neighbors, who remains indifferent to Christianity, and so it appears to him, making him reluctant to accept such description as fitting. To convince such a man of error, he must be reasoned with in a friendly, private way. Singing and shouting at him in public rather repel him than draw him into the fold.

The number is great, however, which appears to favor this method of conversion. It satisfies that hunger for notoriety which is one of the characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race. It gives opportunities for individual action, which is another of the pressing needs of the same race. It affords excitement and declamation, and its agents move and live in the light of publicity. This is the dark side of the picture, for those who make revivals and assist in them generally do so from conviction. Their sincerity cannot be doubted, but as much can hardly be said of their Christianity. Strange acts have been committed ever since the world began in the name of the Creator, and from undoubted conviction.

Turbulent, agitating, and agitated Christians in later years have hardly inspired trust, or respect, in the field of politics at least, for those who have professed their Christianity most loudly have been generally found to be the least trustworthy. In the cases of congressional and State jobbery and corruption which have within the last few years come to light, it seems that those most given to praying were most given to stealing. The names of the prayerful statesmen will probably occur to all who are familiar with the late political history of the country. In the midst of their misdoings, they stood before the public with one hand on the Bible, while the other was in the public purse. They were constantly invoking the divine blessing. They preached the conversion of the red man, and kept his blankets; they preached the amelioration of the black man, and defrauded him of his savings. The name of their Master was always on their lips, and speculation in their hearts. They were class-leaders and stimulators of revivals. They told the little boys in the Sunday-school how to become good and great. Happily, some of the Tartuffes were unmasked, but not all.

Those who were disrobed of the livery of heaven, under which they more surely accomplished their purposes, suffered in themselves; but what they suffered was trifling compared to what true religion suffered. There was a reaction against Christianity, as exhibited by the press throughout the country. Some journals, in the light of the exposures, boldly expressed a preference for what they called "broad-backed men of sin" for the places of trust and honor in the leadership of States and the nation.

The period between 1850 and 1857 was one of unusual prosperity throughout the Union in business and of lethargy in religion. The commercial panic of 1857 was severe, and on its heels followed the revival of

1857-'58. The people, during the time of their material welfare, remained indifferent to spiritual needs, but, when misfortune visited them, they filled the churches to overflowing, and opened houses for day-prayer in the business quarters of some of the principal cities. As usual in such movements, some of the places of amusement were used for this purpose, with a view of attacking Satan in what were believed to be his strongholds, as well as of producing a dramatic effect.

The circumstances are now similar to what they were during that period, and it is possible that the revival inaugurated by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Brooklyn may become as national in its character as that of 1857. After the close of the war there was a long season of material prosperity, marked by indifference to the demands of religion, and a general tendency to depend upon science only for the solution of all spiritual questions. This was followed by depression in business, and a reaction has already set in against relying upon science for light and aid. Thus, as will be observed, the general condition is identical with that which existed in 1857.

It is but just to say that the movement of which Messrs. Moody and Sankey are at the head, differs from any former revival in America. This, at least so far, is not a revival in the ordinary sense of the word. Mr. Moody pleads his cause with much earnestness, but remains in full possession of himself. There is not much denunciation, nor description of future punishment. The subject of conversion is treated to some extent as a matter of business, wherein the advantages and disadvantages of compliance and non-compliance are dwelt upon with great earnestness. The exhorter has even shown a disposition to keep the manifestations of demonstrative listeners within the bounds of propriety and decorum, and as long as he conducts the revival in this way the evils which have accompanied and followed previous revivals will be avoided and much good may be done. He has exhibited, too, a certain breadth in his creed, for, when called on to pray for the conversion of some designated Roman Catholics, he refused, averring that the members of the Roman Catholic Church were as good Christians as those of any other church.

ALBERT RHODES.

THE PERUVIAN AMAZON AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL OF TRAVEL.

VI.

July 1st.—At eight A. M. we got up anchor, entered the Ucayali, and bade farewell to the Pachitea and to the Cashibos. Ten minutes after starting, a dense fog came on very suddenly, and both vessels had to anchor; but at ten A. M. we made another start, and ran until six P. M. We passed many Conibo canoes going to the place of rendezvous at the mouth of the Pachitea.

Sara-yacu, July 9th.—Stopped at this place yesterday for wood, and I went up to the little village. I was caught in the worst thunder-storm I have ever seen in South America; and, although our Indian supplied my companion and myself with an umbrella of the country (palm-thatch), we got thoroughly wet. Found the place not at all improved in sobriety. Here we obtained some feather-work peculiar to the locality, and also a young jaguar. We had hardly gotten him on board the vessel when he broke away and killed two chickens and a turkey, and chased our highly-prized collection of parrots and miscellaneous birds overboard before he could be recaptured. We called him "Dixie," and he shows a "chronic case of appetite," like a good "reb."

July 10th.—Early in the morning we left the dilapidated old station and for several hours steamed by large flocks of water-fowl, which seem to be peculiar to this particular part of the river. Some of them were perfectly white, and others of a most beautiful pink, as soft and delicate in shade as that found on the inner side of a sea-shell.

Nothing further of interest occurred on our downward voyage; and, after a very satisfactory exploration, Yquitos was reached in safety, on July the 15th.

Yquitos, August 24th.—Little more than a month ago we reached this place on our return from the first of the series of expeditions for the year 1873. As Yquitos is the base of our operations and the largest and most important Peruvian settlement on any of the water-courses east of the Andes, it probably deserves description. About the year 1866 the Peruvian Government determined to put a line of steamers on their portion of the river Amazon, for the benefit of the few traders that had established themselves along its banks, and also the better to define their territory and to watch the movements of Brazil, of which country they were jealous. For the necessary repairs of the steamers they established here a small machine-shop, and imported some English mechanics. At the same time they sent a few naval and marine officers from the Pacific coast, and called it a naval station. The Indians of this locality, not liking the turn things were taking, withdrew farther into the interior; and around this nucleus quickly gathered greedy Spanish, Portuguese, Brazilian, and Peruvian traders, merchants, and adventurers of every kind. Thus, in a short time, was established a little thatched-roofed village of some twenty-five hundred inhabitants, and corresponding, possibly, in morals, to "Poker Flat" and San Francisco in their incipientness. Regularly every month a contingent of twenty thousand soles, with which to pay government employes and to meet other expenses, was sent across the mountains from Lima to this place. Every cent of the monthly installments passed rapidly into the clutches of these merchants, and, they getting fat on it, other birds of the same feather collected, so that, in 1873, when the government ceased for many months to send its contingent, the place was filled with dissatisfied adventurers. The inhabitants of an Amazonian village always form an interesting spectacle,

but the population of Yquitos is particularly so. As there is now but little business, the natives are nothing more than a body of useless loafers, whom only the arrival and departure of a steamer can arouse into any thing like life. But by a steam-whistle they are electrified, and every thing in the village that can walk or crawl collects on the bank at that signal. As the steamer approaches the landing, you have a fine view of this people of the Amazon Valley. You will see standing out prominently the white man and the black, and you will find all intermediate shades close at hand.

The three races, red, white, and black, are combined and intermingled in every possible proportion, producing the mulatto, cholo, and sambo. The last cross (Indian and negro) makes, physically, the best man. He is a treacherous, strong villain, with sullen countenance, and is feared by both Indians and white men. His superior *physique* enables him to carry out his impulses; and three-fourths of the murderers and other criminals in Peru and Brazil are sambos. As it would take the steamer some time to refit and prepare for a second expedition, we secured a house and moved ashore. Except that money was scarcer, we found every thing as we had left it five months before; but the remarkable credit system still existed; and, without showing a cent of money, you could buy any thing you needed, from a box of matches to a house. The 28th of July was the anniversary of the independence of Peru; and this place made quite a creditable display. On the day preceding, the troops of the place, consisting of fifty half-breeds, divided into two companies, with about seventeen commissioned officers, uniformed like the French, marched around, and published at every street corner an order, requiring you on the morrow to display a flag from your window, and for three nights to burn a light in front of your house. Most of the citizens got drunk, and staid in that condition for forty-eight hours, singing their national airs all the while. These people observe all the saints' days and holidays. But the holiday in which they take most delight is the carnival. This usually begins on some saint's day just before Lent, and lasts for four days.

During that interval there is no respect paid to rank, sex, or condition. The door of the highest official in the place can be broken open, and he dragged out and painted all over, and obliged to laugh at it, too. It is in vain for me to attempt to give a correct idea of the carnival as it is carried on in Yquitos. But try to imagine a dirty village of three thousand inhabitants, three-fourths of whom are cholos, mulattoes, Chinese, and Indians, with a fair sprinkling of the lowest class of English workmen; imagine them all desperate from receiving no money, and living badly for many months; imagine an order, published at the street-corners, giving them holiday and absolute license for four days, and you may then be prepared to have an inkling of what transpires on such occasions. This mob gets up drunk on the morning of the 14th, and goes to bed drunk on the night of the 18th. During this reign of liquor and absence of law, the streets are incessantly

paraded by gangs of yelling men and women, who throw, at every one they meet, balls of mud, and skins filled with paint, and all kinds of horrid-smelling things. If you lock your door, it is broken down by the mob, and you are dragged out and rolled in the mud and painted, until you can hardly recognize yourself. You would see a captain in the Peruvian Navy start down the street to his breakfast, looking, in his "hidatgo pride," as neat as a new pin, and a dozen women would break from the crowd; and, while some would be smearing his face with red, white, and blue paint, others would be throwing flour over him from top to toe. Just as he thinks he is going to get away, several hands grab him, and his shirt-collar is quietly pulled aside, to make way for a handful of soft, black mud, from the street; and, at the same time, he feels his pockets being filled with the same article. There are trees planted at the corners of the principal streets, and here the players collect, and dance around to drums, horns, and yells, until they are ready to drop from fatigue and excitement. Then the tree is cut down, and the one toward whom it falls has to treat to drinks. He is master of ceremonies for the next time, and must have another tree planted. No one who remains in town is exempt from the annoyance.

The pet animals form not an unimportant part in the population here. Every house has its half-dozen parrots and monkeys. The first you can hear all day saying their letters, calling people, cursing, and singing parts of the church service. The latter, as a general thing, are stupid. The other day, however, one stole some four or five eggs, and took down the street pursued by the neighbor from whom he had purloined them. An Indian having run out into the street to stop him, the monkey, finding himself hard pushed, ran up on him, and took position on the top of his head, whence the latter could not dislodge him. People collected around, and, seeing himself about to be captured, he smashed the eggs in the Indian's face, jumped down, and got away. The great amusement of the place, in fact, the only diversion, consists in *fandangos*. Of these, there are one or two every night, and on some nights more than half a dozen. They are indulged in and enjoyed by all classes, and the passion for them is remarkable. The poor devil who has been working all the month without any clothes on his back, at the close of it will take his few dollars and immediately purchase a demijohn of *chacaca* (distilled cane-juice), a few bottles of some miserable wine, and a jar of *chicha* (fermented Indian-corn and water sweetened). He then goes to his house, throws open the doors, sounds a few notes on the concertina, strikes a few blows on an old empty goods-box (these two instruments always accompany each other, and furnish the music peculiar to a *fandango* in this place), and the crowd collects. Any passer-by can enter; and there they stay, and "back and fill," whirl around and around, and pass each other, until the liquor is gone, waving their handkerchiefs and flirting them in each other's faces, and calling to each other "Hal-za!" (or, "Get along faster!"). At the same

time, they sing an accompaniment to the music, and the wall-flowers clap their feet and hands.

The concertina seems to be a very favorite musical instrument with the Indians of South America. A great many of the cholo women of the place play upon them with that touch and taste peculiar to the Indian. The strains are the sweetest, saddest, and most weird, imaginable. They are the native melodies, or songs, of the Indians of the mountains and hill-country. In Peru they call them *tristes*. They say that these *tristes* were composed by a young Indian, who lost his sweetheart, and who used to go every day and sit by her grave and lament. By degrees the rain washed the earth away, and her bones became visible. The Indian took the bone of her arm, and from it made a flute or pipe, with which he would sit by the grave day and night and play the tunes that are now sung as *tristes*.

The government factory of Yquitos is only remarkable for getting a considerable amount of work out of some Britons without paying them. The tree standing near it is much more worthy of note. It is a palm-tree, covered with parasitical vines, which have grown around it until they have become linked together, making an enormous tree, with the palm for the centre. This tree is the roosting-place of many buzzards that patrol the town by day; and, at night, are its guardian angels.

Yquitos is visited by small traders from the neighboring rivers, who have been collecting rubber, gums, and Indian curiosities, etc. These often come from a great distance, from far up the river Napo, in Ecuador, and from other smaller streams entering into the Amazon. They come in canoes, or on *balzas*, bringing their commodities with them, and oftentimes one or two Indians from the section of country they have visited. In this way, the good people of Yquitos have often been made to smile, upon opening their lazy, black eyes in the morning, to see, strolling along unconcernedly in the dirty street, a little squad of savages, perfectly naked, or else fantastically dressed. The Indians, who withdrew to the interior when this place was established, are called Yquitos Indians. In stature they are square and well built, with pleasant, open countenances. They keep clear of the settlements; and it is a rare thing to see one enter the neighborhood. In intelligence they are far below the Conibo; possessing neither bows nor arrows, and going perfectly naked. A short lance is their only weapon, offensive and defensive; and it is said that they capture their game by snares. They have the love of ornament so distinctive in the Indian, and wear quite a tasty little head-dress of bark placed jauntily on one side of the head. They have also a slit in the lobe of the ear, through which is worn a short section of reed, in the end of which is stuck a little bunch of red feathers. The finest-looking Indians seen in this part of the country come down the river Napo from Ecuador. All the Indians through this country distrust the whites; and, adding to that their fear of the small-pox, which to them is peculiarly fatal, it is not often that

they can be gotten to enter this place. Another tribe, inhabiting a belt of country touching the Napo, three or four hundred miles above its mouth, are the Oregones or big-eared Indians. When young, the lobe of the ear is slit, and into it is inserted a small, round block of wood. These blocks are constantly replaced by larger ones, so that, when the age of manhood is attained, round blocks of three or four inches in circumference are worn. It is said that, when these Oregones are warring against each other, and prisoners are taken, they pair them off, make them face each other, and then pass their hands through each other's ears. Then the captors lash their hands together behind their heads, and thus they are secured.

On the morning of March 21, '74, we left Yquitos in the launch Pastaza for the purpose of making a chart of the Upper Marañon, and determining the position of Borja at the "Pungo de Manserichi," the point where the river breaks through the Andes Mountains, and which was said to be the head of steam navigation.

March 29th.—Arrived at the mouth of the Huallaga. This is a large river, emptying into the Marañon on the right side, and its banks are better suited for cultivation than any we have seen in this country. It is, also, on the mail route from Yquitos to Lima. Yurimaguas, near the head of navigation, is a small village, but, in importance, as regards the river settlements, is next to Yquitos.

March 30th.—Reached Barranca, latitude $4^{\circ} 59' 55''$ south, longitude $76^{\circ} 38' 38''$ west of Greenwich; distance from the Brazilian frontier, seven hundred and thirty-three miles and three-quarters; elevation above sea-level, 138,072 metres. Barranca is an outpost settlement, situated on a high, clay bank. It has a garrison of twelve soldiers, under the command of a lieutenant. These men are stationed here to keep back the hostile tribes of this section. We took on board the officer and his command, and also six or eight Indians of the post, and in half an hour were under way again. Then I learned that we had a case of small-pox on board. This crew had lived in Yquitos so long they did not mind it much, but it was necessary to keep it a secret from the soldiers and new men. About four p. m. we passed an old deserted *chacra*. We ran around a point out of sight of it, and anchored. The soldiers and Indians were then sent down to the bunkers to pass wood, and the sick man was hurried over the side into a canoe, with provisions, an old gun, and two nurses, and told to pull as rapidly as possible for the *chacra*. He was supposed to stay at this hut for four or five days, in which time he would either die or become well enough to make a canoe-voyage of one hundred and fifty miles to the mouth of the Huallaga. There is very little danger of his spreading the disease; for above Barranca he will "lie pretty low," through fear of the savages, and below, if in passing any of the *Christianized* Indians they should happen to find out that he has the small-pox, they will kill him and his two nurses and sink his canoe.

March 31st.—At nine a. m. we passed Limon. This is a beautiful green island lying

in the middle of the river, and in area comprising about two acres. It is the first *mal paso*, or obstruction to navigation. Here we encountered the first *playa* of pebbles; and just ahead the mountains are plainly in sight. There are the remains of a deserted *chacra* on this little island; and the fruit-trees planted by its former occupant seem to be struggling to keep their heads above the rank vegetation, fifteen and twenty feet high, which seems, in turn, to be trying to choke them out. One night, about eighteen months ago, the owner of the *chacra* and eleven others were massacred by a very savage tribe called Wambesas. One man—who was out fishing—only escaped to tell the tale; and, since then, no one has dared to live above the station of Barranca.

At 4.20 p. m. we anchored for the night. Just after stopping we discovered ten *rosacos* on a *playa* about half a mile away; and the second commander and I took some Indians and started for them. We crept up, and, at the same instant, both fired into the largest. Although he had two army-balls through him, he and the rest jumped into the river, and began to swim for the other side, leaving us only their heads to fire at. The one we had shot, finding himself too weak to get across, tried to ascend the bank, and run past us into the woods; and, although an Indian split his skull with a big knife, he jumped back into the river, and dived out of sight. However, we killed five, three of them weighing over one hundred and fifty pounds apiece.

April 1st.—Last night, at twelve o'clock, we broke a hawser, and steamed for a better anchorage. At seven a. m. we got under way, and, although the current was very strong and navigation difficult, the chief engineer (marine) and the captain of the soldiers selected this time to get drunk. After a very narrow escape from being dashed against the bank by the current, we arrived without mishap at the old site of Borja. Here, the lieutenant and his soldiers, having seen signs of *infieles* below, went ashore and reconnoitred; but with no success.

April 3d.—This is the prettiest spot I have seen in Peru. We have steamed up from the marshes of the lower river, and are now anchored a few hundred feet from and just in front of a narrow mountain-gorge, through which rush the contracted waters of the mighty Amazon. These mountains belong to the Andes range, and are parallel to the main backbone. On the other side of this pass the river again spreads out to its usual width, and flows through an immense valley. Through this gorge rushes a current of cool air; and, just in the proper place to get the full benefit of it, Nature has formed a beautiful little plateau of six or seven acres, as fertile as fertile can be; and this is the site of the old town of Borja. This locality is said to be rich in gold, and must have been so once; for, as early as 1634, there was a village established here. In 1737 it was made a missionary station by the Jesuits, it being the first one established in this *montana* region.

A garrison was kept here to force the Indians to bring in gold, and from it doubtless

proceeded oppression of the vilest kind to the poor Indian. So that, upon the independence of Peru, when the Spanish force was withdrawn, the neighboring Indians rushed in, killed all the inhabitants, and burned the town. Since that time several attempts have been made to reestablish the place, but all have proved unsuccessful. Several months after it had been abandoned for the last time, three Italians with their wives came up here, and located with a view to collecting gold from the beds of the streams in the vicinity. They were killed, and their wives taken prisoners and carried through the pass on the other side. These women were treated very respectfully by the savages, but were closely guarded. Once all the men went away and left them in charge of the women. These, upon retiring to sleep at night, tied the hair of their own heads to that of their captives, in order to secure them. But the story goes that the captives quietly pulled out their own hair, so as not to awaken the Indians, and thus freed themselves. They then noiselessly cut the canoes adrift, so as to avoid pursuit, and, climbing around the *pongo* (whirlpool), made a raft; and, after much suffering and starvation, were picked up some distance down the river.

April 4th.—Went on shore to-day to make observations. The church and barracks built by the last occupants of Borja are in a tolerable state of preservation. In the church were some old hammocks, swung by the last party of *infidels* that had prowled down this way. Two hundred yards farther on the scene changes from the ordinarily flat, spongy soil of the plateau to the abrupt side of a steep mountain. The transition is so sudden that you can hardly believe it. Without any forewarning in the way of rocks and slight undulations, you issue from the dense undergrowth, and are arrested suddenly by a foaming mountain-stream of clear limestone-water, which comes thundering along around the base of the mountain, and, pouring over immense boulders of limestone, joins the *Marañon* just as it issues from the pass.

Barranca, April 7th.—Last night we arrived at this place, having left Borja at nine p. m. We came down-stream at a tremendous speed, and struck three *playas* of gravel, but the impetus of the vessel carried us over. About the 14th we will arrive in Yquitos. Lieutenant P—, the commandant of the post, says that, during the ten months of his command at Barranca, he has collected nearly one thousand Indians, and established them in villages around him. These, at the time of his arrival, had no settled homes, but were hiding from each other in creeks and ponds, living in their canoes, and killing each other whenever they could get a chance. The old *curaca* or head-Indian of Barranca is the oldest native in this part of the country, and the most remarkable specimen of a man that I have ever seen. He has not "the twentieth part of one poor scruple" of flesh on his whole body, and you would say that he was at least a hundred years old. Still, he does not allow himself to be outdone in any thing by any young man in the settlement. We were anxious to have his picture, and the lieutenant promised to translate from the In-

dian language an account of his long and eventful life, to be put on the back of his photograph; but the fates ordered otherwise. The *curaca* was told that we wanted his picture. He jumped at the idea and came on board, pulled off his shirt, rolled up his pants, and squared himself against the mast. His breast consisted of nothing but muscle and scars. There were at least seven or eight large gashes and holes in his arms, shoulders, and chest. These wounds he had received when a young man, and upon the occasion of the killing of his wife and children and his being left for dead. Leaving the old fellow in this striking position, I went below to see how the photographer was coming on in the preparation of his plates. I found him, his machine, and the whole cabin, enveloped in flames, some of his chemicals having taken fire; and, as the whistle for departure sounded just then, the taking of the photograph was a decided failure. We put out the fire, and I went up and told the old chief that the white gentleman had "busted," and that we would have to dispense with his picture for the present. The old fellow uncoiled himself very slowly, and with great deliberation got into his shirt. Then, with a look of supreme contempt for white gentlemen, as a class, he got into his canoe and shoved off, without ever having opened his mouth.

This voyage terminated the most important explorations of the commission.*

N. B. NOLAND.

A VISIT TO VICTOR HUGO'S ISLAND-HOME.

IN the quaint streets of the town of St. Petersport, in the Channel Islands, may be seen, at certain seasons of the year, a singular-appearing old man, with a full, white beard and gray locks, who walks with an abstracted air, his head being bowed and turned a little on one side, as if half in search of something on the ground. This singular-appearing man is Victor Hugo, who, expatriated by imperialism, took refuge in Guernsey from necessity, where he now remains sometimes by choice. Here, where the principal scenes of the story are laid, he wrote "The Toilers of the Sea," which he dedicates to—

"The Rock of Hospitality and Liberty, to that portion of the old Norman ground inhabited by the noble little Nation of the Sea, to the Island of Guernsey, severe yet kind, my present home, perhaps my tomb."

In this brief dedication the author gives a glimpse of his island-home and its peculiar characteristics—Guernsey being, like the other members of the group to which it belongs, a rock, though a very large rock. And, since there are nations and nations, we will

* Reference in these pages has been made to the *ronsozo*. This creature is a lazy, slow-moving beast, in appearance closely resembling the tapir, but being smaller in size. It has three toes on each hind- and two on each forefoot. Its habits and food are similar to those of the tapir. Its flesh is like that of the hog, and is quite palatable. Herds of them are often seen feeding on the *playas* along the river's banks. When attacked, they take to the water readily, and are very tenacious of life.

concede that Guernsey is correctly styled a "noble" little nation; severe, too, as alleged, especially to roving, unauthenticated strangers, in common with acknowledged knaves. It is a curious old island, notched with coves and bays, and buttressed with flinty rocks; its entire border being studded with castles, martello towers, and quaint spires, while the rolling fields are sown with "menhir" and "dolmen;" the architecture, military and ecclesiastic, dating from the tenth and eleventh centuries, while the Druidic remains go back to the prehistoric man. In a word, the island is just what a piece of "old Norman ground" ought to be, forming a convenient home for Victor Hugo; since, while possessing the power of exciting his fancy, it at the same time afforded the desired "rock of liberty," whence, in the days of French Cæsarism, he could safely launch his republican thunders.

In writing under the title selected, one hardly knows which to regard as the poet's "home," the island itself, or the particular house in which he lives. Perhaps the reader will expect something about both, though in either case this sketch must be brief. The most noticeable feature of St. Petersport, the chief town of Guernsey, may be found in the buildings and streets, though the people who live in the houses and walk in the streets would bear a great deal of description, being poor, proud, exclusive, and clannish, as well as hospitable, prosperous, and kind. There are two sides to this "old Norman" shield, which takes its theological device from Oxford, and its legal legends from France, though the people are almost independent of English and Continental manners, customs, politics, and speech. The prosperity of the place is not of a kind to turn anybody's head, while the poverty of the poor is a monotonous thing, and altogether unrelieved; conger-eel taking the place of nourishing meat, which latter they *drink*, complaining all the while because they cannot eat it and drink it too. But this can hardly be while the taxes paid on intoxicating beverages average fourteen pounds and twelve shillings sterling per annum for every family on the island; from which we may infer the cost of the drink itself.

Another thing that the people lack is room, and with about as much reason, too, as in the case of food. There are, indeed, thousands of acres of open fields, but these are not greatly for the immediate benefit of either man or beast, the beautiful cow, the counterpart of the Alderney, being tethered by a short rope, and allowed only the smallest possible range; while the cow's owner scarcely allows himself room to turn around in. This is the case in both town and country, the lanes being so narrow that one has fairly to wriggle through one of their little villages, where the heavy-looking peasant replies to a question, not in modern French, but in that of the Nun in the Canterbury Pilgrimage, who spoke French—

"After the schole of Stratford-at-le-Bow,
For French of Paris was to her unknowe."

And this reference to the language of the island reminds one of the fact that Guernsey

claims another distinguished author besides Victor Hugo, known as Walter Wace, who, in the twelfth century, wrote the celebrated "Roman de Rou." Most of the people at the present day speak English in addition to the old French, though the liturgy of the English Church, at the morning service, is rendered in the modern. The islands themselves, while lying on the coast of France, belong to the English crown, which exercises a paternal, and sometimes almost nominal, jurisdiction.

In landing at St. Petersport, the visitor cannot fail to be impressed by the castellated aspect of the neighborhood. He must also pay attention to the extensive piers and breakwaters, constructed at such enormous expense, though on this *paper* voyage there will be no time to delay to visit "Cornet Castle." From the long pier we pass into the principal street of the town, Rue Grande, or High Street, which, in fact, is now the Lower or Water Street, for the reason that the town has retreated to the steep hill-side, and stretched itself out on the uplands beyond. The Rue Grande is the shopping-place, though the shops and dwellings are poorly lighted, owing to the narrowness of the street. In one place the houses formerly projected, in the old Norman style, until they actually met, and formed an arched passage. Even now the sunlight squeezes itself in with difficulty. In looking southward toward the quaint and venerable parish church, which appears to block the way, the pedestrian wonders how he is ever to get through; but, as he approaches, the houses deferentially stand aside, and afford a straitened passage. Half-way down the Rue Grande a broad ravine formerly opened to the uplands of Guernsey, and this ravine is now converted into streets and terraces, ascended by steep stone stairs. After a long and tortuous climb, the explorer arrives breathless at the top, and finds himself in the upper-tendom of Guernsey, where "eminent respectability" asserts its reign. Still, the proudest scion of this insular nobility, though his caste be as pure as the moon, does not scorn to let lodgings. Victor Hugo's house does not stand in the charmed circle of the "Grange," and you may reach it, as is also the case with the "Grange" itself, by a carriage-road, steep but passable. On arriving at the poet's residence, which stands in a narrow, cobble-paved street, without sidewalks, it is found to be a large, unattractive structure, built in the English style, with a brown mastic front. In fact, it is outwardly a prosaic affair. You may see scores of such buildings in any little decayed English town. On entering, however, you experience something of a surprise—as much of a surprise, perhaps, as when you pass through the door of Scott's pepper-box home at Abbotsford, and view the results of the great Scotch novelist's elegant trifling. I must add, however, that in the case of the Frenchman's domicile there is but little elegance, though the visit is quite as interesting as that enjoyed in the pilgrimage to the banks of the Tweed. On the occasion of visiting the house of Victor Hugo, the maid-servant who opened the door informed us that her master was away. But we nevertheless re-

quested the privilege of viewing the mansion, as we understood it was his custom to admit visitors in this informal way. A *douceur* dropped into the palm of this neatly-dressed Norman girl immediately put us upon a friendly footing, and under her guidance we went over the house.

I must, however, go back so far as to say that, when the door through which we entered had been closed behind us, we were left in a kind of mediæval gloom, and it was not until the pupils of our eyes had adjusted themselves to the diminished light that we were able to take in the situation. Then we found that we had stepped out of the glare of the nineteenth century into the atmosphere of the middle ages. Every thing bore the marks of an extreme antiquity—the walls and ceilings being covered with dark-looking carved woods, apparently taken from the walls of venerable Continental structures, for the purpose of lending an air of age to this really modern house. A passage in "The Tollers of the Sea" at once occurred to me, wherein M. Hugo declares that "houses are like the human beings who inhabit them. They become to their former selves what the corpse is to the living body." Perhaps he had in view the house in which he wrote—of the walls that for him had inclosed so much sorrow. But, without giving any time for reflection, our Norman cicerone threw open the antique folding-doors, and ushered us into a spacious *salle-à-manger*. Here we found that the same effort had been made to revive the past by the means of antique wood-work and carvings, oddly jumbled up with white Dutch tiles, bearing blue and purple figures. There was a transom running around the walls, and at one end of the room a throne, access to which was barred by an iron chain. Our cicerone could not tell us either the origin or use of this lofty structure, but one of the shopkeepers of the place told me that the poet was accustomed to sit on this throne when "consulting the spirits," which shows that some of the islanders have views of their own on the subject. There were legends upon the walls in both Latin and French, one of which I copied, as it seemed to have occupied a large place in the poet's thought: "*Ex Ilium vita est.*" The ceiling of the room was covered with old tapestry, and every thing possible was done to render its aspect striking and *bizarre*.

Thence we passed up the staircase to the *salon*, noting as we went that the rail and balusters were covered, like the stairs and adjoining walls, with a coarse drugget, and so thoroughly upholstered that every sound was hushed. In moving about we actually made no more noise than so many ghosts. The device was excellent for weak nerves. Entering the *salon*, we found its aspect resembling that of the rooms below: heavy Persian carpets on the floor; rich Gobelin tapestries on both walls and ceilings, and stiff with figures in gold; costly and curious inlaid tables and chairs, upholstered with silk and gold; a writing-table with the necessary apparatus, the joint gift of Dumas, Lamartine, and George Sand; mirrors and articles of *vertu*; Sèvres china, and fighting-cocks and peacocks looking down from the

walls effulgent with gold. The different countries of the Old World appear to have been ransacked to meet the poet's odd taste, China being quite as popular in the collection as mediæval France. Some day there will be a notable auction, and ambitious collectors will wage furious war.

Above the *salon* we were shown a room divided into two compartments by pillars, and furnished throughout in carved oak. In one compartment stood a stately bed, which they told us was "Garibaldi's bed." "And why?" we asked. "Because it was made ready for him; he never slept on it." Still, it is Garibaldi's; and, apparently, it would have appeared no more sacred if it had belonged to Olympian Jove. After noting the decorations of this room we proceeded to view the great author's writing-room, or study, which is no imposing apartment, like that devoted to composition by the author of "Waverley." It proved to be nothing more than a little, low-ceiled room up under the roof, the ceiling dropping or "slanting" at both sides, as in houses with the "gambrel-roof." The floor was heavily carpeted with the common red-and-black "drugget" already mentioned, and the walls were padded with the same material, which also furnished rude cushions for the transoms or immovable benches ranged on two sides of the room against the walls. Of the two other sides, one afforded space for a door, and the other opened into what might serve as a conservatory, as it had a glass door, and floor and walls of creamy Dutch tiles. All the light in this *salle de travail* was admitted from the anteroom. On one side of this room was a small table, standing close to the transom, which took the place of chairs, the table being covered and padded with the inevitable drugget. A plain inkstand and some common pens completed the simple writing-apparatus, while the great man's little library was piled up carelessly on the ends of the transom, showing by its paucity that society formed his great book of reference, and that he depended upon the printed volume chiefly for facts and dates. However that may be, a strong man could have carried off the collection in his arms. Such is the room—hardly more than a garret—wherein Victor Hugo conjured up the thick-growing fancies and startling scenes that have moved the world. On entering it one almost fancied himself in the tiny cabin of some old North River sloop. Every thing appears snug and compact, as if ready for sea. There is no picture on the wall, no elegant trifle on the table. A monk's cell could hardly appear more bare; and the heavily-draped walls, impervious to sound, shut the mind up to its own consciousness. Here, solitary and often heart-sore, Victor Hugo toiled over his great works. His curious and costly collections were for his friends, while this poor little workshop was for himself.

Seating myself on the transom behind the table, I reached out right and left, pulling a book or two at random from each of the piles, here lighting upon a Latin classic and a compendium of the bones of history, and there a curious disquisition upon death. The mental pabulum was not varied, though

strong. Victor Hugo commands a realm of his own, and, whether in splendid Paris, where the ends of the world meet, or in remote Guernsey, girdled by the sea, this realm glows with light and knowledge, and its ruler, even when sitting in this plain, monastic cell, appears a king.

We left the house after viewing several other apartments, one of which contained nothing but a low lounge, raised only about four inches above the floor, upon which the great novelist was accustomed to throw himself, in weary moments, for brief naps. This room, as much as any other, illustrated his idiosyncrasies. Indeed, the whole house is the index of what is at once a simple and yet curiously complex mind, capable of being moved, encouraged, and even consoled, by the memories of the past, and at the same time attaining to its best activity by the shutting out of every thing except self.

B. F. DE COSTA.

REMINISCENCES OF WELLINGTON.*

IT was during the Christmas holidays, when my father was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, that I first saw the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, and at that time principal secretary. A feat of agility upon my part attracted his attention, and he warmly applauded me, adding that I ought to go to Astley's or Sadler's Wells Theatre.

"I hope better things for him," responded my mother. "William is ambitious to enter the army, and we must look to you for your kind offices."

"Well, well," replied Wellesley, "there's plenty of time for that."

No further allusion was made to the subject; it was not, however, forgotten by the secretary, though it did not produce any result until he had long left behind him the pleasant scenes of his Irish official duties, and had commenced his grand career in the Peninsula.

I pass over a few years, when one morning I was called up by Dr. Cary, then head-master of Westminster School, and "conscience, which makes cowards of us all," gave me a pang, for it reminded me that on the previous day I had been out of bounds, a crime always attended with punishment, when discovered. Whether Dr. Cary imbibed the love of flogging from a celebrated predecessor, I know not, but he certainly never "spoiled a child by sparing the rod," and it was said that the system at that time pursued at Westminster was founded on the practice of Dr. Busby, who, for fifty-five years, ruled over the destinies of that school with a rod of iron, or, more strictly speaking, with one of birch; and who was so notorious for his Spartan discipline that he flogged the boys every Monday morning because he knew they would deserve it during the week! On the occasion I refer to, I was wrong in my opinion, for, with a kindly smile, Dr. Cary showed me the *Gazette*, in which I found myself, then within four months of my fourteenth year, appointed to a cornetcy in the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), the duke having, in the following letter to Colonel Torrens, recommended me for the first vacancy that occurred in that distinguished corps:

"FRENDA, April 7, 1813.

"To COLONEL TORRENS: In the event of the promotions recommended in the inclosed letter being approved of by the commander-in-chief, I beg leave to submit the name of Lord William Pitt Lennox for the cornetcy in succession.

"I have the honor to be, etc.,

"WELLINGTON."

It was on the 7th of August, 1814, that, having been previously appointed *attaché* to the duke, then about to proceed to Paris as ambassador to the newly-restored monarch, Louis XVIII., I drove up to the duke's temporary residence in Hamilton Place, Piccadilly, and, at the hour named for our departure, his grace entered the carriage, followed by the late Colonel de Burgh and myself. We drove to Coombe Wood, where the Earl of Liverpool was in waiting to receive us, and a small party were assembled for dinner.

Early next morning we left for Dover. The duke was received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm, for, in the language of Southey, "the people would not be debarred from gazing till the last moment upon the hero—the darling hero—of England." At three o'clock a salute from the batteries announced the arrival of Wellington at Dover, where he was met by Vice-Admiral Foley. That gallant officer said that, as the wind was blowing very fresh from the west-southwest, and the weather was very boisterous, it would be impossible to embark from that port, and that preparations had been made for the duke's reception at the hotel.

"I must proceed, if possible," replied Wellington. "Could we not embark at Deal?"

"Assuredly," responded the admiral; "but I've only a small sloop-of-war there, and I fear the accommodation will not be suitable for your grace."

"Never mind that, I must make the best of my way to Brussels and Paris. Such are my orders."

In less than an hour we were on board the *Griffon* sloop-of-war. The Iron Duke was a wretched bad sailor, and, as the captain had not sufficient time to prepare for so distinguished a guest, the duke had to rough it upon the ordinary sea-provisions—hard biscuits, salt pork, and fiery rum. After a very rough passage of twenty-four hours, we landed at Bergen-op-Zoom, for we failed to make Ostend. After inspecting the fortress, we left for Antwerp, and thence proceeded to Brussels. After a brief stay in that city, the duke, accompanied by the Prince of Orange, proceeded to inspect carefully the fortresses in the Netherlands.

At Namur, his grace was received with the most marked enthusiasm by the inhabitants, who took the horses from the carriage and drew it into the palace. Although I have been chaired after an election, a custom now done away with, the only time I ever had the honor, and that honor was due to my chief, of being drawn in triumph by the populace, was at Namur. Here the duke took leave of his former aide-de-camp, the prince, and continued his journey to Paris, which he reached on the 23d of August.

I pass over the festivities of the "City of Frivolity," given in honor of the newly-appointed ambassador, and will merely remark that at that period France could boast of a royal hunt. Wellington was devoted to the chase, and, having an excellent stud of

hunters, kindly mounted me whenever he took part in it. On the 5th of November the hounds met at Rambouillet, where, for the first time, my chief adopted the French hunting-costume—gold-laced coat, *couteau de chasse*, cocked-hat, and jack-boots. Never shall I forget the smile that beamed upon his countenance when he looked at himself in the glass.

"What would they say of me in England?" he exclaimed; "I should not dare to appear on this day, or they would surely take me for a Guy Faux."

Over Louis XVIII. Wellington had obtained great influence—so great, indeed, as, much to the scandal of his chamberlains, to induce Louis occasionally to depart from the established etiquette of the French court. And one instance shows in a remarkable manner the consideration which the duke at all times showed to those of his own profession, whether his own countrymen or foreigners. Not only had the king admitted him, though a subject, to his dinner-table, but he had even invited himself to meet the King of Prussia as Wellington's guest. The duke cheerfully prepared to receive both his illustrious visitors; but on the morning of the projected entertainment a difficulty arose, for an officer of the royal household, who came, according to the usage of the court, to see that all things were in due order, found a cover laid for which he was unable to account, and, on inquiry, learned that it was for the officer on guard at the duke's gate; the compliment of a guard of honor having been paid him by the government during his residence in Paris. The chamberlain pompously declared:

"C'est tout-à-fait impossible pour un roi de France de dîner avec un sujet."

The duke's steward was equally certain of the orders which he had received from his master.

When appeal was made to Wellington himself, he, feeling with Major Dalgetty that "a valiant soldado was a camarado for an emperor," declared that the officer on guard always dined with him, and always must do so. And so it was on this occasion, for, though the chamberlain reported the duke's contumacy to Louis in its details, and besought his majesty to vindicate his own dignity, by depriving the foreign commander of the honor of his company, Louis cared more for his dinner than for his dignity, and, for the first time since the days of Louis XIV., an untitled officer of the French service sat at table as the worthy companion of his sovereign.

On the 23d of January Wellington left Paris to take part in the Congress of Vienna, and great was my delight to find that Colonel Fremantle and myself were to accompany his grace. Our journey was a most delightful one, and often do I look back with feelings of unmingled gratitude and pleasure to the good fortune that enabled me to participate in so covetable a privilege as being the companion of the great hero. Anxious to lose no time, we never stopped on the road with the exception of four hours during the night, when the duke's power of falling at once to sleep came into effect; for no sooner did we reach the inn than his grace retired to bed; and, at the hour named for starting, he appeared perfectly refreshed, having slept, dressed, and breakfasted during that brief period, while my brother *attaché* and myself looked what is called, with more truth than elegance, "awfully seedy," having passed our time in eating supper, and then lying down in our clothes before the hot German stove, until it was time to make our toilet previous to departure.

* From "Celebrities I have known; with Episodes, Political, Social, Sporting, and Theatrical." By Lord William Pitt Lennox. London, 1876.

We certainly did not starve on our journey, for the carriage was well stored with Parisian *comestibles*, French and Rhine wines. Vienna was peopled with sovereigns, ambassadors, ministers of state, and generals, and there was a succession of festivities from morning till night. These festivities were suddenly put an end to by the escape of Napoleon I. from the isle of Elba. A rumor had reached us early one morning that such had been the case, and Wellington immediately proceeded to the palace. Shortly afterward I met Eugène Beauharnais, Napoleon's step-son, who confirmed the report. From that moment until the 29th of March, when we left Vienna for Brussels, my chief was entirely occupied in business or absorbed in thought. Upon arriving at Brussels, Wellington shook me warmly by the hand, and, in a most feeling manner, said "that, as he was anxious to replace on his staff those officers who had served him in the Peninsula, he could no longer retain me." This sounded like a death-blow to my hopes; my disappointment was, however, considerably lessened by his grace adding, "I will appoint you to the first vacancy." Most strictly did he keep his word; for, a few days before the allied army entered Paris after the battle of Waterloo, I, then an extra aide-de-camp to General Maitland, encamped with the Guards in the Bois de Boulogne, received a few lines from the duke, saying "that, in consequence of the lamented death of Colonels Gordon and Canning, two vacancies had occurred, one of which I was to fill up."

I lost no time in joining my chief—a few days before he made his triumphant entry into Paris. And here I may remark that the duke was extremely attached to all his staff, more especially those who had gone through the deprivations, the difficulties, and dangers, of the Peninsular campaign. I select this period from a desire not to be egotistical; and certainly those who composed it were, generally speaking, young men of active habits and good constitutions, possessing courage, judgment, quickness, and decision. The hunting-field in England had made most of the staff fully competent for a not very unimportant part of their duty—that of conveying orders to distant posts, which, in a wild, mountainous country, with an enemy on the lookout, was no easy task.

It was a surprise that the French officers could not get over, when they saw the stripplings that attended the British commander-in-chief; for in their army few under the rank of full colonels were attached to the emperor or his generals. Yet these young soldiers—I still refer to the Peninsular staff—did their duty in the most meritorious manner, so as to gain the thanks and confidence of their chief.

Never shall I forget the look of astonishment the Emperor of Russia gave me when, at a review of his troops, I addressed myself to his majesty on the part of my general, Wellington. I was afterward told at dinner, by a Russian officer, that his imperial master could scarcely believe his senses when he heard that a youth in his sixteenth year held so distinguished and responsible a situation as extra aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief.

Upon another occasion, when the duke inspected the Russian and Prussian armies, and a sham fight took place, I was sent by Wellington to order a regiment to retire, the combatants having got too much in earnest, and I had the greatest difficulty in checking their ardor, the Prussian colonel looking rather incredulous, and I must add somewhat con-

temptuous, at the message delivered him by a boy aide-de-camp.

To the "gentlemen of England who live at home at ease," and whose ideas of hardship are very like those of the young guardman who said, or rather is reported to have said, "he could manage to rough it on beef-steaks and port wine," I must point out that the duty of an aide-de-camp of Wellington's, although one of the highest honor, was not quite the bed of roses many supposed it to have been. Fancy a long ride of some fifteen leagues, under a broiling sun or the "pelting, pitiless storm," over a wild, mountainous tract, or through plains intersected with rivers and ditches; a straggler from the enemy's ranks, deserter from your own, or pilfering peasant of the country, looking out to enrich himself by quietly shooting you through the head. You reach the place of your destination, deliver your dispatches, devote the half-hour your chief has allotted you to rest and refreshment, and retrace your steps to headquarters. The next morning the note of preparation is heard, an action is anticipated; the eagle-eye of Wellington burns with unusual fire, some deed is to be done before sunset. Before noon you are in the midst of it; you are ordered to the right of the line to bring up a regiment to support another nearly overwhelmed by the superior force of the enemy. You gallop along the ensanguined field strewn with the wounded and the dead; you reach the commanding officer, deliver the brief order of Wellington, written with pencil in his own hand, and torn from his memorandum-book, and then hasten to return to your chief. A few straggling dragoons of the enemy, having left their main body, recognize you by your dress to be a staff-officer; they wheel round, and make a dash at you—your trusty steed answers to your touch, and away you go like Mazeppa's wild horse "upon the pinions of the wind." At one time the unevenness of the ground gives them a chance, but on a level your charger, a high-mettled racer, leaves them far behind, to anathematize you in no very measured terms.

The day is over, our arms are crowned with victory; but even then what thoughts come over you! It is true you are spared, but many of your dearest and best friends have fallen. The reflection is mournful, and nothing but the excitement of the time could keep up your spirits. In the depth of the night, when lying on your straw pallet, exposed, perhaps, to the inclemencies of the weather, to the heavy bursts of rain, the vivid flashes of lightning, the loud claps of thunder, the furious gusts of wind, the thoughts of "home" and those dear to you will come over the mind of the bravest, and fill it with reflections easier to be understood than depicted.

To give an instance of the promptness and fidelity with which the duty of the aides-de-camp was carried on, I will quote an anecdote, which, among many others, occurs to me. Upon one occasion, during an action, my late brother, the Duke of Richmond, was sent with an order to one of the most gallant regiments in the service, the Seventh Royal Fusiliers, who were suffering greatly from the enemy's fire. Just as he reached this distinguished corps, he observed that some of our guns had ceased firing. Addressing the artillery-officer, he mentioned the object of his mission, and suggested that, if he would only continue to pour some grape into the enemy's cavalry, the Fusiliers would get rid of a formidable opponent. "Enemy's cavalry!" said the artillery-officer; "they

belong to the German Legion." "You are wrong," replied the young aide-de-camp; "I am confident they are French. Remember, I have no orders for you to fire, but if you ceased under the impression that they were friends, not foes, I advise you again to blaze away." In a second the artillery-officer took the hint, and again "opened the ball" in a way that made the French take to their horses' heels. When this was mentioned to Wellington, he applauded the judgment and energy of his aide-de-camp.

Wellington has been accused of want of sympathy for individuals, and of having an insufficient sense of the services of his army. He certainly was not demonstrative when on duty, his habitual reserve often concealing feelings that he was chary of displaying; but he was always fair and just, when circumstances did not involve a compromise of system, or interfere with his sense of the public advantage. I could give many instances of his kindness of heart, but two must suffice. Although the Iron Duke was ever foremost in the fray, he was never wounded except upon one occasion, and that was at Orthez, where he received a severe contusion in his hip from a spent ball. This prevented him directing in person the last movements of the army on that day, but he did not quit the field until Soult had begun to retreat. In this engagement, my elder brother, the late Duke of Richmond, was most severely wounded while leading his company to the attack. The wound was pronounced to be mortal.

On the following morning Wellington was enabled to get about upon crutches, and his first walk was across the square to the house in which his former aide-de-camp lay, for Richmond, like a good soldier, had quitted the staff to do duty with his regiment, the gallant Fifty-second Light Infantry. His grace hobbled into the room, where the patient was still in a most precarious state, and the late Dr. Hair, the surgeon, who, exhausted with fatigue, was resting upon a mattress, started up at the entrance of the duke, and made a sign that the wounded man was sleeping. For a second, Wellington leaned against the mantel-piece. He, the sternest of the stern, where the claims of duty invoked the suppression of natural impulses, gave way to the most poignant grief. Suddenly my brother awoke, and, recognizing his chief, expressed a hope that he had been successful on the previous day. "I've given them a good licking," replied the great man, "and I shall follow it up."

The exhausted youth then turned to dose again, and as his chief left the room he appeared broken-hearted at the thought that he had taken a last farewell of the son of one of his oldest and dearest friends. It has always occurred to me that the above would furnish an excellent subject for a picture, that is, if faithfully represented. I say faithfully, because unquestionably many pictures that have appeared cannot claim that epithet. Among others, there is one of the ball given by my mother, the night before the battle of Quatre-Bras, and at which I was present. Byron has made the most of the subject in his beautiful lines, but the artist goes far beyond him, for he makes the house a splendid mansion, with ladies leaning over the spacious balconies, and gives mustaches to all the officers, except those of the Hussars, who alone were entitled to wear them.

The other instance occurred on the night after the battle of Waterloo. There was brief rest for Wellington that night, nature claimed

some relief, and after a frugal meal he threw himself upon his cloak, laid over some bundles of hay, for his attached aide-de-camp, Sir Alexander Gordon, severely wounded, had been placed upon the duke's bed. Wellington's sleep was sound, the sleep of the good man and the brave. At three o'clock in the morning he was aroused by Dr. Hume, who found his grace sitting up on his rude pallet, covered with the dust of the previous day. The kind-hearted surgeon informed him that the spirit of Gordon had fled; the gay and gallant now lay a corpse in the adjoining room.

Wellington was deeply affected at hearing of this and other casualties, tears dropped fast upon his friend's hand which he held in his, and were chasing one another in furrows over his dusty cheeks. Brushing them suddenly away with his left hand, the duke said in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Well, thank God, I don't know what it is to lose a battle, but certainly nothing can be more painful than to gain one with the loss of so many of one's friends." The latter feeling weighed heavily upon his spirit, but the gain was above all price. He felt it proudly as a soldier, humbly as a Christian, and if at the commencement of the struggle he spoke in the animated tones of Henry V., like him he now exclaimed:

"O God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all."

In a letter addressed to his niece, he thus writes: "The finger of Providence was upon me, and I escaped unhurt;" and in another, addressed to General Charles Kent, he says: "Would you credit it? Napoleon overthrown by the gallantry of a British army? But I am quite heart-broken by the loss I have sustained. My friends—my poor soldiers! How many of them I have to regret!"

The late Earl of Dudley, in writing to Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, in January, 1816, remarks: "After the battle the duke joined in the pursuit, and followed the enemy for some miles. Colonel Hervey, who was with him, advised him to desist, as the country was growing less open, and he might be fired at by some stragglers from behind the hedges. "Let them fire away," said Wellington, "the battle is won, and my life is of no value now."

With regard to an insufficient sense of the services of his army, I will merely quote the duke's own words: "Nothing could surpass, or indeed equal, the British troops in the field. The sense of honor among officers existed in no other service to the same degree. I always felt confident when I put a detachment into a post that they would maintain it against any force until they dropped." The above passage is extracted from Lord Palmerston's "Tour to Paris" in 1815. I may further add that, at a dinner at headquarters just after the battle of Toulouse, the conversation turned upon the late immediate movements of the two armies, when Wellington exclaimed: "I will tell you the difference between Soult and me. When he gets into a difficulty, his troops don't get him out of it; when I get into one, mine always do."

Wellington was a great lover of field-sports, and was devoted both to hunting and sporting. While in Portugal, he wrote to my father to the following effect—it forms a postscript to an interesting detail of his military movements: "I was at the family-seat of the Villa Vicosa, the property of the Duke of Braganza, some days ago, and shot with ball

ten head of deer. The park in which they were is immense, and I dare say did not contain less than five thousand head—many of them red deer. This is pretty good sport." The duke was so thoroughly a fox-hunter, that he never allowed heat, wet, or cold, to interfere with the sport, and during the Peninsular campaign, and the occupation of France by the allied armies, he kept a pack of fox-hounds at headquarters. His object was, not only to enliven the leisure hours of himself and his officers during the monotony of winter quarters, but to encourage a manly and invigorating amusement; and he often quoted cases to prove the advantage of field-sports.

Perhaps the most delightful time I passed during the three years that I had the good fortune to serve on Wellington's staff was at the Château Mont St.-Martin, a few leagues from the headquarters at Cambray. Nothing could exceed the hospitality of Wellington, or his desire to promote the amusements of all who came within the circle of his acquaintance. Our mornings, when off duty, were devoted to shooting and fox and wild-boar hunting, our evenings to dancing and private theatricals; and any stranger paying a passing visit to the château who witnessed the unaffected manner, the unostentatious display, the simple habits of the host, would scarcely have imagined that he was in the presence of "Le Vainqueur du Vainqueur du Monde."

I have already said that Wellington was devoted to hunting, and, had he been trained earlier in life to it, would have been (as in a military point of view he was) difficult to beat. He possessed an ardent love for the sport, had a quick eye, and no lack of courage. I can see him now, "in my mind's eye," mounted on a thorough-bred English hunter, galloping over the plains near Vienna, with Lord Londonderry's hounds, after a bag-fox. I again have a vision of being in the forests of Fontainebleau, St.-Germain, and Compiègne, with the French royal stag-hounds, and over the wild country that surrounded his residence, the Château Mont St.-Martin near Cambray, with the wild-boar hounds. I see his animated look beaming with joy, as, escaping from diplomatic or military duties, he enjoyed a gallop with the hounds, encouraging by his own example officers under his command to participate in this manly exercise, which he knew full well was not alone conducive to health, but, like the heroes of antiquity, who were μαθηταὶ κυνηγίας, disciples of hunting, rendered them hardy and courageous, their exploits against wild animals being a prelude to their future victories.

During the time I was on Wellington's staff the duke took part in two boar-hunts at which I was present—one near Paris in 1815, the other not far from Cambray during the following year—at Paris the pack of boar-hounds belonging to a French gentleman. They were of the Norman breed, very large and powerful, with large heads, long ears, and dewlaps; they were marked similarly to fox-hounds, had excellent noses, were very steady, and from the depth of their cry were particularly adapted to forest-hunting.

Although Wellington was not professedly a wit, there were touches of pleasantry in his conversation which rendered him a most agreeable companion. His reply when asked if it was true that he had been surprised at Waterloo by Napoleon, "I was never surprised till now," is well known; not perhaps so well known is a conversation that took place at his table, when a lady of rank requested him to give her an account of the battle of Waterloo,

which reminds one of the French countess who seized a philosopher at the supper-table and exclaimed, "While they are cutting up the fowls, and we have got five minutes to spare, do tell me the history of the world, for I want to know it so much!" "Ah!" said Wellington, "battle of Waterloo. Very easily told. We pommelled the French, they pommelled us; I suppose we pommelled the hardest, so we won the day."

Wellington has been censured for want of judgment in selecting the plains of Waterloo as his battle-ground, French military critics contending that the duke fought the battle in a position full of difficulty. This charge he indignantly repelled, and, after thoroughly exonerating himself, concluded by saying, "My plan was to keep my ground till the Prussians appeared, and then to attack the French position, and I executed my plan."

Wellington was ever just toward those who opposed him. When asked what he really thought of the talent of the Emperor Napoleon as a great general, he said: "I have always considered the presence of Napoleon with an army equal to an additional force of forty thousand men from his superior talent, and from the enthusiasm which his name and presence inspired in the troops." On another occasion the duke also said that he thought Napoleon superior to Turenne, Tallard, or any of the old generals of former times; but Napoleon had this advantage over every other general, himself in particular, that his power was unlimited. He could order every thing on the spot as he pleased; if he wanted reinforcements, they were sent; if to change the plan of a campaign, it was changed; if to reward services, he could confer honors on the field of battle; whereas he, the duke, and other generals, were obliged to write home to ministers, and wait their decision, perhaps that of Parliament; and he himself had never had the power of conferring the slightest reward on any of his followers, however deserving.

I can well remember the time when the duke returned to England after his brilliant campaigns crowned with the battle of Waterloo; at that time he was cheered by the people wherever he went, and lauded to the skies. Afterward, at the period of the Reform Bill, in 1832, the fickle people forgot all his services, and constantly hooted him in the streets. One day, coming from the Tower on horseback, the rascally mob attacked him with so much violence and malice that he was exposed to considerable personal danger in the street. I was, in that year, at a ball given by him at Apsley House to King William IV. and his queen, when the mob were very unruly and indecent in their conduct at the gates; and on the following days they proceeded to such excesses that they broke the windows of Apsley House, and did much injury to his property. It was then that he caused to be put up those iron blinds to his windows which remain to this day as a record of the people's ingratitude. Some time afterward, when he had regained all his popularity, and began to enjoy that great and high reputation which he carried to the grave, he was riding up Constitution Hill in the Park, followed by an immense mob, who were cheering him in every direction. He heard it all with the most stoical indifference, never putting his horse out of a walk, or seeming to regard them, till he leisurely arrived at Apsley House, when he stopped at the gate, turned round to the rabble, and then pointing with his finger to the iron blinds which still closed the windows, he made them a sarcastic bow, without saying a word.

COLLEGE ANECDOTES.

THE innate love of mischief, which early appears in childhood, and goes to sleep in the bustling seriousness of boy-life, when pigeons, rabbits, hens, and Guinea-pigs, keep the nature too fully occupied to be engaged in practical jokes, reappears in all its power, enhanced with a rich fertility of ways and means, in the college-days. Is there any period in life like this? Nothing is fixed or settled! Every thing is an open question again with each new day's new sunrise. Whatsoever is done, is done critically as to the regulative judgment, and at the same time with a never-ending relationship to the sense of mirth.

Whatever can be turned to the account of humor, whatever can be made to sharpen a jest, or feather a satire, or raise a laugh, is drafted into the service, and the earth, sea, and sky, the sceptered sovereigns of past history, along with the newest lights of the present, are all made into material for jokes for the unterrified Sophomore.

Nothing is sacred to this unblushing age, and surely every unskilled professor must tremble as he sees the hordes of untamed Freshmen entering the college-door, with something of the feeling the Romans must have had when, after a fearful struggle with an invading German tribe, they heard there were hosts of other tribes who were coming down upon Rome to try the very same thing for themselves.

Every college-man must have his memory filled with reminiscences of this period. Let the present writer recount a few truthful experiences:

A young Professor of Latin, who was continually called by the suggestive title of "Miss Fanny," was the subject of many a cruel joke.

Sulphuretted hydrogen was very frequently broken in large bottles on entering his room, with the utmost bewilderment on the part of those who entered as to who the author was.

Fifty-cent fire-crackers would be thrown into the room after the fashion of—

"The rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air," of our nation's greatest song. But though every one was willing to run for water, and innumerable men were apparently injured, either seriously or fatally, no one could ever find out from which Sophomore crowding into that Latin room the "fiery dart was hurled." On one occasion "Miss Fanny" could scarcely be seen for the sulphurous thickness of the atmosphere—

"When furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy."

One day, while we were deep in Horace,

"The tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells—"

was heard in the room, and a mouse with a bell round its neck was seen playing pussy wants a corner with the different angles of the rooms. Thereupon the unhappy professor said to the wretch nearest the door, "Mr. —, will you please open the door in

order to let that animal go out?" But this was just the thing the class did not want, and accordingly at that very moment, when the eyes of all in the room were fixed upon the *ridiculus mus*, a heavy "Liddell and Scott" was successfully planted between the advancing mouse and the open door, and since it was a *vis a tergo* whose whence could never be known, it sent the mouse back again to the resonant corners, and the recitation went on "to the music of the bells."

On another occasion, in the same room, a large white pigeon, a sad burlesque on the cooing dove of Peace, was let loose as the class crowded in at the door. The windows were guarded on the outside by wire-nettings to keep off maliciously-disposed projectiles *ab extra*, and therefore the very deliverance from one form of evil was the plague and nuisance to the other. At last, after several vain attempts to dislodge the bird from maps and black-boards, the frightened thing flew to a bookcase overlooking the professor's table, and surveyed the scene from above. Hereupon a pair of rubber shoes were thrown at it, which lodged on the top of the bookcase. After the recitation, a piously-disposed youth who was studying for the ministry, and was known as "Parson Reedbirds," went up to claim his articles of apparel, and was at once marked "zero," and summoned before the Faculty as a *particeps criminis*. In vain he protested that he had not thrown the rubbers, that he would not do such a thing, that they had been seized by some other man who was afraid to take his own. It would not do! Here was circumstantial evidence sufficient to convict him, and poor Parson Reedbirds went before the Faculty for an admonition.

Another professor, a teacher of German, was once very much disturbed by an unruly bench full of Juniors.

At last, in his despair, he exclaimed:

"That bench will leave the room, and will stay outside."

Whereupon the young rascals carried out the bench and left it outside, and blandly returned to other seats.

"No, no," said the professor, "I do not mean that. I mean the young men will go out and the bench will return."

So the young men brought back the bench and sat on it, as though this was all that could reasonably be expected of them.

Another professor, who was the pink of propriety, was sadly disconcerted in the midst of a lecture upon Edmund Spenser by about a dozen roughs and sporting characters, who came into the room without knocking, with all manner of dogs to sell.

Finally, one Irishman let the cat out of the bag (if we may use such an expression in a dog-story) by saying:

"Well, thin, shure, an' why did ye's advertise for a dog betwixt the hours of tin and eliven the day, if ye's nivir wanted one?"

And then he presented a dirty scrap of paper, which read as follows:

"WANTED, a dog; any breed will answer; highest price paid for mongrel pups. Apply to Professor —, Room No. 3, — University. Bring the dogs between the hours of ten and eleven."

Another professor, of whom every one was, with reason, well afraid, was in the habit of getting off bright retorts on the delinquent students.

One man, who had on a certain occasion stood for half an hour silently anchored to a black-board like a horse tied to his manger, was finally accosted as follows:

"Well, Mr. Jones, you have stood there for some time. Now, how do you explain your problem?"

Jones, who had no idea of the problem or of any human interpretation of it, made one deep dive down into the recesses of his memory, and brought up one stray principle.

"Well, sir," he said, "I explain it by the principle that the angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence."

"That will do, sir," said the professor, visibly marking a round O opposite his name in the class-roll; "if your angle of reflection was only a little less obtuse, we would not have such incidents as these."

On another occasion this same professor said to a student who had blundered terribly through a recitation:

"How far off are you from a fool?"

"I suppose," replied the student, measuring the distance between himself and the professor's table, "about seven feet and a half."

The professor's eyes twinkled as he said:

"It's a pity, sir, you confine your brightness only to your answers!"

The hardest time I ever saw a college professor pushed happened to an elderly gentleman, who was appointed teacher in drawing to a Freshman class, who were feeling their way well into a state of Sophomorehood. The poor man entered upon his duty at the beginning of a third term. He did not know one of the class, and had never taught before. When the roll of sixty members was called, it was enlarged by the caller to about one hundred and fifty—Christopher Columbus Smith, Michael Angelo Jones, Julius Caesar Johnson, Scipio Africanus Brown, etc., etc. All answered "Here!" It was a full month before any of the class were identified, since there were no recitations made, and when the poor man's back was turned to explain his diagrams, the wooden models of bridges and churches were inverted, church-steeple were put on Corinthian columns, and Doric pillars crowned block models of cathedrals, and these were all quickly transcribed to the eager drawing-book. At last, at a given signal, the whole class would rise, as if the bell had sounded, and the clock, which had been set forward half an hour, would confirm the action of the rogues by pointing seriously to two o'clock. Whereupon the old gentleman would say, "Well, well; my watch must be slow," and thus the exercises would come to a close.

One trick, to take up the time of a very argumentative Professor of Metaphysics, was to raise some point as to what Reid had said on the other side, or what Sir William Hamilton had said in opposition to the professor's explanation the day before, and thus draw him out on a lengthy explanation. But, finally, it was found that the professor could

use up fifty-five minutes in explaining a point raised on the day previous, and could then flunk half the class in the remaining five minutes.

One amiable professor was sadly put-to in trying to get delinquent students to give definite and explicit statements of history. Men who knew nothing of the subject would palm off a row of glittering generalities, which would leave the professor in great doubt as to how he should mark them. The way in which he would quietly and slowly say "Yes," when all the time he meant "No," and then pondered over the merits of the recitation, was most amusing.

"Mr. —, will you give me an account of the battle of Marengo?"

"Certainly, Professor —. I will now describe the battle of Marengo: the battle of Marengo was a terrible and bloody affair. Thousands were slain on both sides, and many were wounded and taken prisoners. Many furious attacks were made on both sides. The cavalry of each army had several desperate encounters, and the repulses by the artillery were very severe. At last, after various minor incidents, victory alighted on the standard of Napoleon, and he became the conqueror of the field. Such, in brief, is the history of the battle of Marengo!"

"Yes, sir," was invariably the answer. "You are essentially correct in your statements, but a little general in your particulars!"

AT THE MORGUE.

O TENDER, kind, and true!

What harm could come to you,
My rarest one, my fairest one, the sweetest
flower that grew!
Would God, the hand that did the deed, that
deed could now undo!

Ah, how my heart has bled!
What tears my eyes have shed—
To think that shame has stained her name, and
soiled her golden head!
O coarsely-coffined clay!
The first sweet flowers of May
Bloomed round the feet I went to meet that
well-remembered day!

The old remembered place
Holds still her haunting face;
I see once more her fairy form in all its girlish
grace;
And when I stand apart,
In busy street or mart,
I feel again her fingers fair come clinging
round my heart!

Was any word unsaid?
Was any prayer unprayed?
Was any eager dream of youthful longing un-
allayed?
What bitter, bitter sin
Had the dark city's din
Within its evil bosom hid, thy spotless soul
to win!

Hush! hush! no word of blame!
Let no vile tongue defame
That little word—the tenderest word that
womanhood can claim—
For the angels round the throne in heaven will
know her by that name!

Methinks one missing ring,
Where shining seraphs sing,
They will not miss who watch the weeds of
woe around her cling!
Ah, will they heed that lack, indeed, who
stand before the King!

Shut down the coffin-lid,
And let my love be hid;
Of one more angel face and form this base,
base world is rid!
Slow let the death-bell toll,
Till its iron echoes roll
Their tide of mournful memories through all
my shuddering soul!

How shall I pass the heavy hours? How shall
I bear to sit
In my lonely-lighted chamber, when the ghost-
ly shadows flit
Over the mournful monument that marks her
resting-place,
While all the stars that crown the night seem
clustering round her face?

Now close the vault of stone,
And leave me here alone;
A blight is on the cold, gray world, its bud
and bloom are flown!
Through many and many a weary hour of bit-
terness and pain,
When spring-time brings the budding flowers,
and autumn brings the rain,
I wait till death shall claim me his and make
the meaning plain!

EDWARD RENAUD.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT has often been said that the lack of an international copyright law is the reason why American literature lags behind that of the leading European countries. The argument advanced is that so long as publishers can obtain foreign books for little or nothing, they will prefer to reprint these rather than publish American books, the writers of which must be paid. It has been pointed out how impossible it is for native writings to compete with foreign productions so long as the latter may be pirated at pleasure; and that our national policy drives talent to law or trade that otherwise might reflect honor upon us in works of learning or imagination.

Our readers will recall Charles Reade's eloquent utterances in emphasizing this view of the question. He asserted that we were thinking, working, speaking, and doing every thing—except writing—at a rate of march without a rival, and failing to write simply because we suppressed literary invention at home by accepting that of Europe without remuneration.

While it is certainly true that foreign literature in being here so freely offered and eagerly read does decidedly repress American effort in this direction, we think it can be shown that copyright has very little to do with this much-deplored result. Foreign literature has an immense advantage over native literature because of certain practical

business operations that the non-existence of international copyright scarcely affects at all, and which neither treaties nor laws can alter. How this is so we will proceed to explain.

Of the immense number of books written abroad a small proportion only see the light in printed form. The foreign publisher makes his selection of the manuscripts offered to him, and prints those only that he thinks will meet with public approval. The American publisher, in reprinting foreign books, starts, therefore, with the advantage of a selected class from which his selections for reprinting may be made. Nor is this all. He not only has the opportunity of selecting from that which has been gleaned, but he is enabled to choose those books that have passed the test of critical judgment. He need only reprint the books of authors who have made their mark. It is obvious that for pure business reasons he must prefer to publish books that involve no risk—books that, having received in advance a foreign approval, are sure to meet with at least a measure of success here—rather than accept and publish home productions that are quite as likely to fail as to succeed. Ordinary business instinct and simple business precaution, therefore, give foreign authors an immense advantage over native ones, regardless of the question of copyright. That copyright influences this natural trade-preference very little is obvious from the fact that on very nearly all the better class of English books reprinted here a voluntary copyright is now paid. It is thus seen that American literature suffers from the operation of certain business principles and certain natural laws which international conventions or arrangements cannot change. So long as men do business for profit, our American authors must remain at disadvantage unless they can devise a plan whereby this natural business operation can be offset by other business principles.

In the drama the operation we have described acts more conspicuously and effectively than in book-publishing. It costs a great deal of money to produce a new play. There must be new scenery, new costumes, many weeks of rehearsal, much advertising. It is always a lottery whether a play will succeed or not. That manager has never been found whose judgment in an untried drama could be trusted as infallible; in fact, no manager ever lived who did not make many mistakes, and so hazardous is the business that very few people of capital are willing to accept its great risks. It is, therefore, perfectly obvious that managers will be sure to watch the English and Paris stage for the purpose of reproducing here those dramas that meet with success there, rather than risk their time and money upon untried

American plays. Copyright does not affect their decision or their course in the least, inasmuch as they promptly pay the foreign author of a successful play. It is clear that our native drama must languish so long as these imperative business principles operate against it.

Is there no remedy for this condition of things? There is one. If it so happened that the American public demanded native books and plays; gave marked preference to the protection of home authors and home dramatists; would not buy with avidity Reade and Trollope, nor flock with eagerness to listen to "Caste" and "Rose Michel," but insisted upon having writings touched with native coloring, and showed their love for plays that portrayed American life and character, a business principle would be set in operation that would speedily remedy the present evil. If the public were charged through and through with an intense nationalism—if its tastes were wholly foreign to European thought, and wholly in sympathy with native genius, it would not then be possible for managers or publishers to wait upon European opinion; they would be compelled instead to search for and bring forth home talent. They are at best no more than caterers, who study the tastes and obey the commands of their patrons. Our public taste, our nationalism, our preferences, these alone are to determine whether native productions of the imagination are to flourish or not—whether we are to remain an intellectual colony of Europe, or become in the arts a true independency.

It is worthy of note that Webster's Dictionary has obtained in England a general recognition as an authority for definitions. In the last *Fortnightly* Professor Tyndall quotes it, which is not perhaps at all surprising; but that the conservative and excessively anti-American *Blackwood* should accept a Yankee dictionary as an authority, which it does in its last number, is really significant. It must be remembered that these instances refer solely to the authority of Webster as to definitions. The English have so far evinced no disposition to accept the innovations of the Connecticut school-master either as to orthography or orthoepy. Whether English students will be likely to continue consulting a dictionary for its definitions and yet resist its example in other things, may be considered rather doubtful. If in the course of time English prejudices should yield to the insinuating suggestions of Webster, and the *æ* begin to disappear from the English *honour* and kindred words, and *k* fall away from *almanack*, and *axe* turn up shorn of its final vowel, the revolution would be a very singular one in view of the fact that Webster was

largely prompted to his innovations by a desire to frame an American-English, something patriotically distinctive from the vernacular of the mother-country. The zealous school-master insisted that we should follow the achievement of our political independence by a literary and lingual separation; and hence it would be a strange result if it should prove that he did his work of change so well, based it upon principles so good, that eventually the antagonist he was scouting comes to his way of thinking.

Webster's innovations, however, have so far only resulted in a few discords and vexations. The two countries are now so nearly a unit in literary feeling, that it is highly desirable we should employ a common method in our signs and symbols. There are not only certain marked differences between English spelling and our own, but also between Boston and New York, between the North and the South. Even in the same town books of different publishers will often follow different authorities, and one morning paper will talk of *plough*, while another severely prints the word *plow*. These differences perplex the general public and vex the literary worker. An English author, who discovers in an American reprint of his books a strange and hence disfiguring orthography, is not rendered very amiable thereby, or very appreciative of American taste. We have even known American authors, with strong preferences for the English mode of spelling, highly enraged and disgusted at finding their productions sent forth in what seemed to them a mangled orthography. In view of these facts, it is assuredly quite time that writers should agree upon some one authority, should unite in discovering that which is correct between the several conflicting usages, and adopt some plan for establishing uniformity. The opinion of no individual should be binding, should even command respect in a matter where opinion cannot be decisive. The authoritative dictionary should not reflect the notions of a Webster, the opinions of a Worcester, the convictions of a Johnson or a Smart; it should express the united wisdom of scholars drawn from different sections, and have the weight of a convention or of an institution. Let Oxford and Cambridge in England unite with Harvard and Yale in America in sending delegates to a convention for composing a dictionary which shall represent the accordant best culture of the two countries. A dictionary thus prepared, having the sanction of the leading English and American colleges, would be absolute. It would be binding upon all writers hoping for recognition in letters, and, being universally accepted in the schools, would soon bring English-speaking people generally to a uniform orthography and pronunciation.

An English writer regrets that it is impossible to register "happy thoughts" and take out a patent for them. Most men, he tells us, who work in any field of thought or art find that bright ideas occur to them—ideas which are destined to have a glorious future—but for one cause or another they lack time or opportunity to throw them into form, permitting them to rest lovely pearls in the brain. Sometimes these happy thoughts require slow maturing:

"The perfectly original plot takes slow form and shape. Have we not been told that M. Feuilleton thinks for a year over his? The characters group themselves, incidents are suggested by experience, witty sayings flash across the mind, and yet the pen is not put to paper. Only by living thus with his characters can the novelist get to know them, and make his readers know them. Or perhaps the happy thought is less mature; it is merely a taking title that has occurred to the mind something brief, odd, suggestive, not vulgar. This thought is a nucleus, and out of it, as out of a germ, the characters begin shyly to gather and grow, while all the time the inventor is hard at work at some other project. Then one morning the unhappy man looks through the literary advertisements, and finds that his dear title—the brief, the odd, the suggestive, the not vulgar—has been seized by another, is copyrighted, is 'in the press,' or 'just out.' . . . There is nothing to be done in such circumstances, and nothing to be done in an ever more trying situation. It will sometimes happen that a man gives many years to collecting material for a learned work, and he may even have put down much in writing, when suddenly a book on his own, his beloved topic, appears, and fills the public mind."

This is an unhappy experience, indeed, for an author. Perhaps some one can invent a plan by which the first title to an idea may be established, and the originator protected. Copyright will not do it, for copyright, as a rule, does not protect ideas, but rather the form and structure in which the ideas are imbedded. The inventor enjoys here an advantage over the author, inasmuch as he can protect his thought, provided only that he put it in a concrete form by means of a model. The idea of a patent cannot be stolen, inasmuch as the idea and the form are indissolubly united; but in literature miniature models of a novel or a play cannot be framed. The happy conception can take no form but its final one, and the luckless originator who whispers it in his sleep, gives a hint of it at table over his wine, drops a clew ever so cautiously in the friendly chat, runs the risk of being anticipated by some adroit and swifter worker than himself.

If it were possible to patent literary ideas, the national museum that held them in store would tell a stranger story even than the patent-office does of marvelous ingenuity, fantastic fancy, and queer caprice. What wonderful plots of wonderful tragedies would there be held in sacred trust; what plans for

novels of amazing adventure and intricate complications; what outlines of theories for political, social, and moral reform! Here would be proof of the extent that stubborn managers and incapable publishers interpose between the lights of genius and the public. A museum of ideas in literature ought to be devised, if only to show the wealth of thought and invention that hapless circumstances keep from coming to brilliant fruition.

We quoted recently in our "Miscellanea" a paragraph from the *Sanitary Record*, an English journal, in which it was urged that every one should make of his breakfast a hearty meal, instead of the light repast so common in Europe, and so frequently advocated here by writers upon sanitary matters. The view taken by the *Record* is supported by Dr. King Chambers, who has been publishing in England a series of practical essays upon meals and meal-times. His first homily is devoted to this question of breakfasts. Dr. Chambers appreciates to the full that pithy question which was put by a clergyman to one of his brethren, who was contemplating whether he should accept a bishopric, "My dear brother, do you digest?" If Dr. Chambers does not go the length of believing that success in love, feats of statesmanship, the triumph of sects, and victories in battle, are in no small degree the results of a good digestion, he at least thinks that this is a greatly-underrated element of daily life. He tells us that food is most easily digested early in the day; *ergo*, he insists that people should not only take a substantial breakfast, but that its substance should be food which is at once the most necessary for health and "the most troublesome for the stomach to cope with." He claims loudly against any artificial stimulants before breakfast, and even decries a cup of cold water, either before or after. He naturally follows the advice to "rest awhile" after breakfast, thus reversing the old dietary axiom. In a word, he tells us that we must rely in our most solid stock of nutriment when our digestive organs are most vigorous, and at in the evening, when brain and body are weary, we should be tender of them and not load the stomach with new and exhausting morsels. All this seems good and wise advice, and Dr. Chambers is to be heartily thanked for entering so minutely into the medical philosophy of "little things," and going so far as to indicate exactly what should begin the day by doing in order to save that good digestion which foreruns success.

We are not aware that the Italian Senate is notably disorderly body, as legislative assemblies go, yet a novel element of har-

mony has just been introduced into it by the royal will. The composer of "Ernani" and "Il Trovatore," in short, has been created a senator for life, and has taken his seat among the generals, diplomats, and nobles, who compose that august conclave. It is probably the first time in history that eminence in the art of music has been recognized by the award of political honors. It is true that in England Jules Benedict and Michael Costa have been dubbed Knights of the Bath; while in recent times it has become customary, especially with the smaller German potentates, to scatter orders and decorations freely among actors and musicians. The late Ira Aldridge, for instance, the negro tragedian whom Edmund Kean picked up as a boy in Baltimore, and taught to be a very meritorious *Othello*, was a Bavarian baron; and his broad breast was covered with a host of stars which delighted royalty had lavished on him here and there. We have always observed that wizards, ventriloquists, and necromancers, are especially favored—if we can believe their own vauntings and the jewels they display—with this sort of distinction. But Verdi's creation as a Senator of Italy is the first solid dignity of a political character which actor or composer has received. Neither Germany nor Italy, indeed, the two nations which have been most fruitful in musical authorship, has been very generous to the great music-writers. Even Mozart died poor, and Beethoven had a terrible life of it from first to last; Haydn never escaped an existence of virtual dependence upon a patron; Händel had to go to England, and Rossini and Meyerbeer to Paris, to reap the adequate rewards of their genius. It is pretty hard to discern any congruity between musical skill and legislative ability; yet there is something pleasing to the fancy in the idea of Verdi sitting among the political sages of melodious Italy. Music constitutes so much of the life and happiness of Italians of every rank and condition, it is so much a part and parcel of the national genius, that, as far as the sentiment of the thing goes, there is a sort of poetical justice in Verdi's senatorial honors.

Correspondence.

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE, }
November 30, 1875. }

To the Editor of *Appletons' Journal*.

DEAR SIR: Will you kindly permit me the use of your columns to say a few words about your quotation from the *Athenæum* in the *JOURNAL* of the 27th instant, on the question as to whether it is correct to say *rather a droll remark* or a *rather droll remark*?

It will be readily conceded, by all who have devoted attention to linguistic studies, that the *logic* of a sentence is one thing, the *syntax* quite another. Thus, *He was powerful*, and

At his touch crowns crumbled, have the same general meaning; but the *peculiar* affinities of the words in one of these sentences could hardly be illustrated by the other.

Such a periphrasis as that given by the *Athenæum's* correspondent, "One would sooner say that that is a droll remark than that it is not a droll remark," may undoubtedly exhibit the *logical force* of *rather*; but manifestly it cannot show the *grammatical process* through which this force is obtained, because the syntactical collocations are entirely altered. We might as well hope to explain the function of *perfectly* in *He is perfectly truthful*, by *It is perfectly well known that he is truthful*.

Allowing that *rather* logically affects the whole predicate *is a droll remark*, the theory of *syntax* requires that every word in a sentence should adhere especially to some other word—except in certain licensed figures. It is necessary, then, to find some word to which *rather* belongs more intimately than to any other.

This word cannot be either *is* or *remark*—and, of course, it cannot be *a*. It cannot be *is*, because it is admitted that *this is* something; it cannot be *remark*, because it is admitted that *this is a remark*; and these admissions are obviously unmodified and unmodifiable. *Is*, being a simple copula, is nothing but a symbol, and is no more capable of modification than the sign of equality in algebra. A thing either *is* something or *is not*; there are no means between these extremes. Besides, *is*, being *neuter*, can be joined only to an adjective, under any circumstances; in the periphrasis, *say* is a transitive verb, and admits the adverb. When *is* denotes actual existence, as *God is*, of course, it takes the adverb; but to claim this use for *is* in the sentence before us, would be to reject *is* as a copula altogether. It is admitted that *this is a remark* of some sort; the question is, *what sort*? There is only one word left in the predicate for *rather* to adhere to, and that is *droll*; therefore *rather* must modify the meaning of this, which it obviously does. The *remark* is not absolutely *droll*, but so near to it that, if we were confined, in describing it, to the expressions *droll* and *not droll*, we would rather take the former. From what has been said it is clear that the word *rather* must modify *droll*, whether we say *rather a droll* or a *rather droll*, the idea to be expressed being the same in both forms.

We now come to discuss the difference of position. We may state at the outset that both constructions are sound, though usage seems to prefer the first form.

The correspondent of the *Athenæum*, if he is a classical scholar, must know that change in position by no means produces change in grammatical connection, and that this is particularly true where the *article* is involved.

In English, as a rule, adverbial modifiers precede their adjectives, and the *article*, if used, goes just before the combination, the substantive bringing up the rear, as *He is a very good man*, *I am wretchedly tired*. But there is one class of sentences in which the general law is for the most part violated—sentences of *comparison* and *degree*. Thus, while we may say without difference, syntactical or logical, *He is truly a good man*, or *He is a truly good man*; *The wisest man that ever I saw*, or *The wisest man that I ever saw*; we usually say *So fair a maid*, *As fair a maid*, *How fair a maid*, *Such a fair maid*, *Many a maid*; and *rather*, being a *comparative* word, follows this usage. Yet the particularly close connection of *rather* with the word it modifies

is so explicitly shown in some languages where the idea is conveyed by the *comparative degree of the modified adjective*, that it is not difficult to account for the preference some have for the form—a *rather droll remark*. The syntax, we have already said, is unaltered.

Perhaps the best example of the statement that change of position does not necessitate change of regimen, is to be seen in the word *only*. This word, despite the attempts of purists to clip its wings, still ranges at large over the whole sentence, occupying almost all positions at will, retaining the same syntactical regimen. It must be admitted, however, that in a language deprived of inflectional aids, as the English is, much change of position is precarious.

I have been so lengthy in this communication because the *Athenæum* is regarded as high authority in literary matters, and its mistakes must not be passed over. I hope I have said enough to show the futility of linguistic criticism, unless conducted on a scientific basis; and if what I have said is true, I trust that I have presented it in rather a new light, or a rather new light, as you may choose.

Yours respectfully,
CASKIE HARRISON.

Literary.

THE "Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher" * is disappointing. It would seem impossible that an intelligent person whose life extended over the long period from 1770 to 1858, and who passed a large portion of that life in relations more or less intimate with such people as Walter Scott, Lord Jeffrey, Wordsworth, Southey, Campbell, Hartley Coleridge, Crabbe, Allan Cunningham, Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, Sir Thomas Erskine, Dr. Arnold, Mazzini, Joanna Bailie, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Aikin, Harriet Martineau, and many other celebrities of the past and present generations, should not have something of interest to tell us; and yet substantially the whole of the "Autobiography" is taken up with details of family-life, and records of personal experience, which are of the faintest possible interest to the general public. It is evidently the work of a woman in whom the affections were very much stronger than the intellect, whose recollections and sympathies ran in a singularly narrow circle, and to whom the birth of a child, the marriage of a son, or the death of an aunt, were matters of vastly greater importance, even after an interval of many years, than the character or achievements of the greatest among her contemporaries. Almost the only interest outside her own family-life which seems really to have moved her, was politics; and it is in the index which it affords of the difference of political feeling between our own and the previous generation that the book is chiefly valuable. In our day of political poccocurantism, it is scarcely possible to realize a state of things in which to be a Liberal in Edinburgh was to be suspected not only of

intellectual obliquity, but of moral turpitude and infamous practices; and yet nothing can be plainer than that Mrs. Fletcher and her husband suffered a persecution, none the less real because it did not take the form of personal violence, for sentiments which the most rigid of English Conservatives would not at present hesitate to avow. Of the gradual amelioration of this political fanaticism, the "Autobiography" affords curious evidence; and it is hardly too much to say that Mrs. Fletcher herself was largely instrumental in bringing it about in Edinburgh, which had hitherto been its hot-bed.

In one of the numerous letters which the volume contains, Mrs. Fletcher is described as having "a most extensive acquaintance with literary persons," and her conversation as "a stream of lively anecdote continually flowing." Of this latter quality, as we have already said, the "Autobiography" itself shows singularly little. In very few instances is any thing told of persons outside her own family, beyond the circumstance of meeting them; and the following is the one solitary anecdote which the book contains, and this is not wholly new:

"The latter part of the year 1802 was interesting to us in a public way, by the commencement of the *Edinburgh Review*. We were fortunate enough to be acquainted more or less intimately with several of the earlier contributors, Mr. (now Lord) Brougham, Mr. Jeffrey, Dr. John Thomson, Mr. John Allen, Francis Horner, and James Grahame, the author of 'The Sabbath.' . . . I, who knew Edinburgh both before and after the appearance of the *Edinburgh Review*, can bear witness to the electrical effects of its publication on the public mind, and to the large and good results in a political sense that followed its circulation. The authorship of the different articles was discussed at every dinner-table, and I recollect a table-talk occurrence at our house which must have belonged to this year. Mr. Fletcher, though not himself given to scientific inquiry or interests, had been so much struck with the logical and general ability displayed in an article of the young *Review*, on Professor Black's 'Chemistry,' that in the midst of a few guests, of whom Henry Brougham was one, he expressed an opinion (while in entire ignorance of its authorship) to the effect that the man who wrote that article might do or be any thing he pleased. Mr. Brougham, who was seated near me at table, stretched eagerly forward and said, 'What, Mr. Fletcher, be any thing? May he be Lord-Chancellor?' On which my husband repeated his words with emphasis, 'Yes, Lord-Chancellor, or any thing he desires.' This seems to confirm Lord Cockburn's words in another place concerning the young Henry Brougham of the Speculative Society, that he even then 'scented his quarry from afar.'"

Mrs. Somerville's "Personal Recollections" proves that a book can be destitute of all those attractions for which we usually seek the memoirs or autobiographies of celebrated persons, or of those who have associated with celebrated persons, and still have a high value in affording us an intimate view of a pure, cultivated, and noble woman. But even in this respect Mrs. Fletcher's "Autobiography" fails. Being written solely for private circulation among friends and relatives, it takes for granted

their knowledge of many things which would doubtless modify the apparently egotistical tone of the narrative. For this reason, if for no other, we think the publication of the "Autobiography" a mistake. Its interest on general grounds is slight, and it does less than justice to a character which, according to the uniform testimony of those who knew her, must have been exceptionally lovable and elevated.

DR. VAN LENNEP'S "Bible Lands" * is almost too important a work to be dealt with in a cursory notice, and yet to treat it analytically on an adequate scale would require more space than we can command. It is a great contribution to Scriptural exegesis, its object being to throw such light as can be derived from the manners and customs of the modern inhabitants of Bible lands upon the social, religious, and political life of Bible times. Though in the eighteen hundred years which have elapsed since the last page of the Scriptures was penned the lands of the Bible have passed through many vicissitudes and been overrun by diverse nations, yet it is the uniform testimony of all who visit the East that in no other portion of the globe have traditions, customs, and even modes of thought, been preserved with such fidelity and tenacity. This being the case, it is evident that the actual, existing East, and especially the manners and customs of its present inhabitants, is the most luminous of all commentaries on the Bible itself; and Dr. Van Lennep does not exaggerate its importance when he compares a picture of the East to a well-preserved copy of a portion of the Holy Scriptures which may prove of the utmost use in restoring the original, now somewhat defaced by the tooth of Time.

The branch of study thus indicated is not entirely new, but no writer so well equipped as Dr. Van Lennep has hitherto entered the field. Besides being a man of parts and learning, he has spent almost a lifetime in the East, and enjoyed unrivaled opportunities of intercourse with all classes of the people. A considerable portion of his picture, therefore, is drawn from the life; and, even where he uses the materials gleaned from others, his experience enables him to apply such tests as would conclusively indicate their true value. In arranging his materials the author groups them under two divisions: "Customs which have their Origin in the Physical Features of Bible Lands," and "Customs which have an Historical Origin." Under the first he treats of the geology, geography, climate, and other physical features of Palestine and surrounding countries including their productions and natural history. Under the second he discusses their ethnology and language, and describes their houses, furniture, customs, habits, manners, industries, government, and religion, of the present inhabitants. The plan, in itself comprehensive, is carried out on a liberal scale, but, though the matter is abundant and the style elaborate, the attention of the reader is

* Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher. With Letters and other Family Memorials. Edited by the Survivor of her Family. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1876.

* Bible Lands: their Modern Customs and Manners Illustrative of Scripture. By the Rev. Henry J. Van Lennep, D. D. With Maps and Cuts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

seldom fatigued. Of course, in a work like this, completeness and fidelity are the essential points, and Dr. Van Lennep rightly considers that the literary graces are a subordinate matter.

The volume fairly overflows with pictures, all of which are useful, and many of which are beautiful specimens of engraving. It also contains two colored maps of the Bible lands, one physical and the other ethnological; and a capital double index completes a work which reflects credit upon author and publishers alike.

It is reported of Boston that no *littérateur* there is considered to have won his spurs until he has published a volume of poetry. If this be the origin of Mr. George P. Lathrop's "Rose and Roof-Tree" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.), we congratulate him upon the promptness with which he has gained his initiation as well as upon the merit of the poems themselves. There is nothing strikingly original in the collection—there is, indeed, a faint echo in some of the pieces of a poet whose influence upon contemporary verse is growing wider and wider; but the inspiration is genuine of its kind, the sentiment pure and refined, and the verse for the most part musical and graceful. Mr. Lathrop is content to play upon minor chords; his muse is idyllic rather than lyrical; and he is most happy in his descriptions of Nature. Some of the descriptive pieces are extremely pleasing; though in the "Rime of the Rain" and the "Chant for Autumn" the experiments in intricate metrical harmonies rather tend to divert the attention from the sensuous word-painting which should monopolize it. The less elaborate pieces are better, and the following is one of several which struck us as very good indeed:

"THE SUN-SHOWER.

"A penciled shade the sky doth sweep,
And transient glooms creep in to sleep
Amid the orchard;
Fantastic breezes pull the trees
Hither and yon, to vagaries
Of aspect tortured.

"Then, like the downcast, dreamy fringe
Of eyelids, when dim gates unbinge
That locked their tears,
Falls on the hill a mist of rain—
So faint, it seems to fade again;
Yet swiftly nears.

"Now sparkles the air, all steely-bright,
With drops swept down in arrow-flight,
Keen, quivering lines.
Ceased in a breath the showery sound;
And teasingly, now, as I look around,
Sweet sunlight shines!"

As a specimen of ingenious and sustained psychological analysis, Mr. Henry James, Jr.'s, "Roderick Hudson" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.) is a wonderful production; but as a novel it fails to stand the crucial test. It is surprising, indeed, that a book which is so good in many ways—so subtle in its insight, so full of the finest fruits of culture, and so eloquent withal—should fail so utterly in the essential point of impressing us with the objective reality of the people to whom it introduces us. The difficulty seems to be that, with all his knowledge of human nature and insight into character, Mr. James cannot conceive a *person*. The motives of any given

course of action, the influence of antecedents and circumstances upon character, and the complex effects which in human life flow from an apparently simple cause, he can trace with marvelous skill; but he does not seem able to construct in thought the process by which a person reveals his personality, and becomes individual in the apprehension of others. The characters in "Roderick Hudson" are far from being mere puppets, and yet the action of the story is curiously suggestive of a puppet-show. The author discourses elaborately in explanation of the qualities and characteristics of his several *dramatis personæ*, and then they come on the stage and say or do something to demonstrate the acuteness of his insight. They do not reveal themselves—they have no chance to reveal themselves—they are dissected beforehand with a precision and minuteness which leaves no opportunity for the spontaneous or the unexpected. The very conversation is for the most part a reflection of Mr. James's own mental processes, and even Christina Light, the spoiled child of fashion, talks like a trained metaphysician.

But for this deficiency of dramatic faculty on the part of the author, "Roderick Hudson" might be accepted without hesitation as the long-expected "great American novel." The story is finely conceived, and the book has an indescribable charm. The history of a genius must always be fascinating and impressive, especially if it have *véraisemblance*, and the story of Roderick Hudson's rise and fall is almost terrible in its fidelity to psychological truth. But the great charm of the book lies in the atmosphere of Rome which pervades it—the very flavor of Italy. In no other work, except Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," is the Eternal City made so familiar to our imaginations. It infects one irresistibly with the "Roman fever," and we feel as we read that, if all roads do not in fact lead to Rome, at least none is worth traveling which does not promise to lead there.

In the second part of "The Mysterious Island" (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) M. Verne wears of the problem which he originally set before his castaways—from nothing to produce every thing—and begins to work the miracles which so disgusted him in the case of "The Swiss Family Robinson." At a time when they were very much in need of material for sails and clothing, he discovers for them the case of the balloon in which they were originally lost; and he saves Captain Harding and his companions much ingenuity and labor by casting ashore at an opportune moment an immense chest containing every thing in the way of tools, weapons, instruments, utensils, clothes, and books, that colonists could desire. Evidently, too, he is coquetting with a sort of *deus ex machina*, who has already begun to extend "metaphysical aid" to the castaways, and who will doubtless be instrumental in their ultimate rescue. But, while the integrity of the original design is thus sacrificed, the story is well sustained, and even increases in interest. There is no longer any doubt that it will be one of Verne's best, or that it possesses merits which will secure for it a permanent place

in the fascinating literature of castaways. It hardly detracts from these merits, and it certainly enhances the amusement to be derived from the book, that we encounter here and there such novel bits of information as that Martha's Vineyard is "a port in the State of New York," and that the editor of the *New York Herald* is "the Honorable John Benett." As in the previous volume, the illustrations are good and the translation bad.

PROFESSOR A. C. KENDRICK's first collection of "Our Poetical Favorites" (New York: Sheldon & Co.) met with such wide acceptance as to induce him to bring out a second and complementary series. The first series was devoted exclusively to shorter pieces, and suffered somewhat from the omission of such universal favorites as Milton's "Comus," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel," and Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." The new series includes all these, and many others which fall properly into a collection designed chiefly to comprise longer pieces. As to the merit of the selection, it is enough to say that Professor Kendrick has confined himself to such minor poems as have already secured popular favor. He makes no attempt to secure an audience for neglected poetry, new or old, or to guide popular taste by applying a standard of excellence. His sole test is popularity; and the chief value of his two volumes lies in the fact that in them he brings together a large proportion of those poems which are most often in the mind of intelligent readers.

MR. B. L. FARJEON's "An Island Pearl" (New York: Harper & Brothers) is a rather brief story, but it contains enough of impossible coincidence, brassy sensationalism, and pretentious writing, to furnish forth two or three of the ordinary three-volume novels. The tale is of the sea, and turns upon the thrice-familiar episode of a shipwreck followed by long residence upon a desolate island; and we cannot say that Mr. Farjeon has redeemed a necessarily painful plot by any of that imaginative realism or grace of style with which Charles Reade, for example, imbues his "Foul Play." In fact, it is hard to find in this essentially commonplace and feeble story any trace of the author of "Grif," and, except that it is sent out under his own name, we should have done him the justice of supposing that it was the work of some less practised and capable hand.

In a suggestive article on "Style," in a recent number, the *Saturday Review* says: "One of those smart sayings which have become almost too familiar for quotation asserts the identity of a man and his style. We might paraphrase it by saying that the form of expression adopted by a writer or an artist lets us into the deepest secrets of his heart and mind. Nothing is apparently easier than to disguise one's secret thoughts. The most vicious of mankind may sing the praises of virtue, and the most effeminate may affect a virile force of passion, or the most heretical defend an orthodox thesis. But, though in such cases we cannot extract from the condemned work

any distinct series of erroneous statements, we recognize instinctively the hollow ring of the phrases. The sense which guides us is often conversant with such impalpable essences that we may be utterly unable to assign any tangible reason for our strongest criticism. A practised lawyer can tell when a witness is lying, though he cannot tell what fine and half-conscious observations have led him to that conclusion. And the acutest of critics often renounce the task of exhibiting with any precision the evidence on which their conclusions are based. The manner of the writer makes such or such an impression upon them; it has an indefinable magic, or an ineradicable stamp of vulgarity; but they are forced to be content with recording instead of justifying their statements. A high degree of the instinctive judgment which passes such sentences is the mark of the most admirable critics, though it is unfortunately very easily simulated by persons who do not really possess it. This delicate sensibility is undoubtedly the rare and admirable quality which distinguishes the heaven-born critic from the ordinary mob of would-be critics. He can judge instinctively where a clumsy writer is forced to apply his scales and balances, and after all fails to detect the impalpable element which gives the characteristic flavor to the greatest writers."

REFERRING to the announcement that Tupper has composed a Centennial drama called "Washington," which he will try to have represented in this country next year, the *Nation* says: "He [Tupper] has been exposed and riddled by the wit of the English weekly press more thoroughly than any modern writer; his pretensions as a poet have been completely upset over and over again; his philosophy has been shown to be no better than his poetry, and his poetry no improvement on his philosophy. Yet the callous bard goes on, after his kind, producing verses unblushingly, and his readers go on in their ignorance reading them; and, having fought the good fight of mediocrity and triumphed in England, it is no wonder that he should be tempted to conquer a new world on this side of the water."

A WRITER in the *Fortnightly Review* says that, "as poets in the truest sense of the word, we English live and breathe through sympathy with the Italians. The magnetic touch which is required to inflame the imagination of the North is derived from Italy. The night-ingles of English song which make our oak and beech copses resonant in spring with purest melody are migratory birds who have charged their souls in the South with the spirit of beauty, and who return to warble native wood-notes in a tongue which is their own."

THE latest addition to the list of royal authors is the King of Siam, who has commanded the publication of a small cyclopædia which treats wholly of Siam, its history, geography, literature, and political constitution. The preface will be by the king himself, and one of the most interesting portions of the work will doubtless be an appendix containing a vocabulary of several little-known dialects spoken on the eastern frontier of the Siamese territory.

In summing up an elaborate notice of Boynton's pretentious review of Sherman's "Memoirs," the *Nation* says: "Pending the publication by Congress of all the war-records, General Boynton's painstaking compilation from the files will have real historic value;

but we must in candor repeat that one of the chief points of that value will be the essential aid it gives in demonstrably refuting the charges against General Sherman which his book was intended to prove."

WHITTIER sent this response recently to a request for his autograph—a piece of good-nature which, we trust, will not tempt other applicants:

"Our lives are albums, written through
With good or ill, with false or true;
And as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles,
And blot the ill with tears!"

ADMIRERS of Shelley may rejoice. It is stated that papers will shortly be published showing that the so-called desertion of his first wife Harriett was in no sense his fault. These papers were, by his request, to be kept private until the occurrence of a certain event. They have been so kept, but are now likely before long to come before the world with the proof that he was more sinned against than sinning.

THE latest additions to Messrs. Osgood & Co.'s new "Little Classic" edition of Hawthorne's works are: "The Marble Faun," in two volumes; "The Blithedale Romance," in one; and "Twice-Told Tales," in two. The series loses nothing of its attractiveness to the eye as it lengthens out on the shelf.

The Arts.

MR. SANFORD N. GIFFORD, who spent most of the last summer in the woods of New Brunswick, has now on his easel two or three fine pictures representing striking atmospheric effects. The most important is a large and low-toned landscape of a still lake, surrounded by high hills. Sweeping up the valley, in the bottom of which nestles the quiet lake, a range of heavy thunder-clouds darken the sky. The windy edge of the storm, of a greenish hue, looks as thick as the smoke from a furnace, and it wraps the ridges of the hill, which it covers, in almost the blackness of ink. Farther up the valley the different thunder-heads roll off toward the light, and through a rift in their marshaled ranks a pale sunbeam breaks the clouds, and slants with pallid gleam upon the tops of high pine-trees and a big rock, which cover one of the near hill-sides. Fluttering in the storm, a white eagle adds still further to the wildness of the wild day; and, as if to enhance the savageness of the picture, a camp of Indians in their wigwags on the edge of the lake show their forms bright against their fires on the shore. The forests which clothe the hills are red with autumn, and their rich tints and the firelight reflect in the lake, alone brightening the gloomy landscape. It is very seldom that we have seen so dark and wild a picture from Mr. Gifford. His paintings are usually so serene, and the skies and sunshine so warm and tender, that such a work as this one comes strangely from his easel.

Mr. Gifford has another study for a large painting, taken from a considerable height, and looking across a hazy valley from one of the ranges of hills that lie west of the

Hudson. A yellow sunset glow fills the great space of the sky, and down below, through the mists, the beholder perceives the pale thread of a distant river, and thin smoke ascending white above scattered house-tops.

ABOUT a week ago a novel and interesting collection of drawings and designs, made in the public schools of Massachusetts, were shown to a small gathering of people at the Cooper Institute. Since the teaching of industrial drawing has become a law in New York State, every thing which has a bearing on the subject has acquired an interest. These drawings, about a hundred in number, were selected at random from the many thousand completed last year in Massachusetts. They are the work of pupils of all ages, from five years old to eighteen. The subjects have a geometrical basis, and begin with combinations of straight lines, ascending by all the stages till the designs reach plant-forms, applied to decoration for plates, cups and saucers, lace, wall-papers, and brass ornaments. The time occupied for this study has been from an hour and a half to two hours a week, and the plan of drawing has now been tried for about three years. Some of the pictures were really very beautiful, and showed an originality and peculiarity that distinguished them from similar English designs, though the pupils work from a basis of English drawing-books, but the fancy which guided their selection and arrangement of forms was not English. It was interesting to observe, in looking at these drawings, traces of thought and fancy which they disclose. Comparing them with the stereotyped copies from the "flat," with which parents and children alike deceive themselves in the idea that they are learning to draw, anybody could see the superior value of this work—the result of intellectual activity and ingenuity. It is from such a basis as this, we believe, that any advancement in our native design and extended taste must come. A gentleman, whose boy of seven or eight years old had been studying in this way, told us of his aptitude in analyzing design. The child was looking at a lace curtain, the basis of whose patterns he explained to his father, adding to his remarks a suggestion how certain portions of it might be improved. It is from observation and thought such as this that all advance and invention come, and when we can see the youth of the country who have an aptitude for the arts, occupying their minds with considering the best ways of coloring a carpet, cutting a stone ornament, or filigreeing a brass fender, we may expect that the same invention and ingenuity that conceive and design sewing-machines or start the electric telegraph, will, when they have gathered the facts upon which to generalize, make as strange, as beautiful, and as appropriate ornament as the most genuine life and ingenious thought can anywhere produce.

THE building for the New York Hospital, on Fifteenth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, is rapidly approaching completion, so far as its exterior is concerned. Already its broad front, one hundred and seventy-five

feet long on the street, has been raised four stories high, and these stories are each so lofty as to dwarf to comparative insignificance the old, low four and five story buildings which flank it on either side. Size and presence—if the latter term can be properly applied to buildings, which is the usual designation of a personal quality—are the most prominent characteristics of our new buildings—characteristics in which this structure is very conspicuous. It is built mainly of Philadelphia brick, from which it is variegated by other brickwork of varied colors in conspicuous portions of the edifice, with Nova Scotia sandstone, and with Quincy granite, besides some ornament with tiles. Like most of the newer buildings, this structure presents a wall strengthened by brick projections between the windows, and without the useless and vicious pillars that divide each story, as shown in our degraded Renaissance architecture. The windows of the hospital are numerous and lofty, and are grouped irregularly by pairs, with intervening walls made in a diaper pattern of various-hued bricks, or there are small and irregular windows to vary the size and effect of the lines of each story. In the centre of the building, and rising directly from the sidewalk, a broad flight of steps conducts to the main entrance, formed of round-arches. Granite, whose polished lettering and mottoes are relieved by a dull and rough background, forms the material on which are inscribed the year in which the building was erected, together with camomile-flowers, laurels, and the entwined wand of Mercury. Besides Quincy granite, red granite and polished white marble enter into the ornament of this portion of the building, and stained glass will still further enrich a portion of the windows.

Mr. George B. Post is the architect, and, although the building is not possessed of so much variety of form as we could wish, it is quite free from the factory look that often makes such structures monotonous and dreary, and its large size, with the amplitude of all its main features, renders it worthy to rank as one of the finest of our recent buildings.

THOMAS WATERMAN WOOD has just returned to his studio from his summer home in Vermont, and has brought with him, as usual, several fine character-studies, two of which are in the form of finished pictures. The largest work is entitled "The Old Bachelor." It represents the interior of a carpenter-shop, which also is the home of the bachelor occupant. Seated in a quaint wooden chair, with his feet resting upon the head of a cooking-stove, is the figure of an old man. His chair is tipped, and, with his hat poised upon the back of his head, he appears the picture of ease and contentment; and this feeling is heightened by the pleased expression of his face as he glances over the news items in the daily paper which he holds in his hand.

On the left, a corner of the work-bench is shown, and hanging upon the wall, and scattered around, are the implements of the carpenter's trade. Like all of Mr. Wood's

canvases, every detail of this work is painted with the most conscientious care. The drawing of the figure is done with precision, and great cleverness as well. In the coloring of the work it is evident that Mr. Wood has adhered strictly to the local color of the old shop, and the tone, though rich and warm, shows none of the crude touches which artists appear so fond of introducing into their studies. For this faithful and realistic work Mr. Wood is deserving of much praise. The companion-study is done in water-colors, and gives a view of the interior of a cooper's shop, with the boss-workman seated astride his "shave-horse." There is a sign of "No Smoking" posted up prominently in the rear end of the shop, but the old fellow does not heed its warning, and proceeds to light his pipe while his eyes twinkle with a merry humor. There is a brilliant effect of light thrown over the figure, and every incident is carefully worked out.

THE London *Daily News*, in an article uttering a few criticisms upon the mania for china and the passion for decoration, concludes as follows: "The fact is, that though good porcelain and elegant furniture, and every thing that Mrs. Malaprop calls articles of 'bigotry and virtue,' are very well in their way, they are not the whole of art. Decoration is not the whole of art, nor the highest field of art. To hear some people's conversation one would suppose that brass finger-plates for doors and brass fenders were of more value than all the works of Phidias. It seems to be held that no one can appreciate art who does not hang blue plates and scraps of rusty tapestry all over his walls; and that Japanese screens, red and yellow, with hideous women engaged in unknown industries, ought to be stuck about a chimney-piece, as a kind of outward and visible sign of inward aestheticism. Not to like spider-legged tables and chairs so hard and slippery that they may be called sliding-seats is a symptom of hardened Philistinism. 'Who will deliver us from the tyranny of Chippendale?' many a stout guest must sigh to himself, as he hardly clings on to the chair of an artistic host. Whoever the late Mr. Chippendale may have been, and his name is a sort of party slogan or battle-cry among the artistic, he was mistaken in supposing that a kind of lace-work in mahogany was the best material for the legs of arm-chairs. Nor was his accomplice, Cheriton, a bit more careful of the comforts of his clients. Now, though we have very little 'style' in this present part of the century, we can at least make comfortable furniture. It is therefore greatly to be desired that the amateurs of Chippendale should also provide themselves with easy-chairs and sofas, whereon their friends may sit, and contemplate in comfort, and with minds free from the distraction of physical pain, the works of the master. We have been as fair as we can to china and to china-mania. But the taste is only one side of a whole theory of art, which tends to exalt sentiment, decorative color, above form and thought. One notices this taste in poetry, which runs more and more to mere music; in painting, which tends to present mere degrees of color and tone, beautifully handled indeed by Mr. Whistler, but not to be imitated by every one in search of a style. There is a kind of cadence and balance even in the prose of some writers which suggests limitless aspirations, vague desires, the sighing of lonely

winds over fields of subtle fragrance, sentiment, dreams, despair. The taste for this kind of prose proves that decorative sentiment is creeping everywhere, encouraging one art to cross the limits of another, till poetry, painting, music, all aim merely at awakening vague subjective emotions rather than at presenting definite, well-considered pictures and thoughts. This may seem a long way from china-mania, and no doubt many china-collectors are the most prosaic of men. But the people who love china for its decorative quality, and who make decoration the highest of the arts, and hold that the happy life should be passed in a glorified curiosity-shop, are the real leaders of the *furore* for porcelain, and make no secret about their views as to art and life on the whole. These views affect literature in the way we have described; and a curious new tone creeps into books out of the *bric-à-brac* shop and the studio."

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

November 23, 1875.

M. THEODORE BARRIÈRE and the Théâtre du Vaudeville were united in their ill-luck last season. The "Chemin de Damas," a comedy on which the management of that unlucky theatre founded hopes of a revival of success, proved as flat and entire a failure as did any of its predecessors whose names are lost in the mists of oblivion. The "Procès Veuradieux" broke the evil spell, so far as the theatre was concerned, and the author of "Les Faux Bonshommes" has regained his lost prestige with the delicate, graceful, and charmingly-written comedy of "Les Scandales d'Hier," a Parisian success, which is destined ere long to become an American one, if I am not very much mistaken. It is just the piece for one of the high-comedy theatres of New York, such as Wallack's, the Fifth Avenue, or the Union Square. The plot is interesting, the characters well drawn and sympathetic, and there is scope for very fine acting on the part of nearly all the leading personages; and, notwithstanding a slight "Frenchiness" of incident, the moral tone of the piece is good, pure, and elevated. In an English dress, the play might be called "The New School for Scandal," or "The School for Reporters." It gives the history of one of those social scandals that are bandied from lip to lip and from ear to ear in fashionable drawing-rooms, and are even alluded to occasionally in the columns of some gossiping newspaper. *Mademoiselle Julie Letellier*, the heroine, is a young lady of good birth but of reduced fortune. The young *Marquise de Lipari* makes her her *demoiselle de compagnie* and reader, with a salary far more in accordance with her former position than with her present services. So lovely is this impoverished damsel that nearly all the young men who frequent the house of the marquise are smitten by her charms. There is one notable exception, the *Baron de Stade*, who is madly in love with the marquise herself. Notwithstanding the age and infirmities of the marquise, the lady repulses the baron's protestations of affection. He lingers behind her guests at a *soirée* in order to take leave of her. Surprised by the entrance of *Julie*, he makes his escape through the window, unseen by the young girl, who, attracted by the unusual noise, however, goes to the window and lingers there for a few mo-

ments looking out into the moonlight. Thus closes the first act.

In the second, *Julie* has become the *Comtesse de Fresnoy*, and, with her husband, is on a visit to the grandmother of the latter, the *Duchesse de Blançay*, a noble dowager of the Faubourg St.-Germain, who, at first scandalized by the misalliance of her grandson, has become perfectly fascinated by the grace and beauty and sweetness of the bride. But a dark cloud arises on the horizon that seems so radiant. The *Vicomtesse de Meillan*, who was formerly beloved by the *Comte de Fresnoy*, vows vengeance on her young and gentle rival. The story of the *Baron de Stade* and his nocturnal escapade becomes known to her. She whispers the story about among her acquaintances, and *Julie*, on going to a grand ball, is insulted and avoided by all the ladies present. The whole *imbroglio* is cleared up by the return of the *Baron de Stade*, who confesses his misdeeds, and offers his hand to the now widowed *Marquise de Lipari*. This brief and necessarily imperfect sketch can give but a faint idea of the charm and interest of the whole piece. The characters of the noble, trusting husband, of the proud, testy, warm-hearted, impetuous old duchess, and of the gentle, wronged heroine herself, are admirably delineated. Then there is the jealous vicomtesse, the evil genius of the piece, and a young scapegrace of a duke, who is a very bewitching young fellow. The vicomtesse figures in two strong scenes—one in the first act, where she tries to lure back the lost affections of *De Fresnoy*, and breaks down in jealous agony; and that in the second act, where she worms the secret of the apparent guilt of *Julie* from an unsuspecting gentleman who was an eye-witness to the escape of *De Stade*, and who saw *Julie* lingering on the balcony. The acting was worthy of the play. *Blanche Pierson*, who can be angel or demi-devil, fashionable dame or virtuous peasant, at will on the boards, played the part of the heroine with the tender sweetness and candid charm that form one phase of her many-sided talent. *Mademoiselle Massin* was superb in beauty and in toilet as the vicomtesse. Since *Pierre Berton* left the *Comédie Française*, he has got his voice out of his nose, and his shoulders from under his ears, and he no longer looks like a scared and piteous novice, but like a handsome and gallant gentleman and an accomplished artist. He played the part of the trustful, loving, indignant husband superbly. *Madame Alexis* as the aged duchess, and *Dieudonné* as the young duke, were delightful. *En somme*, a great and a deserved success for a play admirable as a work of art, and for its healthful tone and pure atmosphere as well.

Rossi continues to draw crowded houses to the *Théâtre Italien* with "*Kean*," so he will probably continue to play it for some time to come. He was present at the *entrées* of Faure at the Grand Opéra the other night. The great barytone appeared as *Hamlet*, and, at the end of the third act, Rossi went to Faure's dressing-room to congratulate him. Meeting *Ambroise Thomas* there, he remarked: "Ah, M. Thomas, I heard another opera of yours the other night, wherewith I was charmed—the '*Caid*'!" Now, *Thomas* happens to be mortally ashamed of the "*Caid*," which is a very jolly comic opera, wellnigh, by its gaiety and extravagance, an *opéra-bouffe*; so he did not appreciate the compliment of the great tragedian so highly as he might have done. Rossi, by-the-way, is extravagantly fond of *opéra-bouffe*, and spends the evenings when he does not act in vibrating between the *Variétés*,

the *Renaissance*, and the *Bouffes Parisiens*. He is tremendously fêted and petted here, especially in high official quarters. The other day the Minister of Fine Arts sent him a present of a superb Sèvres vase, accompanying the gift with a letter overflowing with compliments. He was further complimented by being invited to appear at the formal re-opening of the Odéon, which took place last week. In fact, the management tried to engage him to appear as *Cardinal Mazarin* in a revival of "*The Youth of Louis XIV.*" but Rossi declined, on the ground that the part was unsuited to him. As *Mazarin*, by the author's directions, has to talk with an Italian accent all through the piece, the nationality of the tragedian would have been no hindrance to his success. The part is an ungrateful one, however, and the play itself is stupid, so it is not surprising that he declined the flattering offer of the director.

Meissonier's splendid new house, near the Parc Monceau, will not be ready for occupation this winter, as was generally supposed, so the celebrated artist must perforce remain in his charming country-home at Poissy till next season. The new domicile includes two studios, both of proportions suited to the vast conceptions of *Horace Vernet* rather than to the gem-like productions of their owner. Meissonier is still hard at work at the large battle-piece which has absorbed his thoughts and his time so long. Owing to some misunderstanding between Sir Richard Wallace (who had purchased the picture) and himself, the contract between them is canceled, and this important work, I am happy to state, is destined for New York, it having been bought by Mr. A. T. Stewart. Well might the *Figaro* exclaim, as it did the other day, "In a few years, if we wish to obtain the works of any of the great masters of modern French art, we shall be forced to cross the Atlantic, and to repurchase them in New York for their weight in gold."

The art-world of Paris was, for several days last week, in a state of wild fermentation, a terrible blow to its prosperity having been threatened from official quarters. The menaced disaster was no other than a suppression of the annual exhibition of the Salon, and a substitution of a triennial exhibition instead. This cheerful measure, proposed by one M. Henriquet Dupont, an engraver of some eminence, actually received the assenting votes of a majority of the Sub-committee on Fine Arts. One can hardly see what good would have been effected by the change. M. Dupont talked of "elevating the standard of art," but how the standard of art would have been exalted by depriving the young and rising artists of France of their one annual chance of displaying their works, he did not exactly explain. Moreover, the works of the great artists of France, the celebrities that have "arrived," to use an expressive French idiom, are mainly purchased by foreigners, and are dispersed to Russia, to the United States, and Heaven knows where. At present, it is customary for the painter, after disposing of his picture, to request permission to retain it for exhibition at the next Salon. Under the present regulations, the purchaser almost invariably consents, as the delay in receiving the picture at most only amounts to a few months, but, with a triennial Salon only, the pictures of two years, at least, would never be seen in Paris at all. Fortunately for the interests of art, the general Fine Arts Council had more sense than the subordinate organization. It not only rejected the proposition of M. Dupont, but passed a law instituting a Retrospec-

tive Exhibition of chosen works of art to be held every five years. It also passed another law diminishing the number of works to be exhibited by any one artist at the Salon from three, as heretofore, to two only, a good change, as it will give more chances of admission to the rising talent of the day. So, after all the talk and the scarce, we retain our annual Salon, with some slight modifications. Considering that the exhibition never costs the government any thing, the receipts being always largely in excess of the expenditure, the object of the proposed measure becomes less and less apparent. Some years ago the experiment of holding a biennial exhibition only was tried, but with such ill-results that the present regulations were speedily adopted.

The books of the week are not particularly important, the leading publishers being absorbed in preparations for the coming holidays. A gigantic catalogue of "*Livres pour Etrennes*" lies before me as I write. It is a lordly volume of two hundred and forty pages, printed on toned paper, and really valuable from the number and beauty of the specimen woodcuts that it contains. There are all kinds of books prepared for the coming festive season—scientific, literary, poetic, historical, juvenile, etc., something to suit every taste and every purse as well. *Michel Lévy* advertises a work called "*Le Chevalier Noir*," with twenty full-page illustrations by *Gustave Doré*, a book that I should think might be worth translating and reproducing on account of the illustrations. But it is the list of M. Auguste Fataine, the celebrated dealer in fine second-hand books, that brings the water to the mouth of the ardent book-lover: such trifles as *Doré's Bible*, gorgeously bound, impressions on Chinese paper, at four hundred dollars; a set of those superb illustrated works with plates in gold and colors, known as "*Les Arts Somptuaires*," "*Le Moyen Age et la Renaissance*," and "*Les Arts Industriels*," all fine early copies, and all bound to match in full scarlet morocco, for four hundred dollars; a fine edition of *Molière*, with extra engravings, notes, etc., inserted, for two hundred and forty dollars; a copy of the works of *Rousseau*, in twenty-two volumes, with inserted portraits, illustrations, etc., for six hundred and forty dollars; and other bewitching announcements too numerous to mention. "O for the purse of *Fortunatus*!" one is forced to sigh on perusing these too tempting pages. Among the novelties of the week may be cited "*A History of Contemporary Literature in Spain*," by M. Gustave Hubbard, published by the *Bibliothèque Charpentier*; "*Dalles et Planches*" ("*The Pulpit and the Boards*"), a correspondence between a priest and an actor, issued by *Paul Dupont*; and a new novel called "*The Adventures of an Actor*," by *Marc Fournier*, from the press of E. Lachaud & Co.

The *Gymnase* has brought out "*Ferret*," the new comedy by *Sardou*, with an admirable cast, and much display of toilets on the part of the actresses that figure therein. The piece has proved a success, and will probably enjoy a long run. The leading idea, the incident of a young man becoming a witness of a crime from the windows of a married lady at night, and to save her reputation compelled to keep silence, and to behold an innocent person charged with the deed, is not particularly novel. But the plot is well worked out, and though the first act drags somewhat heavily, the last two are full of movement and of interest. Notwithstanding the whole piece is taken up with the fortunes of the accused and the vicissitudes of his trial, we are never permitted to behold either the one or the other.

It is in the house of *Madams de Bois-Martel*, the seemingly guilty but really innocent heroine, that the action chiefly transpires. The agonized struggles of *Fereol*, forced either to sacrifice the woman that he loves or the unhappy and innocent accused, are powerfully portrayed. All ends happily at last. The real criminal, a game-keeper, named *Martial*, fancying himself denounced by *Fereol*, unwittingly betrays himself, *M. de Bois-Martel* pardons his wife for the indiscretion of which she had been guilty, and all are dismissed to happiness, for *Martial* commits suicide in his prison, and the facts of the case remain, therefore, buried in secrecy. The acting was extremely fine. *M. Worms*, the new *jeune premier* of the Gymnase, who has just returned from a long and brilliant engagement in Russia, played the part of *Fereol* with a force and fire, yet with a total absence of rant or exaggeration, that left nothing to be desired. The place of this admirable actor is waiting for him at the Comédie Française. Mademoiselle Delaporte, sweet, pure, and tender as ever, was charming and touching as the heroine, *Madams Roberts de Bois-Martel*; Lesneur as a recalcitrant jury-man, Pujol as the dignified judge, *Bois-Martel*, and Landrol as the lawyer for the prosecution, were each and all excellent. Yet "*Fereol*" is not what may be called "first-quality Sardou." It is rather in his second-best style, the manner of "*Andrea*" (*Agnes*), than in that of "*Nos Intimes*" and "*Patrie*." But it is very much better than anything else that he has given to the stage for some two years past.

LUCKY H. HOOPER.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

EDUCATIONAL CLAIMS OF BOTANY.

THANKS to the vehement and perverse strictures of an "English reviewer," the advocates of certain advanced theories of education, as embodied in several modern text-books, are likely to obtain a wider hearing and recognition from the public than has yet been granted them. It appears that Professor A. W. Bennett, in a recent article on "Botanical Text-Books," has chosen to misconceive or unjustly condemn the method adopted by Miss Eliza Youmans in the construction of her "First Book of Botany," and hence to indirectly strike a blow at the whole modern system of education—a system under the prevalence of which children learn themselves rather than are taught by others. This work the reviewer describes as made up of two hundred pages, extending over seventy lessons, full of nothing save the very driest and most wearisome details of "external morphology," to be "laboriously plodded through" by "loading the memory with an enormous number of technical terms," etc., etc. In view of this attack, which is at fault both in spirit and fact, the reader will not be surprised to learn that the author of the book in question should advance to the rescue with an able and convincing defense. This Miss Youmans does in a letter which, having been denied a place in the columns of the *Academy*, in which journal was published Professor Bennett's review, appeared in the *Examiner* of October 30th. In this reply Miss Youmans, after denying with an emphasis justified by the facts the false statements made

by the reviewer regarding the "seventy lessons," the "dry and wearisome details," and the necessity for "laborious plodding," continues in an able defense, not alone of her work, but especially of its motive. Professor Bennett having commended "as rational and interesting" the method adopted by another author, in which the specimens required for illustration are "described under the eye of the student, each point of structure being pointed out and explained," Miss Youmans joins issue with him as follows:

"I deny that this is a rational method. It is the old traditional and exploded method, in which the teacher does every thing and the pupil nothing. The method of 'careful explanation' by the teacher is the method of instruction, the pouring in of knowledge, and not the method of leading out the faculties by self-exertion, or the acquirement of mental power by overcoming difficulties. One discovery made by persevering application is worth a hundred facts 'carefully pointed out and explained' by the instructor. Something is perhaps gained where the object explained is brought under the eye of the pupil, but the essential educational process is no more reached in this way than by explaining an absent object. Mental power is not acquired except through effort, and the method that does not habitually throw the pupil back upon himself to find out his own explanations, but carefully does this for him, is now so completely discredited that I am not a little surprised to find it commended in dealing with such a subject as botany."

In the first edition of Miss Youmans's book the author presents, in the form of an extended preface or "letter to teachers," an essay, entitled "A Defense of the Educational Claims of Botany," in which are presented and advocated views which the present letter merely enforces with additional emphasis.

So important do we regard this controversy, and so fraught with meaning both to parent and child, that no apology need be made for considering at length the defense of the methods as laid down in the essay.

In this "Defense of the Educational Claims of Botany," Miss Youmans takes the ground that, of all the physical sciences, this one is best adapted to train and develop the observing powers—that is, while the facts of botany are not without great value, the method by which these facts are obtained is one best calculated to develop the intellectual powers and discipline the mind. Taking this ground, the defense of these special claims is prefaced by an extended consideration of the true nature of mental growth; and it is to this phase of the discussion that the attention of both parents and teachers is immediately directed. It will be observed at the outset that Miss Youmans accepts the law of correlation, and extends the limits of its operation so far as to perceive an intimate resemblance and relation between the two orders of development, physical and mental. We condense from her "Defense" as follows:

Regarding mind as a manifestation of life and mental growth, and as dependent upon bodily growth, the analogy between these two forms of development is made the subject of special consideration. All living beings com-

mence in germs, and the beginning of growth is a change in the germ by which it is separated into unlike parts. It is by the assimilation of like with like that differences arise. Nourishment is taken from without, and each part attracts to itself the particles which are like itself. Thus bone-material is incorporated with bone, nerve-material with nerve, etc. As in the physical, so in the mental universe growth commences when the creature becomes acted upon by outside agencies. Admitting the truth of this analogy, we are asked to consider the phenomenon of mental growth; and it is to this point that the attention of the parents is emphatically directed. When they learn to regard the mind of their child as something to be fostered, fed, and nourished, according to methods kindred to those by which the physical development is encouraged, they will have taken one decided step forward in the line of the new education. Let us see how the demands and conditions of this mental growth are to be met and favored. As bodily growth begins in a change of the material germ, so mental growth begins in a change of feeling, and this change of feeling is due to a change of external impressions upon the infant organism. From several illustrations enforcing this view, we select the following: "When an infant opens its eyes for the first time upon the flame of a candle, an image is formed, an impression produced, and there is a change of feeling. But the flame is not known, because there is as yet no *idea*. The trace left by the first impression is so faint that, when the light is removed, it is not remembered—that is, it has not yet become a mental possession. As the light, however, flashes into its eyes a great many times in a few weeks, each new impression is added to the trace of former impressions left in the nervous matter, and thus the impression deepens, until it becomes so strong as to remain when the candle is withdrawn. The idea, therefore, grows by exactly the same process as a bone grows—that is, by the successive incorporation of like with like. By the integration of a long series of similar impressions, one portion of consciousness thus becomes differentiated from the rest, and there emerges the *idea* of the flame. Time and repetition are therefore the indispensable conditions of the process.

"Now, when the candle is brought, the child recognizes or knows it—that is, it perceives it to be *like* the whole series of impressions of the candle-flame formerly experienced. It knows it because the impression produced agrees with the idea. In this way, by numerous repetitions of impressions, the child's first ideas arise; and in this way all objects are known."

As it is a part of our present purpose to defend this system of education, as illustrated by the "First Book of Botany," we would here state that the method therein pursued is consistent with this view of the true nature of mental growth. By the aid of illustrations, always accompanied by the direct presence of the plant or flower, the child is made familiar with the several parts and their relation to each other. It is true that, in this primary work, little attention is paid to

the physiological questions, which, as being in the nature of an advance, are left to be discussed after that mental development has been attained which will render such discussion possible and profitable. It will be seen that the mind is considered as amenable to laws kindred to those which relate to physical growth. Thus the special service is preceded by a general development, and in the present instance it is proposed to effect this development by the aid of one branch of science—that of botany. "The way a child gets its early knowledge is the way all knowledge is obtained; when it discovers the likeness between sugar, cake, and certain fruits—that is, when it integrates them in thought as *sweet*—it is making just such an induction as Newton made in discovering the law of gravitation." It is not improbable that this conclusion may not be accepted by all, since it may appear to leave little room for the deductive processes; be that as it may, the truth of the method in its relation to early development will not be denied. Passing on to that point where the author makes direct application of the principles set forth above, we read that "the glaring deficiency of our popular systems of instruction is, that words are not subordinated to their real purposes, but are permitted to usurp that supreme attention which should be given to the formation of ideas by the study of things. It is at this point that true mental growth is checked, and the minds of children are switched off from the main line of natural development into a course of artificial acquisition, in which the semblance of knowledge takes the place of the reality of knowledge. . . . The existing systems of instruction are therefore deficient, by making no adequate provision for cultivating the growth of ideas by the exercise of the observing powers of children. Observation, the capacity of recognizing distinctions, and of being mentally alive to the objects and actions around us, is only to be acquired by practice, and therefore requires to become a regular and habitual mental exercise, and to have a fundamental place in education." It is at this point that the claims of botany are advanced with justice and confidence, not as a special science but as a means of mental discipline, and it is when viewed in this light that the importance of this branch of study becomes the more evident.

PROFESSOR PROCTOR, in a letter to the *English Mechanic*, recounts certain experiences and observations made during his recent voyage to this country on a Cunard steamer. Among these we note one that has doubtless occurred to other inquisitive voyagers. The subject under review is introduced by the statement that, "during long sea-voyages, some of the common fallacies about chances and averages are strikingly illustrated. . . . If there have been," says the writer, "several days of rough weather and unfavorable winds, many seem to think that the chances of calm weather or favorable winds are greater for the following few days than they ordinarily would be." In this special instance it is admitted that, owing to the operation of well-known laws, a long continuance of winds from any given direction may serve to restore a needed equilibrium, and hence, after a certain time, a change may

fairly be expected. But the professor, from his observations among the passengers, was induced to believe that those who were betting on a change were not fortified by meteorological tables or informed as to their nature and value, but cherished the common fallacy "that past events of one kind are more likely to be followed by events of a different kind than by events of the same kind." Although this idea may justly be regarded as a fallacy, yet we are bold enough to believe that many even of our readers have been induced to act on it. For instance, in "casting lots" after the modern method—that is, by "tossing a cent"—how many are they who, having had the coin come up head for six consecutive times, would not be willing to give odds in favor of its coming up tail on the seventh toss! And yet, by what law of rhyme or reason could such a conclusion be justified? In his letter Professor Proctor cites a singular instance where this faith in chances had acted as a governing motive in deciding by which steamer a traveler should cross the ocean. It is generally recognized by tourists that, of all the steamers which cross the Atlantic, those belonging to the Cunard line are the safest. That this opinion is a just one appears from the fact that this line has "never lost a passenger," a result due, without question, to the superior discipline which exists on these ships, and the strength and seaworthiness of the vessels themselves. This view of the case, however, does not seem to have weight with all, as illustrated by the following incident: A particularly "cute" American had taken a passage to Europe by a steamer on the Inman or White Star line, and was asked why he did not go by a Cunarder. "Guess it ain't safe," said he. "Not safe?" replied his friend. "Don't you know that the Cunard Company boast that they have never lost a passenger yet?" "Well, that's just it," replied this modern fatalist. "Every company *must* lose a certain number of passengers, and some time or other is bound to make up its number." When recorded in black and white it is possible that few will fail to see the fallacy of this reasoning; and yet, we venture to predict that, should this line lose two steamers in quick succession, there would be found many to say, "Well, their turn has come at last." Nor is it at all improbable that the passenger-list would be for a time suspiciously reduced, owing to the popular faith in this popular fallacy.

THE Scotch Herring-Fishery Board have taken measures toward assisting the fishermen in their work by the aid of meteorological observations. Through the liberality of the Marquis of Tweeddale, twenty of the fishing-stations were supplied with deep-sea thermometers, and the fishermen were instructed to ascertain the temperature of the sea at the time fishing was going on. These records, together with those of the daily "catches," were placed in the hands of Mr. Buchan, the secretary of the Meteorological Society, who compared and analyzed them. The result of these comparisons, as indicated in a recent report, proved that, during the periods when good or heavy catches were taken, the barometer was in most cases high and steady, the winds light and moderate, and electrical phenomena wanting; and, on the other hand, when catches were low, the observations indicated a low barometer, strong winds, unsettled weather, and thunder and lightning. Though it would not be safe to extend these rules so as to govern fishermen who seek fish of other species, yet enough has been proved by these results to justify similar experiments on our

own coasts; and it is evident that, were fishermen certain that the chances were against them, valuable time would be saved which is now spent in a vain endeavor to catch fish which have, owing to unfavorable climatic conditions, gone out beyond the reach of hook or net.

As the result of a long-continued course of experiment and observation, Helmholtz has obtained the following results regarding the relative amounts of energy expended by the human body in internal and external work: "About five times as much energy is used in the internal work of the body as is expended in ordinary productive work. In the case of severe work, the proportion of internal work to productive work is still greater. Supposing the work performed by a man to consist of walking, the most economical rate, both as regards the amount of food required to sustain it, and the amount of potential energy expended on the body itself, is about three miles an hour. Both above and below that speed there is a decrease in the amount of active work as compared with the non-productive energy. A man walking fifteen or sixteen miles a day, or doing an equivalent amount of work in any other form, would require 28 ounces of food, composed of albuminates 4.6 ounces, fat 8 ounces, starch 14.3 ounces, and salts 1.1 ounce. This would yield a potential energy of 4,430 foot-tons, and 800 foot-tons for productive work. A mere subsistence diet for a man at rest would be 15 ounces, but with this amount a man would lose weight. About 7,000 foot-tons a day of potential energy is the greatest amount which is possible as a permanency. This would yield 600 foot-tons of productive work. These calculations apply only to men in health."

THAT certain of the vital processes are aided or checked by the presence or absence of light is a fact already demonstrated. It has remained, however, for a recent observer, M. von Platen, to prove that light, through excitation of the retina alone, causes an active increase in the exchange of material in the tissues. The method by which these facts were obtained is as ingenious as the results are novel and interesting. A certain number of rabbits were inclosed in a respiration apparatus or box, so contrived that both the oxygen consumed and the carbonic acid given off could be accurately measured. Before the eyes of each rabbit small wooden rings or spectacles were fastened, the glasses of these being so adjusted that all light could be excluded from the eyes. Having thus arranged the preliminaries, the consumption of oxygen during the time when light was admitted or excluded from the retina was carefully noted, it being thus determined that this consumption in light and in darkness was in the relation of 116 to 100, and the separation of carbonic acid under the same conditions as 114 to 100. This difference, let it be understood, was the result, not of a varying condition of light and darkness in the surrounding atmosphere, but merely of the lighting up or darkening of the retina. Should it be found that the same law pertains to men as to rabbits, the physiological conditions of the blind must be of a special and peculiar character.

THE success attending the use of nickel as a plating material has prompted experiments in the use of other metals for a like purpose. The latest of these is that reported by Bertrand, who has succeeded in producing a galvanic deposit of bismuth on the surface of

other metals. The process may be described as follows: From twenty-five to thirty-five grains of the double chloride of bismuth and ammonia are dissolved in about one quart of water, and this solution is used cold, by the usual methods, a single Bunsen pile being employed. On coming out of the bath, the coated surface is covered with a dark-looking slime, beneath which the metallic lustre of the bismuth is visible. This latter adheres very closely, and takes a fine polish, the color being intermediate between antimony and silver.

By simply altering the figures on the face of an ordinary stop-watch, this instrument has been made to render service as a distance-measurer. The purpose is to place in the hands of the army-officer a convenient instrument, by which the distance of an enemy's battery may be determined. When awaiting the flash of the enemy's gun, the officer stands, watch in hand, with the pointer marking zero. The instant the flash is seen, the pointer is released, to be stopped when the sound of the report is heard. By this means, the distance is indicated. Notwithstanding the accuracy of the instrument, it is evident that the season of the year, the direction of the wind, and the condition of the atmosphere, are important factors, and, to aid the observer in this, several scales are used.

In the November number of the *Geographical Magazine* Captain Burton, in reviewing Mr. Stanley's report of his exploration of the Albert N'yanza, commends the energy and zeal displayed by this American explorer, and, though questioning the accuracy of certain observations, credits him for the actual topographical results obtained in defining the limits of the lake and its feeders.

It has been discovered that a mixture of borax, sulphate of soda, and uraic acid, will render cloth unflammable, at the same time so protecting it as to insure it against any loss of color or change in texture by heat.

Miscellaneous.

AN article in *Blackwood*, entitled "Weather," contains many striking and eloquent passages. Climate and weather are compared as follows:

Climate is geographically fixed, while weather is atmospherically variable; climate is a calculated quantity, while weather is an unknown one. All sorts of rules are applicable to climate, but none are applicable to weather. Climate is monarchy, weather is anarchy. Climate is a constitutional government, whose organization we see and understand; latitude and altitude are its king and queen; dryness and dampness are its two houses of parliament; animal and vegetable products are its subjects; and the isothermal lines are its newspapers; but weather is a red-hot, radical republic, all excitements and uncertainties, a despiser of old rules, a hater of proprieties and order. Climate is a great, stately sovereign, whose will determines the whole character of the lives and habits of his retainers, but whose rule is regular, and is therefore so little felt that it seems like liberty; but weather is a capricious, cruel tyrant, who changes his decrees each day, and who forces us, by his ever-varying whims, to remember that we are slaves. Climate is local; weather is universal. We are indifferent to climate because we

are accustomed to it, but we are dependent on weather because we never know what form it will take to-morrow. Climate is the rule; weather is the exception. Climate is dignity; weather is impudence.

The causes of changes in weather are indicated:

If all the air reposed exclusively on water or on earth alone, there would be no weather; of course, there would be climates, but they probably would be very nearly free from accidents or changes, for the reason that no sufficient agent would be at work to upset their regularity, as weather does. It is the division of the earth into sea and land, it is the joint though separate action on the atmosphere of these two bases, which create weather; it is the counter-working of those two pavements on the air above them which provokes its good or bad behavior; it is the contrast and the clashing between evaporation and precipitation, between the uplifting and the down-pouring of the waters, according to the variety of topographic influences, which bring about the wild uncertainties of weather and destroy the peaceful unities of climate. It is, however, not solely because the surface of the earth is a mixture of wet and dry that these incongruities arise; the varied nature and the diversified disposition of the materials of which the land part of that surface is composed, must also be taken into account; for, as through their agency the distribution of heat on land is rendered most uneven, the atmosphere in contact with that land is irregularly heated also, its faculty of absorbing vapor increases or diminishes with its temperature, and, in this way, a second motive cause of weather is produced.

At the outset of the study of the clouds an insoluble enigma is encountered:

Clouds, as has just been said, are made of water, and water is eight hundred and sixteen times heavier than air; how, then, do clouds manage to get lifted up into the air, and to stop there comfortably, apparently without an effort, and to travel thousands of miles there, at all sorts of paces, just as if it were quite natural and proper that they should be there? Nobody can tell us. Now, really it is humiliating that, at the very outset of our attempt to make the acquaintance of weather, we should encounter an obstacle of this sort, which bars the door to all possibility of real intimacy. Of course, wise people have tried to scramble over it; of course, there have been plenty of suggestions of the peculiar reasons which enable clouds to defy what are supposed to be the laws of Nature, to despise attraction, and to mock at gravitation: but not one of the explanations which have been invented is considered to be sufficient; the clouds go on swimming incomprehensibly above us, in utter disdain of a number of excellent reasons why they should do nothing of the kind. If they behaved like every thing else in Nature, they would never go up at all; but then, in that case, they would not be clouds. Some learned gentlemen have asserted that clouds are supported by rising currents of hot air, which push them up from below, apparently just as children blow up soap-bubbles and keep them floating as long as their breath lasts; others have considered that electricity, in some unknown fashion, contrives to hold them in their places; others, again, have urged that the water-globules of which they are formed contain "obscure internal heat," which by expansion makes them lighter than the surrounding air, converts each of them in

that way into a Montgolfier balloon, and so enables them to remain suspended. We ignorant people are of course quite ready to believe any one of these interpretations, or any other, provided only the sages will tell us which one to adopt; but, so long as they hold silence on the point, all we can do is to stare inquisitively at the clouds and say within ourselves, "How on earth, now, do you manage it?"

Rain is the first-born child of the clouds; fog is the second, and snow the third:

Rain is incontestably possessed of some most remarkable capacities; its talents are brilliant; its influence is enormous; but the value and the merit of its qualities are lamentably diminished by the capriciousness, the willfulness, and the disorder, with which it employs them. Of course, it has the excuse of having been abominably brought up, like all its kindred, and of never having had the advantage of good examples at home, for neither weather, nor vapor, nor clouds, set their younger relatives a pattern of steadiness, of dignity, or of regularity of conduct. But, whoever may be to blame, the fact persists that the merits and defects of rain are so intermingled that it is sometimes very difficult to distinguish them from each other. Open-handed generosity and niggardly avarice, the gentlest and tenderest caresses and the fiercest blasts of temper, the most daring and impetuous public speaking, and the driest and most painful silence, are all mixed up together in this richly-endowed but wildly-wayward Nature.

Fog is described as follows:

Rain is a spendthrift who casts about his substance in every direction; fog is a miser who holds together all he has. Rain is invariably in motion; fog is always indolent and lazy. Rain is active, violent, and noisy; fog is stagnant, sulky, and silent. Fog is manifestly jealous of his brother—gets into his way as much as possible, and seems to try fallaciously to prove that, as their common mother, cloud, can descend to earth entire in the shape of her second son, it is altogether needless for her to tumble down there in pieces under the name of the elder one. Unfortunately, however, for the pretensions of fog, it is of no kind of use to us, while its liquid relative is indispensable. It seems, indeed, to know this, for it likes particularly to stop in inaccessible places, on mountain-tops, or out at sea, where scarcely any one can look at it, as if it were ashamed of its condition. It is true that it does visit us occasionally on dry land, but in a nasty, hesitating sort of way, and it rarely presumes to show itself among us in broad daylight. Most of the other members of the family of weather—with all their faults—have some redeeming qualities; but fog is hopelessly objectionable: it is ugly, useless, stupid, and dirty.

Of snow, the third offspring, the writer is eloquent and poetic:

The third child is a daughter. She floats in the winter air in the white frock that was given to her at her birth, and, though she is now as old as the north wind, she has never changed her robe. Cold, still, spotless, and majestic, she seems altogether out of place amid her coarse relations: they are a disorderly populace; she is a stately queen. Silent, frigid, and so white that her very name means purity, she stands alone—the Pallas Athene of weather. Her movements are soundless; she hushes all around her; she effaces every

thing she touches; all signs of life are hidden beneath the noiseless veil she spreads. Immaculate, irresistible, and eternal, she possesses an awfulness and a grandeur which are special to herself; Nature has produced no counterpart of her; and it is perhaps as well that she has no sister, for, if the clouds had two unmarried daughters of her type, mankind would have hard work to get through the winters. The immensity of her power can, however, be judged only in her own chosen homes, and it is indeed well worth our while to visit them, for, of all material royalties, there is not one like hers.

And yet this splendid vestal is not invariably the mighty, ruthless, immutable sovereign that we behold on the mountains and at the poles. Like all other rulers, she has her weak moments. It is saddening to have to own that so superb a princess can ever change her glorious form, but the truth is evident—she thaws! Her attributes of whiteness and eternity are, after all, mere questions of thermometer and position; they dazzle our bewildered eyes as we humbly gaze upon them on the summits of the Alps; they turn into dirty water in Pall Mall. We easily forget, when snow is sitting nobly on her throne, that the plebeian blood of rain and fog is running in her veins; but she herself, despite her majesty, is forced to own the lamentable fact as soon as she gets warm. How she must hate heat! To be glorious, brilliant, stainless snow, all grand and undefiled and beautiful, and then, because the sun shines out a little, to be obliged to vanish into puddle! What mockery of the greatness of this earth!

The notion that the moon influences our atmosphere is fully disposed of:

The notion that the moon exerts an influence on weather is so deeply rooted that, notwithstanding all the attacks which have been made against it since meteorology has been seriously studied, it continues to retain its hold upon us. And yet there never was a popular superstition more utterly without a basis than this one. If the moon did really possess any power over weather, that power could only be exercised in one of three ways—by reflection of the sun's rays, by attraction, or by emanation. No other form of action is conceivable. Now, as the brightest light of a full moon is never equal in intensity or quantity to that which is reflected toward us by a white cloud on a summer day, it can scarcely be pretended that weather is affected by such a cause. That the moon does exert attraction on us is manifest—we see its working in the tides; but, though it can move water, it is most unlikely that it can do the same to air, for the specific gravity of the atmosphere is so small that there is nothing to be attracted. Laplace calculated, indeed, that the joint attraction of the sun and moon together could not stir the atmosphere at a quicker rate than five miles a day. As for lunar emanations, not a sign of them has ever been discovered. The idea of an influence produced by the phases of the moon is therefore based on no recognizable cause whatever. Furthermore, it is now distinctly shown that no variations at all really occur in weather at the moment of the changes of quarter, any more than at other ordinary times. Since the establishment of meteorological stations all over the earth, it has been proved by millions of observations that there is no simultaneousness whatever between the supposed cause and the supposed effect. The whole story is a fancy and a superstition, which has been handed down to us uncontrolled, and which we have accepted as true because our

forefathers believed it. The moon exercises no more influence on weather than herrings do on the government of Switzerland.

THE London *Spectator* is eloquent and enthusiastic over *Rip Van Winkle* and Jefferson's delineation of the character.

It is a little trying to have to wait for *Rip's* appearance so long after the curtain rises, but the delay has the merit of being filled with instruction. The play is remarkably well constructed in this respect: there is no confusion about it, the relative positions of everybody are clearly defined from the first, and we may contemplate *Rip* from the moment at which his face shows itself—beaming with the sweet, careless drollery, which instantly overthrows our compassionate and indignant sense of *Gretchen's* wrongs, and adds us to the party of the dogs and the children—without having any by-paths of attention to tread. There's not a word to be said for the morality of the piece; we give that up; and are glad to be provided with a big villainous person like *Derrick*, a regular stage out-and-outer, to absorb all our virtuous reprobation of evil, for we have not any for *Rip*. He is every thing that *Gretchen* calls him, and more—for *Gretchen* does not know of his unjustifiable talk about her to *Derrick* and *Vetter*—but we love him; his smile goes straight to our hearts; his laugh—can there ever have been such a laugh among the great actors who are the traditions of our time?—makes us laugh unconsciously with the oddest sense of unreasonable glee; and his first words make us understand what the Irish people mean by a voice that “would whistle the birds off the bushes.” No truer words were ever spoken on the stage

than *Gretchen's* definition of “a jolly dog,” and of the results to the wife and children of that tragic personage; but what becomes of their weighty effect when we see *Rip* and the children, and when *Rip* drinks his famous toast, with a serious, calm, and fascinating grace, as if he fulfilled a duty none the less agreeable for its sacredness? We don't defend ourselves, we only protest absurdly: “He isn't a jolly dog—a jolly dog is a vulgar beast—he is *Rip*.” Yes, that is just it—he is *Rip*, and everybody loves him, except *Derrick*, the big villain, who is sober and thrifty. And *Rip* is always tipsy, but infinitely charming; he is just a hopeless vagabond, without the faintest sense of duty, but full of the most enchanting humor; a ragamuffin, who is simply beautiful to look upon; a sot, with a world of gentleness and not a particle of principle in him, irradiated all through by such an exquisite light of drollery and shrewdness that our moral sense is blinded by it.

THE following “general order,” published in the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, February 14, 1775, is an interesting centennial fact:

It having been found very inconvenient to persons concerned in trade, that the mail from “Philadelphia to New England” sets out but once a fortnight during the winter season, this is to give notice that the New England mail will henceforth go once a week the year round; where a correspondence may be carried on, and answers obtained to letters between Philadelphia and Boston in three weeks, which used in the winter to require six weeks.

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THE STOCKTON MANSION, AT PRINCETON.

THE Princeton streets are old, gray, and venerable, to the full satisfaction of any American sentiment; and the man must be blind or a "plucked" student who finds it possible to set foot under the aged trees and to walk in the sweet, melancholy shade without a sensation of being fully rested.

an impress upon the new-comer that is very welcome.

The roads are of earth, and the noise of the wheels is hushed. Upon every side are retirement, coolness, and silence. There is one road that the saunterer is sure to take at the outset, for it is very beautiful; it is like

It is all right that there is a fence of the style of 1830 or thereabout—three white rails pierced by upright rods projecting at the top about eight inches, and supported by slim, square posts with ornaments like college-caps; and it is also all right that the fence is not in the best of order—a leaning here and



THE STOCKTON MANSION.

The gravity that pervades all things; the old-style gardens that have more greenery than color; the house-fronts that are sleepily closed against stray sunlight that may flow down through rifts in the tree-tops; the great, towering buildings of the college, whose gates open upon the very town—make

a monastery-corridor, and it winds like a stream.

A little way along is the Stockton House, an ancient dwelling that the children playing in the mud in the wheel-ruts know all about and run to show you, the indulgence of their civic pride doing ample duty for a *pour-boire*.

there, a stagger of the gates; this, the moss on the roof, the white hair of the patriarch, are suggestions of age that are valued highly by the stroller.

Within the crippled entrances are trees that know about matters there is no record of, either upon memory, or parchment, or

paper, or any thing else. There are others, of younger lineage, who came in with the Declaration, and with the visit of Washington, and with the War of 1812, if I remember right, and I doubt not with every other national event worth marking in so good a way.

The grandfathers always planted trees and protected them with severity, especially one who had a notion about English park-landscape. He looked after his saplings, his monarchs, and his copses, all over the great estate, with the eye of an artist and the rigor of an owner. Before he died, the place was a marvel of beauty; its soft slopes were adorned with a grace that made them famous.

But another grandfather, who had penetrated into the Old World as far as Holland, brought back notions about Dutch gardening which were nearly entirely opposite to those of the gentleman who had gone before. He got axes and began to hew right and left, and to plant a lot of trees of shorter kinds, and to make curious bush-houses and walks, which set the whole family by the ears.

But there was one onslaught upon the treasured trees that no one took offense at—indeed, it was esteemed an honor that they should be so maltreated. The patriot army established their camp in such a way that it became necessary to cut a road for the transportation of supplies straight through the broad domain, taking in its course a magnificent grove. The thing was done with the hearty consent of the ardent rebel owners, and to this day they point to the honorable scar upon the place, and would like to believe that the trees did not grow again out of regard for the sacrifice; that the gods of the woods said, "Here is a tolerably heroic concession to love of country—suppose we make a monument to it by not making a monument at all!" So there are no trees whatever upon the old road, and romance is the richer for it.

But of the great elms, pines, sycamores, that tower up everywhere, a gazer can say nothing except in verse. Poetry demands poetry. The number of trees that have been made famous by divine imaginings are altogether too few, and these, for their shapes and heights, are worthy to swell the list. They rise out of groves as a man rises above his group of children, and their grand, green boughs of verdure swing in the strong wind with the same motion that a ship swings upon the sea; one beholds them far up in the air with something very like veneration.

The members of the Stockton family who emigrated from England were Quakers, and were strict members of the sect. Love stepped in, however, and made little work of overturning notions. Some of the marriageable men took Southern maidens to themselves for wives, though not until the house had become possessed of enormous tracts of land by purchase from William Penn.

Up to the time when Episcopalian girls began to marry the sons, the plain customs of the simpler religionists were naturally followed; but after the invasion matters took a kinder aspect, and there was a very different sort of jollity, and a different sort of gravity, for that matter, in the hospitable mansion.

With a good old fidelity to family precedent, all the christenings, marriages, and funerals of the branch of the family that has occupied the house, took place in one of the main parlors, a room which it is not likely that one can enter without feeling the weight of its history. It is by no means a grand parlor, yet it has the air of immense dignity.

There are a score of engravings that illustrate scenes in the life of Washington, the experience of the rugged settlers of the country, and the battles of the early wars, that find welcome places upon such walls as these. For instance, in this old-fashioned parlor there is that florid picture of Washington surrounded by ladies and trampling upon flowers, riding on the Battery, with his head uncovered, and the old, well-known look of supreme calm upon his broad features; also that Lexington battle-scene, with the handsome patriots fiercely loading and fiercely firing at a file of British a little below, while handsome, patient wives, young and old, come flying down to their good-men's sides with outstretched arms, and with all the fire of love and agony in their blazing eyes; also the death-bed of Webster, shadowy and sad, with the grand figure of the dying man expounding yet a little more in the glow of the failing sun. In a little frame is a fine engraving of Commodore Stockton in full dress, erect, warlike, with his sword upon his left arm, and his huge gold epaulets swelling out a figure already fine and commanding.* This little picture of a warrior—and a family warrior—suggests to one that wide-spread romanticism that is attached to what we may now safely call our old times. It is to be found in all of the old thirteen States, and it is sweetly and tenderly cherished, often with reminders that are homely, but always sincerely and lastingly. There is hardly a township, certainly no county, of two hundred years of age, that has not within its limits some ancient mansion set amid ancient trees, where live, in stunted grandeur, perhaps, some white-haired remnant of an old-time house, proud of some war-record made in the days of the Indian fights, or the Revolution, or the days of '12, or in the hot

* Commodore Richard Field Stockton was born under this roof in 1796. His career was especially interesting. He entered the navy in 1811 as a midshipman, and became the aid to Commodore Rodgers on board the frigate *President*, winning honorable notice for gallantry in several battles while yet a mere boy. At nineteen years of age he was first-lieutenant of the *Spartan* in the Mediterranean, and distinguished himself by boarding with a boat's crew an Algerine war-vessel. His life was a succession of daring and successful exploits. He was one of the first to advocate a steam-navy; he had given much attention to gunnery and naval architecture, and finally originated a war-steamer, which was built under his immediate supervision in 1844, and, although pronounced impracticable by the naval constructors, it proved to be superior to any war-vessel at that time afloat, and furnished substantially the model for numerous others, not only in this but in foreign countries. The next year he was sent to the Pacific, where, with a small force and amid many romantic and thrilling adventures, he conquered California, and established the government of the United States within her boundaries. He was afterward a member of the Senate of the United States, where, among many other noble deeds, he procured the passage of a law for the abolition of flogging in the navy.

battles in Mexico by some brave son, whose yellow letters and strange attire kept in some honored room, have long since grown to be household gods.

That one great, towering hero of arms—the hero whom we are now being taught to love and regard more deeply than ever—paid this house one of those consecrating visits of his, and left a glow behind him that shines in the venerable faces of the relations even to this day, when they allude to the general. The grandmother of the Revolution sent many letters to Washington, and when he achieved a success she wrote him an ode, which he invariably answered—sometimes in a jolly verse, but more frequently in a fair prose which did credit to his sense as well as his industry. It is indeed touching to learn of these little evidences that the anxious and harassed general-in-chief was surrounded by a protecting and encouraging atmosphere of support. It must have been a grateful intrusion upon his rougher duties when there arrived such reminders that the nicer sentiments of his friends were all alive, and that the struggle he was making was invested with something besides the hearty interest of men alone. That the secretly foreboding man needed all such sustaining is painfully clear; and that he could stop in the hurry of his camp, and with his own hand pen a reply to such kindly messages, is sufficient proof that there were hidden places in his breast that craved a different solace from that he derived from the thanks of Congress or the praise of soldiers.

There was in the house a "Signer." It would not have been complete without him. Richard Stockton had a smooth, finely-colored portrait taken of himself, with his face wrought wonderfully high on the canvas, a position that enabled the painter to make a tremendous deal of his body, and, when the British entered the town and overran the Stockton place, they cut the throat of the painting in lieu of that of the real gentleman, who was absent.* This barbaric injury.

* Richard Stockton had rendered himself excessively obnoxious to the British by his participation in the Declaration of Independence. It is said that he was at first doubtful of the policy of such a course, but in the end cordially supported the movement. He was appointed the same year one of a committee to inspect the Northern Army and report its condition to Congress, and, after his return to New Jersey, was captured by the enemy, and confined in the common prison in New York. Congress interfered and procured his exchange, but the severity of the treatment to which he had been subjected was the cause of his death, which occurred in 1781. He was one of the most brilliant lawyers at the American bar, and one who would never engage in a cause except upon the side of justice and honor. He was of the notable series who composed the first class that graduated from Princeton College on the memorable day when Rev. Aaron Burr was elected its president. He studied law with Judge David Ogden, of Newark. In 1786 he visited England, where he was the recipient of distinguished courtesies, and where he succeeded in performing valuable services for the province of New Jersey. Upon his return he was escorted with great ceremony to his residence by the people, by whom he was much beloved. He was shortly afterward made a member of the governor's council of New Jersey, and appointed Judge of the Supreme Court. His son Richard (the father of the commodore), born in this house in 1784, was a distinguished lawyer and statesman. For more than

inevitably suggesting as it does a real act upon the flesh, lends a very curious interest to the placid and handsome face as it gazes down a little superciliously, one may fancy, upon a poor generation who run no risks, and who are not called upon to jeopardize their heads for their country's sake.

Alas for human vanity! how quickly does this treasure, the "Signer," come to the surface in all chat in these old houses! How softly yet how plainly is the pearl dropped into the stream of talk, and how delightful is the satisfaction when the visitor, startled by the brilliant fact, awakens and says with a true reverence, "Ah, tell me—tell me about him!"—gently running ashore upon his curiosity, and at once sticking there in spite of himself! He knows that there is enough to hear, yet, being too ignorant to draw out the tale, simply arouses all his faculties, and learns how the man dared at Philadelphia, and the wife dared by post, and the daughters dared by postscripts, and the sons dared by oaths, and by whipping out old swords that had done bloody work on the border long before. Indeed, a "Signer" is a grand figure, and to pose a little in his shadow does not come amiss in the bravest of his descendants; to be sure, every act must pale a little before his one act, yet there is no weeping mother to-day who treasures perhaps a cap with a shattered visor, and a rusty sword, and a letter of praise from "the commander of his corps," as she does her life, who does not think twice lest she wrongfully award the meed of praise for the sake of love.

Bound up with the events of the Stockton family is the Princeton College. The influence of the one runs all through the other, and there is a little back-light thrown upon the venerable school from the private house, and in a very curious way, too. When the dread regulars approached the town, young Annis Stockton, naturally dwelling upon secrets, bethought her of Whig Hall, one of the two great fraternity buildings of the college. There is another fraternity building, cold, impenetrable, Doric, like the first, and it is said that no man, living or dead, ever went into both structures. The secrets of both are rigidly kept, and the archives must rot in the closets. But it occurred to the venturesome young lady that the Britishers, though by no means women, should not be permitted at least to act like men. So, in the dead of night and quaking with fear of patriots as well as rebels, for she would be likely to make but a sorry face were she detected in her mingled sin and heroism, she obtained admittance to the gloomy hall, and, with bated

a quarter of a century he was at the head of the bar of New Jersey, and was esteemed one of the most eloquent orators of his day. He was in Congress for many years, and was several times talked of for the presidency. In 1835 he was a commissioner from New Jersey to negotiate the settlement of an important territorial controversy between that State and New York, and penned the proposed agreement appended to the report. He was an elegant gentleman of the old school, witty and charming in conversation, and abounding in reminiscences of wild scenes of terror, of which the destruction of his father's carefully-chosen and costly library in this ancient dwelling was but one of many.

breath, it may be hoped, stole every file and scrap of paper she could find, made off with them, and hid them effectually.

After the storm had blown over, the unhappy Whigs raised a hue and cry, for it was reasonably clear that the history of all their enormous transactions was afloat in the air. But forward came sweet Miss Annis, with every thing complete, inviolate.

It is to be fancied, however, that the unlucky Whigs, instead of being transported with joy, were dashed into the bottomless pits of consternation—although they doubtless smiled—for had not their papers been in the hands of one of the whispering kind? There was no guarantee—there could be none—that she had not "peeked." What did they do? They lamented a while, and then acted like diplomats. They begged Miss Annis to become a Whig! Magnificent concession—not to the sex, but to gaunt suspicion! She laughed with delight, and they made her a member in very hot haste, lest she should run off and tell her neighbors all about it, and blow the venerable society, with its relics and ceremonials and all its appurtenances, into the sky.

But she stood firm against all temptation during her brief career, and they tell stories of the delight with which she used to receive deputations from the club, and leading them away from her curious companions, listen with ostentatious delight to their "society secrets," which they told her as in honor bound.

Upon a few little quiet annals such as these does the romance of the house rest. There is a good, strong list of very prominent men—men of the professions and men of war—who give it its honor, and its personal graces are plenty enough. There are many such grave and retired spots all up and down the Atlantic coast, perched upon headlands looking far off upon the sea, or standing upon the brow of wooded hills, showing broad and pillared fronts to the country around and below, or half hiding, as the Stockton House does, in the midst of a town, with the world's people at its very gates. Search for them, friend stroller, and fill up your book with rare notes, and walk awhile in the atmosphere of your country's earlier history—it is amazingly good for one dizzied with change and progress.

SUSANNE GERVASZ;

A MAID OF THE GÉVAUDAN.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

THE report was soon circulated that Costerousse and his man Perondi had quarreled, and the cause of the quarrel was said to be money. What remained a more absorbing and far less agreeable topic was the increasing intimacy between Susanne and Perondi. The peasants were furious, and the report ere long reached M. d'Estézac, who had just arranged a hunting-party to meet at Jacques Boucard's house, up to this time locked.

On the same day Susanne left home and

began her wanderings. A white frost silvered the fern; the thrushes were grouped on the ash-trees, and the jays flew from tree to tree, fluttering their blue feathers in the sunshine. The girl went as usual toward the farm-house of Anselme Costerousse, her eyes fixed before her, but her ears listening. When she thought that she heard the steps of a shepherd or wood-cutter, she glided behind a bush, and evidently wished to conceal her movements. All at once Matteo Perondi came out of a thicket and stood before her, the place being midway between the "Priest's Inclosure" and the farm. He was the picture of passionate love.

"Susanne," he said, "I am going in three days. This evening I intend to settle my business with Costerousse, and, if he don't act as he ought to, enough said! And now—I am not going alone—am I to live or die?"

He stopped, breathing heavily. His eyes were hollow and his cheeks burning. She made no reply, and turned away indifferently—at which his love seemed to become a wild sort of frenzy.

"You trifle with me!" he cried, "and think you can brave me! I am as crazy as you are! You shall not escape me! I would rather have you hate me than despise me in this way! I am lost!—this is worse than death!"

He seized her arm violently. At the same moment a carbine-shot was heard in the thicket, and a bullet flattened itself on the tree-trunk above them.

"That was meant for me!" exclaimed the Piedmontese; "why did it miss me?"

"Go—go away, quick!" cried Susanne, with sudden excitement.

"Shall I see you again?"

"Yes."

He fled, and Susanne hastened to the spot from which the shot had issued. It had been fired by Pierre Vialat, who hated Perondi bitterly.

"Wretch!—so you tried to kill me!" Susanne exclaimed.

"To kill you!—no, Susanne! Didn't you see that my ball struck ten feet above your head? I intended to warn that scoundrel what he had to expect—and he had caught hold of your arm! O Susanne! think what you are doing! As to this Piedmontese, if I meet him alone, I'll settle my account with him!"

"I order you not to touch him!" cried Susanne, with violence.

"Ah! you love him!—this is frightful!" he added; "her weak-headedness has turned in that direction!—Susanne," he continued, addressing her directly, "you have friends, true friends, as much mortified as I am. They sent me to say—"

"Friends? Whom do you mean?"

"M. d'Estézac, and his brother-in-law, M. de Ribière, and madame. They are at the hunting-lodge."

"I will go there!" she exclaimed, and went along rapidly, followed by Pierre. She soon reached the house, and entered proudly, with her head erect—Pierre whispering to the company what had just occurred. Madame de Ribière shook her head.

"My child," she said to Susanne, "can you understand me? You know that I love you. Why have you chosen this vagabond Perondi for your companion? You have done so, have you not?"

"Yes, madame."

"She acknowledges it! And you even told Pierre that he must not touch this man?"

"That is true."

"And why? But I am speaking to a person of weak mind!"

"I have chosen Matteo Perondi and not another," was the cold reply.

"And why, unhappy girl? why have you done so?"

"Why?"

She began to laugh—it was a nervous, shrill sound—the laughter of an insane person.

"Because Matteo Perondi is the farm-hand of Anselme Costerousse."

"But—?"

"And the farm of Anselme Costerousse is near—is near—"

"Ah, I understand," whispered M. de Ribière; "she imagines these people may know something of the crime Jacques was charged with!"

This explanation produced a sudden revolution in Madame de Ribière's feelings, and she threw her arms around the girl, tenderly pressing her to her breast.

"Pardon me, my child!" she said, "now I understand every thing. Your deep love for that poor young man—the horrible catastrophe—the cruel scenes which have dethroned your intellect—these have left you but one idea, one luminous point in the general chaos—to show that Jacques was innocent! Attracted by the vague hope of discovering at the scene of the crime some trace of the real assassin, you have persisted in haunting the vicinity, and have there met this man Perondi. You perhaps fancy him the guilty one—your poor brain takes suspicion for evidence! You seek proofs, but do you know, my child, the danger you expose yourself to?"

M. d'Estérac had remained silent, listening keenly to all that was uttered.

"Pierre Vialat!" he now called. The man hastened into the room.

"What is the character of this Matteo Perondi?"

"O monsieur! a wretch—a go-barefoot!—a gallows-bird!"

"Well—and this Anselme Costerousse?"

"No better than his man, sir."

"What are his circumstances?"

"Well, last year, before the murder of Simon Vernon, he was as poor as a mouse; now they say he is buying horses, and paying all his back rents."

"That will do, Pierre; you can go." And, turning to M. de Ribière, he added, "What do you say to this, my dear Ribière?"

"What do I say to it?" said the judge, evidently a prey to great agitation; "what can I say? Why has no one thought of these two men? Why has no one suspected them? And yet what can we do? Are there any grounds to proceed upon? There is the process, the trial, the verdict of the jury; and,

on the other side, nothing but the fancy of this poor girl, whose mind is eternally vacillating between light and darkness. Alas! these fancies are far from proofs."

Susanne had listened with her head leaning on Madame de Ribière's shoulder. At these words her head rose suddenly.

"I have the proofs!" she exclaimed; "I will bring them to you to-morrow!"

M. de Ribière shook his head, but, to humor her, said:

"Why not this evening?"

"Perhaps," she said, feverishly, and, leaving the apartment abruptly, she disappeared.

"It is a miracle!" exclaimed Madame de Ribière.

"Alas, no!" returned her husband; "it is merely a dream of this poor girl. She is possessed by a fixed idea—her monomania reasons admirably up to a certain point, but then a single word, a breath, again obscures all!"

As he spoke, a pure and musical voice was heard singing beneath the window—

"These mountains will not let me see—
They will not let me see my lover!"

M. d'Estérac remembered that wild song when Susanne escaped from him into the Margeride. He hastened to the window. She was passing along the terrace, and her beautiful eyes flashed as she gazed at him over her shoulder. He saluted her with a wave of the hand and turned to his companion.

"Ribière," he said, "I told you a year ago that Jacques was innocent. I now tell you that Susanne is not insane!"

Let us now follow the young girl. Where was she going? What was her design? She scarcely knew, but a secret voice whispered that the supreme hour was approaching.

In spite of the November chill, the day had been beautiful. The sun was smiling; the country seemed deserted; Susanne encountered not a single human being; but, as she approached the spot where she was accustomed to meet Perondi, he issued from a thicket, and stood before her. His face was gloomy, and his hollow eyes burned.

"Which of your lovers was it that was watching and fired on me to-day?" he said, fiercely.

"I know nothing about it," she said, in a cold tone.

"And where are you going?"

"Going? I am going nowhere. Yes, the evening is bright, I am going to ramble; come with me."

He looked at her in astonishment, for she spoke with suppressed animation. Following a path, and accompanied by the Piedmontese, she came to a clump of pine-trees and filberts, and suddenly stopped.

"Do you see these trees?" she said.

"The day after the murder of Simon Vernon, his friends met me here, and insulted me, and nearly stoned me. They said Jacques murdered Simon, and that I was his sweetheart."

Perondi turned pale, and gnawed his lip, but said nothing.

"They followed me," continued the girl,

"crying, 'Down with her! It was for love of her that Jacques murdered Simon!'"

The Piedmontese shrunk back, but Susanne caught him by the arm, and they thus reached Jacques Boucard's house.

"I remember this place," she said, dreamily; "it was here that he was arrested, and I was confronted with him; they followed him with cries of hatred; they made me lie and dishonor myself!"

The Piedmontese did not raise his eyes from the ground. His brows were knit, and he remained silent.

"Here they found the footprints under the window," she went on; "they said they were of different sizes, but that was a mere fancy. There is the room where—under a lounge—they found—what was it they found? Oh, yes, a bloody belt."

The man again shrunk from her, and she wandered on, Perondi mechanically following her. The sun was now near the horizon. Dark clouds had risen, and chased each other across the sky, driven by the chill wind of the autumn evening. The red light bathed the summits of the pines, and threw long shadows on the mountain. All at once the path which they were following stopped at a rough wall, overshadowed by cypress-trees—they had reached the "Priest's Inclosure."

Susanne entered the inclosure through a breach in the wall, rather dragging Perondi than merely leading him. His strength seemed exhausted. His limbs shook under him, and he closed his eyes, as though to shut out some horrible vision. At the end of the inclosure, at a few paces from the wall, was seen a slight swelling of the earth, upon which had been erected a cross of black wood. The girl dragged Perondi to the spot—he moved like a machine rather than a man. The shadows of the great cypress-trees slept like a mourning-veil over the place—there was a noise of wings in the air above—the night-birds began to utter their funeral cries.

"This is the 'Priest's Inclosure,'" said Susanne. "Do you see this cross of black wood? It marks the spot where Simon Vernon fell under the blows of his assassins."

Perondi trembled from head to foot, and his pale face grew livid. He uttered a gasp, but, making a violent effort, exclaimed hoarsely and threateningly:

"Why have you brought me here? What do you want? What have I to do with this 'Priest's Inclosure,' or the murder of Simon Vernon?"

His eyes blazed, and he looked at the girl with the expression of a wild beast. She seemed to feel her danger, and said, coolly:

"Nothing. I have brought you here to make you understand that I, too, hold all this country in horror. Do you think I look forward to happiness in the midst of these scenes—that I wish to spend years of torture surrounded by such terrors? I will leave them forever."

"Leave them!" cried Perondi, suddenly flushing as he gazed at her. "But not alone."

She fixed her eyes upon him, and said, dreamily:

"Did you not tell me of another country where the sky is blue, and the sunshine is

bright—not like these vile mountains, with their gray tints and their cypress-trees?"

Perondi thrilled with a wild joy.

"You will go with me, then?"

"I will go with you."

"And the arrangements, Susanne!—order, I will obey!"

"Have you money?"

"Yes," he said, starting slightly.

"I have money, too," she said, in a singular tone, rattling in her apron pocket the gold obtained from Marianno Bedares. "Well, listen to me now. No one must know my intention. You know the village of Chastagnier—about six leagues from here? There is a tavern called the Black Ball in the place. I will be there at noon to-morrow. Then by way of Valence and Nyons to Italy."

Perondi glowed with love and triumph.

"I will be there at noon," he said.

"No, come an hour later. You must not be seen with me in the village. I shall be at the Black Ball. Now I will go home. Why did I come to this accursed spot?"

She went back over the path with Perondi toward the farm-house. When near it, they separated. Perondi was drunk with joy.

"I will see you to-morrow again," he exclaimed.

"Yes, to-morrow."

"I wish it had already come."

"And I," was the girl's response, with an imperceptible tinge of irony. The Piedmontese then turned and went toward the farm-house, while Susanne disappeared down the path which led toward Villefort. Her face wore a strange expression—one of utter disgust, but of gloomy pleasure. Her eyes burned with a resolute fire; any one seeing her at that moment would have said that she was dangerous.

Susanne had scarcely gone a hundred yards, however, when she stopped. A sudden thought seemed to arrest her: she glanced over her shoulder, hesitated, knit her brows, and ended by turning into a small path which led through a thicket back to the rear of the farm-house of Anselme Costerousse.

As she approached the house she looked before her, and to the right and left, evidently fearful of being seen. Her light step scarcely troubled the silence. The wind had ceased to blow, and the vague murmur which issued from the summits of the fir resembled the breathing of a child asleep. She was now within ten yards of the rear of the house, and suddenly caught the sound of voices, evidently those of Costerousse and Perondi. She acted promptly; they seemed to be quarreling, and would not hear her steps. Holding her breath, she reached the house, passed along the ruined terrace, concealed herself in the thick shrubbery at the end of the farm-house, and, putting carefully aside the creepers around the low window, looked into the kitchen from which the voices came.

Costerousse and the Piedmontese were seated at a pine table, on which were two tin cups, two wine-bottles nearly empty, and a bag of money. The master seemed to be irritated and anxious; the man irritated and threatening.

"Once more, that is not the whole amount

due me," said Perondi. "You owe me, in the first place, my four years' wages—I hope you acknowledge that?"

"Yes," muttered Costerousse, in a gloomy tone.

"At fifty crowns a year—and they have been earned—that makes six hundred francs. Six hundred and fourteen hundred make two thousand—pay me my two thousand francs, I say!"

"Impossible!" cried Costerousse, in a voice of anger and distress. "I thought—yes, I was certain—that your wages were a part of the amount we agreed upon. In that bag is all I owe you—all I have left."

Perondi filled his tin cup, raised it to his lips, and, when he had emptied it of its contents, struck it violently on the table. He then exclaimed, in a threatening and sarcastic voice:

"Bah! and that's the way you look at matters, is it? Why don't you tell me at once that the little affair we both had a hand in was also to be paid for in my regular wages? That's a different matter altogether, my worthy friend!"

"Hush! hush!" cried Costerousse, with greater anger and apprehension than before.

"And if I don't mean to hush—what then? If I take a little walk and see the chief of police at Mende! If I only utter the words, '*Simon Vernon—Anselme Costerousse—the Priest's Inclosure—the 28th of November, 1825!*'—what then, my good friend?"

Costerousse had raised his cup to his lips. It fell suddenly, clattering on the floor.

"If I am caught in the trap, you, too, will be!" he muttered, hoarsely.

"What matter? It was you who put me up to it. I am not afraid—come, end this!"

"I ask nothing better—yes, to end every thing!"

"You would like," said the Piedmontese, "never to see me again, and I to see you. I wish I was already off. Your face and mine will never meet in this world hereafter. Add a hundred francs to what is in the bag, and we are quits!"

"So be it," returned Costerousse. The stormy tone of Perondi had filled him with apprehension, and he was only too well satisfied to get off so cheaply.

"You agree?"

"Yes; it will cramp me, but—when will you want them?"

"To-morrow morning."

"You shall have the money. Are you really going?"

"I am going."

"Well, good luck to you, companion—and now, the bottle is empty, to bed."

Susanne had heard enough. She glided out of the shrubbery, and, passing like a shadow along the dilapidated terrace, disappeared in the thicket, through which a path led toward Villefort.

On the same night M. de Ribière was seated in his study examining some papers, when he heard light steps without, and a low tap came at the door.

"Come in!" he said, somewhat surprised at having so late and mysterious a visitor.

The door opened, and Susanne, enveloped in a cloak which concealed her whole person

with the exception of her face, entered the apartment.

"You, my child!" exclaimed M. de Ribière—"you come to visit me at so late an hour as this!"

"For a few moments only, dear M. de Ribière," said the young girl, in a voice which made the Judge of Instruction start.

Every trace of mental alienation had disappeared. Her eyes were calm, clear, and radiant with intelligence. With this expression mingled another—one of fixed resolution. It was impossible not to see that this human being was in the fullest possession of her reason, and that she had formed some determination which she meant to adhere to under all circumstances.

"That is the Penal Code on the table—is it not, sir?" she now said.

"Yes, my child," he said, with an expression of great astonishment.

"I wish to ask you a single question, dear M. de Ribière."

And, taking the arm-chair which the gallant old judge hastened to offer her, the girl pushed back her dark hair and the interview began.

An hour afterward it had terminated, and Susanne hastened back to her father's house.

M. de Ribière looked after her as she left him with an air of overwhelming astonishment.

"After all, madame was right," he muttered; "this is, indeed, a miracle!"

On the morning after her interview with M. de Ribière, Susanne rose before daylight, made a rapid toilet, threw a cloak over her shoulders, took a small bundle, and, slipping out of the house, walked rapidly on, and soon found herself on the road leading in the direction of Chastagnier, the village where she had given rendezvous to Matteo Perondi.

Her rambles in the fields had made her active and enduring. She went on rapidly through the chill morning—continued to walk steadily hour after hour, and at last saw the houses of the village beneath her.

She entered the village, and went straight to the inn of the Black Ball, where she asked for breakfast and a room. The fat old hostess nodded, and, taking a key, conducted her to an apartment. It opened on a gallery, and from the window you looked into a garden in the rear.

"Will mademoiselle have her breakfast now?"

"Yes—no; in half an hour, madame," said Susanne. "I am waiting for another person—you will see him when he arrives, a man of bad appearance. He will ask for me, for Mademoiselle Susanne. Then bring up breakfast, and tell him I am waiting. He will come up; you will then say, 'The carriage will soon be ready;' then close the door, but do not go far, and, when you hear me say to the man, 'Do you still disbelieve in God?' come in."

The puzzled hostess nodded—she had no time to reply. Steps were heard on the stair case, and Perondi rushed up, his face glowing with joy.

Susanne remained calm.

"What o'clock is it, madame?" she said to the hostess.

"Half-past eleven, mademoiselle."

"And the carriage?"

"It will soon be ready."

"Then please serve breakfast, madame."

The hostess left the room, and she was alone with Perondi.

"Susanne! Susanne!" he cried, "you have come—you have kept your promise!"

"I always keep my promises. I make myself some—these I do not tell."

He looked at her keenly; there was something strange in her voice. Her manner was not less singular; she seemed to be listening. In ten minutes breakfast was served; and Perondi sat down and ate ravenously; the girl declared that she had broken her fast, and remained standing.

When the Piedmontese had finished he rose, exclaiming:

"I hear the carriage!"

In fact, the sound of wheels could be distinguished in front of the inn. Susanne made no reply; she was listening, and suddenly her face glowed.

"Come!" cried the Piedmontese, "*en route* for Italy, Susanne!"

"I am not going to Italy!" was the reply of the girl.

"Not going!"

"I am going to return to Villefort!"

"You? no! I am the master now. You are going with me."

"Yes, or you are going with me—it amounts to the same thing," she said.

Heavy steps were heard on the staircase leading to the apartment.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried the Piedmontese, drawing his knife.

"It means, Matteo Perondi," said the girl, rising to her full height—"it means that a poor girl is too cunning for you with all your cunning! It means that I have led you into a trap to destroy you!—that my Jacques will no longer undergo punishment for murdering Simon Vernon! It means, miserable creature, that you are in the hands of the law! Do you still disbelieve in God?"

The door flew open, and the chief of police entered, followed by his *gendarmes*.

"Matteo Perondi, you are my prisoner," he said.

The Italian bounded, knife in hand, toward Susanne, and would have stabbed her, but a blow from the carbine of one of the *gendarmes* made him stagger back. He rushed toward the window; a *gendarme* stood below. A moment afterward he was seized and bound.

"For what am I arrested?" he cried.

"For the crime provided for in the Penal Code, article 354," said the chief of police.

"What is the crime?" he asked, in a hoarse and trembling voice.

"Article 354 provides for the punishment of those who—"

Perondi held his breath.

"—who entice and carry off a minor from her parents or guardians," said the chief of police.

An immense load was lifted from the breast of the Piedmontese by these words—that was apparent from his face.

"I did not carry off this young girl!" he exclaimed. "She came here of her own accord."

"Well, explain all that at Mende, my friend, before the Judge of Instruction."

Perondi grew a little pale. At the same moment the hostess entered, saying:

"The carriage is ready, mademoiselle."

"We shall not need it to-day, madame," said Susanne, coolly. "This gentleman has one."

She pointed to the chief of police, who, scenting a jest, began to laugh. He then directed Perondi to walk before him, and made him enter an open vehicle with four seats, standing in front of the inn. Susanne—having paid the worthy hostess—took her seat beside the chief of police; and the vehicle set out, the horses going at a steady trot, toward Mende.

On the same day, and almost at the same hour, that Matteo Perondi was arrested at Chastagnier, Anselme Costerousse was arrested at his farm-house. The arrest was made so quietly at the isolated grange that Anselme was in prison before anybody heard of it.

At six in the evening he was sent for to appear before M. de Ribière, and, as he entered, he saw before him Susanne and Matteo Perondi, who had arrived a few moments before.

"Anselme Costerousse," said the judge, "do you know of what you are accused?"

Costerousse looked from Perondi to Susanne—the former turned away his eyes, the latter returned his glance with one of implacable firmness.

"No, sir," he said.

"You are charged with complicity in the abduction of Susanne Gervaz, an infant under age, by your hired man, Matteo Perondi."

Costerousse drew a long breath. He was as much relieved as Perondi had been, and in spite of his cunning could not conceal his satisfaction.

"Ah! is that it, sir?" he said; "but, Mr. Judge, I know nothing about this affair. I settled with Matteo Perondi yesterday, and he said nothing of it. If he had, I would have dissuaded him. I would have come right to you, judge—for I am a peaceable and quiet man. I told him this girl would fool him! I his accomplice, sir?—just the contrary! I was always telling him, 'Take care! this Susanne will bewitch you!' But you can't make young men listen to reason!"

M. de Ribière only said "Humph!" and, pointing to Perondi, said to an official:

"Search this man."

Both Perondi and Costerousse turned suddenly pale. In the pockets of the Piedmontese were found fifteen hundred francs.

"What wages did you pay Matteo Perondi?" said the judge to Costerousse.

He stammered something.

"It will be best for you to tell the truth."

"I paid him fifty crowns a year."

"Well, he lived with you four years—he could not have saved more than six hundred francs; where did he get the rest? Did he rob you of it?"

Costerousse was silent.

"I repeat my question."

"I don't know—that is—he may have—robbed some one else."

"Wretch!" cried Perondi, doubling up his fist, "you are a scoundrel!"

The judge interposed, and directed Costerousse to be taken back to prison. He then turned to Perondi and said coldly:

"That man murdered Simon Vernon, and you were his accomplice!"

Perondi staggered back, his lips grew ashy, and he stammered out:

"It is not true! it is not true! the murderer was tried and found guilty!"

The judge looked at him coldly, and said:

"Observe that in any event you cannot escape the galleys. Abduction and theft are established against you. It will be best for you to confess. If you do not, I will propose this course to Anselme Costerousse, and he will have the benefit of it."

Perondi hesitated—his frame shook—he repeated:

"I am innocent! the murderer was tried and found guilty!"

M. de Ribière nodded his head and turned to Susanne.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you can now say any thing you wish."

Susanne took a step forward, and confronted the Piedmontese.

"So you thought I was insane," she said, "and that I would go with you back to your country—that I *loved* you?"

A low sound full of disgust issued from her lips.

"Loved you!—ah! I knew from the very first that you and this Costerousse had murdered poor Simon Vernon! Yes, from the very first I knew it, or felt convinced of it, at least. Do you remember when you sneered at me that morning when poor Jacques was examined? Your face made me reflect! Do you remember in the courtroom when the jury pronounced his fate? Then I reflected more still, and your two faces said, 'We are the true murderers!' Then I began to think. If you had murdered Simon Vernon and robbed him of his money, you would part with it sooner or later, and it was my business to find when and where. Do you begin to understand now?"

Perondi could not sustain her gaze. He seemed to be dazzled, and turned away.

"You made your disgusting love to me, and I told you that you were too poor and dirty. You replied that you could buy new clothes at the fair of Vigan, and I went thither, still as a crazy girl, to watch you! As a crazy girl—and do you know why I pretended to be insane—why I leaped from M. d'Estézac's carriage and fled singing, and rambled about the fields till my condition was the talk of the country?—To throw you off your guard, you and Costerousse! To make you unsuspecting and thus betray your secret! To entrap you as you allowed my poor Jacques to be entrapped and to suffer, wretch, in your places!"

Perondi uttered a low moan.

"So I went to the fair at Vigan. I knew

you would never dare to part with Simon's money near Mende or Villefort. Spanish home-traders came to Vigan, and you would there exchange this money; so I went, and watched, and saw you bargaining with Marianno Bedares, and went the next day, when you had bought his horse, and offered to exchange silver money for Spanish gold. He consented readily, and gave me a quadruple, two doubloons, and four piasters. Here they are! Go and return them to the heirs of Simon Vernon—or bury them in his grave!"

She threw the coins in the face of Perondi, and went on with renewed passion:

"You came back with new clothes—with your gold chain and your rings. But I was done with you—I knew your secret; what I required was further proof. I soon had it. Your master, Costerousse, paid his rent, and began to improve his farm. He did more—he came to Master Berard, the notary, to discharge an old debt of three hundred francs. I lay in wait and listened—I saw the man's guilt in his face—I found my father was his real creditor; and here is a paper I induced him to give me."

She drew a paper from her apron and read aloud:

"I certify that Anselme Costerousse, who owed me three hundred francs, borrowed October 4, 1821, paid the amount on October 4th of the present year, both capital and two years' back interest."

"ANDRÉ GERVAZ.

"November 7, 1826."

"Then I knew," she continued, "that you and the worthy Costerousse had inherited all this money from—Simon Vernon! I had long determined, you see, to entrap you, murderer that you are! And I allowed you to make love to me—you to me—you!"

Her tone of voice was so full of contempt that it stung him to the quick. His eyes, which had glared sidewise, full of a sort of stupor, turned slowly, and darted a livid flame at her.

"You were no better in my eyes than a venomous reptile—a dirty farm-hand!" she went on. "Love you? I have never loved any one but Jacques, my heart and my soul! He is in the galleys, but he is your master now as always."

Perondi shuddered with rage. This avowal of her love for Jacques seemed to pierce his very heart. He bent down and remained silent.

"Then the days followed each other," she went on. "I had the money you carried to Vigan, and the proof of Costerousse's payments, but this was not proof sufficient. I must alarm your conscience, and make you confess your crime—to me if not to others. There was no time to lose—you were going to leave the country. I swore you should not, and kept my own counsel as to my plans. I could not induce you to confess. I dragged you, pale and trembling, to the house where my poor Jacques was arrested—to the very spot where I dishonored my name, swearing falsely afterward to remain free to act for him. I dragged you on to the 'Priest's Inclosure'; it was dark nearly, the cypresses waved—a grave was there: you would not confess. Worse still, you said you were go-

ing, and, if you escaped to Italy, Jacques was ruined. So I laid another trap for you. I promised to fly with you, and meet you at a spot agreed upon. It was necessary to bring some charge against you to have you arrested. The charge fixed on was abduction, punishable by the Penal Code. M. de Ribière showed me the law, which my own father read to me one day—and here you are."

Perondi made no response.

"One word more," continued the young girl. "You remember that last evening at the farm. I was present, hid in the shrubbery near the window, when you talked with your master Costerousse. I heard all—all!"

The Piedmontese shuddered, and raised his head quickly.

"You were seated at a table; there was a bag of money between you; you were drinking and quarreling."

Perondi listened, with eyes slowly distending.

"You threatened your master. If he did not pay all you demanded, you would go to the chief of police at Mende. You said you would say to him simply these words: '*Simon Vernon—Anselme Costerousse—the Priest's Inclosure—the 28th of November, 1825.*' Do you deny that you said that?"

The Piedmontese uttered no sound. A mortal pallor covered his cheeks; and, seeing that he was about to faint, the judge directed that he should be removed from the court-room. As he was conducted out, one of the officials holding him by the arm, and supporting him as he staggered along rather than walked, M. de Ribière, who was near M. d'Estézac, leaned over and made a sign to attract his attention. M. d'Estézac inclined his head to listen.

"Look," said the judge, pointing toward Susanne, "there is a better examining judge than myself!"

Such had been the result of the examination of the Piedmontese. It was now the turn of Costerousse, and on the following day he was sent for, and conducted before the judge.

"Anselme Costerousse," said the judge, "you were interrogated yesterday in reference to the sum of money found on the person of Perondi at the time of his arrest."

Costerousse made no reply; he was evidently standing on his guard.

"You did not urge what is possible, after all—that the money was Susanne's, and that Perondi took it from her."

The face of Costerousse suddenly lit up, and he exclaimed:

"Yes, yes, that must have been the way of it, Mr. Judge! Yes, certainly, the money was poor Susanne's beyond all doubt. She sold flowers, you know—a franc here, a five-sou piece there. A little at a time, but a little often enough makes a pile in our good French money."

The judge suddenly held up before Costerousse the foreign gold—the quadruple, doubloons, and piasters—which Susanne had obtained from Marianno Bedares.

"Do you know these pieces of money?"

Costerousse grew frightfully pale.

"No, no!" he exclaimed. "I do not know them. I never saw them before."

"Very well; and this, what do you say to this?"

He read aloud the certificate of the payment made to André Gervaz. As he listened Costerousse seemed choked by something in his throat.

"Wretched man!" exclaimed the judge, "that gold I showed you was taken from the dead body of Simon Vernon at the 'Priest's Inclosure' on the morning when you murdered him. Then you sought to conceal your crime, you exchanged the money, you paid your debt to André Gervaz, you paid your landlord M. Claudet, you paid Lamoureux the stone-cutter for work done for you. Where did you obtain this money if not by the murder? And why did you start when Master Berard told you that *André Gervaz* was your real creditor?"

"Who saw me? His back was turned!" Costerousse cried.

"Confess, unhappy man—confess your crime!"

"Confess what?"

"That, on the morning of the 28th of November, in the year 1825, you, Anselme Costerousse, in company with Matteo Perondi, committed murder on the body of Simon Vernon."

"Never, never!" cried Costerousse. "The crime was committed by Jacques Boucard, who was tried and condemned for it!"

"Very well," the judge said, coldly; and, turning to the officer in attendance, he added, "Take this man back to prison to await his trial."

Three months afterward Costerousse and Perondi were arraigned before the Court of Assizes of the department for the murder of Simon Vernon; and, as before, a great crowd assembled to witness the proceedings in an affair which continued to excite the deepest interest and curiosity throughout the entire region.

The accused persons had obstinately persisted in declaring themselves innocent of the crime, and, although public opinion was almost universally against them, well-grounded doubts were expressed as to the possibility of proving their guilt. At the appointed hour the court-room was closely packed with deeply-interested auditors, and, the case having been called, the examination began.

"Perondi," said the president of the tribunal, "stand up."

The Piedmontese rose slowly. He held his head down, but looked up at the president with sullen and bloodshot eyes. The latter looked over his notes, and then turned again toward the accused.

"The fact has been established," said the judge, "that, at the time of your arrest, you had upon your person a sum of money three times as great as your wages for the time you lived with your employer Costerousse could have amounted to. Explain how you came to be possessed of this sum."

Perondi, acting by the advice of his counsel, made no response whatever.

"You refuse to explain this circumstance, then?" said the judge.

Perondi remained silent.

"Very well," the judge added, "sit down

and let the witnesses be called. Call first Marianno Bedares."

The horse-dealer promptly came forward and took his place on the witness-stand. His presence at the trial was due to the energy of M. d'Estérac. This friend of Susanne had gone all the way to Spain, and represented the state of affairs so strongly to the Castilian that they had returned in company, arriving on the very evening before the trial.

The ordinary questions were first propounded to Marianno Bedares, as to his name, residence, and occupation. These having been answered, the judge proceeded to the main examination.

"Marianno Bedares," he said, "look at the man on the bench—the younger one of the two, with the swarthy face—do you know him?"

"Yes," said Bedares, with his strong Spanish accent, "I know him, but he is much changed since I last saw him."

"Where have you before met him?"

"I met him at the last fair at Vigan. I sold him a horse."

"Did he pay you for the horse?"

"He did."

"In French money?"

"No, in Spanish coin."

"State the circumstances of the sale of the horse, and all connected with the transaction from the beginning to the end."

Marianno Bedares, in obedience to this order, proceeded to give a full account of the purchase of the horse, of the payment of the Spanish gold-coin, and of the subsequent exchange of the coin with Susanne Gervaz for French money. A cross-examination by the counsel for the prisoner failed to cast any discredit on his testimony, or elicit any doubtful details.

"The witness will stand aside," said the judge. "Call Susanne Gervaz."

A stir took place in the crowd, and Susanne came forward to the witness-stand. She had never appeared so beautiful, and what attracted universal attention in the crowd, adoring her now as their own heroine, was the fact that she had thrown aside her mourning. In her simple dress, with her glowing cheeks and proud attitude, she was superb.

She gave her evidence in a calm, distinct voice, unmoved by the least tremor. Whenever, during the progress of it, she was obliged to speak of Matteo Perondi, her face assumed an expression of unspeakable contempt and disgust. Her glance, gestures, and very accent, seemed to say that she regarded him as something even viler than an assassin. Women, in every class of society, possess the secret of these insulting glances, which seem to degrade the man who is their object beneath the level of a beast.

She repeated her former testimony—Perondi glancing at her from time to time, and listening like one in a dream to the murmurs of the great crowd.

"So you were really," said the judge, "in Jacques Boucard's home at the hour of seven in the morning on the 28th of November, 1825?"

"Yes, sir."

"Jacques Boucard denied the truth of

this statement on his trial. Do you suppose that he will deny it still?"

"I do not think he will," said Susanne, calmly.

The judge turned to an usher and said:

"Call Jacques Boucard to come into court."

At these words a prolonged murmur was heard in the crowd, entirely ignorant of Boucard's presence, and all eyes were fixed upon the door through which the galley-slave was expected to enter. The character of the murmurs and general agitation was unmistakable—the popular sympathy was obvious—and, in the midst of this general excitement, Jacques Boucard made his appearance. On his right walked his faithful friend, M. d'Estérac, and on his left the venerable Abbé Vernier, chaplain of the galleys, who had long been convinced of his innocence, and now publicly gave him the benefit and moral support of his presence and countenance. The appearance of Jacques at the trial may be explained in a very few words. The judge had sent a requisition for him to Toulon, stating that his presence was necessary in the interest of public justice; and this application had been promptly responded to by the authorities. The galley-slave was directed to be relieved temporarily from the degrading ball and chain, but not divested of his prisoner's dress, and sent under guard to be present at the trial. He had wrapped himself during his journey, owing to the inclemency of the weather, in an old fisherman's cloak, but as he entered the court-room he voluntarily threw off the cloak, and appeared in his dress of a galley-slave—green cap, red coat, and yellow pantaloons.

At sight of this degrading dress, the impulsive crowd uttered a suppressed cry, and it was easy to perceive that it was a cry of astonishment and distress. Public opinion had turned completely in favor of Jacques by this time, and there was no disposition in any person in the audience to offer him any indignity, far from it. The presence of M. d'Estérac and the good abbé as his friends was wholly unnecessary.

The judge turned toward the jury.

"It must be plain to all," he said, "that the only real question which the jury is now called upon to decide is the truth or the falsehood of the defense set up on the former trial—that Jacques Boucard was present at his own house on the morning and at the hour when Simon Vernon is known to have been murdered. Boucard, when interrogated, declared that he was, but Susanne Gervaz was *not* present in his house at that hour; but there is good reason to believe that in so testifying he aimed to protect the good name of a person beloved by him. It is to clear up all doubt upon this one main question that he is now sent for, and I shall interrogate him."

It was perfectly plain that this decision was in accordance with public sentiment, which has its effect even in a court-room; and the judge, addressing himself to Boucard, said:

"Jacques Boucard, you have been sent for to appear at this trial, not to give your testimony on oath, since an oath cannot be

administered to one condemned to the galleys—what I require of you is a true statement to which the jury will attach whatever importance they think proper."

Jacques Boucard held up his head, looking calmly and simply at the judge.

"The witness, Susanne Gervaz," continued the judge, "has retracted her former statement that she was not present at your house with you when Simon Vernon was murdered. It is now ascertained that she made the denial as a friend of your own. She now declares upon her oath that she was present at your house, and held an interview with you at the hour of the murder. Is this statement true or false?"

Jacques was silent. It was easy to see that the trial would turn on his response. The crowd, the jury, even Matteo Perondi, with his pale face and glowing eyes, bent forward to listen.

Suddenly Susanne went to his side, and clasped his hand in her own. Her cheeks were full of blushes, her eyes flashing through tears expressed the deepest tenderness, and she said to him:

"You can speak now."

The young man's face flushed, and he looked up from Susanne to the judge.

"Yes, sir," he said, "Susanne was at my house. She came at the risk of losing her good name to beg me not to yield to the violence of my nature, and seek a quarrel with Simon Vernon!"

"Is that the truth?"

"It is the truth, sir, as God sees me! I swear it on my mother's grave!"

As he spoke, Susanne, overcome with joy, threw her arms around his neck, and buried her face in his breast, exclaiming:

"My own Jacques!"

A cry and a sudden stir in the crowd followed the words. The origin of this confusion was soon apparent to all. Matteo Perondi, drawing a knife which he had managed to conceal, had stabbed himself; and, when the good Abbé Vernier made his way through the crowd to his side, he was already dying.

"Poor, unhappy man," cried the good abbé, "confess your sins!"

"My—sins?" he gasped.

"Who murdered Simon Vernon?"

"I—and—Anselme Costerousse!"

These words came in gasps. Having uttered them, Matteo Perondi fell back and expired.

A month afterward, Costerousse, who had confessed his participation in the assassination, expiated his crime upon the gallows.

A year from that time, Jacques Boucard, long reinstated in his post of game-keeper, on his release from the galleys, was married to Susanne Gervaz, to whom he owed the proofs of his innocence.

THE PARDON OF ST.-NICODÈME.

IF any one wants to get on a sudden quite out of the nineteenth century, and to find himself so freed from the surroundings of modern improvement and culture that he is inclined to rub his eyes to make sure he

is not dreaming, let him take the express-train from Paris to Auray, in Brittany, and next day find his way to St.-Nicodème—always remembering that this next day must be the first Saturday of August.

There is no very direct access to the fine old solitary church of St.-Nicodème.

The nearest station on the Auray and Pontivy line of railway is at St.-Nicolas-des-Eaux, but even from here there is a tiring walk of some kilometres along the dusty high-road, and, for reasons which will appear, it is not pleasant to drive from St.-Nicolas. It is really more direct, although less interesting, to go from Auray to Baud or Pontivy, and take a carriage from one or other of these places to St.-Nicodème.

At Auray they seemed to know nothing about St.-Nicodème or its *fête*, and even when we reached Baud and asked for information, the station-master shook his head: "Yes, yes, there is a *pardon*, but when it occurs, —ma foi, some time in August, that is all I know."

This was discouraging, but, as on the map St.-Nicolas-des-Eaux looked close to St.-Nicodème, we decided to go on there in search of more definite tidings.

We crossed the Blauet—a broad river here running through a wooded valley. A little way from the station, up the *côte* on the left bank of the stream, we came upon the quaint old village of St.-Nicolas. It looks so primitive, so sequestered, that doubtless it is rarely visited; even Bretons seem to know nothing of it; and yet its position beside the lovely, winding river, its struggling, irregular line of granite cottages shaded by huge spreading chestnut-boughs that cross one another overhead, the quaint costumes of its people—nearly all the women have distaffs in their hands—and the utter isolation in which they seem to live, give it a powerful attraction to the traveler.

These massive granite dwellings are built in twos and threes, with circular-headed doorways, and sometimes only one small, square window. Half the door is kept open to admit light, the lower half is usually kept closed and bolted. Looking over this, we saw that half the space within was given to the family, the other half to the cow-stable, and the floor as usual was uneven earth, on which stood handsome-looking *armoires*.

The sun was so bright overhead that the inside of the cottages looked very dark, and the absence of white caps increased this gloom—the universal head-gear being a rusty black-velvet or blue-cloth hood, fitting the head closely, and coming down on the shoulders in a pointed cape lined with scarlet, yellow, or green. Under one's feet the ground showed that corn had lately been thrashed there; long-legged white pigs and lean fowls were eagerly picking up the stray grains scattered about, gleaming like gold as the sun found its way down to them through the fan-like leaves of the chestnut-trees above.

Exquisite yellow-green vine-sprays clung about some of the cottages, and flung themselves on the thatch as if they meant to reach the chimneys, and these wreaths in their grace and beauty were in strange contrast to the clumsy-bodied, large-featured,

coarse faces that stared at us from under the faded black hoods of the women, or the matted locks of the men. On the right a path led to the church, and, as this was locked, we seated ourselves at the foot of a wooden calvary outside, while a woman fetched the key. • A good-natured-looking peasant, with her child and distaff, came up shyly and seated herself beside us. She could not speak much French, and the child, who learned it at school, was too shy to talk. But the woman was anxious to know what had brought us to St.-Nicolas. We asked about St.-Nicodème. "But yes, there is a fair and a *pardon* there to-morrow; the angel will come down and light the bonfire; he has gold wings, the angel. Ah, that is indeed worth coming to see!" We asked if we could sleep at St.-Nicolas; but our friend shook her head. "There is the *cabaret* beside the river," she said. But we had already had a glimpse of this, and had decided not even to eat there.

The clumsy woman, who had gone to fetch the key, came back with a red, swollen face and large tears rolling down her cheeks. Her Breton was unintelligible, but we learned that she had a dying sister, who had suddenly grown worse. It was touching to see the sympathy created among the neighbors as the poor woman went back sobbing to her cottage, but they said the sister would linger yet some time.

A group had now collected before the church, almost all dressed alike in black or blue gowns; the square opening of the under body was trimmed with broad black ribbon velvet, velvet also round the cuffs of the tight-fitting black sleeves. Down each front of the corset, worn over the body, was a row of silver buttons set so close that the edges overlapped one another; the armholes of this corset were also trimmed with very broad black velvet—the square opening in front of the body, filled by a white neckerchief, fastened at the throat by a gilt pin. This relieved the otherwise sombre garb, for, except the apron and the silver buttons, all the rest was black or dark blue, unless the wind or any other accident displayed the colored lining of the hood. The apron was of coarse, striped woollen. The women seemed surprised that we should visit the church.

It is an ancient chapel of the priory of St.-Gildas. There are still ruins of this priory on the other side of the Blauet, but the interior is very curious. Projecting from four columns in the centre are four praying figures. A richly-carved wooden frieze runs all round the wagon-headed roof, and in one of the transepts this carving is remarkable; grotesque heads and faces are united by a waving border of serpents and dragons; the whitewashed beams are also carved, the ends fixed into huge dragon-heads that project from the wing. There is a huge bell in one corner of the wainscot. There was not a seat of any kind to be seen in the church; the whitewashed walls were green with damp, and the floor was of uneven clay. There was no sign of daily use about it. It felt so damp that we were glad to get into sunshine again.

Beyond the church, down a narrow green

lane on the right, we came to a flight of old stone steps. These led into a square inclosure paved with broken flag-stones, and surrounded by ruined walls, overgrown ferns springing everywhere from the joints of the stone-work, with trees and ivy. In the centre stood a grand old fountain going fast to decay; brambles flaunted great red arms from the top, and between them showed a richly-crocheted canopy, which surmounted the empty niche of the saint of the fountain.

While we stood wondering whether this had not in former years been the home of some celebrated pilgrimage, a woman came down the steps, carrying a huge pail in one hand, and bearing a large brown pitcher on her head, to get water. She was dressed just like the rest of the villagers, and had the same awkward, half-savage ways. She glared at us for an instant from under her hood, and then knelt down and filled her pail and her pitcher so clumsily, and with such waste of water, that she must have soaked her heavy blue skirt, and filled her *sabots* with the splashing—certainly she wore no stockings to suffer by the wetting. It was strange not to find a trace of the adroit deftness of the Frenchwomen in these large-eyed, sad-faced, clumsy village Bretonnes. Coquetry and grace seem equally unknown to them, certainly, as a Frenchman said, "Il n'y a pas l'ombre de séduction chez ces femmes."

Coming down through the pretty little village again, we found several women standing knitting at the cottage-doors, evidently watching for our reappearance, but not one could speak French; a shake of the head and a grin, showing the long front-teeth, and "Ja ja," proved to be the universal answer to our questions.

Now that we were sure about the *fête*, we resolved to go on to Baud, and return next morning, for it was evidently impossible to get a lodging at St.-Nicolas, and one could not even have eaten a meal in the dirty *cabaret*. A huge pile of loaves on the filthy floor were, the mistress said, in readiness for to-morrow. We asked about a *voiture*, and the mistress called a sulky-looking boy to answer us. He came, gnawing a straw.

"A *voiture*?" he said, contemptuously. "Dame, oui! I should think so. If monsieur et dame will come with me, I will arrange for them with Jean Jacques."

We followed him up the road a few yards. At the door of a cottage sat an old beggar, dressed in a ragged shirt, drab trousers, and gaiters. His long gray hair streamed over his shoulders, and his bare chest showed through his open shirt-front.

A colloquy in Breton, and then, to our dismay, we learned that this dirty old bundle of rags was the Jean Jacques who would drive us to Baud, and that he promised to be ready directly.

"But is there no other vehicle?"

Our sulky lad's contempt was beyond endurance.

"No, there is no other, and monsieur et sa dame may think themselves lucky to get this one. Dame, oui! it is quite possible that other travelers may arrive who will want Jean Jacques and his white horse, and then what becomes of monsieur?"

After this harangue he ran away; and, having settled the bargain with Jean Jacques, who spoke execrable French, we walked disconsolately down to the river, Jean Jacques, in a very cracked voice, calling out something in Breton, which a woman told us signified that he would be ready in five minutes.

We sauntered on to the bridge, and enjoyed the lovely view up and down the river, but the five minutes grew into thirty at least.

At last we heard a shout, and, turning round to look up the road, we saw our vehicle.

On inspection, it proved to be a miserable little cart, without any springs; two sacks stuffed with bean-straw were laid across the seats, and a little white horse stood between the shafts.

Our driver was sweeping the inside of the cart most vigorously with a huge broom made of the green broom-plant.

He had washed himself, and had wonderfully smartened his appearance. He wore a white-flannel jacket, trimmed with black velvet and small brass buttons, and a large, flat black hat, also trimmed with black velvet. But the horse was deplorably small, with drooping head, and looking as if his bones were unset, and he was only kept together by his dirty-white skin.

We clambered into the vehicle with heavy hearts, but no anticipation could justify the reality. Directly we started, the jolting was dreadful, and besides this the horse had a perpetual zigzag movement, which sent us from side to side of the cart, and doubled the length of our journey; one felt just like a shuttlecock, the sides of the cart representing the battledoor.

We tried to speak to our driver, but he shook his head imperiously, and answered in Breton. One might have taken him for a hideous old wizard, with his gleaming eyes and flowing gray hair, but for his religious reverence. At every church and every calvary we passed he slackened his pace, uncovered, and mumbled a long prayer, after which he always whipped his horse violently, and jolted us worse than ever.

That drive was certainly like a "hideous dream," though it lay through a picturesque, hilly country, the road on each side constantly bordered by tall silver-birch-trees, through which we got glimpses of the Montagnes Noires.

Next morning was full of sunshine, and, having secured an easy carriage, we started at an early hour from the hotel for St.-Nicodème. We soon overtook carts of all kinds going in the same direction, chiefly long carts, with three or four benches or planks set across, and these were crammed with men, women, and children, in holiday costume—the salient points in which were the white jackets and huge black hats of the men, and the long, white *coiffes* of the women, black being the prevailing color of their jackets and skirts. There were also numbers of men and women on foot, trudging along the road, many of them driving their animals to the fair.

The fine gray spire of the church of St.-Nicodème was visible for some time before

we reached it. At last we came to a road or lane on the right, shaded by spreading chestnut-trees. These Breton side-roads have a character peculiarly their own. In the north they are deeply sunk between high furze and brake-covered banks, along the top of which is often concealed a foot-path; but in the south these banks are lowered, and, as at St.-Nicodème, huge trees grow behind them, and send their branches across from side to side so near the road that certainly the lofty-hooded wagons of Normandy would find no room to pass under the leafy roof.

Our driver stopped and told us this road led to the church; and, indeed, without this information, we should have guessed this, as people were hastening into it from all directions. Our driver said the road was too rough for his vehicle to go over, so we dismounted.

The lane was full of people, all hurrying toward the church. We found it necessary to walk heedfully, for the road was channeled with deep cart-ruts, and these were filled with mud and water. At the end of the lane we found ourselves in a bewildering throng of carts, horses, cows, pigs, and people, crowded in front of and against the low stone-wall that fences in the church and its celebrated fountain. At the moment a man quite blocked up further passage by calmly plaiting the cream-colored tail of his horse, so long that it reached across the road, which had widened out as it neared the church.

St.-Nicodème is a handsome stone building of the sixteenth century, with a fine tower and spire; but it is its situation that is so charming. It stands in a sort of hollow; the ground rising from it on three sides is planted with huge chestnut-trees. Under the shade of these, beyond and beside the church, we saw a great crowd of people, all seemingly peasants. There appeared no mixture of *bourgeois* element, but before going into this crowd we turned aside to see the fountain.

A visit to this is evidently an important part of the duty of the day. Three or four old women came toward us at once with jugs and cups of the holy-water to drink and wash our faces in, for which they expect a few centimes. The fountain is of later date than the church, and is sufficiently picturesque. In one of the three compartments into which it is divided is the figure of St.-Nicodème. On one side of him a man and a woman are kneeling; they offer him an ox. In the other niches are St.-Abilon, with two men, one on horseback, the other kneeling; and St.-Gamaliel between two pilgrims, one of whom offers him a pig. These saints are all Jews. Men and women, too, were bathing their faces and eyes in the fountain, and also eagerly drinking the water. It is said to have antiseptic properties. Standing and lying about were dirty, picturesque beggars intent on exhibiting their twisted and withered limbs and incurable wounds to passers-by.

The finely-sculptured portal of the church was thronged with these sufferers, some of them eating their poor breakfasts out of little basins. One ragged child held out a scallop-shell for alms, keeping up a chorus of whining supplication. Among these squalid objects a beautiful butterfly was hovering—a

baby-child stretching up its hand and crying for it. The interior of the church had evidently been so recently whitewashed that there had been no time to wash the stains and splashes from the dirty pavement; and, as there were no chairs, this was covered by kneeling worshippers. On the ceiling the stations of the cross were painted in very gaudy colors. The high altar was one blaze of lighted candles; grouped round it were some really rich crimson and white banners worked in gold, and at a side-altar a priest was saying a litany. There were most picturesque figures among the kneeling worshippers, and in and out among them two girls wandered up and down with lighters for the votive candles; several old women, too, carried about bundles of these candles.

Some of the kneelers pulled my skirts to attract attention to a leg or arm, or to inform me in a whisper that they were ready to pray the Blessed Virgin to give me a safe journey if I had a few centimes to give away.

It was so cool inside the church that the air felt oven-like when we came out again. Although the gray old building was surrounded by huge, spreading chestnut-trees. Close to the church, ranged under the green, fan-like leaves, were booths full of strings of rosaries, crosses, medals, badges, and other jewelry, especially ornamental pieces for fastening the chemises and shawls of the peasant-women. Silver rings bearing the image of St.-Nicodème were selling rapidly at a fabulously low price. In other booths (or ranged against the low stone-wall at the right side of the church) were set forth a store of large, gaudily-colored prints of various saints and sacred subjects. Chief among them was a gorgeous full-length of St.-Nicodème wearing the papal tiara, a violet cassock, green chasuble, and scarlet mantle. Over his head, in a golden nimbus, was a bright-green dove descending on the saint who stood between a tall poplar-tree and a palm bursting into blossoms of various colors. There were hymns on each side of the paper. A carter with his whip under his arm, the heavy lash twisted round his neck, knelt down reverently to look at this wonderful print; and a withered old man leaned over him to explain the words of the hymns, which were in French.

Farther on, the open glen behind the church is thick with people buying, selling, eating, and drinking. Here are booths for clothes, crockery, etc., and open stands for eatables and drinkables. An old man is selling sieves and wooden bowls and boxes, heaped up over the grass. Sieves are in great demand at their harvest-season.

Hard by the church, against the trunk of an enormous chestnut-tree, several men were seated with lathered faces; two were being shaved, the others patiently waiting their turn. The rapidity of the barbers was most amusing; two used the soap-brush, and two the razor. It is customary to let the beard grow some weeks before the festival of St.-Nicodème, and then to be clean shaved in the early morning. We came upon many of these *à-la-franco* barber-shops under the trees in different parts of the fair.

As we walked through the crowd, we at

served how varied and picturesque the dress of the men was. The jacket was generally of white flannel cut square at the neck, trimmed with black velvet, with a row of embroidery thereon, and strings of metal buttons. The outside pockets of these jackets were cut into seven or eight vandykes bound with black velvet, each of the points being fastened by a brass or silver button. The beaver or felt hats were enormous, very low-crowned, and trimmed with a band of broad, black velvet fastened by a silver buckle, with two ends hanging behind. The trousers were chiefly blue or white, although some were of black or brown velveteen, often loose, but without the bagginess so common in Lower Brittany.

The older men wore black gaiters reaching to the knees, fastened by a close row of tiny buttons. Round the waist many of them wore a broad, thick, buff-leather belt, with quaint metal clasps. This hung so low and loosely that it seemed worn only for ornament. We asked a tall Breton farmer, with bare feet thrust into his *sabots*, what was the use of this belt.

"It has no use," he said, complacently; "I wear it for fashion's sake."

The waistcoat was also white flannel trimmed with so many rows of embroidered velvet that it had the effect of several waistcoats worn one above another; four or five dozen silver buttons were set in two rows down each side of the outer waistcoat so closely that the edges overlapped. This costume was perhaps the most uncommon we saw. The elder men wore their hair very long, sometimes hanging over their shoulders almost to their waists; their dark, gleaming eyes and thick, straight eyebrows gave them a fierce appearance.

Some of the men were very tall, and they stalked about among the women as if they were beings of a different order. They seemed rarely to speak to them; each sex mostly herded in groups apart, except that the men took the centre of the fair as their right, and paced up and down like princes. There seemed to be no curious strangers present except ourselves (and yet they took little notice of us). Even when we got farther up the glen, and more into the crowd, we saw no mixture of townsfolk—it was a festival of peasants.

We were specially attracted by the face of a fine old man with flowing white hair, but most malevolent black eyes, who stood fanning, with his broad-leaved beaver hat, a gridironful of silvery sardines, frizzling and crackling over a pan of charcoal on the grass. When they were cooked, he speedily found customers for them.

Close by was a stand covered with huge loaves of buckwheat-bread, which were finding ready sale; and, as we moved on, we saw impromptu fireplaces in all directions. On one side a huge, steaming pipkin hung from a tripod of sticks. From this a coarse *ragout* of meat and potatoes sent out a not too savory smell. Farther on a large pot of coffee stood on a glowing lump of charcoal. And now we came upon booths with cold edibles displayed on the stalls—sausages of all kinds, and a sort of cold meat-pudding in great re-

quest, but by no means of seducing appearance.

Farther back from the main avenue, under the trees, were carts full of immense cider-barrels, covered with fresh brakes. A woman, wearing the costume we had seen the day before at St.-Nicolas, stood at a table in front of one of these carts drawing cider as fast as she could into jugs, glasses, etc., and all around her were groups of men talking together, and getting less silent and morose as they drank glass after glass and toasted one another.

A low stone-wall, overgrown with grass, divided this wooded glen on the left from the country high-road. On a bit of the wall a pleasant-looking country-woman, in a well-starched, spotless-white muslin coif—the two broad lappets pinned together behind her head—had spread out her wares on a gay-colored handkerchief: caps, collars, and chemisettes, were displayed to the best advantage in this elevated position. She sat on the wall beside her goods, and she seemed to be driving a good trade, though it was puzzling to know how her customers would dispose of such easily-crumpled articles in the midst of the ever-moving crowd.

So far we had been struck by the quiet and decorum of the scene. It was really too quiet. There was none of the repartee and merry laughter we had so often heard in a Norman market. Men and women alike looked serious and self-contained. The happiest faces were those of the dear little children, toddling and tumbling about in all directions. Some of these in their close-fitting skull-caps, thick woollen skirts, and large white collars, were perfect little Velasquez figures. Others wore round hats set on the back of their heads. Almost all had clear complexions, and handsome, large, round, dark eyes.

Still farther on we heard a rather monotonous beat of drum. There was a performance going on here, but it seemed only to consist in the explanation of various pictures exhibited by the show-woman in a drawing recitative. Behind this we found ourselves in the cattle-market—a part of the glen where the grass was less worn away, and where the trees were more thickly planted. Men stood about here plaiting and unplaiting the long tails of their horses. Women dragged their pretty little black-and-white cows about, sometimes by a rope fastened to their horns, but quite as often they hurried on, regardless of everybody, with their cow's head gripped under one arm. Pigs were also being hauled about, filling the air with their noise. One woman had got her pig by the tail, and dragged it, squealing, through the very thickest of the crowd; another had a rope fastened to her pig's leg. In this quarter it was difficult to move through the confused mass of people and animals. No one seemed to care or to look where he or she went. It was apparently assumed that every one would take care of himself or herself; lacking this, there was every chance of being knocked down and trampled under foot by the crowd or the cattle.

Wherever space could be found among the trees were long booths, some of them garlanded with green boughs. Looking

through the low, arched openings, we saw there were tables, running from one end to the other, covered with bottles and glasses—men and women sitting alternately on each side. The men, having probably concluded their bargains, were drinking their beloved cider; but at present, at any rate, the women had empty glasses before them, and were listening to the conversation of their lords held with each other across the table.

There had been an auction of beasts going on under the trees. Groups of wild-looking men, with long hair streaming over their dark, embroidered jackets, their hats larger and with broader velvet on them than any we had seen, were talking fiercely about the cattle, with flashing eyes and much gesticulation. These were Finistère men from Scaër and Baunalec. We were told that the design embroidered in the centre of their jackets behind signifies the Blessed Sacrament. They looked far more savage and determined than the white-coated men of Morbihan, but they were less sullen and reserved. There was abundant variety, too, in the costumes of the women. We saw some gorgeous green gowns trimmed with broad black velvet both on the skirt and on the sort of double body, which seems to answer to the coat and waistcoat of the men. The black velvet was covered with gold-and-scarlet embroidery.

The head-gear of St.-Nicolas, with the brilliant green, scarlet, or yellow linings, was most abundant, but there was besides a large proportion of white coifs and caps and quaintly-shaped collars. Most of the women wore gold or gilt hearts and crosses depending from a velvet ribbon round the throat. Few of them showed any hair on their foreheads, and it is, perhaps, the absence of this, added to the large, melancholy eyes, which gives so sad and solemn an expression to the face of the Bretonne peasant. They tell you that they have their hair cut off because there is no room for it under the coif—in reality, they sell it to the traveling barber who will give the best price for it.

Formerly, all the cattle of the neighborhood, decorated with ribbons, were led in procession to the church to be blessed—drums beating and banners flying—but this custom seems to have been given up, though some animals are still offered to St.-Nicodème, and these are sold afterward at higher prices than the rest, as the presence of one of them in a stable is supposed to bring luck.

Time was going fast, and we began to be curious as to the hour of the descent of the angel. We were told that it would come down after vespers, and we made our way through the crowd to the rising ground on the left of the church. Already the cider was beginning to take effect. There was much more noise and chatter. The men stood about in groups in eager discussion, using rapid and vehement gesticulation.

The heat had become overpowering, the sun seemed to scorch us as we walked, but the chestnut-trees on this hill-side were even larger than those below, and, so long as we could remain under them, there was dense and most refreshing shade. We found the interest was now concentrated on a large open space around the tall calvary which

stood on the rising ground; close beside it was a lofty pole, with a large heap of dried furze and brushwood piled high around its base.

A man was going up a ladder placed against this pole, fixing on it at intervals hoops covered with red and blue paper; finally he fastened a painted flag on the top of it.

Presently we saw that a cord was being lowered from the top of the lofty church-tower. Several eager watchers among the chestnut-trees below secured the end of this cord when it reached the ground and brought it in triumph to a post at the foot of the pole, about one hundred yards from the church. The cord was fastened securely below a square box on the top of the post, and from this time a breathless suspense hung over the swaying, rugged-looking crowd—that is, I say, among the elders and the children—the younger men and women seemed to choose this time for walking up and down, in and out, through the groups of gazers—some sending saucy, others sheepish glances at one another without an exchange of words. We were specially amused in watching three young, pretty, and very gayly-dressed girls, who walked up and down, looking neither to right nor left, but evidently considering themselves the belles of the *fête*. A little man with twisted legs, with a joke for every one, seemed in universal favor; he was, no doubt, the *bazralan*, the tailor, and match-maker of the neighborhood. We saw his cunning, dark face, and keen, black, restless eyes in all parts of the throng, and, to judge by his long colloquies with some of the older matrons, he was doing a profitable business; he was almost the only man who seemed to talk much to the women.

All at once the bell rang out for vespers; the *bazralan* and most of the women and children flocked into church, followed by a few of the men.

Meanwhile, the throng of men about us increased; those who had been drinking in the booths came across to the calvary, and we had full opportunity of studying their dark, remarkable faces. There is no need for the Breton to disclaim, as he does, any kindred with the French—these peasants, especially the men of Morbihan and Finistère, are a race apart; with their long, dark, deep-set eyes gleaming from under thick, dark eyebrows, their tangled hair spreading over the shoulders, and often reaching almost to the waist, and their dark skins and long, straight noses, and their quaint costume, they are wholly un-French; they are taller, too, and larger-framed than the generality of Frenchmen, and there is a seriousness amounting to dignity which is wholly distinctive. Even when he is drunk, and this is a too frequent occurrence, the Breton strives to be self-controlled and quiet; and when he is sober there is a touch of the North American Indian in his stolid indifference, and also in the contempt with which he regards his spouse—for the Breton peasant-woman, spite of her rich costume on Sundays and gala-days, is a mere bower of wood and drawer of water, the slave of her drunken, unfeeling husband.

It is possibly this slavery which takes away self-respect, and gives to the Bretonne the clumsiness and half-savage habits which must strike every stranger as much as her want of gayety and light-heartedness. There are, of course, abundant exceptions, but a woman cannot travel in Brittany without becoming, to some extent, aware of the slight esteem in which her sex is held. One never sees in Brittany a young man and woman strolling together in the evening. One little day of courtship just before marriage is generally all that falls to the lot of the Bretonne peasant; after marriage, her slavery begins.

All at once there was a stir among the crowd. It had been impossible to stand near the pole exposed to the full blaze of the sun, so we had taken shelter under the huge chestnut-leaves, but we ventured into the sunshine now, for the excitement was contagious. Almost before we reached the pole, we saw coming down the cord a pretty little angel about three feet high, with bright, golden wings. It stood an instant beside the post to which the rope was attached, and then went up again, and remained stationary outside the tower, the only sound heard in the breathless silence of the crowd being the click-click of the wheels on which the little creature moved. This, we learned, was a trial-descent, it being necessary to make sure that the machinery worked properly before the real descent took place. This was to happen as soon as vespers was said.

We stood our ground bravely for another quarter of an hour in the burning sunshine. The heat was so intense that the sticks and furze-bushes piled up round the pole in readiness for the bonfire felt as if they came out of an oven.

Suddenly the bells peal out loudly, and a glittering procession comes singing out of the church, with lighted candles, crosses, and crimson-and-gold banners. First come the choristers, then the priests, and then a long train of men and women.

As soon as the procession has circled the hill it halts. Bang! bang! bang! go the guns from the church-tower, and down comes the pretty little angel, this time very rapidly, its bright wings flashing in the sunshine. It holds a match in one outstretched hand, and touches first the box on the post and then the bonfire. A peasant, with many-colored ribbons in his hat, helps the angel's work. There is a loud, deafening explosion, then a discharge of squibs and crackers from the box, and then the furze and fagots of the bonfire ignite and blaze fiercely.

Long tongues of red flame leap up till they reach the first of the hoops on the pole. Bang! bang! and off go the fireworks of which they are composed; the noise is tremendous and ear-splitting, and the flames go leaping higher and higher, till all the suspended fireworks, including the flag at top, have exploded, blazing and hanging and dispersing themselves in shreds of flying fire above the heads of the excited crowd.

It was somewhat alarming to see the towering body of fierce red flame, brilliant even in the powerful sunshine—one moment carried up as if to reach the sky, and the next

bending, swooping sideways in pursuit of the flying shreds of burning paper filling the air; and in the midst of the stifling heat, and smoke, and din—for the crowd had found a universal voice at last—the little golden-winged angel mounted quickly to the steeple again, followed by strange, uncouth howls of delight, which seemed to be the approved method of expressing satisfaction.

It was a good moment to study the faces of these stolid, self-contained Bretons, moved out of their calm reserve, which to most of them seems second nature. The faces were wonderfully wild and expressive: the long, fierce black eyes gleamed with delight, and, no doubt, in some with religious fervor, as the bonfire blazed higher and higher, casting a lurid glare on all around—most unreal and theatrical in effect.

The whole scene seemed made for a painter—these tall, black-browed men, with their powerful savage faces and long streaming hair, their white-flannel coats and huge black hats, all faces upturned to the red, overmounting flame. Every now and then some man or boy dashed frantically almost into the swaying fire, to snatch at one of the flying shreds of burning paper to preserve it as a relic. At a little distance behind the men, keeping apart, were groups of women in their quaint costumes, some wearing snowy caps, others the sombre *coiffes* of St.-Nicolas with their bright linings. Hard by stood the tall calvary, its stone steps thronged with little awe-struck children; ranged along the crest of the hill was the procession of priests and choristers with banners and crosses, and in the midst of all the blazing bonfire, while the chestnut-trees crowned the great hill and circled round its base; and in the distance, seen through the spreading boughs, appeared the old gray church tower and spire, and the booths grouped around.

The heat of the sun was still so intense, though evening was coming on, that the men could scarcely bear to keep their hats raised above their heads as the procession wound once more slowly round the calvary and returned to the church.

Perhaps the most striking effect of the whole scene was the contrast between the strong, wild excitement, betrayed more in look and gesture than by any prolonged outcry, and the trumpery cause that aroused it. It was difficult to believe that these excited creatures, plunging madly to secure charred fragments of red paper, and yelling at the explosion of a few fireworks, could be the grand, dignified-looking men we had been watching all the morning. Possibly the mixture of cider and religious enthusiasm helped somewhat to this result.

We heard that the *fête* would last two days, but, as there was no preparation made for either dancing or wrestling, we preferred to leave St.-Nicodème before dusk, for more drinking was plainly to wind up the proceedings of the day. It was evident that the greater number of the crowd would spend the night on the ground, either in the carts which showed everywhere among the tree-trunks, in the booths, or on the grass under the chestnut-boughs.

KATHARINE S. MACQUEM.

KING CHRISTMAS.

NO! It was not a tenement-house. Decidedly not. A tenement-house is one wherein reside three or more families, each doing its own cooking. There were several families in the house, but, with one exception, they boarded and lodged with Mrs. Pensover. The exception was a small family, consisting of a mother, who was a very small woman, and two small children—a boy and a girl. They lived in the hall bedroom front, on the fourth floor. They cooked their own meals—a kettle and a frying-pan comprising their kitchen utensils—at a little stove which warmed the room tolerably well in winter, and heated it uncomfortably hot in summer. They were rarely, if ever, seen by the well-to-do boarders, who lived in rooms farther down the chimneys. And Mrs. Pensover's boarders were all well-to-do. Mrs. Pensover kept a fashionable boarding-house, a sort of private hotel, in that four-story and basement brown-stone-front house, situated in one of the most fashionable cross-streets of New York, within a stone's-throw of Fifth Avenue.

Nor was Mrs. Gaston considered poor by any means. No one who dressed in such good taste, and whose dresses were of such costly material, would be thought poor. She was merely in rather reduced circumstances. Just before John Gaston's death she had replenished her stock of every thing, and when the estate paid less than nothing on the dollar, the widow had enough on hand to last, by turning and altering, for a long time, and enough gloves, shoes, and underwear, to stock a small shop. The last of these fine dresses, altered for the second time, she wore now when she went out-of-doors. The rest had been turned and returned, altered and changed until past further change, and were now in use in a new shape by the little girl. The widow was about at the last of every thing.

Yes! She was a widow. John Gaston had been a wheelwright, very successful in his business. He had acquired wealth, acquired a jolly set of friends, and acquired a taste for whiskey. He lost his wealth first, and his friends afterward, but he did not lose his taste for whiskey. That clung to him, and it finished him. His widow, having nothing but her wardrobe, began to look around for some mode of making a living. She would have preferred to teach music, that being a favorite plan of lone females who have to die of hunger, but she knew nothing of music whatever. She could not bore editors with dreary manuscripts, for she wrote badly and spelled worse, and she had neither invention of her own nor the tact to steal the ideas of others. She preferred to die by the needle, that famous instrument of torture which has inflicted so many wounds on human happiness. She obtained occasional employment on embroidery, and the making of fine garments, at a "Ladies' Depository," where genteel poverty is sheltered from the gaze of the inquisitive.

Amelia Gaston knew Mrs. Pensover slightly, and asked her advice. Now, the boarding-house keeper had a spare room, seven feet by

eleven—the hall bedroom before mentioned—which no boarder would occupy. Young, single men fought shy of it. The only one who ever occupied it was young Pilkington, salesman for Quidd & Buckle, hosiers, and he vacated it at the end of a week, declaring it was too small to swing a cat by the tail in. As Amelia had no cat, and was much too kind-hearted to swing it by its tail if she had had one, and as Mrs. Pensover offered it for a dollar and a half per week, the room was speedily taken. And there the widow just managed to maintain herself on the average earnings of four dollars per week. Biddy, in the kitchen, got five; Norah, the chambermaid, the same; and Mary Ann Rosina, the cook, eight—besides their board and lodging; but neither of these persons was genteel. They run the establishment, plundered and ruled their employer, went to church regularly on Sunday mornings, and left gentility to the boarders and Mrs. Gaston.

Now, it was the night before Christmas, and the boarders, safely housed from the storm without, were enjoying themselves. Little John Gaston, aged ten, and his sister Mely, aged eight, were not enjoying themselves so much. In spite of their isolation they had heard of Christmas-gifts and Christmas-dinners, and Christmas merry-making, and had some doubts whether the beneficent genius who gladdened the hearts of other boys and girls would condescend to visit them. They talked together, and put questions to their mother, who, knowing that the poor ten cents' worth of candy stowed away in her work-box was the only gift to be found next morning in their stockings, invented and told them a fairy-story to amuse them. While she was talking she heard the door-bell ring, so vigorously did the visitor pull it, but it did not, apparently, concern her. Much was she surprised then when, after opening the door to a knock, she saw standing there a middle-aged man, very sunburned, apparently, for his dark complexion was out of character with his great fiery beard and auburn hair.

"Mrs. Gaston, this gentleman wishes to see you," said the hall-girl, who had shown him up. And then she went about her business.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the man, speaking huskily from the depths of a great fur-collar, "but—I suppose I have come at a queer time—yet—well, you see, I was informed that I could get you to make me some shirts—they told me so at the depository."

"I make them sometimes," said Amelia. "Will you walk in and sit down?—John, give the gentleman that chair."

The man walked in, bearing an apparently heavy basket, which he deposited on the floor.

"The fact is," said he, "that I want some shirts made up in a hurry, and, though I do not expect you to work on Christmas, I would like you to begin the day after."

He then described the way he wanted the garments to be made, agreed without demur to the price asked, promised to send the material early the next morning, but still sat there.

"These are your children?" he said, interrogatively.

Amelia nodded. She thought, now he had got through his errand, he might go—but she did not say so.

"What is the name of the little girl?" he asked.

"Amelia."

"Come here, my dear," said the stranger.

Little Mely looked doubtfully at the heavy beard; but there was a pleasant twinkle in the blue eyes before her, and she soon found herself on the stranger's knee.

"Are you King Christmas?" she asked.

"That is my name just now," he replied; "it was Kris-mas once."

"And you won't let the goblin Care drive you away?"

"By no manner of means. I should like to catch him at it, that's all," said the stranger, as he unbuttoned his overcoat, and, throwing it back, displayed a handsome suit of black and a shirt-bosom on which glittered a diamond large enough to have been worn by a successful city politician.

Mrs. Gaston explained to him that little Mely's questions referred to a fairy-story she had just been telling.

"So they like fairy-stories, do they, these little people?" said the stranger. "If you'll allow me, I'll tell them a story, not exactly of fairies, but of a boy's adventures. It is not out of a book, and it is all true."

Then, without waiting for permission, he began:

"Once upon a time there was a boy of twenty, who his father, a hard-working mechanic, thought would make a good doctor. So he and the mother pinched themselves a good deal to give him a medical education. They arranged with their family physician to give him instruction, and sent him to a medical school. The boy attended one course of lectures, and then got into a gambling scrape, and lost all the money he had, and more than he had, for he was in debt. He ran away to sea, and shipped on a vessel bound on a three years' cruise—a man-of-war—as a landsman. He had always a fondness for the sea, and expected to have a nice time. He soon learned that a sailor's life is a hard one at best, but under a severe captain worse than that of a dog. However, he worked away obediently enough, and, as it was found out that he had studied medicine for a while, and was rather well-mannered, the surgeon of the ship had him detailed to act as apothecary, so that his position was rather more pleasant than that of his messmates. He became, in spite of this, a tolerably good seaman, and served his time out, a favorite with the officers and crew. When he came home he was paid off, and had quite a sum of money."

"And did he get to be a captain?" inquired little John, when the narrator paused.

"No, my boy; they don't make post-captains in that way. When he was paid off, he intended to go home and make his peace with his parents; but he first went out with some messmates on a frolic, the whole party got drunk, and when he woke up the next day he found himself in the station-house, with his money all gone. His fine was kindly paid by the keeper of a sailors' boarding-house, who,

by way of reimbursing himself, shipped the young man off in a merchantman bound to China. On their voyage there they had to stop at a port in the Malay Archipelago, and passed by a large island called Borneo. They got becalmed off the coast. The morning after this calm, which still continued, they were attacked by a party of natives sailing in long boats called *praus*. They fought bravely enough, but were all killed except one, who managed to hide away just before the pirates boarded the ship. He could not see what they were doing, but he could hear tolerably well. The natives went to work to strip the vessel, taking out every thing portable that they fancied, and even letting down and carrying off the sails. This occupied them until nearly night, when they went off, first kindling a fire on the deck."

"And did she burn up?" inquired John.

"No. As soon as he smelt the smoke, he knew they were gone, and came out from his hiding-place. He managed to extinguish the fire, which hadn't made much headway, and, a gale of wind coming up just then, the *praus* did not wait to return, but put to shore. The gale sank to a gentle breeze, but it lasted long enough to drive the vessel, which answered her helm very well, a good many miles away. The vessel drifted when the wind fell, and John went down and turned in.

"It was daylight when he awoke next morning. He found the ship close to a sandy beach, and tried to turn her head out, but failed. She struck in a little creek of the shore, close to a large rock, and there she was, fast enough. He had to make the best of it. There was no probability she would get off, for it was dead high tide at the time, so he began to search the vessel for something to eat. He found some biscuits in a locker, and made his breakfast off those. Then he went through the vessel to see what was left.

"The Dyaks had carried off all the arms and ammunition that had been in use, and the heads of the captain and of the crew; but there was a secret closet in the cabin of which they knew nothing, and in this was a rifle and a pair of revolvers, with plenty of powder and ball. There was a couple of shot-guns also, with every thing appertaining, and the ship's chronometer. The provision-room had been plundered, and the men's chests broken open and emptied; but there were barrels of biscuit and pork in the hold, with other provisions; and John had no fear of starving. He saw no signs of inhabitants on the shore, and he determined to explore the country. So he let down the jolly-boat, which hung at the davits, armed himself, and rowed to shore. He found himself at the edge of a thick forest. He went into it for some distance, and saw no signs of people. He was glad of that, I can tell you, for the people likely to be found would have been Dyaks, and they have a way of killing or making slaves of strangers. John didn't want to be killed, and did not like to be a slave. So he came back to the boat and rowed to the ship. As he was in a strange place, he determined to make himself as comfortable as possible until some vessel might pass and take him off."

"Yes?" exclaimed little John. He was getting interested.

"The first thing he did was to sew up the dead bodies in sacks, with bits of iron at their feet, and throw them overboard. Then he went to work, like Robinson Crusoe, to get all the useful things on shore possible. He got off the hatches, and rigged a tackle, and thus swung up the barrels of provisions and some bales of muslin, meant for John Chinaman, that he thought would be useful to him. So he worked away day by day, getting every thing he could on shore, among the rest the ship's medicine-chest, and some surgical instruments, which had been overlooked by the Dyaks. He also built him a hut in the woods, among some dense underbrush. It was low, and thatched with leaves, but it answered his ends. And, climbing a tall tree near the shore, he stripped off the upper branches, and hoisted on the top the ship's ensign, with the union down, so that any vessel passing along would know a white man and an American was there in trouble.

"At last a storm came, and broke the ship up, and drove her fragments, some high on the shore, and some out to sea, and buried her keel in the sand. He got some more of her cargo even then, some bales of muslin and other goods, and stowed them in a dry place in the woods, covering them with great leaves, that shed the rain. And he waited and waited for a long time for some ship to come and carry him away. But none came. He had plenty to eat; he had stored away enough of the ship's provisions to feed a number of people for a year; there were wild-fowl for the shooting, fish for the catching, and wild fruit for the gathering; he had plenty of coarse muslin to make himself clothes suitable for the climate; but he was very lonely. So one day he took his rifle and revolvers, with a pocket compass, and made his way inland, loaded with a package of provisions, that he knew would get lighter in his journey. He came, in a few hours, to a stream that he knew must empty into the sea somewhere south of where he had landed, and he went up its banks toward its source. He traveled along till nightfall, keeping the water in view, meeting no animal except here and there some gay-plumaged birds, and some very large butterflies. At night he climbed a tree, and found a place in the forked branches where he could sleep. And he had a bed-fellow, too, that tried to steal his cap."

"I thought you said he met with no animal," interposed Mrs. Gaston, who had followed the narrative with as much interest as had the children.

"True, he had met none during the day; but the monkeys began to appear toward night, and he had no lack of their company afterward. They were only mischievous. Now and then an orang-outang, as the Malays call it, but the Dyaks always say *mias*, made his appearance, but he was more alarmed at John than John was at him, and made off as quickly as possible. Well, next day, John went farther on, and up a branch of the stream away into the high hills, where he began to see some signs of human beings, for he came upon a deserted hut. Then he moved

pretty cautiously, and at length saw a Dyak village. There was but one house in it, but that was a monster. He knew these were savages entirely, for the Dyaks, when they are converted to Mohammedanism, always live in separate dwellings. Still, they were evidently not of the piratical tribes on the coast, and he felt tolerably safe. While he was looking and considering, he heard a noise, and, turning around, saw a dozen or more of half-naked Dyaks, armed with lances, regarding him with some curiosity. He gave himself up for lost; but, cocking his rifle, determined to defend himself."

The stranger paused to take breath, and the family waited anxiously for the rest of the story.

"One of them, who had a little more clothing than the others, dropped the point of his lance, and the rest did the same. Then the leader stalked on, motioning John to follow. There was no help for it, the action seemed to be friendly, and John followed the leader, the rest grouping around and chatting together in a low tone. The chief, for such he was, led the way to the large house, and into an apartment, where John found a young girl lying upon a couch. The leader touched her arm, and looked inquiringly at John. The thing was a puzzle, but he examined the arm, and, finding it out of place, with the head of the bone in the armpit, the whole thing flashed on him. They had heard of some white surgeon at Sarawak possibly, and supposed either that this must be the man, or that all white men had a knowledge of surgery. John reduced the dislocation, and applied cold water, the only lotion at hand. The chief, whose daughter it was, appeared to be delighted, and the by-standers expressed their approval apparently, though their language was unintelligible.

"John determined to make his home there. These were savages, but they were human. So he staid, nursed the young girl, and became quite a popular person. He took a party with him after a few days, brought in the medicine-chest, tools, and goods, from the hut near the shore, distributed the medicines pretty freely among the tribe, and took possession of a house which he made them build for him apart from the common quarters. He remained there two years, married the chief's daughter, and was recognized as court-physician, with a prospect of becoming chief of the tribe in time.

"Fate decided otherwise. His reputation as a skillful curer of diseases spread far and wide, until it reached a large community of Dyaks living near the coast, and reigned over by a rajah. The latter potentate sent an embassy to invite John to become a resident of his court. John's own tribe would not hear of it, and John didn't want to leave the peaceable hill-people for the piratical cut-throats on the shore. The Orang-bandas, as they were called, would not take no for answer. About two weeks after the refusal a war-party came down one night, sacked the village, killed the chief, and a number of others, John's wife among the rest, and carried off John as their prisoner. John had killed several of the invaders during the fight, and he expected to lose his life for it; but it

appears that the rajah wanted a physician more than vengeance. John was forced to stay there and practise his profession. His wonderful chest was brought with him, and his arms and personal property were returned to him. He made the best of it, set to work to learn the language—these Dyaks speaking the Malay, and being nominally Mohammedans—and became as popular with the new set of barbarians as he had been with the old.

"Here he lived for many years and prospered. He distinguished himself in some of their petty wars, and rose gradually in rank, wealth, and power, until he was styled 'Bāgānda John-bāgānda,' meaning prince. He had influence at last to induce them to change some of their customs, head-hunting, for instance; but piracy he could not change. It would have been dangerous to try it. He married the rajah's daughter, and, on the death of the reigning prince, pushed aside the nephew, and, without opposition, became rajah himself.

"The sea-robbers over whom he reigned had acquired a deal of plunder, and of this the former rajah had taken the lion's share—all the diamonds and precious stones being his perquisite. When John succeeded to the throne, he inherited the fortune of his father-in-law. It was the accumulation of several generations of avaricious monarchs, and was enormous. Among other things kept by his predecessor, though ignorant of its value, was a package of Bank-of-England notes, amounting to twenty thousand pounds sterling. As John looked over this wealth, of no use to him there, he often thought how comfortable it would make him if he only had it in a civilized land. But how to get it away, and himself with it, was the puzzle.

"At last the hour of deliverance came. One day, a runner came to tell the rajah that a large war-ship was off the coast, and he went down to take a look at her. How his heart jumped when he saw the flag, and recognized the stranger for an American! He at once told his vizier that he would be able to secure a supply of powder, of which they were in need, if they could communicate with that ship. He ordered his state *prau* to be made ready, and told them to hoist a flag to attract attention. The flag was the one belonging to his old ship, which he had brought along from the hill-country more as a token of home than from any hope it would ever be of use to him. It served him well now, for it attracted the attention of the ship, which sent a boat's crew, under a midshipman, to ascertain the meaning. On approaching the shore, John hailed them in English, bade the Dyaks stand back, and went alone to have a conversation with the new-comers. He explained to the midshipman that he desired to escape, but had no wish to go empty-handed, and the two concerted a plan by which he would be enabled to get away with his property.

"The rajah, returning, told his vizier that they could get the powder, but must pay for it. All that night he sat up and packed his precious stones, pearls, and such like, and had a large quantity of gold put up in kegs. The next morning these were taken

to the shore, where a large boat came carrying powder-kegs filled with rubbish. In exchange, the gold and jewels were placed on the boat. The rajah then had his *prau* manned to pay a state visit to the ship, but, once safe on board, the *prau* was sent back, the ship got under way, and John never saw his dominions again."

"And did he get to America?" asked the boy.

"Yes. The sloop-of-war landed him and his effects at Singapore, whence he got passage to England, where he exchanged his Bank-of-England notes and his gold for drafts on the United States, first disposing of the greater part of his gems for the same securities, the whole amounting to nearly half a million dollars. He came here, but found his parents had been long dead. His only sister, a girl of ten when he left, had been married and was a widow. He had trouble to find her out—advertised in vain in the papers—and at length discovered where she was. He learned she was very poor. It was Christmas-eve when he discovered all this. So he went to a store and bought a basket, which he filled with all kinds of nice things for her and the children, went to where she lived, amused her and the children with the story of his adventures, and then opened the basket"—and he lifted the lid as he said this—"and told them to help themselves, for their Uncle Joseph—not John, by any means, who had been the Rajah Kris-mas, or, in English, 'Knife of Gold,' had turned himself into King Christmas for their especial pleasure."

The children fairly screamed with delight at sight of the good things; but Mrs. Gaston was bewildered and somewhat incredulous.

"You are not at all like what my brother Joseph used to be," she said.

"I should think not," replied the brother. "I have changed a deal in so many years. But here," he continued, baring his right wrist—"here is the scar where I cut myself when a boy—that has not changed. Here is the same coarse, red hair, which father said looked like carrots cut into strings. And, if that is not enough, don't you remember this?" He put his fur cap on his head, and, by a voluntary motion of the muscles of the scalp, threw the head-covering on the floor—a trick which Amelia well remembered, and which she had never before seen done by any one else. His identity was evident, and the next day when he called with his beard reduced to whiskers and mustaches, the resemblance of features to those of his father was unmistakable.

Mrs. Pensover lost the tenant of her hall bedroom in a short while, for Joseph Prince bought a handsome house up-town, furnished it luxuriously, and took his sister to keep house for him. He settled a competence on the children, and, for all I know, is unmarried yet, unless his former wife, the Pārimasuri Nila Kāndi, be alive. But whether or not, the future of the young Gastons is assured, and they live in clover, being great favorites of their uncle, though they irreverently nickname him King Christmas.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

THE FRATERNITY OF MEDICINE-MEN.

TO the traveler detained long at an Indian trading-post, the monotony of the existence becomes irksome in the extreme. The scenery about the stockade is generally limited to a boundless view of the level prairie on three sides, and a meagre one of the river on whose banks it stands. The daily routine of life within the walls, which contributes to distract the attention of the post officials, comes to have an appalling sameness to the mere looker-on. It is then that the consumption of tobacco becomes something alarming, and that the mind grasps at the most trivial incident as a means of appeasing its weariness. The fit of one's moccasins is a matter to be thought seriously about, and the composition of one's dinner is a subject of deep contemplation.

This hibernal torpor, as it may be called, generally sets in more acutely in the autumnal months, when the increasing cold half locks the rivers in ice, forbidding the use of canoe or boat, and drives the sportsman from the plains with its frigid breath. It continues with but little cessation until mid-winter, when the trappers and Indians arrive with the first of the winter's catch of furs. True, there are occasional times of bustle, created by the arrivals and departures which constantly take place in a country where locomotion may be said to be the normal condition of the people. But this temporary excitement only serves to plunge one into corresponding depths of depression when it is over, and the sameness of the life afterward becomes absolutely funereal. Every thing readable in the scanty library is read so often that it seems to one as if he could close his eyes and repeat the whole collection *verbatim*; the acquaintance of all the live-stock is cultivated until one may be said to possess the intimacy of every dog and cat in the post, and the autobiographies of all the officers and servants are heard so repeatedly that one feels competent to reproduce them in manuscript in the event of their decease.

Fortunately, during this season of inactivity, occurs the annual celebration of a festival peculiar to a mystic brotherhood permeating the nomadic peoples round about. Each autumn the fraternity of medicine-men celebrate the dog-feast in the vicinity of the principal trading-stations.

An inclosure about forty feet long by twenty-five broad, fenced in with branches of trees, is laid off on the prairie. It is situated due east and west, and has an opening in either end for purposes of entrance and exit. The ceremony occupies two or three days, during which the ground in the interior of the inclosure is covered with savages, who sit alongside each other, drawn up close inside the fence. In a line running lengthways through the centre are erected perpendicular poles, with large stones at their bases, both stones and poles colored red over different portions of their surfaces by the blood of the dog-sacrifice. The animals are selected and killed, and, after lying exposed on the stones beside the poles during the per-

formance of certain ceremonies by the medicine-men—whose medicine-bags, composed of the skins of wild animals, form an important feature of the ceremony—are cooked and eaten. The dog-meat, when prepared, presents a very uncouth and repulsive appearance as it is borne from man to man in shapeless trenches that each may select the portion he intends to devour.

To the casual spectator such a ceremony as the dog-feast seems a confused conglomeration of frivolous rites and genuflections, destitute alike of meaning and design. One might be tempted to believe that the principal and most rational object of the assemblage was to eat the dogs. Inquiry, however, of any well-informed resident of the country, elicits the reply that the unfortunate beings are assembled for what, in their eyes, is the celebration of a solemn act of communion with the spirits. That such communion is real has been believed, to our knowledge, by many clergymen and priests in the Indian country, though, of course, their theory is that it exists with the powers of darkness. It probably lies much with the accidental bias of each man's mind, whether he inclines to so serious a view of these barbarous proceedings, or mentally attributes to them much the same amount of spiritual efficacy which he would to the fantastic contortions of some Eastern devotee.

The nominal object of this feast is to make medicine. What medicine this is, we are unable to state with precision. The Indians have many medicines, composed for the most part of roots, and sometimes possessed of real medicinal virtue. Sarsaparilla, for instance, is used by them. Some are said to be highly poisonous, and even to exercise what we presume would to a physician appear an unaccountable effect. The permanent contortion of feature, the growth of hair over the entire body, the eruption of black, ineffaceable blotches on the skin, are alleged to be the consequences of partaking of some of them, either by swallowing or inhaling their fumes. Frequent examples of the results above cited have come under the personal observation of the writer, who can vouch for the effect produced.

We had employed at one time, as a servant in the family, a Salteaux girl, of about twenty years of age. As a natural result of her presence about the establishment, numerous Indians of both sexes, claiming ties of consanguinity of more or less remoteness, daily besieged the culinary department of our domestic economy. The matter became unbearable, finally, as it often occurred that the kitchen-floor was nearly covered with the squatting relatives. The girl was ordered to refuse admittance to any being, of either sex, habited in a blanket. It happened that the first candidate presenting himself for admittance after the receipt of this prohibitory order was an old conjurer, or medicine-man. The door was unceremoniously shut in his face. He lingered about, however, until some duty called the girl outside the door, when, after threatening her with dire revenge, he took his departure. The poor domestic was much alarmed, and reported his threats. Little attention was paid to it, and

the winter passed away without a further call from the conjurer.

In the early spring, the girl by some accident cut her hand slightly—not sufficiently deep, however, to necessitate binding up. Before it healed, she was one day engaged in carrying water from an adjacent stream, when the conjurer unexpectedly approached her. Professing to have forgotten his ejection of the previous winter, he proffered his hand in a friendly way to the girl, who thoughtlessly gave him in return the wounded member. He shook it a long time, squeezing it tightly in his own. The sore smarted considerably, and upon withdrawing her hand by reason of the pain, she noticed some dark substance in the palm of the conjurer's hand. The thought then occurred to her that he had poisoned the sore. She was assured of it by the medicine-man, who informed her that she would break out in black blotches for one month in each year, ever afterward. One year from that date black eruptions appeared over her entire body, each spot about the size of a dime silver coin. They continued upon her person, without any severe pain, for one month, when they disappeared. For three successive years—as long as we had knowledge of her—the eruptions occurred regularly, and continued for the allotted time.

Among the visiting Indians who called perennially at our kitchen-door during the winter months, was a middle-aged woman suffering from a loss of power to move the facial muscles. This incapacity was brought on, according to her own testimony, and that of others cognizant of the circumstances, some five years before our first acquaintance with her, by certain drugs administered by a conjurer. These medicines were given her to produce that effect alone, without reference to the prevention or cure of other diseases, and were taken without her knowledge, being mingled surreptitiously with her food. The effect soon showed itself in a total loss of power in the facial muscles. She became as expressionless as a mask. Only the eyes moved; and, as they were intensely black and rather sparkling eyes, the ghastly deformity was rendered the more glaring. The most singular effect was produced, however, by her laugh. She was a jolly, good-natured squaw, and laughed upon the slightest provocation. Her eyes sparkled, and her "Ha! ha!" was musical to a degree; but not a muscle moved to denote the merriment on that expressionless face. One felt that some one else laughed behind that rigid integument, and was fain to pull it off, and see the dimples and curves it concealed. The sensation was that of being in the presence of an enigma one could not comprehend. No idea could be formed of what she thought at any time; but when she waxed merry her countenance was more than ever a death-mask.

As to the growth of hair over the body, we remember to have seen but one instance of it. That was an old man from a tribe dwelling in the swamps and marshes. He was entirely covered with a thick coating of hair nearly an inch in length. Only about the eyes was there any diminution in the

quantity, where for nearly an inch in a circle there was no hair. He attributed the phenomenon to a decoction of certain herbs given him by a medicine-man whom he had mortally offended. His family, so far as we saw of them, were innocent of any hirsute covering.

In a family of three Cree Indians of advanced age, a sister and two brothers, named respectively Sallie, Creppe, and Hornie, once pensioners of ours at an isolated trading-post, perhaps the strangest effects of the medicine-man's drugs appeared. These old people had been poisoned in early youth, with a different effect in each case. Sallie, who was a hanger-on about the kitchen, lost the nails of her fingers and toes regularly every year at the season when birds moult their feathers. This phenomenon had never failed to occur annually since the medicine had been taken in infancy. There was but little pain connected with this shedding of the nails, and they soon grew out again. Her brother Creppe was afflicted with an eruption of warts over his entire person, and was altogether as hideous a looking object as could well be imagined. The divisions of his fingers and toes were hidden by these monstrous excrescences; from his ears depended warts nearly an inch in length; in fact, he was covered with them all over except his eyes. At certain seasons of the year they became very painful, and deprived him of the power of locomotion.

But in the case of Hornie—a name conferred by some facetious Scotch trader, in allusion to a fancied resemblance to his Satanic majesty—the effects of the poison were of quite another character. Hornie's hair was simply changed from a generally deep black to alternate streaks of black and white. These streaks were about an inch in width, and ran from the forehead to the back of the head. The line of demarcation between the two colors was very abrupt and distinct; the white color being the purest that can be imagined. There was no gradual merging from iron-gray to gray, thence to white; it was the whiteness of unsullied snow throughout the streak. And it never changed.

We do not feel that strangers to the subject of which we write will receive these incidents with the confidence which they deserve, nor even that those who are somewhat familiar with the actual circumstances will admit every inference to be drawn to be the living truth; but our own assurance is so clear and strong that we can only judge the critic by his judgment of it. We know what we assert, and are upon honor with the reader.

Medical gentlemen in the country have differed in their opinions as to the ability of Indians to cause the above-described symptoms; and, so far as we can gather, the subject is a difficult one, and resolves itself more into a question of evidence of facts than of the medical property of the roots and drugs.

The writer was furnished an opportunity of examining at his leisure the contents of many medicine-bags at a certain Indian mission-station in a northern country. These bags had formerly been the property of sundry medicine-men, who, on their conversion to Christianity, had transferred them to the keeping of the reverend missionary. There

was a large collection of them thrown promiscuously upon the floor of a small out-building. The bags were, for the most part, formed of the skins of various wild beasts in embryotic state, taken off whole, and so stuffed as to retain as much as possible the natural position of the animal. They had evidently served as the totems of the owners. The contents of these primitive medicine-chests were as varied as the most enthusiastic *curio* could desire. Each article was wrapped carefully in a separate parcel by itself, with the inner bark of the birch-tree, and duly labeled as to its contents with totemic symbols. An unwrapping of these packages resulted in the discovery of an extensive assortment of ingredients. There were many dried herbs of many different varieties—bark and leaves of strange plants and trees; white and orange colored powders of the finest quality, and evidently demanding skill in their preparation; claws of animals and talons of birds; colored feathers and beaks; a few preserved skins and teeth of reptiles; but a total absence of liquids or any vessels that could be used to carry them. There were several plants, packages of which were found in every bag; but the majority differed greatly, and the *materia medica* of each practitioner seemed to be the result of individual choice and research. One thing, however, was common to all—the small package of human finger and toe nails. Of what peculiar signification they were, or used in what malady, we are unable to state.

Among the other contents of the medicine-bags, and common to all, were small images of wood, the presence of which was considered essential to the proper efficacy of the drugs. This was the real totem which presided over the effectual use of the ingredients, and represented the guardian spirit of the owner. The Indians believe every animal to have had a great original or father. The first buffalo, the first bear, the first beaver, the first eagle, etc., was the Manitou, or guardian spirit of the whole race of these different creatures. They chose some one of these originals as their special Manitou, or guardian; and hence arose the custom of having its representation as the totem of an entire tribe. But the medicine-men, being, as it were, the priests of the spirits and mediums between them and the world, are entitled to a special guardian spirit of their own, and hence carry his totem among their drugs. As they profess to heal through the direction of this spirit or guardian, they very properly place his image among the means he commands to be used.

These images were, as a matter of course, of limited size and rough workmanship. Their designs were various, and represented different animals, birds, reptiles, the human figure in strange attitudes, the sun and moon, and combinations of all these in many forms. Whatever they held to be superior to themselves, they deified; but they never exalted it much above humanity, and these images never betrayed the expression of a conception of a supernatural being on the part of their owners.

But, whatever may have been the value of the contents of these medicine-bags, cer-

tain it is that a fraternity of medicine-men exists among the Indians, and that those without its pale look with great awe upon the power of its members. The latter are the great actors in the dog-feasts. They make medicine for the recovery of the sick, who apply for their assistance, and initiate novices into the mysteries of the fraternity. In payment for each exercise of these offices, a remuneration of some value is required; the charges being, like those of many of the medical profession, in proportion to the wealth of the patient. In many cases it happens that, through a pretty thorough knowledge of the virtues of certain herbs, a firm determination on the part of the sufferer not to die, and a constitution inured to noxious lotions of every kind, the medicine-man effects a cure. Some of his cures and specifics are wonderful, too.

The writer recalls to memory a certain buffalo-hunt in which he once participated, accompanying a French-Indian family. Among the members of this nomadic domestic circle was a young woman of about nineteen years of age, and of not very strong *physique*. It happened one day that, in drawing a loaded shot-gun from the cart by the muzzle, the charge exploded, and passed entirely through her body in the region of the chest. The gun being not over twenty inches distant from her person when discharged, the shot left a hole through which one's finger could be thrust. We were tented on the plain, hundreds of miles from settlements, and totally destitute alike of medical knowledge and remedies. The girl was given up for lost, of course. Near our own camp, however, were a few lodges of Indians, and among them, as usual, a medicine-man. The report of the accident soon reaching the Indian *tepees*, this conjurer stalked over to our tents, and looked without comment for a time upon the unskilled efforts being made for the sufferer's relief. At length he addressed the father of the girl, offering to cure her if she was intrusted to his care. Clutching at this straw, in the absence of any better thing, with the girl's consent the father accepted the proposal; and the patient was transferred to the lodge of the medicine-man. Strange as it may appear, the woman recovered after a time, under the drugs and care of the conjurer, and was able to return home with us at the termination of the hunt. We saw her some years after, and she expressed herself as enjoying perfect health. The payment for effecting this cure was, if we recollect aright, two Indian ponies, which, it is needless to say, were cheerfully paid.

On his initiation into the mysteries of the brotherhood, the candidate, besides paying the medicine-men a fair price, must be a man known to the adepts as eligible. This eligibility consists, it has been contended, in physical perfection alone; but, having known conjurers who were deformed from birth, and others maimed at the time of their initiation, we incline to the opinion that mental characteristics are those most closely examined. A certain dignity of appearance, a severe and mysterious manner, and a more than usual taciturnity and secretiveness in the candidate, are favorably considered. Dif-

ferent tribes, however, or, it may be, different schools of medicine, have their distinct methods of initiation. The most curious initial ceremony coming under our own observation was that of a tribe in the far North. The candidate was required to repair to the forests for a certain number of days, to be passed in fasting, until, from extreme physical privation, he should be wrought up to close communion with the spirits. He then returned, and entered the pale of the fence marking the limits of the dog-feast, to be at once surrounded by a circle of conjurers and braves of his tribe, who indulged in a wild dance. In the midst of this dance a live dog (white in color, if to be had) was brought within the circle by the instructing medicine-man, and handed to the novitiate. Seizing the sacrificial canine by the neck and a hind-leg, the candidate finished his initiation by devouring the animal alive. The spectacle of this poor wretch, his face covered with blood, the howls and contortions of the suffering animal, and the yelling, dancing demons, circling about in their monotonous dance, was appalling to the last degree. The dogs consumed were generally of small size, but in some instances large ones were given, and the neophyte was in a gorged and semi-dormant condition at the termination of his repast.

With some few orders of medicine-men physical torture in the initiation obtains. The candidate, to cure others, must be a perfect physical man himself; and, as he may occasion pain to his patients, must be able to endure it without murmur in his own person. At an appointed time he appears before a medicine-man, who cuts four gashes about three inches long on the shoulders near the point. With a smooth stick of hard wood he makes a hole underneath the slits he has cut, and taking in an inch or more in width, and through which a buffalo-thong is passed and tightly tied. Then the breast is served in the same manner. After this one thong is fastened to a long pole, the other to a buffalo-skull, or other heavy weight, with about ten feet of rope between the back and skull. The candidate then jumps into a lively dance, singing a song in keeping with the performance, and jerking the skull about so fast that at times it is four or five feet from the ground, all the time pulling as best he can at the thong fastened to the pole by jumping back and swinging upon it. At times the flesh on back and breast seems to stretch eight or ten inches, and, when let up, closes down again with a pop. This dancing and racing continues until the flesh-fastenings break. The novitiate is by that time a terrible-looking object, and so nearly exhausted that he has to be helped away. His wounds are washed and bound up, presents are made to him, and he is thenceforth recognized as a medicine-man.

A fast of ten days' duration has been stated to us, on oral and trustworthy testimony, as a necessary preliminary among some tribes to becoming a conjurer. During the time indicated the candidate sleeps among the branches of a tree, where a temporary residence has been fitted up for him. His dreams are carefully treasured up in his recollection,

and he believes that the spirits who are afterward to become his familiars then reveal themselves to him. Indeed, this intent watching for his spiritual familiars is the principal object of his retirement and fast. He is taught to believe in two kinds of spirits, one eminently good, the other eminently evil. But the latter are inferior in power to the former. The good spirits are his guardians and familiars, yet he may use the devices of the evil ones if he so desire. Every accident of life with a medicine-man is accounted for by spiritual agency. An amusing incident may serve to show the extent to which this belief may be carried :

A small company of Indians drifted into the writer's premises one winter's day for the purpose of begging provisions. Among the number were several noted conjurers. Some freak of curiosity tempted us to try how far their belief in the supernatural would carry them ; and, having a large music-box in our possession, it was wound up and placed unnoticed upon the table. In a moment it began playing, and the notes of "Bonnie Doon," "The Lass o' Gowrie," etc., reverberated through the apartment. At its first chords the faces of the savages assumed a wondering, dazed expression. But, quickly recovering from that phase of amazement, they began to trace the sound to its origin. After some minutes of deep attention, one old man evidently discovered the source, and without a moment's hesitation raised his gun and fired it at the box. It is perhaps unnecessary to mention that the instrument was, to use a nautical expression, "a total wreck." The conjurer asserted that the music was produced by an evil spirit concealed in the box, and could only be driven out by a gunshot. Our curiosity was satisfied, but at a considerable expense.

For whole nights previous to the public and final ceremony of the dog-feast, the principal medicine-man, installed in his medicine-tent, instructs his pupils. The quaint party is accompanied by an individual who beats the medicine-drum, the monotonous tones of which are kept up during the whole time the lesson continues. What special branch of medical science is instilled into the minds of the pupils we do not know. It is probably but a lesson in incantation or some senseless jugglery, intended to awe the candidate; for the medicine-men are acute deceivers, and as despotic and absurd in social life as are the priests and oracles and conjurers of civilized man in another hemisphere.

It has been our good fortune to see some of the tricks performed by the medicine-men, among the most curious of which is one analogous to the celebrated Davenport trick. The conjurer in every instance permitted an inspection of tent and person; he was then securely tied inside the tent and left alone for a moment, when he would appear untied at the door; a moment later he would be tied again. This trick is, in certain localities, quite common among them, and exceedingly well performed. They exhibit also many other feats of jugglery, in themselves very curious and interesting, but not calling for notice in this paper.

An interesting circumstance obtains, how-

ever, in their weather divinations. During stormy weather, the medicine-man may be heard in his tent engaged in loud incantations. After half a day spent in this manner, he appears, and predicts at what time the storm will begin to abate, the direction the wind will take, and the time that will elapse before its entire cessation. In short, he gives a complete meteorological and storm table; and, in the many instances in which these predictions were made in our presence, they invariably proved correct.

However, neither from undoubted medicine-men who have been converted to the Christian faith, nor from any others of whom we have heard, has any thing worth knowing in relation to what may be termed the mysteries of the ceremonies above indicated been ever elicited. Christian ex-conjurers have, we believe, been known to express an opinion that they possessed a power when pagans which they were unable to exercise after baptism. What this belief may be worth we do not know.

H. M. ROBINSON

(late Vice-Consul at Winnipeg, B. N. A.).

A WEDDING-MARCH—ON TRIAL.

DAY with dewy eve was blending,
Clouds lay piled in radiant state,
When a fine young German farmer
Rode up to the parson's gate.

Clinging to him on a pillion
Was a maiden fair and tall,
Blushing, trembling, palpitating—
Smiling brightly through it all.

Said the farmer: "Goot Herr Pastor,
Marguerite und I vas coome
Diesen evening to be married,
Dhen mit her I makes mine home."

Soon the nuptial-tie was fastened;
Soon the kiss received and given.
In that moment earth had vanished—
They had caught a glimpse of heaven!

But the prudent German farmer
First recalled his tranced wits;
Said: "Herr Pastor, here's von skillung;
Choost at present ve vas quits."

"But, dake notice, if I finds her—
Marguerite, mine frau, mine queen—
Ven der year vas gone, is better
As goot, by dhen, I coomes again."

Twelve months sped with 'wildering fleetness
Down Time's pathway past recall,
Then there came a barrel rolling,
Thundering through the parson's hall,

With this note: "I send, Herr Pastor,
Mit ein barrel of besten flour,
Dhem five dollars—for mine Marguerite
More better as goot is every hour."

"Dot shmalle leetle baby is ein darling!
If dhey shtay so goot, vy dhen,
Vhen dot year vas gone, Herr Pastor,
Quick, booty soon, you hear again."

On the wedding-march went singing,
Sweeter, tenderer than before.
At the year's end it came drumming
Gayly at the parson's door,

With this note: "Here vas five dollars
Und ein barrel of besten flour;
Marguerite und dot dear baby
More better as goot is—more and more."

"Now dot funny leetle baby
Sucks de ink vot's in mine pen,
Makes me laugh—I dink, Herr Pastor,
Next year I vill coome again."

Down the years the pair went marching,
Hand in hand, from dawn to dawn,
Bearing each the other's crosses,
Wearing each the other's crown.

And from year to year came rolling,
Straight into the parson's door,
That "ein barrel of besten flour,"
Always "mit five dollars" more.

They have passed their golden wedding,
Children's children in their train,
Sweeter grows the wedding music,
Gentler, tenderer the strain.

Fainter now and like an echo,
From the bright, the better land,
Restfully they wait and listen,
Full of peace, for heaven's at hand!

Moral: O ye men and brethren,
Who to marry have a mind,
Pay the parson, as, *with trial*,
Bliss or misery you find.

NOTE.—Many years since a clergyman was the recipient of this droll but most comprehensive way of rewarding his services.

FANNY BARROW.

ATTRACTIVE HOUSES.

"SHOW me your bill of company, instead of your bill of fare," is the remark attributed to a shrewd and experienced social critic. How well he knew that no gastronomic achievements could take the place of genial society; that no marvels of cookery could lift a dull dinner company out of its own dull level, or atone to a person of brains and taste for the fixed vicinity for two or three hours of a brace of bores! Given the social success, let the bill of company be all that it should be, and no one would be indifferent to the triumphs of culinary art. But, unless to a professed gourmand, the latter is of much less importance than it is generally supposed to be, and the former alone of absolute necessity, if one is desirous—and who is not?—of having an attractive house. I have known what are called high livers, those who were very fond of the pleasures of the table, who would persistently avoid what they knew to be a dull house on dinner occasions, though they also knew that the bill of fare was fit to set before a king.

But the test of an attractive house is not in its invited company always, though that may be finely selected; for a large visiting-list and observant shrewdness, together with experience, will enable many a hostess to give delightful parties. The really attractive house is that where attractive people, people of brains, and taste, and character, like to "drop in." There are such rare combinations of circumstances and conditions, of traits and temper, which are necessary to make this attractiveness, that such houses

are not plentiful. One absolute condition is a certain domestic harmony. A family-jar is fatal. A Madame Récamier could scarcely "hold her own" in such an atmosphere. It is hardly less absolute that the hostess should, above all things, have the quality of appreciation, and the tact to conceal her preferences where this appreciation would lead her into absorbing interests in individuals. A real liking for social companionship, which does not have its slightest root in vanity, and therefore is not merely self-seeking, but instead self-lifting, would complete these conditions so happily that one might well question whether they have ever been fulfilled. But, rare as they are, we now and then find that they are not impossible. A hostess of this temper and tact would be sure to make her guests comfortable physically. She would have no draughts from swinging doors and unheated chambers. She would be sure that her rooms were properly ventilated, and that no scent of yesterday's dinner lurked in un-aired corners.

"I hate to go to Mrs. Blank's, because she hasn't any nose," said a gentleman, recently, to an intimate friend.

"No nose! what on earth do you mean?" queried the friend.

"I don't mean the facial protuberance of bone and cartilage. I mean that she has no nose for all the purposes that a nose is good for. I smell dead dinners in her house from January till May. She's a pretty woman, she's a bright woman, and amiable to a degree. Her house is as pretty as she is, and she's hospitality itself, but I can't get used to those dead dinners. They smother all my fancies, all my ideas, with their charnel-house suggestions.

So it is inevitable that the hostess of the House Beautiful must have a nose of the most sensitive construction as an olfactory.

The very best aid to ventilation is an open fire. It needs not to be that expensive luxury, a hearth fire of wood; an open grate, or one of the pretty open-grate stoves which are just now coming into the market, will serve the purpose. With this open fire Mrs. Blank would be able to *burn up* literally all her dead-dinner odors, and people with sensitive noses could nurse their finest fancies in the sweetened atmosphere thus created. I once occupied the back-parlor directly over the basement-kitchen in a Boston boarding-house. The house was heated with a furnace, and for a time I endured the mingled scents of dead and living dinners with what patience I might. It was a brief time, however, for, discovering the possibility of an open fire in a long-disused and furniture-hidden grate, I made a fresh arrangement with my landlady at once, and, turning off the furnace-heat, built up an open fire, which, with care, seldom died out. I had no further trouble with dinner or any other disagreeable odors, while rooms in the second and third story would gather now and then unsavory scents, which could not be easily dispelled; my back-parlor, even with its close kitchen vicinage, was invariably sweet and healthy.

So sweet and pure was the air in comparison with the other rooms, that my neighbors on the second and third floors, who would

now and then drop in upon me, invariably exclaimed, "How pleasant the air is here, and how very odd that you don't get the scents from the basement!" Of course, the closure of that detestable "hole in the floor" had something to do with the banishment of the basement scents; but not every thing, as I discovered very quickly when a warm day came and my fire went out. Then, with insidious, creeping footsteps, the little fiends of foul smells came stealing in under my door. A handful of kindlings lighted in that blessed grate, and presto!—the fiends were burned up in purifying flames in good orthodox fashion, as fiends ought to be. Let no misguided house-keeper think that she can insure all this beauty and comfort by that meanest of shams—a gas-log. Neither sweetness of atmosphere nor ideal pleasure can be found in that glaring humbug. No after-dinner odors can be burnt up in that blaze, no fine fancies flower out in that ghastly light. But, with the grate filled with soft or hard coal, or, best of all, with wood, one need not trouble one's self with other ventilators, nor with the lack of fine furniture. And so the wise woman, who is desirous of making an attractive house, will in her parlor arrangements first of all establish an open fire!

The next thing to be considered is the seating of your friends. You had better by far sacrifice a picture, or a bust you had set your mind on with a view of its giving grace and beauty to your room, than have a scarcity of comfortable chairs. If you can't have both, dispense with high art in this case, for you can't dispense with the other, which, in the nature of human nature, is a necessity. Nobody can be at ease in a chair too high or too low, or that bulges in the back where it ought to curve inward, or with any other of the uneasy angles and hard lines that are so often the torment of a visitor doomed to the "best parlor" with its "best chairs." Seven or eight—it may be ten—years ago, a certain style of furniture came into vogue and "raged" to the extent that a fresh "style" is sure to do with the majority of people who blindly suppose that a "fashion" of furnishing is indispensable to the elegance of their houses. This style was known, I believe, as the mediæval pattern. It produced tall, hard-seated chairs, with straight, high backs, and tall, straight-backed sofas or lounges, upon which no mortal could even *appear* at ease. It did not show a single curve of grace or aspect of luxury. It was rigid, stiff, and uncompromising, and I never knew a party to go off well in rooms with which it was furnished. In the "attractive houses," where we like to "drop in," there is never any fashion in the furniture. It may be costly, of carved rosewood and satin. It is quite as likely to be of simplest material, and within the range of a limited purse. But it is *comfortable*. That is the grand desideratum. I know of two parlors, one in the vicinity of Boston, where this "attractiveness" is entirely the result of taste and tact.

An open fire confronts you as you enter this latter parlor—an open fire of wood blazing forth from an old-fashioned stove. There are no costly pictures upon the walls, only a

few engravings. Groups of ferns nod from the mantel-shelf, and all the doorways are fringed with evergreens. Pots of flowers cluster at the windows, and vines hang from the cornices of the simple lace curtains. About the fire, low, inviting-looking chairs stand hospitably. These chairs are well worn and of various designs, and, sitting there in the light of the cheerful blaze, you will never miss any freshness or costliness of furnishing or decoration. In this parlor some of the brightest men and women of the day "drop in" of an evening, or in the late hours of the afternoon, when the genial blaze from the open stove throws joyous invitations of welcome in long streams of light from the low windows.

The other parlor is a rather famous reception-room in the southern part of New England, in the small State that adjoins Massachusetts. Its hostess has entertained most of the famous men and women who were in their prime forty years ago, but she will never grow old herself, and still holds her court with a younger generation with undiminished away. Her rooms are somehow regions of enchantment. Yet, if you examine critically, you will discover that it would be difficult to find furnishings of less cost. But a bit of drapery here and there, soft groupings of color, mellow lights, not the strong, fierce glare of a full blazing chandelier, easy-chairs, and an open fire, make a harmonious whole, which, with the atmosphere of the hostess herself, completes a charm as delightful as rare. People visit these houses with a frequency they have no time for in other quarters. And the reason is obvious. Here are to be found the realities of ideal social life—what every one imagines, yet what few are able to realize, either in their own homes or in another's. And these ideal realities are freedom from conventionalities, together with a cultured refinement, which gives to the barest simplicities a grace and charm which costly display always lacks. After all, it ought not to be so difficult to find such attractive houses. The list of "conditions" is not so lengthy nor the requirements so hard but it would seem easy of fulfillment if one should seriously and thoughtfully consider it, and set about it as one of the finest achievements to be accomplished. A socially sympathetic nature, a little taste and tact, and—a *sensitive nose*! There is the recipe.

NORA PERBY.

THE MISCHIEF OF PROVERBS.

IDEAS may rule the world; but mere terms govern the majority of mankind. And when these are aptly and compactly expressed, they are likely to be accepted as true without question or examination. Hence the force and influence of proverbs and phrases in proverbial form. The falseness or fallacy they may contain is hidden or unsuspected in their easy and frequent iteration. They are quoted not only as reasons for certain questionable conduct, but as palliations and excuses for conduct that is unmistakably

base. While many are unable to see their full significance, many more are unwilling to see it, and try to hoodwink others by flippant and noisy repetition.

Proverbs at best are seldom more than partial truths, and at worst are often the meanest of falsehoods. They are specious generally, and their speciousness frequently veils their sophistry and their moral deformity.

"The world owes a man a living" is one of the pleasant fallacies by which both lazy and unprincipled fellows seek to evade duty to themselves and responsibility to others. The world may possibly owe a man a living when irreparable adversity has overtaken him; when he has failed after repeated trials, or when he cannot get work. But it certainly does not, if he folds his arms, or, through wretched vanity misnamed pride, refrains from honest labor which he counts unworthy. He in whose mouth the phrase oftenest is, is very apt to be a professional loafer or sponge, or, still worse, a genteel swindler—a borrower of money without expectation or thought of its return. He affects to believe that the world is indebted to him, although he has rendered it no service; has given it absolutely nothing to base an obligation on. He is usually a drone in the beehive of life; a claimant of merit he does not possess; a sycophant, a sham, and a bully combined.

Beware of the man who is voluble about the debt this busy ball has incurred by his birth! He is not to be trusted. His fondness for the proverb indicates his antipathy to work—and the enemy of work is the enemy of society—offers just ground for suspicion; is an argument against his character. The few men who are the world's creditors will be very sure to keep silent concerning the fact, if they recognize it; though the great probability is that they will be too modest to be conscious of their large deserving.

There is a pride in merit that bristles the tongue as well as humbles the judgment of its own performance. But the fellow who has the globe on the debit side of his ledger, can rarely balance his account save by a liberal entry of immitigable self-conceit.

"All stratagems are fair in love and war" is one of the most atrocious sentiments ever uttered. An ingenious deviltry lies in its wording; for it couples two things that are entirely opposite. Love is the antipode of war; not its contradiction alone, but its extinction. Assent to the latter part of the proverb might be readily gained; but never to the former from any mind of moral sanity. The cunning of the verbal contrivance is therefore palpable. The enormity of half the phrase is concealed in the plausibility of the other half.

Stratagems in love? Who can think of them without abhorrence. The connection is unnatural, inhuman. Mephistopheles lurks in the suggestion. Love is the one thing above aught else that should be dealt with in strictest honesty; that should be revered, worshiped, glorified. To take any advantage of love would be—if any thing were—an unpardonable sin; for love is the queen of vir-

tues, the angel part of our common humanity. It is so pure, so sweet, so tender, so generous, so noble, so confiding, so spontaneous, that to wrong it by a thought—much more to deceive it—is wicked in the extreme. And then to employ stratagem deliberately, and likewise to justify it, is simply infamous. He would be bold indeed who should have the courage to father so vile a maxim. The bitterest cynic has never said any thing to surpass or exceed this, which strikes at all faith, and in its spirit aims to strangle what is best in human nature.

Not one person in a hundred that quote the words takes in their entire meaning. The attention is directed to stratagem and war—those two terms linger in the memory—and love and the suggestion of its monstrous treatment are kept in the background until familiarity with the phrase renders the whole acceptable. If the adage should be so curtailed as to include love only, there are not many who would not be startled by its utterance. Then it would stand—it should so stand with its present appendage—as a semi-apology of *roués* and profligates to public decency; and the right kind of people would never mention it except in condemnation.

"Charity begins at home" is generally the excuse of selfishness for lack of generosity. Yet many who are not naturally selfish may be made so by taking what they deem a prudential admonition too much to heart. Applied to the over-liberal, the proverb may be, and doubtless often is, a corrective. The mischief is that they who need its restraining influence seldom use or heed it. In the main, it is the oral property of the morbid and the covetous, and, to strengthen themselves in their sordidness, they employ the phrase to the detriment of others whose character is yet unformed, but whose tendency is in the wrong direction.

The charity that begins at home is prone to stay and end there. And he who preaches the doctrine is in constant danger of carrying its practice to a point of positive nigardliness.

Of a kindred kind is "Self-preservation is the first law of Nature." As everybody knows, or ought to know, the meaning of the axiom is literal and absolute. As such it cannot be gainsaid. But it should be, when it is put forward as a warning against benevolence, as a curb to any disposition to help the needy. Self-preservation, being an instinct, needs no enforcement from proverbial popularity. They that are perpetually telling us that it is the first law are usually the very persons who might make us wish it were the last law; for then they might so forget themselves for a moment as to drop out of the world to which they add nothing but a bad example.

"What is the good of having friends unless you use them?" is often jocosely asked; but the friends are oftener obliged to answer seriously. The proverb is in bad taste, to say the least, and its repetition evinces a grievous want of sensibility, if nothing worse. Friendship springs from sympathy, from spiritual affinity, from mutual understanding and appreciation, and ought to be a recipro-

cal incentive to advancement, improvement, to a larger and better life. To put it primarily to material use is to degrade and profane it. The nature capable of understanding or feeling friendship will be slow to ask the rhetorical question unless playfully or satirically. And such a nature never will and never can act upon it.

There is quite enough in this bustling, necessarily prosaic world to dwarf and destroy our ideals, without our volunteering any cynical and superfluous aid thereto. A true friend is so willing and anxious to assist us in every honorable way possible, that we should be careful not to give him excess of opportunity. Besides, to use a friend, in the general sense of the verb, is ignoble, and must soon result in the fracture of friendship; for no friend can long consent to be used without a certain loss of self-respect, without which friendship is impracticable.

No doubt there is a constant temptation with many persons to employ their friends to their own advantage, without thought of reciprocity; and quoting the proverb strengthens the temptation and justifies the habit. Never let the aphorism pass your lips, however jocularly, lest you be suspected, in the first place, of meaning it, and, secondly, lest you prompt others to do what they shall eventually regret.

"What was once a vice is now a custom," though it may be true enough, has done a deal of harm by making unthinking folk believe that some unalloyed vice they are inclined to is destined to become a custom, and be relieved, therefore, of all its evil. They undertake to substitute the present for the past, and to forecast the future—never a safe experiment in any hands but those of a master. Because a thing is a custom, it is not the less, but more, a vice. Repeaters of the apothegm usually seek thereby to mitigate or atone for a favorite fault of their own. They are in no wise successful except in calling attention to their proper short-comings, and emphasizing their egotism. They who have a vice, and are conscious of it, would better try to get rid of it than to excuse it by the expression of any sophistry or catch-phrase of an apologizing character.

"One may as well have the game as the name" is a most mischievous saw, and is constantly heard from men who are looking for excuses for misbehavior. Such men not infrequently invent their own detractions in order, as they say, not to be any better than their reputation. To them the vulgar proverb does small harm, except in so far as it facilitates them in moral decline. But to persons of another and higher kind, whose instincts are good, and whose characters are weak, it is exceedingly pernicious.

Slander is always bitter, and is likely to arouse a revengeful feeling that may expend itself in practical misanthropy or general wrong-doing through a mistaken notion of self-justice. The wisest, the only true way to deal with slander is, of course, to live it down. Still, this is doubly hard when some one at your elbow is steadily whispering, "As well have the game as the name;" for there is a certain sort of savage consolation to most of us in the secret thought that we are quite

as black as we have been painted. The iteration of the proverb saps our resolution—emasculates our will. It makes us believe that any and every effort to struggle against misrepresentation is vain—is wasted exertion. We grow morose and cynical. We are disgusted with ourselves, and feel malevolent toward the world—for at that particular time we remember only the fools and scoundrels in it—and in such mood the tempter, in the shape of the proverb, finds us, and fits us to his purpose.

He who seriously quotes the maxim is dishonest at heart, feeble in principle, cowardly of nature. He may not have stained himself as yet; but you may be sure he is biding his occasion. And, when that comes, he will plunge his arms elbow-deep into the immoral dye, to be certain that ill-fame shall not color him below his desert.

"Beware of the surprises of the heart"—a sentimental caution which originated, perhaps, with Lamartine—has been made to discharge duty it was never intended for. It is employed now to suppress all generous impulses, all emotional affection, all spontaneity of action. In this age and country, the heart is too much inclined to wait upon the dictates of the mind. The intense matter-of-fact latter half of the nineteenth century has so cramped and choked sensibility that its emanations are satirically labeled "Gush," and uniformly ridiculed. We need rather to try to evoke surprises of the heart, in this period of premeditation and calculation; to cultivate in that greatly-neglected organ the capacity to be amazed.

Warmth and outgo of the heart are ever beneficial while they rest under the cool shadow of the judgment. Affection never hurts reason half so much as reason hurts affection; and admonitions to hold the feelings in abeyance are unnecessary, while the feelings tend to stagnation from misuse. It is the cold and over-cautious people who tell us to guard against our hearts, with vague intimations that they have suffered from the absence of sentimental vigilance. Their faces and antecedents contradict their hints, and should incline us to do the very thing they proscribe. Persons persistently complaining that their hearts get the better of them almost invariably get and keep the better of their hearts, and have withal a marvelously easy conquest.

"Guilt is always timid" is one of the phrases that must have been coined in the mint of ignorance. The student of human nature knows that guilt; and that of the deepest order, is very often so superlatively audacious that it cannot be frightened or abashed.

What is termed wickedness is very different actually from the thing it is theoretically. It is sincerely conscious of itself (the popular notion is that it is ever appalled by its own image), and when it is conscious it sees itself at a remarkably propitious angle. Vice is its own vindicator through the very perversity of judgment that allows it to exist. Its continuance lends it a hardness and firmness which neither disapproval nor denunciation can soften or shake. Guilt can and will look rebuking innocence steadily in the face,

while sensitive and suspected virtue shall be overwhelmed with confusion and mortification.

Belief in the proverb wrongs innocence incalculably by causing it to be mistaken for guilt, and at the same time acquits this of its offense. If we wish to detect guilt, we must discard the maxim, or interpret it by contrariety; for, wherever we confront indubitable, clearly-established guilt, we shall be likely to find it gazing at us calmly and defiantly at us as does the Sphinx at the sands of the surrounding desert.

"People like to be deceived." How often we hear this! Perhaps they do; but what kind of people are they? They must be peculiar, since they are never the people we meet. Everybody will bear witness that his or her acquaintances hate to be, and are angry at being, deceived. They that are fond of deception are plainly those unknown, abstract folk, who are sure to be punished for the sins we commit, and whom we love to regard metaphysically as the victims of vaguely-violated justice.

The trite aphorism in its truth or falsehood is of small consequence. Its mischief is in its instigation to deceive. Most of us have sufficient tendency in that direction without any verbal stimulant or honeyed sophistry. The phrase is a trick put upon us wherewith to trick our fellows. It is a cunning device to mollify our consciousness of doing wrong. Not merely this, it proclaims as a benevolence what is manifestly a meanness on our part; and we are so willing to appear duped when we are not—our faults being in question—that we appeal to maxims to prove the unprovable. If the conscience smarts, a timely proverb is hunted up to draw out the sting. The sting may stick; but the prescription is paraded, and the cure is inferred.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing." Thousands echo this without remembering or knowing that it is a line of Pope, probably made with no higher intent than to fit the corresponding rhyme of the couplet. It has become an aphorism, a proverb, because it has a taking air and sounds well—reason enough for the currency of half our popular sayings. A little learning may be dangerous, but it is far better than no learning, which is danger itself. The corollary is, that ignorance is comparatively free from peril, which is ten times as false as the original proposition.

The greatest fallacy of this and many maxims is in the necessary inference that is drawn. Their greatest mischief lies in their incompleteness, and in the fact that they are generally accepted as complete. Any half truth, or partial falsehood, if felicitously expressed and aptly repeated, has fivefold the weight in controversy or conversation that a whole truth awkwardly worded has. He who could make the proverbs of a nation would possess more influence than he who should write its history or frame its laws. They have been defined the wit of one and the wisdom of many. They are oftener the fallacy of one and the inability to detect it of the multitude.

Proverbs depend not for popularity upon

wisdom, but upon the art of putting them. The farther they are removed from obvious truth, if they be adroitly couched, the more likely they are to be accepted. A spice of ill-nature is prone to preserve them, and render them appetizing to the public palate. We like to repeat what we know is false when the falsehood is glossed by the embalming epigram, the consciousness that the thing has been said before freeing us from accountability for its promulgation.

Hardly a maxim or proverb exists in our own or any other language that may not be taken to pieces before its atom of truth, if any, can be found. The proverbs of the French and Spanish are the wittiest and the falsest; those of the Germans and Scandinavians the dullest and the truest. No current saying but is contradicted by another—as, "Two of a trade never agree;" "Birds of a feather flock together;" "In a multitude of counselors there is safety;" "Too many cooks spoil the broth;" and so on through every variety of affirmation and denial, of inconsistency and contrariety.

All sorts of sustenance for all sorts of conduct, every kind of encouragement for every virtue and every vice, may be gathered from proverbs. Entirely devoid of argument, they are regarded and quoted as arguments; defiant of logic, they accomplish what logic cannot. Properly considered, they are helps to language, ornaments to conversation, delicate punctures for pretense, of inestimable value to society. But considered, as they usually are, as strengtheners of position, excusers of conduct, palliators of offense, they are inestimably pernicious. They teach the same lesson and the same truth which the declaration does—that a stoutly-maintained lie is infinitely better than a poorly-defended truth.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

TO-DAY.

ONLY from day to day,
The life of a wise man runs.
What matter if seasons far away
Have gloom or have double suns?

We climb the unreal path,
And stray from the roadway here;
We swim the rivers of wrath,
And tunnel the hills of fear.

Our feet on the torrent's brink,
Our eyes on the clouds afar:
We fear the things we think,
Instead of the things that are.

Like a tide our work should rise,
Each later wave the best.
"To-day is a king in disguise,"
To-day is the special test.

Like a sawyer's work is life:
The present makes the flaw;
And the only field for strife
Is the inch before the saw.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PROPERTY sometimes accumulates by the strenuous exertions of the owner, and sometimes as the result of means which the owner had little share in producing. The man who opens railroads, builds steamships, establishes ferries, supplies the community with conveniences, promotes the general prosperity in promoting his own, is fairly entitled to all the rewards his sagacity and enterprise bring him. Even such a man, however, is under many obligations to the community, and should realize that his fortune has accumulated by the coöperation, consent, and support of the people. However sagaciously a man may direct the labors of others so as to secure their and his own best advantage, it is still true that his wealth is rendered possible solely by the energies he is permitted to control. No man can become rich save by the consent and as a result of the activities of the community. While it is therefore true that the most courageous leader owes a measure of indebtedness to the world about him, how large and signal is the debt from him who has looked passively on and grown rich simply by having his wealth thrust upon him!

The value of land depends wholly upon neighborhood. An area that would be worthless in the wilderness becomes priceless when towns grow up within and around it. A great real-estate owner, like the late Mr. Astor, becomes enormously rich solely by the fortuitous circumstances that surround him—by the energies, industries, enterprises, and achievements, of his neighbors. It is true that no man, even under these conditions, can accumulate wealth without prudence and sagacity. It is easy to be improvident and easy to make mistakes. But where forethought and self-denial deserve their rewards, it still remains true that a man who has absorbed into himself an enormous wealth, almost wholly because of the great activities of the people about him, holds his wealth under obligations that he has no moral right to ignore. The wealth of the late Mr. Astor was not won by him; it was conferred upon him. No agrarian or communistic principles must abridge rights of possession; the safety of the community as a whole depends upon the maintenance of the sacredness of property; but we may be sure that if men of property are determined to deny public claims upon them, then the agrarian and communistic spirit will be sure to grow into formidable proportions.

The people of New York had a right to expect that one who, like the late Mr. Astor, had become enormously rich under the circumstances we have described, would leave

a noble and handsome bequest to that city whose remarkable growth had been the real force that produced his wealth. There is a library of considerable pretension founded by the Astors, but the spirit that endowed the institution stopped half-way, and has permitted it to drag on in a half-starved condition. Its funds have been so insufficient for the purchase of new books, that an American student would find a larger collection of the books of his own country in the British Museum than in the leading library of New York! The endowment by Mr. Astor's will of two hundred thousand dollars will put it in a little better condition; but the people had a right to expect that a liberal portion of the wealth, held by Mr. Astor as a little more than a custodian, would be appropriated to place the Astor Library in a foremost place among the great libraries of the world.

The people of New York have long hoped their millionaires would establish an art-gallery worthy of the city. We do not hesitate to say that it was distinctly Mr. Astor's duty to have contributed liberally toward this end. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is a worthy project. A few zealous gentlemen have given largely and labored strenuously to establish this useful institution, but it is still greatly in want of funds. It would have been a graceful and easy thing for Mr. Astor to have placed it on a footing of permanent prosperity.

Mr. Astor, it is said, counted his buildings by the thousand. The stranger wandering through the city, would naturally expect to find at least a few architectural piles erected by the taste and munificence of the wealthiest man in the country. With the exception of the Astor Library, there are none. No schools, no academies, no churches, no public pleasure-grounds, bear his name. The wealth of this great millionaire is not even evidenced in useful or economic things. The best form of house for the laboring-man is one of the problems of the day. Mr. Astor, with all his great resources, made no effort to solve it. No model tenements went up under his inspiration; no pretty and tasteful rows of cottages were devised by his hand; no contribution whatever toward the solution of questions in the economy of home ever came from him. He made no experiments, acquired no experience, contributed no results, set no needed example even in the domain of house-building, into which his accumulating wealth ever steadily went.

Some forty thousand dollars have been left to charitable institutions. We are of those who question the permanent good of almsgiving, and hence have no great regret that Mr. Astor did not distribute a portion of his wealth in this way. But there are institutions which are charitable not by what they

bestow, but by the suitable advice they give and the opportunities they afford; and these all had just claims upon the millionaire's bounty. Had Mr. Astor, however, withheld every form of charity during his life and in his will, yet used his wealth with something of an eye to the public good and with public spirit; had he sometimes risked an investment that if successful would have redounded to the city's good; had he even indirectly promoted the welfare, comfort, or æsthetic pleasures of the people—we should now utter no word of complaint.

LAST week we suggested that Oxford and Cambridge should unite with Harvard and Yale in composing a dictionary which should be accepted as final and authoritative by the people of both countries. We have since discovered that we therein committed plagiarism upon ourselves, having once before made the same suggestion, a circumstance we had entirely forgotten. We don't know that any good or evil is likely to arise from this self-repetition, for it is tolerably certain that it is hopeless to look for the combination we have indicated, much as it may be desired. Ancient Oxford and Cambridge are not fond of us enough to meet us on terms of equality. To the haughty exclusiveness of England's aristocratic seats of learning, our oldest and best colleges seem new and upstart. But if the wise heads of the Ivis and the Cam could not be induced to unite in fellowship with those of the Charles and the City of Elms, at least a union of American colleges for the purpose mentioned could be formed. Harvard, Yale, Cornell, the University of Virginia, and the University of Michigan, with such other colleges as may seem desirable, might unite for the purpose of forming for the American people a system of orthography and orthoepy that would be acceptable to and binding upon all sections of the country.

If it ever chance that a dictionary is put forth under auspices such as we have indicated, we hope the learned convention will boldly grapple with the corruptions in pronunciation sanctioned by the existing dictionaries. It is singular that the orthoepy of certain words is permitted by authority to retain a vulgarity and slovenliness which the dictionaries and the masters so resolutely contend against when exhibited in other cases. It is asserted that the main difference between cultured and uncultured persons in the utterance of words is, that the former open their mouths and articulate distinctly, neither clipping their words nor smothering the sounds, while the uncultured fail to make nice distinctions, slovenly bury one sound in another, and often fail to articulate final letters altogether. But while educated peo-

ple are careful not to clip final consonants such as uttering *singing* as *singin'*, or *and* as *an'*, and not to confuse unaccented vowel-sounds, such as pronouncing *innocent*, *innosint*, they are not permitted only, but required, to obscure and corrupt the sounds of both vowels and consonants, in other words, being distinctly instructed to say *agen* for *again*, *agenst* for *against*, *enny* for *any*, *wimen* for *women*, *gallus* for *gallows*, *bellus* for *bellows*, *extr'ordinary* for *extraordinary*, *off'n* for *often*, *cas'l* for *castle*, *Wooster* for *Worcester*, and so on. We make no pretensions to philological learning, but we believe we may venture to say that the accepted pronunciation of the words we have enumerated has no support but that of custom, and if we are right in this we should be glad to know why custom is sanctioned in slovenly looseness in one set of words and condemned for it in others! As the matter now stands, the man who carelessly talks about an "innocent person" is sneered at as being vulgarly careless, and if he should endeavor to be exact in the next word he uses, and utter *often* as it is spelled, he would once more encounter the sneers of the critic as being inelegantly precise. We hope our hypothetical convention will condemn all these sanctioned corruptions of the dictionaries, and establish the broad principle that culture and good taste exact distinct articulation in all cases, no words being entitled to privileges that all do not enjoy.

THE selections that we gave last week from a somewhat fantastic article in *Blackwood* on "Weather" showed that the writer possesses not a little poetic sympathy with some of the aspects of the sky and the atmosphere. But he does great injustice to fog, which he calls the second-born child of the clouds. Rain has charming and snow superb qualities, but fog has nothing to redeem it, according to this writer: "It is stagnant, sulky, and silent;" it is "hopelessly objectionable, ugly, useless, stupid, and dirty." It is amazing how a writer who fairly delights "in richly-endowed but widely wayward Nature" should utter this wholly wrongful judgment upon one of "the family of weather" that to the observant eye has, not less than its kindred, its strange surprises, its picturesque aspects, its manifold beauties. Fog may be dirty in the cities when mixed with and stained by smoke, and at times it is undoubtedly stagnant, if not stupid; but no one who has watched the movements of fog, who has seen the endless number of dissolving views it forms, who has noted the striking and picturesque ways in which the artists use it, but must resent the unhandsome epithets the *Blackwood* writer bestows upon it. Who that has passed a summer vacation on the sea-shore has not at times stretched himself

upon a headland of the shore, and watched the vagaries and fantastic sports of the soft, subtle, and undulating fog; has not seen it now come rolling in from the sea with swift and steady course, first obscuring the horizon, then swallowing up sail after sail that dot the watery expanse; next seizing upon jutting points of land, sweeping along the sides of the cliffs, until suddenly it takes possession of and blots out the whole surface of sea and land? But presently a blue space breaks overhead; all at once a shadowy sail looms through the mist; the fog lifts and shows a stretch of calm sea; then as suddenly again, as if some prompter regulated the rise and fall of this strange curtain, down falls the drapery of mist, and every thing is hidden! These shiftings and changes make some striking pictures. At one moment the watchful student of the spectacle sees a sail without a hull, dark, shadowy, and mystic in its body, but with its upper line catching the sunlight and glittering white like the wing of some huge bird of the sea; in an instant more the fog has seized upon the sail, and enveloped it wholly, but the mantle is lifted beneath so as to reveal the dark form of the hull. If there are points of wooded headland jutting into the sea, one looks and sees them wholly obscured, but even while he looks a long line of trees appears above a mass of drifting mist, looking like forests hung in the heavens. Pictures like these, forming and dissolving continually before our gaze, we have often watched from our shores; and hence we are forced to say that he must be strangely ignorant of the mystic sprite called Fog who heaps upon it such epithets as those we have quoted. There is no better scenic artist on sea or land than the fog on a summer day when the winds unsteadily come and go.

EVERY American should be gratified at the honor paid to Edouard Laboulaye in his election as a life-member of the newly-created French Senate. As long as he lives, we shall have a friend always ready to defend and praise us in that to-be august body. If there is a sufficient leaven of such men in it, the Senate will be a very different assembly from that of the Empire, for it will be the arena of independent and scholarly thought and enlightened statesmanship, instead of a mere military and sacerdotal echo of an imperial will. It is well that we should not forget or lose sight of those earnest and courageous men who, whether in France or England, were our stout champions in days when the weight of authority as well as of numbers in those countries was distinctly against us. There were many, even among the French republicans, who sympathized with the purpose to break up the Union. The au-

thor of "Paris en Amérique" and "Prince Caniche" was not one of them. In the lecture-room and in society he ceaselessly pleaded the cause of our republic. He has always been foremost in any opportunity that has arisen to testify his friendship. He is one of the most enthusiastic of those who desire to honor the old friendship between France and America by erecting the colossal statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. In a private letter to an American he once wrote: "It is no great merit of mine to have defended the cause of the Union during the civil war. I have followed the French tradition, and I remember having, in my youth, heard General Lafayette talk of Washington and of the brave insurgents who have left heirs worthy of them. If there are people in France who have forgotten those noble memories, they are to be pitied; for it is the finest page in our history." M. Laboulaye is one of those moderate republicans who constitute the soundest and best type of contemporary French statesmanship. He is no more visionary than to desire to see his country learn the political lessons derived from our example; and in Europe there is no more intelligent and appreciative student of our Constitution and history. If republicanism in France at last endures, it will be in no small degree owing to the purity and wisdom of such men as Laboulaye.

WE are glad to see that a movement is on foot, organized by a number of ladies, designed to ameliorate the condition of shop-girls and sales-women, who are commonly required to remain standing during the long ten or twelve hours of their daily service. We have more than once pointed out the cruelty of this requirement, and have insisted that, if the health of these young women is to be maintained, a change in the policy of their employers is indispensable. It is strange that so obvious and necessary a thing has to be enforced by organization, and that shop-owners can be brought to a just and considerate conduct in this matter by the means only of formulated public opinion. It would have been better, perhaps, had the movement originated among the sales-women themselves; but, as this was not done, it is gratifying to know that some of our ladies have discovered the evil and are endeavoring to remedy it.

A similar movement has been organized in England, where, according to the London journals, sales-women are subjected to a cruel thoughtlessness and exposed to a danger that we believe to be unknown here. "It is really painful," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "to witness the thoughtlessness of some ladies who, in inclement weather, being themselves well wrapped up, summon to the doors of

their carriages young women from the shops they honor with their patronage, and keep them standing in the cold, regardless of the consequences. The seeds of consumption and other fatal illnesses are probably often sown in this manner, and much misery might be averted by the exercise of a very little consideration and common-sense." If American ladies are accustomed to summon saleswomen to their carriage-doors, regardless of the inclemency of the weather, the fact has not fallen under our observation.

Literary.

PROFESSOR BONAMY PRICE'S "Currency and Banking" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) forms an admirable complement to Professor Jevons's "Money and the Mechanism of Exchange," reviewed in the JOURNAL a few weeks back. Taking up the subject where Professor Jevons leaves off, Professor Price gives an admirably clear explanation of the theory or philosophy of currency, the nature and function of money, the conditions with which it must comply in order to constitute good currency, the relative advantages and disadvantages of coin and paper currency, and the difference between convertible and inconvertible paper. Though the questions discussed are necessarily abstruse and complicated, the aim has been to reduce them to their simple elementary principles, and by his mere statement of these the author brushes aside most of the difficulties and incongruities which confuse the subject in the popular mind. His definition of money, for example, once thoroughly grasped, will clear the mind at once of nearly all those delusions which have wrought so much mischief in the world:

"Coin, metallic coin, alone is true money, and nothing else is, unless it be a commodity, as an ox, or a cow, or a piece of salt. There is a very decisive reason for this assertion. Every kind of paper styled money carries on its face an order or promise to pay money; and without that order or promise it would be a worthless piece of paper, and nothing more. An order or promise to give a thing is not the thing itself; the thing is absent. This settles the matter absolutely: paper is not money. It is idle to reply that the distinction is unimportant—that the bank-note does the same work as money, and that practically there is no harm in calling it money. I answer that the harm is immense for the understanding of currency. The vital fact is obscured that the man who takes a gold-coin for his goods receives an actual piece of property, a metal as valuable as the thing he sells. He acquires not a particle of substance with a check or a bank-note. If the check is dishonored or the bank breaks, he finds nothing in his hand against the wealth that he gave away. If checks and bank-notes are true money, then so are spoken words, for they can purchase property, and bind the buyer at law just as strongly as a check. To tell a bookseller to put five pounds' worth of books to his account commits the buyer to payment as completely as a check. Coin is the substance, the reality covenanted to be given for goods bought; consequently coin alone is payment. The coin

at last may never be touched, because it may be put down in an account against which set-offs appear on the debtor and creditor sides; coin then is not asked for, because its equivalent in property has been received. Every thing else—spoken words, shop-accounts, bank-notes, checks, warrants—are nothing but title-deeds, evidence good at law to compel the stipulated payments in coin, if not voluntarily given. Without a court of law in the background, they are only acknowledgments resting on honor, and may at any moment prove to be empty writing. Coin pays, no form of paper does till what is written upon it is fulfilled."

The practical evils of an inconvertible paper currency are pointed out with great force and clearness; and we have never seen so satisfactory an analysis of the famous Bank Charter Act of 1844, which created the modern Bank of England, as that contained in Professor Price's second chapter. Nearly half the volume is devoted to a consideration of the question, "What is a Bank?" and, though many of the propositions of the author on this subject differ widely from those commonly current, he seems to us to make them good. His position is that a banker deals not in *money* but in *debts*; that his function is that of "a broker between two principals." A farmer, for instance, sells his corn, and deposits the proceeds, in the shape of checks and other acknowledgments of debt, with his banker. He draws against this deposit for his current payments, but a considerable time elapses before he draws it all out, and in the mean time the banker lends the balance to a tea-merchant who wants to buy teas, and gives deferred bills to the banker at a discount for the right to draw currency at once. In this transaction it is plain that the corn was simply exchanged for the tea; what the banker did was to furnish the conditions or medium through which the exchange could be effected: "Thus the cardinal and final truth comes out, that one set of goods has been exchanged for another—that goods have bought goods—that the banker has acted precisely like a sovereign [or dollar], has been a tool, an instrument of exchange. He transfers purchasing power, which he received in the form of a debt to collect, and passes it on in the form of a debt he creates. That purchasing power resides in the goods sold, directly or indirectly, by the banker's depositor. It is because the depositor has sold corn that the banker is enabled to authorize the merchant to buy tea."

One feature of the book which renders it especially valuable to American readers is that the various questions are discussed with particular reference to the present monetary condition of the United States. Professor Price thinks that every consideration of honor and expediency requires that specie payments shall be resumed at the earliest possible moment, and that resumption necessarily involves some form of contraction, as the currency of the country to-day is plainly greater than its requirements. He is not insensible to the difficulties of the situation, though he thinks the inconvenience would come, not from a deficiency of currency, but from the fact that contraction would bear hard upon debtors. This inconvenience,

however, would be comparatively slight if contraction were gradual; and in any case the hardship could scarcely be greater than that which inflation inflicted upon creditors. Moreover, men, whether collected in nations or as individuals, cannot do wrong without suffering, and that suffering must be endured if the wrong is to be made to cease.

It would be difficult to find an exact literary prototype for Mr. Stuart-Glennie's "Pilgrim Memories." * It makes a threefold claim upon the reader's attention—as a record of travel, a summary of discussion with the late Henry Thomas Buckle, and a philosophical disquisition; and, through a single chapter, perhaps, one is in some doubt whether the author is going to turn out a tourist, a biographer, or a metaphysician. It does not take long to discover, however, that Mr. Stuart-Glennie cares little for the travel-element in his book. He is but slightly interested in sight-seeing, his faculty of observation and powers of description are small, and he is interested in places and events only in so far as they supply food for his subjective mental processes. Just as many persons go to the Holy Land to refresh their faith and stimulate religious feeling, so he went there to fortify his skepticism by seeing for himself that in the very birthplace of three great religions Nature looks with her usual calm indifference upon the faiths, illusions, and delusions of mankind. His travels are truly described as a pilgrimage; but the pilgrim is in search, not of the shrine and footsteps of the Master, but of the great landmarks in the history of what he considers delusions.

The biographical element of the book is similarly slighted. One naturally expects that a friend of Mr. Buckle's, who shared his travels during several months of that last fatal journey in the East, would add something to our singularly meagre knowledge of the author of "The History of Civilization;" but a newspaper obituary of average length would contain every thing in the book relating to Mr. Buckle personally, and even this contributes scarcely any thing to what was already known. Indeed, the author carefully guards himself against revealing any thing new. Whatever he learned of the life, character, and opinions, of Mr. Buckle during those months of intimate association, he regards as acquired in the confidence of friendship, and he thinks it would be a betrayal of that confidence "to report any opinion whatever not found in published writings, or not of such a nature as to have been expressed freely, and without reserve, to others." Even the lengthy discussions, in which Mr. Buckle figures as interlocutor to the author, shed no light, for the part he plays is quite obviously that usually assigned to the other person of a dialogue in which the author conducts the argument on both sides. The few pages of reminiscences in the appendix, reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly*, are of more real biographical value than all the rest of the book.

* Pilgrim Memories; or, Travel and Discussion in the Birth-Countries of Christianity with the Late Henry Thomas Buckle. By J. S. Stuart-Glennie. M. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The explanation of all this is that "Pilgrim Memories" is not really either a record of travel or a biography of Buckle, but a philosophical treatise in disguise. Mr. Stuart-Glennie has conceived a new system of philosophy, the central point of which is a discovery he believes himself to have made of the "Ultimate Law of History," which, by explaining Nature and history and furnishing a New Ideal, shall supersede Christianity, and bring the period of transition, which began with the Reformation, to a close. For the exposition and verification of this law he has planned a series of works, of which "Pilgrim Memories" constitutes the *proæmium* or preface—being designed to show the line of thought and discussion which led up to the discovery of the law. The book, therefore, is to be regarded as a contribution to metaphysics (or science, as the author would claim); and, as it would be manifestly unfair to base criticism upon a preface, we will simply say that, while Mr. Stuart-Glennie proves himself an ingenious thinker who has grasped one or two salient ideas with great clearness, he does not succeed in the present work in arousing much enthusiasm for, or confidence in, his new philosophy. In fact, the raw material and preliminary processes of thought can have but slight interest save for the thinker himself, and we find that the leading impression which "Pilgrim Memories" leaves on our mind is that the author manifests a rather unphilosophical and not clearly accounted-for spirit of aggression toward what he calls "Christianism."

In "The Children's Treasury of English Song" (New York: Macmillan & Co.), Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave has made a collection of poetry for the young as much superior to any previous collection as his "Golden Treasury" is superior to the ordinary English anthologies. The selection is planned for children between nine or ten and fifteen or sixteen years of age, and; by thus excluding from the constituency aimed at, infancy on the one hand and nearly-grown readers on the other, Mr. Palgrave has avoided the incongruous mingling of nursery rhymes and passionate or reflective poetry, and rendered it possible to apply a consistent standard of choice. Of the standard here applied suitability to childhood is, of course, the principal feature, but, this quality secured, nothing has been admitted which, in the editor's opinion, does not reach a high rank of poetical merit. "The standard of 'merit as poetry,'" as Mr. Palgrave observes in his preface, "has excluded a certain number of popular favorites. But the standard of 'suitability to childhood,' as here understood, has excluded many more pieces: pictures of life as it seems to middle age—poems colored by sentimentalism or morbid melancholy, however attractive to readers no longer children—love as personal passion or regret (not love as the groundwork of action)—artificial or highly-allusive language—have, as a rule, been held unfit. The aim has been to shun scenes and sentiments alien to the temper of average healthy childhood, and hence of greater intrinsic difficulty than poems containing unusual words." The somewhat rigid applica-

tion of rules of choice gives the collection a rather unfamiliar air as compared with most of its predecessors. At least half the poems which have been included, as a matter of course, in all such collections are omitted; and many new ones are introduced which have never before been regarded as especially adapted to children. The name of William Blake, for example, has probably never found its way into any previous collection of children's poetry, whereas Mr. Palgrave draws upon him more frequently than upon any other single writer. It cannot be doubted that most children under fifteen will find study requisite to the understanding of many of the pieces included in the "Treasury;" but then this is true of all similar collections, and those who trust themselves to Mr. Palgrave's guidance will have the satisfaction of knowing that they will be introduced only to poetry of real merit and permanent value.

In order to smooth the way of the childish reader as much as possible, Mr. Palgrave has provided copious foot-notes, explaining every unusual word, and all involved or obscure phrases and allusions. Critical and historical notes at the end furnish all the additional information and guidance needed; and an index of writers, with one of first lines, renders the book easy to consult. As to the arrangement of the pieces, no regular plan seems to have been followed, but different pieces are grouped together in such a way that by their mere juxtaposition they serve to explain each other, and to set off the special merits of each. Finally, the collection is not so large but that an intimate companionship can be established between the young reader and all its contents.

THE title is the prettiest thing about Theo. Gift's "Pretty Miss Bellew" (Holt's "Leisure Hour Series"). It is not without cleverness of a certain kind, and is free from the most glaring faults of current fiction; but, for a story which is not dull, or vulgar, or commonplace, it comes nearer being tedious than any we have recently encountered. For one thing, the author, who is the most conspicuous personage in the book, does not win our allegiance. We take Mr. Gift to be a man (or is it a woman?) who prides himself upon seeing further into a millstone than most people; on detecting pride where humility was supposed to grovel, affectation in the very midst of frankness and unconventionality, and sham in the very detestation of sham. He is perpetually discovering some hitherto hidden phenomenon in an ordinary character or situation; and on such occasions button-holes the reader confidentially, talks to him in the first person, and generally in parenthesis, and condescendingly helps forward his lagging perceptions. Following his cue, the reader feels continually as if he were on the verge of some new revelation in human nature; and yet, after all, Mr. Gift's "characters" are but the ordinary people of fiction, and his book an ordinary story about them. Lady Margaret, the weak, self-sacrificing mother, is a familiar acquaintance; Dick is a type of scapegrace far better drawn in Trollope's "Way of the

World;" Clive is the conventional version of Rochester, whose stern exterior and boorish manners cover a warm heart and the most chivalrous instincts; and even pretty Miss Bellew is the familiar *ingenué* whose imperfections are more charming than other women's perfections. As to the plot, he must be but a novice in novel-reading who, when he reads in the first chapter that Clive sneers at Miss Bellew's "gushing ways," and that she thinks him a "stuck-up pig," does not hear the predestinate wedding-bells.

It would probably surprise the author if it were told him, but the children are the most successful people in his book. These are really natural and pleasing, and are so simply because he has not conceived it necessary to apply to them his over-elaborate method. They brighten the story whenever they enter it, and, if the other characters were drawn as simply and unaffectedly, "Pretty Miss Bellew" would be a book as satisfactory as it is clever. We say little about the plot and other features of the story, though Mr. Gift might well be praised for his skill in a sort of cumulative pre-Raphaelite word-painting. "Pretty Miss Bellew" is essentially a novel of character, and will accept judgment on no other or subordinate grounds.

THE tenth volume of the "Bric-à-Brac Series" (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) contains "Personal Reminiscences by Constable and Gillies," being extracts from the recently-published "Life and Literary Correspondence of Archibald Constable," and from the "Memoirs of a Literary Veteran," published in 1851. Constable was a great publisher in the early years of the century, and has become more widely known than most publishers of his time by reason of his intimate connection with Sir Walter Scott. Gillies was an obscure author, long since forgotten, who wrote some verse and did a good deal of miscellaneous literary work, attaining a kind of reputation by means of some translations from the German and Danish, whose literary treasures he was one of the first to discover. Both of them were Scotchmen, they lived about the same time, and each had a rather extensive acquaintance among contemporary men of letters. Such of their reminiscences as Mr. Stoddard has brought together deal almost exclusively with authors, and the present volume, consequently, has a more distinctly literary flavor than any other in the series.

We cannot say, however, that we have been either amused or edified by it in any considerable degree. Constable's reminiscences, naturally enough, refer almost exclusively to his business dealings with authors, and the commercial aspect of authorship has never been a fascinating or agreeable one. The correspondence with William Godwin, and a letter or two of Jeffrey's, are the only portions of Constable's contributions that are either fresh or suggestive. Gillies's reminiscences are better; but, even here, the selection resembles most other collections of *bric-à-brac*, in consisting of a few really choice bits mingled with a good deal of what plain-spoken people would call trash.

The volume contains portraits of Constable, William Godwin, Miss Seward, and Goethe—those of Godwin and Goethe being reproduced from the Maclise Gallery.

THE latest development of the "Little Classic" idea is the little "Vest-Pocket Series" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.). The object of this series is to present the briefer prose and poetic masterpieces of standard and popular authors in volumes "so small that they can be carried in a vest-pocket of proper dimensions;" and, as a specimen of their proposed contents, the publishers have issued four volumes, containing Longfellow's "Evangeline" (illustrated), Whittier's "Snow-bound" (illustrated), and six of Emerson's essays, "Power," "Wealth," "Illusions," "Culture," "Behavior," and "Beauty," in two volumes. Other authors whose works will be drawn upon are Tennyson, Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne, Howells, and Bret Harte. The volumes are not really small enough to put into a vest-pocket of ordinary size, but they are sufficiently diminutive to be easily stowed away, they are well printed and very prettily bound, and they are abundantly readable. With one or two of them hid away about his person, one can bid defiance to a railway journey or, what is worse, a long horse-car ride.

"REMINISCENCES of Saratoga and Ballston," by William L. Stone (New York: Virtue & Yorston), is a somewhat scrappy and newspaperish collection of anecdotes, traditions, and historical incidents relating to Saratoga and its vicinity. Mr. Stone can remember a time when Saratoga was still almost a wilderness, and he heard in his childhood stories from others of the days when it was the scene of fierce Indian fights and of General Gates's great victory over Burgoyne. These stories and reminiscences he narrates in lively style, and the book has a certain value as illustrative of the narrow interval in point of time which, in America, separates savagery from civilization.

Mr. M. D. Conway, writing to the *London Academy* regarding a recent visit to Walt Whitman, says: "He is only in his fifty-seventh year, nor does his face present so many indications of age as I was prepared to see. He is about as handsome an old man as I have seen, his white locks parting over a serene and most noble forehead, the eye clear and sweet, the features manly and refined, and the strength of the large head softened by an aspect at once pensive and simple. Time has not in any sense diminished his sanguine democratic hopes and his enthusiasm for America. He spoke most sadly when saying that he could hardly hope to see those of his readers and critics in England from whom he has received so many expressions of esteem and affection, and he was never wearied in asking questions concerning those among them with whom I was acquainted. He evidently feels that his end cannot be very far, but he is perfectly calm in the prospect, which I hope may be brighter than he at present anticipates. I will only add that, even more than when I first saw him, I have felt that I was in the presence of a man cast in the large mould, both as to heart and brain, and in every sense (as Thoreau describes him) the greatest democrat that lives."

ARTHUR CLIVE, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, declares Walt Whitman to be "the noblest literary product of modern times," and asserts that "his influence is invigorating and refining beyond expression." We are told that no poet since Shakespeare has written with a vocabulary so fruitful; no word can be substituted for another; and "where he seems roughest, rudest, most prosaic, then often is his language most profoundly melodious." We learn that "under a mask of extravagance, of insane intensity, Whitman preserves a balance of mind and a sanity such as no poet since Shakespeare has evinced." If his sympathies were fewer he would go mad. Energy and passion so great, streaming through few and narrow channels, would burst all barriers. His universal sympathies have been his salvation, and have rendered his work in the highest degree sane and true. He is always emphatic, nay violent, but then he touches all things. Life is intense in him, and the fire of existence burns brighter and stronger than in other men. Thus he does his reader service: he seems out of the fullness of his veins to pour life into those who read him. He is electric and vitalizing. All Nature, books, men, countries, things, change in appearance as we read Whitman; they present themselves under new aspects, and with different faces."

BUT Peter Bayne, in the last *Fortnightly*, takes a very different view of the poet. "Whitman's writings abound with reproductions of the thoughts of other men spoiled by obtuseness or exaggeration. . . . Is there any thing in Whitman decidedly better than merely extravagant affectation? . . . Nature in America is different from nature in Europe, but we do not, in crossing the Atlantic, pass from cosmos into chaos, and Mr. Carlyle's expression, 'winnowings of chaos,' would be a candidly scientific description of Whitman's poetry if only it were possible to associate with it the idea of any winnowing process whatever. Street-sweepings of lumber-land—disjointed fragments of truth tossed in mad whirl with disjointed fragments of falsehood, gleams of beauty that have lost their way in a waste of ugliness—such are the contents of what he calls his poems."

JOAQUIN MILLER has confided to a correspondent of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* certain facts regarding his past life, from which it appears that he "came from a God-forsaken, impecunious, wandering race;" that, as near as he can tell, he was born in Cincinnati in 1841; that he ran away from his home in California, was captured by the Modocs, lived with them nearly five years, loved them, learned their language, fought with them, and escaped from them to San Francisco in 1858; that he then went to Oregon, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1860; that he shortly afterward became editor of a newspaper; that in 1866 he was elected District Judge of Oregon, in which position he served for four years; that he was married in 1868, and didn't know of one pleasant moment after that for years; that his very first poem was babbled at his mother's breast; and that he is now at work on a new poem called "Adrienne: A Dream of Italy."

THE *Manchester Guardian* speaks of a curious contribution as being just made to the literature of Lancashire, viz., a book published in Manchester bearing the title of "Angelic Revelations," which professes to give dissertations on the "origin, ultimatum, and destiny, of the human spirit, communicated by a feminine angel, Purity, who on earth was

known by the name of Teresa Jacoby." The frontispiece, it is stated, is designed by the spirit of Jan Steen, the Dutch painter.

THE condition of Turkey will remind the curious of the old rhymed prophecy which has dropped out of common recollection. It is said to have been made in 1453:

"In twice two hundred years the Bear
The Crescent shall assail,
But if the Cock and Bull unite,
The Bear shall not prevail.

"But look! in twice ten years again,
Let Islam know and fear,
The Cross shall wax—the Crescent wane,
Grow pale and disappear."

It will be "twice ten years" next spring from the conclusion of the Crimean War.

CARLYLE attained his eightieth birthday on the 8d instant, and the occasion was commemorated by presenting him with an address signed by eighty persons in England and Scotland, and accompanied by a gold medal, with Carlyle's head on the obverse and the date and a few appropriate words on the reverse. As no American participated, we may hope that the great Scotchman accepted the friendly testimonial with a good grace.

BATAED TAYLOR is said to be making elaborate studies for a combined biography of Goethe and Schiller, which will occupy several volumes, and take several years to complete.

A GREEK translation of three of Shakespeare's tragedies will be published at Athens next year.

The Arts.

MR. SNEDECOR, at his new picture-gallery in Fifth Avenue, has a noticeable collection of paintings. At most of the galleries of the city the public is accustomed to find works by foreign artists, many of whose names are well known, but there are very few paintings by Americans. In Mr. Snedecor's collection it is interesting and pleasant to be able to compare foreign and American scenes that hang side by side.

The larger portion of the exhibition consists of about a hundred of Mr. Colman's studies, made during his residence in Africa and Europe. These occupy one whole side and part of another in the large room. In a recent number of the *JOURNAL* we described the general character of these sketches, with their rich, deep skies, picturesque groupings of figures, and the charming architecture, quaint or ornate, of Brittany or Algeria. The blue Mediterranean, too, stretching away from the shores of Italy, and the rich tones of the barren hill-sides to be seen along the Corniche road, all appear soft in sunshine or gray at twilight in these varied pictures. But, besides the works of Mr. Colman, Snedecor has gathered from various sources a number of other important paintings. Some of our readers will remember a cheerful figure-painting by Mr. Eastman Johnson called "A Woodland Bath," which was exhibited at the Academy two or three years ago. The scene represents a woman dipping her infant into a pool of clear water, surrounded by bright maple-trees. The sister of the child is leaning

toward him on her hands and knees, cheering him up and diverting his fears of the cold pool. Near this picture is a cabinet painting by Mr. S. J. Guy, representing a little scene which the artist names "The Torn Trousers," and showing a frightened boy, seated on an old leather trunk, sewing up a rent he has made in his velveteen breeches, while his mother, attracted by his unusual quietude, is watching the process of his sewing through the balustrade of the staircase. Many persons will recall a charming summer landscape of the Housatonic Valley, by Bristol, which was one of the first paintings sold from the walls of the Academy last year—white summer clouds, that lie in little groups, dappled with alternate light and shade; the far reaches of soft meadows dotted with trees, and varied by the windings of the gleaming river. On either side this valley is bounded by the low, blue hills of Berkshire, and the artist had combined all the forms and softened the colors, so that the picture was the favorite of everybody who saw it, and was conceded to be one of the best paintings in the exhibition.

Of the same class of rich Oriental color as Mr. Colman's pictures, Mr. Louis Tiffany has two or three fine architectural scenes from old towns in Brittany—street-scenes of strange, irregular towers and quaint spires, where overlapping stories and old arcades recall buildings of a somewhat similar character for quaint picturesqueness in the city of Chester, though in this latter place one feels the absence of color and of peasant-costume, which are the greatest element of charm in the old towns of France.

Side by side with these pictures the visitor has a chance to compare the modeling of a boy sitting on the side of his fishing-boat, by Mr. Winslow Homer, and see how good it is, even when the eye can travel immediately to a painting of an old prisoner in his cell, the work of the celebrated artist Knaus. The pale, worn features of the prisoner, with their gray and delicate shades, caught our eye the moment we entered the gallery, but it was not till we came close to it that we discovered the reason why the close drawing of the old man's features, the brown tones of his cell, or the straw pallet on which he was sitting, had impressed us as so good, and we saw the artist's name, which was a justification of the whole impression.

One of the largest works in the gallery, by Mr. F. H. De Haas, called "Heaving-to for a Pilot," is one of the best specimens of this artist's style. A fine sea, a fine sky, and a ship full of motion and breezy lightness, combine many of his strongest points.

Pictures that are all good do not suffer by direct comparison with others, and we think no opportunity is so valuable for the public or the artists themselves to see what they have really done as to allow such a picture as Knaus's, or two or three Viberts, to show at a glance whether Mr. Johnson's soft, sweet color is as harmonious as it appears when seen alone, and if the action of Mr. Guy's "Good Sister teaching her Little Brother the Alphabet," in a charming domestic "bit," is as excellent as we had supposed.

WHILE, unlike some of the other picture-dealers, Mr. Schaus seldom exhibits an entirely new collection of works of art, in his little gallery the visitor is constantly pleased and surprised by finding, from month to month, excellent additions of pictures or statues from different foreign artists, or from our own. At the present time, Mr. Schaus has some half-dozen new pictures, of cabinet size, which, from the names of the artists, at once attract attention. Two of these are "still-life" scenes, one by Desgoffe, and the other is a newly-painted fruit-piece by the Düsseldorf artist, Preyer. To say that a picture is by Desgoffe is to say that it is beautiful, for he is almost the only man living who knows how to add interest and poetical charm to groups of objects of *virtu*, which are always artistically composed in light, and shade, and color, to bring out the beauty of a pearly shell cup, or to reveal the delicacy of an enamel or the texture of a bit of lace. The little picture by Preyer is one of his usual subjects, fruit and leaves; and in this painting, as fully as in the first picture we saw from his easel, he has rendered with exquisite purity of color and of touch the bloom of a peach and the juicy flesh of a broken apricot. Grapes lie beside these as lucent as drops of gum, and pinks, purples, and their yellow transparency, are all depicted with the utmost purity. Beside these paintings is an excellent Verboeckhoven, rather small in size, but one of the pleasantest compositions we remember by this painter. A shepherd, whose head is turned partially aside to call to his sheep, in the field outside the door, is driving a small flock of lambs, goats, and two or three woolly veterans of the flock, through an open door into their sheepfold. Two or three brightly-colored fowls within the barn catch a stray ray of sunshine on their red and green feathers, and outside appear a green pasture and blue distant hills. Looking at this little scene through a magnifying-glass, the locks of long wool on the backs of the sheep separate and stand apart in their thick, close wisps, while the minute delineation of the faces of the animals is seen in each nicely-finished feature. Verboeckhoven is now an old man, and he is one of the most laborious of artists. Six o'clock in the morning finds him at work in his studio, while other artists are still sleeping, and he seldom abandons his brush till eight or ten at night. His pictures in America are now quite numerous, but it is not many years that we can expect this excellent animal-painter to be able to produce works to which each year adds a better reputation.

Besides the subjects we have mentioned, there are two small costume-pictures by Gues. Soldiers, in slashed doublets and leather top-boots, in one picture hold a magnificent pennon, rich in color, and heavy with gold embroidery. The soldier in the other painting is acting as a sentry. There is also a small cattle-piece by Van Marcke, a pupil of Troyon. This artist has the touch and manner of the master, united with individual feeling and conception.

THE ninth annual exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors will

be opened to the public in the galleries of the National Academy of Design on Monday, January 31st, and will continue four weeks. Works for the exhibition will be received from the 12th to the 19th proximo. Drawings in black and white, as well as water-colors, will be admitted, but they must be original works, and never before have been exhibited in New York. The hanging committee is composed of artists who will be likely to rigorously exclude poor pictures; and, judging from the average annual increase in works sent in, they will have at least one thousand to select from. This will insure a high general merit; besides which, we know of a number of important drawings of special value now in preparation by prominent artists. Altogether, there is every prospect that the society will make a better show than that of last year. There will be the usual reception to artists and their friends on Saturday evening preceding the public opening. The exhibition this year is necessarily short, owing to the demands of the Academic Council, which requires that the galleries must be vacated on or before March 4th. The officers of the society hope in another year to have a suitable building for their exhibitions, exclusively under their own management. At the close of the exhibition in New York the collection, or such part of it as may be left unsold, is to be transferred to the galleries of the Brooklyn Art Association, where it will be exhibited two weeks. The officers also announce that they have secured one of the best galleries in the Centennial buildings, and are preparing to make a good display of work at the exhibition.

THE Crawford monument and group of statues at Richmond form the best piece of monumental sculpture in the country. But it stands in a city not usually visited by foreigners, and is unfamiliar, except in engravings, to the greater number of our own people. If it were practicable, and we believe it is, to have a copy taken in plaster full-size, and placed at the Centennial Exhibition, we should be able to show our visitors from abroad a specimen of art-work of a character larger in conception and better in execution than we are commonly supposed to possess. Plaster copies of colossal works of art may be seen in the School of Fine Arts at Paris; and hence it may be assumed that no insuperable obstacle exists to the erection at Philadelphia of a plaster-cast of the great Crawford group.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

November 30, 1875.

THE papers are becoming very indiscreet on the subject of "L'Etrangère," the new comedy by Alexandre Dumas, so anxiously awaited by the public, and now in rehearsal at the Comédie Française. This piece, which is probably the most talked about of any literary work of the present season, will probably be produced early in February. It was only read by the author to the committee some two weeks ago. Various rumors about

the leading personage, or at least the one that gives her name to the piece, have been afloat, some declaring that *L'Etrangère* was no other than a portrait of the eccentric Princess de Metternich, others that the model thereof was the notorious Mrs. Blackford, whose career has evidently made a great impression on the imagination of Alexandre Dumas, to judge by the allusion which he makes to her in his preface to "*Manon Lescaut*." At all events, the fact that *L'Etrangère* herself is an American appears to be settled. She is one *Mistress* (*sic*!) *Clarkson*, a terrible creature, a stranger not only to France but to morality and decency as well. Her husband, an American of a very pronounced type, is one of the minor personages. This *Clarkson* has not been studied from any actual living model, but has been evolved merely from the depths of the inner consciousness of M. Dumas. Hence, if reports are to be believed, he is depicted as a gross, vulgar boor, who draws a pipe from his pocket to smoke at an evening *soirée*, and only puts it up at the request of the mistress of the house, and then after testifying the utmost astonishment at her objection. The cast is to comprise the very "flower of the basket" (to use a pretty French idiom) of the *Comédie Française*. The real heroine of the play is a titled lady—a duchess of the Faubourg St.-Germain. This elegant personage has fallen to the share of the *bizarre* Croizette, while to Sarah Bernhardt—elegant, poetic, talented, and touching—has been allotted the part of *L'Etrangère*; a curious reversal of things as they ought to be. But *Mademoiselle Croizette* is in truth what she is often significantly called—namely, "the mistress of the house" at La *Comédie*, and consequently she has first choice of a part in any piece in which she may be called upon to play. The male characters are to be taken by Got, Delaunay, Febvre, Coquelin, and Laroché. After the close of the reading of the comedy, M. Dumas, as is usual in such cases, retired. A unanimous vote of acceptance from the *sociétaires* followed, and then one of them remarked: "Gentlemen, let us call back M. Dumas, and do not even say to him that his piece is received; it would be impertinent to hint that there was ever the slightest doubt on the subject."

I have lately had the pleasure of an introduction to M. Théodore Barrière, the well-known and brilliant dramatist, whose "*Scandales d'Hier*" is now drawing crowded houses at the Vaudeville. He is a tall, slender, aristocratic-looking gentleman, apparently about fifty years of age, with dark, silver-threaded hair, keen, dark eyes, finely-cut but attenuated features, and a heavy black mustache. The right of translation and reproduction of "*Les Scandales d'Hier*" for America has already been sold to M. Théodore Michaelis and to Mr. Samuel French. On being complimented on its brilliant and deserved success, M. Barrière remarked modestly that it was so admirably acted that even a bad piece could hardly fail of success with such a cast; and he went on to say that he had built more hopes upon others among his works that had failed for want of proper interpretation. "Better a poor play well acted," he added, "than a good one badly performed." Probably he was thinking of his "*Chemin de Damas*," which fell flat at the Vaudeville last season. But, with all due deference to M. Barrière, I am willing to assert that the acting of Rossi and Ristori combined could hardly have availed to save that well-written, pretentious, but most stupid play from its well-deserved fate.

An account has recently been published of one of the most curious and ancient of existing typographical establishments, the printing-house of the Plantin family at Antwerp, which has been in existence since the sixteenth century, and the archives of which have been most carefully preserved. The city of Antwerp has under consideration a project for purchasing the establishment and its contents, and it is from the interesting report made by M. Naut to the Communal Council of that city that the following facts are taken: The founder of the house was one Christopher Plantin, born in France in 1514, who established himself at Antwerp in 1550, and five years later he purchased the large mansion on the *Marché du Vendredi*, which became the seat of his typographical works, and which has served as a residence for his descendants until the present day. Thence he filled the civilized world with his publications and with his renown. He contrived to win the confidence of the terrible Philip II., notwithstanding his avowed abhorrence of the Inquisition, and of its peculiar features, the torture and the stake. The King of France and the Duke of Savoy strove to win the illustrious printer to their dominions by the most tempting offers, but he steadfastly refused to leave his beloved city of Antwerp. He died in 1589, at the age of seventy-five, leaving his house and his numerous works to his son-in-law Jean Moretus. At the time of his death he possessed twenty-two presses, and had established a branch-house in Paris. From that epoch till the end of the last century, the wealthy house lost nothing either of its prestige or its importance. Passing from heir to heir, from generation to generation, it has come down intact to our own times, and forms one of the most curious literary monuments not only of Belgium but of the world. In the present house are still preserved the first two presses ever possessed by Christopher Plantin. They are still in working order, and a proof was taken from one of them by the Queen of the Belgians during a recent visit. All the primitive material of the establishment has been preserved. The stalls and tables for the correctors and workmen stand in their original places, and the hall in which they work, with its massive ceiling in carved oak, and its curious windows with small-paned lattices and wrought-iron fastenings, is one of the most interesting of existing relics of the household architecture of the sixteenth century. The room formerly occupied by Justin Lipsius when correcting proofs retains its antique furniture and its hangings of Cordova tapestry. In the correctors' room is preserved the type of the house from its origin to the commencement of the present century. The firm possesses a mass of rare manuscripts, documents, etc., amounting to over eleven thousand pieces, and comprising valuable and curious historical documents, autographs of great interest and value, such as those of Rubens, Vandyck, etc., and a quantity of interesting matter, valuable for a complete history of the art of printing. It would take years to classify and arrange this immense and priceless collection. The copperplates and wood-blocks of the numerous publications of the house are in perfect order and preservation. The copperplates amount in number to twenty-seven hundred and thirty-seven, all of Anverso artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and the number of the wood-blocks is estimated at fifteen thousand. The collection of engravings is extremely important. They number over two thousand, of which many are proofs before letter, and comprise the works of most of the

master-engravers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Four large albums contain the drawings made for the house, among which are eleven by Rubens, accompanied by a receipt signed by him. Nearly all the important Flemish artists are represented in these albums. As to the library, it contains specimens of all the works issued by Plantin and his descendants, as well as copies of works issued by rival houses, such as Etienne, the Elzevirs, etc. Nearly all the books are anterior to the middle of the eighteenth century. The library contains nine thousand volumes, including two hundred and three manuscripts. Among the latter are to be found the "*Biblia Sacra*" of 1402, in two volumes, a magnificent work, ornamented with colored designs, for which twenty-five thousand francs (five thousand dollars) has been offered; the "*Apocalypse*" of the fifteenth century, and the "*Chronicle of Jean Froissart*" of the same period, in three volumes. Among the printed volumes is to be found the celebrated *Typoglot Bible*, published by Plantin, and still bearing the notes and corrections of Arias Montanus.

The possessions of the firm, exclusive of the manuscripts and the library, have been estimated at over forty thousand dollars. It is to be hoped that the collections of this curious and interesting establishment will be kept together and not dispersed by public sale, as is now threatened, in case the city of Antwerp does not become their purchaser.

The literary news of the week is unimportant, owing to the approach of the holidays, and the consequent absorption of booksellers and publishers in the peculiar forms of trade incidental to the season. Dentu has issued Hector Malot's "*Marquise de Lucillière*," a continuation of his "*Colonel de Chappellan*," and one or two other unimportant novels have seen the light. The articles on "*Alsace and Lorraine in 1875*," from the pen of Jules Clarétie, now in course of publication in *L'Événement*, has procured for that paper its suppression by the German authorities in the two provinces in question. I gave some extracts from the first numbers of the series a few weeks ago. Erckmann-Chatrian's "*History of a Conservative*" is still running as a feuilleton in *Le Rappel*. John Lemoine's articles in *Les Débats*, on the late purchase of the Suez Canal shares by the English Government (an affair which, by-the-way, has created an immense excitement here), are wonderfully able, and have attracted a great deal of notice and of commendation.

M. Patin, the secretary of the Academy, is dangerously ill. He is over eighty years of age. Dejazet and Frédéric Lemaître still survive, though both these aged theatrical celebrities are in a dying condition—Dejazet from dropsy of the chest, and Lemaître from an internal cancer. M. Schneider, the former president of the Corps Législatif, died of apoplexy at his superb hotel on the Rue Boudreau last week. The remains of Carpeaux were transported to Valenciennes the other day, and there interred with much pomp and ceremony. The City Council and the Academical Council received the body at the railway-station. It was then transported to a chapel erected on one of the large vestibules of the Academy, where it remained all day to receive the homage of the fellow-citizens and admirers of the celebrated sculptor. The coffin was loaded with crowns and bouquets long before the close of the day. Yesterday morning the funeral took place in the midst of an enormous crowd. The ceremonial is said to have been magnificent. The father, mother, and children of the deceased were present, but not his

wife, a cloud of scandal of a very real but undefined nature having enveloped the marital relations of Carpeaux.

A few days ago a celebrity of the past died at Colmar—the Captain Richard who enjoyed a few days' renown many years ago as the captor of Prince Louis Napoleon at Strasburg in 1836. The prince, surrounded by his accomplices, had gone to the barracks of Finkmatt to harangue the soldiers. The troops were wavering, when Captain (then Sergeant) Richard stepped from the ranks and resolutely arrested the prince. This daring soldier retained, strange to say, his grade under the Empire. He was made captain at the siege of Sevastopol, and received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

Two musical events have signalized the past week—the production of "Don Juan" at the Grand Opéra, and the first performance of an Italian opera troupe at the Salle Ventadour. The first-named performance attracted a great deal of attention. The house was densely crowded in every part, though the display of toilets was by no means brilliant. As to the performance itself, it was the old story at this house—superb scenery, an exquisite ballet, and (always excepting Faure) an absurdly weak cast. Mademoiselle Krauss was indeed a very tolerable *Donna Anna*, but poor, fat, old Gueymard as *Donna Elvira*, and poor, fat, young Vergnet as *Don Ottavio*, were dismal to behold and to hear. Then Miolan Carvalho, as *Zerlina*, did indeed look pretty and young and winning enough for the character, and, had she only kept her mouth shut, she would have gotten along very well, but, unfortunately, *Zerlina* is obliged to sing, and the worn and wavering voice of the once fine artist was something painful to listen to. Gailhard makes a better *Leporello* than he does a *Mephistopheles*, but he is a thoroughly unintelligent performer; there are no brains apparently back of his big *physique* and big voice. The great feature of the evening was, of course, the *Don Juan* of Faure, and the great barytone literally surpassed himself, both vocally and dramatically. The scenery was exquisite, particularly the opening scene (a street in Madrid by night), the gloomy and moonlight cemetery, wherein stands the statue of the *Commendatore*, and the ballroom of *Don Juan's* palace, all lights, statues, gilding, and flowers.

As to the Italian opera, the season was inaugurated with a performance of Verdi's "Rigoletto," with the great barytone Graziani as the unfortunate jester. His acting and singing were both extremely fine. But the *Gilda* of the evening was a Mademoiselle St.-Urbain, who is forty years old at the very least, and immensely stout. "She could replace at need the elephant in the 'Tour du Monde,'" said one malicious critic. "She resembles Alboni," said another, "only it is the elephant before it swallowed the nightingale."

LUCY H. HOOPER.

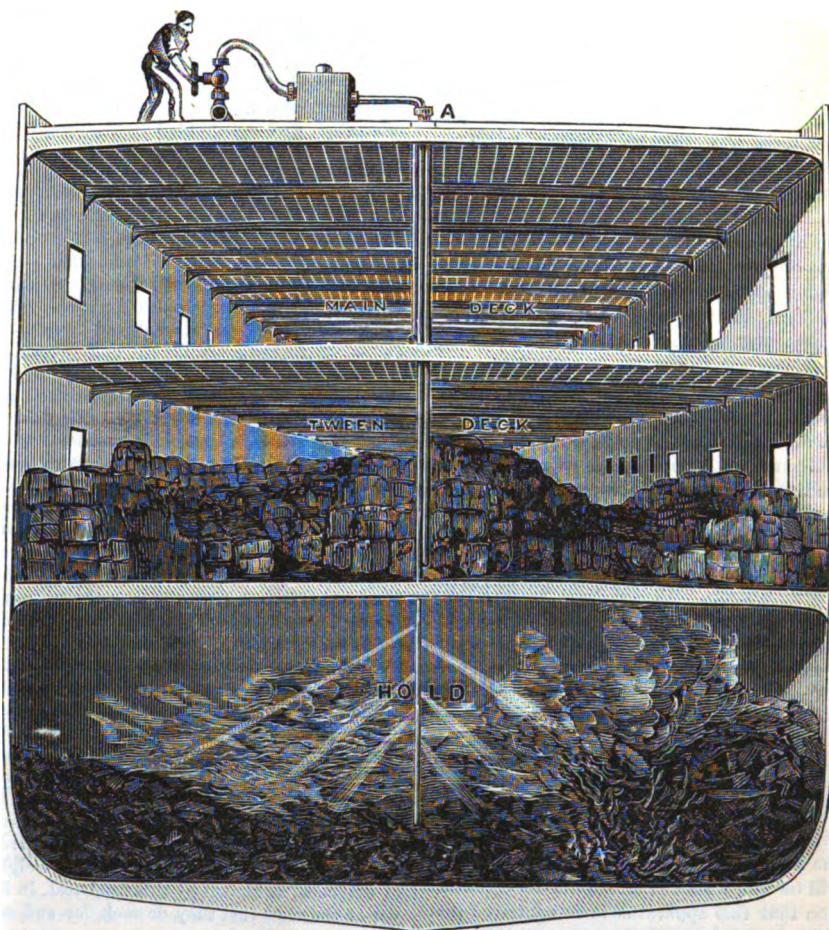
Science, Invention, Discovery.

EXTINCTION OF FIRE IN SHIPS.

A RUSSIAN naval officer recently secured honor and promotion owing to a single "happy thought" bravely executed. It appears that the ship it was his fortune to command carried in her magazine an unusual amount of powder and explosive missiles. While at anchor in an Eastern harbor the watch reported the ship on fire. A hasty examination determined the location of the

fire to be in the coal-bunkers, immediately adjacent to the magazine. Discovering that, with the means at command, it would be impossible to stay the flames before they should reach the magazine, the order was at once given and as promptly executed to "sink the ship." A hole quickly opened below the water-line effected this result, and the next day saw the ship pumped out and on the ways for "trifling repairs," while the officer, whose presence of mind saved not only his ship but those of the fleet in the midst of which he anchored, was rewarded by promotion. In view of the fact that this ship was at anchor in a safe and shallow harbor, the course of the captain was without question a wise one, and his honors fairly earned. Had the fire,

posed to accomplish this end, carbonic-acid gas is the most in favor—and this with good reason. In the first place, it can be readily and cheaply generated, as by the treatment of marble with sulphuric acid; then it is a heavy gas, and thus, when projected into the lower hold, will fill the vessel by displacement; and, again, its presence can in no way work injury to the cargo. Among the simplest devices proposed for the use of this gas, we have before described one as follows: along the bottom of the vessel boxes or leaden cans filled with broken marble are placed, leading to these boxes are lead tubes connected with receivers on deck; these contain the acid which, when admitted to the marble, causes a generation of the gas. A second



however, been discovered when the ship was in midst of a tempestuous sea, the result would have needs been fatal to ship and all on board, and the record of "burned at sea" would have alone been entered to tell the story of man's vain struggle against the elements. Though in the recital of this incident we read nothing of the action of the Admiralty in favor of more efficient devices for preventing its recurrence, yet it is evident from the many plans proposed—some of which have been noticed in these columns—that the attention of owners and underwriters has been directed with increased earnestness to the actual need of some simple, efficient, and positive method for extinguishing fire in the hold of a vessel. Among the agents pro-

posed to accomplish this end, carbonic-acid gas is the most in favor—and this with good reason. In the first place, it can be readily and cheaply generated, as by the treatment of marble with sulphuric acid; then it is a heavy gas, and thus, when projected into the lower hold, will fill the vessel by displacement; and, again, its presence can in no way work injury to the cargo. Among the simplest devices proposed for the use of this gas, we have before described one as follows: along the bottom of the vessel boxes or leaden cans filled with broken marble are placed, leading to these boxes are lead tubes connected with receivers on deck; these contain the acid which, when admitted to the marble, causes a generation of the gas. A second

seems to be a decided one, and, so far, has interfered with a general adoption of the plan.

An English inventor, Captain W. H. Thompson, by a judicious and eminently practical combination of these two methods, has succeeded in perfecting a device that has secured the indorsement of the directors of the "White Star Line" of steamers, upon two of which—the *Britannic* and *Germanic*—the apparatus has already been fitted. A reference to the accompanying illustration will render the following description of Captain Thompson's method plain to the reader: At a point *A* on the upper-deck midships, a series of four iron pipes project, and are, when not in use, closed by screw-caps. These pipes terminate below respectively in the main-deck, 'tween-deck, hold, and coal-bunkers. To the right of this line of projecting pipes is a second single one leading from the boilers below, and half-way between this steam-pipe and the other four is a large box, in which carbonic-acid gas can be generated by some one of the usual methods.

Let it be supposed that, as in the case of the Russian ship, a fire has broken out in the coal-bunkers. In such a case, the first order would be to close all the openings to the bunkers, in order that the extinguishing agents may not be too widely or uselessly distributed. The reagents needed to generate the gas are then brought together in the box, and connection between it and the nozzle of the pipe leading to the bunkers is established, as here shown. When all is in readiness, the steam-valve is opened, and at once a blast of steam enters the box, where it combines with the carbonic acid, and these two powerful agents rush on and downward together. The carbonic acid, aided by the energy imparted to it by the steam, soon finds its way to the seat of the conflagration, and, replacing the air that favored the combustion, acts as a wet blanket, smothering and finally extinguishing the flames. In order that the distribution of the steam and gas may be as general and positive as possible, the conducting-pipes, on entering their special precinct, are perforated along their sides, the steam emerging from these holes in the manner indicated in the illustration. It will be seen from the method of its construction that this apparatus is so contrived that either gas or steam may be used alone. In the former case, however, it is evident that the gas must not only be generated in increased quantity, but under sufficient pressure to secure an immediate distribution through the pipe into the desired apartment.

The inventor of this apparatus also commands one of the vessels—the *Britannic*—upon which it has been fitted, and has doubtless given attention to all the needed details of its construction. Certainly, the device as here illustrated is simple enough in construction, and there seems little reason to doubt but that it will compass the desired end. Should experience—though we trust it may be long delayed—establish its claims, it will then be imperative to demand of ship-owners an adoption of it upon all ocean-going steamers.

On the appearance of Sir John Lubbock's first paper recording his observations on ants and bees, we presented an extended review of the author's experiments and the conclusions deduced from them. These conclusions, it may be remembered, were briefly to the effect that these insects do not, as a rule, possess, or at least practise, the communicative faculty—that is, having found a store of honey or food, they do not communicate the information to their friends or collaborators. So contrary was this opinion to the popular belief, that many observers and bee-keepers were led to question the thoroughness of Sir John's observation, for which reason he has been led to repeat or vary the tests, with a view to a final verification or retraction of his former statements. The results of these continued observations were embodied in a recent paper read before the Linnæan Society.

As may rightly be judged from the observer and his theme, this last report is one of exceeding interest and significance, and, as many of the experiments were of a character which will admit of a repetition by those specially interested, we are prompted to condense from this paper somewhat at length:

The first test was of the same order as the former one made with bees, and was instituted with a view to determine whether ants communicate their good fortune to their companions. A small heap of larvæ was placed within a few feet of a nest of small red ants. A single ant was then placed on the larvæ-heap, and her movements watched from eleven o'clock in the morning till after seven in the evening. During this time she made eighty-six journeys from the larvæ to the nest, carrying off one each time; but, although so busy, and with this precious store lying so long exposed, she brought no other ant to aid her in removing it. In a second instance a single ant bore off one hundred and eighty larvæ in a single day. Other trials, however, resulted differently; and, being in doubt whether in these cases the ants purposely brought assistance, or whether the aid was the result of accident merely, the following final test was made.

Having taken two ants, the one was placed on a heap of larvæ, and the other on a group of two or three only. In this latter case, however, a larva was always put in the place of the one carried off. It was then observed that the ant placed on the large group of larvæ brought far more friends to its assistance than the one which had but a few to remove. Thus it appears that the question, so far as regards the ants, remains unsettled, with the weight of evidence, as shown by this final test, in favor of the view that they do seek for and secure all needed assistance.

Advancing another step, an ingenious and extremely interesting series of tests was made, with a view to settle a vexed question regarding the intelligence of ants. It appears that M. Lund states that, while in Brazil, he was passing one day under a tree which stood almost by itself, and was surprised to hear the leaves falling about him like rain. On examining the cause for this, he found that a number of ants had climbed the tree and were cutting off the leaves, which were then carried away by companions waiting below. This certainly sounds like a veritable "traveler's tale," and that it may justly be regarded as such appears from the following report which Sir John Lubbock gives of a kindred experiment:

"I placed a number of larvæ on a slip of glass, which I suspended by a tape, so that it hung one-third of an inch from the surface of

one of my artificial nests; isolating it, however, in such a manner that, for an ant to walk to the nest she would be obliged to go thirteen feet round, I then placed some black ants (*F. nigra*) on the glass with the larvæ. Each of them took a larva in the usual way, and then endeavored to go by the quickest road home. They leaned over the glass, and made every effort to reach down, but of course in vain, though the distance was so small that they could all but touch the nest with their antennæ, and even in one or two cases succeeded in getting down by stepping on to the back of an ant below. Those, however, which did not meet with any such assistance, gradually, though at first requiring some help from me, found their way round to the nest, and after a short time there was quite a string of ants passing to and fro from the nest to the larvæ, although it would have been so easy for them to throw the larvæ over the edge of the glass, or to go straight home, if they would have faced a drop of, say, one-tenth of an inch."

With a true natural philosopher's faith in the wisdom of all of Nature's children, it is not surprising that Sir John should confess with reluctance that this experiment, which he tried several times, "surprised him very much."

Having in the former paper taken the ground that bees did not as a rule communicate the discovery of honey to other bees, the following test was made: Having placed some honey in a flower-pot laid on its side, a bee was introduced through the small orifice in the bottom. Under these circumstances, from a quarter to seven in the morning till a quarter-past seven at night, she made fifty-nine journeys to and from her nest, and only one other bee found her way to the honey. The conclusion here reached is the same as that hitherto presented—namely, that, when honey is concealed so that it would not naturally be found by others, the bee in the possession of the secret will not or cannot divulge it. This same test was made with wasps with like results: only when the honey was exposed did others come. "I trained," he writes, "a wasp to come to some honey, which I placed in a box communicating with the outside by an India-rubber tube six inches in length and one-third of an inch in diameter. She came to this honey continuously for three days, during which time no other wasp found the honey."

Though this last paper presents many other facts of great interest, we will omit further reference to all save one, which opens a rich field for inquiry and speculation. This fact relates to the question as to whether bees possess the faculty of distinguishing colors, and as to how this question was answered we will refer to the author's own recital, given as follows:

"I found that bees soon accustomed themselves to look for honey on papers of particular colors. For instance, on September 18th I placed a bee to some honey on a slip of glass on green paper, and, after she had made twelve journeys to and from the hive, I put red paper where the green had been, and placed another drop of honey on a green paper, at a distance of about a foot. The bee returned, however, to the honey on the green paper. I then gently moved the green paper, with the bee on it, back to the old place. When the bee had gone, I replaced the green paper by a yellow one, and put the green again a foot off. After the usual interval, she returned again to the green. I repeated the same proceeding, but with orange paper instead of green. She returned again to the green. I now did the same with white paper; she returned again to the green. Again I tried her with blue; she again came to the green. I then reversed the position of the blue and green papers, but still she returned to the green. I repeated this experiment with other bees, and with the same result, though it

seemed to me that in some cases they did not distinguish so clearly between green and blue as between green and other colors. In other respects they seemed to adhere equally closely to any color to which they were made accustomed."

CERTAIN Continental microscopic slide-preparers have been detected in a fraud which, if not thoroughly ventilated, may result in most serious inconvenience, and possible danger to the cause of learning. "It appears," writes Mr. W. G. Letsom, to the *Academy*, "that many polariscope objects are offered for sale purporting to be plates of minerals, which are nothing more than ingenious manipulations of colored glass and cheap minerals. Thus, spartalite, for instance, is imitated by means of a dark-red glass, in which is placed a thin section of calcite. The combination is then mounted in Canada balsam between two plates of glass." An optician in Berlin is credited with the authorship of this deception, and why his name is withheld we are at a loss to understand.

It is said that if seeds of barley-corn, etc., be placed between moist pieces of litmus-paper, the roots, as they grow, stick to the paper, and color it an intense red. By an addition of the tincture of litmus, this red color may be greatly intensified. This result would seem to indicate the separation from the roots of a strong non-volatile acid, and the fact, as here demonstrated, may be one of marked significance in vegetable chemistry and physiology.

THAT our readers may be prepared for any subsequent revelations on the subject, we would state that Mr. Edison, of Newark, claims to have discovered either a new force or a modification of electric force, which, if it accomplish one-half that is claimed for it, will effect far more for the cause of progress than we dare to conceive. But of this more when more is known.

FROM recent reports, it would appear that Mr. Stanley and his sail-boat *Lady Alice* will soon have to compete with an English steamer for the honor of exploration on the Albert Nyanza. Colonel Gordon has, it appears, succeeded in ascending the river to a point above the rapids, whence a passage to the lake is unobstructed.

In his will, dated October 16, 1875, Sir Charles Wheatstone bequeaths all his scientific books and instruments to the corporation of King's College, London. This gift is accompanied by a legacy of twenty-five hundred dollars, for the further purchase of scientific instruments.

Miscellanea.

"SOCIAL Gleanings," by Mark Boyd, author of "Reminiscences of Fifty Years," is fresh from the London press. It has many anecdotes, of which we glean a few:

A friend of mine, during a stay at the seaside, sent her maid for some books to the library. The damsel returned with an armful of novels which she produced triumphantly. "There, ma'am," she said, "there's 'Oscar and Belinda; or, Love Indeed; there's 'Zelia's Escape, and the Depths of Woe!' Would you think, ma'am, the man wanted me to bring 'The Life of Pitt,' in four volumes; but I was not a-going to take that. I read it

over all through to my last mistress. It's just the 'orriblest book you can conceive. What that there Stanhope wanted to write about Pitt for, I can't tell. Who can care to know about 'im who never said or did a hinteresting thing in his life. He was only in love half a page, and it come to nothink. Well! people will lose their time to be sure with such like trash, and the more they're bored the wiser they think themselves. The hidear of writing about 'im." My friend described the air and style of this delivery as irresistible. Macaulay says that "Pitt is claimed by Whigs and Tories as belonging to each party." Agreed; yet after the lapse of more than half a century his reputation has apparently not yet reached the servants' hall.

Those who with the writer can look back forty years or more, may recollect a native of the "Silver-Coated Isle," an *habitué* of Paris, who was conspicuous from his *penchant* for hanging on to the skirts of royalty. At the same time he had another great quality, of occasionally giving excellent dinners. Lord Alvanley was in Paris, and his friend came one morning to him to ask his advice. He the day previous had been ignobly kicked by a subject of King William IV. "What am I to do, Lord Alvanley?"—"Do!" said the facetious lord, "why, call him out."—"No, Alvanley, that is treating the matter too seriously; but I thought of writing to him to ask for an apology."—"He is not such a fool as to write an apology; therefore, unless you send him a message by a friend to demand personal satisfaction, there is but one alternative."—"What is that?"—"Sit down whenever you see him."

A friend used to relate an anecdote of his first visit to Paris during its occupation by the allied armies after Waterloo. He was, like myself, extremely bald. At that time Englishmen were terribly victimized in the French capital. He entered a hairdresser's to be operated upon, and was thunderstruck to find himself charged ten francs. "Ten francs," exclaimed my friend, "for cutting my hair!"—"Oh, no, monsieur, not for cutting your hair, but for finding *de hair* to cut."

A Scotch gentleman of fortune, on his death-bed, asked the minister "whether, if he left ten thousand pounds to the kirk, his salvation would be certain." The cautious minister responded, "I would na like to be positive, but it's weel worth the trying." The gentleman paid the money, and soon afterward gave up the ghost.

A witty, popular, and learned lord on the northern side of the Tweed, tells a story of a Scotch wife, shortly after the nuptial-knot had been tied, mildly expostulating with her husband for indulging in two tumblers of whiskey-toddy just before going to bed. "My dear Agnes, a glass o' whiskey-toddy makes anither man o' me."—"But, my dear William, you take two."—"Ay, Agnes, that gangs to the ither man."

An English traveler arrived at one of those comfortable inns in the north of Scotland, although probably ranking below Dalnacardoch or Dalwhinnie, and told the landlord he felt unwell, at which the latter expressed his regret.

"What medical officer," said he, "have you here?" "Medical officer, div ye say, sir?"—"I wish to see a physician." "What-kind o' mon is he?"—"Confound it, I want some medicine." "Weel, sir, we've only twa medicines in this pairt o' the coun-

try: tar for the outside of the sheep, and whiskey for the inside o' oursels."

An American friend of mine, a distinguished author, who has always something good to tell me, described the respective positions of two rival up-country American newspaper editors before the time of the electric telegraph.

The editor of the inferior paper was superior to his rival in one respect, inasmuch as, being possessed of a longer purse, he could command at all times horse-express communication with New York and Washington; therefore his paper's deficiency in editorial ability was more than compensated or re-couped by early intelligence.

A cute Yankee of the district one day entered the private room of the less affluent editor, and warmly condoled with him on the vexation caused him by his opponent's advantage; but he made an important observation which commanded immediate attention. "I guess I can beat him and sarve you."—"How?" asked the anxious editor. "I've got a lot of first-class carrier-pigeons which I can sell to you as cheap, or cheaper, as any bird o' the sort in the States, and I can command a lot more, if need be, up to two hundred."

The editor jumped at the offer, and the pigeon-expresses proved a success, so much so as almost to drive the rival editor wild. The Yankee waited until the pear was ripe, when he paid the express-editor a visit. "I guess, Mr. Editor, I feel very much for you, for that d—d Mr. — is driving a wonderful trade with his pigeon-expresses; but I can beat him and sarve you, and that pretty sharp."—"In what manner?"—"Why, by hawks. I have got two dozen tarnation sharp hawks, which I can sell to you as cheap, or cheaper, as any birds o' the sort were ever sold in the Northern States."

A bargain was at once struck, and a sharp lookout was kept whenever a pigeon was seen to be let loose from the other newspaper office. The hawks did their duty well by generally capturing their quarry.

The Yankee now paid the disappointed editor a visit, so soon as the success of the hawks over the pigeons was an established fact. "I guess, Mr. Editor, I feel very much for you, for I'm informed that that fellow's hawks are killing your pigeons; and I can make all that square for you, and pretty sharp!"—"What do you mean?"—"Why, Mr. Editor, I've got six eagles which I can sell you a bargain; and if they don't settle matters with the hawks, and that slick, I'm not the man I take myself to be."—"You are a d—d scoundrel! and if you don't take yourself off, and that pretty quick, I know somebody who will make you."

We were on a visit at the house of some friends, who the day previous had imported a fresh house-maid, bringing with her an excellent character from her last place. Our agreeable hostess came to us in the drawing-room to tell us that her new house-maid had already resigned. "She came to me to say that the house-keeper would *not* give her *no* elevens. I asked her what she meant by *no* elevens. 'Why, ma'am, bread-and-cheese, with beer, at eleven o'clock.' 'Oh, that is what you call your elevens. Now, house-maid, as I give my servants an excellent and substantial breakfast between eight and nine, and an equally good dinner between twelve and one; and, as I have no intention of giving elevens, I fear my place will not suit you.' 'Oh dear no, ma'am, I can remain in no lady's service who *don't* give *no* elevens.'"

A much-esteemed friend of mine, a naval officer, writes to me: "Here's one I never saw in print. Two jolly tars were one day passing St. Paul's, one of whom was trying to count the statues outside the building, when he remarked to his shipmate, 'Why, I allus thought as how there *was* twelve Apostles.' 'Well, so there *was*, but you wouldn't have 'em all on deck at once, would you?'"

FRANCIS GALTON, writing on twins, in *Fraser*, states that he had received about eighty returns of cases of close similarity, in many of which were curious and instructive details:

The manner and address of the thirty-five pairs of twins is usually described as being very similar, though there often exists a difference of expression familiar to near relatives, but unperceived by strangers. The intonation of the voice when speaking is commonly the same, but it frequently happens that the twins sing in different keys. Most singularly, that one point in which similarity is rare is the handwriting. I cannot account for this, considering how strongly handwriting runs in families, but I am sure of the fact.

One of my inquiries was for anecdotes as regards the mistakes made by near relatives between the twins. They are numerous, but not very varied in character. When the twins are children they have commonly to be distinguished by ribbons tied round their wrist or neck; nevertheless, the one is sometimes fed, physicked, and whipped, by mistake for the other, and the description of those little domestic catastrophes is usually given to me by the mother in a phraseology that is somewhat touching by reason of its seriousness. I have one case in which a doubt remains whether the children were not changed in their bath, and the presumed A is not really B, and *vice versa*. In another case an artist was engaged on the portraits of twins who were between three and four years of age; he had to lay aside his work for three weeks, and, on resuming it, could not tell to which child the respective likenesses he had in hand belonged. The mistakes are less numerous on the part of the mother during the boyhood and girlhood of the twins, but almost as frequent on the part of strangers. I have many instances of tutors being unable to distinguish their twin pupils.

No less than nine anecdotes have reached me of a twin seeing his or her reflection in a looking-glass, and addressing it in the belief it was the other twin in person. I have many anecdotes of mistakes when the twins were nearly grown up. Thus: "Amusing scenes occurred at college when one twin came to visit the other; the porter on one occasion refusing to let the visitor out of the college-gates, for, though they stood side by side, he professed ignorance as to which he ought to allow to depart."

I have four or five instances of doubt during an engagement of marriage. Thus: "A married first, but both twins met the lady together for the first time, and fell in love with her there and then. A managed to see her home and to gain her affections, though B went sometimes courting in his place, and neither the lady nor her parents could tell which was which." I have also a German letter, written in quaint terms, about twin brothers who married sisters, but could not easily be distinguished by them.

I have a few anecdotes of strange mistakes made between twins in adult life. Thus, an

officer writes: "On one occasion when I returned from foreign service, my father turned to me, and said, 'I thought you were in London,' thinking I was my brother—yet he had not seen me for nearly four years—our resemblance was so great."

The next and last anecdote I shall give is, perhaps, the most remarkable of those that I have. It was sent me by the brother of the twins, who were in middle life at the time of its occurrence: "A was again coming home from India on leave; the ship did not arrive for some days after it was due; the twin brother B had come up from his quarters to receive A, and their old mother was very nervous. One morning A rushed in, saying, 'O mother, how are you?' Her answer was, 'No, B, it's a bad joke; you know how anxious I am!' and it was a little time before A could persuade her that he was the real man."

APPLETONS' JOURNAL

FOR JANUARY 1, 1876,

WILL CONTAIN THE FIRST CHAPTERS OF

"THE MILL OF ST. HERBOT,"

By MRS. MACQUOID, Author of "Patty," "My Story," etc., etc.;

First installment (in four parts) of

"A JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN,"

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE;

The opening chapters of

"GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO,"

By JAMES FREEMAN.

Mr. James Freeman, an American artist who has resided for thirty years in Rome, and during that time met many of the most distinguished men and women of the period, will give, under the above title, his reminiscences and experiences, which are of the most entertaining character. And other papers of interest.

Notices.

OUR FRIENDS WILL HAVE NOTICED the advertisement of Messrs. DECKER

BROTHERS in our pages for some time past. The foundation of the house was unostentatiously laid in 1862, with a small capital in money, but a capital large in experience in all that was necessary to produce instruments to sell to a critical public—experience gained by an acquaintance from their earliest youth with every (even the minutest) detail of the mechanism of the piano-forte, and by having filled the most responsible positions in the establishments of the earlier manufacturers of our time. They indulged in no rosy fancies of sudden popularity and a quickly-realized fortune. Of simple tastes, they undertook the business, not so much as a means to wealth as for the purpose of improving the manufacture. Being practical artisans themselves, and familiar with the capabilities of every man employed in the business in New York, they found no difficulty in securing the services of the highest skill for each department. Good mechanics prefer employment where their ability is not only well paid for, but is also properly appreciated, and the estimation in which the DECKER BROTHERS were held was such as to cause the leading journeymen in other factories to seek engagements at their hands. The instruments manufactured by this firm fully realized the standard of what a well-made piano, for tone and durability, should be. The firm is one of the most prominent of representative piano-forte makers in the world, having won their proud position by the intrinsic merits of the instruments of its make. Their ware-rooms, at 33 Union Square, are well designed for their business, and afford every opportunity for testing the tone and for the inspection of the finish of their pianos.

WE COPY THE FOLLOWING in regard to the fur-trade from the *New York Tribune*:

"Among holiday presents there seem to be none more appropriate to the season, and, on that account, more welcome to the fortunate recipients of them, than articles of fur. At the fur-house of C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS, at No. 502 Broadway, a very fine stock of furs has been collected for the holiday-trade. This is headquarters for the fur-trade, the house having the recognized leadership. The members of the firm state that this winter bids fair, notwithstanding the financial stringency, to be very profitable to fur-dealers. The rich furs, which have been very much in demand for a few years, are even more sought for this winter. This is especially true of seal-skin, which is more universally worn than ever before, in the shape of caps, muffs, sacques, etc. The peculiarly rich, dark color of the fur of the seal, its fine lustre, velvety softness, and enduring qualities, account for the favor with which it is regarded. Ladies' sacques made of seal-skin, plain or trimmed with silver-fox, otter, and other furs of contrasting colors, are exhibited by the Messrs. GUNTHER in great variety, as to shape, size, richness of material, and cost. Some of these cost \$350. Hats, caps, muffs, and other articles of dress made of the same fur, are sold at prices varying with the quality of the material. Among the other much-prized furs are Russian sable, a set of which, consisting usually of a muff and boa, costs from \$200 to \$1,200; Hudson's Bay sable, which is fine but much cheaper than Russian sable; silver, black, and blue fox furs. Chinchilla is used chiefly for trimmings on other furs. The fur of the silver fox is especially valued on account of its brilliancy. It is of a light, bluish-gray color, sprinkled with glistening white points. Both mink and ermine have lost much of their popularity recently, but they are still worn on account of their durability. Ermine costs only about half as much as formerly. Many articles are made of Alaska sable or black marten fur. This is very durable, and a muff and boa made of it are sold for from \$15 to \$25."

SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.—Send 10 cents for General Catalogue of Works on Architecture, Astronomy, Chemistry, Engineering, Mechanics, Geology, Mathematics, etc. D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher, 23 Murray Street, New York.

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